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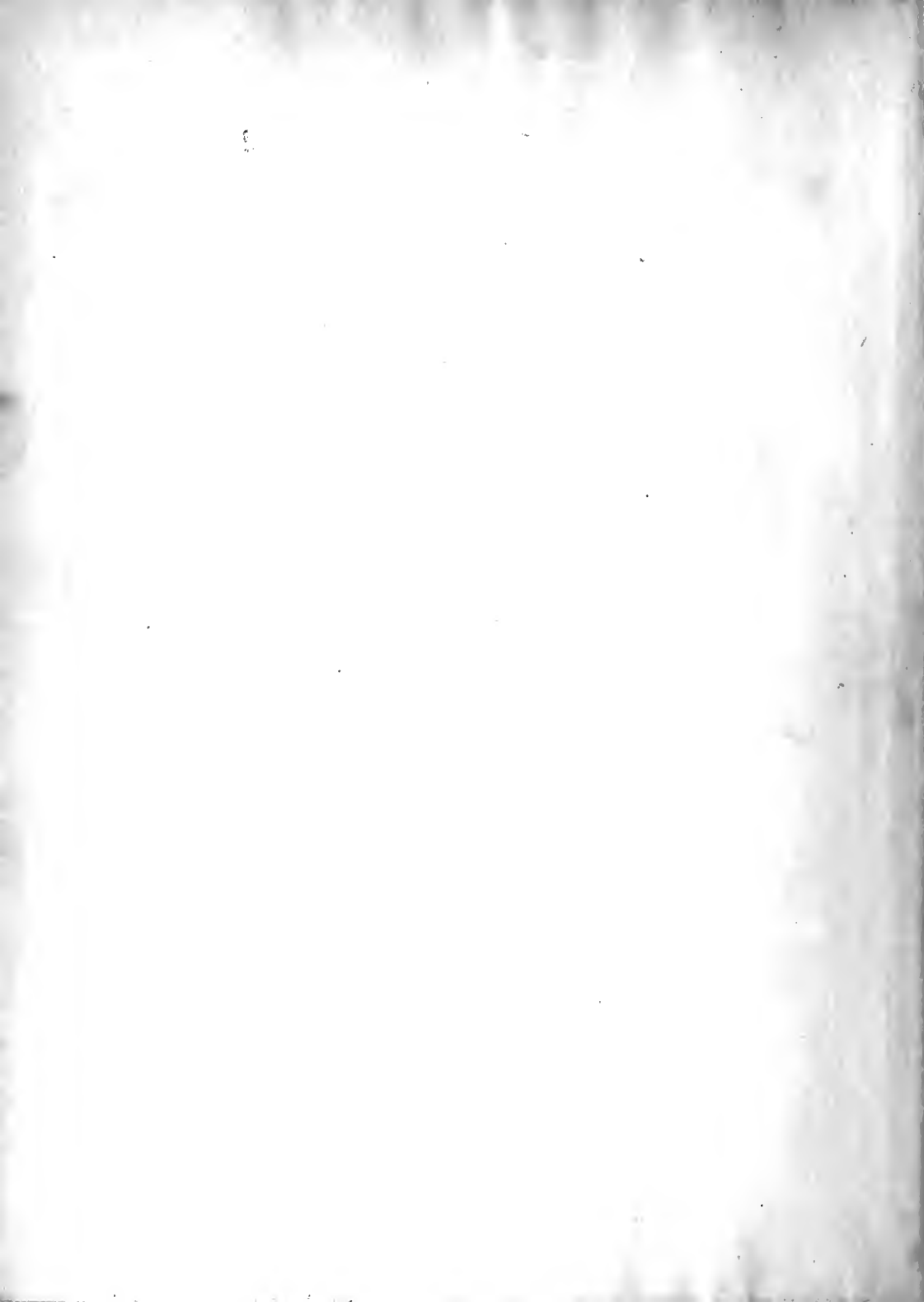
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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

JULY 25 CENTS

Wholesale Murder and Suicide

Don't start to
reduce until
you read this
amazing article

3 Great
Fiction
Stories

*Dorothy
Mackall*

\$5,000
in
Cash Prizes



DANDRUFF?



Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

Unless checked and properly treated it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

It's a danger signal!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not com-

plicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

"Pink Tooth Brush"

A modern evil with a very simple treatment



THAT slight bleeding of the gums which tinges the tooth brush with pink, is often dismissed from the mind too quickly.

Yet even if it occurs infrequently, it is the first warning that heralds the approach of more-stubborn gum troubles—troubles so prevalent today.

Taken early enough, "pink tooth brush" is not difficult to correct; it is, in fact, rather easy to combat. In itself, it is not dangerous.

But "Pink Tooth Brush" means that your gums need care!

When "pink tooth brush" comes, your gums need your closest attention. Much worse things can follow in its train. You must restore to the gum tissues the stimulation which in the ordinary course of modern life they do not get by natural means. You must stimulate them. You should massage them. You need Ipana Tooth Paste.

* * *

The primary cause of the modern break-down of the gums is easily traced to the food that we eat every day. In former generations the mere act of chewing more-fibrous, crunchy foods supplied to the gums the natural stimulation of massage. But today this modern food of ours is soft—it is lacking in fibre—it fails completely in its function of giving to the gums the massage they need so much to keep in good condition. So gums grow lazy and stagnant. They grow tender and sensitive. On occasion they bleed—and after that a long list of more-severe troubles threatens.

How to restore the gums to health with Ipana and massage

Dentists will tell you of the value of massage for gums that cannot,

without bleeding, stand the touch of the brush. Thousands of them recommend it and thousands of them praise Ipana Tooth Paste as well, because of Ipana's efficacy in toning and stimulating weakened, under-nourished gum tissue. For Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used for years by dentists in their work at the chair.

Your own dentist knows Ipana Tooth Paste. Our professional men have demonstrated its benefits to over 50,000 dentists. In fact, it was by professional recommendation that Ipana first got its start.

So use Ipana and practice massage if the health of your gums is not all it should be.

This simple treatment night and morning will stir up the sluggish circulation within the gum walls and bring fresh, clean blood to clear the tiny capillaries. If at first, the gums are too tender, begin by massaging them with a little Ipana on the finger. And then as the tender tissue is restored to firmness and health the tooth brush should be used for this gentle frictionizing after the usual cleaning of the teeth with Ipana and the brush.

**Switch to Ipana for one month—
—a full, fair trial**

Ipana is delicious. Its fresh flavor will bring you a new sense of oral cleanliness and its power to keep your teeth brilliant will delight you. Even if your tooth brush seldom or never "shows pink"—even if your gums are firm and hard,—be thankful, and let Ipana help you to keep them so.

The coupon on this page offers a ten-day trial tube. We will gladly send it, for at least it will prove Ipana's taste and cleaning effect. But as your dentist will attest, ten days is barely long enough to begin the good work. So when next you are at your druggist's, get a full-size tube—use it faithfully for a full month—and then decide whether Ipana is the tooth paste you should use for life.



BREAKFAST, luncheon, dinner—three reasons every day why our gums need massage with Ipana. For our delicious soft foods lack the power to stimulate our gums.

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—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

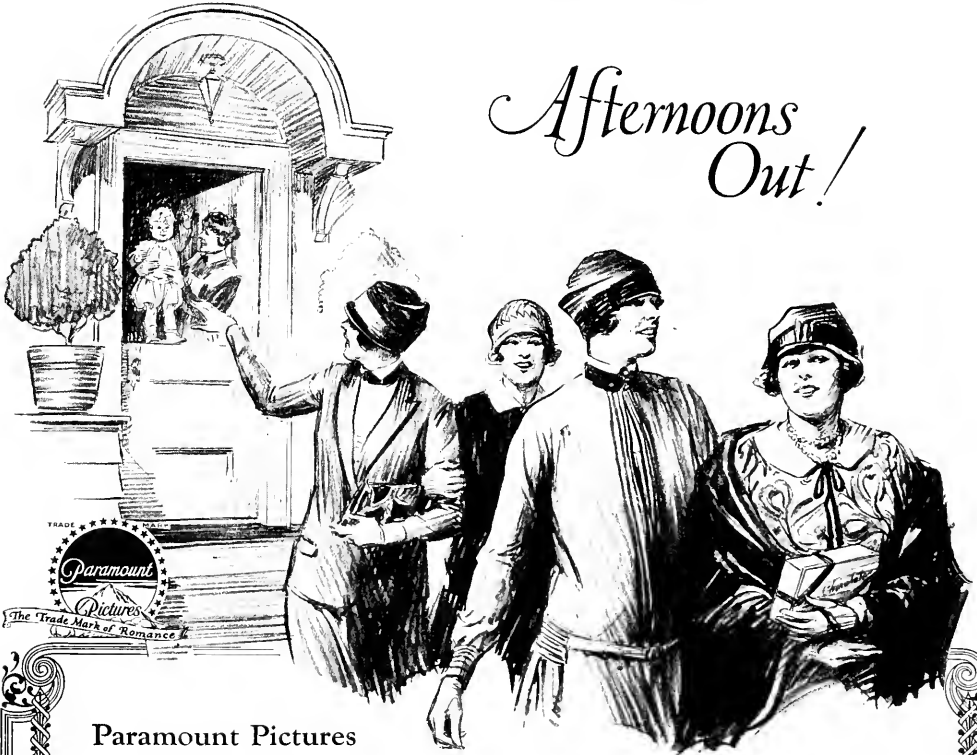
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Afternoons
Out!



Paramount Pictures
you will enjoy

Raymond Griffith in
"WET PAINT"

With Helene Costello and Bryant Washburn. From the story by Reginald Morris. Screen play by Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Arthur Rosson.

Richard Dix in
"SAY IT AGAIN"

With Alice Mills. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Story by Luther Reed and Ray Harris.

A Clarence Badger Production
"THE RAINMAKER"

With Ernest Torrence, William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale. From the story "Heavenbent," by Gerald Beaumont. Screen play by Hope Loring and Louis D. Lighton.

Bebe Daniels in
"THE PALM BEACH GIRL"

With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Erle Kenton. From the story by Byron Morgan and the play "Please Help Emily."

Afternoons out at the Paramount show are the happiest times of the week. It's such a comfort to know—before you go—that a good time's ahead! The name "Paramount" fixes that! The healthy excitement of first-class entertainment in a quiet, cooled theatre is a happy program for any afternoon. Why not this afternoon? Arrange a date over the 'phone with your friends. Paramount puts a touch of romance, "a castle in Spain," into any day!

Paramount Pictures

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

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City.



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXX

No 2

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**How do
You
Like
the
New
Style
of
Photoplay
?
Watch
the
August
Issue
for a
Surprise**

A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK



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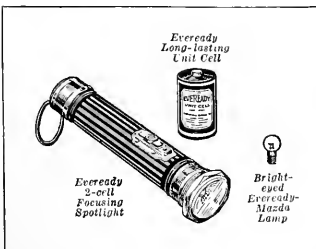
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AMERICAN VENUS, THE—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston 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 lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

ARIZONA SWEESTAKES, THE—Universal.—A snappy Hoty 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.)

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Dist.—The title has nothing to do with the picture; the story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama; in other words it's much about nothing. (June.)

BARRIER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The story of a half-caste told in an interesting manner by a splendid cast—Norman Kerry, Marceline Day, Henry Walthall and Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

BAT, THE—United Artists.—It's thrilling and it's quivering. 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 excited about. (April.)

BEAUTIFUL CITY, THE—First National.—The story not up to the Barthelness standard. Contains good atmospheric shots of New York's tenement district. (January.)

BEHIND THE FRONT—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the hoodlums "over there." Slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

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 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 heiress 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 Adore. (January.)

BLACK PIRATE, THE—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the youngster, 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 at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

BLIND GODDESS, THE—Paramount.—An excellent murder story by Arthur Train plus Louise Dresser's splendid performance makes this one of the finest pictures of the season. (June.)

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.—Let the gas get out and use the quarter to see while you'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny with Lois Wilson in the role of a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

BORDER SHERIFF, THE—Universal.—A Western and nothing to brag about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

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.)

BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.—A gripping melodrama against the background of the sea. Griesome at times. (June.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus gal. 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 realistic cast side scenes strung together by a slender plot. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

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

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

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

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

CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD—Pathe.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

CAT'S PAJAMAS, THE—Paramount.—Betty Bronson has advanced from a Barry heroine into a bedroom comedy heroine. The result—see it and be convinced. (June.)

CAVE MAN, 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. (April.)

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 Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

COBRA—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this 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 how! (May.)

COMBAT—Universal.—He who likes a lively romping tale crammed with action will like this. The youngsters will enjoy it. (April.)

COMPROMISE—Warner Brothers.—A good cast, Irene Rich, Pauline Garon and Clive Brook, in an inadequate story. Fairly entertaining. (January.)

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE—Asso. Ex.—Good acting of Betty Compton as a modern Portia make this a passable movie. (March.)

COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless count in the artists' colony of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE—Fox.—One finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

COWBOY MUCKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

CROWN OF LIES, THE—Paramount.—Another impossible Pola Negri vehicle. If you have nothing else to do—see this and suffer with Pola. (June.)

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 Arlen and as you might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, bachelor apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

DANCING MOTHERS—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-flapping go. Result, a lot of complications. Clara Bow's performance is beautifully handled. Allice Joyce and Conway Tearle are in it. (April.)

DANGER GIRL, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A melodrama of the great open spaces adapted from a Zane Grey novel. Fair. (June.)

DESERT'S PRICE, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones is always interesting, although this film play has not much originality. Plenty of good bits. (February.)

DESPERATE GAME, THE—Universal.—A mildly amusing Western of a college cowboy. (Feb.)

DEVIL'S CIRCUS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An interesting vehicle with lots of good circus stuff. Hokum reigns throughout. Norma Shearer and Charles Mack head the cast. (May.)

DON'T—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't. It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (April.)

EAGLE, THE—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino in three fascinating roles, a Russian lieutenant, a bandit and a French tutor. Pretty good Valentino fare. Vilma Banks is lovely. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

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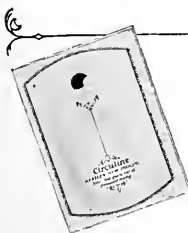
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to assemble. It will be sent to you absolutely free—size the coupon opposite!



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Name (Please write plainly)

Address

If free booklet only is wanted, check here



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LETTERS FROM READERS

\$25.00 Letter

New Orleans, La.

The most beautiful, most treasured thing in this world is youth. And Mary Pickford has captured the elusive quality of youth, a kindly, sympathetic, glorious youth. Mary's appeal is universal, because she has brought to the tired hearts, as well as the joyous, youthful hearts of her "followers," a refreshing influence. She has held her audience and swayed them at her will, not alone by her beauty, but through her simplicity and appeal to all that is good in their nature.

Her loveliness is not a matter of features. It is the spirit which shines through those wistful, intelligent, understanding eyes. Others have come, but have not taken Mary's place. She is the same Mary today as she was in the years gone by. But, in this, she has deprived herself of a deeper expression of her genius. "Dorothy Vernon" proved that Mary is an emotional actress of the highest ability. But there is no other actress who can portray a child so perfectly as Mary, and, though her fans desire to see her always as a child they, too, have discovered themselves and the screen of the full benefit of Mary's power.

LEONTINE BRENNAN.

\$10.00 Letter

Syracuse, N. Y.

I ask justice for the much maligned "dime novels" of Elinor Glyn. Hearing much hue and cry about the lady, pro and con, I sought her photograph and discovered the face of a cultured Englishwoman. Still skeptical, I attended a showing of "His Hour." Instead of a crude, "sex handled" atrocity, I saw a well directed, artistically screened and superbly acted photoplay and I asked myself "wherefore the con?" Further investigation disclosed the facts:

There are so few souls capable of the "Grand Passion" that we ordinary mortals, with our insipid infatuations and smug marriages, do not understand that we are unable to attract. A love that is life is beyond our comprehension. However erotic Elinor Glyn's writings, she always displays a delicacy sadly lacking in the modern "sex" novelist. Her love interest is neither trilling nor sordid. Her marriages endure! Like herself, her heroines are beautiful, high born and intelligent (they never flap).

It might not be amiss to direct our American youth toward the Glyn ideals—finer, more graceful lines of character, higher mental attainments and physical beauty. Thus equipped he might repulse the common, petty philander-

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

ings of our "conventional" life and make himself worthy of the best.

ELIZABETH DUVAL RUSSELL.

\$5.00 Letter

Minneapolis, Minn.

If I only were a poet
And could write the things I dream
The sweet hands of Jetta Goudal
Would be my graceful theme!
I would write of fragrant lilies,
Standing fair in golden bands;
I would write of glowing tapers
While I thought of Jetta's hands.
I would tell you how they move me,
Now to smiles and now to tears,
In and out her story weaving
All her loves and all her fears.
How I wish I were that poet!
With no ifs or buts or ands.
I would set these words to music:
"Lovely Jetta! lovely hands!"

AGNES JORGENSE.

A Constructive Critic

Tucson, Arizona.

"What's wrong with the movies?"
Nothing, only a tendency to "can" plants like pineapples and tomatoes.

Let us have fewer plays and better ones and above all—SINCERITY.

Art is the twin of Truth. Truth may be

expressed in any kind of picture by any type of player. It is not necessary, however, to dwell on the vulgar and morbid. All of us are pretty fortunate and happy. Personally, I believe in the happy ending.

Pictures like "The Salvation Hunters" are depressing and harmful. Consider, instead, "That Royle Girl", "Stella Maris", and "The Big Parade."

MR. PRODUCER We need more good mystery plays. And cannot something be found to take the place of these imbecile "two reelers"?

MRS. PAUL MURDOCH.

She Saw Him When

Port Huron, Michigan.

That ancient picture, "A Lover's Oath," so long withheld from public view, recently made its local debut. The glamorous name of Novarro induced me to see it, and I was pleasantly surprised. The Don Ramon in early youth possessed a spiritual loveliness that I have never seen equaled by any other, not even by himself in maturity. His cherubic countenance and lyric grace caused me to regret that, at that time, some far-sighted director had not cast him in the role of *Kim*, the immortal little Buddhist "chela" of Kipling's vivid novel, now that the author's consent has been gained. Alas, the cinema lost a radiant bit of beauty when this opportunity was ignored. Today Mr. Novarro is surpassingly handsome and the greatest artist of the screen, but one cannot but sigh when he thinks of the boy Ramon, unsung and vanished. J. ELAINE THOMPSON.

Giving a Star a Chance

St. Louis, Mo.

The star system is what is ruining a great many popular cinema favorites today. The only difference between a star and a popular featured player in many cases is that the pictures of the star are rushed up more, the direction is cheaper and the other players less able. The name goes up in electric lights, but the poor pictures, which so often result, will, in time, kill the star's drawing power.

The critics, the highbrows, the public, all of us, want good pictures. The producers tell us they want to give them to us. Well, why don't they prove it by letting their most capable players (namely, the stars) make them? These stars have proved what they can do. If anyone is fitted to enact big roles, they are. Instead, we see them submerged in comedy riff-raff and mediocre program pictures. I say it's a shame.

O. K.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

The Greatest Adventure Romance of All!

THE SEA BEAST

starring

JOHN BARRYMORE

with
DOLORES COSTELLO

The great supporting cast includes George O'Hara, Mike Donlin and hundreds of others.

From the famous adventure novel, "Moby Dick" by Herman Melville

Directed by MILLARD WEBB



Gripping in its dramatic intensity and photographic beauty, "The Sea Beast" has been acclaimed by millions as the greatest photoplay of many seasons. Against a background of stirring, colorful adventure at sea, John Barrymore enacts his finest role. Opposite him is Dolores Costello, the appealing heroine, who illumines the picture with the glory of young love, and justifies the prediction that she is to become one of the screen's most illustrious actresses. Truly, your round of entertainment is not complete unless you've seen "The Sea Beast." It's a Warner Bros. Production.

Varied and Delightful Entertainment!
 Watch for these pictures at your favorite theatre.



ERNST LUBITSCH

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN

An ERNST LUBITSCH Production

The directorial genius of Ernst Lubitsch brings to the screen all the subtle charm and delightful moments of Oscar Wilde's masterful play. Irene Rich in the stellar role portrays the woman of the world of sophistication. Sparkling, satirical, captivating. One of the year's outstanding productions.



IRENE RICH

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN

with Patsy Ruth Miller

The splendid stage play which was awarded the Pulitzer prize as the year's greatest drama—now more inspiring than ever on the screen. A monumental tribute to all that goes to make absorbing entertainment. Directed by J. Stuart Eskinon.



RIN TIN TIN

THE NIGHT CRY

starring Rin-Tin-Tin

The famous police dog star in the most amazing picture of its kind ever screened. It is a story of the sheep country with melodramatic thrills, suspense and romance interwoven. Every lover of dogs or pictures, young and old, will want to see this. Directed by Herman Raymaker.

THE MAN ON THE BOX

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Even the most blasé of theatregoers burst into spasms of spontaneous merriment at the antics of Chaplin. In this picture Chaplin becomes a groom just to be near the girl he admires. The ensuing complications make a mirthful riot from start to finish. Directed by Chuck Reisner.



SYD CHAPLIN

WHY GIRLS GO BACK HOME

starring Patsy Ruth Miller

You'll never guess why they do go back home! The climax of this picture will be a complete shock to you. Here is a flippant, lively and diverting story of Broadway theatrical life. Filled with absorbing situations. Directed by James Flood.



PATSY RUTH MILLER

OH, WHAT A NURSE!

starring SYD CHAPLIN

Oh, what a picture! Syd Chaplin in his latest and best. Funnier, faster laughing thrills than you've ever seen. In the big city—out to sea—and back again. Sure, there is romance, but it is funny! Directed by Chuck Reisner.



MONTE BLUE

WARNER BROS. PRODUCTIONS

1600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]



You Girls who like to Draw!

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Miss Smith states, "I have found the Federal Course an excellent all around art education of very practical value, commercially. From a selling position two years ago that paid me \$18.00 a week, I am now making \$60.00 and \$70.00 a week doing the kind of work I enjoy. In a day I do more than I did in a week, two years ago. The Federal Course has been invaluable in placing me in this position."

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EAST LYNNE—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama 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 shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

ESCAPE, THE—Universal.—Filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison shows us what he can do. (May.)

FAR CRY, THE—First National.—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Stedman. (May.)

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount.—The sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting show how well they've studied their lessons. Good entertainment. (May.)

FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of New York. There's certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see. (April.)

FIGHTING BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—A boring Western. Now don't blame us if it doesn't please. (June.)

FIGHTING BUCKAROO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones still does all the necessities to keep one amused. It's good stuff. (June.)

FIGHTING EDGE, THE—Warner Bros.—A melodrama with no pretensions, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go. (April.)

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.)

FLAMING FRONTIER, THE—Universal.—Another absorbing tale of the Old West which carries out the spirit of pioneer America. Good stuff for the children. (June.)

FLAMING WATERS—F. B. O.—It looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. (April.)

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount.—For your own sake go see this Harold Lloyd production. Sure, take the kiddies! (June.)

FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg.—Clara Bow as a reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

GILDED BUTTERFLY, THE—Fox.—Alma Rubens bluffs her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're busy about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE, THE—First National.—This is it if it is only to rank on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (May.)

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.)

GOLD HUNTERS, THE—Davis Dist.—A fairly interesting Curwood melodrama about a trapper who finds the map of a lost mine. (January.)

GOLDEN COCOON, THE—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helene Chadwick crying through real after real. (February.)

GOLDEN STRAIN, THE—Fox.—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER, THE—Paramount.—Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled that it's fun for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

GREATER GLORY, THE—First National.—An excellent picture featuring an Austrian family 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 thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

HANDS UP—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the civil war. Right tynny, Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin make adorable heroines. (March.)

HIDDEN LOOT—Universal.—A straightforward story with Jack Hoxie as a deputy after a gang of crooks. Fine for the children. (January.)

HIGHBINDERS, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—William Hilden stepping out as an actor, but he better stick to tennis if he wishes to become a success in life. Terrible. (June.)

HIS SECRETARY—M.G.M.—The story of the ugly duckling better done than ever before. Norma Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

HOGAN'S ALLEY—Warners.—We hate to say it—but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking Annie Rooney all the way through. (February.)

INFATUATION—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow 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 outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

IRISH LUCK—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

JOANNA—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mackall is always good, but she almost gets snowed under in this impossible story. (February.)

JOINTOWN FLOOD, THE—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. George O'Brien, Florence Gilbert and Janet Gaynor are in the cast. (May.)

JUST SUPPOSE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess, George K. Arthur who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

KIKI—First National.—Here's Norma Talmadge as a comedienne and she's WOW. Ronald Colman is the male attraction. Be sure to see it! (June.)

KING OF THE TURF, THE—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and prestol! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. (May.)

KIND ON MAIN STREET, THE—Paramount.—A dandy picture, with the suave Adolphe Menjou as a European king on a holiday in New York. And Bessie Love doing the Charleston. (January.)

KISS FOR CINDERELLA, A—Paramount.—Barrie, Betty and Brenon, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slaver's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with much skill by Lillian Gish is also in the cast. (May.)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Bros.—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

LAWFUL CHEATER, THE—Schulberg.—Clara Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

LAZYBONES—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella going 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. Don't miss it! (May.)

LIGHTS OF OLD BROADWAY—Metro-Goldwyn.—Interesting for its historical sideights on early New York. Marion Davies does a dual role. (Jan.)

LITTLE IRISI GIRL, THE—Warner Bros.—Good entertainment. More crooks in a logical story. Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron 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, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

MADAME MYSTERY—Pathé.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot! Be sure to see it. (May.)

MADE FOR LOVE—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiance, and some mummy excavating make this interesting. (February.)

MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE—P. D. C.—Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bret Hart playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

MANNEQUIN—Paramount.—Somewhat disappointing as a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Crain. (February.)

MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn.—A not so satisfactory film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)

MASKED BRIDE, THE—M.G.M.—Mae Murray as the Apache dances to the tune of the Paris cafes. Mae can dance, nobody will deny that; but rather disappointing after "The Merry Widow." (Feb.)

MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Wanda Hawley make a good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average. (February.)

MIDNIGHT SUN, THE—Universal.—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, grand duques and money power behind the throne. (February.)

MIKE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A Marshall Neilan bag o' tricks. Fairly amusing through the efforts of Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling. (March.)

MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thrilling story of the race track. Splendid entertainment. (April.)

MIRACLE OF LIFE, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—A miracle if you are able to sit through this. Neither for the children nor grownups. (June.)

MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount.—Babe Daney dances to be funny but falls down. Filled with all the old-gags used in two-reelers. The children like this sort of thing. (May.)

MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives in the isles. (April.)

MY LADY OF WHIMS—Arrow.—Clara Bow again as the carefree flapper who defies Papa and goes to live in Greenwich Village. Pleasing. (March.)

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal.—This could have been a knockout, but at present it is missing on all sixes. (June.)

MY OWN PAL—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony with two additions—cute little Virginia Marshall and a clever little white dog. The children will love this. (May.)

NELL GWYN—Paramount.—The first of the English productions that will meet with approval in America. Dorothy Gish gives a remarkable performance. (April.)

NEW BROOMS—Paramount.—It won't sweep you off your feet, but it might do to put in an evening. Everybody overacts but Bessie Love. (January.)

NEW COMMANDMENT, THE—First National.—It's "Thou shalt not doubt." Wealthy boy, artist's model, misunderstanding, war, and the thrilling love scene in months. (January.)

NEW KLONDIKE, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest of Aladdin's vehicles. An excellent story by Ring Lardner enhances the comed. value of this picture. Fine for the children. (May.)

NIGHT CRY, THE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin is just the doggiest dog you've ever seen. This is by far his best picture and will prove a real treat for grown-ups and kiddies. (June.)

NUFCRACKER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—An attempt to make this a rip-roaring comedy proved that there are few comedians of whom we can be justly proud. Passable. (June.)

OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.—We think it's time for Syd Chaplin to "be himself." Syd in petticoats again gets to be an old story, even though it affords splendid entertainment. (May.)

OLD CLOTHES—Metro-Goldwyn.—The last time you will have to look at Jackie Coogan without a haircut. Maybe that's worth a quarter. (January.)

ONLY THING, THE—M.G.M.—Conrad Nagel with sex appeal. And a mustache. Eleanor Boardman a blonde wig. An Elmer Glyn story of a princess forced to marry an old king. See it. (February.)

OTHER WOMAN'S STORY, THE—Shulberg.—A tiresome story that might have been a good mystery melodrama. (January.)

OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—A whole of a climax in this melodrama with hero and villain fighting to the death in an aerial bucket. (Feb.)

OUTSIDER, THE—Fox.—An intriguing story of a mysterious healer who puzzles London medical circles. The entire staff of a physician is restored to health, and love ensues. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. (March.)

PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE—Fox.—Edmund Lowe kidnaps Betty Compson, a gay senorita of vamping tendencies. Nothing to get excited over. (March.)

PARTNERS AGAIN—United Artists.—Another Potash and Perlmutter. Delightful, as usual. (April.)

PERFECT CLOWN, THE—Chadwick.—A very bad comedy with Larry Semon. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

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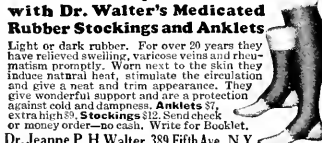
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

PRINCE OF BROADWAY, THE—Chadwick.—A wow with the boys and prize ring enthusiasts. A defeated fighter stages successful come-back. Many famous fighters introduced. (March.)

PRINCE OF PEP, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts. (March.)

PRINCE OF PILSEN, THE—Producers Dist.—This is supposed to be a comedy, but if you can laugh you're a better man than I. (June.)

QUEEN O' DIAMONDS—F. B. O.—There's no much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

RADIO DETECTIVE, THE—Universal.—An excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this thoroughly enjoyable. (June.)

RECKLESS LADY, THE—First National.—Another mother love theme, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

RED DICE—Producers Dist.—A twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, that is swifly moving and frequently amusing. (June.)

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.)

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 re-creation theme. (January.)

ROCKING MOON—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good story with a new and interesting background—set in Alaska waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

ROSE OF THE WORLD—Warners.—Sincere performance by a good cast, but an unconvincing story. Not very worthwhile. (January.)

RUNAWAY, THE—Paramount.—Love, suspense and a good cast. Clara Bow, Edna the Chairman and Warner Baxter—form this recipe for an evening's entertainment. (June.)

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox.—Cow thieves double for Cupid giving us a new slant on the love question. Good entertainment. (June.)

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—M-G-M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of laughs and tears. Sally O'Neil is a knockout! (February.)

SANDY—Fox.—A splendid flaming youth story that will appeal to everyone in an audience. Madge Bellamy's performance is excellent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner Bros.—And a very sappy picture. Don't waste your time. (June.)

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 sexy. (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 *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

SEA HORSES—Paramount.—Pair stuff because of the presence of Florence Vidor in the cast. Not as snappy as the usual Allan Dwan production. (May.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London's famous novel. (Feb.)

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.—The war spy system is again served for your entertainment. You will be object because Evelyn Brent is a treat for the optics. (June.)

SET UP, THE—Universal.—Art Acord does some hard hiding and shooting. And that's about all except that he marries the girl in the end. (May.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of 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.)

SEVENTH BANDIT, THE—Pathe.—A splendid Western that group-ups and children should not overlook. Harry Carey and Harriet Hammond head the cast. (June.)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors.—Some more crooks in an old, old story. Clara Bow is the only attraction. (May.)

SHIP OF SOULS, THE—Asso. Ex.—Lillian Rich as a lonely girl of the north who men are driven mad by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

SIBERIA—Fox.—Some more Russian revolutions—that is, if you like 'em. (June.)

SIMON THE JESTER—Producers Dist.—A hedge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart, played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)

SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE, A—Universal.—Another conventional Western with Jack Hoxie winning an unwilling bride. (March.)

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT—Universal.—Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante screaming wildly trying to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

SKYROCKET, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—The best picture about this picture people go for, and Peggy Hopkins Joyce's debut on the screen. Adapted from Adela Rogers St. Johns' novel of the same name. (January.)

SMILIN' AT TROUBLE—F. B. O.—A nice picture with Lefty Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

SOME PUNKINS—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old hick role is fairly amusing. (February.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE—Paramount.—Tom Meehan and Bessie Love in an interesting story of back stage life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

SOULMATES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a plebeian lady. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play unsuitable roles. Not worth while. (March.)

SPLENDID CRIME, THE—Paramount.—A commonplace crook drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

SPLENDID ROAD, THE—First National.—A colorful drama of the Gold Rush of '49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

STAGESTRUCK—Paramount.—A rip-snot'n' comedy with Gloria Swanson juggling cups in a cheap restaurant and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

STEEL PREFERRED—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

STELLA MARIS—Universal.—Mary Philbin in a dual role; that of a deformed slawy and a beautiful cripple girl. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

STEPPIN' OUT—Columbia.—A brisk comedy with Ferd Sterling as an errand husband. (February.)

STILL ALARM, THE—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. Drugging wife leaves her husband and elopes with charming villain. (March.)

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathe.—A good Larry Simon comedy taken from the stage play, full of the Simon gas that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

SWEET ADELINE—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a hit singing "Sweet Adeline" in a cabaret. Full of delicious bits of humor. Mighty good. (March.)

TESSIE—Arrow.—This would have been utterly impossible if it were not for the wise-cracking subtitles. Mary McEvoy is out of her class in this. (May.)

THAT ROYAL GIRL—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this. It's a peppy story of a misguided youngster in the cabaret world of Chicago. Something entirely new from D. W. Griffith. See it. (March.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount.—Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean in the leading role. Need more be said? (June.)

THREE FACES EAST—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this corking mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jetta Gault is wonderful in it. (March.)

THREE PALS—Davis Dist.—An uninteresting story, badly played and badly directed. (January.)

TIME, THE COMEDIAN—M. G. M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mae Busch and Lew Cody. (February.)

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 slapstick comedy—can you imagine it? But he actually puts it over. Rich man pretends he's poor so wife will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)

TORRENT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Introducing the charming new Swedish importation, Greta Garbo—and she's the kind of a girl the men won't forget. A vivid delight for grownups. (May.)

TRAFFIC COP, THE—F. B. O.—Only the admirers of Lefty Flynn will enjoy this. And the youngsters, too. (April.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National.—The first feature length comedy featuring Harry Langdon—and the boy's good. Worth while. (May.)

TRIPLE ACTION—Universal.—Rightly named; enough action for three Westerns. Rides, fights, parachute jumps by a sheriff. (January.)

TRUE NORTH, THE—Griffith Prod.—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 Indian territory was thrown open to settlement. (Feb.)

UNCHASTENED WOMAN, THE—Chadwick.—Theda Bara returns to the screen in an unsuitable story and with bad direction. (March.)

UNGUARDED HOUR, THE—First National.—Doris Kenyon is disappointing in this tale of a young lady who sets out to capture a woman-hater, said woman-hater being none other than Milton Sills. (February.)

UNTAMED LADY, THE—Paramount.—A painful disappointment in spite of the fact that it stars Greta Swanson. A total washout from beginning to end. (May.)

VOLCANO—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Babe 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.)

VOLGA BOATMAN, THE—Producers Dist.—Not Cecil De Mille at his best, but the strength of the theme and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks. (June.)

WAGES FOR WIVES—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama based on the idea that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

WALL STREET WHIZ, THE—F. B. O.—All right for the young boys, who aren't particular about sense and logic. An absurd story with Richard Talmadge doing unnecessary gymnastics. (January.)

WANDERING FIRES—Arrow.—Constance Bennett and George Hackettorne save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

WEDDING SONG, THE — Producers Dist. — Don't pass up this corking crook yarn. Leatrice Joy is a lady of shady reputation. (February.)

WE MODERNS—First National.—If you aren't bored with fapper pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English fapper. (Feb.)

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD—F. B. O.—Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) does her best in an unsuitable role. Clive Brook is equally miscast. (April.)

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Well worth seeing. A splendid detective story that the boys will love. Look at the cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilyan Tashman. (May.)

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist.—An interesting crook drama with Viola Dana and Bobby Apgew. (June.)

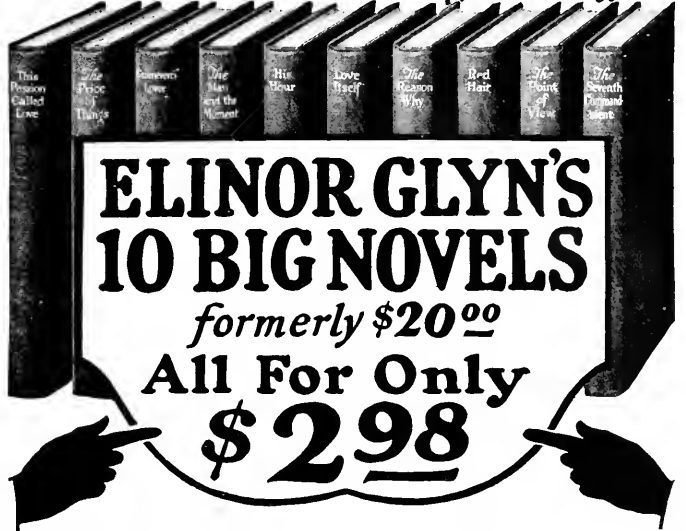
WOMAN OF THE WORLD, A—Paramount.—An entertaining story of an Italian Countess who comes to Iowa to visit relatives, with Pola Negri in her most dangerously devastating mood. (February.)

WOMANHANDLED—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satire on the Great Open Press, with lovely Esther Ralston in it. Peachy. (March.)

YANKEE SENOR, THE — Fox. — Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Borden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)

YELLOW FINGERS—Fox.—There is a little beauty in this picture, Olive Borden, that just makes you forget all about the story as you see her flitting across the screen. And we don't mean maybe! (June.)

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NEVER was there such an amazing offer! Think of it! Ten volumes—a complete set—of the most startling, most heart-gripping romances of love and marriage that Elinor Glyn has written. Books that sold in the original edition for \$2.00 a volume—yet you get the entire 10 volumes at the astounding low price of only \$2.98 for all.

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- 5 "His Hour"—Under the spell of the sensuous Egyptian night, she heard the Sphinx whisper: "You love but once. Only the things you can feel and touch are worth while. Seize them now—for tomorrow you may die." To the man the Sphinx said: "She is a woman, she is lovely. Take her—make her yours."
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2 Great Stars in their Greatest Roles . . .



JOHN McCORMICK presents

COLLEEN MOORE in ELLA CINDERS

with LLOYD HUGHES

From the celebrated comedy strip by
William Conselman and Charles Flumb

An ALFRED E. GREEN PRODUCTION



*Right in through Hollywood's back door!
Kleig lights turned full force on movies in
the making . . .*

*Stars and studios as they are before the
cameras start clicking.*

*"Ella Cinders" whisks you backstage in
Filmdom. Shows you how a small-town
girl breaks into pictures — and makes
good!*

*COLLEEN MOORE adorable as a twen-
tieth-century Cinderella — the popular
newspaper character millions chortle
over every day.*

*And a superb First National production
for this famous First National star!*

Have you seen
these other recent
COLLEEN MOORE
successes?

"IRENE"—Colleen Moore in an
adical comedy success. Three great
shows in one—marvelous fashions;
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"WE MODERNS"—From
Israel Zangwill's stage success.
Starring Colleen Moore as the
girl who played with fire in circles
of gaiety till she learned her lesson.

"THE DESERT FLOWER"—
Colleen Moore as a spirited scamp
who leaves a boxcar home to
make her way in the world—and
to regenerate a millionaire hobo.

"SALLY"—Miss Moore in a
glorious, glamorous role from
the famous Ziegfeld stage success.



A First National Picture

Starting First National's Amazing New Series

Barthelmess — everybody's hero

See him now in his part of parts!

Daredevil—dauntless—a dashing gallant of furious frontier days.

Reckless riding and romancing . . .
His heart on his sleeve and his life in his hands.

The story—Thrills, Romance, Suspense—
ENJOYMENT.

—and a surprise finish that will bring you straight up in your seat!



Inspiration Pictures Inc. presents

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

with **DOROTHY MACKAILL**

in
"RANSON'S FOLLY"

Adapted from the story by RICHARD HARTUNG DAVIS
Screened by LILLIE HAYWARD

A **SIDNEY OLCOTT** PRODUCTION

And don't miss these other **BARTHELMESS Hits**

"JUST SUPPOSE"—Barthelmess as the mythical, mythical Prince of Koronia who woos an American girl.

"THE BEAUTIFUL CITY"—Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish portray a wonderful romance of the Gherto.

"SHORE LEAVE"—Here is Barthelmess living the stirring life of the sea—a happy-go-lucky gal, happiest when he's broke. With Dorothy Mackaill.

"SOUL FIRE"—Barthelmess superb in the romantic role of a struggling musician seeking inspiration over three continents. With Bessie Love.



Produced by
INSPIRATION PICTURES INC.

A First National Picture

IN THE FASHIONABLE SUMMER COLONIES AT NEWPORT AND BAR HARBOR

*169 women tell why they find
this soap best for their skin ~*



YACHTING, SAILING, BATHING-PARTIES—ALL THE LAZY, LUXURIOUS PAGANT OF A NEWPORT SEASON

THE Italian ambassador arrives. Dinners, dances, bathing-parties . . . The Brazillian envoy arrives. A lawn-fête, a polo-match, in honor of a distinguished Russian prince . . . Tennis week. The Horse Show. A wedding of international interest. Yachting, sailing, golf on the Ocean Links . . . the Newport season!

Far more picturesque, more in-

souciant, than in winter—society, at its two favorite summer resorts, Newport and Bar Harbor, becomes like a wonderful cubist pattern, all dazzling movement and color.

Never were the women as beautiful as now—like tropical flowers in their brilliant sports frocks; their cheeks touched to carnation by sun and wind, arms and throats delicately sun-browned.

WE asked 193 women of the cottage colonies at Newport and Bar Harbor what soap they find best for the care of their skin.

More than three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It keeps my skin in beautiful condition," they said—"Protects it from salt water."—"The tonic effect of Woodbury's Soap is delightful, especially used with ice as an after treatment."—"Has greatly improved the texture of my skin."

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest

ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

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

**Your WOODBURY TREATMENT
for ten days**

NOW—THE NEW LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

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

For the enclosed 10c 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, 507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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More than three-fourths of these beautiful women said, "Woodbury's"



Ruth Hariett Louise

*New
Pictures*

GOOD-BYE, little boy, good-bye. It's a long bob that has no clipping and Jackie Coogan has decided his is ending. They're taking a whole film to do it, "Jackie Get Your Hair Cut" but it's worth it. The Kid is eleven now.



John Ellis

USUALLY Dolores Costello faces the camera gravely, her charm as brooding and compelling as an April twilight. But here Dolores smiles, and does it seem possible that any girl anywhere at any time could have been more lovely?



STRANGE how popular the very nice women of the screen become when they get just a little bit wild. Take Irene Rich, for instance. She played good wives and won a small public. Then she did a shady lady in "Lady Windemere's Fan" and became a major star.



HERE he is—the answer to the maiden's prayer, the reason girls leave home for Hollywood—John Gilbert, the glamorous in "Bardelys, the Magnificent." It's difficult looking at Jack today to understand how he remained an unknown star for years.



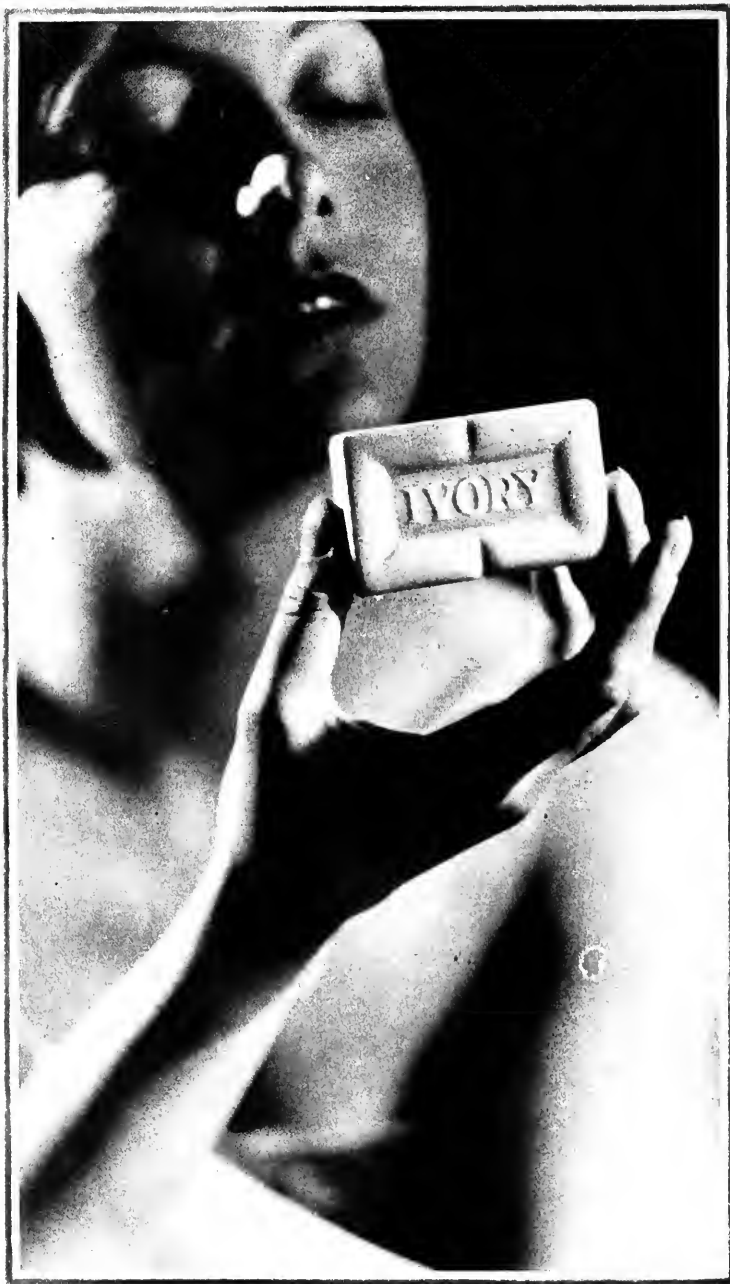
NO still photograph registers the quality that proved Greta Garbo a star in her first American film. It's when Greta flashes into action, amused little smile on her lips and keen intelligence lighting her eyes, that you behold her exotic charm.



SCORE another hit for the Irish. Jack Mulhall, by Ern out of Hollywood, has recently signed a contract to be featured in First National productions. The salary stimulator came as reward for his fine work in "Sweet Daddies." His next is "The Charleston Kid."



YOU can't keep a beauty contest winner off the screen. Dorothy Hughes at sixteen won the title "Miss New York" from some 85,000 Manhattan girls and then journeyed to Atlantic City to become a national beauty. She's playing in "The Sorrows of Satan."



Fashioned
to express its
fineness—this be-
witching new cake
of **IVORY**

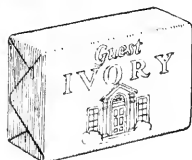
IN every detail of its dainty new form, *Guest* Ivory represents the perfect soap for face-and-hands.

It is pure, mild, kind to sensitive skin—as Ivory has been for nearly half a century.

It is skilfully modeled for slender fingers, and its outward appearance pays tribute to the perfection of the soap from which it is formed.

Guest IVORY is a luxurious economy—it costs but five cents.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



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For the face and hands & As fine as soap can be

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PHOTOPLAY

July, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

MR. WILL HAYS' specially inaugurated Greater Movie Season will make its second annual appearance on August 1st.

If the Greater Movie Season does nothing else, it centers the public mind upon the importance of the motion picture. Have you ever stopped to give a thought to the part the screen plays in our everyday life? For instance, when news came recently of two successful Arctic flights, one by Lieutenant Commander R. E. Byrd in his plane and the other by Captain Roald Amundsen in his dirigible, the *Norge*, the first question that was asked was: Did they get pictures of the North Pole?

The motion picture brings adventure and history to your very doorstep. You couldn't get along without it any more than you could pass a day without your newspaper. It's an essential, integral part of your life.

And, speaking of polar flights, Captain Amundsen may have filmed the lonely stretches of the Arctic. Lieutenant Commander Byrd did, anyway. Watch for the North Pole at your local playhouse!

THERE are 14,673 picture theaters in the United States open once a week or more. We are indebted to *The Motion Picture News*, the film trade paper, for these interesting figures.

Of this number 7,178 are in towns and cities of over 5,000 population and 7,495 in towns and villages under 5,000. New York State leads in motion picture houses, having a grand total of 1,194. Pennsylvania is second with 1,032 and Illinois is a close third with 1,008. At the bottom of the list of states is Nevada with 23.

The Motion Picture News devoted two years to making this survey and we have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the figures. The average estimate has placed the total at 13,000 or a bit less.

Stop then to think of the power of the screen. Consider the number of people sitting in front of projection machines every night of the year. Then remember that this is the portion of your life that self-made censors and certain types of politicians would like to control. No wonder! What a source of pleasant graft lies in 14,000 theaters!

THE other day Jesse L. Lasky, one of the heads of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, predicted that practically fifty per cent of all features during the com-

ing film season would be based upon stories written expressly for the screen and that eighty per cent of the successes would come from these originals.

This statement, disclosing definitely that the motion picture can now stand upon its own feet, has created a lot of discussion in the ranks of picture folks. A check-up shows that 174 of some 400 features will be originals. Famous Players has in preparation 22 originals as against 20 adapted stories. Metro-Goldwyn has 30 originals against 22 adaptations. This is a definite indication of the way the wind is blowing in screenland. The success of "The Ten Commandments" and "The Big Parade" was a forerunner of this shift.

It must be noted, however, that the word *original* does not mean a story purchased in the open market. The beginner has no more chance of breaking into picture writing than he had two years ago. These originals are the work of experienced men and women trained by years of work in the motion picture field. Which is as it should be. To succeed in any kind of work, one must learn the fundamentals. The writers of the originals of 1926 are the people who labored through the adaptations of 1910.

Thus the screen, as I have said, is now upon its own feet. No longer does it depend upon passing phases in the current literature and drama. It is creating and building for itself.

ONE hundred and twenty million dollars is going to be spent making the motion picture of 1926-27. Over a hundred million of this will be spent in coast production.

This total, by the way, exceeds by twenty-five per cent the amount expended in manufacturing the silent drama during the last year.

AGAIN let me quote Mr. Lasky. He has just stated to a gathering of press agents that it is high time for the motion picture industry to be debunked. "You must help me and help the public to maintain a proper sense of values," he says. "I do not think it is good publicity to over-exploit a picture, a star, a director—or even a producer. The public today is picture wise."

PHOTOPLAY was the first publication to discard the old fashioned hokum of the pioneer days. For years it has held steadfastly to a sane, conscientious and honest treatment of pictures and picture people.



Metro's bringing them in by the car load. This is the arrival of Greta Garbo, a Swedish beauty, who seems destined for the lights. Beside her is Mauritz Stiller, another Swede, who will direct her

By Ivan St. Johns

The Foreign Legion in Hollywood

THIS is a tale of the Foreign Legion. Not those picturesque soldiers of fortune sung of in "Beau Geste", who are protecting the advance of French civilization into the wilderness of Northern Africa.

It is a tale of other adventurers—foreign invaders who are pouring in with the American motion picture industry as their objective and American dollars as their goal.

There are many and strange tales of these invaders floating around Hollywood. How the foreign legion is increasing by leaps and bounds. How one foreign director kept his job through the angry mutterings of his army of German extras, who threatened to strike when their leader was removed from a picture and was only quieted by his return. How clannish they are, playing their own game together against American producer, director and actor alike. Of the little Scandinavian colony at Santa Monica, where an American is a foreigner. And many, many other similar stories.

I am going to set down a few facts and anecdotes, just the way they have come to me. I will jump at no conclusion and let you arrive at your own.

Pola Negri started it all. Quite innocently, to be sure, but she started it just the same, this hegira of foreigners in quest of good American dollars in our motion picture field.

It is fast becoming serious. Directors are worried. Actors and actresses more so. And why shouldn't they be? Where three years ago a foreign star was a novelty, a foreign director a curiosity, today they are almost a menace, so rapidly are they arriving and so closely do they stick together.

If foreign servants could be imported as easily as foreign artists, there wouldn't be any servant problem. But they can't. Organized labor is powerful—it is ORGANIZED—and it won't stand for cheap foreign competition. So we have our servant problem.

A few of our foreign importations are becoming Americans. But a very small minority.

Pola Negri, for example, has purchased a beautiful Beverly Hills home and put thousands upon thousands of dollars back into Hollywood by redecorating and refurbishing the house and re-landscaping the already charming grounds.

Pola has made for herself a lovely



Jannings,
German



de Putti,
Hungarian



Marchal,
French



Sojin,
Japanese

Rudys from Italy. Polas from Poland. Gretas from Sweden. Vilmas from Vienna. The march is on. Every type of performer, one nationality after the other, they are following each other across the gang-plankš on the stellar way to Hollywood

home. She is an investor and her earnings are going into Hollywood business property. And Pola has taken out first naturalization papers. She wants to be an American.

So does Ernst Lubitsch, who followed his Polish star from Germany to America. He owns a fine home but a few blocks from Pola. He, too, has taken out his first papers, is interested in all things American and acts like he is here to stay.

I can't say as much for most of the foreigners who followed Pola's lead.

One director, who came over with much acclaim, Buchowetzki, hasn't made much of a success with his American pictures. They haven't been going so good.

As a sort of cheer to the selling organization, the publicity department at the studio employing him wanted to send out a story that this director was becoming Americanized—that he was getting the American angle on entertainment.

Do you think he would stand for it?



Three big Swedes and one wife. She is Karlin Nolander, in private life Mrs. Lars Hansen. He with the cap, at the left, is Mauritz Stiller. Lars is on the other side, next to Victor Seastrom

The foreigners are going through the studios with the speed of mumps through a day nursery. Every lot's swollen with them. They're not all stars. There are foreign cameramen, directors, scenarists, dress designers, too, and they all bring a relative along

Next came the Russian, Dimitri Buchowetzki, who had also made German pictures with Pola. After several American directors had tried their hand, with more or less indifferent success, with the great Polish actress, Paramount sent for the round little Russian.

These three were the vanguard of the movement. I will never forget the first time I met Buchowetzki. It was on the set where he was directing Pola in "Men."

I found him a jolly, charming little chap, but the thing which hit me much more forcibly than his unusual personality was that, with the exception of Pola's leading man, Robert Frazer, there wasn't an American acting on the set.

It was both a novelty and a shock to me. There was almost every nationality among the score of bit men and extras on the set. I was truly grateful that Bob was there to show that the American flag was still flying.

I asked "Buch" about it. I won't attempt his dialect, for his English was none too good then. But this was the idea: "These poor foreigners were trying to make a living in a strange land. They were so hungry. He felt sorry for them and was giving them work."

At the time I decided it was mighty thoughtful of the little Russian director. It made a hit with me to see a chap so considerate of other less fortunate exiles.

But since, I have changed my mind somewhat. Yes, I have changed it a great deal.

In those days, with the exception of Pola, Lubitsch, "Buch" and possibly Victor Seastrom, noted Swedish director with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the Foreign Legion was a small group made up of almost every nation and trying to earn its living in the great army of extras, that swarm the Hollywood studios, by playing types.

If you wanted a couple of Italians, a Czecho-Slovakian, a German or Russian officer you just asked the casting office and you got the real thing.

Occasionally some of them did try to gain a rather unfair advantage over their fellow extras by sporting real or spurious titles. But all things considered, you couldn't help feeling sorry for them, for anyone who, driven by ambition or hunger, is trying to live on the few dollars to be gained from extra tickets.

They were just part of the army of extras, that army which to me still remains the saddest sight in all Hollywood. So it isn't any wonder that for a

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Lubitsch, German

Negri, Polish

Buchowetzki, Russian

Hansen, Swedish

Not for a moment. He insisted he was still a Continental and a Continental he would remain. He hasn't taken out any naturalization papers or bought a home with his picture earnings. He lives in a rented house and once told me he was saving every dollar so he could leave America and the picture business as soon as possible and return to his beloved Europe, there to retire and lead the life of a country gentleman.

If he doesn't make better pictures, he may return to his beloved Europe before he gets all the money he is after.

To get back to the hegra. First came Pola Negri, brought over by Paramount. She was followed shortly by Lubitsch, who directed her in the German-made "Passion." But Lubitsch didn't stay long. He just looked New York and Hollywood over and returned to Europe, to be brought back later to make "Rosita," with Mary Pickford, and then signed to a long term contract by Warner Brothers.

The foreign invasion of filmdom is no idle chatter. It's a populous fact. The foreigners have come, have seen American gold and in one or two instances have conquered the American public. Are our movies to lose their private rights, including the Scandinavian?

Wholesale

By Catherine Brody



IN their efforts to reduce, thousands of American women are ruining their health and preparing their bodies for tuberculosis and other diseases by lowering their resistance. In many instances, death has resulted. Barbara La Marr was a victim of fashion's demand for slenderness. Millions of people in public and private life are facing Miss La Marr's fate.

PHOTOPLAY has been receiving thousands of letters through Miss Carolyn Van Wyck's department, asking questions and requesting advice about reducing. Realizing the menaces of reduccomania, PHOTOPLAY has launched a national investigation, putting Catherine Brody, the well known writer, in charge as special investigator.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

SOME months ago, the newspapers recorded the death of a young and beautiful and popular motion picture star. The star was Barbara La Marr. She died, specifically, of tuberculosis. This the public knows. What her friends knew at her death, however, was that Miss La Marr had, at a period preceding her collapse, taken a thyroid treatment to lose weight. They knew that her ill-health dated from that time, affecting her lungs and finally causing her death.

Reducing is not a new idea nor are dangerous reducing methods new. Even in the days when busts and hips were not only permissible but highly desirable, patent medicine fat reducers existed and prospered. In these days of the boyish figure, however, reducing has come to be more than an idea. It is



DR. MENAS GREGORY
Head of Bellevue Hospital

"There were 225 women in the psychopathic ward at my hospital last year, suffering from serious mental disorders caused by anxiety about their increased weight. There are numerous women suffering from depression, melancholia, restlessness, for the same reason"

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE refuses to admit to its advertising columns any internal reducing preparations or questionable methods.

PHOTOPLAY is going to fight to the end to force these dangerous preparations from the market. Why is the sale of mind and body wrecking drugs prohibited and the sale of dangerous reducing nostrums permitted?

After its investigation and exposure of reduction drugs is completed, PHOTOPLAY believes that national action will be necessary.

Medical quacks must be prevented from killing American women. And American women must be prevented from committing suicide in the pursuit of fashion.



Barbara La Marr as she was before she fell victim to fashion's demand for the so-called "slim silhouette." Miss La Marr's thyroid treatment brought on tuberculosis

Murder and Suicide

Do you know the menace of Reduceomania?

Today millions of women are trying to reduce by means of various methods. This has been brought about by fashion's demand for a slender figure. Records show that one out of every five persons in this country is overweight.

The perils of reducing are so great that the American Medical Association called a special conference to consider ways and means of meeting its dangers.

There are 75 pills, capsules, tablets, etc., on the market, advertised as reducers. New nostrums appear daily. These are divided into two classes: those that are harmless and worthless and those containing thyroid or other harmful drugs.

These drugs can and have caused tuberculosis and other diseases. They have caused insanity. Death stalks close behind them.

The heads of tapeworms have been prescribed and sold to women seeking to reduce.

PHOTOPLAY is exposing these perils of reducing. Read how a large portion of America is playing with murder and suicide.



Miss La Marr in her last appearance before the camera in "The Girl from Montmartre," with Lewis Stone. The popular star was close to death when this scene was filmed



even more than a fad, doctors say. It is a mania.

The word, reduceomania, has been coined by PHOTOPLAY to describe it. Reducing methods, by medicine and otherwise, do more than exist. They increase and multiply from day to day and year to year. In the last two years, especially, according to Dr. Lyman F. Kebler, who has been investigating patent medicines for the Department of Agriculture for the last twenty years, their number has become legion.

Reduceomania is a disease from which a tremendous number of women are suffering, not only in America, but in Europe. Paris, which sets the styles, demands the silhouette figure. Consequently, the Sunday supplements personify the tall, narrow, hipless, almost angular slimness of a Peggy Joyce.

Just how reduceomania has come to be is a hopeless question. Did the popularity of the straight up and down, one-piece frock in America make the boyish figure an ideal for women of all ages? Was it envy and the desire to emulate the corsetless, pliant, bob-haired flapper? Many people blame the movies for this as for other sins. They say that the movies, which set standards of beauty for more people and to a far greater degree than the stage, have emphasized slightness, thinness, to such an extent that any other kind of figure looks strangely overnourished to American eyes.

No matter what the cause, the big parade of women who want to be fashionably thin and do not stop to reason why or even how has been increasing. The problems raised by these women, ignoring health in their search for what they consider beauty, were brought suddenly before the public when the American Medical Association called a special conference on weight reduction.

"Anyone who takes medicines to reduce or who follows violent methods is committing a crime against his or her body"



SENATOR ROYAL S. COPELAND
Former Health Commissioner
of New York City

Photoplay Starts Fight

The opinions of these doctors, together with knowledge of sickness and death caused by drastic methods of losing weight, and the numerous letters which we get from readers, who, without reference to their height, age, or condition of body, want to reduce in the shortest possible time and with a minimum of effort, to resemble the screen star of their choice—all these reasons caused PHOTOPLAY to commission me to find out how women were reducing, what dangers their methods held, especially when they used internal medicines, how they should reduce, if at all, and what healthy standards existed for them to follow.

I found doctors in agreement on several facts.

The first and most important fact is this: In the words of Dr. Arthur Cramp, director of the Bureau of Research of the

American Medical Association: "The desire to be slender causes thousands of women to throw away money on reduction treatments which are either dangerous or worthless."

In the words of Senator Royal S. Copeland, who, as New York City's Health Commissioner, conducted experiments in reduction among a large number of women: "Anyone who takes medicines to reduce or who follows violent methods is committing a crime against his or her body."

In the words of Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute: "There is no such thing as a reducing medicine, reducing pill, bread, or anything of that kind for external or internal use."

And every doctor with whom I talked concluded the interview by stressing this fact: "There is only one way for most people to reduce. Diet and exercise, modified according to the needs of the individual."

Obesity is a not uncommon condition. Dr. Kebler, head of the Bureau of Collaborative Research of the Department of Agriculture, estimates that one out of every five persons in this country is overweight. And probably two of the remaining four, especially among women, think they are. Judging by doctors' records, these people hesitate to take medical advice about overweight and reduction. But they fall readily enough under the spell of advertised "easy" methods.

I found, in Washington, that there are about seventy-five nationally known pills, capsules, tablets, chewing-gums, breads, etc. on the market, advertised as reducers, as well as countless concoctions for external use and many nostrums that are here today and gone tomorrow, as it were. A staff of inspectors keeps busy following them up by their advertisements and testing them. There are a round dozen under investigation now, scheduled for hearings to show cause why they should not be put out of business. The Government has only one check on these nostrums. If they make misleading claims on package or by letter, the Post Office may refuse to carry drugs and mail to and from, which automatically stops all business.

Those who set forth their claims



DR. LYMAN F. KEBLER
Head of Bureau of Collaborative
Research, Bureau of Chemistry,
Department of Agriculture

It is impossible to tell what reducing medicines are made of. "These reducing drugs are not standardized," Dr. Kebler says. "They change composition from time to time. One year a drug will contain thyroid, the next year it won't, and when we come to examine it again, on some complaint, we will find thyroid"



Nita Naldi was sick for weeks after following a rigid pineapple and lamb chop diet

The quick road to slimness is the quick road to neurasthenia, hyperthyroidism, Bright's disease, hysteria, heart palpitations, tuberculosis, colitis and possible death.

Read what Dr. William S. Sadler, of the American Medical Association, has to say about the various "get thin quick" methods:

THE DRUG METHOD. "The use of drugs for reducing purposes is decidedly dangerous. The long continued use of saline cathartics, the use of thyroid preparations and other drugs designed to produce a loss in flesh should be looked upon as of doubtful value and never should be undertaken without expert counsel and advice."

THE PURGATIVE REGIME. "The Purgative Regime can be productive only of evil, resulting in serious disturbances of the digestive canal and otherwise jeopardizing one's health and efficiency."

Against Reduceomania

What the American Medical Association says about the use of thyroid in reducing:

"That the prolonged administration of thyroid gland will sometimes bring about a marked reduction in weight is true, but its use, even under skilled medical supervision, is fraught with danger. It is little less than criminal that ignorant quacks should be permitted to distribute indiscriminately drugs that have the potency for harm that is possessed by the thyroid preparations."

ambiguously enough, however, may stay on. And do they prosper? They do. One manufacturer of a reducing drug, now off the market, testified that on a good day his office received 1500 letters, and in general an average of 20,000 letters a month, asking for treatment.

These internal medicines may be divided into two classes. Some contain thyroid or other harmful drugs. Others are, if not harmful, absolutely worthless. The former medicines, together with the fad diet systems, and the strenuous exercise systems that women follow in a mad effort to get thin quick, have brought to doctors, as I found, numerous cases of disorders of the nerves, disorders of the stomach, of grave consequences to the thyroid and other glands, have weakened the resistance of patients to diseases like tuberculosis, to which they might have been naturally liable, and in instances, as in the case of the motion picture star I have related, led to death.

"There were 225 women in the Psychopathic Ward at my hospital last year," Dr. Menas Gregory, the head of Bellevue Hospital, says, "suffering from serious mental disorders caused by anxiety about their increasing weight. There are numerous women suffering from depression, melancholia, restlessness, for the same reason."

No neurologist with whom I have talked but can recall some cases of patients, chiefly women, who have had to be treated for disorders arising from reduction methods, especially the use of thyroid. I know personally one woman, a writer, who is in a sanitarium as a result of taking thyroid extract to reduce. I came across at least one death as a direct result of thyroid on the weakened heart of a stout woman.

I learned of another death of apoplexy

as a result, the doctor who informed me, said, of a strenuous physical culture system which this woman thought would make her slim. Nita Naldi, the motion picture actress, was sick for weeks after following a pineapple and lamb chop diet.

Another, Betty Blythe, is in Europe trying to recover from the effects of another fad diet.

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Catherine Brody, the famous newspaper and magazine writer, has been commissioned by PHOTOPLAY to investigate and expose the perils of reducing now confronting America.

Miss Brody won a name for herself on *The New York Evening Globe* and *The New York World*. For *The World* she made a tour of America, visiting all the principal cities and investigating the living conditions facing the working girl. To secure this material, she went from city to city, working and living under conditions confronting the wage earner.



Katherine Grant is now in a coast sanitarium fighting to recover from reducing effects

MASSAGE. "While massage has a reputation for reducing fat, careful observation over a long period of years has led us to believe that most of this reputation is without scientific foundation."

FASTING. "Fasting is also a fallacy. Fasting may be beneficial for a few days in the case of an overfed individual. But just as soon as glycogen stored by the liver is exhausted then the fasting patient starts in to live upon himself—an exclusive flesh diet—and at that, his own flesh. You are liable to contract any passing contagious or infectious disease when fasting."

Is There Any Sane Way to Reduce?

Says Dr. Sadler: "Work, exercise and sane diet are the best reducers, but in absolutely every case this work and diet should be an individual thing, laid out for each patient, for everyone is a law unto himself."



*A*NTONIO MORENO proves that the fairer sex has no monopoly on charm or the rewards it brings. Tony's charm has made him rise in the world like a regular Alger hero. Across the page is his from peasant to palace story.

Mrs. Coolidge knew him When

By Herbert Howe



THE scene was a luncheon at the White House when President and Mrs. Coolidge were entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy. The name of Antonio Moreno was mentioned.

"Yes, we have known Tony for a long time," said Mrs. Christy, wife of the famous artist. "It was in 1914, when he was working with the old Vitagraph company, that I first met him."

"That is a long time," commented Mrs. Coolidge. "But we have known him much longer. When Mr. Moreno was a boy about fifteen he read the gas meter in our house at Northampton."

* * *
Edging my voice into the chorus of celebrities, let me say that I also knew him when . . .

My meeting with Tony dates from a period much later than the days when the Coolidges and Christys knew him, but during the past eight years I have come to know him very well.

If ever there was a Horatio Alger hero, or a prize example for an American magazine article, it is Tony Moreno.

An urchin of Spain, with a widowed mother, earning money as a baker's boy and by holding the polo ponies of Englishmen at Gibraltar, he has passed from miserable penury to opulence and fame with amazing incident.

While employed as a helper on the buildings for the annual fair at Gibraltar he was noticed by two gentlemen touring

Spain: Mr. Benjamin Curtis, the nephew of Seth Lowe, mayor of New York in 1901-2, and Mr. Enrique de Cruzat Zanetti, a Spanish gentleman who had been graduated from Harvard and who had become a wealthy Cuban land owner.

Fortune, that wrote the plot of Tony's story, waved the wand over him at that precise moment. Yet it was not entirely Fortune. The character that shone out of his brilliant black eyes had something to do with it. For Tony is one of those rare individuals who, at first meeting, impresses you indelibly with character.

The gentlemen talked with him, enjoyed his sunny ebullience and finally prevailed upon his mother to let them take him on a tour of Spain. Mr. Curtis was in ill health, and Tony provided cheering tonic while serving him his medicines.

They returned to the United States, but they did not forget the bright-eyed, sympathetic Spanish boy. They sent for him, and his mother, with the great hearted sacrificial generosity of mothers, permitted him to go.

He wept ignominiously as he sailed away from mother and Spain with a vow that he would return and transform everything for her.

Paris. The Champs Élysées. A movie star. On his arm, a charming, intelligent wife in a summer ermine coat. And Tony was born a Spanish peasant boy. Now he's very humble in the presence of his good fortune

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The famous home of Antonio Moreno and his wife, who was Daisy Canfield Danziger. It cost close to a million dollars and from it the Pacific Ocean, Catalina Islands, the Sierras and all Hollywood are visible



THE tragic brows, the appealing dark eyes, the sensitive nose, the tantalizing mouth—here are all the features of Barbara La Marr. And yet this is the photograph of a girl who is, in personality and appearance, the very antithesis of Barbara. And yet, by some trick of the camera and make-up, Madge Bellamy has achieved a startling and striking resemblance to the girl whose life and death was one of the supreme tragedies of motion pictures



He stood hesitant and awkward. "Gwyna," he said apologetically, "did you notice the papers?"

Cleopatra's Kiss

By James Oppenheim

Illustrated by
George Howe

*Once it wrecked an
Empire . . . what did it
do to Gerald Blackstone?*

IN that particular hotel, which caters exclusively to vaudeville actors, and which is in the West Forties, Gerald Blackstone sat in a little room on the tenth floor with Bobby Blake. He sprawled in the easy chair and she leaned forward intently from the edge of the couch, a cigarette between her fingers.

Gerald was watching her. She was undeniably pretty, petite, graceful and lovable. Her legs were crossed, her curly head held high, her bright eyes full of laughter.

He, and others as well, liked to say to her: "You're so sweet I could eat you up." Indeed, she seemed a delicate morsel, tempting and delicious. And she could dance, after a fashion, and sing and act; but mainly she had merely to appear on the stage, the apparition of a bewitching imp, and the audience applauded. . . .

"Oh," she was saying, "I've heard all about you and Gwyna Marsh and how she wants you to go into Shakespeare. Why don't you do it?"

If he liked to watch her, she, no less, liked watching him. There was that about him, just sitting there, which made him striking. His rather heavy mouth could cut into a leer, or a warm smile, or be pursed with contempt; his large forehead could become a shaggy brow, darkening his large eyes. The eyes, with their wrinkles about them, were full of changing meaning. His mane of hair was thick, his jaw pronounced. There was something lion-like about the head. He was tall, loosely made and fell into attitudes with imperceptible ease. He was spoken of as powerful, rather than handsome, the kind of "man's man" whom women adore. A brute lurked in him, a dreamer sometimes peered through the dark eyes, a primitive heroism was sometimes in his firm mouth and the set of the head.

His mouth cut into a half-leer.

Then suddenly she stood before him, an ugly curling whip in her hand

"What have you heard?" he asked.

She laughed, delighted. "You needn't eat me up, Jerry. I've only heard you and she were in love with each other."

"Well," he said slowly, "if Gwyna Marsh were in love with me, I'd go down to Hell for her."

"You mean by that," she laughed, "you'd even go into Shakespeare for her?"

"Oh, that," he snorted, "that's nothing. A mistake of my youth."

"What does she say about it?" Babby asked eagerly.

"She?" his face looked brutal for a fleeting moment. "She wants to save me. Every woman but you, Babby," he smiled warmly at her, "wants to save this old drunk. Only—Gwyna's got a new one."

"What is it?"

"She says," he spoke with difficulty, "that a man must have a job big enough to fit him. She says my work is not up to me—that's why I drink. She says I need a bigger job to use me up and make me feel honest with myself. In other words, she's handing me the stuff about being a great actor."

"Suppose it's true?"

"Bunk!" he snapped. "Babby, I thought that fifteen years ago, and studied and worked, and got into stock, and then small parts on Broadway and all that. It faded out. No manager came forward and said, 'You're the man.' So I came down off my high horse and took to drink. Now I'm content."

"Then why do you booze?"

"To stay so." He laughed somberly. "And here Gwyna comes and wants me to do the Antony to her Cleopatra. . . . That's about it."

"What is?"

"Don't you know the story—a great man hanging on to the apron-strings of a woman, infatuated with her, till he lost everything, including his life? . . ." His voice rolled,

"O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, How I convey my shame out of thine eyes By looking back what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonor."

"That's not a part I relish, Babby; not much. For don't you see, I'd have a chance, if Gwyna loved me. But her coldness makes me ten times her slave, 'stroy'd in dishonor.' If I give in to her, I'll never be my own man again."

"She must be beautiful," sighed Babby.

"Instead of giving me love," he went on, "she makes me uncomfortable. I have to be so noble to get on with her, pretend



I'm something. But you," he laughed, "I'm just my old self, any old thing, don't care what a duffer I am or how rotten. You like me any old way, don't you, Babby? It's comfortable and it's easy. But she's discipline."

"Ah," Babby's musical laugh ran up the scale, "if that were all! I can see she makes you dizzy, Jerry, dizzy blissful and dizzy sick, but I—I only make you happy."

She came over, perched on the side of his chair, put a light arm about him and pressed her curly head against his.

"It's lucky," she said softly, "I'm not in love with you, Jerry, or how jealous I would be."

"Lord, you're a relief," he muttered, his voice warm.

"Yes," she said, "I'm your comic relief. But a little goes a long ways."

"Not much," he answered. "Bab, if you're game, why shouldn't we do an act together?"

"I'm game," she said, "but you'll never show up when the time comes."

He smiled . . . incredulously.
But she did it. The blind-
ing snake of fire went
across his face . . .



ting a taxi. Then he felt his heart tighten with apprehension. How pretty Babby was, and how she pleased him, and how free she left him. She might have been a boy for all his heart said about her. But if Gwyna sat exactly like Babby, legs crossed, and straightened the outer leg till the toe pointed, he would shudder with an uncanny ecstasy, he would be felled for a moment with madness. Why was it?

Certainly people saw at once how lovely Babby was, but they took a long time to learn the beauty of Gwyna. She had become well known as an actress, had had leading parts, had made money—enough to launch herself on a Shakespearian revival—but she was not famous, she was not a favorite. Her beauty was deep and subtle; it showed itself bit by bit, but after it captured you, you became its slave. Then it seemed more and more wonderful and enchanting, the peculiarly pure tones of her voice, the exquisite gesturing of her fine hands, the elusive roundedness of her body, the hair that was not quite light or dark, the delicate nose that yet could look almost angry in its broken line, the thin lips that could bloom into softness, the blue eyes that could shade from a dreamy tone to a fiery concentrated color shot with golden sparks . . . her changeableness, her variety, so that she seemed at times to turn from a thin coldness to a rounded voluptuousness . . .

"Yes, an actress," thought Gerald, "if ever there was one Her body, her face seem to change with her part. Cleopatra!" He laughed to himself. "How perfect!

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

How she would look in cloth of gold; what subtlety and passion she would put into the love-scenes; with what fury she would attack the messenger; how beautifully she would weep, and how nobly kill herself . . . He could see it And he shuddered. He saw himself, not acting, but living the part of Antony; caught through all the senses, drowned in her perfumes, snared in her softnesses. "stroy'd in dishonor."

He decided to have a few drinks to brace himself for the encounter.

THE maid opened the door of the apartment—it was on Lower Fifth Avenue—and let him in. He was visibly under the influence of liquor, though he was not drunk. His motions were a little jerky as he pulled off his scarf and his overcoat and handed them to the maid. Then he stood and carefully lit his pipe . . .

When he entered the large drawing-room, dusk was in the air. The windows looked to the west, and the last of a dark, rich crimson sunset. . . . Yes, it was dusk. Everything in the room stood with negligent soft glimmers about it, ready to melt into darkness. It was the moment when the prose of the day turns into the poetry of the night. A music begins of dream-worlds, worlds of love and crime and things beyond. . . . The thought of women comes, the thought of song. . . .

He entered, and paused, and looked for her. She was on the couch. He had the impression that she lay with head raised on her hand, that her knees jutted forward sideways, and that she had on a thin serpent-pointed crown, and flowing, shimmering garments, for there was the suggestion of her white beauty. . . .

He stood, bewitched. . . . The spell was intense. Her beauty, her poetry (or was it music?) overmastered him, made him giddy, made him want to go to her and draw her up in his arms, and spend himself at her lips. . . .

And then her voice came, cool, calm and edged with blame.

"You've been drinking, Gerald."

He laughed, harshly, shattering his own mood of enslaved passion. He felt himself again.

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"Well, I'll think it over."

"I thought so," she laughed.

"No, I mean it. I promised Gwyna I'd see her at five—but to-night I'm going to settle matters, once and for all."

He rose then, put on his heavy coat, picked up his cane and took his hat. He paused at the door and regarded Babby darkly.

"You know," he said, "Gwyna's the only woman I've ever been afraid of."

"Oh, you're in love with her," Babby smiled.

"She makes me feel small—like a child."

"And wants you to be great," laughed Babby.

"That's it," he growled, "with one hand she makes a monkey out of me and then expects, with the other, to make me a second Booth. You'll be in to-morrow, Babby?"

"Yes, Jerry."

"It'll be yes, I'm sure. So long."

He was down in the street in a few minutes, intent on get-



Herbert Brenon simply had to keep working for he couldn't reach anyone on his desert telephone except his "Beau Geste" company. Even the phone is foreign. Realists, these movie folks

Desert Stuff



The Greatest "Location" in History *By Dorothy Spensley*

MODERN science waved its wand and a city of 2000 men arose from the scorching wilderness of an Arizona desert.

Plank roads stretched across the trackless wasteland. Water was coaxed from arid ground.

Telephones were conjured by the magic. Electricity bowed to the will of the genii.

\$10,000 worth of meat and \$25,000 worth of groceries were devoured by the hosts of Aladdin.

And then with a puff of smoke and fire the city disappeared, mirage-like, and there remained only the eternity of the shifting sands.

This is the story of the most colossal undertaking ever made in the history of motion pictures when the burning sands and wastes of rolling wilderness thirty-five miles southwest of Yuma was transformed into a North African desert for the locale of Paramount's "Beau Geste."

Actors demand baths even in a desert. Three water tanks holding enough water for eighty-two daily showers, were erected. That's Ronald Colman doing the hat waving

Semaphoring the mob. Military tactics were used in directing the horsemen and a broadcasting set aided Brenon in hurling his words to the throngs. The oasis is an import





One of the breath taking scenes staged near the Mexican border in Arizona. Here are the reserve French Legionnaires marching up to the silent and ominous fort of dead men after the Arabs have attacked and killed their handful of comrades within the garrison

I HAVE just returned from a wonder spot. A modern miracle. I have seen what the great geni Motion Picture has done with a wave of his wand. How he has created on a barren ground, tenanted only by lizards, coyotes and reptiles, a city of two thousand people with all the comforts a city can boast. All this was done in two months time. It is tremendous. It is overwhelming in its vastness. And to tell of it in a few words is to cut a glorious tapestry to fit a small serving tray.

For the construction of this movie city, first arrived the carpenters—two hundred strong. The valley rang with the song of their hammers, the screech of boards being laid into tent floors, the whirl of rattlesnakes being dislodged from nests in the roots of scrubby mesquite trees. Then began an exodus of the poisonous reptiles—the deadly orange and black gila monster, the crab-like scorpion of toxic sting, the treacherous side-winder that does not coil before it strikes. All these denizens of an age-old desert departed with hiss and whirl.

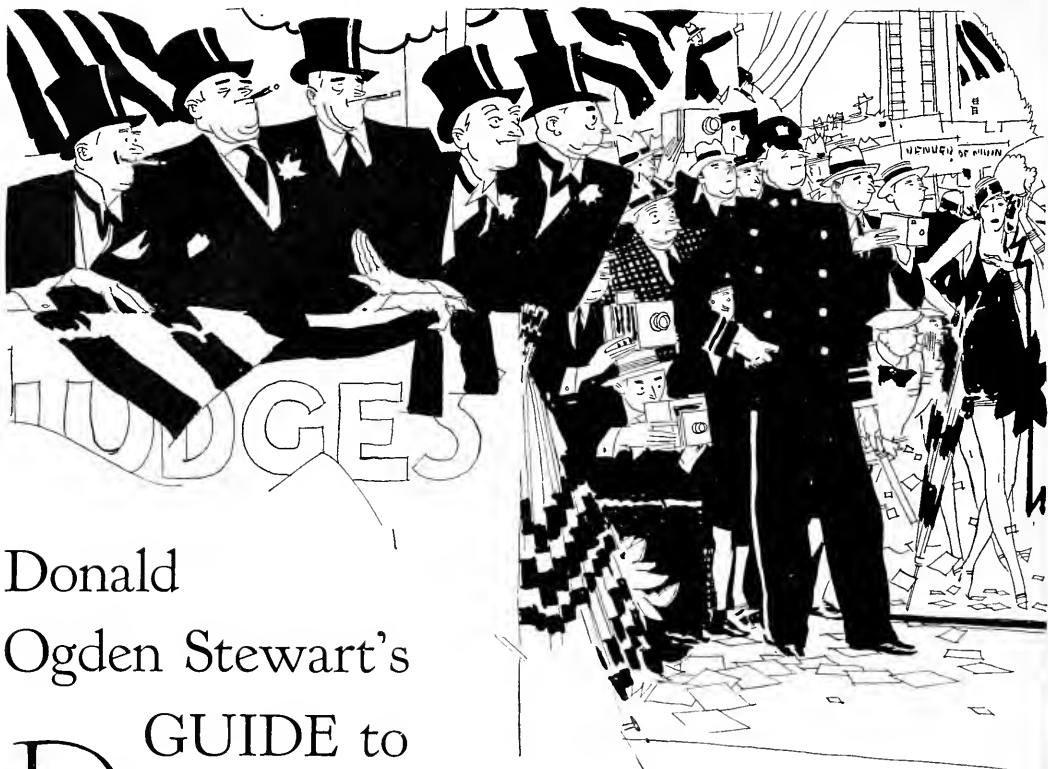
The securing of water was the first problem that confronted the invaders. An eight-ton well rig was brought in on a board track, a squad of men taking up the boards as the truck passed over them and laying them down again in front. Tireless energy. They drilled for fifteen hours and struck water in that arid wasteland at ninety feet. But they continued to drill to the 153 foot level. Fifty thousand gallons of water daily were pumped from the well and distributed through eighty-eight shower [CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]



The three little Gestes, Maurice Murphy, Phillippe de Lacey and Mickey McBan. They played together in "Peter Pan" and now they are portraying the brothers who grew up to join the Foreign Legion



The mature Gestes, Neil Hamilton and Ronald Colman play the twins, Digby and Michael. Ralph Forbes, making his movie debut, will be John, the brother who survived



Donald

Ogden Stewart's

GUIDE to

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

7

THE first requisite for success in making "movies" (as they are called by us "on the inside") is a moving picture camera, a "star," and eight million dollars.

The camera can be easily made from any ordinary kodak or "Brownie" camera by adding a crank and a couple of things which look like big round flat cans. Therefore, as soon as you have obtained a crank and something that looks like a big round flat can, you should attach it securely to your "Brownie" and you have the beginning of a pretty fair "movie" camera. A handy tripod, on which to rest the instrument, can next be made out of barrel staves or a pair of your grandfather's old discarded crutches, and in case your grandfather does not use crutches you can easily remedy that defect by taking the old gentleman, on some dark night, to the top of a neighboring cliff or some convenient precipice. So much for the camera.

The "star," however, might not be so easy to obtain.

"Stars," like a great many other things in Hollywood, are divided into "sexes"—(1) "male" and (2) "female"—and it will of course be necessary for you to decide which "sex" you want before proceeding further with your picture. The "male" stars have lower voices than the "female" and can grow beards, whereas the "female" stars are fond of alimony and diamond bracelets. "Stars" often intermarry, however, provided they are of opposite "sexes" and in need of publicity, and these marriages frequently result happily, some of them lasting three and four months. The offspring of these "unions" are generally taken care of by the State and later become Assistant Directors and Elevator Attendants and lead very happy, useful lives.

Let us, now, for the purpose of this article, say that you have decided to make a picture which will feature a "female" star. Inasmuch as most of the well known "female" stars are at present "under contract" (which will be explained later) it



You can arrange to have the various, but slightly subnormal, contestants parade in bathing suits and there should be no difficulty at all in finding some one quite suitable to take a leading part in your first picture

would perhaps be cheaper (and a lot more fun) if you were to take some hitherto unknown, but ambitious and willing girl and develop her, yourself, into a "star."

In order to do this, it will be first of all necessary to find the "right girl," and by the "right girl" is meant a girl who is very beautiful and has the sweet, simple, unspoiled mind of a child of three. To find such a girl in Hollywood ought not to be at all difficult, but in order to get a thoroughly unknown girl, and at the same time obtain a certain amount of desirable publicity, it might be better if she were to be selected only after holding a National Beauty Contest, perhaps among the various private institutions for Slightly Backward Girls all over America. It would help, also, if several important and interesting personages could be induced to serve as judges—such as Chief Justice Taft, Red Grange, or perhaps Will Hays—and then, after the contest has been given the proper amount of publicity, you can arrange to have the various lovely, but slightly subnormal, contestants parade in bathing suits and there

should be no difficulty at all in finding some one quite suitable to take a leading part in your first picture.

You have now a camera and a "star" and all you need is eight million dollars. The obtaining of this may at first seem to present some difficulties to the mind of the young beginner, but there is no reason why any boy or girl who has perseverance and a little spare time in the evenings cannot eventually succeed. Go, first of all, to your neighborhood druggist and request two or three ounces of Squibb's Household Nitroglycerin.

Then, after you have selected a fairly quiet night and some reliable Bank or Trust Company your procedure should be comparatively simple.

Having, therefore, obtained your camera, your "star" and your "working capital" you are ready to begin production, for which purpose it will be necessary to have a "story" and a director. The "story," which is relatively unimportant, will be discussed in our next issue, and as for directors, they may be found almost anywhere,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Coming next month Donald Ogden Stewart's "How to Write Scenarios." No experience—no brains necessary. Just buy the August PHOTOPLAY for full instructions.

CLOSE-UPS and *By Herbert Howe* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and
Some Sense

ANOTHER thing, the chances are that when the Ark arrives at Mt. Ararat there will be a "No Parking" sign and we'll have to drive around until the licker supply gives out and we all die of thirst.

THERE'S no doubt but that Cecil's Ark will be a great improvement over Noah's. It will be equipped with a radio so you can enjoy the drowning cries of relatives back home. There will be a projection room where the animals can view their latest releases. And there'll probably be a bar.

WHAT is home without a bar? All the new castles in Beverly Hills have bars. They vie with the bathrooms for color and trickery. Some are of Spanish tiles, others of illumined alabaster. One star has a combination bar and projection room where on viewing his latest picture you always think he's playing a dual role. I'm planning one after a famous Montmartre resort with a coffin for a bar and a skull and cross-bones to typify the stuff that's served. There's not much hope, though. They'll drink it anyhow.

BUT to get back to the weather. "Every cloud has a silver lining," as the noted old philosopher, Marilyn Miller, used to chant from the Ziegfeld stage, whereupon a lot of little clouds would dance out and give her the lie by showing that every cloud has silk underwear. But the idea is the same. We should always look on the bright side even though it is under.

While it rains harder in Hollywood than anywhere else we never have dark days because we have sunlight arcs.

INSTEAD of shouting about the sunshine the California boosters should feature the fact that you can see the sun from anywhere, but this is the only place where you can see the most beautiful women on earth.

INVEST IN BEVERLY HILLS REAL ESTATE—FEMINE PULCHRITUDE A PERMANENT CIVIC FEATURE. (Adv.)

WHENEVER there's a rainy day I take my gold-handled *parapluie*, borrow Rudolph Valentino's overshoes and galumph over to Corinne's studio.

Corinne has been playing the Russian princess *Tatiana*—the one who didn't get shot. When you see her you'll understand why she didn't get shot. Bolsheviks may be impolite, but they're not blind, and if *Tatiana* looked like Corinne there is no man who could be a lady killer.

IT isn't polite to shoot women at all, though we must admit there is a time for all things. However, there is no time for shooting Corinnes. What would become of the world on rainy days if we did? I mean we should save for rainy days, as the Lord or somebody said. (I just looked it up—it wasn't the Lord who said it, it was the President of the First National Bank here in Beverly.)



Cecil's Ark will be a great improvement over Noah's. It will be equipped with a radio so you can enjoy the drowning cries of relatives back home

BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.: The town's been practically dark this month. Doug and Mary gone to Europe . . . Norma and Joe Schenk in New York . . . Marion Davies away . . . Harold Lloyd temporarily out of work until "For Heaven's Sake" brings in enough money for him to stagger through another picture . . .

Besides, it's been raining. O Dio Mio, and *how!* When Heaven starts weeping over Hollywood there's no stopping it. Its emotional performance is as exaggerated as all the rest out here.

IF you heard Jeanne Eagles express herself in "Rain!" you know what she thought of the moisture in Pango Pango. All I can say is ditto, this being Hollywood, where the censors won't let you exclaim anything more than "Oh Shucks!" as you go down for the third time in your own backyard.

BUT it's a dark day that doesn't bring a director a bright idea. In the midst of the deluge Cecil De Mille announced he would film the Flood and Noah's Ark. If a Hollywood contractor builds the Ark I'm one animal who won't attend the party.

I FIGURE it will be drier outside. I'd rather drown quietly in the open than be smashed down by a chunk of ceiling with-out so much as a chance to take a deep breath.

Lo, the rain fell and the waters rose and poor old Herb thought Hollywood was all wet

I CAN safely say that Corinne's picture, "Into Her Kingdom," will be her greatest because I sat on the set every day, saw all the rushes and told them just what to do.

Her director is a Swedish gentleman named Svend Gade. The correct pronunciation is "God," but as there are so many directors out here who think they are, Mr. Gade has changed it to avoid confusion. He is anxious not to incur enmity.

MR. GADE directed the famous foreign production of "Hamlet," and I expected to find him a dark and gloomy thinker. But when I asked him what interested him most in America, he said, "Tell me, what do the girls do with their chewing gum when they kiss?"

DISSOLVE to the projection room where Corinne and your favorite author are viewing the rushes. "He looks like John Gilbert—the eyes," I said. "He reminds me of Ronald Colman in that shot," exclaimed Corinne.

"Has the pose and manner of Novarro," cry I. "I'll tell you who he is like," cries Corinne, "Henry B. Walthall in 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

"Well at least," I shout, "you've got to admit the boy has a chance!"

His name is Einar Hansen, and he plays the leading male rôle. He's Swedish, young, poised and electric, with command in his manner and character in his face. Dark defying eyes, brown hair, a nose, a mouth, a chin, etc. (Weight unknown.)

He was let out by two companies before Miss Griffith gave him a test for "Into Her Kingdom." After watching him on the set she remarked very calmly, "I don't need to see him on the screen—I'll take him for two pictures."

SO positive am I of Mr. Hansen's ascension to favor that I predict he shortly will be entertained by all the current male idols of Hollywood.

I pause to note the nobility of stars' natures. The males entertain their rivals to prove they are not jealous, while the females content themselves with purring nice things about theirs from a distance.

Some of the finest acting in Hollywood is done off-screen.

POOR little idols of a day.

We put them on a pedestal and defy them to stay there.

Already they are asking me eagerly in Hollywood, "You don't think Gilbert will last, do you?"

Instead of shouting about the sunshine the California boosters should feature the fact that you can see the sun from anywhere, but this is the only place where you can see the most beautiful women on earth

Do you think Novarro has a future? Can Colman go much further?"

From force of Hollywood habit I say, "Yes," and get such disappointed looks that I hurriedly say "No."

NO mere actor-idol can last beyond a short allotted time. Fairbanks, Lloyd, Chaplin are not mere actors. They are artists—producers. We go to see them because their names assure great entertainment.

"**A** MAN'S only as good as his last picture," says Doug, and I heartily concur.

AN actor who endures as an idol must have not only character but creative force—and the chance to exercise it.

JOHN GILBERT has this force. He is tremendously vital. He gives. He has contempt for bunk and the courage to walk out on it. For that reason his life has been a series of hard knocks in Hollywood—with reward in the end. Hence he knows that an actor is a pitiful little puppet without great directors, stories and associates. The fact that he credits King Vidor and others with his success is proof that a lot of the credit belongs to him.

As one who knows the idols behind the front I can applaud Harold Lloyd and Doug Fairbanks with an honest heart because they are thoroughly deserving men. I believe Gilbert is of their line. Time will prove him.

THE director supplies the acting ability.

The press agent supplies the reputation.

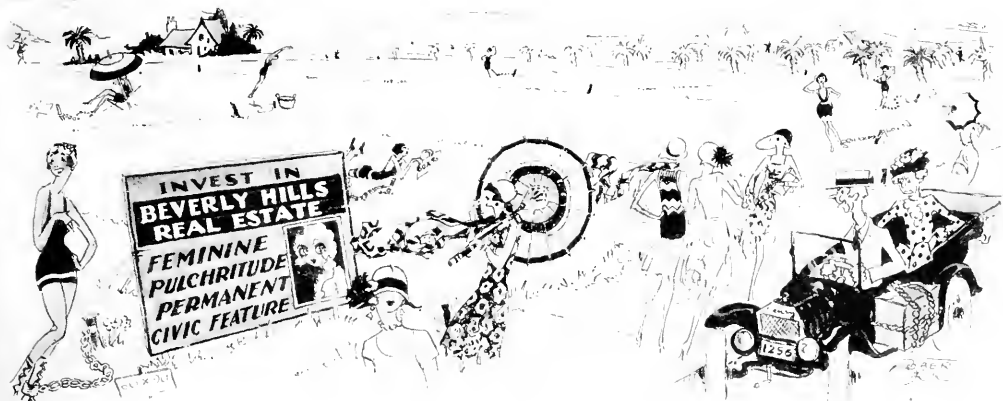
God supplies the face.

And the actor takes the bow.

IF movie idols had brains superior to our brothers, the chimpanzees, they would avoid offending the popular prejudices. The public will endure a lot from a star but at the first manifestation of conceit the applause ceases and thumbs fly noseward. An actor is necessarily egotistical but he is not necessarily a preening fashion rival of Peggy Joyce. Yet one after another they hang on the jewelry until they appear decked out like Aunt Maggie in the regalia of a Lady Maccabee.

WHEREVER you find greatness you find modesty. Sometimes it is close to the inferiority complex.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Yep—It's the Same Gal



The peril of Pauline was malnutrition. For years she longed for "IT," but she was too thin. Producers hired her only to weep

Being the story of Pauline Starke, that hard-working girl, and of how success came to her through drinking goat's milk

But look what she has become, a Glyn heroine, a luring, lissom lady. It took seven years, but just look at her now

GIRLS, at last we have discovered the answer to a maiden's prayer. Don't bother your heads with correspondence schools. Goat milk will give

you "IT." The recipe is not ours. It comes from no less an authority than Pauline Starke. When we first met Pauline, several years ago, while she was playing Tom Mix's heroine in a western drama, she was so thin a loud speaker might say she was scrawny. Inasmuch as she supported her mother and herself, Pauline could not afford to vacation from pictures and devote time to courting avoidupois. So she drank goat milk instead.

That girl drank so much goat milk she restored the goat's self respect. This bearded, baa-ing, indiscriminate consumer of foodstuffs once ranked high in days of yore as family providers. It was not so many years ago in New York City that goats ran wild in the Bronx and the Murray Hill Section. Now, landlords serve that purpose and mournful tenants wail: "They get my goat." Which may be a figure of speech.

There is a goat in Astoria, Long Island, today, that knows every extra who plods to Famous Players' Studio. To think those extras could have climbed into the spotlight had they only known what we are going to reveal here.

Pauline Starke, who drifted about in pictures seven years before she became really known to the flicker public, admits that goat milk gave her sex appeal. She hesitates to claim "IT," as Madame Glyn has not anointed her among her five high priests and priestesses of the love order. No, Pauline cannot quite take her place with Gloria Swanson, John Gilbert, Vilma Banky, Rudolph Valentino, and Rex, the horse, but she has sufficient sex appeal, now, to win approval from the Glorifier of seconds, minutes, and hours.

By Dorothy Herzog

"When did the motion picture producers discover you had sex appeal?" we quizzed Pauline, the afternoon we treated her to a difficult talkfest in her suite at the Marguery.

"I don't think I ought to answer that question," she hesitated, only to laugh recklessly, blue eyes merry. "Oh, all right. It happened after I played in 'The Devil's Cargo.' For the first time in my life I had a role that meant something, and I loved it.

"The result was several good offers to play real parts and finally I signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

"And now you're a sex appeal alumni-ist. You've played in an Elinor Glyn love opera." ("Love's Blindness.")

"Mrs. Glyn didn't say I had 'IT,'" wistfully. "But she said she wanted me to play in her first United Artists picture, 'The Man and His Minute.'"

"I like working with Mrs. Glyn," Pauline stated. "You know, she sits on the set beside the camera and just looks at you, concentrating, while you do a scene. I don't know how she does it, but she helps a lot."

"Mesmerism?"

"Perhaps."

Whereupon we recalled being told once that Mrs. Glyn could not wear a watch. Neither could she have a compass in her boudoir. After a few days there, the compass, regardless of propriety, pointed to her couch.

"That's going some to 'hip' a compass," we mused.

Pauline found silence the better part of diplomacy.

"At least you feel remorse for the prayer you used to offer when you drank two quarts of goat milk a day, don't you?"

"What was that?"

"'Dear God, please get my goat.'" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]



The Censor Bird

THIS is the Censor Bird, *skunkus avis*, a native of the United States. It is a creature of devastating habits and flourishes in Kansas and Pennsylvania. Just now it is trying to make its nest in Washington. The Censor Bird is a destructive vulture that lays waste the land it inhabits. Its ways are most peculiar. The sound of laughter or merriment throws it into an unreasonable rage. The mention of sex sends it shrieking through the land. Although near-sighted, it is able to see filth that is invisible to the ordinary human eye.

There are no young Censor Birds. The average Censor Bird is over fifty years old and fanatically jealous of youth in any form. It feeds on twenty-foot kisses, bathing girls, romance, flappers and any sort of beauty not clothed in the flannel petticoat of prudery. Its eye is strangely constructed; it magnifies innocent fun into sinister evil. Where the normal eye sees only beauty and romance, the eye of the Censor Bird sees dirt and wickedness.

The domestic habits of this creature are worthy of study. The Censor Bird is so busy snooping into the nests of others, that it seldom has time to lay eggs. Such eggs that have been found are very rare and a sickly blue in color. Like the Cuckoo, it lets other birds do its work. Its eggs are usually hatched out by politician birds and then turned loose to prey on the young of other birds. Naturally, the Censor Bird's most bitter enemy in the bird kingdom is the Stork. At the

mere mention of a Stork, the Censor Birds in Kansas and Pennsylvania have convulsions, followed by a high fever.

The Eagle of Freedom is also its natural enemy. In spite of its sinister cunning, the Censor Bird is a cowardly opponent in an open fight. It is always open season for the Censor Bird and it is more easily killed by ridicule than abuse. Laughter which makes it dangerously angry, is fatal in the end.

Do not allow the Censor Bird to get a foot-hold in Washington.

Kill it before it lays waste the land.

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP.



Here's "Seey Yes," a real stellar horse, with his trainer, Larry Trimble. Larry trained that marvelous dog, Strongheart. Now he'll present "Seey Yes" in a series of pictures in which the animal is not a mere incidental, but the main thing



Another way to get into the movies—work for PHOTOPLAY. Both Julian Johnson and his wife, here camping in the desert on location with "Beau Geste," used to be on PHOTOPLAY'S staff. Now Mr. Johnson is supervisor of several Paramount units

DID you ever see an actor who didn't want to be a writer?

A married man who didn't wish he was single? A comedian who didn't think he was a real tragedian or vice versa?

That's just why I think I'd be a great producer.

And thinking of producing makes me fairly itch to get my hands on things over at Paramount.

First thing I'd do would be to get some directors.

True, they've signed up Frank Lloyd and given Luther Reed a chance to direct. That's progress.

And they have also signed Monta Bell, at least for one picture.

But they let M-G-M sign Clarence Brown while they were flirting with him and now it looks like M-G-M is also going to resign Fred Niblo, although Paramount is trying to get him.

AND how about George Fitzmaurice, who made two of the fifty-two best box office pictures of last year? His contract with Goldwyn is up or about up. Will Paramount let M-G-M or First National beat them to Fitz as well?

It takes good directors, among other things, to make good pictures. But there are such things as good stories and good actors, which help.

Zukor is said to be the greatest promoter in the business. Paramount has unlimited resources. Headed by Sidney Kent, Paramount is reputed to have the greatest selling organization ever gathered together. And Paramount has the theaters. All they need is the pictures.

Why not buy the contracts of Ernst Lubitsch and Bill Beaudine from Warner Brothers? Two great directors! And while they're at it, also buy little Dolores Costello, to me the greatest bet in the industry today, if properly handled. They had a chance at her once, but didn't see it.

THEN, if I were running things, and while still on my spending spree, I'd catch Sam Goldwyn when he needed cash and buy Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky from him.

The big leagues buy stars from other teams. They don't insist on developing them all themselves. Why not in the picture business?

After closing these deals, I'd hop over and sign George Marion, Jr., who is making such a sensation with his films lately, take my new directors, my new actors and the really good talent, like Dix, Daniels and a few others who already belong to Paramount, buy some great stories and give Mr. Kent and his men some pictures that wouldn't be hard to sell.

Oh, why wasn't I born a producer instead of a comedian?

NAZIMOVA says:

"I have been called everything. Some people call me Na-zim-o-va. Others, Nazy-mo-va. Now they are saying No-ma-zoo-ma."

I DON'T know what the New York theater managers will do if the steady procession of stage celebrities continues Hollywood-ward.

First, there is Norman Trevor, brought west by Paramount, who is established with his friend, Montagu Love, in a quaint Hollywood hill-side home that clings with the tenacity of a Swiss chalet to the side of a canyon. Trevor,

who is well known in this country and abroad, is becoming famous for his intimate little dinners, where you see such celebrities as Charles Kenyon, the scenarist; Ronald Colman, William Powell, Robert Vignola and other people of note. And nothing short of Jesse Lasky or an earthquake could persuade him to leave his morning tennis, his Sunday morning rafter and the busy social life that is Hollywood's.

LOWELL SHERMAN, another celebrated New Yorker, and his new wife, Pauline Garon, are seen at every affair, to say nothing of James Kirkwood and Lila Lee.

And there is Ralph Forbes, a British young man who stepped from London to Broadway and married Ruth Chatterton, who is in the west making a picture.

Jason Robards came to Hollywood with the "Seventh Heaven" company and was so overcome, either by the Chamber of Commerce bulletins or the fact that you could have oranges for breakfast all the year around, that he hastily wired for his wife and baby and has settled down to the comforts of a country square.

Even John and Lionel Barrymore seem very happy in their new environment, although Lionel did pause long enough from his screen activities to step before the spotlight in his celebrated rôle of "The Copperhead" for a few weeks at a Los Angeles theater.

JACK BOLAND, Al Green's assistant director, saved Colleen Moore from disfigurement or death while they were filming scenes for "Ella Cinders" and I was one of the slow-witted and horrified spectators to this bit of calm heroism.

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Estelle Clark never forgets her key, for she keeps it on her mind all the time! The neat tailored bow on her sports hat is really a key pocket for the fair Estelle

No, no, Anna Q. Nilsson didn't read and weep. She looked and curled, for that dingus Percy Westmore holds to her optic is an eyelash curler. Just another beauty invention

Colleen was working in a scene where the room was supposed to be on fire and she is caught between the flames and a lion.

Quite a thrill in itself, but nothing to the one when Colleen, fleeing, swept over a blow torch and her clothing burst into flames.

While the rest of us yelled for help, hunted for blankets or tried to tear off our coats to smother the flames, Boland made a flying tackle, caught Colleen around the waist, rolled her over and over on the stage and smothered the fire.

Miss Moore was not injured, while Boland suffered only slight burns on his arms and face. It was one of those times when seconds counted and Boland didn't waste a single precious second.

Colleen didn't even know she was on fire and confessed to me afterward that she thought the lion had her when Boland tackled her.

A HOME town friend of Ray Griffith's, visiting him on the set, found him with a dozen beautiful girls. To give the visiting fireman a thrill Griffith secretly instructed the girls to parade in front of his friend.

After a few minutes of this high pressure stuff, the visitor buried his face in his hands and moaned:

"Awful, terrible, horrible!"

No wonder Griffith was peeved.

"What do you mean terrible?" he demanded. "Those are the best looking girls in Hollywood."

"I'm not talking about them," the other groaned. "I'm thinking of my wife."



It must just tickle Jane Arden all over to be as stylish as she is here. A single movement and she can give herself a laugh

LILA LEE has come back to Hollywood, after a couple of years in New York, where she scored a big stage triumph. Of course everybody welcomed Lila back. But, she gets surprisingly little attention for one who grew up with the gang out here and was always known and loved by everybody. The truth of the matter is that everybody is completely fascinated by Lila's small son, James Kirkwood, Jr., and, therefore, hasn't the time to spend on mother or Daddy—James Kirkwood, Sr.

When young Kirkwood, aged two and a half, appeared on the United lot the other day, wearing a man's overcoat about two inches by four, and swinging a cane in the best Lamb's Club manner, he almost started a riot. He looks exactly like his father, but he has his mother's fatal gift of stopping the show.

Anyway, he has been voted the cutest kid seen in these parts in many a long day.

AT ONE of Constance Talmadge's recent dinner parties—it was her birthday, by the way—the guests witnessed a tango contest that couldn't be repeated for love nor money. Constance, considered by the great Maurice the finest ballroom dancer in the world, with the possible exception of Mrs. Castle and Leonora Hughes, danced with Manuel Reachi, the young Mexican diplomat who is married to Agnes Ayres. And Rudolph Valentino and Pola Negri danced together. Must admit that I thought Constance and Reachi had a bit the best of it, though maybe I am prejudiced in Constance's favor.



Does she look sad? Well, she's a great comedian's wife! Rose Langdon, wife of the amusing Harry, went into pictures incognito to see if she could succeed on her own. She did this bit in the "Road to Mandalay." Now she's under contract



This luxurious dressing room of Marion Davies' is just like Mary's lamb. Everywhere that Marion goes the dressing room is sure to follow. Being portable, it can tag Marion all over the lot. No wonder that gel always looks so lovely

ONE of Hollywood's indoor pastimes is picking the belle of each Sixty Club dance.

The Sixty Club, you know, is Hollywood's own exclusive dancing club, which meets in the Biltmore hotel ball room every other Saturday night. And believe me, it takes a real belle to shine among the gathering of gorgeously gownned screen beauties.

Florence Vidor swept all before her at the New Year's Eve Sixty party. I saw Blanche Sweet achieve first honors one night, in a bright red creation brought back from Paris, and Anna Q. Nilsson was a huge success the night she first wore her white powdered wig.

THE latest triumph goes to Virginia Valli. In talking over those who shone at the last Sixty, opinion seems to be unanimous. In a gown of very soft white chiffon, reaching clear to the floor, and enveloping her bare shoulders in a cloud, with her dark hair cut shorter and brushed more severely than ever, she was really a dream.

It was an especially brilliant Sixty. Irving Thalberg had a huge party, in which were Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, John Gilbert and Mae Murray, Norma Shearer and a lot of other M-G-M celebrities. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin had a charming dinner. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), Capt. and Mrs. Alastair William Mackintosh (Constance Talmadge), Florence Vidor, Conrad Nael, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, John Considine and Catherine Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt.

OLD Doc Stork has been so busy in Hollywood the last month that he has been forced to add a couple of storklets to his staff, and one of the first infants the apprentices delivered was to Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue.

The Blues chose a girl whom they have

named Barbara Ann, and Monte is so happy that even the recent terrific downpour of rain (quite unusual for California. I assure you) couldn't dampen his spirits.

Then immediately after the arrival of Miss Blue, Maria Elizabeth Reachi made her appearance to bless the home of Agnes Ayres and Mammie Reachi. They say that Senor Reachi had his heart set on a boy and even went so far as to have the engraved announcements read "Manuel Reachi, Jr." And then the storklet left a girl!

The first boy to make his arrival among the cargo of infants was Clive Brook, Jr., an eight-pound lad, who is the second child to be born to the English actor and his wife.

WHEN Paramount had some two thousand men encamped in the sand hills of the Arizona desert, filming scenes for "Beau Geste," a bugler was charged with rousing the camp at 5:30 a. m., announcing breakfast at 6 and so on.

What the bugler lacked in technique, he more than made up in noise and willingness.

One morning he took his stand directly in front of the tent occupied by Noah Beery and blew his adaptation of reveille.

As the last squawking note died away in the sand dunes, Beery, awakened from a sound slumber, bellowed:

"No, we don't want any fish today."

ANOTHER wedding march of the month, that timed the paces of bride and groom to the altar, was played for the marriage of Ouida Bergere, former wife of the noted director, George Fitzmaurice, to Basil Rathbone. They

were married in New York and, following their honeymoon, will make their home in Hollywood.

BRADLEY KING, whose agility at juggling plots and plays, places her high in the Fox scenario staff, started out in life as Guiseppeina Arzazana Romano and every story she sent to a magazine came back promptly with a rejection slip.

"This will never do," said Guiseppeina Arzazana Romano, who is a niece of Baron Furio Arzazano Tomano, Italian ambassador to France—making it all the more imperative that she make good. So she sat down with a friend and figured that if her name was Bradley King, the gods would undoubtedly grin down upon her.

She became "Bradley King." Sold the same stories. Adapted "Anna Christie" for the late Thomas Ince. And then the rocky road to fame became a chute to success.

Who says there is nothing in the science of numerology?

THAT boy Dix must spent his spare time reading the joke book. Anyway, here's Richard's latest:

A sprightly widow from the north, with a vanity case full of travelers' checks, went to Florida on the still hunt for a man. After registering at a Miami hotel she sauntered onto the piazza and seated herself near a handsome chap.

Her short skirt revealed much shapely leg. Her slight cough revealed a desire to become acquainted.

The handsome chap smoked on.

Finally a piece of cambric was wafted to the ground.

"Oh! I've dropped my handkerchief!" she trebled coyly.

The handsome man turned and coldly looked at her:

"Madame, my weakness is liquor."



Here is Lori Bara, the only Theda's sister, as an old-time belle in "In Praise of James Carabine." Lori has been steadily working upward in the film ranks. Wonder what ever became of those two beautiful girls' brother, Paul Bara?



No, Joan Crawford is not moulting. That feathered ankletrap turns her pump into a winged Mercury. Maybe it helps her in being Hollywood's swiftest Charles-toner. She's a nice girl, Joan. We really ought to see more of her

WALTER LONG, that sterling villain of the screen, went to the American Legion Stadium fights one Friday night.

When he left home he said good-bye to one black cat, his very especial pet, and when he returned seven black cats greeted him. Six kittens had been born during his absence.

Just think seven black cats and Friday night. Walter, who has just signed a Cecil B. De Mille contract, is sure he has a great year ahead of him.

THE new Chaplin heir, son of Charlie Chaplin and little brother of Charlie, Jr., who was recently born to Charlie and his girl-
bride, Lita Grey Chaplin, will be named Sydney Earl. Mrs. Chaplin picked out the name, which is an old one in her family.

Charlie and his wife are both enraptured with the latest addition to their family. The young man weighed seven pounds upon his arrival, looks like his beautiful mother, and is getting huskier by the minute. He has completely overcome their disappointment that the second Chaplin child wasn't a girl.

However, with less than a year between these two, and both Chaplin and his wife "crazy for a little girl," nobody would be surprised if the large family Charlie has always wanted would grow by leaps and bounds.

IT wasn't so very long ago that Larry Trimble astounded the picture world by making "The Silent Call," with the real wonder dog of them all, Strongheart. That picture was a sensation and it stood out, with its sequel, "Brawn of the North," as the finest thing of the kind ever made. Other dogs have done tremendously smart and clever things, but to me, at least, Strongheart was in a class all by himself. More than they he pioneered the field, did what they said couldn't be done, and won hearts as no other dog ever has.

For the past year, Trimble, who is famed for his work with animals, hasn't been much

heard of. I've just found out why. Larry has been working day and night with a beautiful Arabian horse. "Sey Yes," and he is just about ready to start a picture with him. Not a picture in which the horse will be incidental, but a real starring picture. And he swears that "Sey Yes" will be to all horse pictures what Strongheart was to dogs, that the horse has the same intelligence.

I shall look forward greatly to seeing that picture, for Larry Trimble is a wizard with animals who has never been equalled or even approached in the film industry.

JAMES CRUZE, Paramount's pet director, believes he has received the prize fan letter. It came to Jimmie from a dealer in rags, bottles and old metal in Davenport, Iowa. It read, in part:

"I see by the papers you are going to make a film play called 'Old Ironsides.' I am glad of that. I have watched film plays immortalizing the American policeman, the fireman and the mailman, but no one has before ever made one about the American junk man."

ANNA Q. NILSSON'S eyes were still twinkling when I met her, and, of course, I asked her the cause. One always should.

You see she has been masquerading in male attire again after her terrific "Ponjola" success, and the "Miss Nobody" company, of which she is the important member, had been on location at Chatsworth, a little mountain town near Los Angeles. On the return trip Lambert Hillier, the director, stopped at a wayside inn for some cigarettes, and Anna Q., in the glory of her baggy pants, took the opportunity to sneak into the rest room. Naturally,

she walked toward the room reserved for her sex.

The inkeeper saw what he took to be a male invasion of the sacred precincts of ladyhood and he dashed after Anna. Hillier dashed after the inkeeper and Anna kept sublimely on.

It took three minutes for Hillier to convince the proprietor that Anna was in her right domain.

THIS seems to be the month for discoveries.

Irving Cummings was tearing his hair over at Fox's because he couldn't find a leading man for "Pigs." It wasn't really a man he wanted. It was a boy—but none could be found to suit his wishes.

One day he was pacing the lot and in the distance he saw just the boy he had been looking for.

"Hey, boy! Where have you been all my life?" he yelled.

"Right here on the lot, sir, working in the photographic department," returned the boy who was just the type to play the lead in "Pigs."

And that is the way young Richard Walling, who is the son of William Walling, a well-known Hollywood character actor, started in pictures.

THERE is Dorothy Dunbar, too, who has a figure that would make Aphrodite gnash her teeth and pretty, apple-round cheeks. You've probably seen her in pictures a hundred and one times and always in tiny bits that call for a girl who wears clothes well.

Dorothy is rather tall and when Dick Barthelmess met her at the birthday party given for Dorothy Mackaill he immediately designated her as "the tall girl who wasn't tall." On the strength of the endorsement she is to play the leading lady in his next picture, which will be "The Amateur Gentleman."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 68]

Felix is Mad



Curse that cat! Trying to crab my cat-rip. Trying to lap up all the cream. It goes against my fur.

Think of such competition placed in the path of an artist like myself. After all I've suffered for my public

PHOTOPLAY's favorite star, Felix the cat, came in to spit his mind about the screen's newest cat, Tommy, who wears "The Cat's Pajamas." Felix kindly consented to pose for a few photos and he gave his opinion of the new feline without fear or favor. No Felix has ever been known to lower his back



Who do you think you are, anyway, you with your Paramount contract? Born Persian, were you? Who's your press agent? Let me tell you something. I'm a 100 per cent American male cat and proud of it



Yes, and I'll talk to you from this side, too, if I want to. You and your Men-jou clothes. I may not be aristocratic, but there's nothing I can't do and that's more than any Persian can say. And if you ever saw my fan mail you'd die of convulsions



You Persian, you're beautiful but dumb. I've seen many cats like you come and go. Mostly go, just in front of a brick. You're the kind of a cat that kittens forget. You may have been born high up, but wait till you reach the end of your ninth life, my dear. He who purrs last, purrs best



Somewhere in all this I smell a rat. Dirty work at the booking offices. My tail aches under the injustice of it all. I must get my manager, Pat Sullivan, after this Lasky person





The Lark of the Month

LEATRICE JOY has been wearing mannish attire for her latest picture "Eve's Leaves" and with her sleek haircut she looks like a college youth. The other morning she was ready to leave for the studio when Lois Wilson drove up and asked Leatrice to drive to town with her to do some shopping. Naturally, Leatrice wanted to shop too, so she joined Lois, giving her chauffeur orders where and when to meet her.

At the first shop the girls parted, Lois taking her car with her. But Leatrice, not finding just what she wanted, hailed a taxi and drove to another. When she came out she found the taxi gone.

What to do? Hail another? There wasn't one in sight. There was only a street car and Leatrice made up like a boy!

She couldn't waste time, however, so she got on the trolley. Believing that when in Rome be a Roman, Leatrice gave her seat to a pretty girl, received the reward of a dazzling smile, and carefully tipped her hat.

Then she retreated to the back platform and got into a brisk flirtation with two highschool girls and to add the artistic touch to her masquerade she winked at them as she got off at the corner where her motor was waiting for her.



A SOCIAL CELEBRITY—Paramount

THIS month Adolphe Menjou, by way of having his little joke, is making believe he is a small town barber, who goes to the city, becomes a celebrity, in borrowed clothes, for a night or two and then, discovering the big town folks to be small minded snobs, goes back to the village and the shaving cups for marriage in a little cottage with Louise Brooks.

Naturally, you won't believe it when you look at Adolphe or Louise Brooks, either, but that's half the charm of Menjou films.

Mr. Menjou plays Mr. Menjou as fascinatingly as usual. Miss Brooks looks more than ever like stellar material. Malcolm St. Clair's direction is above average, and Chester Conklin, as Menjou's father, is simply swell. Go see this one.



BROWN OF HARVARD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THERE'S college life, flip and lively, set against the real background of Harvard College.

It was ideal casting making William Haines *Tom Brown*. He is as fresh a Harvard freshman as ever muddied Cambridge. He arrives, gay and irresponsible, prepared to tame the whole college. In retaliation the college, with the exception of one poor little freshie, named *Doolittle*, set out to annihilate him.

Tom loses the boat race to Yale. He makes the football team and gets scratched in his first big game. The only girl drops him. But *Tom* wisecracks on until *Doolittle*, having run through the rain to tell him of his second chance on the football team, dies of pneumonia.

Jack Pickford supplies the snobs, Mary Brian the girlish influence, but most of the picture is William Haines.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount

HERE is a film of startling beauty, beauty as compelling and as perfect as any the screen has ever shown. It creates the South Seas as we all like to imagine them, palms tall and beautiful against skies piled with sullen clouds, far-flung white beaches lapped by scented seas and native girls as radiant as hibiscus blossoms.

"*Aloma*" reveals all this plus Gilda Gray. Almost all of Gilda is revealed, and what a personality she proves to be! Product of Middle Western poverty, product of Broadway's most hectic cabarets, winner of wealth and fame, something has saved Gilda Gray's great simplicity. She is as child-like and primitive as a man's first dream of love. She moves across the screen, undisturbed by it. Watching her, it is almost impossible to believe that it is her first important film rôle. She photographs perfectly and so completely is she *Aloma*, one's only wonder is whether she can possibly play any other character.

Compared with these factors, the story fades into insignificance, which is just as well, since it is an insignificant story. It's the old one about the soldier who left his sweetheart behind; who was reported killed, but really wasn't, who returns to find the sweetheart married and then goes to the South Seas to drown himself behind a heavy growth of whiskers and a row of whiskey bottles.

Maurice Tourneur's direction is excellent. The playing of the cast, Warner Baxter, as a native; Percy Marmont as the suffering gentleman; William Powell, as the marrying rascal, is all that is necessary. But it is Gilda Gray and beauty that make "*Aloma*" a glorious experience. Take the children. It will be good for them.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS WET PAINT
A SOCIAL CELEBRITY BROWN OF HARVARD
BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK Mlle. MODISTE

The Best Performances of the Month

Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas"
Chester Conklin in "A Social Celebrity"
Raymond Griffith in "Wet Paint"
Marion Davies in "Beverly of Graustark"
Gardner James in "Hell Bent for Heaven"
Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity"
William Collier, Jr., in "The Rainmaker"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 140



WET PAINT—Paramount

GLORIFYING the American Gag—or Jag. It's a picture so innocent of plot, moral, meaning or message that we wouldn't be surprised if it didn't foreshadow the Art of the Future.

It also bears a family resemblance to the Art Works once tossed off by Papa Sennett.

The settings are more gorgeous, the gags are slightly laundered, but it is dominated by the old, wayward, get-no-where comedy spirit.

Although Raymond Griffith is the flashing, outstanding personality of the film, the picture is far from being a solo. Mr. Griffith generously allows other members of the cast—yes, and even the title writer—to take some laughs. Some rich business, for instance, falls to Henry Kolker. And Natalie Kingston, who looks strangely like Dorothy Seastrom, is given a chance to make the hit of her life in a "vamp" part.

Miss Kingston—if it is she and not Miss Seastrom—ought to cling to her blond wig.

Helene Costello is almost as distractingly lovely as her sister in a rôle that means nothing at all.

The players and the titles in "Wet Paint" are more important than the story which is nothing but a lot of gags—old and new.

The episode of Griffith's wild ride on the fire engine will go down as one of the best of the year.

And the scene of Griffith's first swallow of bootleg hooch ought to be shown before the next Dry Investigation in Washington.

All in all, a great film for those to whom fun is fun.



BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ALIGHT, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense, this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno.

Clothes may not make the man, but give Marion Davies a pair of close-fitting trousers and she can create the merriest comedy in filmdom. She wears the trousers in this one.

Beverly's brother, Prince of some Balkan principality, is unable to go take his throne, endangered by revolutionists. Beverly assumes his rôle and his uniforms and tries to get away with the royal manner. Her life is in danger. Her masquerade is suspected by the leering general, played by that fine leer-er, Roy D'Arcy, and she falls in love with Tony Moreno, who believes she is the Crown Prince.

It ends with Marion in skirts and Tony's arms.



Mlle. MODISTE—First National

TAKEN from the operetta by Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, this amusing story of *Fifi*, a French mannequin, is as light and airy as the first days of Spring, as are most musical productions.

Through some very clever wise-cracking titles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis, this is developed into one of the most entertaining pictures of the month.

Corinne as a model, who said she wasn't that kind of a girl and she really wasn't, has the opportunity to display some ravishing gowns, that will send most of the feminine audience into ecstasies. Corinne shows us that she has not lost the delightful comedienne qualities that she acquired in "Classified."

If you want a good laugh—see it!

**THE RAIN-
MAKER—
Paramount**



A GERALD BEAUMONT story picturized into a splendid entertainment that falls just short of being an outstanding production. William Collier, Jr., plays an ex-jockey who has acquired a reputation as a weather prophet, but knows he is a fraud. During an epidemic caused by drought he prays for rain to save the life of his sweetheart, and a cloudburst follows in melodramatic fashion. Georgia Hale gives a splendid performance.



**THE OLD
SOAK—
Universal**

A NOTHER stage success ruined. All about an old toper who turns hero in the end and, abetted by one of those nifty but nice chorines, outwits crafty *Cousin Webster*. Louise Fazenda's slavey antics keep the first half from dragging, and the fine portrayal of Jean Hersholt in the title rôle, skillfully aided by Lucy Beaumont, June Marlowe, William V. Mong, fills the final reels with rich human drama. Take Aunt Bella, too.

**OTHER
WOMEN'S
HUSBANDS
—Warner
Bros.**



A CCORDING to the sub-title "are liable to fall but a really clever wife can succeed in picking them up in the first bounce." A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy directed by Erle C. Kenton who can be readily called the American Lubitsch. He has developed the plot with a delightful sophistication as sparkling as champagne. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost and Huntley Gordon head the cast. So we don't have to tell you it's well acted.



**OLD LOVES
FOR NEW—
First
National**

I NTRODUCING Lewis Stone as a sheik, but we'll wager he won't burn up the town as did his predecessor, Rudy. There is nothing outstanding in this production with the exception of the performance by Barbara Bedford. And, oh yes, Katherine MacDonald stages her comeback—but it's nothing to get excited about. Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter.

**MONEY
TALKS—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



S LAPSTICK at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It is all a lot of fun though inconsequential and, granted that you are not highbrow, you won't be bored. Owen Moore is very much in evidence as an advertising man who, with faith in his own abilities as an exploiter, uses bluff to sell his ideas to a hotel man. He not only gets away with it and makes good, but also wins back friend-wife, Claire Windsor. It's fluffy but lots of fun.



**PARIS AT
MIDNIGHT
—Producers
Dist. Corp.**

A N UNUSUAL theme of a father's noble sacrifice for his daughters' social prestige, excellently portrayed by Jetta Goudal, Lionel Barrymore, Edmund Burns and Mary Brian. The plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Just as you are about to give up in despair a wild Parisian orgy is staged or else Jetta Goudal appears on the screen and your interest is revived. Parts of the picture are a treat to the eye. Leave the children home.

**THE
SHAMROCK
HANDICAP**
—Fox



SHURE an' I know ye all love a story with an Irish background for ye know it will be filled with a wealth of good humor and beautiful locations. And here ye have a capable cast doing excellent work—thanks to John Ford, the director, and Peter B. Kyne, the author, for his lovely story. Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if ye want an evening's fun—and that's not blarney! Shure we wouldn't fool ye.

**HELL BENT
FER
HEAVEN—**
Warner Bros.



THE original stage play won the Pulitzer prize, but the movie-version will not be placed in any gold-medal class, for, in the transposition, it became one of the slowest moving stories of the back-woods. The character development is decidedly different from the stage production—so again legitimate theater fans will be disappointed when they see this finished product. Gardner James, as the fanatic, gives an excellent and inspired performance.

**THE
WILDER-
NESS
WOMAN—**
First
National



THIS is that faithful standby, the yarn of the beautiful, feminine rough diamond, who eats with her knife and wears trick clothes until love and the city chap lead her to Fifth Avenue for a hair cut and a complete change of personality. Some of the gags are good. Aileen Pringle plays the girl well enough, but the outstanding performer is Chester Conklin as a miner with a million. Mild entertainment.

**ROLLING
HOME—**
Universal



WHILE this does not contain the hilarity of the former Reginald Denny pictures, still there are many funny sequences which will make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Here Reggie is a bluffer who finds himself in a tangled web which he spun by his deception. How he is extricated is where the fun comes in—and of course a hero always manages to make good his bluffs. Denny gives a neat performance. Take the whole family.

**EVE'S
LEAVES—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



POOR Leatrice Joy! A couple more vehicles like this and she'll have to go into vaudeville. Looking very debonair in her boyish garb—she never wears skirts throughout the production—she works hard, but no one in the cast, which includes William Boyd and Robert Edson, could triumph over its bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of unfunny, wise-cracking subtitles make matters worse. Fortunately, it's a rare film as piling as this.

**EARLY
TO WED—**
Fox



A LIGHT comedy—and oh so very light—of a young married couple. Matt Moore and Kathryn Perry are again the newlyweds and do some excellent work in a story—a groom loses his job after furnishing a home on the installment plan, troubles, etc., etc.,—which has been food for thought for many recent comedies. But the situations always have human interest.

The children can see this.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,500.00
Second Prize.....	1,000.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	250.00
Fifth Prize.....	125.00
Twenty Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each.....	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be

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

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

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second 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.

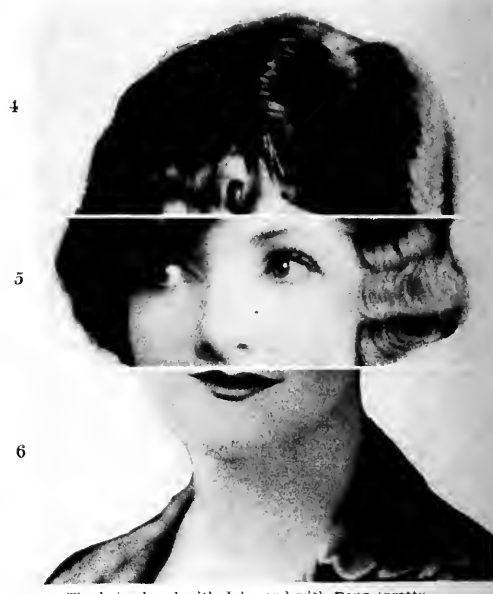
Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

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.

AILEEN PRINGLE has yet to encounter her real opportunity. The other day someone said to her, "I just saw your picture 'The Wilderness Woman.'" "My picture!" exclaimed Aileen, "You mean Chester Conklin's. I'm still on the cutting room floor!" Here's hoping Miss Pringle gets her chance soon. She's a big potential personality.





The hair plays, quite often, the good, mis-used wife,
 The eyes rose—through beauty—to fame,
 The mouth is a blonde, and the loveliest far
 In Hollywood, so critics claim.
 The hair knew the stage ere it shone on the screen.
 The eyes are Sam Goldwyn's best bet,
 The mouth is unmarried—its owner, you see,
 Is not even twenty-one yet!

The hair played with John and with Doug (pretty good!)
 The eyes have a daughter, well grown;
 The mouth made a hit in her first feature film—
 The sort of success rarely known!
 The hair is as gold as the sun in the spring.
 The eyes were re-married, last year,
 The mouth wants to smile, for a change, in new roles,
 She's been linked, far too long, with life's tear!

RESUME

*One of them has dark hair, and one auburn locks,
 And one has grey eyes, and one blue;
 They come from the West, Middle West, and the East,
 And one from the old to the new!
 And two have brown orbs, and the prettiest one
 is said to be proud of her handsome, small son.*



The hair might be called—if you will—P. O. N.
 The eyes hailed from Alsace-Lorraine;
 The mouth played with Norma, at first, as her
 son,
 In a scene that was touched with great pain.
 The hair was in stock for a couple of years,
 The eyes won a letter at Yale;
 The mouth, as a youth, had a try at a sport
 That makes even great heroes turn pale.

The hair has a vote for the first time next fall,
 The eyes helped great stars, on the stage;
 The mouth won attention upon a dance floor,
 At a time when King Jazz was the rage!
 The hair was a Vitagraph star, long ago,
 The eyes opened where beans abound;
 The mouth, (after doing small bits for a while)
 In a Rex Ingram picture was found.

RESUME

Three of them are married—and three are br-
 nettes—
 The lone one, unwed, has blue eyes;
 And one rose quite slowly to fame, but the rest
 Have quickly found where success lies.
 One has a small daughter—a child much adored—
 Two came from the East and two came from
 abroad.



Freulich

THE movies' gilt-edged security, Anna Q. Nilsson. She's a movie veteran, who never looks it. She's a fine actress, who never talks about her art. Stars rise and set but Anna Q. with beauty and distinction undiminished plays on.



She wore the pants first in the movies, did Anna Q. Nilsson. That was for "Ponjola." Now she's going to be a shebo, a lady tramp in "Miss Nobody"

P On with the ants

By Madeline Mablon

Of course I suppose the credit goes originally to Marion Davies. She was the first girl on the screen to disport in pantaloons. But hers were broadcloth and form-fitting. Marion, you recall, wore them in "Little Old New York." And everybody who saw her smiled, in that quiet condoning way, and said: "She is so rascally cute in them, she can get away with it."

But it remained for Anna Q. Nilsson to strut out in the cinema calcium with whipcord breeches and mannish shingle and follow *Love*, admirably portrayed by James Kirkwood, into that part of Africa called "darkest." This was in "Ponjola." No cute tricks for Anna Q. No coy actions. She was a man's man. She smoked cigarettes. She walked with mannish stride.

And the result was a gale that shook the country like the well known aspen leaf and gave Anna Q. the title of First Lady of Pants. Marion won't mind. She is too generous to grab all of the titles, and, anyway, Marion's "Little Old New York" trousers were not trousers in the truest sense of the word. They might have been glued on her, so perfectly did they fit. Orthodox trousers should wrinkle here and there.

After Anna Q. put on the pants with such terrific success all the actresses in Hollywood furtively tried male attire. Some of the results were astounding. Others encouraging. A few were bowlegged. And thereupon producers were assailed by pant-ing players anxious to follow in the lead of Anna Q.

So now, after watching Gloria [CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



One of the most feminine girls in films, Anna Q., doesn't go coyly cute in trousers. She makes such characterizations real



The Award of 1924

What was the Best Picture of 1925?

Vote for the picture you think should win!



Winners of Photoplay Medal

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

THE PHOTOPLAY Magazine Medal of Honor, the highest reward of merit in the world of motion pictures, is to be awarded for the sixth time. The three million readers of PHOTOPLAY are now invited to award the medal for the best picture drama of 1925.

The conferring of this award rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY. Back in 1920 PHOTOPLAY awarded its first Medal of Honor. As was pointed out at that time, the medal was created as an opportunity to encourage the making of better pictures. Each year it has been given to the producer who, in the minds of PHOTOPLAY readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography. PHOTOPLAY is proud of the selections of its readers in the past five years.

William Randolph Hearst won the first medal, of 1920, for his production of "Humoresque," created in the Cosmopolitan studios.

In 1921 the medal went to Inspiration Pictures for its production of Joseph Hergesheimer's story, "Tol'able David."

Richard Barthelmess' first starring vehicle.

Douglas Fairbanks captured the medal of 1922, with his production of "Robin Hood."

"The Covered Wagon" won the award of 1923. This now famous epic was produced by Famous Players-Lasky, with James Cruze directing.

First National's "Abraham Lincoln," produced by Al and Ray Rockett, was given the medal of 1924.

PHOTOPLAY turns to its readers with a complete faith in their sane and accurate judgment, realizing that this year the decision will be unusually difficult. Probably no one year in the history of the screen has produced so many thoroughly excellent pictures.

Be sure to register your vote as soon as possible. Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your vote must reach these offices not later than October 1st, 1926. PHOTOPLAY is always glad to receive short letters from readers, explaining the reasons of your choice.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1925.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1925

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <i>Are Parents People?</i> | <i>Kiss For Cinderella</i> | <i>Pony Express</i> |
| <i>Beggar on Horseback</i> | <i>Kiss Me Again</i> | <i>Road to Yesterday</i> |
| <i>Big Parade</i> | <i>Lady</i> | <i>Sally</i> |
| <i>Charley's Aunt</i> | <i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i> | <i>Sally of the Sawdust</i> |
| <i>Chickie</i> | <i>Last Laugh</i> | <i>Siege</i> |
| <i>Coast of Folly</i> | <i>Little Annie Rooney</i> | <i>Shore Leave</i> |
| <i>Dark Angel</i> | <i>Lord Jim</i> | <i>Sky Rocket</i> |
| <i>Don Q</i> | <i>Last World</i> | <i>Stage Struck</i> |
| <i>Drusilla With a Million</i> | <i>Mamequin</i> | <i>Stella Dallas</i> |
| <i>Freshman</i> | <i>Merry Widow</i> | <i>That Royle Girl</i> |
| <i>Gold Rush</i> | <i>Midshipman</i> | <i>Trouble With Wives</i> |
| <i>Goose Woman</i> | <i>Mrs. Sons-Go</i> | <i>Thundering Herd</i> |
| <i>Granstark</i> | <i>Never Say Die</i> | <i>Unholy Three</i> |
| <i>Her Sister From Paris</i> | <i>Never the Twain Shall Meet</i> | <i>Vanishing American</i> |
| <i>Introduce Me</i> | <i>Paths to Paradise</i> | <i>Wanderer</i> |
| <i>Isn't Life Wonderful?</i> | <i>Phantom of the Opera</i> | <i>Womanhandled</i> |
| <i>King on Main Street</i> | | <i>Zander the Great</i> |

"She just turned around to Cousin Charles with her eyes looking like big hot house violets . . . 'It's just this,' she blurted out; 'I'm not what you think I am. I'm not a big star.'"



Illustrated by
Connie Hicks

Community Clothes

Are Hollywood girls good sports?
Here's a story that gives you the answer

By Agnes Christine Johnston

THIS old leopard coat of mine has been photographed about as many times as any movie star in the business," said Cleo. "But not often with me inside," she added with a wry smile.

"Why, Cleo, I never thought that coat belonged to you!" I exclaimed in astonishment, for she was about the only girl in Hollywood I hadn't seen wearing it.

"Sure, I'm its mother. I'm mending it now to lend it to Phyllis Joy, where it will star as the wages of sin in a Universe picture. Oh, I know you'll say the keeper of a gentle little tea room like the 'Brass Kettle' hasn't any business with a giddy garment like this, but I came to Hollywood for the same reason that every other man, woman and child does, these days. Screen struck! It's the California gold rush all over again."

She fanned herself lazily with one of her hand painted menus as she talked and I listened. Everyone listens when Cleo talks.

"After paying all my expenses out here, I sunk what remained of my money in this old spotted pussy. And I don't regret it, if for no other reason than the good turn it did Violet Mason. That wasn't her screen name, but I guess she got about as much

out of Hollywood as any girl, who wandered out here to make her fame and fortune. Not that everybody would think so, considering the suffering she went through, though—"

"Yes?" I asked, knowing that the interrogatory affirmative was all that was needed to woo Cleo into one of her famous anecdotes. She smiled as she began to reminisce—that wry smile again that you so often see in Hollywood.

"When I first struck here,—a crazy, hopeful little fool from Kansas, I parked my other hat at the Studio Club. It's that big white house on the hill above the Boulevard—you know—any movie struck girl from points East can get a room and breakfast at cost—run a bill too, if she doesn't get work right away—and she most generally doesn't."

"There were a great bunch of kids living at the Club when I hit it. Some—yes, most of them famous now. Louise Huff, Marjorie Daw, Julianne Johnston and ZaSu Pitts and three of the big women scenario writers, who don't count so much to the fans. And as for myself—well, I'm just keeping this tea room, but I suppose you'd call it a success to find out you are a failure in pictures, before it's too late.

"But with a bunch of live wires like those girls, there wasn't anything slow about the Club—not then! For instance, when it came to clothes, which are next to personality in importance if you're a movie actress, we doped out the 'Community Clothes' rule.

"Any part of any girl's wardrobe belonged to any other girl, who needed it badly. Maybe it didn't help out when you were cast for a society picture at a studio where they don't supply the clothes! It also went whenever a girl had to make an impression on a casting director or even just to dazzle a boy friend into thinking you're worth a whole dinner at the Biltmore.

WHEN I took this leopard out of my trunk, the whole Club went woozy with joy. You see it's one of those loose things that fits everybody, which the girls tumbled to at the first glance. That very afternoon an assistant director came to the Club looking for a vamp, and when Betty Rose slithered downstairs with Margot's jade earrings, Zella's French hat and this leopard hiding her ingenuitars, she landed the job on the spot.

"It started Julianne on her career as a sure enough star, and it helped Virginia Flowers land Fleming, the great producer, for a husband. But I'm almost forgetting about Violet Mason. When she hit the Club the Community Clothes rule was going strong—and the way it helped her—well, it's almost melodrama!

"It was one of those cheerful little days of the rainy season, when quotations on our famous California weather are way below par. I'd been cheering myself up, making fudge, and I went up to Vi's room to give her a sample. I found her spilling tears all over her purple sofa cushions and trying to figure out which was the best way to commit suicide so she would make a good looking corpse.

"Violet and I were quite chummy. Perhaps it was a case of misery loving company, because, next to me, she was the jobless wonder of the Club. Her parents had been those old family kind who spend about three times their income proving it, and think it's a disgrace to have anything to do with money, except to borrow it. They never taught Violet a thing, except how to act like a lady, so when they both got killed in a motor car that wasn't even paid for, the poor kid was left high and dry.

"She had great big dreamy eyes and a soft baby face, and some poor fool told her that she ought to try the movies. So when she'd worn out her clothes and her welcome, visiting with her rich friends back East, she borrowed the money to come out here.

"And say, did you ever see a collie dog—one of those graceful blue-blooded kind—who's been clipped? Well, it's the funniest and the saddest looking thing in the world. It just slinks around with its tail between its legs and whines. It looks like a sort of caricature of a dog and feels worse than it looks. Well, that was the trouble with Vi. She was used to plenty of rich fluffy fur and a tail that would take the prize at any dog-show. She simply couldn't hold her head up after she'd been clipped.

"What with the fudge and the patter of the rain outside, it wasn't long before we got confidential. 'I don't know what's going to become of me,' she wailed, and if she could only have put on the face she said it with in front of a camera, when the director yelled, 'Sorrow, please,' she would have been a star in no time.

"'Oh, I know I haven't any talent,' she went on. 'I hate acting anyway. It scares me too much. I'll never get anywhere and nobody cares whether I live or die.' And then when I started to protest, she said: 'Oh, I know you're wonderful to me, but you're my only friend in all the world. I haven't any others. I haven't even a boy friend who cares enough about me to ask me out; and I'm getting old—and—everything!' And she turned on the weeps again.

"'Oh, so that's the complex,' I cried. 'I suppose you're all of twenty-two and you've found one dead hair that's turned white. Well, by the time you're twenty-eight like me, and have

picked out dozens of real gray ones, you'll begin to hope again. The Handsome Hero always comes along, some day, dearie—if you wait long enough and don't expect him to be too handsome.'

"And then as a last attempt to cheer the poor kid up, I got out my pack of cards and started to tell her fortune. You'd be surprised how it helps a person, who's down in the dumps, to learn about the 'rich dark admirer' or 'letter bearing good news from a tall building.' And I slipped every King and Jack in the pack into Vi's hand so as to give her plenty of men who admired her.

"I'd hardly gotten half way through and the corners of her mouth were beginning to waver upward, when Fuzzy came in trailing the leopard coatee, which she'd been using in a mob scene of one of DeMille's society pictures. She had brought up the mail and Violet almost jumped out of her chair when she found there was a telegram for her.

"She ripped it open and then looked up all smiles and kitteny looks. 'Why, Cleo,' she said, 'you're a perfectly wonderful fortune-teller. You told me I'd hear of a dark stranger in a letter and, of course, this is a telegram and I don't know whether he's dark or light. I've never seen him, but—'

"'For Heaven's sakes, who are you talking about?' shrieked Fuzzy, 'a new producer or the author of "Blazing Youth?"'

THEN Violet calmed down and explained that the telegram was from a distant cousin—one that was distant enough to be eligible as a romance too. She had never met him, but when he learned of her departure for Hollywood he started writing to her. He thought, of course, that it would be no time until Vi was as famous as Gloria Swanson; and she let him think it, in the occasional letters she wrote back to him.

"'There was nothing romantic about our correspondence,' she went on, sort of wistfully, 'but I got so tired of never receiving any mail except bills and wedding announcements from my friends in New York that I couldn't bear to discourage him. He's on his way around the world now, via Honolulu, and he's just stopping off to see the movie



TWO months ago Frank Godwin, the eminent young illustrator, wrote and drew the story of his personal experiences as a cinema actor. He got as far as a test and flopped, but he was not embittered and really was very nice about it all. With his story he drew a picture of Hezi Tate (that's his real name), one of our serious thinking young directors. Tate threatened to sue for libel because Frank did not show his new horn-rimmed glasses. So rather than have a fuss about it, Frank redrew Hezi and threw in curly hair for good measure, although the director's hair is really quite straight. But it all shows what a nice, kind-hearted guy an artist can be when his emotions or pocket-book are touched.



"What with Vi's new-found personality and Cousin Charley's millionaire manner, everybody began looking at us. The stars seemed to sense that Vi wanted to show off . . ."

people in Hollywood, the way he'd see the Eiffel tower in Paris or the Pyramids in Egypt. I don't suppose he'd even bother with me if he knew the truth—that I'm not a success, but a failure. He thinks I'm a rising young star with a French maid and a flock of motors!"

"Is he rich?" I asked, immediately.

"Oh, yes, he has a couple of millions," answered Violet without enthusiasm. She always did have that 'supreme indifference to money,' as they say in the movie subtitles.

"But when I heard this glad news, I jumped on the couch and did a regular Apache of joy. 'It was in the cards,' I cried, 'he's going to fall for you. Hotsie Totsie, the millionaire's bride!"

"He'll never forgive me, when he finds I've deceived him about being a star," protested Violet, almost in tears again.

"Nonsense," I said. "Just dress and talk the part and he'll never know the difference—not until you've had time to land him, anyway."

"Deceive him even more? Oh, I couldn't!" She shook her head dismally.

"Oh, yes, you could. See here, how long has it been since anyone's taken you out to a real dinner, anyway?"

"Oh, years and years—it seems!" she said with a sigh, and then impulsively, "Cleo, do you really think it would be all right for me to go out with him just once, without telling him the truth?"

"I'll show you what I think," I answered, taking up the telegram as if I owned it. And then I whistled aloud, for Cousin Charley was coming that very afternoon. He had asked Violet to wire the Limited at San Bernardino what costume she would wear at the station, so that he could identify her. But, by this time, his train was due in that town in an hour and as it is only about a fifty mile run from L. A. something had to be done in a hurry.

"I rushed Fuzzy off with an answer warning the millionaire to watch out for a blond girl in a gold toque and a leopard coat."

"But I haven't any gold toque," protested Violet.

"I know, but May Ann has."

"No, she ripped it up yesterday to make one of those new handbags with fringe."

"Well, why not reverse the process. May Ann's a good scout," I said, and Violet was finally convinced.

"But just as I was trying the leopard coat on Vi to show her how stunning she'd look in it, Rita Norwood stuck her head in at the door. Rita's one of those girls with what the press agents call 'an appealing personality.' Gee, she can make you like her when she wants to!"

"She gets to chumming around with you for a few days, telling you how charming and congenial you are, and then the first thing you know she's appealed something out of you that you had no intention of giving her—usually something you need yourself like part of your pay check, or a letter of introduction to a big director. After she gets what she's after, she doesn't know you're on earth, until she wants something else and comes back to tell you how dear and good and generous you have been and how much she values your friendship. And, believe me, it took me half a dozen of those sudden friendships to get cured!"

"This time, she paid no attention to my cold and stony stare, but plumped down on the couch fairly purring out loud.

"Oh, my dear," she cooed, "how wonderfully lucky that Fuzzy has finished with the leopard coat—my life is saved—you dear, noble, generous girl! Your coat and your generosity are going to help another career to success."

"And before I could even get a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



AND here is another little discovery, omitted from the article by Dorothy Herzog. But the omission wasn't Miss Herzog's fault. Dix discovers 'em so fast that even expert reporters cannot keep up with him. Richard discovered Alyce Mills when she was playing small parts and asked her to be his leading woman in "Say It Again." Asked to describe his new find, Dix summed her up as a "tiny Mary Garden."

Mr. Columbus Dix



"He has a little list"—filled with his candidates for the Hall of Fame. As a discoverer of talent, Richard Dix bats 1.000

It's a wise star who recognizes another star when he sees one

By Dorothy Herzog

THE family living across the court from our palatial apartment has just purchased a parrot. We don't know to whom the talkative bird owes its education, but it prates most irrationally in studio lingo, oftentimes being so indiscreet as to mention names.

Returning home late one evening we paused to hark to the parrot race along madly in this wise:

"Polly wants a contract. Kill the light, you fool. I'm just a girl who can't say no. Richard darling, you must come over."

We leaned out of the window and espied sundry other heads in the same dizzy position. Accordingly, we made mental memorandum to notify Wil Hays that a dumb bird was propagating choice headlines against the flicker industry and its w.k. folk. Of course, it slipped our memory, but we found comfort in what May Allison once philosophized:

"A memory, my dear, is not an asset if it remembers everything."

Zounds, that smacks of depth.

To return to the parrot, the name Richard, broadcasted so brazenly, did serve to recall that we had promised to jingle young Mr. Dix about a luncheon. Which we did forthwith.

(Time lapse unbridged by subtitle.)

"Did you ever own a parrot?" we interrogated Richard, once sustenance in abundance surrounded us—and we aren't the dieting type.

"A what!"

"A parrot," complacently attacking a piece of celery.

"Ye gods, NO."

"Did you ever know a fem with one?" munching a la a lawn mower.

"'Shelp me—no."

"Then you're safe."

Explanations followed and Richard gratified us by succumbing to a right merry siege of laughter. Whereupon, shortly afterward, we made a discovery.

Now, be it known, the Navy discovered the value of ketchup and Mark Twain discovered that cauliflower was merely educated cabbage, but we discovered—

That young Mr. Dix was a discoverer.

Ere this, Richard, who likes being interviewed as much as most of us relish a warring bumblebee getting fresh, has consented to publication quotes concerning why he isn't and hasn't married. We know he may, when he finds the right girl, or she finds him. Which is the same thing.

He has expressed himself as adoring mothers. Indeed, he is prone to slip up to visit the respective mothers of the Misses So-and-So, and over a cup of tea, or what will you, yield himself to being bullied by maternal scolding. And departs chastised and happy.

Richard is also famed as an athletic youth who prefers his dumbbells in a gymnasium and most of his bars in the same place. Though he can be broadminded, should occasion warrant it.

As a discoverer, however, he admits he has "never talked about this before," and hedges into silence with a hesitant smile, as if he suspects to be razzed for such "I" ness. As a matter of fact, the only reason Dick agreed to talk about his "discovering past"—very well, bring a cameraman and we'll pose for a closeup!

"I've only been in pictures about six years," Richard snapped into his story. "I went West with the hope I could get a job as a director. I couldn't, but I played in several pictures which resulted in my being signed to a Goldwyn contract. That was before Goldwyn merged with Metro.

"One day, Mr. Goldwyn cast me to hero in 'Hungry Hearts.' I didn't want to play in it. I wanted to direct. I still want to.

"At that time, I was going with a girl named Derlys Perdue, who danced at the Kinema Theater in Los Angeles. Her dancing partner was a handsome young Mexican named Ramon Samoinigos. I had seen him play a bit in a Mabel Normand picture. And he played it! I was so sold on him, I tried to induce the company to give him a chance. No one seemed especially interested.

"So I took it upon myself to have a screen test made of him. Photographed it myself. At that time, Colleen Moore and I were being co-featured in 'The Wall Flower,' direction of Rupert Hughes.

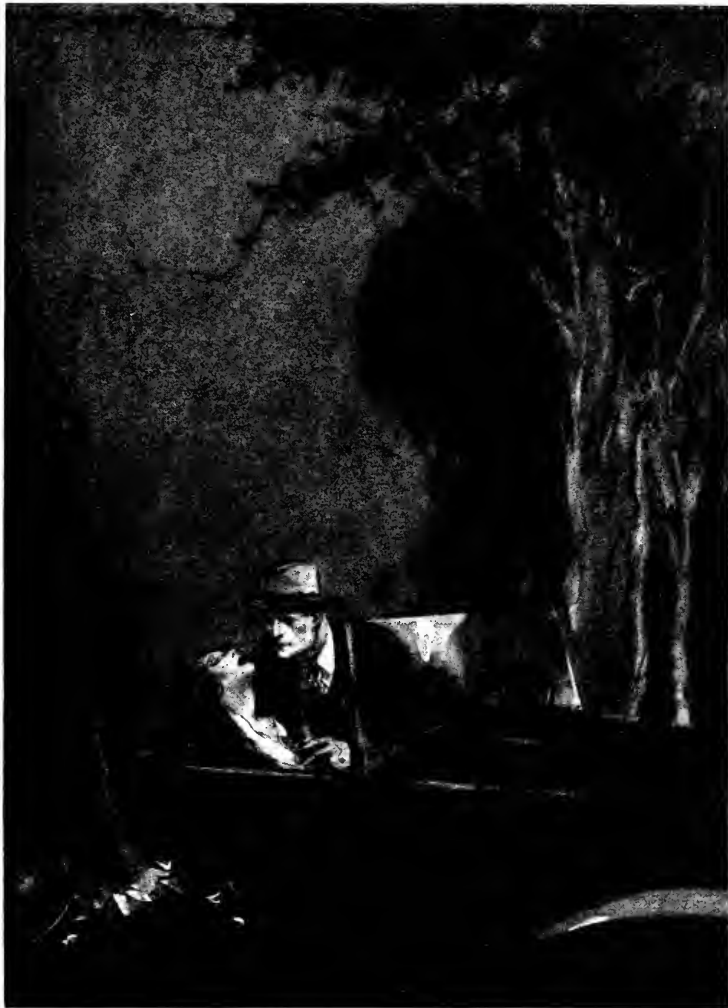
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



*M*AE MURRAY possesses a magic watch—it runs backwards. The man who wrote “Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight” dedicated a fine line to Miss Murray. For here is a picture of Mae that makes her look just the way Lillian Gish would look if Lillian had IT. Mae has had a little vacation from the screen; she has been traveling, resting, divorcing and signing new contracts. Now she has returned to Hollywood to star in “Altars of Desire.”

He wanted speed—things to happen fast. . . They did

*Illustrated by
W. G. Starrett*



"Come on," he urged automatically. "You're all right now. Open your eyes, I'm telling you. You're not hurt. You've only been jarred up"

For the Sake of *S*peed

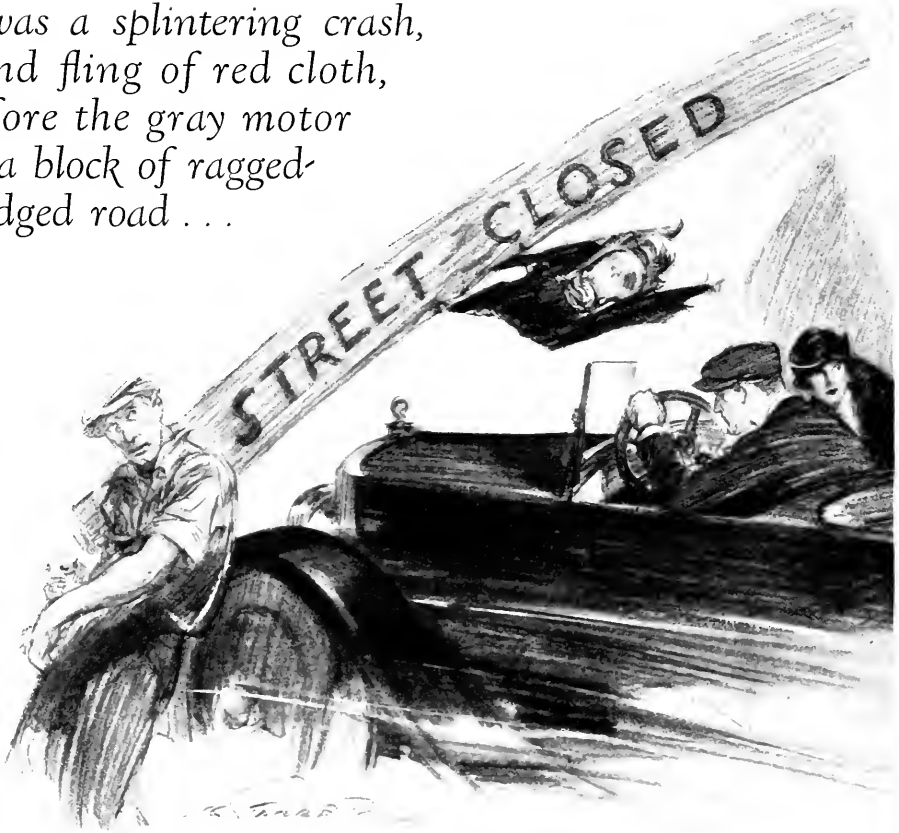
By Stuart M. Emery

That's why Barry ran over her—and that's why he stood to lose her afterward

THE screech of the brakes as Barry Adams thrust them on with a single flirt of the hand went jarring down through the murk of a street splashed only at intervals with the feeble yellow of lights and then died away into silence. There followed the impact of a front wheel against the curbing and the big, black motor stood at rest, brought ruthlessly to a stop without regard for the good of tires or brake-linings. He leaned over the wheel, his high-boned, ordinarily mirthful face keen and alive in the emergency. No help up and down the street. Not a soul in sight. All abed, as they should be at this drab hour of three a. m. His one swift glance seemed instinctive, a matter of the twentieth part of a second, before his eyes swept to the form of the girl who lay on the pavement. With never a glance towards the rolling bulk of his motor she had stepped into the street from the sidewalk directly in front of him. His skill could do no more than stop the car in its own length, and that had not been enough.

He was out of the car and bending over her. It is not a pleasant thing to knock a girl down with a high-powered automobile. Her hair had come undone in her fall and strayed in a

There was a splintering crash,
a lift and fling of red cloth,
and before the gray motor
opened a block of ragged-
edged road . . .



cloud about her shoulders—the white unconsciousness of her struck at him with the force of a blow. Poorly dressed and not a day over twenty. It was all her own fault. She had no business to be on the streets at this hour. She should have looked where she was going.

He slipped his hand inside her jacket, thrusting aside the tangling chain of what appeared to be a locket, and brought his fingers over her heart. A strange nervousness stole over him as he felt the delicate pulsations beneath his touch, a nervousness compounded of relief and something else which he could not define and had no intention of halting to analyze. Her head fell limply back until it met his shoulder and he could see the softly-molded lips move a little. Whatever her injury might be it did not show on the surface.

Once more Barry swept the shabby street with his eyes but still no figure moved along its paving. Three blocks away, as he was well aware, a corner held a patrol box from which an ambulance could be summoned. It would be, of course, the thing to do to hand this unconscious girl over to the nearest officer, who would methodically ring up the hospital which, equally methodically, would send an ambulance clanging down at top speed, a sleepy interne in white riding its rear. After that the girl would be in competent hands and it would be a simple matter for him to explain his lack of blame to the police.

With the girl's head still resting against him, Barry twisted himself about until he had reached a hand into his coat pocket and in an awkward way got a cigarette alight. He only wanted two or three puffs—in another moment the bright stub was spinning into the street. The flaring match had limned the contours of a fresh young face, had brought out long, veiling

lashes and a brave little chin. He could not, somehow, picture her amid the chilly charity of a city hospital.

She seemed hardly the weight of a child as he raised her up and placed her on the cushions of the front seat. His arm went about her, steadying her, his free hand closed on the wheel and the black motor moved slowly forward and around the first corner. It was here that he met the first person abroad in the neighborhood, a bulky, round-faced policeman who grinned wisely at the car and its burden when it passed him under the light. Barry's lips sent a half-twist of contempt at him and he notched a little higher burst of speed out of the machine. He knew now he was doing the right thing. He was even surer of it as he sent the car arrowing along a broad boulevard towards the nearest entrance to the park whose quiet reaches stretched for miles along the concourse.

The girl had made no sound by the time the motor slid to rest on a bypath under a dark canopy of trees. Her head still lay against the cushions, but her breath was coming more strongly now. Fumbling in a side-flap his fingers routed out a flask, in the bottom of which there remained a couple of inches of liquid. He drew the cork and sniffed at it tentatively. Some passenger had left it in the car days before—vile stuff, but it must be made to do. He got a little of it between her lips and waited for it to have its effect. If he lost out on that there would be nothing but hatfuls of water from the diminutive lake that beckoned close by, its surface gray with the first mists of day.

"Come on," he urged automatically. "You're all right now. Open your eyes, I'm telling you. You're not hurt. You've only been jarred up."

He took one of her hands in his, then stopped abruptly. He didn't feel like slapping it yet to bring her around. As though in answer to this hesitation he saw the faint flutter of her eyelids. A tiny gasp ran through her. Almost immediately her eyes were open, hazy and wondering as returning consciousness began to dawn in them. Words escaped her—uncertainly.

"What—what has happened?"

"You're with me," said Barry, making his voice as casual as possible. "Now listen—you're all right. I bumped you with my car when you stepped into the street and brought you here to get you around. I didn't want to turn you over to any hospital. I was in one once and they're rotten places."

"There was a noise," she said vaguely, "and then—it went dark."

"That was me—me and my car. Don't talk any more. Just sit and breathe a bit till your head gets clear."

With a trustfulness that amazed him she closed her eyes again and put her head back against the cushions. Stirred by some odd impulse he took off his hat and clumsily began to fan her with it.

"That's nice," she murmured. "That's very nice."

For a moment he almost stopped in order to look more closely at her. Throughout

his career of combating a world that failed to pay much attention to young men with nothing other than their own efforts to recommend them, Barry Andrews had steered a course that had kept "the janes," in his often own crisp language, "out of the picture."

He had no use for the ones he ordinarily met—somewhere in him there lurked an antipathy towards cheap powder and cheap conversation. He had his way to go and he preferred to go it undistracted. He resumed the business of fanning, conscious that he had met someone well outside of his usual orbit. He was not aware that he was doing anything more than the necessary as slowly the muscles of his arm grew cramped from the swing of the hat.

A little sigh broke out beside him. The girl's eyes were open once more, this time clear and softly brilliant.

"You're on your toes now—sure?" She met his smile with one equally frank.

"I'm sure of it. And thanks."

"Don't thank me. I haven't done anything much. Just don't you walk in front of a car again in the middle of the night. It might be somebody else's, next time."

Still her smile played over him. "It was the girl next door to me—she's not well. So I had to run for the nearest drugstore. It was only something for her cough she wanted, but I thought she'd better have it quickly. You know how people are when they're sick."

He pictured her, quiet, soothing above tumbled covers. The girl next door, whoever she might be, was playing in luck. Oddly enough, as the minutes passed he realized that the subject of the accident had faded into the vagueness of forgotten, unimportant matters. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to be sitting here in the black motor beside this

new and alluring girl while slowly the creeping light was lifting the veil of the dark. She, too, seemed content, her hands resting tranquilly in her lap. He did not even feel like talking—he only wanted to sit and watch the vagrant breezes stir the edges of her hair.

"Do you know," she said dreamily, "I like it just the way it is now. Two or three times I've come out here, I really have, when the park and the trees and things were just turning awake. Those were the times when I felt I couldn't stand the city one moment longer."

"Small town stuff?" laughed Barry. "Yes—?"

He hesitated and she supplied the rest. "April—April Considine. You never heard of my place—it's just over the state line."

So her name was April and she came from a place over the state line. He, too, had known his small town world before this larger one had sent its call out to him. Perhaps the luck should have been different and he should have met her in that small town instead of here in this way. He pulled, almost roughly, at a lever and the big car rolled smoothly out without a jolt.

"You work, of course?"

"Hats." She dimpled. "In a beautiful place right near the Corners. And you're—"

He gave an expert twist that sent the car around the first curve.

"A demonstrator," he said briefly.

"I thought something like that," she murmured. Their glances met and exhilaration broke out in his. At the wheel of his car Barry Andrews presented a picture of keen young efficiency and, what was more, he knew it. His glance roved from her towards the east, already flushing. In another half hour it would be the plain, cool light of morning.

"I'm taking you home now," he pronounced. "You've had a bad jolt, even if you don't feel it any more. Bed's the place for you and don't you go to the shop today. Take that from me. Got anybody to look after you?"

She sent a swift smile arching to him. "Just Dennis. But Dennis is the best ever."

He cut a sharp corner. "And who is Dennis?"

Ahead of him loomed the opening of her street, more leaden and unattractive than ever. Somewhere in that row of identical red brick fronts this girl concealed her radiance. Soiled curtains hung at the windows, cloaking interiors which would be stilling and impoverished. It was a street not yet awake and dreaming tawdrily. He felt a touch at his arm and swung the motor up before a house halfway down the block. In an upper window a dim light still burned.

She was rising. She was getting out of the car. She was on the pavement, a slim, fresh figure in that dun corridor. The face she lifted up to him was demureness itself.

"Dennis is my best darling," she said softly. "He's going to buy a cottage out on the East Line a bit pretty soon and then I'm going there with him. He's planned it for years—it'll come as soon as he gets his next promotion. I love Dennis."

Around the corners of Barry's lips a little restless quirk played for a moment. "I asked you who this Dennis was, didn't I? What's the rest of the stuff on him?"

He did not know that he was speaking abruptly. The girl glanced up at him with sparkling eyes. "If you want to know that," she said, "come around tomorrow night and meet him. It's movie night for Dennis and me, but we can make it three."

From the top of the steps she waved a fluttering hand. He was looking up, a hint of challenge in his face.

"Right," he called out. "I'll be on the map—April."

Just before the door closed he had a flash of her framed against the drab background of lodging house hall and stairs. Her smile and voice drifted down to him.

"And thanks for what you did for me. It won't hurt to tell you again—"

"Again what?" he shouted.

She put her head around the corner of the door. "Again—Barry."

The traffic officers would not be on the street corners for some time yet and Barry Andrews had a long

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



SHE was a Wampus star of 1926. Demure, cute and unsophisticated. In her fan mail came a very complimentary letter that concluded, "Hoping that sometime I may see you in the flesh."

The starlet turned to her Mamma. "What does that mean?" she asked.

"My darling," gasped Mamma. "That man wants to see you in the nude."

"The fresh thing," said the infant. "He'll not get my photograph."

Summer from Hollywood Suggestions

Here is a most attractive remedy for freckles and sunburn. It is a smart cretonne parasol in the new stub shape.
\$4.50

Have you the latest thing in cigarette cases? This one in silver plate, decorated with a silhouette, costs \$2.95. Give your hat a smart monogrammed pin of rhinestones, either square or round shaped, any initial, 95c

For weekends or trips to the beach, this bag, covered with rubberized cretonne, is as practical as it is good-looking. With zipper closing, \$5.95

The black taffeta bathing frock below, at the left, has a colorful trimming of contrasting printed silk around the hem and neck. In size 36 to 42—price \$7.95. Bathing tights to wear with this frock are \$2.95 in black or \$3.95 in all bathing colors such as green, blue, orange, red, etc. Sizes 36 to 44. A gypsy cap in colors to match—price 95c. The one strap sandals are in black satin only, sizes 3 to 8—price \$2.25

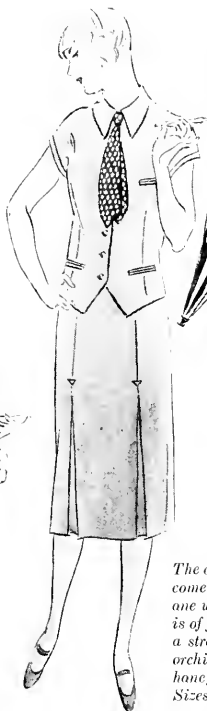


Hollywood has taken up a fad that you might well follow—painting designs on scarfs, dresses, handkerchiefs, etc. There is a new special fabric paint that is already mixed—easy to apply—complete set with six principal colors, brush, patterns and instructions—\$1.75

The smartest thing in bathing capes you will see on the beaches this summer, shown above on LAURA LAPLANTE, is of fine absorbent toweling in blue, green, orange, etc. Price \$7.50. The wool bathing suit comes in a combination stripe with either red, blue or green predominating—sizes 36 to 44, price \$3.95

Order your Summer clothes now through PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service

This Shopping Service is for your benefit and it makes no difference whether you are a subscriber or not—its services are available to every PHOTOPLAY reader. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No article sent C. O. D. If you are not pleased with any purchase, return it within three days after receipt direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and your money will be promptly refunded



The old-fashioned dotted swiss has come into its own again and this one with the double organza collar is of fine imported quality. It has a straight back. Colors are rose, orchid, copen blue, green, navy and honeydew—all dotted in white. Sizes 16, 18 and 20. Price \$4.95

This smart waistcoat sports frock, of fine light weight French spun jersey, is a copy of a much more expensive model; just the thing for summer outings or to make hot days in town more bearable. The tie is a polka-dotted silk. The frock comes in white, green, flesh, tan, copen blue and rose. Sizes 16 to 40. Price, \$10.95

This flat crepe frock, with smocked shoulders and cuffs and novelty pockets, first appeared in a Hollywood shop and is one of the season's newest models. It is for all round use and is obtainable in white or beautiful shades of green, blue, tan, Rose Marie, maize or gray. Sizes 16 to 42 and an exceptional price of \$15.75

At the top of the film strip is one of the large hats so popular this summer. It is of fine straw, bound with grosgrain ribbon. Copen blue, navy, green, tan, brown, white—price \$5.95

The coolest lingerie for summer is voile and the chemise and night robe shown may be had in any pastel shade. Lace trimmed. All sizes. \$1.95

Hollywood has taken to metal wrist watch straps. Price \$5.00 in white gold. Give measurement around wrist from one end of watch to the other as well as width of end lugs of watch

Below it is the most popular hat of the season, of grosgrain ribbon, which is collapsible and soft enough to be tucked away in a weekend bag. Comes in all sport shades—price \$4.50

Stunning sports oxfords. Combinations are: tan alligator and calf; alligator and gray buckskin; alligator and white buckskin. Sizes 3 to 8—AA to D—\$10.50. The dress oxford is patent with snakeskin trim or patent with green python trim—3 to 8—\$10.50



Last Minute News from East and West

As

we go



to Press

ROUGH sailing for Noah's Ark. After thundering his intention of producing "The Deluge," Cecil B. DeMille learned that Warner Brothers had a prior claim to the Ark. Months ago, Warner registered its intention of filming the adventures of Noah and the Holy office received due cognizance of the fact. A Long Beach, Calif., school teacher had the same idea and submitted it to Mr. DeMille, by way of a contest.

DeMille ate up the idea and spent a month working on the preliminaries of production. He also spent about \$40,000 in research. Then Warner Brothers made a trade announcement of its Flood picture and Mr. DeMille's Ark went on the rocks.

Is DeMille down-hearted? He is not. He claims that he has another smashing idea for a big special and will go right ahead on schedule.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford had an audience with Mussolini in Rome. The usual situation was reversed. Mussolini was the star and Doug and Mary were the admiring audience. The two movie stars asked the Italian Dictator for his picture and Mussolini autographed a couple of photographs for them. To be perfectly fair, Mary and Doug should have handed him a quarter apiece for the pictures. Mussolini also wrote his name in Mary's autograph book. Then the Napoleon of Italy told them how much he enjoyed their films and Mary and Doug told Mussolini how much they liked his stirring performance in the drama of international politics.

MARY and Doug may be able to shake work on their trip through Europe but they can't shake the rumors that follow them everywhere. They say, for instance, that Mary and Doug will appear in a picture together. This special, so the story goes, will be directed by Max Reinhardt and Ernst Lubitsch. Max will film the big scenes and the close-ups will fall to Ernst.

To continue with the tale, the scenario will be written by Karl von Moeller, author of "The Miracle."

It all sounds like a beautiful dream—too good to be true. Anyway, we are passing the story on to you for what it is worth.

Complications and then some more complications. Marion Davies is to star in "The

Miracle," as you probably know. Marion undoubtedly will want the assistance of Mr. Reinhardt. Obviously Mr. Reinhardt is in a position to name his own salary, what with various stars bidding for his services.



Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, and his favorite Super-Jewel—little Carlotta. Carlotta is Mr. Laemmle's grand-niece and a daughter of Edward Laemmle, who directs pictures for his uncle's company. She is the pet star of this famous motion picture family

"The Miracle" was filmed years ago—in 1912. When the big spectacle was first presented in London, an English film company turned cameras on the stage and photographed the stage presentation. Came the War and "The Miracle" was shelved with all things Germanic. Morris Gest brought it to life in this country and the old film became of immense value, not because of its artistic worth but because it represented part of the rights to an enormously expensive piece of stage property. You will never see this crude old

film because Marion bought it when she acquired the other rights to "The Miracle."

GLORIA SWANSON'S first picture for United Artists has been tentatively titled "Personality." Gloria has recovered from her nervous breakdown and has gone back to work at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio on her new comedy, "Fine Manners."

It seems that there will be plenty of little Chaplins to carry on the illustrious name. Shortly after the birth of the second son, little Earl, Mrs. Lita Chaplin said encouragingly to Charlie, "Well, I hope the next one will be a girl."

ERNEST TORRENCE has completed his contract with Famous Players-Lasky. After this, he will be a free-lance performer. Mr. and Mrs. Torrence have left for a vacation in Europe. Probably they will visit the haunts of the notorious villains of history.

ALSO on the sailing list is Marion Nixon, sent to Germany by Universal to make pictures for UFA. What becomes of Joey Benjamin, Marion's prize-fighting husband, is not stated.

MORE international news. Erich Plommer, a German director, will be imported by Famous Players-Lasky to direct Pola Negri and Emil Jannings in made-in-America films.

ANOTHER traveling note: Florence Vidor will come to New York to appear in "The Great Gatsby." And so Manhattan will have a good chance to get acquainted with Hollywood's most famous social queen.

THE cornerstone of the new Paramount Theater on Broadway was laid with appropriate ceremonies recently. Mayor Walker was the presiding official and Will Hays also made a speech. The new building is a magnificent structure and will house what will probably be the finest theater in the world.

FIRST NATIONAL plans an ambitious new spectacle for the fall. It will film Jules Verne's famous story, "Around the World in Eighty Days." Harry Reichenbach has sailed for Europe to arrange the preliminary.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says:

“... together they constitute a simple, swift and effectual method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered”



HE lovely younger women of society have learned that even in the proud bloom of youth it pays to keep the lamp of beauty filled and trimmed.

Listen, for instance, to Mrs. Vanderbilt:—“Youthfulness is the real pot of gold at the end of every woman’s rainbow. How to keep it, how to achieve it is her goal.”

Mrs. Vanderbilt’s beauty is like a star—cool, white, apart. It is unexpected—and thrilling.

As Miss Gloria Morgan she “danced at court” in the great capitals of Europe. Then came her brilliant marriage into one of America’s most celebrated families, followed by the birth of a lovely baby girl.

Marriage, motherhood, houses in New York and Newport—responsibilities have only increased Mrs. Vanderbilt’s conviction that beauty must have wise care.

“Pond’s Two Creams,” she says, “are a wonderful help to this coveted end—they cleanse the skin, keeping it fresh and firm. And protect it, giving it a velvety finish. Together they constitute as simple, swift and effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered.”

Care for your skin as follows daily
Whenever your skin needs cleansing use Pond’s Cold Cream. After you return from an outing and always at night before retiring, pat it generously over the surface of your face, throat, hands. Let it stay on a few moments that its soft fine oils may sink down, down into the



The shimmer of white taffeta, the daring of black velvet in this exquisite period Lauvin frock, conspire to beighten MRS. VANDERBILT’S exotic beauty



The TWO CREAMS which cleanse, tone and preserve your delicate skin

skin’s deep cells, forcing out all dust, dirt and face powder. A soft cloth or facial tissue removes all cream and pore-deep dirt. To make doubly sure, pat fresh cream on again. Remove once more. Finish with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice.

If your skin has been exposed to sun and wind or if it tends to dryness, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond’s Cold Cream and leave it until morning. It smooths out all the unlovely little lines, brings you supple and fresh to start the day.

Oiliness means overactive oil glands and these in turn mean congestion at the base of the pores. Repeated cleansings with Pond’s will eliminate every trace of oiliness and bring back a soft, clear tone—like satin without the sheen.

After every cleansing with Pond’s Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, apply Pond’s Vanishing Cream thinly. It vanishes, leaving an exquisitely smooth surface, a translucent loveliness. And now for your powder. Whisk it on and see how beautifully it lies and lingers! You won’t forever have to be daubing your nose in public. And go out, now, without apprehension

for your skin. Laugh at the wind. Turn your nose up at the sun. They cannot harm you—spared, protected, as you are by this delicate film of Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

Buy and try Pond’s Creams. See for yourself that Mrs. Vanderbilt speaks truly when she says, “They constitute as effectual a method of caring for the skin as has yet been discovered.”

Other women of beauty and social prestige who have praised Pond’s Creams are:

- HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
- THE PRINCESS MARIE DE BOURBON
- THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU
- MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
- MISS ANNE MORGAN
- MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
- MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
- MISS ELINOR PATTERSON
- MISS CAMILLA LIVINGSTON

Free Offer: Why not try Pond’s Two Creams, free? Mail coupon for tubes of each and instructions for using them.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. G,
147 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond’s Creams.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



When Rudy and Vilma did this little act in "Son of a Sheik" Pola was watching on the side-lines. "Sure he makes beautiful love to her," Pola said. "Why not? All the time he is thinking of me"

He who Got Slapped and why

By Cal York

I AM not one of those who hold with slang phrases. But really, this Pola-and-Rudy affair has reduced me to one of them—an ancient one at that. For how else describe it, save as "Off-again, on-again, gone-again, Finnigan." I am not a fussy man, socially. It has even been said that I am not a fussy man morally, though I do prefer blondes, but I do like to know how things stand. And in this Pola-and-Rudy business nobody knows where

anybody stands—least of all do Pola and Rudy know it. From day to day, you cannot tell whether they are in the midst of a flaming romance, or whether they are engaged in a none-too-private war.

What with first one thing and then another, they do seem to be having a very hectic time of it.

And one of the first things, so they say, was Lady Sheila Loughborough's visit to Hollywood.

Now, nobody has anything to say against Lady Loughborough, except Pola, who thinks she should have brought her husband, or at least a chaperon, if she intended coming to Hollywood.

But Her Ladyship seemed to feel she would be safe enough, and no doubt she was. Certainly she had an almost constant and gallant escort in young Mr. Rudolph Valentino, who had met her in London.

And, having met her there, what more natural than upon her coming to Hollywood shortly thereafter Rudy should do the right thing and entertain her, and take her about a bit, and show her the sights. He did.

He gave a very charming dinner party for her one evening. The elite of Hollywood, which is quite an elite and very fond of titled foreigners, was there in force. The dinner was delightful. The entertainment enchanting. There was, it would appear in rehearsing the matter afterwards, only one slight mistake.

Rudy had two photographs on the dressing table in his bedroom where one was wont to be, right where his eyes fell upon them the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. Only one of them was Pola.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



Within the Reach of Everyone!

More people are eating **Baby Ruth** every day—simply because no better candy can be found at any price. Yet all you pay is a nickel a bar.

Chock full of deliciousness—with its opera cream center, freshly roasted peanuts, luscious caramel, and rich chocolate coating.

Try a bar at your nearest candy counter—or, better still, take home a box of 24 bars and give the whole family a treat.

Curtiss Candy Company

New York

CHICAGO

San Francisco





Gainsborough Offers her Newest puff-creation

— in smartest of summer colors, NATURE'S OWN!

Man in his most creative moments cannot do more than strive to match the lovely colors nature chooses as her own. Blues from the sky, reds from the sunset, greens from the sea — one finds them in their rarest combinations in some bit of foliage or the plumage of a tropical bird.

Most exquisite of colors is "Lovebird" green. The smartest shops are featuring it for summer — in lovely hats, ensemble suits — and now in powder puffs! For now translated into your own daintiest of puffs is Gainsborough's newest offering — "Lovebird." A cooling touch to blend with smartest costume, Gainsborough quality in all its luxuriant


softness plus the added smartness of this — smartest of summer colors gives to this, newest of powder puffs, an added charm. And these, as all other Gainsborough puffs, are made from deep-piled, specially loomed materials.

Never before has fashion offered so many subtle touches to enhance feminine loveliness. Now the exact costume may be achieved to suit the occasion — and one may choose her colors to a nicety.


Gainsborough contributes seven lovely puffs of pastel shades — Canary, Azure, Persian Pink, Orchid, Peach Glow, Corail — and Lovebird. In sizes for every need — for vanity, dressing table and bath.




Gainsborough
POWDER PUFF




Peach Glow




Orchid




Corail



Canary



Azure



Persian Pink

Gainsborough powder puffs may be had in seven smart pastel shades. Prices 15, 20 and 25¢ (other puffs in wool or color, prices 10 to 75¢). On your dealer's counter. IRRESISTIBLE!



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W. B. M. Co.

Taking the Bunk Out of Pictures

Sidney Kent is of the newer type
of film executive

By Frederick James Smith



Sidney R. Kent

AREFINING process is going on with the public as well as with motion picture producers," declares Sidney R. Kent, head of Famous Players-Lasky's sales and distribution. "We are coming to the point where there is a uniform demand for absolutely clean pictures—pictures to which every one in the family can go for an evening's entertainment.

"We hear a great deal of talk about sex on the screen. It is a sort of bugbear. Now, sex is never going to be eliminated from the films any more than you can eliminate it from life. I, for one, believe that pictures should picture life. The only way the screen can justify its existence is to tell the truth. These mature pictures will go on to a restricted audience.

"There is a mistaken thing sometimes called sex. This, let us say, is mere brazen sensationalism. When this is introduced and exploited, a genuine injury is done to pictures. But truthful, honest pictures will continue to be made, and they will go, as I have said, to a restricted audience.

"These film dramas will find their audiences not through any arbitrary division. There will be no special theaters for them. Audiences will draw their own line as to what they want to see and what they do not want to see.

"This is becoming more and more possible through honesty and sanity of advertising. People can now choose and select their film fare. It is no longer necessary to be deceived by film advertising. This cleaning up of exploitation is as important to the advancement of pictures as the making and selling.

"This cleaning-up process in advertising and exploitation is going to remove harmful bunkum about players. The bar is up against the type of exploitation that hurts. This goes for the old-fashioned extravagant way of attracting public attention to the inside life of the players. Not that there will be any less personality in pictures. Personality is the clothesline upon which the whole motion picture business is hung. There will always be stars, popular players and favorite directors."

THE picture field is one of passing vogues, as definite as the vogues sweeping drama and literature, points out Mr. Kent. "The sheik, the big Western and the sea picture

have followed in turn," he says. "This last came in with the success of 'The Sea Hawk.'

"The present popularity of comedy in films is not a passing vogue," continued Mr. Kent. "It is a definite, healthy development—and comedy is going to stay with us."

Mr. Kent believes that the biggest advance made in pictures has been revealed in man power. "In the eight years I have been in pictures," he says, "I have watched a steady advance in personnel. Every time the wheel turns, a few older film men are tossed off.

"The whole type of executive has been changing. The motion picture is being more and more respected as a business. Its high financial standing proves that conclusively."

Mr. Kent is himself an outstanding figure among these newer film leaders. He is thirty-six and a middle-wester. At fourteen he was stoking boilers in a Lincoln, Neb., greenhouse at five dollars a week. At twenty he was high in the ranks of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Then he allied himself with the American Druggists' Syndicate, advancing rapidly to the post of assistant to the president. After that he assisted in the unraveling of the tangle of the old General Film Company, indicted under the Sherman law and engulfed under judgments. All of which led finally to Famous Players-Lasky.

Mr. Kent, by the way, points to the motion picture business as a singularly fine field for young America. "I know of no business at this moment where there is so much opportunity and so little competition," he states. "In our department of distribution, for instance, there are only three men who were a part of it seven years ago. The rest have risen from the ranks. All the way through the various branches of making and selling pictures there are places for young men with ambitions."

SAYS MR. KENT:

"I BELIEVE that pictures should picture life. The only way the screen can justify its existence is to tell the truth."

"There is a mistaken thing on the screen called sex. This is mere brazen sensationalism. When this is introduced and exploited, a genuine injury is done to pictures."

"A cleaning-up process in advertising and exploitation is going to remove harmful bunkum about players. This goes for the old-fashioned extravagant way of attracting public attention to the inside life of players."

"Not that there will be any less personality in pictures. Personality is the clothesline upon which the whole motion picture business is hung."

Cleopatra's Kiss [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

He went jaggedly to the wall and pushed the button.

The soft, golden light played three pools from floor-lamps, and the dusk was gone. Instead now, the piano was there, and tables, and chairs, couches and bookcases. . . . He saw her now. She was dressed up as Cleopatra. . . .

"Why the deuce *that*?" he cried harshly. . . . Her smile was almost imperceptible.

"I fucked him with fear."
"I wanted to see if you thought it was right."
"Get up," he said.

She rose gracefully, yet languidly, Egypt's queen, and then stood, seeming much taller than herself, regal and powerful, her eyes level, her gaze penetrating him.

"Well," he said, "it's old serpent of the Nile all right. . . ."

Then, conquering a sudden wish to shudder, he sat down in an arm-chair near the couch and puffed on his pipe. . . .

She resettled herself on the couch. He dared not look at her.

"Have you decided?" she asked.

"Yes," he tried to speak with authority, "I've decided against it."

"Why?"

"I'm not the actor you think I am."

"You are," she said sharply.

"I have no ambition."

"You kill it with drink."

"Besides," he said, looking at her miserably, "you don't love me."

THE words electrified her. She clenched her fists and leaned forward. "Love you? No." Her nostrils seemed to snort contempt. "I love a weakling. Is the man that conquers me, and *that* man alone, is the one I love."

He shrank back a little, but he muttered: "You mean you want me to act parts in front of you, instead of being natural?"

"I mean," she said fiercely, "I want you to be something, and not merely a bullying drunkard."

The words lashed him.

"Gwyna, what you want is a slave. A little Antony," he sneered, "my Cleopatra."

He rose.

"Wrong number. Excuse me, please."

She rose, facing him. There was a white thin look about her face that made him shiver; but the drink still warmed him.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Wrong again," he said with acted politeness.

He was seeking for words to hurt her.

"Not drink, O Egypt. I am going—into vaudeville, if it interests you."

"With whom?"

He could not help a leer.

"Babby Blake."

Her face stood out toward him in quite a serpentine fashion.

"Wait a minute," she breathed, and glided away. . . .

Then, suddenly, she stood before him, an ugly curling whip in her hand. . . . Her nostrils were dilated. . . . She was in a high fury.

He smiled, incredulously. But she did it. The blinding snake of fire went across his face. . . .

Then he saw red. The brute in him rose like a bull.

He clenched his fists, and stood still only by the effort of all his strength.

"What's to prevent me," he roared, "from breaking every bone in your body?"

She was trembling, white; the whip had dropped from her hand; but her eyes met his.

"You can't touch me," she said.

"You vile—" he began.

"Sit down," she commanded. . . .

He sat down slowly. He was confused, for a terrific thought had crossed his mind. She

had gone into a fury of jealousy, she was jealous of Babby, she was in love with him. . . . He forgot his rage, his heart pounded so, his head was so giddy.

He saw her two hands there, one tightly gripping the other. What enchanting hands to snatch to his lips.

"Gwyna," he found himself saying, "you're in love with me. Why didn't you say so?"

"In love with you," she said icily, "because I struck you? Love *you*? A drunken ruined man who scorns the gifts God gave him and would fritter away his life in vaudeville and idleness and drink. *You*? I struck you to bring you to your senses. You're addled, half-drunk all the time. And I have brought you to your senses," she said vehemently, "because you are going to play Antony now."

He looked at her blankly. Somehow she had knocked the fight out of him.

"Yes, I am," he sighed.

She did not trust his word, but signed him up duly with a contract. He held, however, to his word, because he feared her. If he loved her madly, as an infatuated man, he feared her also as a child does a stern and dangerous parent. She had threatened him with more medicine if she found he had had anything to drink, and so through all the harsh, bare difficult weeks of rehearsal, he abstained, as mortally afraid of a drop of liquor as though it had been carbolic. As the time wore on he found himself getting interested in the part, and it was a sweet madness, compounded of ecstasy and agony, to rehearse the love-scenes with Gwyna. If he looked forward, however, to any deep joy in taking her in his arms and kissing her, he was disappointed fully. For at the height of passion and by almost imperceptible motions Gwyna, in his arms, was yet aloof from him, cool, detached, even businesslike, and she evaded the full kiss, turning her head from the supposed audience to slide by his lips. This tantalized him to a fury. To the outsider she seemed all passion, but he felt she was like empty air in his arms. . . .

And if he mentioned love she poured her bitter scorn upon him, she held him up to himself for what he was.

"I told you," she said, "that I can only love the man who conquers me. I can only love, looking up. On you—I look down."

Sometimes he called himself every kind of a fool, and once when he met Babby on Broadway he said to her whimsically:

EVERYTHING'S happened that I told you would happen if I gave in. I do her errands, I see that she doesn't get in a draft, and my whole use is to set her off as a gold band does a jewel.

"I am unmann'd, Babby; I'll never be the happy old fellow again that had such good times with you."

Babby looked down at an extended Russian boot, and then up at him, laughing.

"You have changed, Jerry. But you're sober, anyway."

"Sober is right," he said. "I'm dull. I'm so buffaloe'd, I can't even act any more. I get awkward and self-conscious."

"Oh, rehearsals," she said.

"Ah, Babby," he sighed, "why didn't I sign up with you?"

"Some other time, Jerry dear. . . ."

And she was gone, softly laughing. . . .

No, his part in the play didn't shine. In every rehearsal Gwyna was superb, all that he dreamed a Cleopatra should be. But he felt balked, unwieldy, over-anxious to please her. She took him to task, she told him that he might spoil the play.

"It's your doing," he said. "I told you I didn't want it."

"You coward," she retorted, "blaming me. I say you can act, and you *must* act."

The opening up the State was successful enough. But it was Gwyna who carried the burden. Though Gerald tried with all his power for now he was thoroughly engrossed with the rôle, he could not make more of it than a stiff caricature of what he knew was the part.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]

Octavus Roy Cohen

will be prominent among the contributors to

AUGUST PHOTOPLAY



The famous fiction writer will be represented by "Ben Hurry," the first of a series of delightfully amusing short stories of a darktown motion picture company. You know Mr. Cohen's ability in spinning hilarious negro yarns. "Ben Hurry" is one of his best.

Be sure to watch for Mr. COHEN in

AUGUST PHOTOPLAY

"I DID competitive swimming and diving. I met with an accident which confined me in a hospital for one month. Afterwards I was very weak and tired so easily. Previous to my accident I had found yeast strengthening. So I decided I would make yeast a daily habit. I now eat from one to three cakes a day. I feel I need it, as I exercise so much. My specialist said I'd never compete again; but after six months of yeast I was back in the swimming game. Now I feel so strong that Friday night I swam a mile. I credit my 'pep' to Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. BETTY KERZWELLY,
Chicago, Ill.



Dynamos of Human Energy...



"MY ENTIRE BODY, on account of chronic constipation, was completely run down. This condition brought about heartburn, a coated tongue, dull eyes, a sallow skin blotched with pimples and recurrent boils, not to mention undue fatigue and headaches. On the advice of a specialist in stomach and skin diseases, I began to take two yeast cakes every day. The result: Within five weeks my stomach was restored to normal working order. Today my body is strong, vigorous, and healthful."

R. W. HELSER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Buoyant, vital, thousands have conquered constipation, corrected skin and stomach disorders, 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, 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. 19, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I SUFFERED from terrible skin eruptions. I was giving up all hope when some one told me about eating Fleischmann's Yeast for the complexion. I tried it. Soon I noticed an improvement. In less than two months there was nothing left of the skin trouble that had tortured me for six years. I have been taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly ever since. I can eat and drink anything now. I feel like a different person." W. L. DUNBAR, New York City.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aid digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



RONALD COLMAN saw the rubber stamp on the wall and acted differently. The world was proclaiming him a great lover and Ronald, while admitting the pleasant moments of that role, did not want it for all time. So he started in for drama with "Stella Dallas," for comedy with "Kiki" and now he's biting the dust in the desert of "Beau Geste."

In the Lives of Other Women

You may find a simple solution of the greatest of hygienic handicaps



This new way insures charm, immaculacy and exquisiteness under the most trying conditions, offering 3 features unknown before, including easy disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse



Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

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.

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent, Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Any substitute you may be offered will be entirely different in action, disposal and efficiency—merely an imitation, made to look like Kotex. You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

TO MEET every day at your best, to wear your gayest frocks with a care-free mind, your sheerest things without a moment's fear!—do you wish it?

Millions of women—eight out of every ten in the better walks of life—have adopted this new way. A way that supplants the insecurity of the old-time sanitary pad with a protection that is absolute.

It has changed the hygienic habits of the world. It will make a great difference in your life, in your peace of mind and your health.

3 unique features unknown before . . . obtainable no other way

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.

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!

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular: 65¢ per dozen
Kotex-Super: 90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



*T*WO years ago Georgia Hale was called the Extra Girl of Poverty Row, one of that bedraggled group who worked for Hollywood's filmflam outfits. Now Paramount, lordliest company of the business, regards her as one of their most promising bets. "The Salvation Hunters," played for the price of her lunches, gave Georgia the break. Next came Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." Her first Paramount release will be "The Rainmaker."



*The girl who
wouldn't stay down*

The most brilliant lights of the ball-room cannot lessen the perfectly natural color you have in your cheeks when you use your own tone of Pompeian Bloom.



The blonde with very fair skin finds a natural tone for her cheeks in the new Oriental tint.

"How well you look!"

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.

I 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 sugges-

tion 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.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

— SPECIAL OFFER —

30 applications of Bloom for only 10c

ISN'T Mme. Jeannette right in stressing the importance of matching your skin-tone? We urge you to act on her advice—let your own eyes convince you how charming and natural in appearance Pompeian Bloom will make your cheeks. To make this trial easy and convenient for you, we make this unusual offer:

Send us 10c and the coupon. We will send you a trial cake of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications in a dainty little container, not too big to be carried in your purse; and in addition a liberal sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder. It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette,
THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2912 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
I enclose a dime (10c) for sample of Bloom, described above. Also send a sample of Beauty Powder and your Beauty Booklet.

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Shade of rouge wanted.....

For the Sake of Speed [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

way to go before he would be home. He found a straight street with a good paving on it and went down it at a tingling speed.

II

A relieved smile visited Barry's lips at sight of the solid, gray-haired man with the square shoulders and honest face, from which looked a pair of good, brown eyes. Detective Sergeant Dennis Harland, in a plain, readymade suit of sober cut, remained still the officer of the law—heavy-handed, lumbering, and no figure of romance. It was clear that into his job he put everything that was himself. Courage, responsibility and steadfastness stood out in a level gaze.

"The little girl's told me about ye," he said heavily, while his glance went deep into Barry. "I was her father's friend. So she comes to me with all her troubles and her adventures. Don't ye, April?"

The look she flashed to him was one of affection. "Yes, I do, Dennis. And I've told him, too, all about the cottage that's coming some day soon when you get your raise. So that's what I think of you."

Watching the fine bond between the two Barry felt the first twinge of a new emotion. He read in the sergeant's face that he was under inspection, that if the redoubtable Dennis decided against him it would be the last he saw of April. A little recklessness tinged his expression as he left them that evening.

Dennis had liked him on that first occasion, although it would be a long time before he would utter any final judgment. In the meanwhile, as he piloted the long black motor about the streets or lay on the crumpled bed in his room on a narrow side street, smoking endless cigarettes and reading endless tattered magazines, Barry was finding himself looking forward to certain nights of the week. Those were the nights when a demure voice would sound merrily, banishing the restlessness that perpetually rode him.

He smiled whenever he thought of Dennis—an odd but completely respectful smile. It was men like that, within them somewhere a fundamental call to service, who spent their lives pounding pavements and probing, none too brilliantly, into the seamy side of a city's character. Twenty-six years on the force and still a sergeant. In any other field, certainly, those decades of single-hearted devotion would long ago have brought the little place with its bit of a garden—the home for Dennis and April. Was Barry Andrews beginning to be glad that it hadn't? He dismissed the thought as he dismissed many others. It came to him at a time when April sat, flushed of cheek and radiant of glance, in the rushing motor. This particular afternoon and evening it was to be no thirty-cent movie house and dinner for three in some dingy chophouse.

A clean twenty miles showed on the gauge when Barry swung the car between stone gateposts. The roadhouse sprawled its white Colonial bulk at the end of a long, gravelled drive, in front of it a full dozen motors signaling its popularity. It was Sunday, but none the less the crashing of a jazz melody drifted out through the windows. They were far enough from the beaten track not to be bothered overmuch by the law here.

He read correctly the glow that mounted to her face. Her dancing eyes swept the lavishness of the room and he could hear a small foot tapping the floor to the music.

"Service," said Barry to the waiter. "And what we want we want quick—get me?"

The waiter bowed, evidently quite used to being peremptorily ordered about by young

men who were escorting attractive young ladies. Barry ordered rapidly, finding at the end that April was regarding him with surprise in her look. About them, even at this hour, when the last reddening flush of sunset was giving way before the stealth of dusk, the room was filled with chatter from many tables.

In loose clothes of a half-sporting cut, his keen young face alive and his eyes mirthful, he seemed to her the most debonair of companions. His language slurred occasionally on the side of grammar and a pungent slang for emphasis, but that was to be expected of a man who had fended always for himself. He was a little startling at times with his abruptness—twice he had broken an engagement with her on five minutes' notice, yet her curiosity was still undimmed by reproach. He, too, had come from a small town, he clung in many ways to its directness and simplicity, untarnished by the cheap city veneer that she had seen creep like a shell over so many in similar circumstances.

He smiled at her boyishly. "This beats the dairy lunch, don't it?" The lightness of heart that appeared to her to be his most dominant trait threaded his voice. "I like a little bit of music and a little bit of life. They're sort of made for us, aren't they?"

"Tell me what else you like," she said on an impulse. "You never talk about yourself. It's been a month now. And you know all about me. You've never even told Dennis or me who you work for."

He leaned back in his chair, regarding her steadily although a trifle amusedly.

"Mostly for new people you never heard of. There's a chance now and then for me to work out on a speed-car before it's put on the market. That was what I was doing the other day when you saw me on the concourse. Just a free lance with a bus—that's me."

She recalled that sight—a chance glimpse that she had brought up at their next meeting. Barry at the wheel of a big car shooting the miles-long stretch like an arrow. His face had been a mask of confident tenseness, lips a little parted, a furrow between the straight eyebrows. It was the face of a man in whose fibres speed lurked. The two men in the back of the car apparently were lucky to be wearing caps as anything else would have been blown off their heads.

"You've never felt then that you wanted to settle down and have a regular job? Something to do every day in the year?"

This was, of course, the feminine in her speaking, seeking the certain thing in life, unwilling to gamble on the fundamentals of food and roof-tree. In that their ways lay far apart. The rubbed finger of one of her gloves, laid on the table, caught his eye—a small thing, but eloquent. She was not having the best time of it. Perhaps she

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



Pacific & Atlantic Photo.

The Rock-a-Bye Baby Blues

THE very newest member of the younger set in Hollywood makes her debut before the camera. Barbara Ann Blue steals the honors of this close-up from her dad, Monte Blue. At the time this photograph was taken, Barbara Ann was one month old and her father and mother had just made the astounding discovery that she was 100 per cent perfect and vastly prettier, healthier and cleverer than any other baby in the world. So they had her picture taken to prove it. Barbara Ann, called Bab for short, was born the same week as two other famous babies—Charlie Chaplin's son and Agnes Ayres' daughter.

IDEALS OF BEAUTY

Physical Perfection



*That Schoolgirl
Complexion*

If you wish to gain them, follow nature's laws—and, above all, this natural rule in skin care which has proved its effectiveness to the world

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

Foremost beauty authorities have found beauty insurance starts with proper cleansing of the skin. They urge the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive as the safe, natural way in skin care. Most of the pretty skins you see today are due to it.

Use Palmolive according to the simple rule here given. Note the difference a single week will make. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

*Start today with this simple care—
Note how your skin improves*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather 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 one 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.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Parade of Hits is on the way

HERE THEY COME

Ladies and Gentlemen!

A Parade of hits

From the foremost of
Motion picture producers—

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Featuring

More Stars than there are

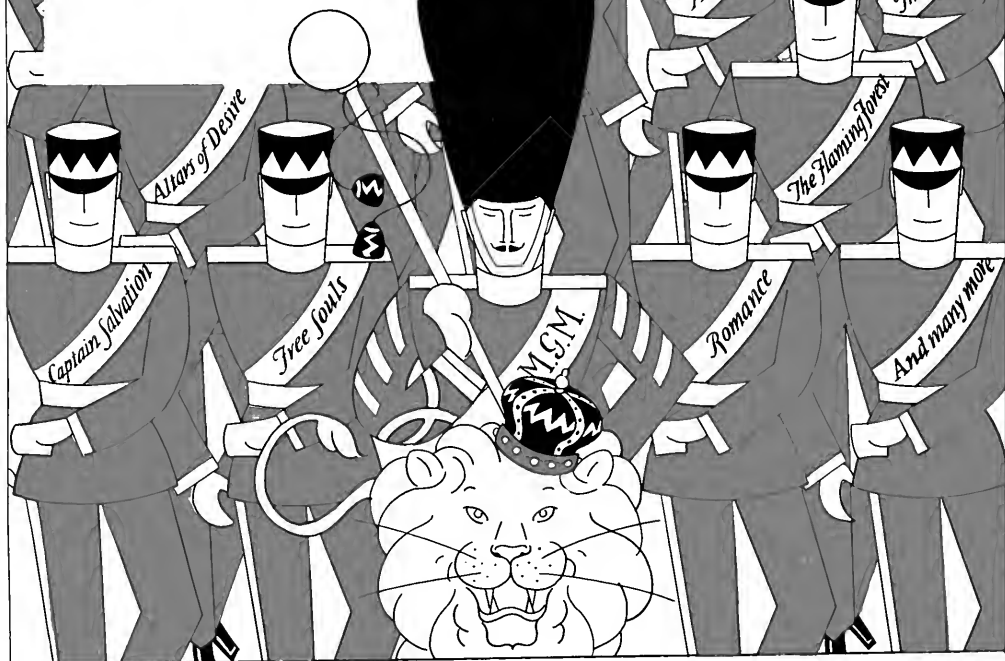
In Heaven

Among them

**Lillian Gish, Marion Davies,
Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray,
John Gilbert, Norma Shearer,
Buster Keaton, Lon Chaney.**

Starting next month

Playing everywhere.



His Last Fifty Cents

Earned Jack Holt a Million Dollars

By Herbert Howe

THIS is no argument against prohibition.

But if we'd had prohibition twelve years ago we'd never have had Jack Holt.

And yet Jack never drinks, today.

The answer to the above conundrum you'll find as you read along—if you can.

I know the romantic actors of Hollywood.

But Jack Holt is one of the greatest I know in life.

Born the son of an Episcopal clergyman, of a family with crests and culture, educated at Virginia Military, a soldier and civil engineer, he turned his life into adventure in the mountains of Alaska and in the wide open spaces of the cattle country—which, by the way, few screen westerners have ever seen.

He went to Alaska as a civil engineer to realize on a boom that never came off.

He drifted down the coast to Oregon and started a ranch—which, likewise, never came off.

To San Francisco when it was 'Frisco and had a Barbary coast.

A gentleman, broke but never friendless, for a gentleman who can rough it is a man who earns friends when he can't earn dollars.

Someone advised him to try motion pictures over at San Raphael.

Beatriz Michelena was the star whose name covered twenty-four sheets then. You have forgotten her, my children, for that was twenty years ago.

Jack took the ferry boat across the bay.

"Can you ride a horse?" the director asked him.

"I'm pretty good," said Jack.

"Pretty good won't do."

snorted the director. "We gotta have experts."

Jack wasn't an actor then. He was merely a rider of the range where "pretty good" means a lot more than an actor's "marvelous."

He thanked the director, who was bewildered thereby, and took the boat back to 'Frisco.

Fifty cents reposed in his pocket, and forlornness in his heart. A man at the rail struck up conversation. Companionship is the one thing you crave in a lonely hour—and, perhaps, a drink.

Jack felt his fifty cents in his pocket, and genially invited the acquaintance to go below and have one.

The drinks were served, and the fifty cents went.

Then the man opposite him said: "I'm producing a picture over at San Raphael, and I'm going over to 'Frisco to look for a guy who can ride."

"No, you're not," said Jack, with the courage which only a drink can raise in a gentleman. "You've found him right here."



Jack Holt, the kind of man girls don't forget, a gentleman, an adventurer, a good actor. But, if he hadn't known how to ride a horse he might have starved to death

And so Jack rode in "Salomy Jane," one of the first big features ever made.

His principal duty, he found, was to pick up the expert riders as they fell off their horses. These experts, engaged by the hard-boiled director, were chorus men from a 'Frisco show.

They could talk fast, but they couldn't ride that way. That, on the whole, is the difference between actors and experts.

AS I say, Jack is a real romantic actor. And of course there was a girl. A beautiful one with golden hair—the girl back East.

And, true to romance, she was a lady in a bower, guarded by stern, Puritanical parents, who would have rather seen their daughter in her grave than married to an actor.

She was forbidden to write to the reprobate, and his letters could not reach her. But, on afternoons when she was shopping, she stole off to a low, cheap movie theater in Boston and saw Jack on the screen.

The silent drama is supposed to be silent, but Jack used to say, "I love you" to her in every [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

Katherine Grant is now in a coast sanitarium fighting to recover from the effects of reducing.

All drastic, stubborn and unintelligent reducers resembled each other in one way, I learned, much to my surprise. They are not poor women, uneducated women. They come of the comfortable middle class with some money at their disposal and some leisure in which to brood over their adipose tissue. A doctor illustrated this to me by two cases. An old patient, whom he had known when first starting practice, the wife of a laundryman, came to see him. She was five feet, four inches tall and she weighed over 200 pounds. She could hardly afford his fee, but she had enough sense to see that weight and health are closely related and meant to get the best advice.

Another woman, a well-known professional woman, came to him, too. She had felt that she knew enough to regulate such an unimportant thing as her own weight. She had been taking thyroid, because a doctor had prescribed it for a friend. She is now in a sanitarium.

At the Neurological Institute I was told that though seventy per cent of their patients are free patients, it is not among these that doctors find the troubles due to drastic reducing methods. It is among the paying patients.

A doctor in the clinic of this Institute informed me that he had no knowledge of any reducing among the poor people who come to the clinic, but that from fifty to sixty per cent of the women in his private practice were using some reduction method or other. His own wife, he said, though she would not take reducing medicines, could not be restrained from experimenting with breads, girdles and diet fads.

In an interview with Dr. Copeland, he remarked, that when he was experimenting with his reduction class in New York, he was amazed to find how little these women knew about what to eat, about the proper values of food.

"And they were intelligent, well-educated women, too," he added.

Women like that, who are fastidious about their clothes, their houses, their complexions, who will go tirelessly from store to store, searching for a dress that will best enhance their charms and give them most value—they are also the women who will do anything to lose weight, use anything they happen to hear of or see advertised, without bothering to investigate.

The most dangerous method of reducing, and one that seems to be on a wave of popularity just now, is the thyroid treatment. Patent medicine manufacturers who put thyroid extract in their pills are not the only offenders.

I learned with some astonishment that there are licensed practitioners who rush in where even the greatest men of their profession tread very cautiously indeed, that is, who hand out thyroid extract to fat people without even the most cursory examination.

At the New York City Board of Health they told me of one licensed doctor who made this bow to science—he sent out questionnaires to people applying for treatment in which he asked them about their hearts and the condition of their bodies—as if most people are at all competent to judge the condition of their bodies! He then prescribed various pills, some of which contained thyroid. This doctor advertised.

Some don't advertise. They "specialize in obesity." I happened to be in the office of my own doctor, who is an instructor at the Polytechnic and Montefiore Hospitals and a lecturer at Columbia, when an old patient, a man, came in to complain of nervous tremors and heart trouble. It developed that he had gone to one of these obesity specialists a few blocks away and had been taking doses of thyroid for three weeks. Now he was making a bee line for his family doctor.

Then there is the classic case of the girl who went to a doctor she had chosen at random, got a thyroid prescription for her fatness and, when some weeks later she had fainted in her office, called up the physician.

"Oh," he said, "I guess I must have forgotten to examine your heart."

There is no way of regulating such physicians. The patient must learn to beware.

Commercial thyroid, as I suppose most people know, is made from the thyroid glands of sheep, usually. It can be obtained by anyone, in spite of the fact that the thyroid gland is one of a group of ductless glands whose functions are still not fully known to scientists, the extract of the thyroid gland being handled by them with great care.

This is what the American Medical Association has to say about thyroid gland and its relation to fatness:

"That the prolonged administration of thyroid gland will sometimes bring about a marked reduction in weight is true, but its use, even under skilled medical supervision, is fraught with danger. It is little less than criminal that ignorant quacks should be

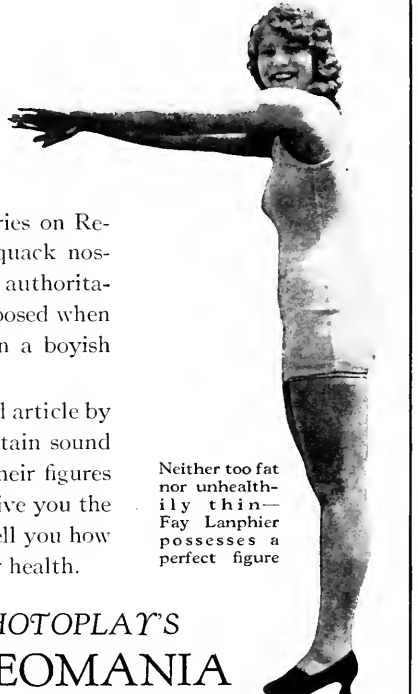
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Reduce - Sanity

IN this, the first article of PHOTOPLAY's great series on Reduceomania, you have read about the evils of quack nostrums and get-slim-quick remedies. You have been authoritatively informed of the dangers to which you are exposed when you defy the laws of health in an effort to obtain a boyish figure.

The August issue of PHOTOPLAY will have a second article by Catherine Brody on this vital subject. It will contain sound constructive advice to women who want to keep their figures and keep their health. Some famous doctors will give you the scientific definition of beauty of form. They will tell you how to diet and how to exercise without destroying your health.

Every woman should read PHOTOPLAY'S
great articles on REDUCEOMANIA



Neither too fat
nor unhealthily thin—
Fay Lanphier
possesses a
perfect figure



UNKNOWN BEAUTY

To those we never meet!

There are legions of lovely ladies in this land, hidden in tiny hamlets and great cities In fact, for every beauty found by fame, a thousand pass unseen. Is it any wonder that in this vast garden of Feminine Charm, Tre-Jur is acclaimed first aid to good looks?

Tre-Jur Face Powder was created to prove that fine quality need not



FIFTY CENTS

mean high price. In a beautiful box of generous size, you will find as exquisite and perfect a powder as money can buy. Yet the price-mark, will amaze you—it's 50c Sample-size box in your own shade sent for 10c stamps or coin. Address The House of Tre-Jur, 19 West 18th St., New York.

TRE-JUR
Face Powder
JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

Friendly
Advice on

Girls'

Problems

from Carolyn Van Wyck



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:
Should I marry without love? I'm in such a quandary. I am engaged to be married to a fine young man who comes of an excellent family. He's honest, sober, industrious, in fact all the nice, virtuous things a husband should be. He earns a good salary now and his prospects for the future are very good indeed. My family wants me to marry him. His family wants him to marry me. Everything, you see, is serene, except myself. I don't love him. I'm quite sure of that. I respect him. I even admire him. But that emotion that every girl expects and longs for just isn't here, that's all. I believe he loves me very much. I have let myself be engaged to him because it does seem from every sensible standard so very right and wise for me to marry him. But love! Oh Carolyn, should I marry without it?

Nancy L.

Do you mean romance, Nancy L., you and all your little sisters under the skin who write me letters, or do you mean love?

And if you mean love are you prepared to meet the cost of it? Will you give up your nice, safe young man for some vagabond prince who may tear the heart out of you with emotion, who may keep you forever from the paths of peace and contentment and yet give you that high, fierce emotional knowledge that he and only he matters for you in the whole wide world, no matter what the price of him is?

Love is one thing, Nancy L., and romance is another. And marriage is still a third. That wisecrack about love having very little to do with matrimony is true of the average alliance. That's why we have divorces. But, when you do love within marriage, all the divorces, all the hurts and even betrayals, can never separate you. But, such marriages are as rare as the people

worthy of them. It is only those so pure in heart that they know nothing, and those so wise in heart that they know too much to whom such loves may come.

Marriage, primarily, is a social partnership and good partnerships are founded on mutual trust, mutual respect and mutual working together for a common good. Marriage is no blissful state of blah. But it seems to me that marriage today is more dangerous for any girl than ever before, because she doesn't have enough work within its confines to keep her mind entirely occupied.

Our American great-grandmothers worked at their task of being wives with every fibre of their being. They pioneered with their men, built homes and raised children, saved and conserved and created the institution of the American home. It was a nice theory that love was their whole existence. But it wasn't true. They were too busy to have love their whole existence. But their very activity saved the love that they did have. They didn't have

sufficient leisure to tear it to bits trying to discover whether it was more or less than it had been, or more or less than some other man could offer them. They were comfortably tired most of the time and weariness is the greatest moral force in the world.

Our grandmothers had little choice about love and marriage. The modern girl has and it places a great responsibility upon her. Today's girl must decide what she wants of marriage and what she wants of love and what she will pay for each or both of them. With you, Nancy L., the price of your nice young man with his good name and excellent prospects, that seem to promise you the protection that every woman wants, and a superior position in your community—the price of such a husband may be that you will never know that quick moment of ecstasy when we find that other being so like ourselves in sympathies, outlook and ambitions that we are released completely from our worries and our fears. Yet in return, you may receive, certainly will receive if you work hard enough, the fair rewards of respect, contentment and the love of your husband and your children.

Should any girl marry without love? Let your good, keen minds answer that question for you, dear girls. The mind learns so much more swiftly and surely than the heart ever does.

A SCHOOL GIRL.

I am not quite positive about this "confidence business." I suppose the real answer is that you shouldn't have anything to confide in anyone that you would be afraid to have known, if they were to betray your secret. But, on the other hand, it is better to get worries off one's chest. It is almost an irresistible impulse for two girls to confide in one another which, in a way, is very charming and sweet. The only advice is to have the courage of your own confidences.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

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.

RAYON

· · NEW · BEAUTIFUL, BUT SO FRAGILE WHEN WET

Launder it this one safe gentle way

YOU see it in Paris! Great French houses use rayon in their most stunning dress materials. Famous coutouriers take these and fashion frocks for all the smart world to wear!

You see it in New York! In the inimitable Fifth Avenue stores rayon grows every day more and more popular. New, lustrous, beautiful and such tempting prices!

"But," women ask, "how should we launder our rayon clothes—frocks, underthings, hosiery?"

Rayon is entirely different from silk—different from any other fabric! It is a man-made textile fibre, that temporarily loses much of its strength when wet. You must always launder

rayon garments with infinite care!

Your silks and laces, your delicate woolsens you've always trusted to Lux. For years Lux has refreshed them without injury. Now wash rayon, too, in Lux! But be sure to follow these washing directions carefully.

The safest way to wash rayon

WHIP up a tablespoonful of Lux in hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Take off your rings—they might tear the wet fibres. A rough finger nail, too, may catch in the fabric and cause damage.

Plunge your rayon garments 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.

Cut out these directions—keep them where you can refer to them next time you wash rayon! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Such exquisite underthings this year! In so many new and lovely colors! Silk, crêpe de chine, rayon. Don't ruin them by rubbing with cake soap! Launder them in Lux—directions on the package tell you how



In many of the smart, new frocks rayon is combined with silk, flannel, linen. More important than ever to launder them the safest, gentlest way—in sparkling, bubbling Lux suds—so harmless, so mild!

NOW a big, convenient package, too ~



Came Lava!

HERE is probably the most remarkable snap shot ever taken of news cameramen in action, proving the desperate chances taken every day by the men who picture the current events.

The cameramen departing hurriedly are on the staff of the International Newsreel and they were getting shots of Mauna Loa in eruption. When Mauna Loa first began to rumble, International Newsreel cabled its men in Honolulu to proceed to the Island of Hawaii, some 300 miles away. Here Mauna Loa is located. The cameramen reached there four days later but the eruption had not reached its peak.

The cameramen pushed up the mountain side, down which the fiery lava was flowing. They had just filmed the burning of a native village when the lava stream, more than forty feet high, advanced suddenly upon them. Seizing their precious cameras, they fled, although one man received serious burns.

Community Clothes [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

word in edgewise, she was telling about meeting Pedro De Valerio, the great South American star, who had just come to Hollywood and was trying to comb his hair more patent-leather than Valentino. Rita had met him at the Beach Club and he had just called her up and told her he wanted to try her out for a part in his picture. She was to go to see him about it that very afternoon.

"It's only a small part, but there's a fine chance to be his leading lady, later on," Rita told us. "He just hates his present one. Her personality weighs on him. He's awfully sensitive, you know. He said the way I looked created a perfect mood for him for this new picture, so, of course, I've got to wear exactly the same clothes I did the other night. I had on Marilyn's new chare colored hat and your coat. You're such a sweet old dear about lending it!"

"Now, I hadn't loaned it to Rita at all. She'd sneaked it out of my closet the one evening I wanted to use it myself, so I didn't lose any time in exclaiming, 'Well, Pedro will have to go without his mood this time. Violet's got an option on the pussy this afternoon.'"

"Oh," said Rita, with her most charming smile. "I suppose dear little Vi has a part. Isn't that lovely? What is it? I can't wait to hear."

"It isn't a part. It's just a man," admitted Vi, although I gave her a kick in the ankle that must have left a mark.

"But Vi, dear—" Rita began working her personality up as if she were talking to a director, "you *do* understand, don't you, how important this interview is this afternoon? You know what Pedro is and how important his moods are. Of course, though, a beau is

important—I'm so happy for you—it's wonderful, and of course you must have the coat—"

"I could see that Vi was rapidly beginning to feel she was the most selish person in the world—just as Rita was intending she should.

"And then in popped Fuzzy, who came to tell us that just after she finished sending Vi's telegram, the rain had stopped and her assistant director had called up with awful news.

"Now that it's clearing, they want me for re-takes," she said, "and of course it's the scene where I wore the leopard coatee. I'm awfully sorry—"

"That seemed to settle everything, because of course when a garment has been used in the first part of a moving picture sequence, it has to go through in the rest of it. Fuzzy couldn't leave the drawing-room to go into the garden, wearing a leopard coatee and emerge on the other side of the door in a worn out seal cape, which was the next best thing in wraps the Club could raise.

"Just as I was resigning myself to gloom, I suddenly remembered that Fuzzy had told me her scenes were exteriors. 'Fuzzy,' I cried, 'they can't shoot outside after four o'clock, even with the rain over, and Cousin Charley's train doesn't get in until five. The assistant director over there is a friend of mine. I'll phone him to slip your shots in first, and Jo, the prop boy—he's another friend—can grab the coat as soon as you're through and throw his Lizzie into high and—'

"Rita joined in the applause, just as if she had never wanted the coat for herself, and if I'd had any sense I would have suspected the sweet way she kidded Violet and danced off to her room. But I was so darned busy figuring

how I'd dress a discouraged girl up to look like a successful star.

"For the next couple of hours, after I'd phoned the assistant director and the prop boy, I worked on Vi, and, say,—what I didn't do to that girl!

"And when I'd finished I made her lie down and relax the circles out from under her eyes, while I tackled May Ann's handbag. It went back to its toque state as if it had never led another kind of a life and the way it nestled up to the gold of Violet's perfectly marcelled hair was a sight for Klieg eyes. I knew that with the addition of the leopard coatee she'd look like the true blue ribbon winner she really was.

"Then I heard a noise down the street which I knew must be Jo's Lizzie. He hires it out for country scenes in slapstick comedies, so you can imagine what it sounds like.

"I guess Rita's scraped up enough clothes to meet Pedro in," said Violet. I joined her at the window and sure enough there was Rita trailing down the steps into a taxi. At the entrance of the driveway, her car suddenly blocked Jo's. I screamed, but it was no use. No voice could carry past the din of that motor. So I had to sit there and watch while Rita reached out and took the leopard coatee from Jo with a smile that left him dazed and smiling, like the poor innocent boob that he is. He told me afterward that Rita said she was the girl he was bringing the coat over for.

"Violet collapsed on the couch, with a bucket full of tears rushing down over the complexion I'd worked so hard on. And I'll admit I was in the dumps myself, for a moment, until I began to realize that Cousin

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

Stars of the Photoplay

250 Art Portraits of Leading Moving Picture Stars

Beautiful Art Portraits reproduced in Rotogravure from the latest and best photographs, on Primoplate paper. Handsome dark blue book binding with gold lettering. The portraits are alphabetically arranged, and below each is printed a clear and comprehensive sketch of the career of each star presented. Altogether, the volume constitutes a combined art gallery and brief biography of all the leading players.

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Just fill out the coupon below, enclose your check or money order for only \$1.25 and a copy will be mailed to you to any part of the United States or Canada. Will mail C. O. D. if desired. If it does not come up to your expectations or if you are not more than satisfied with it, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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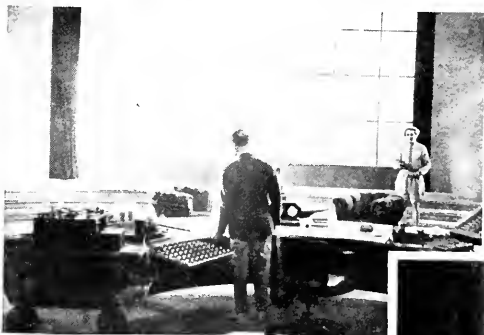
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City..... State.....

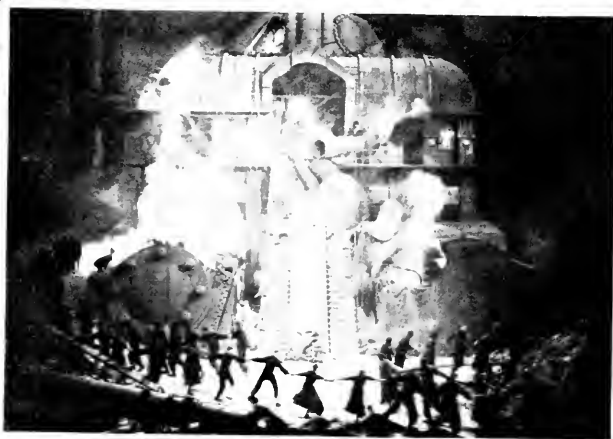
Remittance enclosed

Send C. O. D.

The Utopia of Machinery



Two scenes of "Metropolis" are here presented. Above, the master of the city of the future may be seen controlling life from his huge key board. Below, the ultimate destruction of the giant machines by the serfs



James Cruze, the director, saw a large part of "Metropolis" during his recent visit to Berlin. "It is incomparably the greatest picture that I have ever seen," he says. "It is inconceivable that any director could afford to make, in America, a picture so tremendous and fine"

Studio News and Gossip—East and West [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

TH**ERE** will be no listing of the Good Ship Matrimony this month. It is perfectly balanced by two marriages, a reconciliation and three divorces.

The first marriage was that of the fascinatingly husky-voiced Pauline Garon to Lowell Sherman. Pauline caught a train from Hollywood to New York as soon as her picture was completed, where she met Sherman, who was appearing on the stage. They were married there and planned an extensive honeymoon, which was cut short by a summons to Sherman from Lasky's on the west coast. So their honeymoon was spent in Hollywood.

TH**ERE** followed the wedding of Stuart Paton, at one time a prominent director, who, owing to blindness caused when a coin tossed into the ring at a prize fight rebounded, struck his glasses and sent a sliver into his eye, has not been directing recently. An operation a short time ago restored his vision and he is now engaged in the painting of marines, for which he has more than a local reputation. The bride is Ethel Patrick, an English actress, who nursed him to health.

The reconciliation noted above is between Joseph Schildkraut and his actress-wife, Elise Bartlett, and it cost \$675.00 in long distance telephone tolls to effect. Elise was in New York and Joseph was in Hollywood, where he is appearing in Metropolitan pictures. Perhaps it was the sadness of the moon sailing remotely through the California sky that brought melancholy thoughts to Schildkraut and made him repent the hasty words he had spoken some

months ago. At that time he maintained marriage was not for two artists. Divorce rumors rumbled. Then a reunion. Another separation came when Elise declared that Joseph pinched her during their love scenes on the stage.

And now a \$675.00 reconciliation.

VERA REYNOLDS celebrated her ascension to De Mille stardom by receiving a divorce from Earl T. Montgomery. The marriage was termed by Vera as "a childish mistake." Hollywood is wondering whether she will marry Bob Ellis, who has been most attentive to her.

Ora Carewe, at one time well-known on the screen, is the possessor of a brand new decree from John R. Howard, son of a wealthy Los Angeles manufacturer; and Sylvia Breamer, whose marriage a year and a half ago to Dr. Harry W. Martin brought word that she would retire from the screen, is being sued for divorce by her husband on the grounds of cruel and inhuman treatment.

SHE was a newspaper woman of mature years. He was a young prizefighter, in Hollywood to make his first motion picture.

"I'm so glad to know you," beamed the lady. Then, reminiscently, "I interviewed a prize-fighter once."

"Was it John L. Sullivan?" the fistic gentleman asked.

And an appalling silence fell.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY is importing the much talked about UFA picture, "Metropolis." This is a fantasy of the future, directed by Fritz Lang, who made "Siegfried." In "Metropolis" capital controls the universe of machinery, the world masters operating life by means of a huge switchboard. Plodding humanity has been ground beneath the giant wheels. Inspired by a humble factory Joan of Arc, the serfs of tomorrow rise up and destroy their masters, together with this massive machinery.

VICTOR MACLAGLEN was very blue. As a matter of fact, he was blue, black, red and green. And furious, too, if you must know the whole of it.

Over at the Fox lot Raoul Walsh is directing "What Price Glory" and Vic is playing *Captain Flagg*. Now *Captain Flagg* is a walking monument to the art of the tattooer and Vic had to submit to being decorated. But he did not know it was being done with indelible ink.

At the end of the first day's shooting MacLaglen walked over to the assistant director and said:

"I suppose the tattooer will be on hand tomorrow morning to make up my arms and chest again?"

"It won't be necessary. That tattooing is on for a long time," replied the assistant ominously.

"What d'ya mean? I'm going in and wash it off now!" snorted MacLaglen, and he tried every soap on the Fox lot, including some pumice stone, and still he was blue and black and red and green.

But mostly he's blue. Very blue. He does not aspire to side-show art.

BELLE BENNETT was the sensation of the Evening at the Los Angeles premier of "Stella Dallas" at the Forum Theater. Both in person and on the screen. Her dress was of white crepe meteor, made with long lily-petal sleeves and a skirt whose panels drooped like a tired lily. It was a relief from the glitter of most first night frocks, and the flat wave of her

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

When Fourth
of July bands are playing—and
the cannon are roaring out their
celebration of another day of
Independence and Freedom
—have a Camel!



WHEN the noisy shouts and songs of freedom burst forth on Independence Day. And bands and parades and booming cannon join in the joyous celebration. When you think again that our country and the men in it must be free—*have a Camel!*

For no other cigarette ever brought such liberation to so many millions of smokers. On the day of its birth, Camel decreed the end of tired taste, of cigarettey after-taste. Mild and mellow flavor, full enjoyment have made Camel the most celebrated name in the history of smoking.

So this Independence Day, as you watch our country's defenders march by in inspiring parade — know then the deepest goodness that ever came from a cigarette. Have the utmost in smoking enjoyment.

Have a Camel!

Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.



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
Winston-Salem, N. C.



MELBA



Smoothest Powders in the World

As if Nature herself had adopted them to achieve for you your best complexion, Melba face powders blend with the skin invisibly. The allure of artlessness is yours—so little of this powder suffices, since the particles number millions more per ounce. Powders of such utter fineness are attained only with the private Melba process of air-floating.

For their infinite smoothness, for their light, evanescent bouquet, and for their bland purity, Melba powders are insisted upon by millions of women.

Of like desirability are all the other highly reposed Melba beauty preparations, to gratify you in all the other requirements of the distinguished toilette.

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MELBA PREPARATIONS EMBRACE EVERYTHING NEEDED TO MAKE YOUR BEAUTY MORE BEWITCHING



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of **PHOTOPLAY** to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

J. MCW., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—I'm one of your neighbors, Jess. Now I bet I've got you guessing. Your favorite Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich., August 19, 1902. Her next picture will be "Delicatessen." I hardly think they will release it under that title—though it does sound appetizing. You may reach her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Eugene O'Brien was born November 14, 1888. Is that all?

S. B., MIAMI BEACH, FLA.—That's an easy one. Lon Chaney played the clown in "He Who Gets Slapped."

F. H. & B. H., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.—Far be it from me to blast your hopes, but don't you think a man over thirty is interesting? That's what all my girl friends tell me. Ronald is thirty-five. And I'm sixty-five. A man this age, my playmates tell me, is a bore, so I suppose I'll just have to make the best of it. Do you think I'm a bore?

C. R., CHULA VISTA, CAL.—Reginald Denny, Mary Philbin and Laura La Plante are working at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal.; Margaret Livingston can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.; Norma Shearer and Ralph Graves receive their mail at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Remember to enclose two bits for a photograph.

E. P. G., EAST POINT, GA.—Neil Hamilton hangs his hat at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Marion Davies is twenty-six, her right name—sure—Marion Douras. The funny guy with the spectacles—Harold Lloyd—is thirty-two. You're welcome!

BERNICE, INDIANAPOLIS.—Your letter was short and sweet, Bernice. That's the way I like 'em. Yes, I'm referring to my girl-friends, too. Here's the heights of your favorites: Norma Talmadge, five feet, two inches; Norma Shearer, five feet, three inches; Colleen Moore, five feet, four inches; Corinne Griffith, five feet, three inches. And the age of Ben Lyon—just a minute till I do some mathematics—twenty-five.

N. G.—I'm sorry I can't tell you where Bob lives, but I will give you the address of the Studio where he makes his pictures—E. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. O.K.?

R. G. K., SCHOFIELD BARRACKS.—Wally Reid died January 18, 1923.

R. M., CANADA.—You're no bother—at least when you're appreciative. Pauline Frederick—July 12, 1884; Edna Purviance—September 21, 1896. I'm sorry I cannot give you the age of Mal St. Clair—he just won't let me in on the secret. Call again!

BLONDY, HOLLEY, N. Y.—Real or otherwise? The handsome George O'Brien has not married yet, but there have been recent whisperings of his courting Olive Borden—that's the little girl I'm in love with, too. Oh, yes, there's much rivalry between George and I. But he has the upperhand—he's out in Hollywood with Olive and I'm in N. Y., and it only stands to reason that a wooer in the flesh is better than a wooer by letter. I suppose I'll have to step aside and let the youngster win. Sure, I'm big hearted! George is twenty-six. He and Olive are working at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

L. L. H., WOODSVILLE, N. D.—We do not send out photographs of the stars. You will have to write a personal letter to the star, enclosing twenty-five cents for a photograph. A letter addressed to Miss Joyce, in care of Famous Players-Lasky Corp., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City, will be forwarded to her.

T. B., ROSEVILLE, CAL.—Is there any reason why I should not grant your request? I feel honored. Here are the addresses: Leatrice Joy, Cecil B. De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Sally O'Neil, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.; Richard Dix, Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.; Clara Bow, Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Ronald Colman, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. And mine—you know it.

M. L., EAST CHICAGO, IND.—Say, what's the big idea of bawling me out for all the mistakes of the stars? It's not my fault if they are busy and haven't time to read their mail. I answer mine and that's all I have to worry about. Yes, Ben is very handsome off-screen—at least Marilyn Miller thinks so. Lillian Gish is twenty-eight, still free and over in England at this writing. Guess she'll be back soon, though. Want her address?—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

G. E., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Here's that fellow Herb Howe popping up again. Well, I suppose you can't keep a good man down. Herb is the original "knock 'em dead kid" and how the wimmen fall for him is nobody's business. You're right—Richard Dix and Leatrice Joy played in "The Poverty of Riches." That was made years ago.

A HARRISON FORD FAN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Harrison Ford is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. Why doesn't Marion Davies and Harrison Ford play together? That's not a question for me to answer—ask the Casting Director of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Harrison played with Norma in "Smilin' Through." Sally O'Neil, formerly Virginia Noonan, was born in Bayonne, N. J., October 23, 1908. She is five feet, one and one-half inches in height and weighs 104 pounds. Her hair is black and her eyes, dark blue. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

BEE, NEWARK, DEL.—You're a little lady after my own heart. As for Greta Garbo, now please don't get me talking on that subject. Grand and gorgeous Greta is . . . I must stop—she's just the superlative of all the superlatives in the dictionaries. Say, what Elinor said about me couldn't be printed. Greta is twenty. Huntley Gordon is about thirty-five—I'm just taking a guess at that. He's another who won't impart the bad news. Clive Brooke is thirty-five. That's the truth. Drop in again!

M. B., N. Y. C.—You can reach Joseph Schildkraut at the Cecil B. De Mille Studio, Culver City, Cal. Bert Lytell was born in New York City. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada. I do not answer any questions regarding the religion of the stars.

BLUE EYES.—The birthplaces? You bet! Constance Talmadge, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ben Lyon, Atlanta, Ga.; Gloria Swanson, Chicago; Dorothy Gish, Dayton, Ohio.

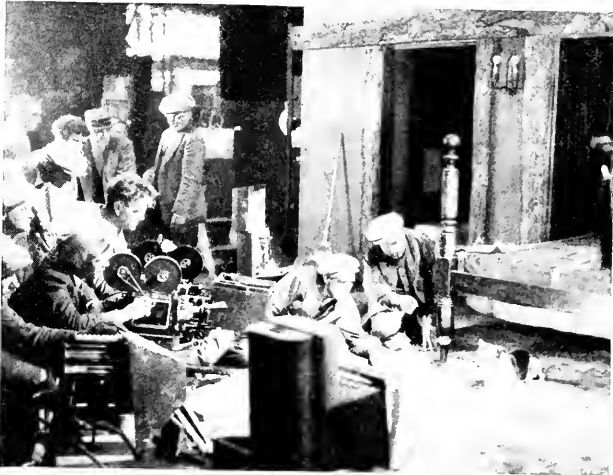
H. B., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—You better not let Bert Lytell hear you not ask that question. Why? Claire Windsor's married to him at present. Edna Mae Oliver was the Bible buyer in "Let's Get Married." Are matters straightened?

L. B., N. Y. C.—Aw, don't rub it in about my old age. Have a heart! The Man With a Thousand Faces was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., on April 1, 1883.

His first contribution to the film-world was in 1912. At present he is working on "The Road to Mandalay" for Metro. Let's hear from you again, Sonny.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

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.



It was a dog's life for the cameramen when they had to close-up this pup, Buddy. Director Joseph Henabery reclined beside him; his trainer, Henry East, got down on his knees, all for a split second shot in "Meet the Prince"

hair, with its smooth knot, low on her neck, was an admirable novelty.

Lois Moran's bouffant taffeta dress was quaint and quite in keeping with her personality. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his mother attended the opening, as did Jean Hersholt and his family. But Alice Joyce, who was in New York, and Ronald Colman, who was out of town on location, were not present to hear the splendid tributes paid them by Rupert Hughes, who was master of ceremonies.

I SAW Phyllis Haver among the celebrities who turned out for the affair and she looked very beautiful in some sort of heavy silver material made into an enveloping shawl, on which a spray of flowers had been painted in pastel colors. Eleanor Boardman came with King Vidor, and the heavy mulberry colored velvet of her cape swept the ground like the regal wrap of some medieval queen. A high fitch collar permitted only her eyes to show.

I noticed particularly that ears are being bared and some of the most shell-like were those of Virginia Valli, Patsy Ruth Miller, Norma Shearer and Laura LaPlante. Even Julianne Johnston, whose hair usually swirls darkly about her face, had permitted an ear outing.

SSOMEBODY asked Betty Reid, five year old daughter of Mrs. Wallace Reid, what she wanted to be when she grew up.

Betty looked very solemn for a minute.

"Could I be anything I wanted?"

"Yes," said the friend, "anything. What would you rather be than anything when you grow up?"

"Well, if I could be anything, I'd rather be a queen bee," said Betty.

NOW comes Venus' little son scattering rumors of the engagement of Irene Rich to David Blankenhorn, reputed to be very wealthy, and known to be a realty operator of Los Angeles and Pasadena.

But Irene, exercising the prerogatives of an actress and a woman, shakes her head "No" and says, anyway he is not free to marry. Not until September 4th of this year could he take unto himself another wife.

We will wait and see.

PATSY RUTH was always driving to the studio in the roadster. Mother was forever going to town in the limousine. And Dad... well, just try and get the use of his pet car! So what was a guy to do but go out and buy a car of his own? That's what Patsy Ruth Miller's fifteen year old brother, Winston, reasoned when he tried on three successive occasions to use one of the cars belonging to the Miller menage.

So one day with the pomp of a darky preacher officiating at his first funeral, a very shiny car of popular make drew up at the Miller door and Winston stepped out.

"Pretty nifty, eh, dad?" and tooted the fancy horn that sounded like a blast from the Angel Gabriel's trumpet. "Bought it out of my own money, too. Earned it in pictures last summer. And it didn't cost you a cent."

"No, it didn't cost Dad Miller a cent—only seven hundred dollars to build an addition to the garage in which to house the fourth car of the family.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN landed in a flock of "Scandals" when she stepped off the train from New York recently. But they were George White's and Dorothy used to be one of the "Scandals" herself, so she did not even blush. There were forty of them at the station to meet her and congratulate her upon her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

And then in the grand old custom of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, whether it be for a proposal of marriage or the acceptance of a contract, a jazz orchestra struck up a popular ditty and Dorothy led the exit of the chorus girls from the station just like she used to do.

In case you don't remember, Dorothy's big rôle was in Henry King's "Sackcloth and Scarlet," at which time a brilliant success was foretold for her.

SSOMEONE at the Universal Studios, who didn't want to go away on location in the cattle country of Northern California, started another "hoof and mouth disease" rumor.

Reg Denny, our athletic star, overheard and said:

"Oh, forget it. You better get out of Hollywood while you can—before they quarantine us for a 'hand to mouth' epidemic."

BIG Butter and Egg Men and Land and Swamp Men from Florida now have a serious rival.

Had a wire from George Fitzmaurice the other day. Fitz is down on the Arizona desert, miles and miles from anywhere, making "Son of the Sheik" with Valentino. It read:

"This is the life. Up every morning before you go to bed and start shooting at 3:30 a. m. Through for the day by 10 o'clock in the morning. Have to be, for nothing but a horned toad could stand the daytime heat."

And it was signed: "Just a Big Sand and Fly Man."

Immaculate Fitzmaurice, who loves his comforts as well as anyone in Hollywood, must be having an enjoyable time. And he tried to take me along on the location with him.

Just a friend, I'd say.

WELL, Lon Chaney has added another characterization to his bag of trick rôles. But this is permanent and he cannot discard it along with the false hair, teeth and eyebrows of his usual make-up. He is a father-in-law now, by the marriage of his son, Creighton Hull Chaney, to Dorothy Musa Hinckley.

They're really only kids—the young Chaney's. Both were recently graduated from the Hollywood High School, and Dad and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



Richard Rosson, now a full fledged Paramount director, did the film-doom impossible. He rose from the ranks to prominence all in one studio. Starting as a camera man, he became an assistant director. Then after the Marquise Gloria had tired out two directors on "Fine Manners," Rosson was called. He got the job

“Me and the boy friend”

YOU know them, bless their hearts. A pair of youngsters, really, in spite of their self-reliant air and their fast-vanishing teens. The girl—slim, clear-eyed, merry; the boy—flippant, a bit arrogant, full of secret, earnest plans for success.

They like each other. They go to the movies together, dance, quarrel a bit. They don't believe in early marriages. But her eyes shine when she speaks of him. “Me and the boy friend.”

One of these days, suddenly, they'll be grown up. Man and wife, those fearless youngsters. A home to plan, life to face. A budget, a savings account, economies.

They'll make mistakes, but they'll learn quickly. She'll begin to be canny in the spending of money—to question prices and values. She'll begin to read about the things she plans to buy, to find out all she can about them. She'll become a regular reader of advertisements.

They'll help her to become the capable, wise housewife she wants so much to be. They'll tell her what clothes are best and what prices to pay for them. They'll tell her about the foods to buy, the electric appliances, the linoleums and draperies. They'll help her as the advertisements can help you.

And she'll meet her responsibilities and fulfill her duties easily and well. She won't become a tired, flustered, inefficient drudge. Because her home will be modern, attractive, well-run, she'll keep young—through the speedy years she'll retain much of that shining-eyed, merry freshness. She and the “boy friend.”

*Advertisements are wise counsellors for
housewives—young and old*

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3500 Mission Road.

L. W. Chander directing "Tardy Teller" with Creighton Hale.
Win. Craft directing "The Arizona Whirlwind" with Wm. Coffy.
Noel Smith directing "The Flying Mail" with Al Wilson.
Lloyd Ingraham directing "Lord Hokum" with Edward E. Horton.

CHADWICK STUDIOS, 6070 Sunset Boulevard.

Nat Ross directing "April Fool" with Mary Allen and Alexander Clark.
Jas. Young completing "The Belk" with Lionel Barrymore.

CHARLES CHAPLIN, 1416 La Brea

Josef von Sternberg completing "The Sea Gull" with Edna Purviance

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Boulevard.

Wm. Watson completing "Papa's Pest" with Sr. I. Burns.
Earle Rodney directing "Till We Eat Again" with Bobby Vernon and Frances Lee.
Harold Beaudine completing "Hitchin' Up" with Walter Hillers, and Duane Thompson

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Sloane directing "The Clinging Vine" with Leatrice Joy.
Cecil B. De Mille directing "The Deluge" All Star Cast.
Alan Hale directing "Risky Business" with Vera Reynolds.
Donald Crisp directing "Young April" All Star Cast

COLUMBIA PICTURES, 1438 Gower Street

Ralph Ince directing "The Lone Wolf Returns" with Bert Lytell
Frank O'Connor directing "The False Alarm" All Star Cast.

F. B. O. STUDIO, 750 Gower Street.

Leo Meehan directing "Laddie" with John Bowers and Hess Flowers.
Chet Winters directing "Her Honor the Governor" with Pauline Frederick
David Kirkland directing "The Two Gun Man" with Fred Thomson and Silver King
Harry Garson completing "Glenister of the Mounted" with "Lefty" Flynn and Hess Flowers.
Frank H. Crane directing "The Jade Cup" with Evelyn Brent.
Rubia Ceder completing "Fighting Hearts" with Alberta Vanhan and Larry Kent
Bob DeLacy directing "Jerry Settles Down" with Tom Tyler.
Jack Nelson directing "Heart of a Cowboy" with Bob Custer.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Boulevard.

Harry J. Brown directing "The High Flyer" with Reed Howe.
Spencer Bennett (Pathe) directing "The Fighting Marine" with Gene Tunney and Walter Miller
David Hartford directing "Dance Chances" with Julienne Johnston and Robert Frizer
Hughie Fay (Billy West Prod) directing "Winnie Winkle, the Bread Winner" with Ethlyn Gibson.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIO, 1400 N. Western Av

Irving Cummings directing "Digs" with Richard Walling and Janet Gaynor.
Al Austin directing "Swimming Instructor" with Earle Foxe and Florence Gilbert.
Victor Schertzinger directing "The Lily" with Belle Bennett.
Raoul Walsh directing "What Price Glory" with Dolores del Rio, Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.
Lou Selzer directing "Dead Man's Gold" with Tom Mix and Eva Novak.
Ernest Flynn directing "Married Alive" with Margaret Livingston and Lou Tellegen.
Harry Beaumont directing "Woman Power" All Star Cast.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.

Buster Keaton directing and starring in "The General."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Henley directing "A Certain Young Man" with Ramon Novarro, Renee Adoree and Sally O'Neill
Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Warning Sex" with Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel.
Tod Browning directing "The Road to Mandalay" with Lon Chaney and Lois Moran.
Wm. Nigh directing "The Fire Brigade" with May McAvoy and Charles Ray.
Christy Cabanne directing "Altars of Desire" with Mae Murray and Conway Tearle.

Edmund Goulding completing "Paris" with Charles Roy and Joan Crawford
Fred Nibbe completing "The Temptress" with Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue.

Alan Hale completing "The Sporting Lover" with Barbara Bedford

Second Gold directing "Ashes" with Corinne Griffith.

MARSHALL NILLAN, 1845 Glendale Boulevard

Marshall Nellan directing "Diplomacy" with Blanche Sweet

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, 1520 Vine Street.

Production will soon start on "Kid Boots" with Eddie Cantor, Esther Ralston and Larry Gray.
William Wellman directing "Love's Magic" with Victor Brooks
Victor Fleming directing "Mantrap" with Ernest Torrence, Peter Marmont and Clara Bow

MACK BENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Boulevard.

Alice Day, Eddie Gullion, Danny O'Shea, Max Davidson, Marion McDonald, Billy Bevan, Vernon Dent, Thelma Parr, Barney Hellum, Raymond Lee, Ruth Platt, Johnny Barrie, Mary Ann Jackson, Marvin Lobach, Andy Clyde, Cap, the Cantino, Ben Turpin, Madeline Hurlock, Thelma Hill, Ruth Taylor, Dave Morris and Joe Young. All working on two reel comedies.

STERN FILM CORPORATION, 6100 Sunset Boulevard

Gus Meins directing "The Newlyweds and Their Baby" with Ted Dooley, Ethyle Clair and Sissy
Francis Corby directing "Let George Do It" with Sid Saylor.

UNITED STUDIOS (FIRST NAT'L PROD.), 5341 Melrose Avenue.

Edmund Carew directing "Eel First" with Dolores del Rio and Lloyd Hughes.
J. F. Dillon directing "Don Juan's Three Nights" with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason
Al Russell directing "Senior Dare Devil" with Ken Maynard
Frank Capra directing "The Yes Man" with Harry Langdon.
Production will soon start on "Sinners in Paradise" Sylvano Balboni will direct. Cast not yet named

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Wm. Reiser directing "Take It From Me" with Ronald Dennis.
E. A. Dupont directing "Love Me and the World is Mine" with Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry.
Lynn Reynolds directing "Prisoners of the Storm" with House Peters.
Edward Sloman directing "Patterflies in the Rain" with Laura La Plante and James Barwood
Henry Pollard directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin." All Star Cast.
Clifford Smith directing "The Man in the Saddle" with Hoot Gibson
George Sumnerville directing "Sweet Sixteen" with Arthur Lake.
Willy Wyler directing "Riding Honor" with Art Acord.

Lou Collins directing "Double Trouble" with Curly Witzel.

George Hunter directing "The Dude Desperado" with Fred Gilman.

Ray Taylor directing "Great West That Was" with Wallace McDonald.

Jacques Jaccard directing "The Fire Fighters" with Jack Dougherty.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5832 Sunset Boulevard.

Alan Crosland directing "The Tavern Knight" with John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.
Darryl Francis-Sarnack directing "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" with Louise Dresser and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

WOLCOTT STUDIOS, 6050 Sunset Boulevard.

Lou Carter directing "Silent Sleuth" with police dog "Fables McDonald."
Frank Mathison directing "Desert Hero" with police dog "Sandon"

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 807 East 175th Street.

Irvin Willat directing "Paradise" with Milton Sills and Betty Bronson.
Al Santil directing "The Charlepton Kid" with Dorothy Mackall and Jack Abinail

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, L. I.

D. W. Griffith completing "Sorrows of Satan" with Lya de Putti and Adolphe Menjou.
Gregory La Cava completing "Say It Again" with Richard Dix and Aileen Mills.
Alan Dwan directing "Tin Gods" with Thomas Meighan, Renee Adoree and Alison Prindle.

Mal St. Clair directing "The Show Off" with Ford Sterling and Lois Wilson

Eddie Sutherland directing "Glorifying the American Girl" with Louise Brooks and Buster Collier.

William Braudline directing "The Quarterback" with Richard Dix and Aileen Mills.

Gregory La Cava directing "So's Your Old Man" with W. C. Fields.

TEC-ART STUDIO, 332 West 44th Street, New York City.

(Preferred) Harry Knoles directing "Lew Tyler's Wives" with Frank Mayo, Ruth Clifford.
Tom Terris directing "The Romance of a Million Dollars" with Jacqueline Logan and Glenn Hunter.

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelme Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Office, 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.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

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, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Gloria's Art

Dover, Del.

After seeing "Stage Struck" many people have wondered how Gloria Swanson could bring herself to impersonate so vulgar a character as *Jennie Hagen*. The real truth of the matter is that *Jennie Hagen* is not a vulgar person and Gloria knows it.

Miss Swanson is one of the few actresses that can get close to an unusual character and interpret it. *Jennie Hagen*, as played by Miss Swanson, is a very real and lovable person. A great actress is like a great painter. She draws a picture of life. Every movement creates an artistic effect, and these effects, executed correctly, hold the audience spellbound and transport them to a world of romance and beauty. This is what Gloria Swanson does in "Stage Struck." One sees in her performance a truth far bigger than a mere physical resemblance. Hers is a perfect picture of a waitress as conceived by a romanticist.

It is fortunate that Gloria is not too beautiful. For beauty detracts from significance of acting. It is by sheer genius that the Swanson triumphs.

DELAWARE.

Almost Half Way

Marshall, Mich.

Won't you please help me cry against the smart alecky subtitles that adorn our latest pictures? They are such irritating offenders, like the bee that buzzes and can't be located, "The Great Indoors where men are menaced."

Every Cecil B. De Mille picture has a devastating collection of them. (As if that man didn't have enough on his guilty soul already.) I believe he secretly suspects he has a Lubitsch touch. If De Mille is a sophisticate so is the Unpardonable Glyn—and that's that.

Oh, for another Emerson-Loos duo! Their quips and sallies made every subtitle a delight, instead of a thing to gnash one's teeth over. They danced as lightly over the silver sheet as white caps on busy waves. Here was no plodding humor that creaked anew with every obvious pun.

Should these atrocities continue much longer, we're all for starting a back to "Came the Dawn" movement. Are you with us?

V. STUART LOVE.

Here's a Good Idea

Rochester, N. Y.

Why do exhibitors, when they book a feature length comedy, book a two reel comedy on the same program? Don't they realize that their audiences crave variety in a program?

It is quite a treat to witness a program comprised of comedies, that is, when both the comedies are of such caliber that they elicit roars of laughter from the audience. But when a comedy is an exact rebash of a thousand others and then have the whole program made up of such stuff it is perfectly sickening.

The ever increasing number of feature length comedies that are being produced should encourage the producers to make two reel, human interest dramas that can be billed with a feature length comedy. This would balance a program and satisfy an audience. There aren't two reel dramas being produced in the field (I don't mean Westerns). That is why exhibitors must feed the public with slapstick gags and foolishness by the programful.

Haven't the producers imagination enough to see how the exhibitors would grasp—gobble 'em right up out of their hands—these two reels? Let's hope that they acquire some!

JOHN E. BORELLE.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



FREE
10-Day Tube
Mail Coupon

When Women Smile

Dazzling white teeth and pretty gums can be quickly shown this way

Please accept this remarkable dental test . . . you can work wonders quickly by removing the dingy film that clouds your teeth and imperils healthy gums

STUDY attractive people, men or women. Note the tremendous part gleaming, clear teeth play. Off-color teeth are an injustice to one's smile. Don't permit them to mar yours.

And don't believe *your teeth are naturally dull or colorless*. You can disprove that in a few days. Can work a transformation in your mouth. Millions are doing it today.

Modern science has found a new way in tooth and gum care. A way different from any you have ever known.

Remove that film—see what a great difference comes

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 teeth that cloudy "off-color"

look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Tooth and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull, unattractive.

New methods remove it and Firm the Gums

Now, in a new type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Ordinary methods fail in these results. Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free.

FREE Mail this for
10-Day Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 667, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name

Address

Only one tube to a family.

2152

Pepsodent
DENTIFRICE

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada.

London Office:
42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd.
137 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W., Australia



Ocean Waves Cannot Wash Off TANGEE'S Lovely Color

YOU don't have to keep putting on Tangee . . . because it stays on all day without fading or rubbing off.

Even the ocean waves cannot affect it, nor hot tea, nor the burning sun on the beach . . . for only soap and water removes this lovely natural make-up.

Speaking of Summer Suns . . . you should know there's nothing so good for sunburn — or to prevent it — as Tangee DAY Cream. Ask for it, or send for it today. It will both improve and protect your complexion.

"Friends of Beauty"

Tangee Crème Rouge, changes color, as you put it on, to blend with your own complexion. . . . \$1.

Tangee Lipstick, orange magic that changes to bluish-rose on your lips. . . . \$1.

Tangee Day Cream protects the complexion and makes a wonderful base for powder. . . . \$1.

Other Tangee "Friends of Beauty" are Tangee Rouge Compact, Night Cream, and Face Powder—each a little better than any other you've tried.



* Monsieur Doriot
TANGEE
Be Beautiful with Tangee

Caution: Do not let any one offer you "something just as good." All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in orange letters on each container. Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1. Tangee Lipstick, \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c.

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 free sample 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. 85, THE GEORGE W. LUFF CO.,
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

WHEN the cry arises against foreign stars, no one ever snarls at Dorothy Mackaill, despite her English birth. Dorothy belongs, somehow.

Perhaps it's her blonde beauty, blondes being able to get away with almost anything; or perhaps it's her extraordinary acting ability, but probably Dorothy's been whole-heartedly accepted by the fans because she is such a peach of a girl that her personality shines straight through the screen. And now, of course, she's a genuine American, anyhow, having won her citizenship papers last December.

Dorothy was born in Hull, England, and she started her career there at the age of ten when she began instructing youngsters at her father's dancing academy. But you can't hide a girl with hair like Dorothy's in Hull. At sixteen she was in London, one of the members of the Hippodrome beauty chorus, which is famous the world over. The revue was called "Joybells," and Dorothy traveled with it to Paris to become one of the French capital's favorite beauties. There Ned Wayburn, the dancing instructor, saw her.

"America and Broadway are the places for you," he said.

"Righto," said Dorothy, and she began packing immediately. She didn't know a soul in

this country, but that didn't daunt her in the least.

Landed here, her entrance into the charmed ranks of the "Follies" was characteristic of her. Hundreds of pretty girls call on Ziegfeld daily, and most of them hang around for weeks hoping to get a chance to see him. But Dorothy did nothing of the sort.

"Tell Mr. Ziegfeld that Miss Dorothy Mackaill, of London, is here," she instructed the office boy. That got her in. As Ziegfeld looked her over, she confessed. "I know you don't know me, but don't you think I'll do to lead one of the numbers of your show?"

"Yes, I think you can," Ziggy said. "If your feet work as fast as your brain does, you'll be a knockout."

Thus for more than six months Dorothy glorified the Follies until the night that Mickey Neilan came to the show. He was looking for a girl to play opposite John Barrymore in his production "The Lotus Eater." One glance and Dorothy got the job.

She moved on from Barrymore to Johnny Hines to play in the Torch comedies and those led to her contract with First National. That organization gave Dorothy her first big rôle in "Mighty Lak" a Rose." Ever since then her fame has been secure.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

Mother Chaney have been entertaining considerably in their honor.

I was out on the set where Chaney is playing *Singapore Joe* in "The Road to Mandalay" the other day and saw one of the sacrifices he makes to retain his title of Sovereign of Characterizations. By coating one of his eyeballs with a chemical film it gives the impression of a cataract or "moon eye"... leering and ugly. Chaney can only stand it for two hours at a time. And that's just two hours longer than I could wear it.

WITH everybody building these attractive new homes, house showers have become quite the latest indoor sport in Hollywood.

Mrs. Tom Mix had a lovely one the other evening for Kitty Clifford, who has just moved into her fascinating Spanish house in Beverly Hills. It was a complete surprise to Kitty, and for the first time in all her Hollywood residence, she was speechless and almost tearful before the flood of gorgeous gifts the other guests brought her.

Among those present were Claire Windsor, Mrs. Edwin Carewe, Lilyan Tashman, Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Carey Wilson, Mrs. Clarence Brown and Helen Ferguson.

SHE had been told by her daddy that women were not allowed above the main floor of the Hollywood Athletic Club, so when Daddy Dick Arlen took his five-year-old daughter to the third floor of the men's club to visit a fellow actor, she turned to the elevator operator and said with grave dignity:

"Do you realize I am the first woman who has ever been up here?"

MRS. ALASTAIR WILLIAM MACKINTOSH is making a strong bid for the social leadership of the Hollywood film colony. Mrs. Mackintosh, as you may remember, used to be Miss Constance Talmadge.

After the wedding at Burlingame, a Del Monte honeymoon, rudely interrupted when the aristocratic English bridegroom had to go to Palm Beach on business, the beautiful screen star and her husband returned to Hollywood and are temporarily settled in Norma Talmadge's big house on Hollywood Boulevard. Norma is still in New York.

The parties given by the beautiful young Mrs. Mackintosh have—to use a colloquial expression—literally knocked Hollywood's eye out. Exclusive and charmingly appointed little dinners, teas, and luncheons, attended by the most popular screen celebrities, have vied with more gorgeous and largely attended dances and one formal ball.

Everybody is fond of "Ally," who belongs to one of Scotland's oldest houses, has a large fortune and is an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, as they were about Gloria's Marquis—Henri, better known as Hank.

The question as to whether or not Constance will retire from the screen when her present contract is up hasn't been settled—at least for definite announcement. But things certainly look that way.

BARBARA BENNETT, daughter of Richard Bennett and younger sister of Constance, who sprang into limelight when she was chosen by the great Maurice as his dancing partner a short time ago, says she didn't try to commit suicide.

Miss Bennett denied and keeps on denying, that she took the poison on purpose, or that any man in her life had anything to do with the matter. She says she reached for some cough medicine and got the wrong bottle and she thinks everybody is very mean and very silly to believe any such story about her.

HINDS

Honey & Almond

CREAM



He liked her until—!

He met her. Blew around and took her out in his roadster. Then she ruined it all—by powdering her nose right in traffic! For he hated to see a girl powder in public. Most men do.

If this young lady had but known about Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, how differently the tale might have ended! Because—Hinds Cream keeps the powder on, for hours.

Just pat it on—then powder. Then you don't have to flourish your puff in public. With Hinds Cream as the base, the powder stays on your face. Hinds Cream will also *protect* your skin—safeguard it from sun, wind, dust and blistering heat.

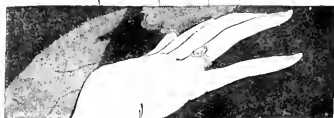
Why not let us send you a generous sample bottle to try? Just write to the address below.

Made and distributed by A. S. HINDS CO., Dept. 42, Bloomfield, N. J.

A Division of

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, Canada



Fashion's edict for the nails —this lovely tinted lustre!

Surely, never before have nails been so important! The ordinary manicure is no longer enough. The nails must now have this *special* finish, this new gleaming loveliness.

Such is Fashion's edict! And eagerly the woman of *chic* is hastening to obey. Glazo, a wonderful liquid nail polish, has created a vogue that has spread to every corner of the modish world.

No more need of the old-time bothersome buffing that gives such a short-lived polish!

A quick brush of Glazo Liquid Polish across the nails, and at once they assume the most alluring lustre, the most bewitching, just-right tint!

This instant Glazo finish lasts a whole week. It will not crack, peel, or turn an ugly brown. Make sure you get Glazo for this perfect, modish gloss.

Comes with separate remover
Glazo gives you one more advantage—an advantage that you can get only with the absurdly priced imported polishes. It comes *complete* with separate remover. This remover not only insures best results, but saves the polish itself.

The next time you go out, ask your dealer for Glazo. 50c everywhere. The Glazo Company, 407 Blair Av., Cincinnati, Ohio

107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ontario

GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary
Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream
It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy



The four star O'Malleys. The genial Pat named his daughters Patricia, Kathleen and Sheila so their names would look well in lights. Then he got them all bits to play in pictures to give them good publicity, he says, when they grow up. That's a thoughtful parent for you

ISN'T that just like a hermit to ruddy tear—the illusion that we had woven about him? On the day that the story of Harrison Ford's self-inflicted seclusion made its appearance on the newstands, Harrison decided to break his long retirement and appear at the Writers' Club at the preview of "The Old Soak."

It's a shame that Harrison persists in basking in the remoteness of his hermitage, for Hollywood loses the company of a charming and brilliantly read man by it.

"DADDLES" is what Mary Hay Barthelme, Dick's little daughter, calls her father and Daddles was made Mary's confessor the other day. Dick had been away on a fishing trip and Daddles' daughter had been mistress of the house.

"Have you been a good girl?" questioned Dick.

"Yes—but twice I was naughty. The first time I ate the food from 'Wiggles' plate," confessed Mary. "Wiggles" being her canine companion.

Dick delivered a long oration on the perils of purloining puppies' food.

"And the second time I took off all of my clothes, Daddles, and went swimming in the goldfish pond. But it was very cold. And nurse was cross."

Daddles has decided to confine his fishing trips to fishing little Mary from the goldfish pond.

ANNA Q. NILSSON has abandoned her beloved little farm out in the San Fernando valley and is moving to a more fashionable neighborhood. She has just bought a charming home in Beverly Hills.

There is no doubt that Anna Q. hated to give up her ranch, where she had a lot of fine White Leghorns, and a cow, and raised her own vegetables. But since her divorce from young Gunnerson some time ago, Anna Q. has been living there alone and she says it's altogether too lonesome. Besides, the trip back and forth to the studio is a pretty long one.

"But when I retire," says Anna Q., "back to the farm for me. That's what I like best."

You'd hardly think it to look at her, but everyone who knows her knows it's true.

LITTLE ETHEL SHANNON has her divorce from Robert James Cary, Jr., who, she told the judge, deserted her without cause despite her petting, pampering, coaxing and loving. He must have had a heart of stone to resist the wiles of a girl like Ethel, who is as adorable looking as she is cunning.

Hollywood, always on the lookout for romance, whispers that Ethel will wed Joseph Jackson as soon as her decree becomes final, which takes a year in California, and, as no one denies it, it must be true. Joe, who was at one time Rudy's press representative—"director of public relations" would be more appropriate for that suave diplomat Joe—is devoting his time to being a playwright now.

MRS. TOM MIX accompanied her husband Mon on location up to Palm Springs on his last picture. They went for three days, and it poured rain in torrents, so they were gone three weeks. Mrs. Mix often goes on location with Tom, because she loves the outdoors and likes a chance to do a lot of riding.

By the way, it's interesting to know that Tom considers Victoria one of the best horsewomen in America. Being a bit of an expert about horses, his opinion is really worth having.

AND I was thinking the other day, that as a test of the moral and intellectual quality of the picture colony, I would be willing to put little Thomasina Mix, little Gloria Lloyd (the Harold Lloyds' daughter) and little Loris Niblo, who belongs to Fred and Enid Niblo, against any three little girls of the same age for beauty, intelligence and training. They are all three really quite remarkable youngsters, and I don't know how you can better judge a group of people than by the children they are giving to society and the future.

THIS happened while Adolphe Menjou was making one of his numerous commuters' trips from New York to Hollywood. He made the acquaintance of a twelve-year-old boy and it was the youngster's first trip across the continent.

While the train was passing through Colorado, Menjou pointed to a high, snow-capped mountain in the distance and said:

"That's Pikes Peak. It was discovered by General Z. M. Pike in 1806."
 After meditating for a few minutes, the lad said, "That's funny."
 "What's funny?" asked Menjou.
 "Why General Pike discovering a mountain with the same name as his own."

ANNA Q. NILSSON suggested it be "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," but when Arthur Stone asked her if she ever saw a tramp march, she was silenced, even if she was the star of the picture.

They were all sitting around in a circle—the cast of "Miss Nobody," and its director, Lambert Hillyer—trying to decide on the music the orchestra should adopt as the official piece for the making of the tramp picture.

"Onward Christian Soldiers!" brightly suggested Clyde Cook. He goes to Sunday School, but that doesn't prevent him from playing a tramp in the picture on week days.

"Too slow. The tempo isn't right," vetoed Mitchell Lewis, another one of Anna Q.'s companions of the road.

"Show Me the Way to Go Home!" offered Louise Fazenda.

"Tramps haven't got homes!" retorted Arthur Stone, who put a damper on every suggestion.

"I know!" yelled Walter Pidgeon, who had been silent during the debate. "Where Do We Go from Here, Boys!" It rambles along just like a tramp . . . lazy, indecisive, languorous."
 "Where Do We Go from Here, Boys is it!" decided Lambert Hillyer, jumping up. "Come on now, we gotta be on our way!"

AS Mark Twain once said, "The report of my death is grossly exaggerated," so did Ramon Navarro answer me when I visited him at the M-G-M studios the other day, following a wire from New York informing me that a marriage license was taken out there by Ramon Navarro, 20, a motion picture actor of Hollywood, to wed Miss Katherine Wilson. Ramon, who was hard at work, admitted he was highly flattered—especially by the age given in the license.

RUDY has been having more than his share of troubles lately.

The other day his cook ran amuck, and armed with a large butcher knife, cut up some half dozen suits of clothes before she was subdued.

Some belonged to Rudy's little nephew, some to the chauffeur. But one of them was Rudy's. Fortunately, the thirty-two suits he brought back with him from Europe were under lock and key or Rudy might now be facing a serious shortage of wearing apparel.

WHEN William Russell returned from New York recently, he was greeted by the contractor, who had built the Russells' Beverly Hills mansion during the star's absence.

Anxious to show Bill the result of his efforts, the contractor, a man of Yiddish persuasion, drove with all haste toward Beverly Hills.

Starting off at the back of the house, the contractor said, "and dis is de kit-shun, and next is de leev-ing room."

"That's nice," commented Russell, with a pleased smile, as he and his builder started into the next room.

"And dis," said the contractor, rubbing his hands with glee, "dis is de dining room wot holds twenty guests, God forbid!"

I'VE just discovered why Edward Everett Horton has not married. He doesn't want to take the furnishings in his home—which is really a beautiful place—disturbed. And he's afraid if he did take a wife she would want to rearrange the living room furniture and change the hangings in the den.

It's too bad. Eddie is such a personable chap. And they say his fan mail, bulging with requests for photographs, is enough to make

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
 —NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C.
 B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). *Then* 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.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other 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. Blisters, 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.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her. But insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Imitations 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, arms, 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.



YOUR ARMS
 shoulders
 neck and hands

may be beautiful, ivory white
 . . . often in **TWO WEEKS!**

AS last year, afternoon and evening frocks leave the arms, neck and upper back exposed. To be truly charming, beautiful—you *must have this!*
 Smooth, satiny, ivory-white skin—
so utterly charming to men!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream has done just this, for over a million women—in this country *alone*. Use it daily on your hands, on your arms, neck and shoulders. You too will notice pleasing results, often within two short weeks.

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the 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. Start using it now. And remember:

You need only one cream . . . Ingram's!

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Make Your Skin Ivory-white in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW . . . a New Kind of Lorion Skin Whitener

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin it is must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness, and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle . . . Low Price . . . Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. P-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM Lotion FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. P-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use, I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....



A Jack and a Joker. Messrs. Gilbert and Novarro take time to compare mustache notes. Ramon's misplaced eyebrow, neatly waxed, will be in "A Certain Young Man." Jack's silky lip fringe is part of his make-up for "Bardelys, the Magnificent"

any postman stagger. But I know these chronic bachelors. They're the ones who, until the very last minute, declare themselves immune to feminine cajoling. Then—ta dum de dum—and they are silent forever after.

Look at Donald Ogden Stewart. Couldn't see matrimony—that clever pen-slinger. Kidded it in all of his books. He's to be married soon. But he's silent.

LILYAN TASHMAN doesn't consider poison ivy a joke. It brings too painful a memory. For poor Lil has been confined to her home recovering from the shock of meeting the toxic plant socially.

A prop boy at one of the studios where Lilyan was working, decorated a trellis with its glossy leaves and Lilyan occupied the bower. The prop boy was horror-stricken when he heard of the rash his act brought to Lil's arms and neck, but Lil forgave him and peace reigned.

JACKIE COOGAN is becoming the astute business man. At least it appears he knows all about contracts and agreements and clauses and things, for when he signed his recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, Louis B. Mayer is reported to have said:

"Now, Jack, is there anything else you want incorporated in this contract before you sign it?"

Jack wrinkled the brow beneath his long bangs and replied, in the tones of a Wall Street financier:

"Yes, Mr. Mayer. I'd like you to allow some of the carpenters on the set to play ball with me during noon hour. Last year there was an order that prevented them."

"But, Jack," argued Mayer, "artists don't play baseball."

"Baseball is an art when played by artists," maximed our Jackie, and an order went forth immediately for the forming of a baseball nine among the carpenters for Jackie's noonday diversion.

GERVAISE FITZMAURICE wondered where he was the brown derby came from. It certainly was as antique as a mustache cup. One morning it appeared on the head of Count Philippe de Escro, esteemed master of properties; the next morning on the cranium of Ollie Marsh, high priest of the camera. But it was never absent from the set.

Then Fitzmaurice, who is directing Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik"—off-spring of E. M. Hull's "Sheik"—stumbled over the tripod of one of the cameras and nearly fell.

"What a clumsy fool I am!" he growled audibly, if a gentleman of Fitzmaurice's charm can growl.

Up stepped one of the prop men and handed Fitzmaurice the derby.

"You get the brown derby, Mr. Fitzmaurice. Every fellow whom you have bawled out has worn it. And now it's your turn."

Fitzmaurice is awaiting a chance to set it on Valentino's glistening locks.

THIS happened over at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio where Valentino, all decked in Arabian trappings, is cavorting before the camera as "The Son of the Sheik."

The deep-browed villain of the film is Montagu Love, and the other day Monty was having a test made to determine the shade of grease-paint he should use. He was clad in the conventional Algerian attire, minus the enfolding burnoise.

As he crossed the lot toward the stage where the test was to be made, he was accosted by two returning extras bared to the waist and stained.

Said the first extra to Monty, not recognizing the arch-villain of many a drama:

"Say, brother, don't let 'em put anything over on you. They'll make you take off that coat and paint your body. But make 'em give you \$10.00 a day. Nothing less!"

IF Madge Bellamy carries out her threat to let her hair grow during her three-months tour of Europe with her mother, she deserves to be spanked. Madge is one of the few girls whose personality has been radically changed—for the better—by the barber docking her tresses. And I think without a doubt the splendid reception of her work in "Sandy" was partially due to her changed appearance.

In Hollywood the Negris, Pringles and Naldis, priestesses of puzzling personalities, get all the publicity, and girls like Madge are seldom seen or heard of. They say she is tremendously well read. Her universe is bounded by books. She is rather shy in the presence of outsiders and rarely seen at Hollywood parties. Madge has a flapper body and a mid-Victorian soul. Torment for anyone in this age.

KATHERINE MACDONALD, one time called "The American Beauty," and certainly in her prime one of the most beautiful screen stars, has gone into business. She was always a good business woman, and since her marriage to a wealthy non-professional, she has been looking about for something to occupy her time. She is manufacturing and marketing her own cold-creams and beauty aids.

FAMOUS PLAYERS having purchased the film rights to Theodore Dreiser's novel, "An American Tragedy," are planning to make it just that. The story ends with its leading character dying in the electric chair at Sing Sing Prison. Just that way, says Famous Players, will the film end.

Well, we shall see. If they do end it that way, it will be entirely different from the consistent policy of happy endings.

WHEN Paramount decided to let D. W. Griffith fulfill his greatest ambition and film "The Sorrows of Satan," they felt they couldn't get an American siren wild enough to portray a female Satan. So they imported Miss Lya de Partti of Vienna and Berlin.

Lya looked the part and more. She is small. She has IT. Her skin is yellow, and her bobbed hair very black, and she wields a wicked lipstick. Paramount, gazing upon her, was delighted.

Came Lya's first love scene, so it is reported, played very Continentally, with Lya opposite Ricardo Cortez. Everything was going very well and very intensely until suddenly Ricardo sprang away from the luring Lya with a loud yelp and did not stop running until he was nearly out of the studio.



*A moment to apply
Deodo every day*

then hours of immaculate freshness

by LETHIA HADLEY

WE'VE MADE you a new powder deodorant—so easy to apply that, even if you're the busiest woman in the world, you can find time to use it every day! And then you will *know* that you are fresh and dainty always—under all conditions.

Deodo is a fine white powder, delicate and luxurious. Dust it over your body and rub it under your arms while you are dressing. It does not seal the pores. It simply *absorbs* and *neutralizes* the odors of the body, instantly and safely. One application continues effective for an entire day.

Deodo is soothing and healing to the skin. It will not harm your clothes. Used on sanitary napkins, it will safely and effectively solve your most annoying 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.

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prevents and destroys body odors



A famous sketch invades the movies. Remember during the World War Bruce Bairnsfather's amusing drawings of a comic soldier "Old Bill"? "Bill" became a play, first, and now Syd Chaplin is making him into a flicker called "The Better 'Ole"



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"Guard your skin from the violet rays of the sun"

—says Helena Rubinstein

UNDER a glass prism—you can see that the sun's rays are divided into many colors—blue—red—green—yellow—violet! Science, however, has discovered that it is only the violet rays that tan, freckle, burn and blister the skin.

Mme. Helena Rubinstein—who stands out pre-eminent as the world's leading beauty-scientist—has made one of the greatest contributions to feminine beauty in her "sun-proof" cream—which neutralizes the violet rays—so that after applying an invisible film of this cream you may swim, golf, drive and tennis—without tanning, freckling or becoming suburban.

The following Helena Rubinstein creations will keep your skin smooth and white all summer long and will contract shine and super-oliness.

To prevent tan, freckles, sunburn

VALAZE SUNPROOF CREAM—apply before swimming, golfing, boating or any outdoor exposure. By neutralizing the "burning" rays of the sun, this remarkable cream keeps the skin free from all signs of tan, freckles, blisters and sunburn. 1.00.

VALAZE SUNPROOF LIQUID POWDER—besides imparting a delightful finish, this liquid powder, applied before exposure, also sunproofs your complexion against tan, freckles, sunburn, and is cooling and soothing to the skin. 1.50.

Oily skin—shiny nose

VALAZE LIQUIDINE—instantly removes shine and greasiness. Closes the pores of excess secretions, corrects oiliness, closes pores, whitens and imparts a soft, "mat-like," flattering finish. 1.50.

Clear and bleach

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD—"the skin-clearing masterpiece!" Lightens, purifies and refines the skin. Clears away sallowiness, light freckles, darkened skin pigment—and is also the perfect beauty cream for daily use. 1.00.

VALAZE FRECKLE CREAM—removes even dark, obstinate freckles—stimulates and tones skin. 1.50.

Blackheads—enlarged pores

VALAZE BEAUTY GRAINS—a marvelous soap substitute. Clears clogged pores—moves blackheads, whiteheads, greasiness, impurities—and refines coarsest skins, creating a delicate smooth complexion. 1.00.

If you cannot procure Valaze preparations locally, order direct.

Today—send for free copy of P-7, the Summer Beauty Calendar, with full instructions for keeping your skin fair and unweathered. Simply write to New York address below.



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Eliza crossing the snow, the first still from the new "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which Universal is making. It ought to be good, for Pauline Frederick plays the colored mammy, Charles Gilpin is Uncle Tom and all Hollywood is being combed for a Little Eva

"Keep that woman away from me," Cortez said, gazing at Lya with anything but love in his eyes.

But, maybe Lya was innocent enough. After all, Mr. Griffith had told her to be a wild siren and all she had done was to take a large bite out of Ricardo's manly chest.

IF you've been "listening in" you have probably heard of "Ann Howe."

Anyway, radio seems to be making a new screen star. A star of the ether, "Ann Howe" is expected to emerge soon and materialize on the screen.

It was Don Meaney, well known in the picture industry through several years of association with the studios as a publicity man, who put "Ann" across. He promoted the girl as a mythical person seeking prominence in pictures.

From station KFI in Los Angeles, he told the radio fans that "Ann Howe" could become a star if they would support her.

The radio fans answered, some thirty thousand of them. They declared they would boost "Ann Howe." An offer of a contract came to Meaney for his star from a comedy producer. But the publicity man wanted to try out the idea on the whole country before he signed her up. He got the Associated Press interested in news of her and has traveled from radio station to radio station, from New York to San Francisco, telling the world about the girl.

Now Don reports "Ann" has had a screen test, shown herself a beauty and a personality and that she is soon to appear as star of a photoplay written by a prominent author.

IF you've been wondering where Betty Blythe has been lately, here's news of her. Betty's been glorifying the London courts.

That beautiful girl, who can wear less beads with better grace than any other star, has been having trouble with her career in art.

Betty went abroad to work for G. B. Samuelson, a British film producer. According to her own story she worked hard for Mr. Samuelson. She went to Berlin, bought costumes and was all set to be filmed in a screen version

of Sir Rider Haggard's "She." And then, Betty claims, Mr. Samuelson didn't pay her. So she sued. She asked two thousand pounds, approximately ten thousand dollars, for salary and expenses.

Mr. Samuelson didn't like it a bit. He entered a counter claim asking the same amount for alleged breach of contract, libel and slander.

So it went on for two weeks, with most of the testimony at the trial revolving around Betty's insistence upon changes in the costumes provided for her.

Then, suddenly, the two made it all up. The film star apologized for the things she had said about Mr. Samuelson and the latter paid Betty many tributes as to her ability as an actress, and thus it was settled and neither one of them got any money from the other.

"YES," volunteered Arthur Stone, "the picture business is a tough grind. I've got a young friend—recently married—who worked seven nights in a row on a picture, and when he went home the janitor asked him what he wanted.

"But, of course, we have a beautiful excuse for working overtime on 'Miss Nobody,' because Anna O. Nilsson is a Swedish star and you know when these Northern Lights come out."

Arthur Stone is another recruit from vaudeville who enlisted in pictures about the time Harry Langdon brought his doleful countenance from the boards. Stone did slapstick comedy of the obvious type and his success was doubtful.

He went back to vaudeville and then when Lambert Hillyer needed a few comedians to become members of "Miss Nobody's" tramp gang, he returned to the screen.

Stone's forte lies in the more legitimate laugh-getting field, rather than in the knock-'em-dead-drag-'em-out variety, and First National has signed him to a five year contract.

DOROTHY DWAN is taking up golf. Taking it up with a vengeance, too, for every spare minute finds her on the links.

although her spare minutes are few and far between. Larry Semon, her actor husband, is using her as his leading lady in "Spuds."

The other day Dorothy met a friend at the Montmartre.

"I hear you are golfing, Dot," greeted the girl.

"And I adore it! Do you play?" queried Dorothy.

"Heavens, no! I wouldn't even know how to hold the caddy!"

OF all the 1,600 horses eating Mr. Lasky's hay and grain at Camp Paramount, near Yuma, Arizona, where Herbert Brenon was spinning thrills and drama into "Beau Geste," none of them bucked Bill Powell into space. It took a niggardly little Ford to put a cramp into the Powell leg upon his return to Hollywood.

And when Powell recovered he hobbled into the Lasky office, where he was met by George Bancroft.

"What's the matter with the leg, Bill? Horse throw you?"

Replied the estimable Bill:

"No, I'm not playing a prince in this picture."

ACCORDING to Noah Beery, the meanest man in Hollywood has been discovered. One of the legionaires in "Beau Geste" who, when out of his Foreign Legion uniform, is one of the legion of extras, discovered him.

The extra told Beery that one day he was trudging the long road that leads north to Universal City when the whir of a machine sounded behind him.

He glanced around.

"Going north?" questioned the driver.

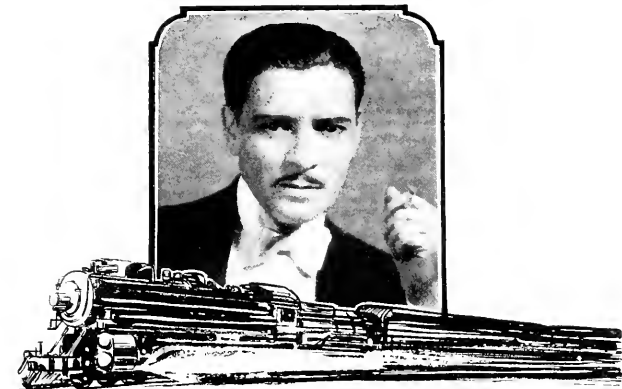
"Yes, sir!" smiled the extra—sensing a ride.

"Ah, that's fine! Bring me a polar bear."

And the car was gone in a cloud of dust.



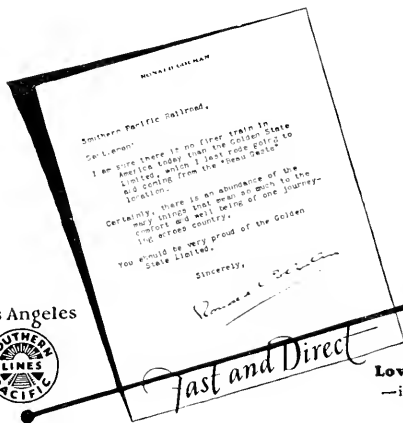
Isn't it fine to see Dorothy Seastrom up on her toes again? With fame promised her from her very first movie, Dorothy fell ill. For six months she has gamely fought invalidism. Now she's back, bright-eyed and vigorous, under contract to First National



Ronald Colman says—

"You should be very proud of the Golden State Limited"

Read this tribute from a world-famous celebrity to a world-famous transcontinental train. *Golden State Limited* operates daily between Chicago and Los Angeles over the direct Golden State route. This train becomes increasingly popular among travelers who recognize the finest in service and equipment. ♦♦ There is also the new *Apache* and the *Californian* daily over this route.



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Tint Those Gray Hairs to Their Original Shade

and look 5 to 10 years younger



The advantage of Brownatone is that your closest friends—your own family—will not detect its use. Other preparations may give your hair some strikingly different and unbecoming color, but Brownatone reproduces its exact original, youthful shade, making you look from five to ten years younger. Mrs. E. Neighbors, of Sonora, California, is one of hundreds of thousands of Brownatone users. She writes: "I have tried other preparations but none has given the satisfaction that Brownatone has."



Everybody knows the woman who spends much money and time in raising her hair complexion and who still looks old, not because she is old or feels old but because her hair is faded, streaked and gray. They do not realize that beauty is youth while gray, dingy hair is the badge of age. "Brownatone," says Little B. Tucker, of Greensboro, Ala., "is easily the best preparation I have ever used for gray hair. It cannot help giving perfect satisfaction."



Brownatone does not merely coat or cover each strand of hair. It does not rub off or wash out because it is absorbed; each strand is saturated. And, although used by hundreds of thousands of women for many years past, no report has ever come to us of the slightest injury to the most delicate hair. Macceline, shampooing, waving and scalp treatments have no effect upon it. You merely brush the color through and do not need to apply it again until new hair grows out. No wonder Mrs. Ida Gilbert, 1653 Addison St., Chicago, says, "I am a constant buyer for Brownatone."



From one or the other of Brownatone's two colors any exact shade can be obtained. Ask either for Blonde to Medium Brown, or for Dark Brown to Black. To be had at drug and toilet goods counters everywhere in two sizes, 50c and \$1.50. Please write to my druggist. I have recommended Brownatone to him as the finest and most efficacious hair color I know he can sell a great deal of it."—Mrs. Walter Reed, Brighton, Mich.

Clip the coupon below and mail with 10c for a test bottle of Brownatone.

The Kenton Pharmaceutical Co., Dept. F-3 Covington, Ky., U. S. A. (Cannara Address: Windsor, Ont.) Enclosed is 10c for test bottle of Brownatone.

- () Blond to Medium Brown. () Dark Brown to Jet Black.

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Community Clothes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

Charley were rare in Hollywood and oughtn't to be allowed to escape, no matter what happened. So I grabbed Vi by the shoulder.

"Listen to me," I cried. "You've got to go down to the station and meet Charley even if you haven't got the leopard coat."

"But how will he know me?" she wailed.

"It doesn't make any difference whether he knows you or not. You've got to know him if you have to speak to every man that gets off the Limited, except the porter and the conductor."

"It took me some time to talk her into it and finally I had to take her down to the station myself in a taxi, which made meeting Cousin Charley an absolute necessity—because neither of us had money enough to pay for it. We talked the driver into waiting for us and dashed into the station just as the Limited drew in."

"Now all we have to do is find Cousin Charley," I said to Vi, "is to pick out a nice young man, who hasn't anybody to meet him. That ought to be easy."

"SAY, I didn't realize how many poor lonely young men had nobody to welcome them to sunny California. I never saw so many detached males in my life, as we stood there trying to find someone who looked as if he were looking for a leopard coat. Attempting to drop a clue, I kept speaking of leopards in a high pitched voice until I nearly scared an old man out of his wits. It seems he had been reading the publicity notices of how the wild animals in the filming of serials were continually getting loose and wandering around Los Angeles, and he thought I was looking for one."

"Then suddenly Violet stopped me with a hysterical pinch and whispered, 'Look—over there by the newsstand—it's he—I feel it!'"

"I looked and could have laughed aloud, for right across from us, with several expensive looking pieces of luggage, was the handsomest young man you ever saw. He had black hair and big, broad men's clothing advertisement shoulders and a sort of half old man and half little kid expression on his face that was entirely different from the studied sophistication of our typical Hollywood sheik. He was staring at Violet and half smiling. We half smiled at him and finally he came up to us and took his hat off."

"You're not my Cousin Charles?" Violet found courage enough to ask in a frightened voice.

"If I'm not, I don't want to be anybody in the world," he said, with a smile that mixed up admiration and respectfulness in a way that went right to my heart.

"We were afraid you'd never know me without the leopard coat," said Violet.

"Yes, I went on. Vi caught the pocket and tore it just as we were getting into the car. She would have worn her sables but they're at the furrier's. Poor Vi's in awful hard luck today, anyway. Her car broke down and her chauffeur had to take it to the shop, so we have a taxi waiting outside. I suppose if you want to see the sights of L. A., you insist on going to the Cocoanut Grove for tea."

"I do insist," said Cousin Charley with a look at Vi that made me feel justified for all my work.

"But you simply must go with us, Cleo—you simply must!" implored Violet, as I started to leave them. And no matter what excuse I trumped up, she trumped it higher, as you might say, and finally whispered that if I didn't go along, she'd quit the whole thing flat. So as Cousin Charley was quite decent and chimed in on the invitation the prospect of a good meal was too much for me and I went.

"All the way to the Cocoanut Grove, I had plenty of practice being a good listener. Why, the poor kids didn't know I was there, they

were so entranced at finding each other. Vi chattered up to him with that sweet glistening look in her eyes, which he kept gazing into, as if he were going to drown himself in them and then looking away again, for fear he'd been nervy in staring so hard.

"And I must say, that once Vi got started, she played the game like the little thoroughbred that she was.

"How lucky that I came on a day when you weren't taking pictures," he said with that awed expression that outsiders always get on their faces, when they are tactfully trying to draw out movie stars and make them talk of their work.

"Having read millions of fan magazine interviews and imagined what she'd say to her public when she was a star, Vi had a fine line of answers for him.

"Yes, it is a coincidence. You don't know how unusual it is for me to have a day off. Why, do you know, I haven't been to the Cocoanut Grove for months," she murmured with a sly smile at me. Then she pulled all the old stuff about getting up at six o'clock in the morning to get her make-up on straight and shooting scenes 'til midnight every night. Charley was looking at her as if she were a dream come true and when she stopped talking a minute, he said:

"Don't you think old lady Luck sometimes kind of fixes things for people on purpose? I mean when she thinks that two people ought to meet because they'll like each other. I mean—like your getting your first day off in months just when I strike town?"

"I don't know—luck is a queer thing. It's done queer things to me. Weren't you a little surprised to have me become a star so quickly?" Vi asked, feeling her way.

"You—why, of course not. Why, the minute I saw you on that station platform with crowds and crowds of people, I picked you out as the most beautiful—and with the most vivid personality—and the most marvelous and—"

"BE careful—you haven't seen me on the screen yet, you know. Oh, I can hardly wait for my first picture to be cut and titled to know really whether I'm any good or not—because it's the public that is the judge, you know."

"Say—the public is going to get up a petition saying that you are to play in every picture that's made—and they'd like you in every part, too, if it could be managed."

"Violet glowed and sighed at this and spoke out of a long lost dream.

"It is so nice to have one person in the world see something good in you! But before I could pinch her, his faith in her had kept her from pulling a bone.

"You are really great too, because you're so modest—that's what I admire most in the really great people in the world—I mean the ones that stay successful—not the mushrooms. They never believe it themselves."

"If you knew how far I really am from being great," said Violet with a wry smile.

"He ignored this further indication of her modesty and began to tell her all the things that a man tells a girl, when he's fallen for her the very first whack. The kind of music he likes and his favorite book, and how he was hoping to get just the right knock on his golf drive after a bit more practise, and the ambitions he had when he was a kid and hadn't quite given up yet, and how stupid it was for people with lots of money—like him—and Violet—just to spend it going out in society. They discovered that their favorite outdoor and indoor sports were exactly the same—travel. He had been around a little—he was going to take a trip every year now and go

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somewhere different each time. Vi of course had once gone to Paris and the Riviera, as a salary-less companion to some rich school friend before her family died and so she could mention the names of streets and hotels in quite an easy manner, but he interrupted her.

"The way I like to travel is just to gypsy—not see any of the sights that you ought to see, unless you feel like it, but wander around as it suits your fancy; stay maybe a month in a little French inn in the Loire valley—just to see the apple blossoms come out, or rent a Villa in Sicily with dozens of dago servants and leave maybe the next day for a bicycle trip through Italy—say, wouldn't you and I have the best times together," he exclaimed impulsively at the eager light in her listening eyes and then checked himself respectfully and added, "but I suppose when you ever get time to travel, you'll do it with a press agent and get mobbed every time you go out in public, like Mary and Doug and Tom Mix."

"Yes, I suppose it's good business to do it that way," said Violet, and sighed again, whether because there was so little chance of her ever being mobbed anywhere, or because she could never gypsy with Charles, I wasn't quite sure. By this time the taxi was at the Coconut Grove and the dear old Irish doorman was handing us out as if we had tea there daily.

"WE went up, and say, I wish you could have seen what that Cousin Charley ordered for tea. He was to the manner born all right. Why, the minute he stepped into the Grove, he had two head waiters falling all over themselves to lead us to the best table in the room. As luck would have it, a grand crowd of the big ones were there. But Cousin Charley didn't have to give points to any of the men, even John Roche. As for Vi, well she sort of radiated—I can't quite explain it, but it was the collie dog with its hair growing long and fluffy again and its tail waving proudly in the wind. And it's the strangest thing how a little happiness will change a girl until you think a mira le's happened.

"What with Vi's new-found personality and Cousin Charley's millionaire manner, everybody began looking at us. The stars seemed to sense that Vi wanted to show off and were especially nice to her that day. Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell nodded to us and Shirley Mason and Norma Shearer came over and shook hands. Cousin Charley watched proudly, thinking of course that the girl he was taking out must be a mighty big star to attract so much attention. But Vi had eyes for no one but him and I must say they danced together as if they'd been co-starring on Keiths for weeks.

"Vi was too happy to eat, but I performed for both of us, and when I had filled up with enough nourishment to last through until breakfast the next morning, I left them with the old alibi that I had to telephone.

"I stayed out in the lobby long enough to have made ten calls, even with the 'phone service as rotten as it is these days, but when I got back to the table, Cousin Charley looked up and said, 'Didn't take you long, did it?' Time was stepping on the gas for them, as the subtitle writers say.

"I could see I was just 'padding,' as they say of useless scenes in a picture, so I told them my telephone conversation had called me over to Metro-Goldwyn's. Cousin Charley was politely sorrowful, and Vi followed me out to the lobby.

"Oh, dear," she cried, 'he's gotten tickets for the Mason and reserved a table at the Biltmore afterward, where they're having one of their "star nights." Do you think I ought to go?'

"And why not?' I asked, indignant that any girl should hesitate about such a glorious prospect.

"Don't you think I ought to tell him the truth first?' Vi said.

"If you do, you're a bigger fool than you look," I answered, but the best I could get out



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of her was a promise not to tell him 'til they came home to the Studio Club that night, and even then she made me promise that I'd wait up so I might be able to assist with any fireworks that might go off. I watched her go back to him and saw the look on his face as she approached him, and prayed to the God, who excuses little white lies when they are in the name of Romance.

"That night after everybody else had gone to bed and May Ann had even come in from Lasky's, where they'd been shooting night stuff, I still sat curled up on the big divan in front of the fireplace. I had turned all the lights off except a pretty rose one that was awfully becoming to Violet's complexion and then took a little snooze. And finally I was wakened up by the chug-chug of one of those big limousines they hire in L. A. garages for about three times as much as an ordinary taxi costs.

"Violet came in with her arms full of Kewpie dolls, and all the other souvenirs they sell at the dance palaces, but when she stopped under the light I could see that she was crying. Cousin Charley had a queer look on his face.

"I don't know what she's driving at—she just cries," he said to me. I tried to cover up things by the swellest lie ever told in Hollywood, which is saying a lot in this city of two hundred press agents. But I couldn't get any cooperation from Violet. She just turned around to Cousin Charles with her eyes looking like big hot house violets that had somehow gotten out into the rain.

"It's just this," she blurted out, "I'm not what you think I am. I'm not a big star. I'm just a failure out here."

"Not really?" cried Cousin Charley. "Now, isn't that nice! It makes it easier for me, because I've got a confession to make too. I've deceived you, and I'm afraid it'll make a difference."

"Another one of those married men," I cried, and there was a choke in my throat because I really had liked Cousin Charley. He blushed as much as a grown man can blush and smiled a funny smile.

"It's not quite as bad as that," he said, "but the truth is, I'm not Cousin Charles at all." He made this much of an explanation to me, but continued, looking into Vi's eyes, and it was easy to see that the rest of it was meant for her. "I just saw you in the station," he continued, "and I—somehow I couldn't help coming over to you when you looked at me that way, and then when you took me for your Cousin Charles I couldn't tell you the truth for fear I'd lose you. I'm just on my way to my ranch in Imperial Valley. When I finished college I tried Wall Street, but it didn't appeal to me, nor me to it, so I came out here. I haven't made good yet—not by a long shot, but say, I love it and you ought to see the peach crop I had last year!"

"Violet was too staggered to speak. She could only stare—big-eyed—like a child that's seen its first Christmas tree, so he went on:

"We've both been playing a game, but let's fix it this way—you forgive me and I'll forgive you, and we'll win or lose together—how about it?" he finished. And by the way Vi smiled up at him, I knew it was time for me to say good-night and vanish.

"That's a picture of their baby over the counter. They think it's beautiful and I suppose it is—in its parents' eyes. But, gosh, Vi's a star all right—as a rancher's wife. Isn't it wonderful how love licks up even those helpless, weepy ones? And she's crazy about her job too—gets along with one hired girl so she can help her hubby stack up money. So that's all there is to the story," said Cleo, putting away her sewing. "Thank goodness, this leopard coat is mended at last. I wonder if it'll do for another season or if these short furs will go out of style!"

"But wait," I persisted. "What happened to the real Cousin Charley?"

"Oh, he turned up at the Club the next day, bald-headed and with more than his share of a

tummy. He seemed rather relieved to hear that Violet was out—she'd been gone with the young rancher since nine o'clock that morning. Cousin Charley had only looked her up out of a sense of duty, anyway." And with these words Cleo rose and went to the rear of the tea-room.

"But there's still Rita," I called after her. "Did she create her mood all right?"

"Yes, Rita created her mood," Cleo flung back over her shoulder. "She got to be Pedro De Valerio's leading lady too, but I'd rather not talk about that—it's a different kind of a story."

Yep—It's The Same Gal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

She chortled, "Really, it is awful stuff. Have you ever drunk it?"

"We don't have to in our business."

The telephone rang. As Pauline chatted gaily with him on the other end of the wire, we pondered the change that has taken place in her. For she has changed since her uncertain days in pictures. She has acquired confidence, a gay and sunny sangfroid.

It was ten years ago, when she was fifteen, that she became the wage earner for her mother and herself, starting as an extra in D. W. Griffith's pictures, among them "Intolerance." Pauline was born in Joplin, Michigan. She attended public school in her home town and later moved to Los Angeles, where she has lived ever since.

She is a quiet youngster, a bit jerky in her moods. In repose, her face looks sullen, as though the disappointments and worries of those bleak girlhood days had stamped themselves in droopy lips and icy blue eyes. Perhaps she doesn't feel any too kindly toward life and people. We have a lurking suspicion she distrusts people. Suffering is a gift. Few come through their Dark Days unshadowed.

Pauline's was a lonely, rocky, uphill road to celluloid recognition. Seven years of slight cannot be easily forgotten. Another vital blow played its part in glooming youthful buoyancy. It was several years ago that she and Jack White, comedy producer, were engaged, and Pauline wore a coldly glittering diamond solitaire on the fourth finger of her left hand. Something happened. The engagement was broken shortly before the marriage date.

SHE didn't recover a sane equilibrium for many weeks after. She lost a great deal of weight, weight she could ill afford to lose. Her cheeks hollowed. Her figure seemed to shrink. Yet icy blue eyes and sullen countenance gave the lie to physical pathos.

It was then she was advised to drink two quarts of goat milk every day. Goat milk is rich and thick and has a peculiar taste. Pauline loathed it. She was prone to shudder while drinking it. But she carried on and smiled a twisted smile, with eyes unhappy, when folks teased her about the thermos bottle that went wherever she went. Even today, Pauline weighs only 100 pounds. She is five feet, three, but her rather broad shoulders still tend to emphasize her slenderness to the point of thinness.

Though known in pictures long before Gloria Swanson soared to stellar heights, there is no doubt but Pauline's marked resemblance to Gloria proved of immensurate help to her in winning recognition. We were intrigued to learn that such a cruel deal from Fate in no-wise ruffled Pauline. As a matter of fact, she said she was flattered when fans wrote to her and commented upon her similarity to Miss Swanson. Perhaps Pauline had grown accustomed to cruel deals, and one that indirectly benefited her was better, in comparison, to those that injured.

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JEAN VALJEAN of "LES MISERABLES"

Everybody I have ever talked to loves the works of Victor Hugo. They are invariably intensely dramatic and full of absorbing interest. Universal's unprecedented success with "*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*" is a noted example of the great writer's popularity.

And now comes that other Hugo classic, "*Les Miserables*," laid in France at the time the nation was waking from its nightmare of horror. The picture, which was produced in France, I am pleased to entitle a Universal Film de France Triumph, because Universal will release it in this country and is now preparing it for an extraordinary showing.

I am pleased to tell you that this is regarded as the most stupendous production Europe has ever seen. It is cast almost entirely with French players of renown headed by M. GABRIEL GABRIO who plays "Jean Valjean" and also the part of "M. Madeleine." The female lead is by MME. SANDRA MILOWANOFF who plays the dual role of Cosette and Fantine. The direction was by M. Louis Nalpas and the adaptation by Henri Fescourt.

"*The Midnight Sun*," featuring LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN, and RAYMOND KEANE, has developed into a remarkable box-office attraction. Judging by the theatres which have signed it, it is one of the finest pictures of the year. I am also anxious that you should see REGINALD DENNY in "*What Happened to Jones*," "*Skinner's Dress Suit*" and "*Rolling Home*." Likewise HOOT GIBSON in "*Chip of the Flying U*"; and our other excellent productions "*His People*," "*The Cohens and Kells*," "*The Still Alarm*" and that great epic of the West, "*The Flaming Frontier*."

Please write me your opinion of any Universal you see. It will help me amazingly. If you want me to do so I will let you know what theatres in your territory show Universal pictures. Anyway, write,

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President

(To be continued next month)

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Mr. Columbus Dix

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

"After the screen test, I tried again to interest the company in Ramon. I even tried to persuade Mr. Goldwyn to cast him as the hero in 'Hungry Hearts.' I failed.

"About a month later, Ramon got his first good break in 'Omar Khayyam,' which was released under another title. Then Rex Ingram gave him a chance in 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' Ramon changed his last name to Novarro. Now, who doesn't know him?"

Some time later, Richard chanced to stroll over to Warner Brothers Studio on the Coast, where Jack Conway was directing a picture. He noticed a lovely girl playing a small part, that of a maid. He lapsed enthusiastic over her. She, too, in his opinion had the "makings." Again, no one agreed with him and by the time they did it was too late. Today that girl is foremost among our popular stars. Her name is Norma Shearer!

"Do you know one of the finest, cleanest, straightest young Americans in the world?" Dick asked.

WE thought of "so's your old man" and "tell it to the Marines," but took no occasion to subtitle, whereupon Richard answered himself:

"George O'Brien. I met George about a year or so before he got his big opportunity and scored in 'The Iron Horse.' Betty Compton and I were on location in San Francisco, with Herbert Brenon, making 'The Woman with Four Faces.' We met Mr. O'Brien, Police Commissioner, and he invited us all to his home one evening. Here we met his wife, the sweetest little woman. She spoke about George and was rather nice in what she said about me." Dick looked a bit sheepish at indirectly patting himself on the back.

"When I got back to Hollywood, I looked George up. He was playing around as an extra and doing bits in pictures. George is a wonderfully built boy. God, he has muscles on him like that," illustrating with expanded chest and arms ditto.

"George kept in training. So did I. We worked out together at the Hollywood Y.M.C.A.—boxed, threw the medicine ball, skipped rope, and played basketball with two ex-pugs (prize-fighters) about three nights a week. One of those ex-pugs, by the by, is George's chauffeur now—Leo Howk, one time lightweight champion of the Pacific Coast.

"About this time, 'Ben Hur' came up. The company wanted a new face for the title role. I called Charlie Brabin and his assistants to get George a screen test if possible. That was before they had come to a decision, you see. Well, the 'Ben Hur' hope collapsed.

"In the meantime, George had tried to get the job Resinold Denny vacated in 'Leather Pushers' series when Denny was made a star. He didn't get a look-in because he wasn't considered photographic material!

"I was working in 'The Stranger,' on the Lasky lot, when George dropped around to the set and announced he figured he was a flop and was going to give up pictures. He was discouraged. A ter all, he had been an extra for three years and it looked as though that was as far as he would get.

"I bet him one hundred dollars to ten—which ten George paid me when I was on the Coast five months ago!—that he'd make good if he stuck it out another year. He was uncertain. He had about made up his mind to go back to San Francisco and join his father's police force or work for his brother. But he finally said he'd risk my bet. He hit inside of seven months in 'The Iron Horse.'

"I saw the opening in New York. The next day, I clipped the reviews and sent them to George. He wired me, among other things: 'I owe you ten bucks.'"

Just as in the case of Norma Shearer, here's another instance where Richard failed to "sell" a newcomer—unknown and unsusung—to his company. He spotted this girl playing an extra in "The Unguarded Woman," which Bebe Daniels and he co-featured in at the Famous Players Long Island Studio. He decided that girl would be a knockout on the screen. Dick notices a person and that person either "clicks" or passes by. The scientist would call him psychic. Being a low-brow, we credit him with having "hunches."

To get back to this unknown. No one being especially sympathetic with his praise of her, Dick took it upon himself to have a screen test made of the beautiful stranger. He ran the test for three different people at the studio. They saw nothing unusual in her. They said her facial angles were wrong and her eyes were not straight. Today she is a star. John Barrymore is credited with discovering her. Her name is Dolores Costello! And it wasn't so long ago that Famous Players, who payed Dolores about \$10 a day to extra and spurned her screen tests, had to fork over more than one hundred times that amount to borrow her from Warner Bros. to play the heroine rôle in "Mannequin."

"Why," Dick pointed out, "that girl has charm, beauty, youth. She makes every fellow in the audience want to protect her. She's got it!"

Richard was responsible for Paul Sloan, a young scenario writer, being promoted from the pen ranks and assigned to directing him. Today, Mr. Sloan wields the megaphone on the Cecil B. De Mille lot, after having directed Dick in three flickers.

"Paul is still going to knock 'em dead," Dick prophesies. "And he'll do it in drama. Watch him."

After making "The Lucky Devil" (and don't let the title deceive you), Richard was sent West to do right by "The Vanishing American." Before leaving New York, he asked his company to give him Gregory LaCava as a director. LaCava had been doing scripts, acting as an assistant director, and had "gagged" three previous comedy-dramas starring Dix.

IF you will pardon the digression, we'd like to give you a rapid fire coupset of Mr. LaCava, who, by merit of his work, ranks with the screen's foremost megaphoners.

LaCava studied originally to be an artist. What is more to the point, he became an artist. He was successful, but his appetite demanded higher wages. So he did a cartoon strip for a newspaper. Then he met the girl of his dreams, married her, and with the happy-go-lucky insouciance of the newspaper man, spent all his savings in travel. He returned to New York broke but optimistic and went to the Famous Players studio to see his friend William LeBaron, supervising chief of the plant. Mr. LeBaron gave him a job.

Subsequently, LaCava wrote the gags for "The Shock Punch," "Too Many Kisses," "The Lucky Devil." He is a young man in his thirties, very much alive, and blessed with the cartoonist's gift of evolving humor from serious situations.

Richard succeeded, after many a verbal battle, in getting him as his director.

"Greg directed me for the first time in 'Womanhandled.'" Dick carried on. "He wrote, gagged, titled, and cut that picture. He did the same on 'Let's Get Married.' And now he has repeated with 'Say It Again.' Greg is a wonderful man and a wonderful director."

Richard reached for a cigarette. He lit it hastily, inhaled deeply, held the smoke a

breathless moment, and then watched it chimney forth into the ozone. There was a velvety silence. Becoming aware of it, we gazed around and found the dining-room empty, except for us two. Our watch pointed to four o'clock. We smiled at Dick, who smiled back:

"How's your mother?"

"She's fine."

"Give her my love, will you?"

And so we said *au revoir* and returned home to write this lil' piece, arriving in time to hear the parrot across the yard advise: "Hey, hey, make it snappy."

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

HAROLD LLOYD and Von Stroheim are examples. Von has to be bolstered throughout a picture, so sure is he that his stuff is terrible. Lloyd asks the opinion of everyone and hangs on the views with the tremulousness of an eager child. Others pretend to do the same thing, but, whereas Lloyd wants constructive criticism, the majority want Yesses.

I dropped in Lloyd's dressing room the other afternoon. He was reading reviews of "For Heaven's Sake." (Most stars, you know, pretend they never see their reviews.)

"They're certainly a lot better than I expected," he said.

Joe Reddy, his publicity chief, whose life I saved during the World War by preventing him from being shot as a slacker, then spoke up.

"No thanks to you," he grunted at Harold.

"A fine line you pulled in New York."

"What did I say, Joe?" trembled Harold.

"What did you say?" bellowed Joe. "You only said you didn't like our picture, that's all!"

"Well I didn't like it as well as some of the others, Joe," pleaded Harold.

"I know," said Joe, as father to son. "Oh well, that was all right. It's getting over, so I guess nobody cared what you thought about it."

AFTER all, somebody should knock Harold Lloyd's pictures to stir up interest. The critics won't, so Harold has to.

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WE now have a star of subtitles—Ralph Spence, who wrote the humorous captions of "Classified" and "For Heaven's Sake." Here are a few lines from "Mlle. Modiste," which he titled:

"Half the girls of Paris are working girls and the other half working men."

"I'm head over heels in love with you," says he. To which she replies, "Don't get arc-batic."

"They come from the West where a bird in the hand is considered good table manners."

THE influence of subtitles upon the advertisements of California. A sign at a barbecue: **WE DON'T KNOW WHERE MA IS BUT WE HAVE POP ON ICE.**



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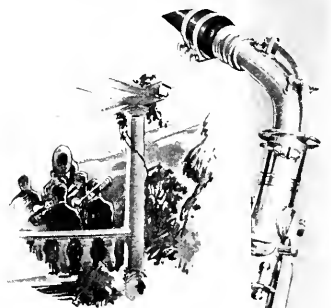
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For the Sake of Speed

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

could not see the adventure of independence, the thrill that came with the knowledge that there was no one's bidding to do but one's own.

"Listen, April," he said suddenly. "I'm not the kind you can tie down. I never have been and it'd take something pretty big to change me around. I just go my own way and I like it. So long as I make enough change to get by on what's the difference?"

"None, I suppose," she said a trifle wistfully. "It's just something that Dennis said that brought it up, I think. He doesn't understand you—any more than I do."

For a moment the intolerance of confident youth towards plodding middle age came to the surface. "He's been too long in one job. That's why Dennis can't figure out why anyone would want to take a chance. He's never had a show to put over anything big."

He looked up to find her eyes shining. "Would you help him if he did have the chance to put over something big—something that might make him a lieutenant? It's what he's been working for all these years, you know."

It seemed incongruous that suddenly the solid figure of Dennis, the officer of the law, had definitely entered the conversation. Barry let his eyes rove the room, counting the tables engaged in flaunting defiance to that same law with blask and high-pitched laughter. He smiled a little amusedly, but the smile died away when he saw the seriousness of her.

"Of course," he returned quickly. "Just tell me what I can do. Does he want a chauffeur or what?"

Her wide gaze held him. "I can't tell you now—not here. It's something Dennis told me the other night. But it means everything to both of us. Barry—I do so want to see Dennis win out. You're out around the city at all kinds of hours, you go everywhere. I know you can help us both."

She closed her lips—they were soft, but they were firm. Nothing further would pass them. With a careless gesture Barry paid their bill, hardly even glancing at its considerable figures. The lights of the roadhouse had long since vanished to the rear when he turned suddenly to her.

"Want to see me let her out?" he inquired and waited for no answer. Like a thing alive the big car leaped forward into a rushing wind of its own creation. He could not for the life of him have held it down a moment longer. The sight of the girl so close, her face tranquil and trusting, was exhilaration such as he had not known could come to him. The night, the long white road, the steady roar of the motor, alike called to adventure. Ahead of them the road took a sweeping uphill curve for almost a mile. He juggled a moment and the motor flew for the rise.

"She'll climb," he tossed exultantly to her. "She'll climb and jump ditches and swim rivers." The road bent abruptly in front, on one side the sheer, rocky outcrop of the hill, on the other the pale shimmer of a fence in the dark. Below a ravine flashed by. Barry sent a blast of the siren hooting down the night.

And then it came, rocketing around the hidden curve—the shape of a flying motor, plainly on the wrong side of the road. There was a blinding flash as the lights of the two cars met and, with the swoop of a swallow, Barry's car veered into the hill. Roaring down upon them not thirty yards away a second fleeing shape followed the first. What happened was too quick for thought. The car under Barry, without a halt in its mad speed, shot out at a vicious angle, scraped the railing and arched away once more with a clear road ahead of it. Slowly he became conscious that a hand was fast on his arm.

His laugh rang out, vibrant with the thrill of excitement. "Close, eh? But we made it. They ought to rule those fools off the road."

Her lips were white and her breath was coming in small, swift gasps. There was fear in her eyes—for an instant her soul had looked out of them and at the sight something leaped within Barry Andrews. That fear was not for herself. In the moment of their danger she had turned to him, had caught at him. The black motor ran smoothly now, out on the level, a tamed and evenly-functioning machine. The wild life that had blazed into it under Barry's hands had gone. He fastened his gaze on the road where, far off on the horizon, hung the dim glow of the city's lights.

"Barry," said a low voice, "you might have been killed."

He could have turned to her with a smile or a word of jest. But he had seen a thing that he believed incredible—had seen it written on her face. A feeling of fatigue, of sudden weariness crept through him.

"We'll forget that," he said strainedly. "I don't count for a great deal."

He spoke little for the remainder of the run, content to cast now and then a sidelong glance at the girl. She also seemed to be in the same mood as they bored steadily through the dusk. They found the burly figure of Sergeant Harland placidly waiting on the steps for April to come home. Barry had just time for a single warning look and received the swiftest of small nods in answer. A word to Dennis of that breathless moment on the hill and there would be no more motorings with April—of that he was well aware.

III.

In April's small room within the week Barry found himself in the middle of a conference. For several minutes he had been under the scrutiny of Dennis's honest eyes, while the big man pondered over the suggestion that April had made to him. It was the same one—almost forgotten by now—that she had flashed to Barry across the table amid the din of the roadhouse.

"April says ye want to help us," said Dennis heavily. "It's not a matter I can allow get abroad. With me it's duty. But if I can make it come over there'll be something in it for me and April here I'd give this right hand to get. Ye know what it is. If I don't make it—well, my name will be Detective Sergeant Dennis Harland still, but with a wrong mark against it. Do ye get me so far?"

Barry leaned back in the cheap rocker, throwing one leg easily over the other. His whole poise was one of confident nonchalance under the earnestness of Dennis's inspection.

"Shoot the plot," he smiled. "I can keep my mouth closed, Dennis."

"I think ye can. I know ye can." The sergeant's face, however, did not lighten as he went on. "Do ye know anything about the crooks in this city?"

"Two or three months ago a pair of 'em hopped on my running board over on the West Side. They wanted my watch and change. So I kicked the bus into fifty and they didn't bother me any more. Maybe they fell off. Will that help you any?"

A soft voice carried rebuke to him. "Barry, this isn't a joke. Dennis means what he's saying to you." April was curled on a corner of the bed, her eyes aglow with excitement. The matter under discussion quite evidently was to her of vast importance.

"I guess ye know there's been a bad run of hold-ups on the stores and payrolls. The papers have been full of it—that, and taking knocks at the force. The crooks have got us,

Barry lad, they've got us wondering. So—well, I've got the detail handed me of nailing just one of 'em. He's been in every big job that's been pulled off in the last year, it's figured. He's a cool, hard customer."

"Through wisps of cigarette smoke Barry saw the sergeant's face go dull with anxiousness.

"I haven't turned up much on him," he said stolidly. "I can tell ye one thing about him though. He works through some rat lawyer, gets the lay from him and never even sees the rest of the gang till the job is pulled off. He's too smart or stuck-up to have a pal. He plays it alone. That's the straight tip from a couple of our stools, but they don't know any more and neither does anyone else."

"Sounds like chasing a moth in the dark," returned Barry slowly. "Who is this bird? And where do I come in on it?"

"He's got a name they call him by—the Getaway Ace. He's the lad that waits in a handy place with the car for the gang to get away in. He ain't ever been caught sight of squarely to mark down, let alone headed off, since he took to working this town. There ain't a crook but knows if he can bring the Ace in on a job it's a cinch on the escape. He's so good he gets out-o'-town calls they tell me. There's nothing that's cheap about him—he lands his own price or he won't work."

Detective Sergeant Harland was standing above Barry. One of his hands fell to the other's shoulder and closed on it.

"I'm up against it, Barry. What I've just been tellin' ye is all I've got to show for a month's work. And three days ago the Getaway Ace pulled off another clean one—away from that express company office—pretty near under my nose. The inspector handed it to me straight that night. I'm wantin' all the help I can get on the job."

The hand fell from Barry's shoulder. Big Dennis looked frankly tired and a little older. "I asked you before," said Barry sharply, "where do I come in on it?"

"The crooks know me," said Dennis thoughtfully. "When I go into the joints I don't get much out of 'em. But you're a young lad—they don't know you. And you're a lad who knows the men that drive the cars in town. If you wanted to go round a bit and keep your eyes open you might likely as not turn up something pretty good on the Ace. It's a slim chance, but I'm takin' any kind of chance now."

Across from him April's eyes were softly pleading. The deep, dark sapphire of them had an unmistakable message. In a gay print gown in a garden she would, indeed, be a picture of loveliness. He stood up, sending a queer smile at her.

"All right," he said. "I'll help."

"I know you will," came trilling from her. "Oh, I know you will." Barry, however, was glancing, not at her but at the sergeant whose steadfast eyes met his with the look of one honest man to another.

It was two weeks before they saw him again. During those weeks Barry Andrews had much to do and still more to think of. The room on the narrow sidestreet had become intolerable. He could not endure the cramping of its flyblown walls, the dingy oppressiveness of its gaslit gloom at night. More than once he had sent the big black motor whirling over the state road until dawn flooded the countryside. Always there was with him the look that had been in April's eyes that night on the hill. It was drawing him to her—steadily, inevitably. It was something that could not be fought against longer.

This time she was all briskness. "Tell me," she said as soon as the park was reached. "You've been away so long. Have you been helping us—Dennis and me?"

His face was turned from her. "Yes," he said. "The Getaway Ace is through. For good."

He caught a little flutter of delight beside him. "You found him—you did? Oh, Barry, it's so wonderful. When does Dennis get him?"



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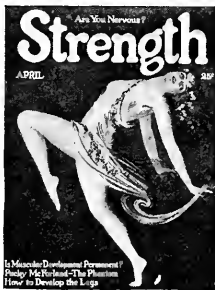
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"Not in this world, I think." His voice sounded suddenly hard. "Tell him I fixed it up and that's all. He's not to ask any reasons—I don't think he'll need any if he can report to the inspector that he's cleaned the case off the map. That ought to land him his lieutenant's papers."

"And both of us what we want." Her eyes were ashine. "You'll come to see us out on the Line, won't you? It's really you that's done it for us."

"It isn't much." His face was close to her. "April, what's the use of going on this way any longer? You know what I want to say to you."

"Yes," she said softly. "But—oh, Barry—I can't."

In the silence that fell he could hear her breathing softly. Presently she spoke in almost a murmur.

"You've kept so much back from me, Barry. I like you terribly, I do, but still there's that between us. You're so—so different. I don't really know you, Barry."

"I SUPPOSE you're right," he said slowly, as though some thought were maturing. His lips became a rigid line. "You don't know much about me. And, April, I'm not going to tell you. You'll have to judge me for yourself. You think I'm a rolling stone. I am—I'm built for all the excitement I can get. But you might as well hear from me that you're the first one—and the last one, too."

"I've guessed that," she whispered. "I like that, Barry."

"Listen," he shot at her. "This may not come through—what I'm going to tell you. Back where I used to live there's a bird who wants me to come into his garage with him. Fifty-fifty—his letter's in my pocket now. If I can raise twenty-five hundred I can do it. That would be a steady job, like you spoke of once, and no more cruising round a town for me. There'd be a good thing in it at the top that way. Would that kind of proposition make any difference?"

"Oh, Barry—" her voice half broke—"That would be—would be all the difference in the world. Anything that will show you're not just at a loose end all the time. No, I shouldn't have said that much—not—not yet." Suddenly her whole face glowed. "Yes, I should have, too. Will you do it—for me?"

"Will I?" His smile had all the old recklessness in it. He knew what was in her mind. It should have been there. This girl wanted from a man the things he had never expected he would be called upon to give to anyone—steadiness, constancy and a definite purpose in living. She had traveled the hard road, gay despite it all, but it was no road for her.

"If I knew—if I only knew all about you—" she began after a little pause, but he cut her short.

"We've had that out, April. That's done and behind. Let's look ahead instead. I'll prove something to you yet."

"I hope so," she whispered.

IV.

The clock-face, set just over the door of the big brownstone bank across the street, had its hands at ten minutes to eleven. The street itself was a broad lane of activity, loud with the clanging of trolley gongs and the short, more blatant bursts of motor horns. Not thirty yards away, where four corners met in a crossroad of soaring buildings, a traffic officer stood with upraised hand, banking the flow of automobiles and surface cars, while small eddies of humanity drifted from curb to curb in the mellow clearness of the forenoon. The scene was brisk, bustling and full of color, but the young man in the driving seat of the motor drawn up next to the sidewalk opposite the clock-face and a little north of it apparently had time for leisure, although he was sweeping the street now and again with an alert glance.

One hand rested on the wheel of the car, whose color was an indistinct gray, newly laid-

on and toned with such care that it gave no impression of a recent application. A latent power brooded in the long, graceful lines—beneath the hood, quiet now, but ready at the touch of the spark to roar into life, lay an engine that could send it flashing over the pavement like a thing possessed. Barry Andrews' fingers began to drum on the wheel—tensely, impatiently. The figure of a bull-necked man in a flannel shirt was swaggering casually through the door of the bank. It disappeared inside the grille and Barry's eyes flashed to the clock-face in the facade. Five minutes to eleven. A dapper young man was passing nervously into the bank now. Two minutes to eleven. As the first stroke of the hour came, mingling with the clatter of traffic, a third thin shape darted up the steps.

The final note of the clock struck and to the chorus of the street was added one more small sound—the low, powerful humming of the motor of the gray car. Barry's glance was sweeping dead ahead, noting every eddy and swirl of the traffic as far as a certain corner a long seventy-five yards away. Photographically his brain was recording what he saw in that instant—an avenue whose curbing was for blocks a solid mass of parked machines, but running down along those scores of cars a practically clear reach of asphalt beckoning to the tingling rush of speed.

A touch fell on his arm and he swung in his seat with half a snarl. It was not the time to be approached by idle passersby.

"April!" broke from him in utter amazement. Then his voice sounded sharply. "What are you doing here? You're working in that shop of yours the other side of the Corners."

He saw then the horrified wideness of her eyes, the fear that lay in them.

"It's you—you—you!" she whispered. "The car—gray paint—on the west side in front of the drugstore. It's you—you—you!"

He fixed her with a cool stare. "Why not? I can wait where I want to on a street. I can paint my car any color I like." His accents went suddenly strained as the meaning of her words drove into him. "What do you mean? How did you know I'd be around here? What do you mean 'It's you'?"

"Dennis—last night." The words emerged brokenly. "The bank—there's a payroll coming out—it's to be a robbery inside the building. He got wind of it, the whole plan. He overheard them in a backroom dive downtown. And I just couldn't help coming up to see—"

"April, you've gone crazy! To see what?" "To see him—the man you said you'd help Dennis to hunt. The man who's to be here right at this spot with a car for the gang, the man who isn't through at all. To see the Get-away Ace—you—you—you!"

FOR an instant both her hands went up to hide her face. In Barry's ears the low humming of the motor was like the beat and crash of thunder.

"Get out—April—get out!" ripped from him. "For God's sake, get out! There may be shooting I tell you. They're bad men over there. I know who they are. They'll fire like madmen if they're checked."

Her hands fell limply to her sides. When she looked up at him her face was strained but calm.

"Tell me, Barry, is it true? Are you the Getaway Ace?"

"Yes," he said fiercely. "Now you get out of here."

The rasp of his voice seemed to strike her like a whirlwind. He had spoken the truth. At any instant now the ripping play of bullets might come bursting from the door of the bank. He knew his type of customers. They would shoot themselves into a getaway if the need arose and it might well have arisen. Five full minutes inside the bank and not a sound had drifted across to the waiting car.

"You speak—you speak as though you hated me."

"I tell you—get out! Get away from here

and make for cover. You've found me out, April. Will you do one last thing for me?"

"No!" she said. He had never seen before the defiance that blazed in her face. She was another person—no longer the frail, trusting girl of the weeks that had been. With a swift gesture she flung open the door of the car and slipped in beside him.

"There are two cars full of police around the corner," she said clearly. "The bank is full of police, too. They're catching your gang this minute and they'll catch you the instant the signal is given. If you wait here it means prison for you—and for me also. I'm with you now, you see."

He turned a desperate face to her. "I can't quit. It's a trap, all right. I see that. But I stay here till the last one's caught. Do you get that? If there's a one of them breaks loose he'll head for me and the car. I've never laid down on a job yet. I don't intend to lay down on this one. If you won't go I'll put you out of this car with my own hands. You hear me?"

"I hear you, Barry. Don't storm and bluster at me any more. I'm not afraid of anything."

"If anything happens to you," he said in a low, hard voice, "you know what I will do. I'm no good, girl, I'm no good. Don't waste yourself—don't throw yourself away. You've still got time to get out of sight."

"NOT any more." A cluster of figures was swaying out from the door of the bank across the street. At the top of the steps the group stood plainly out—in its center a big man in a flannel shirt, a small man kicking and struggling agonizedly, a third figure passive and limp. The clothes of all three were torn and awry and a streak of red ran down the face of the big man whose eyes glared. It must have been a fight to the finish before the dozen plainclothesmen, who now shoved them toward the pavement, had brought them down. The glint of handcuffs caught the sunlight. The shrill blast of a whistle sounded.

From around the corner shot a pair of motors. A mass of uniform blue crowded the tonneaus and figures in blue rode the running boards. Swift shapes picked themselves out of the cover of storefronts and ran forward from all directions. Revolvers were flashing out of pockets. The street was a nest of police. The first of the two oncoming cars braked to a halt a few feet ahead of the gray waiting motor and the second pulled up behind, boxing it to perfection amid the row of empty machines.

"Come out of that car," ordered court tones.

"We want a look at you."

"They've got you, Barry," cried a strangled little voice. "Get away, Barry, get away!"

Something blazed in a red mist before his eyes, passed, and left him cold and hard as steel. He darted one glance at the small face beside him and then as calmly as though maneuvering for a better place in a traffic crush ran the gray motor forward until its nose was almost against the side of the nearest police car. Heavy faces looked down at him—some of them a little curious at the sight of the girl. He saw just above him the stunned gaze of Sergeant Dennis Harland.

"Coming," said Barry tensely. Behind him lay the low curbing, ranked with its motors for blocks. Beyond that barrier ran the sidewalk reaching to the glistening fronts of the stores. He did not even cast a look rearwards as his hand hurled the big car into reverse. There was a sudden smash as the wheels backed into the curbing, a rise as they breasted it and with a wrench at the wheel the big car had cut a half-arc and stood on the sidewalk itself, facing south.

They would not shoot. They dared not shoot with the sidewalk a mass of pedestrians leaping away from the roaring shape that had driven in among them. A single long, warning blast ripped out from the siren, at which the pavement cleared like magic. Into doorways, onto the running boards of the parked cars, anywhere and everywhere the scattered fragments of the crowd took themselves as that

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COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 125

The Truth about Hair Coloring
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blast stormed down the sidewalk ahead of the whirlwind rush of the gray car. The windows of stores reeled past like the sections of a panorama. It was the one chance in a thousand and he had taken it. The Getaway Ace was making his own road of escape.

The voice of Barry rose almost in a shout. "Get away, April? I'll tell the world we do!" A bright flame glowed in his eyes. Ahead for blocks the lane of the sidewalk went bare. No one cared to adventure himself in the path of a gray thunderbolt, manned apparently by a maniac. They crashed across the first cross-street's curbing, came up on the other side and roared on, close to walls against which open-mouthed, dazed people pressed. Over the tops of the driverless machines resting along the curbing Barry caught one glimpse of the police cars, free now for an instant of traffic and given a tearing right-of-way down the street proper.

BARRY shot out a warning and took the second corner on two wheels. Plunging into the cross-street the motor skidded for a wicked instant, picked itself up and arched off on the straightaway. Excitement ran through him like a living fire. April's one cry—and he had done the impossible. Blocks away lay another populous artery and even as he looked, with the blasts of the police whistles ringing in his ears, he saw the distant traffic officer raise his head, grasp the meaning of the racing car and the two pursuing blue-crowded motors, and stop a line of passing trucks squarely across the street.

What lay ahead, to left and right, on the streets about him Barry knew only too well. Not for nothing for days before he took on a job did he scour the avenues of escape, noting down the lay of each to the last detail. There was one road left to him now around the next turn to the left and that was a street under construction. A frail barrier with a red flag blocked it on—either side ran the ditches made by the picks of workmen on the city's water lines. But in between was a reach of asphalt along which a car—his car—could pass on a margin of inches. The Getaway Ace could do anything now. There would be no moment of grace, however, in which to leap down and remove the obstruction at the entrance.

"Get down in the car," ordered Barry crisply. "We're going to crash a barrier."

His grip went to her shoulder. The girl bent low, and the motor whirled at the turn. Ahead, the plank barred the street, its ends on a pair of barrels. There was a splintering crash, a lift and fling of red cloth, and before the gray motor opened a block of ragged-edged road that ended in a boulevard, smooth as glass and running in a glorious line as far as the eye could reach.

Barry's hand went down to the brakes and the big car came to a halt. In the middle of the street, gleefully scrawling with a scrap of chalk on the paving, sat a happy, dirty four-year-old. On either side of her lay the ditches, there was no way to pass her, no time to pick her up and put her safely aside. A frightened cry sounded from the steps of a nearby house.

"We lose. The luck's run out on me," said Barry coolly as the first of the police cars came storming around the corner. His lips gave a queer twist. "And ordinarily I like kids."

From the lead car descended Detective Sergeant Harland. He spoke briefly to his men and the police machines backed away a few yards, ready, however, to leap forward on the instant. His solid figure lifted itself into the gray motor behind Barry and April.

"Up to headquarters," he said briefly. "No more tricks. I've a gun on your back."

Silently Barry obeyed. The blocks went slowly, creepingly by. In front and behind rolled the police motors, blocking the road once more either way. But in Barry's mind there was no longer the flashing hope of escape. He knew Dennis Harland, the sergeant, just as he did Dennis Harland, the man. The one look that had passed between them when their eyes met in front of the bank had been enough. If

by so much as a hair's-breadth he swerved from the route the steel-jacketed bullet of a service automatic would gap ripping through him. The girl said nothing—her gaze, unseeing, was riveted on something far away.

"You two will want to know a thing or so if nobody else does," said Barry slowly. "Well—here it is—the whole works. I've got a brother, or rather I had one once. He had to go to Arizona. Lungs. So I pulled the first job and shipped him down there with the cash. After that I had to do it some more. I guess the speed of it sort of got into my blood. I couldn't keep away from it until—" he sent one glance that took in a white face—"that doesn't matter now, either. The kid didn't last long down South, but I got him an extra year out of it."

"And you said the Ace was through. The other night you said he was through." It was the first time that April had spoken since their ride had ended.

"He was. And then he needed twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Because—because—"

"Call it a garage. That'll be near enough." His voice sank to a ragged whisper. "I was mad for you that night, April. I went plain crazy. I wasn't the kind that dared to take a job and work up. I had to have action. I only knew the one way to get you—it was to be the last fling. Won't you believe that?"

He whirled suddenly on Dennis. "What have you got on me?" he demanded. "Not a thing. You can't hold me for waiting in a car on the street. Not one of those gunmen ever saw me before. You can't prove I was there for the getaway. Nobody can. You haven't got a witness you can put up against me."

Dennis looked at him levelly out of stolid, impersonal eyes.

"I've got a witness, Barry," he said heavily. "The girl. You've confessed in front of her. I'm sorry it turned out to be you, but it's no difference. She'll tell it all when she takes the stand."

"No!" flamed a voice. Flushed and courageous, April swerved in her seat to meet Dennis's unmoved gaze. "No, I say! You can't put me on the stand to testify against him."

"Tis the law, April. I wouldn't hurt ye, but we've all to stand aside if it's duty."

"You're right." She drew a quick, sharp breath. "We'll play the game. We'll stick to your law to the very end. It says a man's wife can't be brought into court against him—you've told me that yourself. All right, Dennis, I'll be Barry's wife any time he wants. Today in a cell if he asks me to. Now—try your law on him!"

"April!" said Barry unsteadily. For the first time in his life his hands groped on a wheel. "You can't do it. You know me now—all about me. That ends everything."

"It's because I know all about you that I will, Barry. Why—why didn't you tell it all to me before? No matter what it was I could have forgiven you, I could have helped you to fight it out, to win clear against it. I should have gone to the bottom of it—I could have stopped you, I know I could. It's all my fault there. There was something bigger than speed and excitement back of your last getaway, Barry. I want that. So here I am—any time you'd like me."

"You'll never get a jailbird," said Barry in words that came very slowly. "I'm a fool, April. I've always been a fool. I've wanted the fast, quick thing. I've never wanted the slow, sure job with success at the end of the long pull. I can do that, now that I know what I do. I can work up from the bottom. And it's no late."

The gray motor rolled under an arch and into a grimy, flagged courtyard. The sides of the building surrounding it rose up until the place seemed a dank wall. Along one side ran a row of windows with gratings.

"Here we are," said Dennis. "Get out with ye."

The motor stood silent and deserted in the

yard. Up a flight of steps and through a door they passed, down a corridor and out into a large room where a lieutenant in uniform sat behind a desk. A little group of patrolmen lounged about tables in an adjoining room, reading magazines and smoking peacefully. The headquarters squad, in its time off, took things with calm.

The lieutenant threw a glance down on the sergeant, taking no immediate notice of the young man with the shadowed eyes and the slim girl who had been brought in with him.

"You get it, Dennis," he pronounced. "The commissioner's down the hall with the inspector giving those three bank birds the third degree. He dropped a remark that if you take a look at the bulletin board tomorrow you'll see something you like." A rugged fist reached over the desk. "Good man, Dennis. I guess we used to pound the pavements together in the old days."

A TRACE of emotion appeared on Dennis's face before it went impassive again. There was a gasp from the girl who instinctively put a hand on his arm. Then the hand fell away and her lips quivered. The lieutenant was going on briskly, reaching for the blotter.

"Got another one to book up? Seems to be your big day. All right, Sergeant, what's the charge?"

The shoulders of Dennis straightened. His voice sounded heavily, monotonously.

"Speeding, reckless driving and endangering life and property while in control of a motor car. Drove two blocks on the sidewalk at fifty miles an hour. Two hundred people saw him do it. That's all."

"Ouch," said the lieutenant. "That's enough for one morning. Sounds like a wicked speech from the judge and a hundred bucks fine to me."

"It'll be that, easy enough," said Dennis steadily. "And if he hasn't got it on him you can tell the judge I'm good for it. Joe, meet my little girl April, and her young lad. You'll see a good deal of 'em in a place I'm thinking of settin' up out on the Line for the three of us. They've just sprung a bit of a surprise on me."

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

RED, GEORGIA.

Do not worry about your weight. You will get heavier as you grow a little older. You might eat more nourishing foods because you are growing. Don't worry about your height, either. It is always best to accept one's height and make an asset of it, rather than a liability.

HANDS OF THE CLOCK, DENVER.

Please send me your home address. I am very anxious to write to you, but space forbids my replying to your letter as I desire in this column.

E. B. Y., CHICAGO.

Yes, indeed, I do think you should go out with other girls and with boys, too. You are twenty. That means you aren't a little girl any longer. One of the most important things in life is social contacts. By that I mean the ability to make and keep friends and to select the right persons for one's acquaintances. Rarely do I tell girls to go against their mother's advice, but in this case, I do. Isn't it possible, since your mother objects to your going out with girls, that she might agree to your bringing them to your home for a little party? I really feel you must take a firm stand in this matter. No girl can live her life through her mother any more than the mother can live her life through her daughter. Write me again if you want to. I am very glad to help you.



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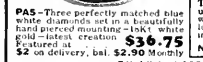
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ELEANOR M.

The following is an excellent exercise for reducing the legs. Stand erect, with feet close together. Rest your hands on your hips. Rise to tiptoe. Then sit in a squatting position, bending the knees sharply outward. Be sure to keep your upper body erect. Return to standing position. Repeat the exercise twelve times, gradually increasing it to twenty or thirty times a day. Any pedaling exercises, such as riding a real or imaginary bicycle, climbing stairs and walking are good. All of these will reduce your legs. But they won't do it in a few moments. The legs are difficult to reduce. You must keep up the exercises daily and do not look for results for about two months.

FERN GROVE.

Your hair problem is directly connected with your health. The best thing you can do is build up your general health. Brush your hair a great deal and do not use curling irons if you want to keep your natural wave. Eat all the fresh, green vegetables and drink milk daily and a great deal of water. I am very glad you wrote to me. Write whenever you wish.

VIRGINIA, M. C.

Your trouble is that you are self-conscious. Self-consciousness is really a form of conceit. Pose of any sort makes a person awkward and unhappy. The one thing that makes the flapper charming to me is the lack of pose. She's pretty much just a regular girl trying to have an amusing time. A little bit of this attitude would go a long way toward solving your problem. You admit in your letter that you do a lot of acting. Assuming a "proud, haughty look" and such airs when you are really shy and frightened. Don't do it, Virginia. A good thing for all of us to remember is that no one is really very important, and ourselves least of all. Therefore, if you go calmly along "being yourself" you'll be all right. I hope I haven't seemed cross to you in this reply. I haven't meant to be, but I think you should take yourself sternly in hand and forget about the bored expressions.

MARGARET WIEMAN.

Your weight is very good for your height. The preparations you are using for your hair and skin are very beneficial. I, myself, feel that washing the skin with water and a good soap is never harmful. When massaging around the eyes, always massage outward instead of inward. You can wear white, relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; darkest purple; no red; pale pink; soft rose; bronze. Yes, I always recommend simple clothes; in fact this year simplicity in clothes almost reaches a point of monotony.

YVONNE, X. C.

You don't need to worry about your weight. It is all right. Why do you want to enlarge your ankles? Leave them alone. Slim ankles are very lovely. Light, rachel powder should be most becoming to you. I think you should experiment with a dull pink rouge—a sort of carnation shade—or a tint with a little more yellow in it, to see which is the most becoming. You can wear black, relieved with some other color; all shades of brown; electric and sapphire blues; orchid; burgundy and dark red; amber and canary yellows; all pinks, unless too highly colored. I see no harm in your writing to your boy friend. He may have thought you refused to go to the party because you didn't want to see him. It would be a good idea to invite him to some social affair you may be planning to prove you really do feel friendly toward him. If he should ask you to go to a dance, you should accept by all means, if you really want to retain his friendship.

NATACHA NICHOLSON.

If you want to reduce sanely, you must diet. And if you won't diet you won't reduce very much, no matter how much exercise you take. The two must be used in conjunction with each other. Walking is very beneficial, but you must

always be careful in taking a long walk that you don't come home with such an appetite that you eat enough to put the fat back on again. You can wear black, with white relief; cream and ivory whites; electric and sapphire blues; amber and canary yellows; all pinks. You didn't tell me your brother's age, but if he is between twenty and twenty-five he should weigh in the vicinity of 145 pounds.

FRITZ.

It seems to me that any girl who has green eyes and black hair should be proud of that fact. Please do not start tinting your hair. It never looks quite right, it's expensive, and the most terrible nuisance. The Dorothy Gray preparations are all very excellent. I did read "Ariel—The Life of Shelly," and enjoyed it tremendously, only I might as well admit I read it in English, not in French. If you do much reading, incidentally, you will observe that all the really devastating heroines have green eyes.

E. M. L.

Don't you believe that old man. With your height and weight tailored clothes would be very charming on you. I have a personal objection against little fluffy things on little girls. If you want to look tall that isn't the way to go about it. A little girl is more charming in a smart tailored frock and it does not give the appearance of a walking lamp shade. Again I repeat to you, don't listen to that old man. That's all the advice you need on that problem.

HELEN D. McL.

You say you're 12 in your letter, but your handwriting looks so grown up that I can hardly believe it. But if you are only 12 get all thoughts of powder and rouge out of your mind. Give your skin a chance to be natural for at least 4 years. I do like little girls to be little girls.

TOMMY.

Your doctor is right. Since you like athletics and sports, wear sport clothes. Smart women wear them, and they ought to suit you both physically and from the standpoint of personality. You can wear white, relieved with some other color; blue; tan; blue gray; cream and ivory white; no red; darkest purple; pale green for evening; buff; soft rose; bronze. I think a rouge with a little more yellow in it would suit your coloring. If you will read the advice I have given to "Fancy" you will find a remedy for your blackheads.

PEGGY.

Yes, all our advertisements are very carefully investigated before accepted. The preparation you are using has nothing in it that is harmful, in so far as we know.

CHRYSAL DARICOURT.

My dear, do not worry about the effect your advice may have on other people. It is very charming that you are so sympathetic and sweet to people that they want to come and tell you their problems. Without wishing to seem too flippanant about it, I would say that no one pays any attention to the advice others give them. Just listen to their talk and advise them as sanely as you can and hope to goodness they will have enough sense to pay attention to you. But they probably won't. Yes, it may be that your beauty inspires these confidences. I should imagine that any man would get a terrible kick out of telling a pretty girl about his broken heart.

WISTFUL.

Honey, you are worrying over things that really do not matter. You're only 16 and your shyness undoubtedly makes boys shy of you. It is really a very good thing for every girl to remember that most boys, no matter how much they may shout and jump around, are still shy at heart. If you are going to sit in a corner, they don't quite dare come and get you out of it. I certainly advise you to take some dancing

lessons or go places where you can do a lot of dancing. I warn you against dancing with your girl friend, even if it means you never get a dance. When boys see two girls dancing together they always jump to the conclusion that neither girl can get a boy to dance with her. And most men are sheep like. They like to go with a girl other fellows go with. Just why, I don't know. As for the Etiquette Club, it is very nice. Its only danger is that too much etiquette is apt to make you stiff and that will ruin the whole effect of your good manners.

FANCY.

You are a little under-weight, but you don't need to worry about it because a girl of your age jumps around in weight a good deal. If you read the colors I have given to Miss Wierman you will find that these are your colors, too. To rid your skin of blackheads you must thoroughly cleanse your face at night with a good cleansing cream. Wash the face with a pure soap and hot water, followed by cold water. End up with an ice rub or spat the skin with witch hazel. If there are any blackheads that can be squeezed out, do so by gently pressing the parts between fingers protected by a small piece of cotton. Do but a couple at a time before using the cold water rinse.

MISS HOWCOME AND WHY SO.

You are too heavy. You shouldn't weigh more than 125 pounds at the most. Your sister is also over-weight. She should lose at least 30 pounds. About your love affair. You've just fallen out of love, that's all. It was probably one of those childhood infatuations and when your friend went away and left you, you simply forgot him. My advice to you now is not to see too much of him again, otherwise you may delude yourself into thinking you're in love. Wait six months or so, at least until you are quite sure you know your mind on this matter, before you make any decided step in his direction.

ARCHIE CAMPBELL.

You ask for publishers' addresses, but I don't know whether you mean publishers who take novels or plays or simply magazine publishers who accept short stories. The amateur's chances of selling scenarios are very remote, but if you wish to send them to my studio, pick out a large organization in our studio directory and mail your scripts to them. I say a large company simply because they have larger scenario departments which are more apt to read outside material. Continue writing your short stories, get them published and hope that some one of them will be purchased for screen rights. In that way you will become known to film people.

CHARLINE.

I judge that the preparation to which you refer is "Zip." Not having experimented with reducing soaps, I cannot, personally, guarantee the results. But a reduction in weight that comes from diet and exercise is always superior to that which comes through any other method.

MISS A. F., SAN FRANCISCO.

If you will write me a little more about your qualifications and tastes, I may be able to advise you regarding your work. The tailored suit is always perfect. With it, for you, I advise practical walking shoes and a simple tailored hat in felt. In your appearance, you should emphasize practicality, efficiency and poise. You will contrast most favorably then with the flappers. Dark blue, gray and the tan shades would be your best colors. If you feel the weather demands a coat, get that in a simple tailored model also.

G. E. M., PHILADELPHIA.

I have heard both the courses you mention highly recommended. You can find Miss Kellerman's address in almost any large magazine by looking through the advertisements. I am sorry that I do not know it.

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Wholesale Murder and Suicide

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

mitted to distribute indiscriminately drugs that have the potency for harm that is possessed by the thyroid preparations."

In spite of all the campaigns that the Association has waged against the unsupervised use of thyroid for fatness, there are still pills and tablets on the market which contain thyroid, if to a lesser degree.

I asked Dr. Kebler to tell me what reducing medicines were made of.

"YOU must remember," he said, "that these reducing drugs are not standardized. They change composition from time to time. One year a drug will contain thyroid, the next year it won't, and when we come to examine it again, on some complaint, we will find thyroid. We can always prove the presence of thyroid, because it is animal tissue and can be seen under the microscope. There is no way, however, of proving the presence or absence of some vegetable matter."

"All of these drugs are first of all laxative. Then, some may have from one-twentieth of a grain to a grain of thyroid to a pill or tablet. Others contain bladdervack. Some have poke root, which will put your appetite 'on the bum' and which is a harmful drug. Some of them are laxatives entirely and won't do any harm, but they won't do any good either. Anybody ought to know that even a mild laxative taken regularly several times a day is certainly inadvisable."

"Then there are the bread schemes, which mostly consist of coarse bread, a laxative, bran, perhaps agar agar, a species of seaweed, indigestible material. There have been breads with doses of thyroid, such a small dose to a loaf that it may do no harm to normal persons, but neither is it going to have any effect on their fatness. A twentieth of a grain of thyroid in a pill taken before each meal may have no effect on many people. To a person with a very active thyroid it will do distinct harm."

The day will come, Dr. Kebler thinks, when drug stores will be held responsible for selling harmful reduction and other patent remedies, just as they are now held responsible for selling such drugs as veronal. I might add that drug stores may already feel some qualms. Inquiring at a number of large, well-known stores, the clerks greeted me with a smile and a meaning shrug—"They say they're safe. We don't guarantee them, of course," was the standard answer.

One way by which the Bureau of Collaborative Research checks up on dangerous remedies is through letters of complaint, and because Dr. Kebler's activities are known in Washington, he is often called upon as a personal adviser.

"People have come to my house late at night to ask me whether I knew of anything to counteract the effects of thyroid," he told me. "Two cases came to my attention lately. One, a woman who joined a reduction class I ran for a community house, a woman who weighed 208 pounds, had been affected by a thyroid treatment. By diet and exercise, she lost 20 pounds in ten weeks and kept her lowered weight. The other woman died. Thyroid is a heart depressant and a large number of people can't stand it at all."

Not all dangerous nostrums have thyroid necessarily. Dr. Kebler described one case in which his secretary had been the goat. I should explain that Dr. Kebler and his assistants sometimes try new drugs on themselves the better to observe their effects. The secretary agreed to use a box of these pills, guaranteed "absolutely safe." In a few days, she reported that she felt as if she "could lift the side of a house." In fact, she was so over-full of pep and energy that she could not sleep of nights or

control her nerves. Dr. Kebler then noticed that her eyes were protruding. The pills were analyzed. They contained strychnine and belladonna.

Letters have been coming in too, charging that the heads of tapeworms in capsules have been prescribed and sold by quacks to reduce fatness. The use of tapeworms has been rumored for some time—in fact, I have heard that it was the favorite method of a famous prima donna, now retired. It seems impossible to actually prove the existence of this method, however, for the people who complain cannot or will not give details.

Dr. Kebler has asked PHOTOPLAY to urge readers who have had or think they have had such an experience to write to him at once, and tell him how, when and where.

Bladdervack, mentioned by Dr. Kebler, as the basis of many obesity cures, is a species of seaweed. Iodine is derived from seaweed, and perhaps the idea that iodine absorbs fatty tissue accounts for the use of bladdervack. This, however, is what the American Medical Association reported of bladdervack.

"There seems to be no explanation of its popularity as a remedy for obesity. In fact, it is said that this weed is used in some localities as a food for hogs in the belief that it makes the animals fat."

As for poke root, the root of a common weed, the pokcherry, the Pharmacopoeia at your own drug store will tell you very explicitly about it. "Poke root is emetic, purgative, and somewhat narcotic. As an emetic it is very slow in its operation, then continuing to act for a long time upon both stomach and bowels. The vomiting produced by it is said not to be attended with spasms or pain, but narcotic effects have been observed by some physicians, such as drowsiness, vertigo and dimness of vision. In overdoses it produces excessive vomiting and purging, attended with great prostration of strength and sometimes with convulsions and has, in several instances, proved fatal. . . . It is not fit for use as an emetic."

Other bases of obesity cures, put up in various combinations, are citric acid, which may produce a condition of acidosis (acid intoxication) due to the accumulation of acid products in the body. Also boric acid, which doctors say so seriously impairs digestion that the patient loses weight from the resulting illness. The iodids, sodium iodid and potassium iodid, are popular. Epsom Salts, tartaric acid, baking soda, and even washing soda, are also ingredients of remedies.

It is true that the doses are sometimes too small (for instance one-twentieth of a grain of thyroid to a pill) to do a stout person, who has no organic disorders any harm. If these small doses have no effect on the health, however, neither have they the least effect on the fat.

I AM convinced, from my investigation, that the reason people are willing to try reducing medicines is because they refuse to believe the real cause of obesity. Perhaps they think it's too unromantic. They are eager to take the hints that *all fat* is a glandular disease. No fault of theirs, just their misfortune. All they have to do is to take a few pills to put the naughty gland in its place, and presto! in a few weeks there they'll be slim as a Lillian Gish. Unfortunately, this is what Dr. Arthur Cramp writes about the causes of fat: "It would be unfair to say that all fat persons eat too much and take too little exercise—but it is certainly true that most of them do. And it is the overfed, under-exercised individual who thinks that somewhere there must be a process that, without effort or self-denial, will transform stylish stouts into boyish forms."

As for glandular fat, at the clinic of the Neurological Institute, for the purpose of correcting glandular disorders, I got this information:

"There are three different kinds of obesity (caused by defections of the glands). There is thyroid fatness, in which the patient is generally fat, puffy all over. There is pituitary fatness, which comes in bunches over the hips, stomach, back and thighs, not so much in the upper part of the body as in the lower part. This is hard fat. And there is ovarian fatness, a general distribution of fat after childbirth. The different kinds of obesity must be treated in different ways.

"Thyroid fatness yields to thyroid treatment. Thyroid will reduce fatness—but it will reduce it at the expense of the thyroid gland and may result in nervousness and other symptoms. Doses of thyroid must always be carefully regulated and watched over by competent physicians. And we have a great many patients who cannot take thyroid at all.

"The cure for obesity is diet, exercise, and, when necessary, any glandular medicine which seems wise to a competent physician. There are some kinds of fatness which cannot be helped at all, short of actual starvation—and that, of course, won't help the body any."

WHAT is meant by reducing fatness "at the expense of the thyroid" was explained to me by a well-known neurologist, a professor at Columbia.

"A condition of hyperthyroidism (over-activity of the thyroid) may result. This does bring on definite mental symptoms. There are forms of insanity largely due to the influence of the thyroid drug. It may also affect the other glands, such as the genital glands.

"There are other dangers in the unwise use of thyroid drug. It is likely to put the thyroid to sleep—the gland may cease to function, resulting in a lack of mental and physical energy. Or, after a person has brought him or herself down in weight at the expense of the thyroid and other glands, the patient may remain emaciated, thin, with resultant depression and anxiety and may begin to suffer anything to which he or she may be liable.

"A grain of thyroid to a pill might very well be a harmful dose for many people. It is impossible to say just how small or how large a dose is dangerous. This depends on the susceptibility of the individual."

Fat diets, over exercise are also responsible for serious illnesses, even deaths. The pineapple and lamb chop diet, on everyone's lips recently, will cause colitis, according to doctors, if followed too rigorously or by a person who is in no condition for such a diet. The lemon juice diet, once very popular, might bring on a-aid intoxication.

"Some diet books cause a lot of trouble." Dr. Fisk of the Life Extension Institute explained to me, "by prescribing diets that are too narrow. There is one very popular book, in particular, the bad effects of which we have watched. Fat people don't have to cut out so many things. They must cut down, not out. They must look out for certain foods, but that doesn't mean they must dispense entirely with some foods which are very valuable to the body. For instance, there is the so-called thirst treatment, or abstinence from water. Now, there is no reason why a stout person should not take an average amount of water. Indeed, some water is required for purposes of elimination.

"Many stout people are very unwilling to take advice. Because a middle-aged person, who has never taken much exercise, goes on some strenuous exercise system and cuts out many foods that are necessary, and therefore gets depressed and sick, he concludes that he can't stand any diet system. Even a person on a diet system, modified according to his or her needs, by a doctor, is likely to get depressed in the first stages of losing weight. There



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is the loss of flesh around the abdomen, a sense of gone-ness; sometimes the abdomen, lacking the rolls of flesh by which it has been supported, falls. The diet may have to be modified further. But in time and with a certain amount of exercise he will get over the depression, and he will certainly be in a healthier condition. After thirty, the death rate among people below average weight, other things being equal, is far lower than among people above average weight.

"I don't want to disparage exercise, but in stout people, this must be graded very carefully, according to the type of individual and the physical condition. We have had a lot of trouble with ill-regulated physical culture systems. They may be sound theoretically, but people take them without any knowledge of underlying conditions, whether they have heart or kidney trouble or high blood pressure. We had a case here of the death of a stout woman, caused, in my opinion, directly by one of these exercise systems."

If patent medicines, thyroid, and even

unregulated diet and exercise cause such havoc, the woman who wishes to reduce may well cry, "Then how on earth does one reduce?"

The sensible way to go about reducing is to find out first of all whether one should reduce. The criterion for one's figure should not be a mannikin or a motion picture actress, but, as Dr. Fisk puts it, "one's own type," and the court of final appeal should be one's own family doctor. He, considering your family history, the condition of your heart, lungs, and so on, can tell you whether or not you should weigh less than you do.

However, some general tables have been drawn up of what women, at certain heights and certain ages, should weigh. They are used by doctors, subject, you must remember, always to individual modification.

In my next article, I shall tell you what I have learned about these ideal figures from the people who should be the real authorities—not the theatrical and motion picture directors—but the doctors.

As We Go to Press

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

THE idea of talking pictures has come to life again. Warner Bros. have acquired the tenancy of the old Manhattan Opera House in New York City, and will remodel it as a studio for filming talking pictures. Warners have a new device called the Vitaphone, which is said to synchronize sound with action, and they will engage singers to take part in the making of pictures that will take the silence out of the silent drama. And so another old dream takes a new lease on life.

"**T**HE Trail of Ninety Eight" has been postponed until next winter, when there will be snow in abundance to form the backgrounds for this story of the Klondike. Clarence Brown also wants to wait until John Gilbert is available for the leading rôle. Meanwhile, Gilbert will make a Russian story called "The Cossacks." A group of real Cossacks has been imported from Russia to take part in the film. Until production starts the Cossacks will tour the country in circus style, thereby building up some advance publicity for the picture.

EVERY director in the business is announcing that he has been selected to direct Dieisers' novel, "An American Tragedy." However, in spite of the rumors, almost as

thick as those that surrounded "Ben Hur," D. W. Griffith is still slated to produce it.

THE work of glorifying the American girl in movies has begun. The long awaited Ziegfeld film has gone into production at the Paramount Studio on Long Island, with Louise Brooks and William Collier, Jr., in the leading rôles.

THESE movie actors have a fatal fascination. Ben Turpin, who has been a widower for a little less than a year, has found a lady to share his lonely home.

It is said that he met her at the sanitarium during his late wife's illness, and her sympathy for Ben in his grief won the heart of the comedy sheik.

ROMANCE in the younger set. They say that William Haines is anxiously urging Mary Brian to say "yes."

CLARA BOW has been selected to play opposite Eddie Cantor in his first film, "Kid Boots." And May Robson, an old stage favorite, has been engaged to play the lead in Irvin Cobb's original screen story, "Turkish Delight."

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103]

Personality Popularity

Louisville, Ky.

Isn't it amusing to note how every fan asserts that his own particular favorite is an artist of remarkable talents?

As a matter of fact, there are very, very few really good actors on the screen and even fewer good actresses. A good actor is one whose work could not be equalled by the average fan in the audience, given the same opportunities. We don't admire that which our intellect tells us we should admire. For instance, I know that Richard Barthelmess is the screen's best actor, but he isn't even one of my favorites. As a historic artist, Douglas Fairbanks is a flop, but I watch him with breathless adoration.

It's personality, fans, and you might as well admit it. Nearly all of the minor players are as good as the leading ones, but they are not,

at the time, because they lack personality. If Richard Barthelmess had not possessed it, all his fine acting would not have lifted him out of the rank and file. Sometimes, of course, a player possesses beauty and nothing else, but that kind doesn't last long. Witness Hope Hampton and Mary Miles Minter.

It's personality every time, and when a fan is under its magic spell he isn't competent to judge a player's talent. JAMIE F. HESS.

Clipped Joy

Florence, S. C.

It is, perhaps, a little out of the ordinary to criticize a picture one has not seen. However, after viewing the posters in the lobby of the theater, and observing that Leatrice Joy played the title rôle, I felt that, with her mannish hair cut, she could not possibly make it interesting.

Until "The Dressmaker from Paris" I was one of her most ardent admirers, but, in my opinion, Miss Joy will never again regain the high popularity which she enjoyed and deserved, about the time of "Manslaughter" and "The Ten Commandments," until she allows her hair to grow long enough, at least for a feminine and becoming bob.

What is the producer thinking of? We have all kinds of freak fashions and eras, but never yet has the masculine woman been popular. MISS GRADY RUMPH.

For Simpler Serials

Winchester, Ill.

This is a plea for a different type of serial than we are getting. I enjoy a serial, but am tired of seeing the beautiful daughter of a devoted, deceased father being ruthlessly pursued by a hardened man of the world, who calls to his aid every deep dyed villain of the underworld in his efforts to capture the girl and her mysterious bundle of furs left by her dear father, while she, in turn, has at her disposal the entire "Royal Mounted" and all the Marines thrown in. You breathlessly follow her through a maze of a thousand impossible situations and each Monday night leaves her frantically swimming against a raging torrent, peering out an upstairs window of a burning house or perhaps suspended in mid-air from the top of a high cliff, there to remain until she is rescued a week later by the valiant "Mounted." And always the same inevitable ending, with her tightly held in the arms of the uniformed one. Give us, for a change, a restful drama, with a few thrills and a little clean comedy, which entertains us instead of keeping our nerves in a strain during the tedious drawn out weeks that the serial is being shown at our favorite theater. MARYDELL LANGFORD.

What About Madame Glyn?

New Rochelle, N. Y.

So often directors and stars ask that the public speak up and tell them what they like best in "silent drama."

I have thought the question over seriously and I have reached this conclusion: The American heart, taken as a whole, wants stories of heart appeal and not sex appeal. They want stories like "Stella Dallas," that bring tears to the eyes and a tugging at one's heart strings. "The Big Parade," "Ben-Hur" and "La Boheme" are also worthy of an evening's entertainment.

They want clean cut, wholesome comedy. The kind of picture that presents clean-minded actors in a clean-minded, humorous plot. My idea of ideal entertainment in this line is "Irene," "Behind the Front" and "Bluebeard's Seven Wives."

We moving picture fans are often hungry for the mythical, and simple charming stories like "Peter Pan," "Just Suppose" satisfy our appetites.

If the directors kept in mind that a reproduction such as was attempted in "The Reckless Lady," from the Belle Bennett-Lois Moran scenes in "Stella Dallas," can never be successfully made their efforts would be more appreciated. With best wishes to every star and extra in Hollywood and to the finest of motion picture magazines—PHOTOPLAY, I am, ISABELLE LANGENHAGEN.

A Comedy Lover

Albany, Ga.

Brief applause for that ludicrous, yet wholly delightful comedy, "Behind the Front." We sincerely hope it is a forerunner of a new era of pictures for Paramount. Although the play did border frequently on the farcical, there was a beautiful absence of pias and bathing beauties.

Plays like "Stella Maris" are excellent; still, "The Great American Audience" really does not enjoy weeping night after night. Anyway, there is always keen pathos lying close to the comic, if one will just look for it. Let this suffice our craving for the tragic. MRS. RALPH BROOKS

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Before After

A Pure White Hat, Maybe

Chicago.

In the April issue of PHOTOPLAY a reader suggested Bebe Daniels for the part of *Iris March* in Arden's "The Green Hat." The idea was all right, but I doubt very much if the story could be filmed as written and get by the censors. In fact, it is doubtful if any director would try to put in the scenes as written. I'm sure, too, that he would not let *Iris* kill herself in the end. It just isn't being done in movie circles.

Look at what they did to "The Tattooed Countess." The heroine became 25 years of age instead of 50, her thin old maid sister became a stout matron, a young reforming fool was thrown in, and all of the boy's affair with his girl friend, the high school teacher, and his subsequent meeting and elopement with the *Countess* was left out.

It may be that Miss Negri refused to play the part as written or Mr. Hays had something to say about it. Still, whatever the cause, the result was not worthy of being advertised as "from the novel by Carl Van Vechten."

The story of Chicago, "That Royle Girl," is another instance of the above. The combination of Balmer and Griffith should have made a great picture, whereas it turned out to be only a very fair program offering.

MISS SUZANNE BALASH.

From One Trouper to Others

Haverhill, Mass.

May an actor of the "Speakers" throw a few bouquets to the actors of the "Movies"?

We of the speaking stage are great movie fans. We admire showmanship, wherever found—showmanship being that quality which not only makes an actor a success, but KEEPS him a success. Have you noticed how many stage actors are gaining recognition in the movies lately?

Witness Louise Dresser in "The Goose Woman." I pity any one who never heard Miss Dresser sing "Back to Babyland" fifteen years ago. More power to you, Miss Dresser. You were a great performer then, and a great performer now.

Edna May Oliver ran away with "Let's Get Married." Even Richard Dix didn't mean a thing when the old girl strutted her stuff. Paul Kelly did the same thing to the mighty Meighan in "The New Klondike."

John Gilbert, in spite of his matinee idol appeal, is a fine actor. Adolphe Menjou, another.

Valentino? Yes, in front of the camera, but never in person.

Betty Bronson—be careful, little girl, may a more seasoned performer has been wrecked on the shoals of self-admiration.

Lois Moran—I have my doubts.

Anyway, here's to the movie actors. May the gods grant them three virtues, personality, modesty and showmanship.

AN OLD TIMER.

Jack Was Always Good

Ashley, Mass.

The suggestion of a recent contributor that "St. Elmo" would make a suitable vehicle for John Gilbert illustrates the obscurity of his Fox productions. He played the role three years ago, in the days when, according to his own description, he was the least known player who had ever been elevated to stardom.

The writer saw "Monte Cristo" with the sensations of "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken."

Whatever the shortcomings of the picture itself, Gilbert's performance flashed fine. Then followed a long series of program pictures, ignored by press and public; then sudden discovery and the focusing of the telescopes. The curious feature of the affair is not the pyrotechnic quality of Gilbert's recent success, but the fact that recognition was so long deferred.

E. M. STONE.

A Whole Flower Garden

Lexington, Mo.

Here are my sentiments.
Alice Joyce: I am glad you came back, Alice. Keep up your good work of "Dancing Mothers."

Anna O. Nilsson: "The Splendid Road" was wonderful. I am very anxious to see "Miss Nobody."

Mac Busch: You are the screen's most colorful actress.

Pauline Starke: Why can't we see you more often?

Colleen Moore: I never see enough of you, charming, peppy girl.

Alyce Mills: Congratulations to the producer who discovered you. "My Lady's Lips" was a good picture due to your splendid acting.

Mildred Harris: Where have you been?

Katherine MacDonald: I can hardly wait to see "The Desert Healer" because of you.

Blanche Sweet: I hope the producers don't ruin your talent in such mediocre productions as "The Far Cry."

Eileen Percy: I want to see you more often and in better pictures.

Betty Compson: Why, oh, why, did you ever leave Paramount?

Betty Blythe: We haven't forgotten you, Betty, and we would like to see you once in a while at least.

Estelle Taylor: The reason why I am going to see "Don Juan."

Dolores Costello: You're wonderful! Words fail me!

Priscilla Dean: Hurrah! a new flashing Priscilla!

Scena Owen: You are delightful! Give us more pictures, please.

Carol Dempster: Since "That Royle Girl," I am mad about you.

Wanda Hawley: Your blond loveliness deserves better pictures.

O. C.

This Gilbert Guy

Chicago.

In March PHOTOPLAY you ask "Can Jack Gilbert get away with it?" I'll say he can with any rôle he wants, as he is not only a great lover, but also a wonderful actor, with a capital A, and he is just chucked full of IT, as Elinor Glyn says. You can't describe IT, but it is there, and seems to draw you towards him. When you go to see Gilbert in a picture, you don't see Gilbert but the character he is playing, and that is a compliment to an actor.

MRS. M. SKLRIS.

You Like Him, Don't You?

Chicago.

Poor, silly movie fans! You rave, you gush, you go into hysterics over Rudy, Ramon, Gilbert and the rest of them! But either your eyesights are falling or else you have not the gumption to appreciate truly fine, and splendid acting—acting that does not seem like acting it is so real. I say this because I so seldom see a word of praise or appreciation, for that greatest actor of them all—John Barrymore.

Some people, some movie critics—because he has been acclaimed the greatest living actor—delight in nagging, picking and trying in their silly little way to let everyone within hearing distance know that they think him nothing of the kind! But then the world is full of such people—such critics. The greater a man is, no matter what his occupation in life, the more critics he has.

Suffice it to say that Barrymore has given to the screen some of the finest acting the public has had the good fortune to see, and that outside of "Beau Brummel" I have never enjoyed a picture as much as I did "The Sea Beast"—movie critics to the contrary.

Rudy may come back, Ramon may rise, but Barrymore shall go on forever!

PAULINE LONTZ.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 146]

His Last Fifty Cents

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

picture. They had established a code, and he said it by turning the signet ring on his finger. To condense the romance, which a Shakespeare might weave into fame and box office receipts—Jack married the girl.

And he's still twisting that ring on his finger.

An extraordinary man and an extraordinary wife, in Hollywood. They have been married for years and love one another.

I have wondered at the endurance of Holt as a favorite.

He's a splendid actor, though not an Adonis. But excellent actors and handsomer men have passed out of the picture while his romance has carried steadily on.

And it all comes back to the one thing worth while in life—Character.

Jack Holt has had the good fortune of fine breeding, and he has had the integrity not to betray it.

You see in him on the screen what I see in him in person—the sort of a man you would trust as a friend. And a friend who would spend his last fifty cents to treat you.

I wonder if that isn't the definition of a gentleman?

It happens, in this instance, to be also the definition of success.

That last fifty cents earned Jack a million. May it earn him many millions more.

The Foreign Legion in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

time I suspected "Bucho" of "a heart of gold."

But times have changed. Not long ago I was watching Lillian Gish making "The Scarlet Letter." What I saw brought the day on "Bucho's" set, long, long ago, back to me with vivid force. It started me to thinking. I wonder if it will have the same effect on you. Victor Seastrom, the great Swedish picture-maker, was directing that great American actress, Lillian Gish, in the great American classic, "The Scarlet Letter," for the well-known American firm of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Supporting Miss Gish in the leading male rôle was Lars Hansen, the "Swedish John Barrymore," in his first American picture. Karl Dane, whose last name is his nationality, had an important rôle. General Lodjensky, a former Russian officer and protégé of Buchowetzki, who is seen in almost every picture "Bucho" directs, was playing the village drunk.

Even Sven Borg, Hansen's secretary, was playing a part.

DO you get the similarity to the earlier scene on Buchowetzki's first picture? But how times have changed. What a difference in the importance of the rôles?

"The poor, hungry foreigners" rang through my memory and I began to wonder about that "heart of gold" stuff.

Now I will chronicle some facts and fables about the Foreign Legion, which only a few years ago was a small part of the great Extra Army, eagerly grasping at a day's work, an extra ticket.

We will take Paramount first, for it was Paramount who brought over the first famous European, Pola.

It would seem that they have played no favorites as to the nationalities of their foreign talent.

They brought Lubitsch, the German, over, but didn't sign him.

Why, I do not know.

Then to their studios came Buchowetzki with a two-picture contract. The little Russian has since worked for several other producers, is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer now and is about to make the cycle back to Paramount again.

For a long time there was a decided falling-off in their import business, but it came to life with the arrival of Arlette Marchal, a French screen star, who played in Gloria Swanson's European-made "Madame Sans Gêne."

Possibly stimulated by the great success scored by Vilma Banky, Sam Goldwyn's Budapest beauty, Paramount next turned its

attention to Hungary and brought over Lya De Putti, a star of both stage and screen.

Emil Jannings, the German who clicked in "The Last Laugh" and "Variety," comes to Paramount in October and with him Eric Pollmer, who for a number of years has been general manager of UFA. Pollmer will supervise the Jannings and Negri units and Buchowetzki will probably direct one of the stars.

OVER on another big lot, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the Scandinavians seem to be having it all their own way.

Four years ago or thereabouts, from Stockholm, Sweden, came Victor Seastrom, a pioneer actor and director of Swedish Biograph. In looking over his biography I noted that Mauritz Stiller directed Seastrom in his first Swedish picture.

Stiller has been directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Also that firm brought over Director Benjamin Christianson from Viborg, Denmark, before him. This gives Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer three Scandinavian directors, so it isn't any wonder they have Lars Hansen, "The Swedish John Barrymore," and Greta Garbo under contract. Also Karl Dane, who "imported" himself and tried his hand at almost everything in pictures, including carpeting, until he finally got his chance in "The Big Parade."

With Lars Hansen came his wife, Karin Noland, leading woman in the Royal State Theater of Stockholm and billed as "Sweden's most beautiful woman." She hasn't appeared on the screen as yet, but it shouldn't be long, now, with so many good Scandinavian directors over here.

Also there came a handsome young lad, a discovery of Louis B. Mayer, by name Einar Hansen, but no relation to Lars they assure me. But Einar got into trouble, so Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer broke their contract with him before using him in a picture. Einar did a picture for Universal and has just finished a good part with Corinne Griffith in a picture directed by Svend Gade, a Dane who was brought out here by Universal and loaned to the Griffith company.

Even Sojin Kamiyama—you remember him as the menace in "The Thief of Bagdad"—that splendid Oriental actor now playing in Tod Browning's "Road to Mandalay" evidently feels the advisability of a little team work and the need of a director of his own color in the picture industry here.

Anyway, as the yarn goes, he brought a little Jap to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot one day, introduced him as "Mr. Ichi Ichi" or something of the sort, said he had one hundred and three Japanese motion picture master-



False modesty keeps some women from

learning the facts about modern feminine hygiene

DESERVING of sympathy is the woman who shrinks from the facts of life, who is cut off from the knowledge possessed by other women around her. Because her false modesty robs her of membership in the intimate Bond of Womanhood. How can such a woman learn the truth about so personal a subject as feminine hygiene? How can she know that the great risk to women today comes from the use of poisonous antiseptics like bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid in its various forms?

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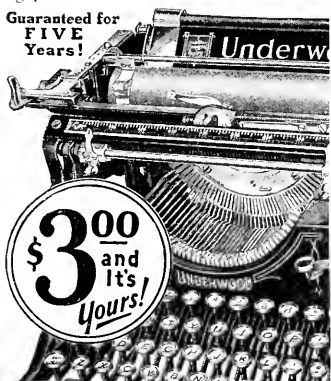
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For further particulars see Page 58.

pieces to his credit, including the Japanese "Ben Hur" with no less than six horses, was known as the "D. W. Griffith of Japan," and smilingly suggested that they might like to put this great little Jap director under contract.

Even Joe Schenck is going in for foreigners. Besides having Hans Kraly under contract, he signed Tullio Carminati, leading man with the late Eleanor Duse, for two years. Carminati, an Italian, was a noted stage and screen star in Europe, appearing for a time under UFA's banner. His first American picture was "The Bat" and he is now Constance Talmadge's leading man in "Sybil," an original comedy by Kraly.

I have quite naturally saved the biggest cargo for the last. The very hot-bed of the Foreign Legion—you might almost say the barracks—is out at Universal City where "Uncle Carl" Laemmle makes pictures.

It started in a quiet and most unobtrusive way. Now it has reached almost gigantic proportions. Universal probably has more foreigners under contract today than all of the other producers combined. And almost all of them are Germans or Hungarians.

Unless you speak German you can't find out what's going on out at the U. City these days.

About five years ago "Uncle Carl" met a bright youngster named Paul Kohner, a Czecho-Slovakian born in Warsaw. Laemmle was touring in Germany at the time and Paul's father is the publisher of a leading German motion picture trade paper.

Paul wanted to learn the picture business from the inside so it was quite natural that "Uncle Carl" should bring him to Hollywood and give him a job. Paul is now Universal casting director, a naive chap who freely admits "the foreign artists have more background than the Americans and besides will work much cheaper."

First I want to tell you a little fable about Paul Kohner and Buchowetzki—seems I always come back to the little Russian—he is forever racing across my typewriter—a tale of real friendship it would seem—and then I will get on with the list of Legionnaires whom Paul claims personal and almost all credit for bringing to Universal City.

Buchowetzki and Paul Kohner are said to be great friends. Paul admits it.

Paul and Mary Philbin are rumored to be practically engaged. Paul didn't admit this, not exactly. They certainly are together a great deal.

Buchowetzki is reported to have offered Carl Laemmle \$6,000 per week for Mary Philbin's services. This at a time when Mary's salary was no where near that figure—miles and miles away, in fact.

Paul admits "Bucho" made the offer.

Paul also admits he and Mr. Laemmle talked it over and decided against letting anyone else use Miss Philbin. He also admits that there and then they tore up Miss Philbin's existing contract and gave her a new and much nicer one—one that gives her much more salary.

Miss Philbin is happy and Paul seems to bear no resentment against his friend, "Bucho," for trying to hire Mary, thus raising her salary.

And now for young Kohner's part in recruiting the Foreign Legion. In his company are Hungarian and German actors, directors, technical experts and writers.

And there is also a story—the truth of which I will not vouch for—that Charles Puffy, the fat German comedian, whom Kohner claims credit for signing, first imported himself, but found that American dollars were not rolling in as he expected. Then he met his good friend Paul, whom he knew in Budapest. They talked it over and Puffy was sent out of town and brought back in with much blaring of trumpets as Universal's latest importation.

Paul is a naive chap, yes, but I forgot to ask him about the truth of this. However, he did say he discovered Puffy.

Among Kohner's other "finds," artists with "more background who will work cheaper," are

Mattoni, a German stage and screen actor; Beragi, "Austrian John Barrymore" (my, haven't we a lot of John Barrymores?—soon be almost as common as John Smiths); Albert Conti, another Austrian who played with Valentino in "The Eagle" and is somewhat on the D'Arcy type; Svend Gade, Danish director; E. A. Dupont, former UFA director, who made "Variety" with Jannings, is Brooklyn-born, but went to Berlin with his German parents as a child; Imrie Fazekas, a Hungarian playwright; Hans Winter, a German expert on foreign atmosphere; Edla Ullmer, a Viennese who uses his talents as set trimmer; Eduard Regina, Russian and German actor.

Einar Hansen, the young Swede juvenile before mentioned, is also looked upon with favor by Kohner, who intimates that he may sign him.

It is interesting to note that Mary Philbin's next picture, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," in which she will appear again with Norman Kerry, is an adaptation of a German book, "The Affairs of Hannelr." Dupont and Kohner worked on the adaptation, Dupont will direct, and Regina was brought over from Germany to appear in the picture.

They'll probably have the girl speaking German before the picture is ended.

No story about the Foreign Legion would be complete without a few words on Erich von Stroheim and his German army, which played such an important part in "The Merry Widow"—an important part both of screen and action.

It might be suspected that Erich, too, has "a heart of gold." Be that as it may, the fact remains that in "The Merry Widow" he gathered an army of extras, practically all of them self-expatriated Germans like himself, drilled them and put them on the payroll for months. They were around all the time, whether there was work for them or not.

THE usual custom with extras is to hire them when they are needed for the "mob" scenes, clean these scenes up quickly, thus getting rid of the "mob" overhead, and then go on and finish the close-ups with the principals.

But this Erich did not do. Instead of a few days work now and then, his army had steady pay and little work during the life of the picture. They were rolling in wealth. Erich was called "the steak director" in contrast to all the other directors, who were relegated to the "sandwich" class. They were eating regularly and well. They were all for von Stroheim.

When Von's troubles with the front office became acute and he was removed from the picture, Monta Bell was sent in to pinch-hit for him. Bell was received with hisses and threats. In the ranks of Von's Army there were rumblings and mutterings. Finally they threatened to strike—walk off the set—unless their "steak director" was restored.

This would have been fatal, as they were registered all through the picture, which was nearly completed.

It was a case of open mutiny. In the French Foreign Legion it would have been death to the mutineers.

But it wasn't the French Foreign Legion—just our own little domestic one we had fostered and encouraged. There couldn't be any shooting, unless it was on the part of the mutineers.

There was a council of war and the producers capitulated in the face of the angry host. Von had won. He was returned to the picture.

Among the Legionnaires there are few who have really made an impression as yet. Leaving out the directors there is Pola, of course, a star in America even before she arrived; Vilma Banky, whose success has been tremendous, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer really seems to have star dust in Greta Garbo. But that's about all who have proven themselves to date.

And there is one other, neither actor or director, who had something to bring to us and who has made the screen better for his coming. I refer to Hans Kraly, the German scenario writer who accompanied Lubitsch to America.

Kraly is probably the only man who has ever been placed on the same pedestal in the scenario world with such immortals as Frances Marion and June Mathis. Kraly is doing splendid work and getting record prices for his scripts.

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

especially on warm days, when the kindly California climate seems to bring them out in large numbers to bask and play in the sun along Hollywood boulevard. And after you have selected a nice ripe one you are almost ready to "shoot."

"SHOOTING," in film circles, does not mean what is understood by that word in ordinary life, and although a great deal of time and worry might in most cases be saved right at the start by employing a .44 calibre revolver on both the director and the "star," the words "to shoot" in these articles must unfortunately be understood to mean simply "to take moving pictures of." Perhaps, at this point, it might not be a bad idea to insert the meanings of several similar "movie" words which are probably an enigma to the beginner, but which are in common every day usage in Hollywood wherever "film folk" meet in friendly groups to discuss the various ins and outs of their craft. Some of these words are:

- "lousy"—a term of reproach.
- "God-awful"—not very good.
- "ham"—another actor.
- "heel"—another director.
- "gag"—to be violently ill at one's stomach.
- "gagman"—see "gag."
- "on the lot"—not on location.
- "on location"—not on the lot.

In our next installment, in addition to listing some more of these words, we shall also endeavor to instruct the reader in "story construction," as well as the various details incidental to the actual beginning of "shooting," itself, so that by the third or fourth article in this series the newcomer need no longer regard himself as a novice in film circles, but may even commence to consider himself more or less privately as a genius of the screen and possibly even as the logical successor to Shakespeare and D. W. Griffith.

What Was the Best Picture of 1925?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

Attention is called to the fact that voting for the Medal of Honor begins six months after the close of each year. This is done so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see all the films released during the year. Should there be a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

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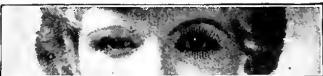
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Mrs. Coolidge Knew Him When

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

It was in Northampton that he went to school, supplied with money by his guardians. But Tony was proud with a Spanish pride, and he would earn his own spending money by reading gas meters.

"It may sound conceited," he tells me, "but I used to watch Mr. Coolidge as he walked to his office every day, erect and swinging, and I thought, 'That man is a great man.'"

"So, after all, Tony may reply to the Coolidges' kindly remembrance with "I also knew him when . . ."

IT is significant of Tony Moreno's character that no matter how many faces may intervene you never forget his.

It is the face of a friend. I have never known greater loyalty or greater adherence to principle than in the case of Tony Moreno.

He has confided in me often. And once he told me his ideal of a wife. A woman of brains, of fine intellect. "Because," he added quickly, "I have a little."

He married that woman—Daisy Canfield. It is a marriage based on deep, undying admiration. Tony is thoroughly convinced of his own unworthiness. If anything happened to their harmony, if she should ever grow tired of him, he would be convinced that it was because he was quite unworthy of his position in the caste.

Mrs. Moreno once told me that Tony considered Tommy Meighan and me his greatest friends. I have never been more delighted by a compliment. He's one of those characters who has the primitive ruggedness that is appreciated the more as you come to know the insincerity of Hollywood—of world artificiality.

In this he resembles his friend, Tommy Meighan, whose popularity, as Mr. Joseph Schenck has pointed out, is based on the feeling that he is your friend, the great friend of people.

Tony Moreno is the finest example of chivalry I know.

He is a man of his word. The vow he made when he sailed from Spain has been kept.

"That little old mother over there is queen of the world."

Indeed, the Queen of Spain cannot enjoy the pride that is Mrs. Moreno's in the little castle that Tony has built for her.

When Tony revisited her some years ago she was so overcome that she fainted.

When he returned with his bride last year he wrote to her in advance: "Dear Mother, please do not weep when I return. Try to act like an American woman. I will be so proud of you . . ."

WHEN the train pulled into the station of the Spanish village every one in town was there to meet it, each holding a funny little bouquet of flowers.

There was the baker for whom Tony worked when a boy, and the carpenter, and the judge . . . and mother.

"I wanted to run away, my heart was beating so," said Tony. "I felt so damned unworthy of it all."

Then his mother threw her arms about him. The tears flooded her eyes as she quavered: "See, Tony, I do not weep. You are proud of me . . . I act like an American woman."

But Tony—the American man—burst into tears . . .

Desert Stuff

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

baths, through faucets outside of each one of the hundreds of tents and into the kitchens. Water for drinking purposes was transported from Yuma.

And when I say transported you may think of an easy spin along macadamized roads. It is—for twenty miles—dotted on either side by squat houses of Yuma Indians. Then comes five miles of one-way corduroy road. And a corduroy road, should you not know, is made of logs, without benefit of plane, laid side by side. If this washboard roadbed does not jar your molars, there is still another roller-coaster thrill that only a trusty car can navigate. It is a plank road laid by Paramount that leads over sand dunes for nearly four miles and ends at the top of a wind and sand swept dune overlooking the camp in the hollow and the imposing set of the fort, standing like a mural crown, on the opposite side of the valley.

But that is not all. There follows a joyous slide down a chute of five hundred feet, after which the cargo is loaded onto a mule, a drey or perhaps a tractor that has been fitted with broad knife-like paddles, especially constructed for use in the sandy valley bed and for scaling the shifting dunes.

After the carpenters were finished, the tents went up. Many hundreds of little ones. Big tents, like those of carnival time, housed the main mess hall, the property department, the wardrobe, the hospital, the carpenter shop, the harness and blacksmith shop.

In the two thousand people who came to the location, every type of individual was represented. Eighteen nationalities were represented.

Cowboys came, too. Just droves of them. Tall, short, lean, sunburned, bow-legged, eager to don the awning-stripped costume that was to disguise them as Arabs—the attacking hosts who would besiege the fort. Stars of the rodeo—champions of the range—broncho busters—"bull-doggers"—ropers—men from "Colony-do," as Tom Carter advised. Men who have scored at Pendleton rodeos. Men who have ridden the ranges of the old west, like Ashley Leblrier, who for six months did not see a human face. And men like Bill Hurley, who can handle a horse or a ukulele with equal facility.

Daytime bristled with activity and the grim battlements of the fort on the distant dune, with its man-made oasis of palms and grasses, imported from the Hollywood prop room, were overrun with Hollywood Legionnaires in their jaunty blue and tan uniforms, dealing mock-death to their deadly Arabian enemies.

Ray Lissner and Bob Lee, assistants, rode the surrounding country in execution of Director Brenon's commands to the hundreds of mounted men flung as far over the billowing dunes as the eye could see. Roy Hunt, the cameraman, yelled orders through the microphone of a broadcasting set.

There was time for a laugh at the attacking Arabian hosts.

"Every Arab who falls from his horse at the first volley from the fort gets an extra pay check!" Brenon called into the microphone.

And at the first discharge from the Legionnaires' rifles every Arab in sight toppled from his horse to the ground. Dead!

Then there were laughs furnished by the

industrious prop man whose duty it was to supply bullets for the Legionaire's weapons.

"Whose cap pistol is this?" he bellowed, pointing at a deserted firearm propped against an embrasure.

"Mine!" a valiant Legionaire called.
"Then why don't you stand by it? Re-

member . . . 'a good soldier always sticks to his gun!"

It is like cutting a battle canvas to locket-size trying to tell the story of this greatest movie location. One must necessarily omit so many glowing details, so much absorbing information.

Cleopatra's Kiss

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.]

"I'm not a Shakespearian actor," he told himself.

THEY came to New York. The opening was on a Tuesday night. The house was crowded with a glittering knowing audience, one of the most terrific audiences the actor of any land has to face: the New York critics, the column conductors, the editors and writers and actors, the cream of the great city. It is an audience already beyond the saturation point; it has been first-nighting all season; it is steeped with everything. . . .

Gerald had no fear, he was merely ashamed of himself. He knew that Gwyna would have to bear the burden, and he could merely set her off. . . . But as he sat in his dressing-room, adjusting the glittering helmet, to his surprise Gwyna, crowned, made-up, and garmented, but a shawl about her, came in. . . .

He rose. He was ready.

"Gerald," she said, her eyes sharp as sparks. "Tonight's the night."

"I know," he said, his forehead becoming a beetling brow over his large eyes, his jaw set with brutal grimness.

"Are you going to act?"

"I'll try."

Her nostrils dilated.

"I chose you, because I knew you had it in you. But look, I carry the whole burden. That's you, Gerald. The woman carries the burden. You've failed so far because you're no man."

"What can I do?"

"Gerald," she said, "I'm going to do something for you I loathe, because I can't love you. I'll kiss you tonight as if I meant it. Will it help?"

He shut his eyes a moment.

"Yes," he said. . . .

"Then let go and act. Be Antony. 'So shouldst thou ever be,'" she quoted; and was gone. . . .

The thought of her kiss. . . . The serpent fire stole along his blood, the song of it was in his ears. Ah, he was Antony. This wasn't Gwyna, a woman who didn't love him; this was Cleopatra, the queen who abased herself to his desire, who lived on his lips, who dropped a kingdom to do his bidding. He knew it at their first kiss; he felt her melt in his arms, he felt the yielding of her lips which yet became a soft suffusing fire that invaded and lifted him like strong drink to that high intoxication, which carried a clear head and a heroic heart. He acted. He suddenly felt his power. He raged, bullied, grew tender, was in despair. . . . At the close of every act there were storms of applause; and when, at last, he was raised to the arms of Cleopatra, sighing out:

"I am dying, Egypt, dying. . . ."

and she stood alone, for he was dead, the house rocked with its vociferous approval. . . .

She still had a scene. He went to his dressing-room, exhausted, but still strangely elated. It had been round after round of a glorious battle. . . . Now he felt weary, elated, but calm. . . . He knew his power. He had come through. . . .

"I hope that pleases her," he thought.

Later her maid came to his door. There was a note.

"I can't see you tonight; too tired. But you did well. Call at breakfast time tomorrow."

He was pleased. He hardly slept that night, though he lay calm and collected, more satisfied than he had been ever before.

"Why," he thought, "I guess she was right. I never could stop feeling restless till I had a big enough job . . . that's why I drank so. Restless. Restless. Caged. Now I'm out of the cage. I'm free."

He opened the papers the next morning. He turned to the review of the play. In a daze, which was partly fear and horror, he read the accounts. The play had gone over, yes, indeed; it was one of the memorable Antonies and Cleopatras. That was all very well. But finally:

"The outstanding performance was that of Gerald Blackstone. We have seen nothing like it in this generation. He has every gift of the great actor: a sure authority, a natural eloquence, a tragic passion, and that intangible quality which makes everything go when he is on the stage. . . . We must confess that he quite put Miss Marsh in the shadow. She has an excellent talent," Gerald Blackstone is a genius of the theater."

"The man's mad," cried Gerald.

He seized up another paper. It was the same.

He tried a third and fared no better. . . .

He sat perfectly frozen, as if he were incapable of thought or action. Then he was horrified and trembled with fear.

"That ends me with Gwyna," he thought. . . .

But as he walked over to her apartment in the cool, fresh morning air he could not help a feeling of victory creeping in. He had more than made good. He was hailed as that Shakespearian actor he had longed to be in his youth. He had proved that he was no longer a ruined man; mere vaudeville filler-in, but of the line of the stars of the theater, the great of his profession. . . .

It gave him pride, he raised his head and walked on. . . . And then he remembered that Gwyna had been right from beginning to end. She had seen his power when no one else had. She had believed, when even he had disbelieved. And she had struck him with a lash and brought him to his feet. . . .

SHE had done a little better perhaps than she had intended. The frozen snake she had warmed at her bosom had stung her.

Yes, he thought, he wished the critics had not said these things; for he remembered Gwyna's kisses in the love-scenes, her melting tenderness, her furious passions, and he was shaken with the need of again holding her and taking her as his own. . . .

The maid opened. Yes, Miss Marsh was in the drawing-room.

He entered, his heart pounding, fear in his step.

She was half-reclining on the couch, in soft lingerie, her face calm and clear. She looked up at him.

He stood hesitant and awkward.

"Gwyna," he said, apologetically, "did you notice the papers?"

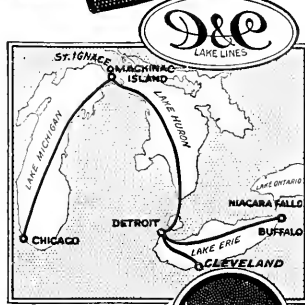
"Yes," she said, her face betraying nothing. "I'm awfully sorry—" he began, but stopped, for she had slowly risen and on her face was a radiant look he hadn't seen before.

"Gerald," she said.

"What?" he asked blankly.

"It's the way I want it."

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"You want it?"
"I—"
"You?"
"Gerald," she began again, "why, why, why do you suppose I struck you, back there?"
"To wake me up."
"She looked away. . . ."
"O. Antony, Antony, Antony!"
In his heart a balmy beating began as of a music unknown to him, wonderful and deep and pure. . . .
"You loved me, Gwynna?"
"Madly."
"And said nothing?"
"I had to make you be yourself."
"Oh, why?"

"So you could conquer me. . . . I carried the burden, but you took it from me last night."
"You outplayed me."
"You became my man."
"Now I can love you, oh, not just mother-fashion, or mad-fashion, but I can love you looking up."
He was weeping unashamedly, for she was melting softly again in his arms, and her lips were near. . . .
"Miracle-worker," he breathed. . . .
"Oh, just love, Gerald."
They were no longer Antony and Cleopatra.
"Gwynna—Gwynna," he repeated.
"Gerald—Gerald—"
They had a breakfast together.

On With the Pants

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

Swanson, Colleen Moore, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Olive Borden, Vera Reynolds and Marion Davies, who trousered again in "Beverly of Graustark." Anna Q. is going to show them all how to impersonate a lady tramp.

In "Miss Nobody," taken from a story that was born "Shebo," she is a female of the road. It's all about a penniless young lady, in gent's cast-offs, who becomes identified socially with a gang of tramps. One of the tramps is handsome and through the Magic of Love discovers that she is the Only Woman. He's Walter Pidgeon, so it's all right, and Anna Q. reciprocates the passion and marries him after the story reveals that he is an Author in search of Material.

Thus saving our caste distinction.

THE mystery is how a woman as feminine as Anna Q. can so skillfully submerge her femininity on the screen. The moment she removes her masculine makeup, combs her shingled bob into darting little tongues of hair clinging to the oval of her face, she becomes Anna, the Woman.

Not as frail, perhaps, as Florence Vidor or Corinne Griffith, but splendidly and eternally feminine.

She's rather a magnificent creature. She has the face of a sophisticated angel—the figure of a handmaiden of Thor—and the temper of seven lively imps escaped from purgatory. She has the adoration of every prop man and electrician on the lot, to say nothing of cast, director and everyone even remotely connected with the picture.

Her publicity man not only chants her praises, but really believes them. What more could be said?

But when Anna Q. gets angry it is like a thunderstorm in Valhalla.

Lightning rips.
Thunder rumbles.

People flee. But not for long.
Anna smiles. The world is righted. The camera commences grinding.

It's funny about Anna Q. Practical jokes don't annoy her. Ill-fitting dresses do. She was working at the old Selig Studio recently and some of the scenes called for a snake. The snake was brought and Anna Q. made friends with it. After a while, thinking to get a snatch of rest and having no dressing room of her own at the antiquated studio, she went to an adjacent seat, lay down on a lounge and dozed off to sleep.

Some bright gift to picturedom—there's one

on every lot—seized upon Anna's snooze as a good opportunity to give her a scare. He fetched the snake and laid it parallel to her body so that the snake's head lay on Anna's bosom and its glittering eyes looked into her face. Presently Anna awoke and instead of screaming, she wrapped the snake about her arm and fondled it. I suppose the bright gift to picturedom walked away and shot himself. Anna Q. didn't say.

But a mouse in her room at a Lake Arrowhead hotel, kept her paralyzed in bed after she had bombarded it with books, slippers and pillows.

"SPEAKING of snakes," said Anna, wriggling her toes in her satin mules and straightening the red and green brocade of her Chinese cut lounging costume, "we had more fun with Walter Pidgeon and a snake. Walter, you see, comes from Canada and he said he had never seen a rattlesnake. We decided to show him one."

"Up near Chatsworth, where the outdoor scenes of 'Miss Nobody' were taken, there are quite a few harmless snakes. We caught one and when Walter wasn't looking one of the boys put it on a rafter in the box car so it would fall on him. It did, and instead of the howls we had hoped for, Walter just picked it up, looked at it and put it aside. So much for the snake!"

"Then later one of the scenes called for me to roll out of the box car and down a hill with Walter after me. I rolled. Walter rolled, and when we reached the bottom of the hill, one of the crew whipped out a revolver and killed a rattlesnake with twelve rattlers that was coiled to strike. We had barely missed it. That ended the snake fun."

Anna's closest friends are Alice Joyce and Viola Dana. The friendship of Alice and Anna has lasted since they were both artists' models in New York and Alice introduced Anna, the young Swedish girl from Ystad, to motion pictures.

Through Anna's unfortunate first marriage and her recently disrupted second marriage to John Gunnerson, Alice has remained her confidante.

"Going to marry again?" we queried.
"Not unless I'm a bigger fool than I think I am," replied Anna in a voice to which wisps of her native Scandinavian tongue still fascinatingly cling.

Anna has other things to compensate, increasing beauty and enduring popularity.

The Second Set of Pictures in
Photoplay's \$5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest
Will Be Found in This Issue

He Who Got Slapped and Why

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

Pola, who had, of course, been invited to the party, took one look at this strange phenomenon, and turned the exclusive and delightful little evening into a Fourth of July celebration.

Whether or not Pola actually slapped Rudy's face or boxed his ears in the very presence of his friend from over-seas, I don't know. I shouldn't like to pretend that I did. One never does know, in a case like that, even if one has seen it with one's own eyes.

Be that as it may, the Pola-and-Rudy affair was distinctly off-again from that time forth and until Lady Loughborough, having seen a great deal more of Hollywood than most people ever see, went back to her home and her husband in England.

The things Pola said about Rudy—Pola is so descriptive!

It amounts almost to a gift.

IT was rumored when Rudy went down to the Arizona desert for a location trip that a tent would be pitched for Pola too. That she would be his guest.

Perhaps some level-headed friend convinced Pola that she didn't have any "oil interests" which needed looking after on the desert.

Anyway, the tent was never pitched for Pola.

But in no time at all it was on-again, and Pola took back everything, with her irresistible smile, and said that Rudy was the great love of her life, and she must love somebody and Rudy was quite the most satisfactory sweetheart she had found in America. And that is covering a lot of territory.

When they are on-again, they really are quite entrancing, Pola and Rudy. When they do the tango together they give you chills up and down your spine, which is the correct place for them, as you can ascertain by reading Mme. Elinor Glyn's stories.

You do not really know whether they are dancing it very well, or whether they are dancing it rather badly.

You only know that they look quite mad about each other, and people ought to be quite mad about each other to dance the tango. That is, I would say, really the only excuse for dancing the tango at all.

But still, though Pola forgave Rudy for his very polite attentions to Lady Loughborough and consented to put back on the gorgeous solitaire that almost covers her entire hand, and though Rudy forgave Pola for boxing his ears—or was it slapping his face or what have you?—things do look a little precarious.

For now when Pola goes to call upon Rudy, or to dine with him, or to attend a party, though she doesn't take any mad money or carry roller-skates under her arm, she does leave her limousine waiting very handily at the door.

No longer does she send it away and tell the driver when to call for her.

It is all most upsetting. A man cannot settle down to his work, never knowing how this thing is progressing. I am not given to exaggeration, but in a manner of speaking it is trying to the digestion not to know whether you are going to be scooped on Pola and Rudy's secret wedding in a bower of orchids, or whether somebody is going to find Rudy or Pola with a stiletto in his or her back, just after the magazine has gone to press.

If no more ladies from England invade Hollywood, all may be well. And I hope they won't.

And I do hope dear Pola and dear Rudy will stop this off-again, on-again stuff now that Lady Loughborough is gone-again, and make it "fine-again" one way or the other.



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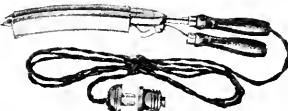
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by John B. Hymer and Leroy Clemons. Scenarist, James A. Creelman. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: *Aloma*, Gilda Gray; *Red Holden*, Percy Marmont; *Naitane*, Warner Baxter; *Van Templeton*, William Powell; *Red Molloy*, Harry Morey; *Sylvia*, Julianne Johnston; *Andrew Taylor*, Joseph Smiley; *Hongi*, Frank Montgomery; *Hina*, Mme. Burani; *Taula*, Ernestine Gaines; *Sailor*, Aurelio Coccia.

"WET PAINT"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Reginald Morris. Directed by Arthur Rosson. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *He*, Raymond Griffith; *She*, Helene Costello; *Her Brother*, Bryant Washburn; *A Beautiful Woman*, Natalie Kingston; *A Husband*, Henry Kolker.

"A SOCIAL CELEBRITY"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Monte M. Katterjohn. Scenario by Pierre Collings. Photography by Lee Garmes. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: *Max Haber* (*Count Havare de Maxin*), Adolphe Menjou; *Kitty Laverne*, Louise Brooks; *April King*, Elsie Lawson; *Ten Eyck Stuyvesant*, Roger Davis; *Forrest Abbott*, Hugh Huddle; *Johann Haber*, Chester Conklin; *Clifford Jones*, Freeman Wood; *Mrs. Jackson-Greer*, Josephine Drake; *Mrs. H. Winifred King*, Ida Waterman.

"BROWN OF HARVARD"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Kida Johnston Young. Adapted by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Jack Conway. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Jim Doolittle*, Jack Pickford; *Mary Abbott*, Mary Brian; *Bob MacAndrews*, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; *Mrs. Brown*, Mary Aden; *Mr. Brown*, David Torrence; *Prof. Abbott*, Edward Connelly; *Hal Walters*, Guinn 'Big Boy' Smythe; Ernest Gillen; *Tom Brown*, William Haines.

"BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Based on the novel by George Barr McCutcheon. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnson. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Beverly Calhoun*, Marion Davies; *Danton*, Antonio Moreno; *Roy Oscar*, Creighton Hale; *General Marlax*, Francis X. Bushman; *Duke Traxina*, Albert Gran; *Castello*, Paulette Goddard; *Saranof*, Max Barwyn; *Mr. Calhoun*, Charles Clary.

"MADEMOISELLE MODISTE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the opera written by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Fifi*, Corinne Griffith; *Etienne*, Norman Kerry; *Hiram Bent*, Willard Louis; *Marianne*, Dorothy Canning; *Mme. Claire*, Rose Dione.

"THE OLD SOAK"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the stage play by Don Marquis. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: *Clement Hawley*, Sr., Jean Hersholt; *Clemmy Hawley*, George Lewis; *Ina Heath*, June Marlowe; *Cousin Webster*, William V. Mong; *Sylvia D. Costa*, Gertrude Astor; *Annie*, Louise Fazenda; *Matilda Hawley*, Lucy Beaumont; *Lucy*, Adda Gleason; *Al*, George Siegmann; *Rane*, Tom Ricketts; *Shelby Hamley*, Arnold Gregg.

"OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the story by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr. and Jack Wagner. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Photography by Charles Van Eger. The cast: *Dick Lambert*, Monte Blue; *Kay*, his wife, Marie Prevost; *Jack Harding*, Huntly Gordon; *Rosana*, Phyllis Haver;

Rosana's friend, Marjorie Gay; *Dick's chum*, John Patrick.

"OLD LOVES AND NEW"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the novel by E. M. Hull. Adapted by Marion Fairfax. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: *Geras Carca*, Lewis Stone; *Marny*, Barbara Bedford; *Lord Clyde Geradine*, Walter Pidgeon; *Lady Elinor Carca*, Katherine McDonald; *Hoscin*, Tully Marshall; *Kitty*, Ann Roy; *Denny O'Meara*, Arthur Rankin; *Dr. Chalmers*, Albert Conti.

"MONEY TALKS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Author, Rupert Hughes. Director, Archie Mayo. Adapted by Jessie Burns and Bernard Vorhaus. Photography by William Daniels. The cast: *Phoebe Starling*, Claire Windsor; *Sam Sterling*, Owen Moore; *Oscar Waters*, Bert Roach; *Lucius Fenton*, Ned Sparks; *J. Bradford Perkins*, Phillips Smalley; *Mrs. Chatterton*, Dot Farley; *Al Foo*, George Kuwa; *Mlle. Lucette*, Kathleen Key.

"PARIS AT MIDNIGHT"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the novel by Balzac. Adapted by Francis Marion. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Norbit Brodine and Dewey Wigley. The cast: *Dolphine*, Jetta Goudal; *Vautrin*, Lionel Barrymore; *Victorine Taillefer*, Mary Brian; *Eugene de Rastignac*, Edmund Burns; *"Papa" Goriot*, Emile Chautard; *Count Taillefer*, Brandon Hurst; *Anastasie*, Jocelyn Lee; *Madam Vauguier*, Mathilde Comont; *Made-moiselle Miché*, Carrie Daumery; *Julie*, Fannie Yantis; *Frederic Taillefer*, Jean de Briac; *Maxime de Trailers*, Charles Reau.

"THE SHAMROCK HANDICAP"—Fox.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Lady Shela Guinify*, Janet Gaynor; *Neil Ross*, Leslie Fenton; *Dennis O'Shea*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Sir Miles Guinify*, Louis Payne; *Molly O'Shea*, Claire McDowell; *Martin Finch*, Willard Louis; *Chesty Morgan*, Andy Clark; *Benny Ginsberg*, Georgie Harris; *Puss*, Ely Reynolds; *Michael*, Thomas Delmar; *The Solicitor*, Brandon Hurst.

"HELL-BENT FER HEAVEN"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the stage play by Hatcher Hughes. Adapted by Marian Constance Blackton. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. Photography by Nick Musuraca. The cast: *Jude Lowrie*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Sid Hunt*, John Harron; *Andy Lowrie*, Gayne Whitman; *Rufe*, Gardner James; *Dave Hunt*, James Marcus; *Matt Hunt*, Wilfred North; *Meg Hunt*, Evelyn Selbie.

"THE WILDERNESS WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Arthur Stringer. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Juncus MacLean*, Aileen Pringle; *Alan Burkett*, Lowell Sherman; *Kadiak MacLean*, Chester Conklin; *The "Colonel"*, Henry Vibart; *His Confederate*, Hobart Cain; *Squaw*, Harriet Sterling; *The "Judge"*, Burr McIntosh.

"ROLLING HOME"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by John Hunter Booth. Scenario by John McDermott and Rex Taylor. Directed by William Seiter. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Nat Alden*, Reginald Denny; *Phyllis*, Marion Nixon; *Mr. Grubbell*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Dan Mason*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Mrs. Alden*, Margaret Seddon; *Col. Lowe*, George Nichols; *General Wade*, Alfred Allen; *Sheriff*, C. E. Thurston; *Select Man*, George Marion; *Select Man*, Alfred Knott; *Pomberton*, Anton Vaverka; *Office Boy*, Howard Ensted; *Aunt*, Adele Watson.

“EVE’S LEAVES”—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—Story by Elmer Harris. Adapted by Jack Jevne. Directed by Paul Sloane. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Eve Macey*, Leatrice Joy; *Bob Britton*, William Boyd; *Capt. Macey*, Robert Edeson; *Chang Fang*, Walter Long; *Thomas Britton*, Richard Carle; *Dr. Mecker*, a missionary, Arthur Hoyt; *I’ve I’ve*, Sojin; *I’l’hong Wun Chop*, Nambu.

“EARLY TO WED”—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Evelyn Campbell. Scenario by Kenneth B. Clarke. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Tommy Carter*, Matt Moore; *Daphne Carter*, Albert Green; *Mrs. Hayden*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Mike Dugan*, Rodney Hildebrand; *Mrs. Dugan*, Za Su Pitts; *Bill Dugan*, Ross McCutcheon; *Art News*, Arthur Housman; *Mrs. News*, Belva McKay; *Mr. Pelton Jones*, Harry Bailey.

“THE PALM BEACH GIRL”—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Byron Morgan. Scenarist Forrest Halsey. Director Erle Kenton. Photographer Lee Garmes. The cast: *Emily Bennett*, Bebe Daniels; *Jack Trotter*, Lawrence Gray; *Aunt Jerry*, Josephine Drake; *Julia*, Marguerite Clayton; *Herbert Moxon*, John Patrick; *Tag Wilson*, Armand Cortes; *Sheriff*, Roy Byron; *Aunt Beatrice*, Maude Turner Gordon.

“HER SECOND CHANCE”—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Continuity by Eve Unsell. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Mrs. Constance Lee*, *Caroline Logan*, Anna O. Nilsson; *Judge Jeffries*, Huntly Gordon; *Bell*,

Charlie Murray; *Beachey*, Sam de Grasse; *Gabriel*, William J. Kelly; *De Vries*, Mike Donlin; *Delia*, Dale Fuller; *A darky stable boy*, Jed Prouty; *Nancy*, Corliss Palmer.

“SILKEN SHACKLES”—WARNER.—Story by Walter Morosco and Phil Klein. Directed by Walter Morosco. Photography John Mescall. The cast: *Denise Lake*, Irene Rich; *Howard Lake*, Huntly Gordon; *Lord Fairchild*, Bert Marburgh; *Tade Adrian*, Victor Varconi; *Tade Adrian’s mother*, Evelyn Selbie; *Erderic Stanhope*, Robert Schable; *Tade Adrian’s father*, Kalla Pasha.

“THE EXQUISITE SINNER”—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Based on the novel by Alden Brooks. Adapted by Josef Von Sternberg and Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. Photography by Maxmillian Fabian. The cast: *Dominique Prad*, Conrad Nagel; *The Gypsy Maid*, Renee Adoree; *Fronne*, Paulette Goddard; *Colonel*, Frank Currier; *Colonel’s Orderly*, George K. Arthur; *The Gypsy Chief*, Mathew Betz; *Dominique’s Sisters*, Helena D’Algy, Claire Dubrey.

“THE GALLOPING COWBOY”—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Directed by William J. Craft. The cast: *Bill Crane*, Bill Cody; *Pete Perry*, Alex Hart; *Jack Perry*, Edmund Cobb; *Prof. Pinkleby*, Barney Gilmore; *Mary*, Florence Ulrich; *Sheriff*, Richard Cummings; *Pedro*, David Dunbar.

“A MAN FOUR SQUARE”—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Maxine Alton and Adele Duffington. Scenario by Charles Darnton.



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Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Craig Norton*, *Buck Jones*; *Polly Rouibedeaux*, *Marion Harlan*; *Ben Taylor*, *Harry Wood*; *Jim Clanton*, *William Lawrence*; *John Kouibedeaux*, *Jay Hunt*; *Homor Webb*, *Sidney Bracey*; *Bertie*, *Florence Gilbert*; *Wallace Roberts*, *Frank Beal*.

"OUTSIDE THE LAW"—UNIVERSAL—Story by *Tod Browning*. Adaptation by *Lucien Hubbard*. Directed by *Tod Browning*. The cast: *Molly Madden* (*Silky Moll*), *Priscilla Dean*; *Silent Madden*, *Ralph Lewis*; *"Black Mike"*, *Sylvio*, *Lon Chaney*; *"Dapper Bill"*, *Ballard*, *Wheeler Oakman*; *Chang Lo*, *F. A. Warren*; *Ah Hing*, *Lon Chaney*; *"That Kid"*, *Stanley Goethels*, *Morgan Spencer*, *Melbourne MacDowell*; *Inspector*, *Wilton Taylor*.

"THE IMPOSTOR"—F. B. O.—Story by *Clifford Howard*. Adapted by *Edward Adamson*. Directed by *Chet Withey*. Photography by *Roy Klaffki*. The cast: *Judith Gilbert*, *Evelyn Brent*; *Dick Gilbert*, *Carrol Nye*; *Gordon*, *Jim Morrison*; *De Mornoff*, *Frank Leigh*; *Lefty*, *Jimmy Quinn*; *Morris*, *Carlton Griffin*; *Ann Penn*, *Edna Griffin*.

"HELL'S FOUR HUNDRED"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the novel by *Vaughan Kester*. Scenario by *Bradley King*. Directed by *John Griffith Wray*. The cast: *Earlyn Vance*, *Margaret Livingston*; *John North*, *Harrison Ford*; *John Gilmore*, *Henry Kolker*; *Marshall Langham*, *Wallace McDonald*; *Barbara Langham*, *Mareline Day*; *Bill Montgomery*, *Rodney Hildebrand*; *Visian*, *Amber Norman*.

"RAWHIDE"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by *Ralph Cummins*. Continuity by *Frank L. Inghram*. Directed by *Richard Thorpe*. The cast: *"Rawhide"*, *Rawlins*, *Buffalo Bill, Jr.*; *Jim Rep.*, *Al Taylor*; *Nan*, *Molly Malone*; *Strobel*, *Joe Rickson*; *"Blackie"*, *Croont*, *Charles Whitaker*; *"Two Gun"*, *Harry Todd*; *"Queenie"*, *Ruth Royce*; *The Law*, *Lafe McKee*.

"THE PHANTOM BULLET"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by *Oscar Friend*. Scenario by *Curtis Brenton*. Directed by *Clifford Smith*. Photography by *Harry Newman*. The cast: *Tom Farlane*, *Hoot Gibson*; *Jane Trill*, *Eileen Percy*; *Don Barton*, *Allan Forrest*; *Bill Haynes*, *Pat Harmon*; *Zark Peters*, *Nelson McDowell*; *Judge Terill*, *William H. Turner*; *Tom Far-*

lanon Sr., *John T. Prince*; *Short Texan*, *John "Pewee" Holmes*; *Dolores*, *Rosemary Cooper*; *Tall Texan*, *Robert Milash*.

"TONY RUNS WILD"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by *Henry K. Knibbs*. Scenario by *Edlrid Bingham* and *Robert Lord*. Directed by *Thomas Buckingham*. The cast: *Tom Trent*, *Tom Mix*; *Grace Percival*, *Jacqueline Logan*; *Slade*, *Lawford Davidson*; *Beuder*, *Duke Lee*; *Mrs. Johnston*, *Vivian Oakland*; *Mr. Johnston*, *Edward Martindale*; *Ethel Johnston*, *Marion Harlan*; *Sheriff*, *Raymond Wells*; *Ranch Foreman*, *Richard Carter*; *Auto Stage Driver*, *Arthur Morrison*; *Red*, *Lucien Littlefield*; *Deputy Sheriff*, *Jack Padjan*.

"WILD TO GO"—F. B. O.—Story by *F. A. E. Pine*. Adapted by *F. A. E. Pine*. Directed by *Robert de Lacey*. Photography by *John Leezor*. The cast: *Tom Blake*, *Tom Tyler*; *Frankie Blake*, *Frank Darrow*; *Simon Purdy*, *Fred Burns*; *Jake Trumbull*, *Ethan Laidlaw*; *(An Accomplish)*, *Earl Haley*; *Morjorie Felton*, *Eugenie Gilbert*; *"Sitting Bull"*, by himself.

"THE BIG SHOW"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by *L. Case Russell*. Directed by *George Terwilliger*. Photography by *David Gobbett*. The cast: *Bill*, *John Lowell*; *Ruth Gordon*, *Evangeline Russell*; *Norman Brackett*, *F. Serrano Keating*; *Marian Kearney*, *Jane Thomas*; *Col. Jim Kearney*, *Col. Joseph Miller*; *Padro*, *Dan Dix*; *Fifi*, *Alice Lecacheur*; *Dolly*, *Madi Blatherwick*.

"THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION"—F. B. O.—From the novel by *Edson Marshall*. Adapted by *Fred Kennedy Myton*. Directed by *James Hogan*. Photography by *Jules Cronjager*. The cast: *Bess Gilbert*, *Lillian Rich*; *Ned Corbet*, *Robert Frazer*; *Doomsdorf*, *Victor McLaglen*; *Lenore Hardaway*, *Mildred Harris*; *Mrs. Inadeyworth*, *Kathleen Kirkham*; *Godfrey Corbet*, *David Torrence*; *Sindy* (*squaw*), *Inez Gomez*.

"THE BROADWAY GALLANT"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by *Frank Howard Clark*. Directed by *Mason Noel*. The cast: *Monty Burns*, *Richard Talmadge*; *Helen Stuart*, *Clara Horton*; *Jake Peasley*, *Joe Harrington*; *Red Swancy*, *Jack Richardson*; *Rita Delroy*, *Cecil Cameron*; *Hiram Weatherby*, *Fred West*.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE PALM BEACH GIRL—Pgramount

THE old familiar saying declared that nothing is so bad that it couldn't be worse. This may be true, yet it is certainly difficult to see how this latest offering of *Bela Daniels* could possibly be made any worse than it is. There isn't any story and the whole picture just hangs on some supposedly funny incidents that are so silly that the finished product results in being abysmally dull.

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National

ANOTHER story like this and it will be *Anna Q. Nilsson's* last chance as far as movie-fans are concerned. It's about a mountain girl who swears revenge on a judge who jails her. Now the judge happened to be good-looking and love came, etc., etc. *Charlie Murray* gives a good account of himself as an amateur detective. In fact, the comedy is much superior to the drama. Not so good.

THE EXQUISITE SINNER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

IF TAKEN seriously—then this will be a total loss—but if you accept it in the spirit it is offered you will enjoy it. This is the production, directed by *Joseph Von Sternberg* for *Metro*, that has been shelved for many months. And we cannot understand why! For this is equally as good as some of the pictures *Metro* has been tooting about all over town. The cast is good—*Conrad Nagel*, *Renee Adoree* and *George K. Arthur*.

THE GALLOPING COWBOY—Associated Exhibitors

IF YOU'RE in the mood for a good Western—see this. It is filled with pulse-quickening situations, there is suspense of the most intriguing sort, and through it all runs a delightful romance. This is the first time we have seen *Bill Cody* and we're here to say, he went over big. He's a good-looking chap and the way he rides a horse is nobody's business. Treat the children.

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.

HERE is a splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. One is left in doubt as to the story and as you leave the theater, many whys and wherefores will be on your mind. Irene Rich plays, in a convincing manner, a flirtatious wife, who has many romances, but finally returns to her husband (Huntly Gordon). Not so good.

A MAN FOUR SQUARE—Fox

THE usual Buck Jones Western, which means it's a good one. Buck is the kind of a fellow who fights to the very end to protect his buddy from being accused of cattle rustling. Some home-made hootch puts funny ideas into the buddy's head and he accuses Buck of stealing his girl. But matters are straightened out—squarely. O. K. for the children.

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal

A RE-ISSUE of a crook drama that was released many years ago. It really has a splendid plot and cast—Lon Chaney, Priscilla Dean and Ralph Lewis—but in these days of beautiful sets, gorgeous costumes and perfect lighting, one can't feel as enthusiastic about it as if it were a modern picture. If you can overlook the old-fashioned dress, sets, etc., you will find this an engrossing picture.

THE IMPOSTOR—F. B. O.

IF IT'S an Evelyn Brent picture it will eventually turn crooked. Even though we always enjoy her pictures, we are of the opinion that Evelyn should quit harping on this crook idea continually. Evelyn starts out as a wealthy society girl who associates with a gang of crooks in order to protect her brother. Oh, grandma, what big-hearted sisters we have in the movies! Fair.

HELL'S 400—Fox

WHY this was ever produced is still a mystery. It's a preaching against gold-digging and the heavy dramatic moments are very amusing—unintentionally. Margaret Livingston plays the role of the gold-digging chorus girl in a carefree manner. Harrison Ford and Wallace MacDonald are the supporting players. Grownups may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud.

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors

HERE'S another new cowboy star that the youngster will like—Buffalo Bill, Jr. The picture contains all the elements that go to make a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and the smiling personality and dare-devil courage of the star. Could you ask for more?

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

R. D., HOBOKEN, N. J.—Dorothy Mackaill is one of old John Bull's daughters. She was born in Hull, England, on March 4, 1904. Dorothy has hazel eyes and very pretty ones, too.

EISEN AND EDITH, NEW YORK CITY.—So you think more of me than you do of Lawrence Gray. Is that true or are you trying to flatter an old man? Mr. Gray—I don't know him well enough to call him Lawrence—was born in San Francisco, Calif., on July 27, 1898. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds. Not married, tra, la!

THE PHANTOM BULLET—Universal

HOOT GIBSON in a Western that has a sure-fire appeal for grown-ups and children. Hoot disguises himself as a city-slicker to locate the murderer of his father. In a square-shooting way he obtains the evidence and the girl. Hoot's a funny guy and provides lots of laughs for the audience.

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox

EVERYONE realizes Tom Mix is an excellent horseman and here Tom displays his riding skill rather than his acting abilities. To avoid repetition—you know the ingredients of a Mix picture and they are all here. Now, Tom, please do us a favor—stick to your horse and no more of these kittenish fandangoes and silken blouses. The boys will enjoy this.

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.

IT SEEMS that Tom Tyler and little Frankie Darro are an established combination. In fact, Tyler's pictures would not be completed without Frankie, for he adds a lot of humor because of his desire to be a real cowboy. And here Frankie shows he's learning a whole lot—for it is he who saves the hero and heroine and incidentally plenty of monkey. Good stuff.

THE BIG SHOW—Associated Exhibitors

SPEAKING about a circus—yes—but not about this picture. We'd advise you to go see a circus any time but thumbs down on this. The story is a false-alarm and the cast—well they have a lot to learn. You can sleep very well through this and you won't be disturbed.

THE ISLE OF RETRIBUTION—F. B. O.

THERE must be a way for the wealthy fathers to make men out of their sons so the hero and dad's secretary are shoved up north to inspect the mining districts that pop owns. Then the wicked villain appears and before you know it Sonny is as tough as the next one. He kills the villain and returns to poppa and everybody's happy. Oh, what wonders the great open spaces work. Passable.

THE BROADWAY GALLANT—F. B. O.

A RICHARD TALMADGE program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. Dick is a wealthy boy who goes in search of bonds for his Dad. He's mixed up in a number of complications, but everything results with honors for the hero. Dick introduces some new stunts that we bet the youngster will try.

E. H., READING, PA.—Lillian Rich was born in London, England, on January 1, 1902. Chicago was the birthplace of Blanche Sweet. She was born on June 18, 1896.

TO ANOTHER DEMPSTER.—Carol Dempster was born in Santa Maria, Calif., on January 16, 1902. She toured the country with the Denishawn dancers before starting in pictures. Carol is five feet, five inches tall and weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds. She has chestnut hair and hazel eyes. Any relation? Victor McLaglen played in "Winds of Chance." Victor is an Englishman—about thirty-five years old and married.

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DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

M. P., ALLSTON, MASS.—My sleuths report that Frank Mayo has been playing in vaudeville for a season. But, dear lady, he isn't lost to you and the screen because he is appearing in "Lew Tyler's Wives," produced at the Tec-Art Studio, 332 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

"KIDNIE" NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Young and inquisitive! Norman Kerry was born in New York City about thirty-two years ago. Married. Rosemary Theby is married to Harry Myers. It was quite a romance. Didn't you hear about it? Rosemary—and that's her real name—was born in St. Louis in 1892. Elinor Fair is not blonde, in spite of her name. She has reddish brown hair. It photographs dark. Laura La Plante is another St. Louis girl. Not married but they do say she is engaged to William Seiter.

K. A. R., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—George O'Brien and Olive Borden are coy about admitting any engagement. Still, there's no great harm drawing conclusions, is there? William Haines isn't married. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. He was born on January 1, 1900. Sally O'Neil was born on October 23, 1908. Irving Cummings directed "The Johnstown Flood." George O'Brien's next picture is "Fig Leaves." And Laura La Plante has just about decided to marry William Seiter.

NAN C., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Don't ask me why "Desert Girl" was so different from the book. That seems to be an old custom in the movies—changing the plots of books when they are screened. "Kiki" is pronounced "Kee-Kee"—that's the French of it. Mary Pickford has no children but she has adopted her sister's daughter. Harriet Hammond played opposite Ramon Novarro in "The Midshipman."

H. H., WEST DULUTH, MINN.—"The Top of the World" was filmed with James Kirkwood and Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading roles. Released under the same title—for a change. Richard Dix is not married. Just the opposite for Wallace MacDonald. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wis. A very Superior girl from the start. She's an American.

ARIEL, EUGENE, ORE.—If you're plump, call yourself Gretchen. If you are slim, then Ariel is the name for you. And if you are neither plump nor slim, then you ought to be Suzanne. Now that I have settled that problem for you, I'll go on with the answers to your questions. Write to Mae Murray—and send a quarter—at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. Mae is five feet, three inches and was born on May 10, 1893. Her latest is "Altars of Desire." Wuff-Wuff!

I. D., Los Angeles, Calif.—You'll see Clara next in "Mantrap." Miss Bow has brown hair and brown eyes and she was born in Brooklyn on July 20, 1905.

V. A., TACOMA, WASH.—Address Mr. Lawrence Gray at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Did you send a quarter with your request for a photograph? That might get results.

O. S., HAVANA, CUBA.—If you're going to write this poor old Answer Man, you had better stick to the English language. Now what would happen to me if I began getting letters in all the foreign languages? Write to Paramount Pictures, Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I., for information about the Paramount School of Acting. It's a long and expensive trip to Hollywood and you might be terribly disappointed when you get there. May McAvoy is twenty-five years old and she is said to be engaged to Robert Agnew. Laura La Plante is twenty-one years old and engaged to William Seiter.

A. D., HUDSON, MASS.—Why not a shamrock on the letter paper to match the ink? Allene Ray was born on January 2, 1901. Her real name is Mrs. Larry Wheeler. Allene is five feet, three inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. She has blonde hair and hazel eyes.

P. N. S., BALTIMORE, MD.—Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The article you refer to appeared in the issue of January, 1925. It was called "An Impression of Marion Davies," by Adda Rogers St. Johns. Thank you for your interest.

WILHELMINA, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Your English is so charming, Wilhelmina, that even your mistakes are fascinating. Edmund Burns is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He was born on September 27, 1892. He has black hair and grey eyes and was born in these United States. Now that you've come to live here, call again.

H. L., CALGARY, CANADA.—The article entitled "At Last the Blonde Vampire" appeared in PHOTOPLAY'S March issue, 1925. The review of "Inez from Hollywood" was published in February, 1925. Ivan St. Johns' article, "Major Lew Stone" appeared in May, 1925. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazine.

"CURLY" FROM OHIO.—That's what I am here for—to spread wisdom. Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1893. She's just five feet tall. Kenneth Harlan is married to Marie Prevost—the lucky fellow. Kenneth was born on July 20, 1895.

K. W., ORLAND, ILL.—Norma Talmadge hasn't yet found a title for her new picture. But in the near future she will star in "The Darling of the Gods." Norma was born on May 2, 1897 and married in November, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. Esther Ralston is now Mrs. George W. Frey. Lillian Gish married? Goodness no!

"FOR BARRYMORE," TYLER, TEXAS.—I'll not say "no." In fact, my dear Texan, I am a "yes man." Here is your little life story of Mr. Barrymore. The gifted John was born on February 15, 1882. His wife was Blanche Oelrichs Leonard, a society woman. She writes under the pen name of Michael Strange. The Barrymores have one daughter, born March 3, 1921. John has just completed "Don Juan" and is going to make "Manon Lescaut." Dolores Costello will be his leading woman.

RED HEAD OF CHICAGO.—So your dad and Dolores Costello's dad used to work together. I hope you're not proud! Jack Muhlhall was born on October 7, 1891, and he honored Wappinger Falls, N. Y., by being born there. As for whether he likes red-headed girls, that's something that is beyond my ken.

J. A. K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Brown of Harvard" is Jack Pickford's latest film. Jack was born on August 13, 1896. I cannot give out any information about "Hollywood" as it is included in the Movie Lovers Contest. Sorry, but it's forbidden.

"AL," DANBURY, CONN.—"That darling young man" is William Haines. Yes, he played in "Little Annie Rooney." Single? I should say so! Six feet tall, no less, with black hair and brown eyes. William was born at the dawn of the new century, January 1, 1900. A real Twentieth Century kid.

ELSIE, ELY, MINN.—Address Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Ask him yourself, Elsie, and send a quarter with your request.

ROSE M., TACOMA, WASH.—Not a proposal, huh? Just "the beginning of a wonderful friendship." I think we have a great many tastes in common. Yes, Marion Davies is adorable. Marion and Bill Haines have the same birthday, January 1, 1909. Her next picture is "The Red Mill" and after that will come "The Miracle." Not married.

THE ROVER, CLEVELAND, O.—Am I ever too busy to draw my wages? Am I ever too busy to draw my breath? Don't be silly! You are the kind of fellow that makes me work overtime. Betty Bronson was born on November 17, 1906, in Trenton, N. J. Brown hair, blue eyes, five feet, three and one-half inches high and weighs one hundred pounds. Constance Bennett is a New Yorker by birth. She has light hair and blue eyes and weighs one hundred and eight and one-half pounds. Five feet, four inches and born on October 22, 1905. Eleanor Boardman was born on August 10, 1868, in Philadelphia. She has brown hair and grey eyes. Five feet, eight inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Mae Busch is about twenty-seven years old. She is an Australian—born in Melbourne. Mae is a long way from home. She has black hair and grey eyes and her weight is the same as Eleanor's. She is five feet, four inches tall. Mary Brian made her debut in Corsicana, Texas, in 1908. She has brown hair and blue eyes and weighs one hundred pounds. She is five feet tall. And that's all about the busy Bs.

LONA, SEATTLE, WASH.—You're an inquisitive little person—asking me all about Ramon's love affairs. That's Ramon's personal business and I would never question him about them. Do you mean to tell me you would tell a stranger all about your loves? You can bet your sweet life you wouldn't and neither will Ramon. I don't blame him a bit. I am the only one that broadcasts about my flames—and well I might—for most of the time I'm just showing myself a good time. Now that the love question is settled, let's talk about heroes. J. Warren Kerrigan was the hero in "Captain Blood." Cleve Moore is Colleen's brother. And now would you like to know the color of the socks that Bull Montana favors?

W. ROBB, MOBILE, ALA.—Bessie Barriscale is a very busy person these days. She is touring as a vaudeville headliner from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to the Gulf. Bryant Washburn and Florence Vidor played the leading roles in "Till I Come Back To You." Anything else?

FRENCHIE, EL PASO, TEXAS.—Oo la la! Just a minute, lady 'till I open the squeezer and let you have all the dirt on Reginald Denny. Reggy was born in Richmond Surrey, England, November 20, 1891. He came to America at the age of 17 to play with Ina Claire in "The Quaker Girl." He is the son of William Henry Denny, prominent British actor, and through these theatrical associations he began his stage career at the age of 6. After his engagement in "The Quaker Girl" he returned to England and then toured India, Australia and the Orient. It was at this time that he became interested in amateur boxing, and his ability in this respect attracted attention. He then returned to New York and played in "Twin Beds" and other popular stage plays. During the war he was a lieutenant in the Overseas Royal Flying Corps. After the war he played in several productions and supported John Barrymore in "Richard III." His first screen work was with Evelyn Greeley in "Bringing Up Betty." He quickly mounted the ladder of success, for his pictures contain good, clean comedy which the movie-going public enjoy. Denny is six feet tall and weighs 176 pounds. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Irene Haisman, an English actress and is the proud daddy of a daughter, Barbara, age 10. He is an expert swimmer and boxer. Guess I covered everything?

E. C. A., ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Well, I am delighted to hear from you again. And you liked my letter. Thanx. Percy Marmont and a daughter are not married. ZaSu Pitts has a marlybrat, ZaSu Ann. Eugene O'Brien is now playing opposite Gloria Swanson at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y. Cecil B. De Mille parks his megaphone at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Don't believe all people tell you! Take advice from one who knows. Write again.

HELENE, CHICAGO.—You want to know how it all came about? My life is an open book to all those who care to read it. List! 'Twas many years ago, when I was young and charming and incidentally farming, I chanced to see an advertisement of a correspondence school. I always longed to be in the public eye—the ad said Opportunity was knocking. Come in, I cried, as I sent my twenty-fivcents and, loand behold, would you believe it, after years and years of studying from the booklets the school sent, I was the only one that ever received a scholarship. And then... but let us drift along the moonlit lake to John Gilbert. That at least is more romantic and interesting. At present he is working on "Bardelys the Magnificent" with Eleanor Boardman. After this he is going to appear in a production with Greta Garbo. Can you imagine. Methinks they will have to use asbestos film for this. John can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

R. M., DETROIT.—Address your letter to Irving Thalberg at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. June Mathis is at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

LEA H.—Tom Moore was formerly married to Alice Joyce. Anything else?

D. W. J., CANASERRA, N. Y.—Oh, no, Betty Compton has not retired. In fact, she just flits from one picture to another. However, her contract with Paramount is completed and she is now free-lancing. All movie-fans will be delighted to hear that Jackie Coogan is going to make another picture. The story finally selected for Jackie is one written especially for the screen by Gerald Beaumont, famous writer of race track novels. Jackie will lose his golden locks in a sequence of the film. He is eleven years of age.

N. C., SAN DIEGO, CAL.—Snap right out of it! Don't fall in love with Neil Hamilton—he's married. Only fall for those who have no attachments. I'm walking around loose—how's chances! Neil was born Sept. 9, 1890. His wife is a non-professional.

D. T., CAL.—William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. Bill's a big fellow—six feet; weighs 172 pounds. Betty Bronson was born Nov. 17, 1906. She is five feet, three and one-half inches in height and weighs 90 pounds. No trouble at all. Glad to help you.

O. C., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Will you deliver that in person, if you please? Writing that on paper doesn't do me any good. Ronald Colman is working at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

V. D., MIAMI, FLA.—You may obtain back issues of PHOTOPLAY by writing to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. How much? Twenty-five cents a copy.

HERBERT J., CHICAGO.—Say, Herbie, can't you take a joke? I can readily see that May McAvoy is the forerunner in your opinion. May refuses to tell me her birth date. Now what's a fella going to do in a case like that? Neil Hamilton—September 9, 1890; Antonio Moreno—September 26, 1888. Something else comes in small bottles—I fooled you—near beer.



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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132]

Go See Louise's "Blind Goddess"

Green Bay, Wis. I had the opportunity today of witnessing two of the greatest characterizations I have ever seen on the screen. I refer to Norma Shearer in "His Secretary," and Louise Dresser in "The Goose Woman." Surely no one can say that the movies are not getting bigger and better, when such performances as these are enacted.

Norma's acting in the first part of "His Secretary" was wonderful. I could not believe that the plain, homely looking woman before me was the lovely Norma Shearer. And her transformation was great.

Louise Dresser's performance was much greater, considering the part she had to play. She is undoubtedly the greatest character actress on the screen. I hope to be able to witness some more such acting as this in the near future.

MR. HERN YORK.

To the Scales, Boys

Hampton, Va.

The masculine stars who essay heroic or romantic roles should be warned that the commandment, "Thou shalt not grow fat," is not for "Women only." Can avirupois and "IT" abide together? Page Madame Glyn, please.

In "The Vanishing American" Richard Dix appears to have cut out potatoes again, and Malcolm McGregor looks his best since *Fritz* in "A Prisoner of Zenda."

John Gilbert and Lloyd Hughes should both start counting their calories. Bert Lytell might eat less and fence more. Kenneth Harlan, in losing his waist line, has lost the lure of his "Virinian" success. Barrymore, Colman, Nagel, Novarro and Valentino can't supply enough pictures to go around; we need these other, too, but not so much of them. There is no romance about a thick waist or a heavy jawl. Business women who associate all day with wheezy "captains of industry," wives with stodgy husbands crave their bit of vicarious romance; must it be denied them because their favorite hero fails to diet?

"The sheiks" of the American screen must retain their keen cut features and slender lines if they would keep their place in our hearts.

Mrs. C. C. BRANCH.

How to Create Art

Saltillo Coahuila, Mexico.

A suggestion for the budding scenario writer who may be blessed with original ideas. FORGET THEM. Here's how to become a successful scenarist.

- (1) Take equal parts of "The Singer of Seville" "The Spanish Dancer" "Her Majesty" "Forbidden Paradise"
- Mix thoroughly and set to simmer slowly in the brain of a continuity writer.
- (2) Obtain an animated clothes prop—divorced by preference; a deaf, dumb and blind director—graduate of Coney Island preferred; a fickle Queen, assisted by a subtle Minister who must, by clever scheming, rescue the animated clothes prop (in a Peter Pan shirt and tight fitting pants) from a horrid firing party and return him to the arms of the simple country maiden in the dark dungeon a few minutes later.
- Mix one and two together, plaster on an icing of hokum and with a blare of publicity serve hot to the public. Jam it down their throats.
- Success will then be yours.

W. ROECHAFFLE.

A Bow Bouquet

Kansas City, Mo.

Here's the most promising of the younger actresses, Clara Bow.

Since I first saw her in "Down to the Sea in Ships," I have watched her progress up the ladder to fame. And now that her contract has reverted to Paramount, I feel sure that she will come into her own.

She is always referred to as the "precocious baby vamp" and I think that term ideally suited her. As a rule, the vampish actresses have little appeal, but Miss Bow is very refreshing.

She has been treated badly in the way of screen material, having appeared in few good pictures. Yet to prove she is one of the most promising of the younger actresses, witness her portrayal of *Kilsons*, the flapper daughter, in "Dancing Mothers," her first picture under her new contract. The acting of the entire cast was excellent, but Miss Bow easily overshadowed them all.

IRENE AIDE.

Colleen and Irene

Tyler, Texas.

"A rag, a bone, a hank of hair."

That's Colleen Moore, and the rags that she hangs on her bones in "Irene" are alluring and enticing. One could hardly call a face like hers beautiful, or even pretty. But a beautiful face doesn't fill all the requirements of a successful actress, or a successful anything else.

Colleen portrays a nicey the "Sallys" and "Irenes" and flappers. She flaps better than any other artist.

"Irene" is worth your while. It doesn't make you think deeply. Nor cause argument in your mind, nor bring tears to the eyes or a lump to the throat. It doesn't make you resolve to be a better man or woman. But it is entertaining. And people go to the movies to be entertained. Not to be instructed or saddened or moralized. They go for amusement and entertainment. They go to laugh, and not to cry.

The majority of us fans don't know where and when the directing is bad; just why the production is that or that; when the plot has just the exact background and atmosphere; but we do know when we see a good show. And "Irene" is one of them.

It's a rest from the picture with so much suspense and fighting it wears you out. So much sadness you feel lumpy inside. So much moral you're not entertained.

Give us something to laugh about.

M. J. J.

How Many Agree?

Oklahoma City, Okla.

I read, every once in a while, in your paper, of the great charity of motion picture folks and I wonder if it's only a part of the lives of the players and never a part of the lives of the producers. Charity does not always mean giving, does it? Isn't it about time that they let Fatty Arbuckle and Mabel Normand stage a comeback? Are these two great fun producers, always clean in their work, to be held off from the screen because some hypocrite, who has never happened to be caught, says they are taboo? There are nine other commandments beside the seventh, and the Bible says nothing about it being worse to break the seventh than any of the others. "Thou Shalt Not Utter False Witness," broken, is just as bad as breaking the seventh. Anyone who has broken any commandment from one to ten has no more right to be connected with pictures than Arbuckle has, if the standard is one of morality—based on the law of Moses. I think never in the history of the world has a greater injustice been done than the taking away of the right of Arbuckle to please his public as he used to do.

D. G. CLARKE.

More Praise for Polly

Los Angeles, Cal.

No other screen actress has surpassed Pauline Frederick's acting in "Madame X" or "Smouldering Fires" or "Bella Donna," or "The Road to Destiny." Never will I forget her in "The Lure of Jade."

Two artists can paint the same landscape. But on the canvas one will see some intangible beauty not on the other.

"Madame X" was a very difficult rôle. She became a dope fiend. The mind was unbalanced, the body only a shell, a mist over her vision, the heart broken, struggling against great odds. Regardless of such blinding sufferings, the mother heart never svered.

Out of the material into the spiritual she lifted you even before the death scene. But then Pauline is an actress of great power. She needs no superfluous praise.

The delicate finished music of the *Harp*, never did appeal to some people.

Many a thoroughbred has lost a race to a lesser stock.

MISS AGNES THOMPSON.

Steel Not Preferred

Red Lodge, Mont.

"Steel Preferred" was one of the most loosely constructed plays I have seen in many a day. The whole thing was decidedly a surface affair and each character seemed to say in every pose, "Now take my picture."

Nicker and *Dicker*, the two old soaks, were of no use in the play whatever. The heroine neither looked nor acted the part. She would look much better out feeding the chickens than undertaking to play a fine lady. The hero himself was not so bad, but the villain was much the most convincing looking character in the whole plot, and he fell down after shooting the hero after the hero had saved his life. In the mob scene, where he had a chance to come in and make things right, he simply showed himself yellow clear through. I suppose the author thought it would not be a smashing climax, unless he made the man absolutely inhuman. Most people have just a little streak of decency in them. The hero was a little too green even for the screen, and his aide, the maniac, looked like an afterthought and a fill-in. Altogether it was "the bunk."

EMILY E. SLOAN.

We Praised It, Too

Cincinnati, O.

Recently, I saw "The Blind Goddess." Its plot is the old time story of the erring mother wanting to come back to her child. Through careful planning and deft handling this story is taken from the mediocre class and placed in the first class.

The story races along at a light, frothy pace. Then there is the murder of the father. The guilt falls upon the erring wife and mother. The daughter's sweetheart resigns from the office of prosecuting attorney and defends the mother.

Here is the old situation, "Duty or Love" and the director comes out with flying honors. The directing does not alone make the picture. It has a quartet of fine actors who do their respective rôles justice.

Louise Dresser raises her highly melodramatic rôle to the quiet, serene standard. Ernest Torrence, for the first time since "The Covered Wagon," has a rôle that gives him a chance to act.

Esther Kalston shows that she deserves the starring honors placed on her pretty head. Jack Holt, as the attorney, smiles without cracking his face. This, alone, is a tribute to the director.

Fans, this is the kind of pictures we are promised, but do not always see. May the other directors benefit by this picture and give us worthwhile pictures.

W. F. B.

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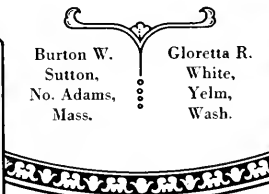
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Cashmere Bouquet is the right soap. Its fragrant lather is so gentle, so cleansing, that it fairly caresses your skin and leaves it soft and lovely.

We wish you could see the careful special processes which make Cash-

mere Bouquet so safe for your daily use. Before this "hard-milled" cake is ready for you it 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 silks and other fabric treasures.

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

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Soft summery food
is dainty and delicious
—but it is very harmful to our teeth and gums

WHILE summer is here, most of us wisely turn to lighter food—an excellent idea, as every doctor and dietitian will tell you.

But as every dentist will confirm, these dainty tidbits, these soft and crustless sandwiches, these sherbets, vegetables and puddings—so luscious and so tempting—are just as damaging to the health of our gums and teeth as our heavier menu.

For as the dentists point out, all our food is too soft—too deficient in its fibrous content. Little of our food, summer or winter, gives our gums the stimulation so badly needed. And so the tissues grow weak, the gums become tender, and they bleed. They are exposed to that long list of gum diseases today so prevalent.

How soft food breaks down the health of the gums

When the gums are robbed of exercise by our modern food and our hasty eating, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The capillaries become congested. The gums lose their tonicity and health.

At times they may bleed—and a “pink tooth brush” warns you to seek your dentist and to take steps quickly to ward off more serious troubles.

Your dentist will probably tell you that the

first thing to do is to restore the stimulation to the gingival tissues. He will, no doubt recommend massage—a light frictionizing of the gums. And he will probably advise that the massage be accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

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Simply brush the gums gently, every square inch of them: This will quicken the circulation within the gum walls, spreading a lively flow of fresh blood to these stagnant tissues.

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EVEN if your gums never seem tender—even if your tooth brush never “shows pink”—begin today with Ipana. For the best time to fight gum troubles is before they start.



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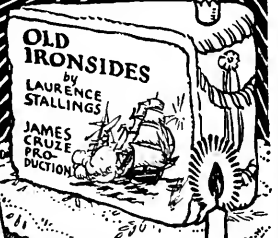
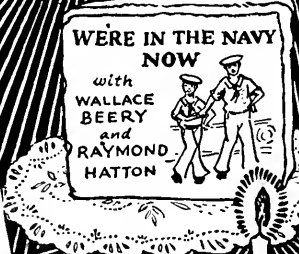
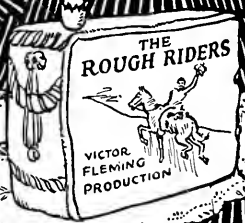
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXX

No. 3

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The Real Sirens of the Screen

They are not the ladies of the beaded eyelashes—the trailing gowns—the dangling ear-rings. In real life men do not risk happiness, honor and their fortunes for the Pola Negris, the Nita Naldis or the Lya de Puttis. All their home-wrecking is done on the screen. Off the screen, the real sirens are the fatal ingenues—the frail darlings—the demure girls and the spotless heroines.

In the September issue of Photoplay

you will find an amazing story of some of these guileless girls who have played havoc with the destinies of men.

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight, as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hairdresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved. I proved that Maison Marcellers will save time and money. (Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

KAUFMANN & FABRY CO.
Commercial Photographers
CHICAGO

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois
I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marvelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.
Signed Edward J. Cook.



Subscribed and sworn to hereof me this 24th day of March, 1926.
Emma W. Stokrobach,
Notary Public.

NOTICE TO READERS

A Chicago representative of this magazine and representatives of over 100 other publications witnessed a successful and satisfactory demonstration of these wavers.

Marvelous New Method

makes your hair naturally wavy

*No more "appointments" . . . No more tiresome treatments . . .
No more "wave" expense . . . No hot irons to dry out your hair*

Now you may have as lovely a marcel as the finest beauty parlor, possibly can give—in your own home—when you want it, and at a trifling cost.

WHERE is the woman, in this busy day, who can afford from her little leisure all the time it takes to make appointments, arrange her convenience to suit someone else's schedule, go through the usual experience of waiting many minutes, and then submit to a long drawn-out process?

Women will do that, to have their hair marcelled, so insistent is the real need for loveliness.

But that exasperating method is no longer necessary. It is rapidly becoming obsolete—wherever this amazing new invention called the Maison Marcellers makes its way. *Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—in your own home—and your hair is always at its wavy loveliest and best.*

**A \$1.50 marcel any time!
for a few cents**

Moreover, how many women really can spare the money, \$1.00, \$1.50 or more, for waving done the ordinary way? Isn't it a fact that even on a liberal allowance, these inroads are too heavy, with the usual result that you forego many a marcel that you know you ought to have?

Here again, the Maison Marcellers are literally one of the greatest boons ever conferred on womankind.

The woman who owns a set of Maison Marcellers may keep her hair at all times in the full glory of its beauty, at a cost of a few cents for each complete marcel.

And the menace of hot irons eliminated forever

Finally, this invention is the most protective of hair quality, texture and lustre ever intro-

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

duced into modern hair culture.

It does away with the old-fashioned curlers and so-called "wavers"—with dangerous curling irons that sear the hair and dry the scalp—with all the muss and fuss of the old-fashioned water-waving combs.

In eliminating the hot iron perillalone, the Maison Marcellers are worth their weight in gold to any woman who prizes the natural health and beauty of her hair.

Your mirror will tell you this is true

Nothing that we could say about the results which thousands of women today are obtaining with the Maison Marcellers would tell so complete a story of their value as the photographs above. Note them well. Then read carefully the sworn affidavit of one of Chicago's most reputable photographers, as to the circumstances under which those photographs were taken. They could be duplicated anywhere—and are being duplicated everywhere the Maison Marcellers are in use.

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In order to establish this revolutionary invention in the favor of women all over America, we offer the first 10,000 sets of

Maison Marcellers at a price which hardly covers the cost of making, packing and advertising—only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage!

This includes a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, and a complete set of Maison Marcellers. Nothing more to buy. Just dampen the hair with water and place the Marcellers in your hair according to directions.

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Even at this special price you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcelis again.

After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

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711 Quincy St., Dept. 33, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Maison Marcellers, Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions, which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

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Address.....
City.....State.....

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$2.00 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wiggle make this a glorious experience. (July.)

AMERICAN VENUS, THE—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, 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.)

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Dist.—The title has nothing to do with the picture; the story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama; in other words it's much ado about nothing. (June.)

BARRIER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The story of a half-caste told in an interesting manner by a splendid cast—Norman Kerry, Marceline Day, Henry Wallace and Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

BAT, THE—United Artists.—It's thrilling and it's thrilling. 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 real excited about. (April.)

BEHIND THE FRONT—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the buddies "over there." Slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

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 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.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIG SHOW, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLACK PIRATE, THE—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the youngsters, and grownups who find themselves youthful again while enjoying this story of the adventures of the wicked pirates. (May.)

BLACKBIRD, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney is at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

BLIND GODDESS, THE—Paramount.—An excellent murder story by Arthur Train plus Louise Dresser's splendid performance makes this one of the finest pictures of the season. (June.)

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.—This is out on the gas as the use of quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson in the role of a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

BORDER SHERIFF, THE—Universal.—A Western and nothing to brag about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

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.)

BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.—A gripping melodrama against the background of the sea. Gruesome at times. (June.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—M-G-M.—Charlie 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 GALLANT, THE—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

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—Jaffe.—A series of realistic cast side scenes strung together by a slender plot. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

BROWN OF HARVARD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—College life, flip and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

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

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

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

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

CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD—Pathe.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

CAT'S PAJAMAS, THE—Paramount.—Betty Bronson has advanced from a Barry heroine into a bedroom comedy heroine. The result—see it and be convinced. (June.)

CAVE MAN, 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. (April.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

COBRA—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this 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 lively romping tale crammed with action will like this. The youngsters will enjoy it. (April.)

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE—Asso. Ex.—Good acting of Betty Compson as a modern Fortia make this a passable movie. (March.)

COUNT OF LUXEMBURG, THE—Chadwick.—George Walsh, as a penniless count in the artists' colony of Paris, marries a beautiful actress without seeing her. Fairly entertaining. (February.)

COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE—Fox.—One finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

COWBOY MUSKETEER, THE—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler looks fine and rides well in this Western, which is presented with snap and clearness. (February.)

CROWN OF LIES, THE—Paramount.—Another impossible Pola Negri vehicle. If you have nothing else to do—see this and suffer with Pola. (June.)

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.)

DANCER OF PARIS, THE—First National.—Written by Michael Arlen and as you might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, bachelor apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

DANCING MOTHERS—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-flapping 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 Dist. Corp.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A melodrama of the great open spaces adapted from a Zane Grey novel. Fair. (June.)

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.)

DEVIL'S CIRCUS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An interesting vehicle with lots of good circus stuff. Hokum reigns throughout. Norma Shearer and Charles Mack head the cast. (May.)

DON'T—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't. It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (April.)

EARLY TO BED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been good for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

EAST LYNNE—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Love and Lon Tellegen play the principals. (March.)

ENCHANTED HILL, THE—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

ESCAPE, THE—Universal.—Filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison shows us what can be done. (May.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

*All Hollywood is talking about
this fairest of Eve's daughters!*

Ever since Eve listened to the serpent, woman has worshipped the raiment that makes her fairest, and man has worshipped woman thus adorned. In the person of beautiful young

OLIVE BORDEN

millions of screen devotees will have found a new subject for their adoration. As revealed in the WILLIAM FOX Picture

FIG LEAVES

She has youth, radiant and unfettered, loveliness of a rare degree, a high quality of dramatic artistry—and oh, oh—how she can wear her clothes! A new screen “find” that the wise ones are all rejoicing over! In “Fig Leaves” this young actress is co-featured with one of your old favorites

GEORGE O'BRIEN

Well remembered and loved for his performance in “THE IRON HORSE” and other FOX pictures. Here George scores in a new type of role. “FIG LEAVES” is a gorgeously dressed photoplay, beautiful girls in lavish imported creations shown in full color, and a novel scene in the Garden of Eden. Directed by Howard Hawks, with Phyllis Haver, Andre de Beranger and other good supporting players.

Forthcoming FOX FILMS
every one should see:

WHAT PRICE GLORY
THE MUSIC MASTER
7TH HEAVEN

all made from renowned stage successes

3 BAD MEN

staged by John Ford, who directed “The Iron Horse”

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE
*from the best-selling book of the year by the
author of “If Winter Comes”*

Fox Film Corporation

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Last Minute News from East and West

As we go



to Press

ALL change partners for the next dance. Rudolph Valentino is said to be interested in Greta Garbo and Maurice Stiller, the director who introduced Greta to this country, will direct Pola Negri's next picture.

THE jury failed to come to an agreement in the suit against Charles Duell, former president of Inspiration Pictures. Lillian Gish was not called as a witness in the perjury trial and immediately after the jury was discharged she left for the coast to begin work on "Annie Laurie."

LEWIS J. SELZNICK may return to the motion picture business as the head of Associated Exhibitors. Since the failure of the old Selznick company the producer has been interested in Florida real estate.

LOIS WEBER, woman director, was recently married to Captain Harry Gantz, retired army officer and California ranchman. The ceremony took place at the home of Frances Marion. Miss Weber was divorced from Phillips Smalley.

LARRY SEMON will quit as a comedy star. He has signed a contract with Mack Sennett to direct comedies.

BEATRICE LILLIE, the comedienne of Charlot's Revue, has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn. Marc Connelly will write an original script for her use.

SAM GOLDWYN tore up Ronald Colman's contract and gave him a brand new one, with a liberal increase in it. Colman was getting \$2,000 under the old arrangement.

"TIP-TOES," the New York musical show, has been purchased for Dorothy Gish's screen use. Production will be made in London.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE and her husband, Captain Alastair Mackintosh, sail for European honeymoon.

CONSTANCE HOWARD, sister of Frances Howard, otherwise Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, is to be Douglas MacLean's leading woman.

RAMON NOVARRO's next screen vehicle is likely to be "The Great Galateo," the Spanish drama once played behind the footlights by William Faversham as "The World and His Wife."

AS a result of the success of "Aloma of the South Seas," Famous Players sign Gilda Gray under a long term contract. Aloma was her first important rôle on the silver screen.

BILLIE DOVE signed for lead in "The Savage in Silks," which Lois Weber will direct at Universal, from Ernst Pascal's novel, "Egypt."

VILMA BANKY—and not Dolores Costello—will be leading woman for John Barrymore in "Francois Villon."

PETER THE GREAT, police dog star, was killed in a duel between his master, Ed. Faust, and F. R. Cyriacks of Lankershim. In an argument, Cyriacks drew a gun and fired at the tires of Faust's automobile. The dog was struck by a bullet and died a few days later in the hospital.

TOM MIX'S daughter Ruth has gone in vaudeville, appearing in a playlet written by her uncle, Raymond Hitchcock.

NORMA TALMADGE'S next will be "Sun of Montmartre," written for her by Hans Kraely. And following that will come "The Dove," adapted from the Belasco stage success.

AFTER completing his contract with Paramount, D. W. Griffith will return to United Artists, probably to film nothing but special productions.

"THE WAR OF THE WORLDS," by H. G. Wells, will be filmed by Paramount. Charles Farrell has been engaged for a leading rôle.

WILL H. HAYS has consented to extend his term as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., for ten years, at the request of the directors. Hays became head of the organization in March, 1922, after leaving President Harding's cabinet, where he served as postmaster general.

LOIS MORAN has wandered about since "Stella Dallas" in various studios, but now she has signed a long-term contract with Paramount. Her first assignment is "God Gave Me Twenty Cents."

GEORGE READ, a colored actor, says he played eight parts in one film.



Wes Barry's married! Honest. He's only eighteen, but his bachelor days are gone forever. This is the first picture of Wesley and his bride, the former Julia Wood. She's four years his senior. Wesley and she met when they played on the same vaudeville bill. The wedding took place at Newark, New Jersey, June 14



Rex Ingram's
MARÉ NOSTRUM

MEANS "Our Sea".
ALL New York thrilled to it
THOUSANDS and thousands
GLADLY paid \$2.00 to see this epic by
BLASCO IBANEZ, master maker of tales.
ALICE TERRY as the beloved spy,
ANTONIO MORENO as Ulysses
WHO worshipped her
BUT loved a great cause more.
A sinking submarine—
THRILL after gasping thrill!
A STUPENDOUS picture
COMING to your theatre
DIRECT from Broadway.



*Alice Terry
as Freya
Antonio Moreno
as Ulysses*



A Metro-Goldwyn-Picture

"More Stars than there are in Heaven"



The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month
for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

\$25.00 Letter



First Prize
Pierce L.
Brothers, Jr.

New Orleans, La.
Lately some of these so-styled reconstructionists have directed their misguided activities against the motion picture. They bemoan its-picturization of life as it really is. But is there anything more beautiful than life? Why decry its portrayal? The mission of the screen is that it separates the dross to reveal the beautiful. Profit by its example, and we are better men and women. Without the motion picture, we would slip back centuries. Yet it is in its infancy. The rich, the poor alike would be deprived of the world's paramount amusement. After a hard day what can compare to a skillfully directed motion picture to waf us from our mediocre surroundings to a sudden land of dreams, and inspiration? We return home mentally and spiritually refreshed, spurred on to greater achievements. Let us extol the producers of good pictures and their contemporaries, and in our acclaim let them know America is marching with them.

PIERCE L. BROTHERS, JR.
1207 Constantiople St.
New Orleans, La.

\$10.00 Letter

Tetotum, Va.
I haven't seen a movie for years!
Time was, when there was no more ardent fan than I. Then suddenly I had to renounce everything and begin spending my days on a quiet porch, winning back lost health. Often there come terrific longings for the throbbing and thrill of a big, tense, heart-reaching picture. Then opportunely comes PHOTOPLAY unlocking an otherwise closed door, that I may look in on the vivid world of screendom—alluring little intimate glimpses into the appealing lives of the strangely fascinating player folk, whom I like and admire, for what they give to the

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

world. If they have their weaknesses, well, so much is forgivable in genius!

Some glad, gay day, I hope to watch again, rapt and thrilly, one of my favorites, and whether glittering Gloria, bewitching Bebe, or coy Colleen, I know I shall feel the spell!

Meantime, with PHOTOPLAY to guide, I'll be keeping my wagon hitched to a star.

There's such inspiration in the stories of hard won fights for fame—it gives me added impetus in my fight for health.

FLORENCE G. BRITTON,
"Spy Hill"
Tetotum, Va.

\$5.00 Letter

Buffalo, N. Y.
The attitude of the majority of teachers toward the movies is ridiculous, bigoted and harmful to the children over whom they preside. In the academic atmosphere the movies are thrust into as murky a limbo as dry Martinis, the eighth commandment and "The Sheik."

If approached on the subject, what opinion does the average teacher offer? That the movies are immoral and suggestive, inciting the child to perverted curiosity on forbidden subjects and to active wrong-doing.

Asked if this shattering denunciation applies to all films the answer is a hesitating, "well . . . no."

But has any teacher been known to keep track of the distribution of "good" pictures in her town, has she advertised their showing? The children will go to the "show" anyway. Why not help them in the intelligent choice of their evening's entertainment? Build up their critical ability by oral English talks on "Why the Vanishing American is a Worthwhile Picture," instead of antiquated descriptions of "How I Spent My Vacation."

Educate the potential movie fans and exhibitors to a higher level, teach them taste in the selection of their entertainment and the producers can no longer blame their inferior pictures on the public's insensate palate.

ETHEL M. HOFFMAN,
1209 Herkimer St.
Buffalo, N. Y.



Third Prize
Ethel M.
Hoffman

So Do We

Atlanta, Ga.
As each society drama reaches the public, there are groans and sighs of agony from the "younger set" of this part of the country. They who don't know—and who, seeing one of these unpardonable slams on the younger generation, believe these to be facts—must have a nice idea of us.

Girls here, at least, do not prance on tables at a minute's notice.—[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EVIE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles make matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FAR CRY, THE—First National.—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack Mullaney and Myrtle Stedman. (May.)

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount.—The sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Good entertainment. (May.)

FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of New York. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see. (April.)

FIGHTING BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—A boring Western. Now don't blame us if it doesn't please. (June.)

FIGHTING BUCKAROO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones still does all the necessities to keep one amused. It's good stuff. (June.)

FIGHTING EDGE, THE—Warner Bros.—A melodrama with no pretensions, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go. (April.)

FIRST YEAR, TIE—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.)

FLAMING FRONTIER, THE—Universal.—Another absorbing tale of the Old West which carries out the spirit of pioneer America. Good stuff for the children. (June.)

FLAMING WATERS—F. B. O.—It looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. (April.)

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount.—For your own sake go see this Harold Lloyd production. Sure, take the kiddies! (June.)

FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg.—Clara Bow as a reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GILDED BUTTERFLY, THE—Fox.—Alma Rubens blushing her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're fussy about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE, THE—First National.—See this, if it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (May.)

GOLDEN COCOON, THE—Warner Bros.—An unconvincing story about politics, with Helene Chadwick crying through reel after reel. (February.)

GOLDEN STRAIN, TIE—Fox.—A worthwhile photoplay of Peter B. Kyne's story of the boy with the yellow streak. (February.)

GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER, THE—Paramount.—Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

GREATER GLORY, TIE—First National.—An excellent picture featuring an Austrian family before and after the war. One of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice. (May.)

GREEN ARCHER, THE—Pathe.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

HANDS UP—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the civil war. Right funny. Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin make adorable heroes. (March.)

HELL BENT FOR HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Groupings may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



See your skin turn milky white in 15 Minutes!

The MAGIC MILK MASK

WOMEN gasp in amazement at this newest wonder of beauty science. Everywhere The Magic Milk Mask is the talk of the day. Never before has anything like this amazing discovery been known. Never before has radiant complexion beauty been brought within such easy reach of every woman.

Think of it! You simply apply this delightful, creamy compound to your face. It covers the face like a mask. You relax while it does its work. Remove it in fifteen minutes

—and be prepared for the surprise of your life! For here is what you will see: A skin so strikingly lovely that it will seem as if your old complexion has suddenly grown young! Such freshness! Such softness and smoothness! And that wondrous milk-white beauty that is the distinctive glory of the world's most beautiful women! Yes, and that enchanting "peaches and cream" glow in the cheeks that is the gorgeous treasure of youth!

All this and more you will see as you look in the mirror after the Magic Milk Mask has been removed. You have been troubled with blackheads? You will wonder at their complete disappearance! Each and every one has been gently drawn out and

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- The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help:
- 1—to give a lovely, milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
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 - 5—to absorb the outer, dry, withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
 - 6—to combat wrinkles, tone sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
 - 7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to cheeks.
 - 8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

absorbed by the Magic Milk Mask. Was your skin inclined to be sallow and muddy? Now it is as clear and white as purest alabaster! Wrinkles? See how they have been smoothed—how the skin has regained its youthful firmness and elasticity.

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Milk, you know, has always been known as a natural beautifier. Anna Held, Lillian Russell and other famous beauties owed their exquisite complexions to its daily use.

And now a great beauty scientist has discovered in milk those special, mysterious elements that possess such marvelous beautifying powers. He has put these elements into concentrated form—blended them into a fragrant, plastic compound! He has given to womankind the most astounding beauty discovery of the century!

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How can you believe that the Magic Milk Mask will indeed bring such wonderful results? Never in your experience have you used anything like it. So you must TRY the Magic Milk Mask for yourself. You do not risk a penny. No, you are invited to take advantage of a special Introductory Offer that absolutely guarantees your satisfaction. And you save \$3.05!

Not a penny in advance. First send name and address on the coupon below. A large \$5.00 package of The Magic Milk Mask will be mailed to you at once. When it arrives, deposit the special reduced price of \$1.95 with the postman in full payment. Then try the Magic Milk Mask. If you are not delighted beyond your greatest expectations, your money will be refunded in full, without question. But no money now—just the compound *guarantee*, before this Introductory Offer is withdrawn.

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Dept. C-188, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Only a limited number of packages of The Magic Milk Mask will be distributed under this amazing offer. Rush the coupon and get a large \$5.00 package (enough for twenty treatments which would cost \$20 to \$30 in a beauty parlor) for only \$1.95. And not a penny of cost to you if you are not thoroughly pleased!

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Dept. C-188, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Without money in advance, you may send me a large \$5.00 package of The Magic Milk Mask. When it is in my hands I will pay the postman \$1.95 (plus five cents postage) in full payment. I retain the privilege of returning the package within 10 days and having my money refunded if I am not surprised and pleased with the wonderful results. I am to be sole judge.

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If you wish, you may send \$2 with coupon and we will pay postage.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIGHBANDERS, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—William Tilden stepping out as an actor, but he better stick to tennis if he wishes to become a success in life. (Terrible. June.)

HIS SECRETARY—M-G-M.—The story of the newly rich better don't flaunt ever before. Norma Shearer unbelievably homely for a few feet, then her own ravishing self. (February.)

HOGAN'S ALLEY—Warners.—We hate to say it—but don't go. A hash of every Bowery story ever made with Patsy Ruth Miller mimicking *Annie Rooney* all the way through. (February.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Brent productions. Fair. (July.)

INFATUATION—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow 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 outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

IRISH LUCK—Paramount.—Tom Meighan in a good old Irish yarn with some gorgeous shots of the Emerald Isle itself—and Lois Wilson. (February.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Gish and Robert Flaherty are in the cast, but that means nothing. Entertainment value fair. (July.)

JOANNA—First National.—Well, Dorothy Mackaill is always good, but she almost gets snowed under in this impossible story. (February.)

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, THE—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. George O'Brien, Florence Gilbert and Janet Gaynor are in the cast. (May.)

JUST SUPPOSE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lili Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

KIKI—First National.—Here's Norma Talmadge as a comedienne and she's a WOW. Ronald Colman is the male attraction. Be sure to see it! (June.)

KING OF THE TURF, THE—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, more crooks thrown in, loquacious and presto! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. (May.)

KISS FOR CINDERELLA, A—Paramount.—Barrie, Betty and Brenden, the incomparable trio. A beautiful fantasy of the little slavey's dream of marrying a prince. (February.)

LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with fine skill by John Gilbert. Lillian Gish is also in the cast. (May.)

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN—Warner Bros.—A very smart film version of Oscar Wilde's sophisticated play. (February.)

LAWFUL CHEATER, THE—Schulberg.—Clara Bow, masquerading as a boy, makes her personality count in spite of a far-fetched story. (February.)

LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount.—Richard Dix at his best. Plenty of laughs that come fast and furious. Don't miss it! (May.)

LITTLE IRISH GIRL, THE—Warner Bros.—Good entertainment. More crooks in a logical story. Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron head the cast. (May.)

MADAME MYSTERY—Pathé.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot! Be sure to see it. (May.)

MADE FOR LOVE—P. D. C.—Arabs, a wicked prince, an indifferent fiancé, and some mummy excavating make this interesting. (February.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MAN FROM RED GULCH, THE—P. D. C.—Harry Carey makes a pretty good Bert Rantz here, playing the good Samaritan in the desert. (February.)

MANNEQUIN—Paramount.—Somewhat disappointing about a Fannie Hurst prize story directed by James Cruze. (February.)

MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn.—A not so satisfactory film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)

MASKED BRIDE, THE—M-G-M.—Mac Murray as an Apache dancer and the toast of the Paris cafes. Mac can dance, nobody will deny that; but rather disappointing after "The Merry Widow." (Feb.)

MIDNIGHT LIMITED, THE—Rayart.—Gaston Glass and Wanda Hawley make a good team in this railroad melodrama. Above the average. (February.)

MIDNIGHT SUN, THE—Universal.—The story of an American ballerina in Russia, grand dances and moneyed power behind the throne. (February.)

MIKE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A Marshall Neilan bag of tricks. Fairly amusing through the efforts of Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling. (March.)

MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thrilling story of the race track. Splendid entertainment. (April.)

MIRACLE OF LIFE, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—It will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. Neither for the children nor grownups. (June.)

MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels attempts to be funny but falls down. Filled with all the old-gags used in two-reelers. The children like this sort of thing. (May.)

MILLE MODISTE—First National.—Some wise-cracking subtitles and an excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis make this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives in the isles. (April.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slapstick at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MY LADY OF WHIMS—Arrow.—Clara Bow again as the carefree flapper who d-fines Papa and goes to live in Greenwich Village. Pleasing. (March.)

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal.—This could have been a knockout, but at present it is missing on all sixes. (June.)

MY OWN PAL—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony with two additions—cute little Virginia Marshall and a few little white dog. The children will love this. (May.)

NELL GWYN—Paramount.—The first of the English productions that will meet with approval in America. Dorothy Gish gives a remarkable performance. (April.)

NEW KLONDIKE, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest of Alighan's vehicles. An excellent story by Ring Lardner enhances the comedy value of this picture. Fine for the children. (May.)

NIGHT CRY, THE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin is just the doggiest dog you've ever seen. This is by far his best picture and will prove a real treat for grown-ups and kiddies. (June.)

NUTCRACKER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—An attempt to make this a rip-roaring comedy proved that there are few comedians of whom we can be justly proud. Passable. (June.)

OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.—We think it's time for Syd Chaplin to "be himself." Syd in a comedian's again gets to be an old story, even though it affords splendid entertainment. (May.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

ONLY THING, THE—M-G-M.—Conrad Nagel with sex appeal! And a mustache. Eleanor Boardman in a blonde wig. An Elliott Glyn story of a princess forced to marry an old king. See it. (February.)

OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—A whole of a climax in this melodrama with hero and villain fighting to the death in an aerial bucket. (Feb.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A reissue of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

OUTSIDER, THE—Fox.—An intriguing story of a mysterious healer who puzzles London medical circles. The crippled daughter of a physician is restored to health and love enters. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. (March.)

PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE—Fox.—Edmund Lowe kidnaps Betty Compton, a gay senorita of yamping tendencies. Nothing to get excited over. (March.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PARTNERS AGAIN—United Artists.—Another Potash and Perlmutter. Delightful, as usual. (April.)

PERFECT CLOWN, THE—Chadwick.—A very bad comedy with Larry Semon. Might have been funny in two reels. (February.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for grownups and children. (July.)

PRINCE OF BROADWAY, THE—Chadwick.—A wow with the boys and prize ring enthusiasts. A defeated fighter stages successful come-back. Many famous fighters introduced. (March.)

PRINCE OF PEP, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts. (March.)

PRINCE OF PILSEN, THE—Producers Dist.—This is supposed to be a comedy, but if you can laugh you're a better man than I. (June.)

QUEEN O' DIAMONDS—F. B. O.—There's not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

RADIO DETECTIVE, THE—Universal.—An excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this thoroughly enjoyable. (June.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Gerold Beaumont story pictured into splendid entertainment. William Celler, Jr., and George Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

RECKLESS LADY, THE—First National.—Another mother love the me, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

RED DICE—Producers Dist.—A twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, that is swift moving and frequently amusing. (June.)

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.)

ROCKING MOON—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good story with a new and interesting background on an island in Alaskan waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

RUNAWAY, THE—Paramount.—Love, suspense and humor, plus good cast—Clara Bow, Edith the Chaplain and Warner Baxter—form this recipe for an evening's entertainment. (June.)

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox.—Cow thieves double for Cupid giving us a new slant on the love question. Good entertainment. (June.)

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY—M-G-M.—An extremely interesting story of chorus girl life, with a splendid cast and a goodly sprinkling of laughs and tears. Sally O'Neil is a knockout! (February.)

SANDY—Fox.—A splendid flaming youth story that will appeal to everyone in an audience. Madge Bellamy's performance is excellent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner Bros.—And a very snappy picture. Don't waste your time. (June.)

SCARLET SAINT, THE—First National.—A very dull story and incensably sexy. (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 *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

SEA HORSES—Paramount.—Fair stuff because of the presence of Florence Vidor in the cast. Not as snappy as the usual Allan Dwan production. (May.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Ralph Ince Prod.—A well-made picture of Jack London's famous novel. (Feb.)

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.—The war spy system is again served for your entertainment. You won't object because Evelyn Brent is a treat for the optics. (June.)

SET UP, THE—Universal.—Art Acord does some hard riding and shooting. And that's about all except that he marries the girl in the end. (May.)

SEVEN SINNERS—Warner Bros.—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]



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Seely

New Pictures

THEY have both been married once before but never again for either, say Lefty Flynn and Viola Dana. Their first year as Mr. and Mrs. just finished, they refuse to let even their art separate them. Hence they work together and star individually for F. B. O.



Murray

SERIOUS, but with a frivolous name, Buster Collier, after his fine work as "The Rain-maker" will play the male relief in "Glorifying the American Girl." Paramount glorified the Babylonian girl in "The Wanderer" and Buster remained valiant though vamped.



Murray

WARNER BAXTER is about to get his greatest opportunity playing a love-sick millionaire, the Great Gatsby, in the film version of F. Scott Fitzgerald's book. A far cry from the native boy he played with such muscles and art in "Aloma of the South Seas."



Monroe

LAURA LA PLANTE, the golden, with youth and talent blessed, should fight for better and milder titles. Universal after putting the girl in "The Midnight Sun" tag her with "Butterflies in the Rain!" Nevertheless, Laura proves box-offices prefer blondes, too.



Cleidnoff

FREDERICK, the great, is to appear as "Her Honor, the Governor." No matter what role she assumes, Pauline, the poised and beautiful, gives a performance of rare distinction. Photoplay, next month, meeting the demand of her loyal fans, publishes her story.



Spurr

INTRODUCING Mary McAllister, one of the youngest old-timers in movies. When she was very young, just six, exactly, Mary was a star for Essanay. Now she's back playing leads with all the charm of sweet sixteen plus the technique of a seasoned trouper.



Ball

HURRAH! Tommy Meighan's gone back to acting. Gone his bucolic comedies. Gone his pale pink film romances. Tommy's playing a hot dating, fast hitter in "Tin Gods." Making love to Renee Adoree and Aileen Pringle. Girls, we're telling you!

They told her in PHILADELPHIA:



"This is the *safest* way to cleanse fine silks and woolens"



HERE in Philadelphia, where city life is fringed with smart country life, society gathers—at horse show or steeplechase or tennis match—in appropriate rainbow silks and woolens.

So shops overflow with sports wear—costly, perhaps, but delightful. Serviceable, too, you are told, given the proper care.

What is *proper care*? To most of the salespeople in Philadelphia's department stores and women's shops—and salespeople are very close to this problem always—proper care includes Ivory Soap. This fact was discovered by a young woman who talked to them recently about laundering fine garments.

Just as in New York and Chicago, salespeople in the finest stores said: "For *safest* cleansing, use Ivory."

In their own words

"Use Ivory or Ivory Flakes and you won't have any trouble. You can be sure that Ivory is pure." "I believe that every bit of silk or crepe that can stand water should be washed with Ivory." "I never heard a complaint about Ivory."

Other soaps were mentioned now and then, but when the young woman asked about laundering certain costly or delicate garments—a gay French frock, some expensive English sport stockings, a pair of lounging pajamas of smart striped flannel—in *every one of these cases*, the saleswoman said, "Use Ivory to be safe."

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Ivory Flakes—delicate, feathery flakes of pure Ivory—is sometimes more convenient for quick



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PHOTOPLAY

August, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

SLIGHTLY more than \$520,000,000 passed through box office windows of the motion picture theaters of America during 1925. This isn't a guess. It is the official figure of the Hays organization.

Yet every now and then we hear the comment made that pictures are growing less popular. Nothing could be further from the truth. Here is definite proof of the popularity of the photoplay.

If we want to delve further into statistics, we may say that an average of slightly less than five dollars was spent by each man, woman and child in the country, including Canon Chase, during the last year.

WE are being disillusioned continually. One of the superstitions of the silver sheet is that the European motion picture public is sophisticated and ultra broadminded. On the other hand, we have often been told that American screen followers are—well—the opposite. It was said that Americans demanded the saccharine, the happy ending, the gilded hokum.

This legend seems about to be exploded. "The Big Parade" goes to London and arouses a storm of opposition. Englishmen in all seriousness declare that it glorifies the American doughboy and points the moral that "America won the war."

The fine qualities of the Vidor film are completely overlooked and the whole fabric of a splendid picture is lost in a maze of provincial narrowness. "The Big Parade" was just a cross section of a small portion of the World War. And it certainly didn't glorify any part of the great conflict.

THEN "Greed" went to Berlin and was hissed from the screen. Yet we had been told that this Von Stroheim production hadn't been appreciated by unsophisticated America, although the Continent would greet it for its full worth. Cable reports say Berliners didn't like "the stark realism" of "Greed."

Can it be that Americans haven't such a dwarfed intelligence and such a juvenile appreciation, after all?

ALL the big companies are making contracts with European countries to distribute foreign-made productions here in part payment for the privilege of selling American films abroad. Already they've contracted for over fifty of the made-in-Europe variety.

After pre-viewing half a dozen of them it seems to me

that the only way they can make good with the most of them will be to pay us for going to the theater.

PHOTOPLAY'S article in the July issue, calling attention to the fatal effects of violent methods of weight reduction created a sensation in the studios. What a price some of our stars pay for their slim figures! The camera adds ten pounds to their real weight. That's just one of its queer tricks.

I recently overheard a leading woman, sitting in the Ritz hotel dining room in New York, say to the waiter: "Give me some orange juice and some sliced tomatoes, but I would sell my soul for a good boiled dinner."

WHEN a movie actress is seen eating a boiled potato, she is immediately reported to the Hays office. The offense is equal to a breach of the morality clause of her contract. She is a fallen woman.

But, as in all other forms of repression, there is bound to be a reaction and one of these days I expect to see a scandal break out when Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson are raided while conducting a pork and beans orgy.

IT requires ten times as much strength of character to be a star now as in the days of Lillian Russell. To keep her camera weight a girl must have more will power than Queen Victoria. She's got to take her choice—eat or act—she cannot do both.

THE battle against fat is one of the greatest hardships of a picture career. Think of making five thousand dollars a week and watching your maid eat a big platter of corned beef and cabbage, while you nibble at a stalk of celery and a dry olive and curse the day Edison invented the motion picture camera.

NITA NALDI started the pineapple and lamb chop fad. Then she went mad and ate two dishes of fried potatoes. That was six months ago, and she has not recovered from her food jag yet.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS says he will not have music on his set. It disturbs him. After seeing "Ranson's Folly" I would suggest the use of a full symphony orchestra.



Canon Chase says "The Thief of Bagdad" did not meet his entire approval because it glorified a thief, at least to an extent



Canon Chase did not object to the brevity of attire in "The Queen of Sheba" but to the spoiling of a Biblical character without historical authority



"The Covered Wagon" was injured," says Canon Chase, "by the drinking scene between the two scouts. I don't believe it psychologically true"

What is

Do you agree with the spokesman of the reformers?

By Frederick James Smith

WHAT is immorality in pictures? Just where does the photoplay cross the line between the moral and the immoral, according to the charges made by censors and reformers? Is there an undue emphasis upon sex, is the modern feminine garb in films suggestive, are celluloid kisses and embraces too long, are the basic stories themselves evil?

Just at present the speaking stage in New York has reached the lowest point in its history. There is little doubt but that nudity was never so rampant behind the metropolitan footlights as now and that the spoken word never went so far as in plays now current in Manhattan. Girls appear minus all clothes in half a dozen revues. One of the biggest box office hits, "The Shanghai Gesture," concerns itself with "the biggest brothel in the world," as the shocker's modest publicity intimates. Another hit, "Lulu Belle," follows the career of a negro cabaret dancer from the black belt of Harlem to a Paris boudoir maintained by a white man-about-town.

PHOTOPLAY believes that the screen is inherently clean. It believes that the screen was never in higher estate than now. It believes that motion picture producers are conscientiously trying their best to give the public sane and wholesome entertainment.

What then are the anti-screen folks complaining about? What do they want? Have they grounds for their attacks? Actuated by a desire to run down these questions once and for all, PHOTOPLAY went to Canon William Sheafe Chase, who may be looked upon as the mouthpiece of the reformers. At least, he is the most active of America's reformers. For years he has struggled against gambling, prize fighting and horse racing. He has led crusade after crusade for blue Sundays. But, most of all, he has been active in fighting for screen censorship.

The canon is president of the New York Civic League. He is general secretary of the Federal Motion Picture Council in America, Inc. "Mobilizing All Forces for Wholesome Motion Pictures" is the slogan of the council and Canon Chase



"Stella Dallas" has wrong sex emphasis, believes Canon Chase, because it "wasn't true to life to have the wife run away with the tout"

Immorality

Pⁱⁿ Pictures?

is its spokesman. At this moment he is leading a national fight for federal censorship—the canon calls it “necessary regulation”—and Congress will be called upon to act upon the question this Fall.

Canon Chase not only speaks of himself as the leader in the fight for film regulation, but he declares that he voices the hopes of what he terms “the vast portion of our public not now attending motion picture theaters.”

Canon Chase frankly says that the charge against the motion picture is not sex. It is not over-emphasis upon sex. It is not suggestive clothes. Canon Chase says it is distortion of life. He says it is pandering to the sensational. In brief, he declares it is plain bad taste.

After listening to the canon's charge, PHOTOPLAY is still puzzled. The canon declares that an honest, wholesome presentation of life is what he wants filmed. He wants the screen to preach, although I doubt if he would admit a suggestion of this. He wants the films to avoid everything he enumerates as evil. To film this is distortion of life, he maintains. In other words, he wants photoplay sermons.

The screen represents entertainment. Canon Chase, if he had his own way, would transform the screen into a pulpit.

Is there a vast audience waiting to attend the film theaters if they become as Canon Chase would have them?

Why are so many churches deserted now, if this vast audience exists?

Why doesn't the canon's mighty multitude go to church?

Still, we will let the canon speak for himself. First, however, let me tell a little story of the canon.

One of his chief hobbies is a motion picture score card, by which the veriest layman can check up his evening's entertainment and find out definitely whether or not it was immoral. The canon was speaking of his score cards before a convention of co-workers. He sells these cards to his followers at forty cents a hundred. One of these cards is reproduced on Page 102.

“You must have these cards,” he is reported to have said. “Why I went to see a motion picture the other night and I enjoyed it. Then I stopped to think. I got out my score card—and I found that I had been watching an immoral picture. That's how subtle these producers have become.”

Of course, that may be just a story. I am not presenting it as a fact. Still, I had heard it before I went to interview Canon Chase and it colored my advance impression. The canon has been painted as a fanatic, a zealot, an old man with an obsession against the screen.

In reality, I found an interesting man obviously believing in the worth of his labors for censorship. His view of life itself isn't narrow.



Underwood & Underwood

Canon Chase is the most active of America's reformers. He has long fought for federal screen censorship



The first thing that impressed me about Canon Chase was the boyish quality of his voice. Canon Chase is 86 years old. His enthusiasm, too, whether or not you look upon it as misdirected, is tremendous.

“Some time not far in the future people will come to consider me a saint because of my labors for clean motion pictures,” he told me with a fine naivete, and he obviously meant it.

I talked to Canon Chase in a little room over the pulpit of his church in Brooklyn. A dingy, dusty little room. It was sparsely

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

“Harold Lloyd is almost invariably clean,” says Canon Chase. Still he takes exception to this drunken scene in “For Heaven's Sake”

The Cinderella Girl

How
Colleen Moore's
1915 dream
of success came
true in 1926

By
Dorothy Spensley



Nine years ago Colleen Moore came to the old Fine Arts Studio—a shy, gangling girl with dreams. There she joined the Griffith forces, then numbering the Gishes, Bessie Love, Pauline Starke, Constance Talmadge and Mildred Harris — embryonic stars, all of them

THIS is a real Cinderella story. It glitters and gleams with the sheer stuff of which dreams are made.

It is a dream of yesterday that crystallized into a brilliant today. A today more brilliant than the most daring of yesterday's fancies.

Nine years ago a little girl occupied a dressing room at the Fine Arts Studio. Occupied it with glowing expectations of becoming a star. Wove dreams of untold beauty through which she moved with stellar grace.

She left the Fine Arts Studio and the little dressing room, but she did not leave her dreams. Through nine years of hard work she kept them before her. And they came true, as dreams rarely do, with a vividness that far exceeded her most lavish fancies.

But the amazing part of it, and about which I write, is that in her day of triumph she returns, with the pomp and glory of a conqueror of old, to the same little dressing room at the Fine Arts Studio that was cradle to her early hopes.

This is the story of Colleen Moore who painted a dream on a vision colored with the age-old legends of her kin, whose hearts were forever open to the little people of the Irish hills—the banshees and the leprecauns, too.

She dreamed of the success that would come if she should be a

star. Of the glamour and the glory of it all. The plush-lined limousines—of the chauffeurs—of the footmen. Of the frocks—the jewels. Of the homage—the joy—the happiness that was to mount stardom to the zenith of human perfection.

And her dreaming was a half-prayed hope that just the smallest bit of the glory might fall to her lot.

That was in those dear beginning days nine years ago at the Fine Arts Studio. Colleen was such a child then. A slight immature girl playing grown-up roles with an intensity that, if it had been a magic potion, would have transformed those dreams into glory-bedecked reality.

Nine years ago, with Griffith the guiding genius of the Fine Arts Studio, and Colleen a newcomer. Griffith had promised the little Port Huron girl an opportunity to become an actress and the little girl had come with her grandmother to claim it.

There had been that first amazing and confusing day on the lot. There had been the girls to meet—Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Pauline Starke, Constance Talmadge, Bessie Love, Carmel Myers. There had been Mildred Harris with whom she was to share a dressing room. And there had been the dressing room!

Such a dim grey little cubicle with a cold north light. But such a harbor for the brightest dreams. They covered the floor

with a warm cheery carpet—those dreams—and covered the bleak walls with rosiest tapestry. They were happy, those two girls who shared that dingy cradle of hope.

Proud—oh, very proud—of their grey-painted cupboard where inexpensive frock nudged equally cheap frock and four pairs of shoes kept constant vigil.

"I think we should decorate our dressing room," suggested Mildred Harris, whose golden hair was a close competitor to the flaxen curls of Lillian Gish.

"Oh, certainly," cried Colleen, willing that the room in which she spun her dreams and her hopes be gay. "Orchid is such a lovely color!"

So there were curtains of orchid and perhaps a scarf to cover the plank over which two round young faces patted on greasepaint and powder. And there was an orchid blotter which Colleen bought and some orchid writing paper which Mildred contributed.

And the dreams flourished.

Bobby Harron—Bobby who is gone now—was at Fine Arts. Colleen's first picture was with him. They called it "The Bad Boy."

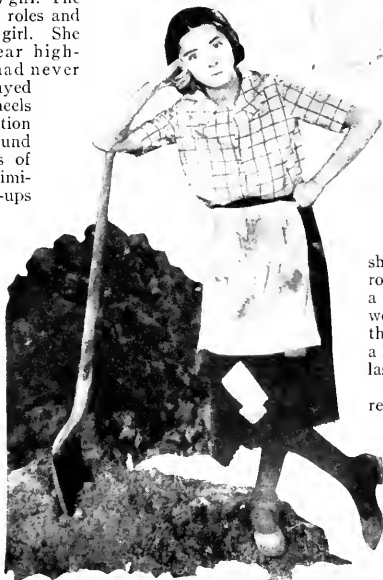
Colleen was the city vampire. Mildred Harris the country girl. The next picture they reversed roles and Colleen was the country girl. She was called upon to wear high-heeled shoes. Colleen had never worn them before. She swayed back and forth on the heels with the teeter-totter motion of a lady of Pekin with bound feet. The distance shots of wavering Colleen were eliminated. Only her close-ups when she had stood firmly on two stockinged feet were used.

And the dressing room heard the story, too.

Such a joy—that little dressing room. Such a

As a star Colleen has had all sorts of roles, ranging from the giddy flapper of "Flaming Youth" to Selina of the hungry heart in "So Big." Now she's the comic strip heroine, Ella Cinders

Ella Cinders



Colleen Moore played a little city vampire in her very first picture. It was "The Bad Boy" and ill-fated Bobbie Harron was featured. Colleen very proudly wore high heel slippers for the first time

shrine for hopes and sorrows. But poor little dressing room and poor little Colleen! The Fine Arts Studio had a financial reverse. Blue letters—stacks of them—were passed out. Colleen received one, too, telling her that her services were no longer required, but ending in a line that sent Colleen into a rhapsody of delight. At last her talent had been recognized.

Hadn't she a letter to prove it? The line in the letter read "... although fully appreciating the artistic ability you have displayed in your work in our companies."

"... artistic ability!" She was an actress. She had artistic ability. It said so. Glory be for those dauntless Celtic spirits!

"Silly! You're fired! Fired! Don't you know what that means?" laughed a woman.

Yes, but discharged with "artistic ability"—that's different, thought Colleen. And the little dressing room was left to its bleak greyness. The dreams that had hung it in glory were removed with the orchid blotter. Only ghostly wisps of hopes remained, as they do in rooms that have been lived in.

But the dreams that Colleen had woven were not to be laid away with the blotter. Or thrown out when it became too inky for future use. They were forever before her like an inspiring vision. Like a mirage that stretched ahead of her. Only unlike a mirage, the nearer she walked to them, the more permanent they grew. And the more beautiful.

Nine years it took. Nine years to have those dreams come true. And they came true, too. Not in the spectacular way she had visualized them, perhaps, but in a finer way.

Stardom. Fame. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



Colleen has returned to her old dressing room at the Fine Arts Studio. Then it was homely and barren. Now it has been redone, as befits a popular star. It has become even more than Colleen wished for in those lean days of nine years ago



FRANK CURRIER, the greatest film father, caught napping, dreaming of his children among the stars. For fifty years he's been fathering on stage and screen, from Julia Marlowe and Maude Adams of the theater to the newest film darling of Hollywood. Sweetness for daughters he says, sincerity for sons, these are the great requirements. He loves them all, but deep in his heart Norma Talmadge and May Allison lead all the rest

The Daddy of Them All

By Ivan St. Johns

FRANK CURRIER has played father to more stars than any other man in the motion picture industry.

His favorite screen children are Norma Talmadge and May Allison, John Gilbert and Richard Dix.

He has just celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a character actor and he is drawing more salary today than he ever dreamed of when he was a successful Broadway stage actor in his prime. In fact, his salary is now much greater than was that of any star he supported in his best days on the stage.

He coached Julia Marlowe for her first appearance behind the footlights.

And at the risk of seeming sentimental, I must say that he is exactly the kind of a genial, humorous, and wise old gentleman you'd select for a father yourself.

I found him occupying a chair on Hollywood Boulevard—one story up, 'tis true, in the big living room that runs across the front of his flat—watching all Hollywood drift by.

And there was a philosophical twinkle in his clear eye.

"H—mm, yes," he said, "I'm a well-seasoned father. I played Maurice Costello's father when he was the highest paid and most popular actor on the screen, and I've just finished playing Ramon Novarro's foster father in 'Ben Hur.' Quite a stretch between the two. Both nice boys, they are, and the kind of actors it's a pleasure to work with."

He paused, and his mind went back, searching among his memories, for this and that. Fifty years is quite a while to remember, and every now and then he had to call into the kitchen, "Mother, what was the name of that picture I was in with Harold Lockwood?" or, "Who was that cute little girl I played with in 1913—with the dimples—was it Lillian Walker?"

And Mother would call back the information in an indulgent voice.

"MY favorite screen daughters are Norma Talmadge and May Allison," he said, when I had asked him that question, but he said it after deep meditation, and some hesitancy.

"It's hard to choose," he said, with a smile. "You've no idea how nice they all are—nice girls, in the pictures. Thoughtful, mostly. And so gay and pleasant. When you get as old as I am, you'll find that a pleasant disposition in a woman is very important."

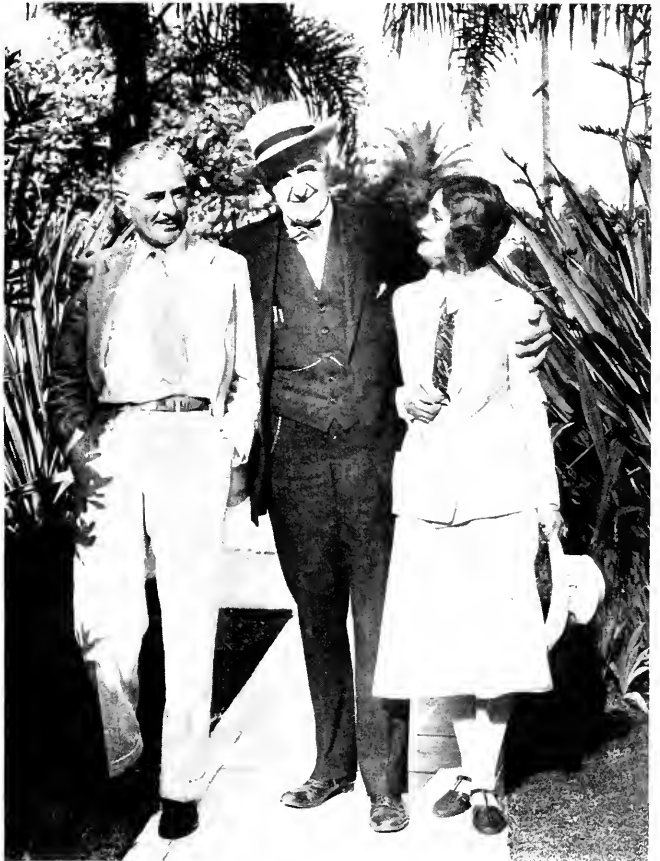
He paused and considered a minute, puffing meditative clouds from his pipe.

"Of course, I love Norma Talmadge for herself. But I think the reason she is one of my two favorite daughters is because she is such a great actress—a

truly great actress. Being an old stage actor myself, born and brought up with the stage and having studied it always and taken pride in my own work and anybody else's that I thought put their heart into it, that means a lot to me.

"Norma Talmadge is the Bernhardt of the screen. Why, you can't help but act with Norma. It's always give and take. Most actresses are a lot more interested in the take than the give, but not Norma Talmadge. You just can't help but act your best, she gives so much. Her work is so real, so inspired, that it makes an old-timer like me buck right up and do his darnedest. I've played on the stage with some of the great ones, like Margaret Anglin, Julia Marlowe and Emily Stevens, but I've never played with anyone that gave as much as Norma. And I've been being a father to that girl since she was getting five dollars a day back in the old Vitagraph."

Well, all that made me feel warm toward Frank Currier. He was so earnest, and generous, and enthusiastic about it. He literally lived the character he plays. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



Frank Currier bridging a generation, his right arm about Maurice Costello's shoulders, his left about Maurice's little girl, Dolores. Currier has played Maurice's father. Now his greatest ambition is to play father to Dolores



Here's the accurate reproduction of the Tripolitan fort which guarded the entrance to the Bay of Tripoli in 1804. Cruze had real guns embedded in the cement of this huge set



In the foreground is the "Old Ironsides" camera barge. You see it close-up in the picture at the right. The frigate Constitution is in the center and behind it is the Tripolitan fort

A Cruze for the Constitution

Having shown the land history of our country in "The Covered Wagon," James Cruze is now busy recreating the early glory of the United States on the seas

IT took more than two months of Herculean work to be ready to film the preliminary scenes of "Old Ironsides." On Catalina Island a 60 foot sea wall, 300 feet long, and a huge fort were erected.

"Old Ironsides," an exact replica of the U. S. S. Constitution, that heroic frigate that sired the American Navy and in 1804 swept the pirates of Tripoli from the seas, was brought to the location.

Aboard her were 500 actors, as midshipmen, marines, gunners, powder monkeys. High in her rigging half a hundred sailors worked the canvas. From four concealed points on the ship, the cameras ground on the scenes. Canvas was hastily shaken out, gun ports opened, sea walls and forts became black with men, and suddenly on bits of celluloid a picture of early America came to life.

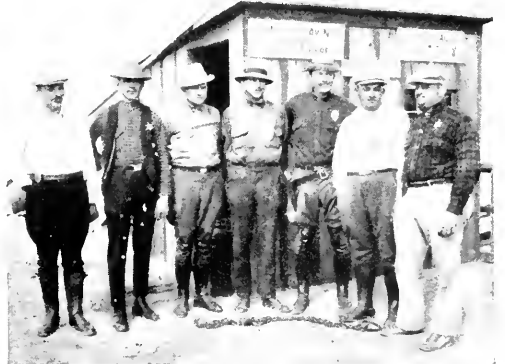




The replica of "Old Ironsides" herself, the U. S. Constitution, that sired our navy and drove the pirates of Tripoli from the seas. The ship here passes through Los Angeles harbor



This is no piano, but it played a tune of death—movie death. This keyboard controlled the firing of seventy cannon. Electrically operated, it could fire a gun from any part of the ship



Above you see the strong arm squad that kept a watchful eye on Camp Cruze. At left, the big bosses. In the center is Lt. Commander T. G. Barrien, technical advisor on the battle scenes. At the right, Cruze, himself



The
Second
Article
on

Wholesale

By
Catherine Brody

THE first article on "Wholesale Murder and Suicide," published in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY, created a sensation. Thousands of readers commented on PHOTOPLAY'S fearlessness in exposing, scientifically and thoroughly, the dangers to feminine health attendant on reckless reducing methods. To describe this new fad, PHOTOPLAY coined the word *reduceomania*.

To back up its fight to protect the health of the womanhood of the nation, PHOTOPLAY refuses to admit to its advertising columns any internal reducing preparations or questionable methods of removing fat.

LAST month I told you of the dangerous drugs and serums that lurk in the scores of "get-slim-quick" nostrums that now flood the market. I explained to you how women are courting tuberculosis, grave stomach disorders, Bright's disease, glandular ailments, disastrous nervous troubles and even death when, like Alice in Wonderland, they are gullible enough to swallow anything marked "Eat Me" in the hopes of getting thin.

Murder and Suicide are strong words. Nevertheless, some of the anti-fat remedies containing thyroid extract are murderous in their consequences. And any woman, knowing the fatal consequences of heedless reducing, is killing herself slowly and surely when she takes thyroid preparations or capsules containing tape-worms in an effort to get thin. And I might add Highway Robbery to Murder and Suicide, because the remedies that are not harmful are absolutely worthless and the ingredients they contain, costing only a few cents, are marketed at a high price.

Why do women do it? Why, by starving and drugging, do they endanger their health and their lives?

And the answer is, to satisfy their vanity. In other words, they are sacrificing their health for beauty. And this beauty of form, this so-called perfect flapper figure, is only a passing fad, only a fashion of the moment.

NO one except a doctor can tell a woman how much to reduce. No one, doctor or artist or physical culturist, can tell a woman what the ideal feminine figure is.

No one knows accurately how much a woman of twenty or thirty or forty should weigh in proportion to her height. No one knows how much she should lose. No one knows how much she should gain.

These statements are truth and all others are quackery.

The answers to questions on weight all depend upon the individual, just as the ideal of perfect feminine form depends upon the individual's idea of beauty.

They sound very pretty, the statements that claim that by swallowing a few pills, abstaining from sweets and fiddling



The figure they laced and padded to achieve. Pauline Markham, of "The Black Crook"



The figure they diet, exercise and drug to obtain—the girlish and charming slimmness of Esther Ralston

around with a bit of exercise, any woman, particularly the one who hopefully calls herself a stylish stout, may gain an ideal figure.

The truth is that there is no ideal figure. There are only stylish figures, the human body attempting every few years to follow new fashions.

Thus the tragedy of *reduceomania* that is sweeping this

Murder and Suicide



Reduceomania seeks the ideal figure at the expense of Health and even of Life itself



The perfect flapper figure—no curves, no contours. Dorothy Mackaill's contract forbids her to weigh over 130 pounds



The ideal chorus girl of a generation ago—Gracie Wilson, popular "hour-glass" shape

HERE are the wise rules for women's weight.

Before thirty, be overweight rather than underweight.

After thirty, be underweight rather than overweight.

Before thirty, thinness means susceptibility to tuberculosis and diseases of the lungs. Therefore, keep your weight up.

After thirty, obesity means a tendency toward diseases of the heart and kidneys. Therefore, keep your weight down.

After thirty, slenderness means a longer life.

Remember, people do not *naturally* get heavier as they grow older. It is the easier, more sedentary life they live, not nature, that produces this result.

Finally, remember also, that no woman should start vigorous reducing except with her physician's consent.

country is overweight. In women's gowns 50, 52 and 54 inch bust measurements are not uncommon today.

This is overweight and such overweight should be eliminated, but it may not be wisely done away with by listening to a lot of blather about the "ideal" figure and consuming thyroid meanwhile.

At the largest Y.W.C.A. in New York City there is a class in weight reduction. A trained physician and physical instructor is at the head of it. Every woman entered into the class has been carefully examined. She has been weighed, charted, her heart listened to, in many cases her rate of basal metabolism recorded. No woman not in sound physical condition, except for her fat, may enter.

In this class a few weeks ago the instructor offered a prize for the woman losing the most weight in two weeks' time. A leading employee of the organization sought out the instructor. "I want to come into that class and compete for that prize," she said. "I'd like to lose about ten pounds right away."

"But I won't let you," said the instructor. "At your age, you have no right to lose weight rapidly."

Here is honesty as contrasted to the suave quack who deals out reducing formulas. He glibly tells women they should lose ten to twenty pounds; that the ideal figure demands they have a twenty-five inch waist. Women, tired of being overweight or with a foolish desire to look sixteen once more, accept such bunk for scientific reasoning. Too frequently the drugs work. The woman loses weight far beyond what she can afford, considering her age and her bony structure.

First, the way your skeleton is put together; second, your age; third, your muscular structure; finally, your racial heredity—all these govern what you should weigh and what you should eat. When diet dupes talk of the ideal feminine

country. Thus the tragedy that PHOToplay is trying to stop and for which it assembled its great survey of the evil of reduceomania last month.

But there is reduceomania. There are honest methods by which the too fat women may cure obesity. Dr. Keblor, head of the Bureau of Collaborative Research of the Department of Agriculture, estimates that one out of every five persons in this



The ideal movie figure is Norma Shearer's. Norma does not have to diet particularly, as she keeps herself in trim by swimming, tennis, golf and hard work



Pauline Hall's legs were considered beautiful, but look at her chest!

THE figure of today is not the figure of yesterday and probably not the figure of tomorrow. Health you should have with you always, and good health is more important to any woman than the way she wears the latest model of the dressmaker.

Therefore, don't reduce blindly, trying to make yourself into a "boyish" form. There are three general physical types, and you may take your weight off to the point of death and yet not be able to change the general lines of your basic skeleton. Find out which type you are before you begin madly taking poisonous nostrums. You will find your type in this article.

measurements, they haven't, any more than you have, any true idea of what they're talking about.

There is, actually, no real standard of the ideal feminine figure, no set of weights and measures that all women should strive toward, no one figure except Venus de Milo, to whom we shall come presently, that stands out beyond all others.

There is no chart existent that tells exactly what a woman should weigh at sixteen or fifty. There can never be statistics on these subjects, for the reason that every human being differs from every other human being.

That is all there is to it. Someone might just as well start a beauty parlor specializing in designs for finger prints as gymnasiums for standardized figures.

But *styles* in figures! That's something else again. At the moment, any woman may pick out one of four types and be in perfect form.

Now, for that ancient and honorable stand-by, Venus de Milo. You must have had the measurements of Venus quoted to you hundreds of times. The armless lady of Melos has looked down at children from the classrooms of this country for decades and become, for [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



Fay Templeton of days of old when hips were bold



Dorothy Knapp's measurements are in almost as perfect proportion as those of the Venus de Milo. Yet this beautiful girl is too big and heavy to be a movie star

This is the first of SIX. Don't miss ANY of them



"Now I asts you," demanded Welford Potts, "why couldn't Opus of been given the part where he gits th'owed in the lake?"

Ben Hurry

Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

By
Octavus Roy Cohen

Professional jealousy stalks
darkly through the Midnight
Pictures Corporation

MR. WELFORD POTTS stared through the window of his dressing room. His day's work had just been completed and the habiliments of slapstick comedy still decorated his slender form—but there was nothing of humor on the countenance which he turned toward his friend, Florian Slappey.

"C'mere!" he ordered.

Florian sighed as he disengaged himself from an easy chair and joined his actor friend at the window. Mr. Potts designated the great outdoors with a sweeping and disgusted gesture.

"Look!" said he.

Mr. Slappey looked. His gaze embraced a scene of feverish but ordered activity: Directors J. Caesar Clump and Edwin Boscoe Fizz supervising last minute shots; carpenters and mechanics scurrying hither and thither; a few actors in costume lounging on the tiny plot of grass in the center of the lot . . . it was, to Mr. Slappey's way of thinking, a very humdrum scene, identical in almost every detail with the view one might obtain from this same window any evening. It indicated that the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. was doing business without any diminution of enthusiasm or efficiency and in all the hustle and bustle Florian failed to discover a valid reason for the gloom which was plainly reflected on the face of his friend.

"Lawsey," snapped Opus, "I caint drive no mules in no chariot race."

"Caint don't mean nothin' to me," replied the director. "Tomorrow you does so"

"You see?" questioned Welford Potts irritably.

"Guess so," retorted Florian vaguely. "It suttinly is a good-lookin' sight."

"Pff! Reekon you aint lookin' at what I is."

"Guess not. Judgin' fum yo' face, I'd say you was gazin' right square into the eyes of misery."

"That's the one thing I aint doin' nothin' else but. Look yonder."

"Where?"

"Over by President Latimer's office."

Florian's eyes quested in the designated direction, and they came to rest upon a pair of gentlemen of colossal displacement. They were leaning shoulder to shoulder against the door frame and both were puffing contentedly upon large, black invincibles.

One of them was Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight. The other was Opus Randall, who, with Welford Potts, shared male stellar honors on the Midnight program. It was obvious, even to the casual observer, that they were on terms of excessive intimacy—even, perhaps, of affection. Each smiled when the other spoke; they were in obvious and somewhat cloying harmony.

"An' only a month ago," grated Welford Potts bitterly, "they was ready to kill each other."

Mr. Slaphey grinned. "Boy! you surely said it. But now that they has settled everything, they is bofe happy thinkin' each one put somethin' over on the other."

"Uh-huh. An' tha's what's gittin' me sore. Because neither one put nothin' over on the other an' bofe two of 'em put something over on me."

"On you?" Florian's eyebrows went up. "I didn't know you was mixed up in their li'l qua'l."

"I wasn't. But I am now."

"Shuh! Foolishment what you utters with yo' mouf!"

"Taint no foolishment. It's good hahd common sense. 'Cause why? Ast me that?"

"All right—you is ast."

"It's this way—" Welford walked to his dressing table and took a perfumed cigarette. "—Them two fellers is the wust kind of buddies. Ever since they settled their li'l fight, there aint nothin' too good fo' Latimer to do fo' Opus. An' what's the result: I request you, Florian—what is the result?"

Mr. Slaphey shook his head vaguely. "You win, Welford. What is it?"

"'Use gittin' it in the neck, tha's what. Cullud boy! I is becomin' completely bumfuzzled. Fust of all there was that swell pitcher they is just finishin' up; I guess I should of been the star in that, shoul'n't I? Shuah I should. But was I? I was not! Opus Randall stars in it. But that aint the wust of it. Today they went an' cast that chariot race pitcher we is



gwine make—an' Orifice Latimer goes an' gives Opus the best part."

"Aw no?"

"Aw yes. Two chariots is gwine race, an' one of 'em is gwine win. Opus Randall gits the winnin' part. Fum the time that he comes in victorious, I drops right plumb out of that pitcher cseptin' where somebody takes a crack at me an' th'ows me into the lake. Now I asts you, Florian—why coul'n't Opus of been given the part where he gits th'owed in the lake?"

Mr. Slaphey agreed that this indicated a decidedly inequitable distribution of presidential favors. "It's tough, Welford." "Man! it's impossible. An' not on'y that, but Orifice Latimer is gwine play that pitcher his ownse'l."

"Orifice? Act?"

"Uh-huh. They got to have a big fat Roman emp'rer an' he's gwine be it. Got to give a wreath to the winnin' jockey in the chariot race—an' I guess he coul'n't stan' the idea of somebody else doin' such a sweet thing fo' Opus. Dawggone his hide! An' me? Where does I come in at? Right out in the lake fo' mine! Now I ast you, aint that somethin' fierce?"

"Terrible," agreed Florian. "But what can you do about it?"

"Nothin'!" snapped the irate actor. "Not a toot-blamed thing. Th's what gits me sore. With them two fellers lovin' each other like they is . . . it makes me plumb seasick."



Florian was exquisitely sympathetic. He could understand the righteous anger of little Welford Potts; after all the name of Potts was worth as many dollars to Midnight as the cognomen of Opus Randall. And there wasn't a doubt that in recent weeks Latimer had passed on to the larger actor more than a moiety of the good things.

Mr. Potts was excessively bitter and Florian could not blame him. Of course Welford's name would be featured equally with Randall's—but that was small help when the picture was designed to exploit the noble misadventures of the larger man at the expense of the little one. It was a situation which was calculated to injure the popularity of Mr. Potts and add considerably to Opus's glories.

Welford gloomed around the lot for several days, then carried his troubles to J. Caesar Clump, who was to direct the great comedy spectacle, "The Roman Empire." J. Caesar made it quite plain that he had no intention of involving himself in any internal political war. "My job is to direct pitchers, Welford, an' 'The Roman Empire' is gwine be a wow."

"Aint it the truth? But I'se the feller which gits wowed."

There was one fact which impressed itself upon the agitated brain of Mr. Potts: he was convinced that the amity existing between Opus Randall and the president was almost too great to be entirely sincere. A month ago the pendulum had started

swinging, causing a near-disruption of Midnight with Opus and Orifice pitted against one another. Now the return trip found them unduly affectionate. And Welford thought bitterly that if only something or somebody could promise that the pendulum would continue to swing—"Oh boy! If them folks was only to get sore at each other!"

He consulted with his friend, Florian. Mr. Slappay was furious with Opus.

"How uppity that cullud man is gittin'. Down at the dance of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise las' night he ritzed me all over the place."

"Shuh! You caint trust nobody like Opus. Nor neither Orifice Latimer," Welford eyed the other speculatively. "You reckon they really is good friends?"

"No! 'Taint noways nached that two fellers which was fightin' so recent could be as happy as they is."

"Then how come them to show so much intimacy?" demanded Welford.

"Politics!" hissed Florian. "All two bofe of 'em is playin' it."

"Hhm!" Mr. Potts was in the process of having an idea.

"An's'pose they wasn't so frien'ly?"

"Huh?"

"S'pose they should change aroun' an' get to be unlovin' again?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 62]

CLOSE-UPS and *By Herbert Howe* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and
Some Sense

Herb says all Hollywood has been rushing royalty lately



Beverly Hills, Calif.

EVER since Doug and Mary lowered the drawbridge of Pickfair to the Duke d'Alba and Lord and Lady Montbatten all Hollywood has been rushing royalty. The social columns teem with notices of entertainments for such guests as "Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) and Peggy Joyce (Countess Morner)." It's not what you are that counts in Hollywood, but what you are in parenthesis.

Recently the Princess Beatriz y Braganza arrived in our midst. At least she said she was a princess. And she looked like one—she had projecting teeth.

Imagine our discomfiture, then, when we learned that she was Miss Otero from O'Farrell street, San Francisco, and a darned good little stenographer.

She wanted to break into pictures and thought a title was necessary in view of the royal competition set up by Countess Domska, Countess Morner, the Marquise de la Falaise, and the Queen of Roumania who writes scenarios for M-G-M.

HAVING closed my fashionable town house for the season and sent the kiddies off to the mountains to play with wild boar I decided to spend the summer on Marion Davies' set, that being the most popular California resort.

Marion has just opened her new dressing bungalow on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. It's a cozy Spanish cottage about the size of the Alhambra (multiply your town hall by six and you'll get an idea of the size). There's a high wall around it which must be designed to keep people in rather than out since Marion has invited everybody to make it headquarters. There's a huge living room and, what is more important, a very fine dining room where you meet all the best people, such as writers.

THE day I moved in Marion was starting work on "The Red Mill," and we were all there to give the little girl a hand and

wish her bon voyage. In honor of the occasion Lew Cody appeared in a red necktie which he had been saving up for his fire brigade picture. Elinor Glyn came for lunch and did very well in competition with Harry D'Arrast and me. Bill Haines paid his respects, Jack Gilbert, pantalooned as Bardelys the Magnificent, kissed Marion's hand, and Ramon Novarro arrived to see her do her first scene.

Just by way of showing me she was in form Marion laughed and cried simultaneously in the first scene and a rainbow came out, which I suggested they photograph in technicolor. This being a good suggestion they did not follow it.

AFTER Marion had cried for about twenty minutes she looked at her director, Roscoe Arbuckle (it takes great acting to look at Roscoe and weep, and Marion was weeping), and remarked rather pointedly that she thought he was a comedy director.

All Marion has to do to cry is to put her hand to her eyes for three seconds. The rest is deluge. Being a skeptic by experience I edged around to see if she was palming an onion. *Mais non*, she wept just as heartily as though she were getting Lillian Gish's salary, and she says she doesn't by any means, which may be the reason she cries.

ONE of Marion's retinue told me that the best way to upset her is to talk of capital punishment.

"Why, is she afraid of being hanged?" I asked.

"No," said the friend. "But her hobby is the abolition of capital punishment."

And that's a fact, as Norma Talmadge may testify. Norma played a mean one on Marion by inviting her to lunch at the Colony Club in New York, announcing she had a hundred dollars to squander on viands. Marion came hungry and happy. Norma then began to relate the details of a lovely hanging she had read about. When she had finished she said, "What will you have for lunch, Marion dear?"

"A cup of tea, you darling," snapped Marion.

MARION states her case against capital punishment in succinct Irish, "You can't save people by hanging them." Novarro says she is an idealist, but this she hotly denies, asking how could she be an idealist and have freckles.

Freckles or no, a California realtor tells me he just sold her five acres for an orphanage building which she is erecting for the children of world war veterans.

I could tell a lot more but I've said it all when I announce that she has invited me to spend the summer at her studio hospice, thus proving fresh air and free food for one hopeless little shut-in.

HAVING started "The Red Mill" grinding I rushed off to New York to see a few shows. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

What Price Tonsillitis?

Story of a Naughty Cinderella who told a great big fib about being a Princess

SHE had forty-five dollars in savings and a two weeks' vacation. She was all dressed up and no place to go. And she loved the movies, not wisely, but too well.

Out of her fifteen dollar a week salary, Beatrice Otero had saved the fatal forty-five big silver boys to have her tonsils removed. But on the eve of the long-awaited vacation, Beatrice had more glamorous plans than spending her precious time in a hospital with ice bags on her throat.

San Francisco, where Beatrice works as a typist, is not so far from Hollywood. Anything can happen in Hollywood. And almost everything does. As witness the unprecedented adventures of Beatrice.

Although only a fifteen dollar a week typist, Beatrice was endowed with a million dollar imagination. Moreover, undoubtedly the girl had been reading the newspapers to excess. And she had noticed, in her study of social conditions in the movie world, that almost anyone with a title or a connection with the nobility can ease into the very loftiest ranks of film society.

If you have a title, you don't need money, you don't need brains, you don't need good looks. And it isn't really necessary for you to have good manners.

So reasoned Beatrice, as she considered the list of titled "dead heads" who have visited the movie stars and enjoyed the hospitality of their magnificent homes without even so much as paying room rent, helping with the dishes or offering to cut the grass.



Beatrice Otero, San Francisco stenographer, saved up forty-five dollars to have her tonsils removed. Instead she went to Hollywood and posed as King Alphonso's cousin

As a Princess, the Morenos feted Beatrice. As a friendless pretender, they helped her



the Pacific Ocean turned into beer before being allowed to enter. The Princess Beatriz de Ortega y Braganza was implored to grace the plebeian shooting galleries with her royal presence.

Ramon Novarro received a rush call to go to the studio and meet the Princess. He did, but he wasn't impressed. However, he said he thought she was a real Princess because she had homely teeth. When overtures were made to Ramon to date up the Princess for a luncheon, Ramon demurred. Ramon either likes 'em or he doesn't like 'em, regardless of rank or other trimmings.

However, for the honor of Spain, and for the sake of that dear King Alphonso, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno decided to dust off the gold dinner service and do the thing up right. After all, Antonio is Spanish and blood is thicker than water or what have you? And Hollywood hadn't had a real good, long look at nobility since the departure of the adorable Princess Bibesco, who virtually made Pickfair her ancestral mansion.

Let us fade out on Beatrice as she puts the cover over her typewriter and cut quickly to the Princess Beatriz de Ortega y Braganza of Alhambra Grande, Spain, as she sits in her suite at the Biltmore Hotel and reluctantly admits that she is a cousin of King Alphonso of Spain out to pay a call on the dear, quaint movie people.

Did they fall? They did. Nine studio press agents were trampled in the rush to get to the suite of the Princess. Beatrice Otero, the working girl, might have waited at studio gates until

Surest thing you know, the Princess would gladly come to dinner and meet a group of the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



Donald Ogden Stewart's GUIDE to

Perfect

*The second installment of
this blood-curdling serial*

Synopsis of preceding chapter:

JOHN GILBERT, a plumber's assistant, wants to go to Hollywood to become a moving picture actor, but can't go because he only has \$61.33, and the fare is \$73.45. So he robs the First National Bank (formerly the Second National Bank) and meets several interesting people who later on turn out to be Lon Chaney. On the train to Hollywood he falls in love with Dodo ("Fifi") Elrick, the engineer's daughter and a personal friend of Will Hays, and they plan to clope and attend the next Paramount Picture School, but the train is wrecked and John and Dodo are killed, so we have to start another story.

Lew Cody, a good enough looking fellow, wants to go to Hollywood to become a moving picture actor, but at that time there were no moving pictures and people got most of their amusement out of stereopticons and old copies of "Puck." The "Maine" is suddenly blown up in Santiago Harbor and war is declared. Lew enlists, becomes a Rough Rider and adopts the name of "Theodore Roosevelt." Lincoln is shot and the war comes to an unexpected end.

So far so good:

On the way home Lew (now a full colonel) meets Gladys and marries her and they live happily ever after.

Ten years elapse. Lew and Gladys are now divorced and Lew re-

members his old ambition to be a moving picture actor. He runs into Norman Kerry, who is still in uniform, and they decide to have a drink. Over the walnuts and wine it comes out that Kerry has in his left hand pocket a flask and a copy of the New York Times of August 11, 1902, in which it says that moving pictures have just been invented by a man named Cecil B. De Mille, so the two young men decide to come to Hollywood and try "Pot luck." They match and Norman gets the lower and Lew sleeps in the upper, although he is three years Norman's "Senior," and a member of the Authors' League of America.

As the train is pulling into Kansas City, the engineer gets sore at something he had read about Congress the night before and he puts on the brakes so suddenly that the passengers are all shaken up and some don't know who is who until they get to Albuquerque and the Grand Canyon. Lew is awakened and can't get to sleep again, so he starts to read a copy of PHOTOPLAY, in which is an article by Donald Ogden Stewart entitled "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood." Lew reads the opening sentence of Chapter Two, entitled "How to Write Stories for Screen Production," and is soon fast asleep.



Behavior in Hollywood

"Now," says Coolidge, after they have had another drink, "can you read the fourth line from the bottom?"

CHAPTER TWO

"How to Write Stories for Screen Production"

STORIES for screen production are divided into "Originals" and "Adaptations," the chief difference being that "Originals" are "Original" stories, whereas "Adaptations" are "Adapted." This nomenclature, however, is purely a Hollywood figure of speech and it will be found in reality that practically all "originals" are "adapted,"—a subject, however, which will be taken up later under the head of "Legal Advice."

Originals are written on yellow paper with blue ink and the pages are numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., depending on the number of pages; that is, if there are twenty-four pages in your "Original" story, the last page would be numbered "24." This

may be a little difficult for the novice to grasp at first, but with a little practice any bright young man or woman can soon learn to number pages very correctly and he then becomes what is known in Hollywood as a "Free Lance Screen Writer."

Another requisite in writing an "Original," after getting the right colored ink and paper, is the selection of a name for your leading character. The name must be one which an audience can easily understand, such as "John" or "Arthur" (unless, of course, the leading character is a "lady") and then after you have decided on a name, it will be necessary for you to get a "plot." Good plots can be secured at any of the leading book stores or theaters, but for the beginner it would perhaps be better at first if he made sure to completely change the plot which he wishes to employ. Thus, should you decide (as so many have) to use the plot of a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]



The Lark of the Month

PATSY RUTH MILLER went on location to Long Beach, California, recently, and while sunning herself on the beach—her identity concealed by smoked glasses and small hat—two “beach lizards” annoyed her with persistent attentions.

A boy of the ultra-collegiate type—Oxford bags, striped sports coat, sleek pompadour—came to her rescue and offered to erase them from the map for her. Pat thanked him and declined. The annoyers disappeared, but not the collegiate youth, who sat nearby awaiting a chance to talk.

Finally Pat and he engaged in conversation and he immediately talked of Hollywood and pictures. And Pat, in the security of glasses and hat, let him tell about how he “knew” Matt Moore, had lunched at an adjoining table at the Montmartre on the same

Saturday. He asked Pat if she were interested in motion pictures. She said, “Yes.” Asked her if she wouldn’t like to attend the local theater that night and see “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” in which she had the feminine lead. Said he knew Patsy Ruth Miller and that she was “hot stuff.”

Pat must have blushed at that, for the youth peered closer at her and said:

“Say! You aren’t with that troupe of motion picture people down here, are you?”

And when she said, “Yes,” and removed her glasses, the collegiate kid, recognizing her, did a comic strip fall over the back of the bench.

He attended “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” alone that night.

Bold ^{but} not Brazen

A good bad man, a cheerful villain, an agreeable friend—
Bill Powell

By Dorothy Spensley

BILL POWELL is really not the kind of man to be written about. He is rather to be chatted about, informally, over the small coffees, with gray wisps of cigarette smoke hazing a low ceiling. Chatted about, understand—not talked about or gossiped over like the latest bit of scandal.

To write about Bill would dispel all the debonair charm which is his. He would appear like a ready-made Oppenheim clubman, and his wit, which is fast becoming recognized in Hollywood as it was in New York, would be as flat as seltzer uncorked all night.

The woman who had called herself ugly during the salad course, but whose strange gleaming red hair belied her statement, would probably remark during a lull in the conversation:



William Powell has a difficult role in "Beau Geste." It is that of *Baldini*, an oily, suave scoundrel. "A cheap fellow," says Bill



William Powell looks like a ready-made Oppenheim clubman, but he was born in Pittsburgh and educated in Kansas City. Such is the power of environment. His family wanted him to be a lawyer but he borrowed \$700 from an aunt and came to New York to study for the stage



"Oh, by the way, do you know William Powell?" That being his given name, with an "H" impaled between the William and the Powell.

"Yes. And no end of a nice fellow," the tall, grey-haired man with the aquiline nose would volunteer.

At which the host would say: "Intended to have him here tonight, but he left yesterday for New York. Going to make a picture."

Bill can do a sodden scoundrel just as well as a polished seducer. Witness his work as the derelict in "Sea Horses"

And the girl sitting silent in the shadow of the great fireplace would probably smile, slowly, and blow a perfect smoke ring to join those in the tobacco-clouded ceiling.

But the ugly woman with shimmering flame hair will not allow the conversation to drift, as conversations do, and she would say: "Won't you please tell me about this William Powell? I'm interested."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



William Powell and Clara Bow in "The Runaway." Remember Bill in "Aloma of the South Seas," "Romola" and "When Knighthood was in Flower"? He is always a pleasant villain

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



Reunited after five years—the original Sheik and his girl friend, Agnes Ayres. Agnes returned to the screen to enact again her original role of the kidnapped English gal for a brief flashback in Valentino's "The Son of the Sheik"



Those clever Germans! They engaged Virginia Valli for a picture, but Virginia was too slim. So in the exploitation "stills" they retouched the photographs, with the result that the arms and shoulders you see here are not Virginia's at all!

IS Joan Crawford really Mrs. Michael Cudahy?

All Hollywood is speculating about this romance—the old, but always new, romance of a stage beauty and a millionaire's son.

Young Cudahy is the grandson of Edward Cudahy, Chicago millionaire meat packer, and son of the late Jack Cudahy, famous spender and sportsman. He lives in Hollywood with his mother, Mrs. Jack Cudahy. And he is quite good-looking enough to turn any girl's head, even if he weren't heir to the Cudahy millions.

JOAN CRAWFORD was a chorus girl queen when Harry Rapf saw her and brought her to Hollywood under a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. She and young Michael Cudahy are inseparable companions. They are champion Charleston dancers and win cups without any difficulty.

When asked about the much rumored secret marriage, which is supposed to have taken place some time ago, Joan refused to admit it, but she said she loved young Cudahy, and that they intended some day to be married, in spite of any opposition. Cudahy is not yet of age. His mother denied all knowledge of either a marriage or an engagement, declaring that her son was still in school, where he had promised her to remain.

"NOW that I've got a butler and my wife plays bridge," said Tom Mix the other evening, "I reckon I ought to have a family crest. And I'm going to have me one just as soon as I can find out the Latin for my motto—'BE YOURSELF.'"

GUESS where our wandering Nita Naldi is tonight? She is in Munich, Germany, where she has leased a house and where she makes pictures when she feels like it. Nita likes it in Germany where a girl can eat potatoes and still work in pic-

tures. She says she won't come back until she gets good and ready.

"IS there any hope of reconciliation?" asked the Judge.

The courtroom was so silent that you could have heard an anvil fall.

"No," answered Letatrice Joy, looking the Judge straight in the eye, "I don't love him any more."

And with those terrible words, the romance of Jack Gilbert and Letatrice Joy ended in a divorce.

WHEN Frank Wilstach, the press agent, was on the Coast recently he dropped in to call upon Marie Prevost.

Marie asked Frank what had impressed him most about Los Angeles on his trip and Wilstach remarked upon the vast army of automobiles jamming the streets.

"A whole lot of girls must be walking home every night," commented the press agent.

"You don't know California girls," said Miss Prevost. "They all carry mad money with them."

I. E.—Mad Money is coin to be expended when angry.

ANOTHER tragedy of Success. Karl Dane was snatched out of the Nowhere into the Here for an important rôle in "The Big Parade." When Karl was a Nobody, the law courts of California heard none of his domestic troubles, if any.

Karl made a hit, his salary went up and his troubles began. Mrs. Dane has brought the usual suit with the usual publicity that attends such ructions in film households.

And when the limelight was turned on the obscure Mrs. Dane, Hollywood discovered that she was employed in a menial capacity in the home of Kathleen Clifford.

How is that for a scenario?

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Mrs. A. H. Van Buren and her daughter, Marjorie. Do you remember her as Dorothy Bernard, the popular movie beauty? Mrs. Van Buren is now the assistant editor of a large magazine and, as you can see, quite as charming as ever



Not an eye bandage but spectacles. The glasses are made of bone, held in place by rawhide, with a narrow slit to see through. Invented by the Eskimos to prevent snow blindness, but used by Marcelline Day to ward off Kleig eyes

I SPENT a pleasant half-hour chatting with Mary Fuller, who is having a gorgeous time on her first visit to Hollywood. Of course you remember "Who Will Mary Marry?" and "What Happened to Mary?" and those other querying serials made ten years or so ago, with Mary Fuller as the heroine in question.

And remember the "Mary Fuller" stamps and the "Mary Fuller" spoons and the advertisements of "Mary Fuller" cold cream, with the upper half of Mary's torso emerging from the cold cream bottle, and, of course, Mary's curl-framed face, smiling. The face is still smiling and the curls still frame it, only they are drawn into a dignified coil nowadays.

Mary tells me she is having the time of her life basking in the sunshine of leisure and toying lazily with music and art. I rather imagine she will be back in pictures again if she listens to the siren voice of some of the producers.

DEAR Pola and Rudy!

Between Pola and Rudy, and Connie Talmadge and her new husband, Hollywood is blooming with a new spring of romance.

Pola and Rudy are really too cute about it. They insist on being put next to each other at dinner parties, and then they calmly ignore everybody else, and if my eyes don't deceive me, they hold hands under the tablecloth. At any rate Rudy is becoming really expert at eating with his left hand. And after dinner they retire to some secluded nook, or garden, or window seat, as though they were alone upon a desert isle.

As a youth of my acquaintance put it, in the vernacular, "they sure have it bad."

IT is only a shabby old barn but a gang of movers have been instructed to handle it carefully on its journey from the old Paramount Studio, on Vine Street, Hollywood, to the new plant

of the company. While the rest of the old studio was demolished, the old barn was left untouched. And then, by special orders from Jesse Lasky, it was gently carted away to new surroundings.

The old barn was the first home of the Lasky organization. Here, fourteen years ago, Lasky, Cecil B. De Mille, William de Mille and a few other pioneers had their offices. Here they first dreamed of great things; here they made the first plans to revolutionize the lowly movies. No wonder Lasky is a little superstitious about the old barn!

MAYBE New York has her all wrong, but anyway Renee Adorec's visit in the East merely left the studio with the impression that the French girl is inclined to don the high hat upon slight provocation. Upon departing for the Coast, Renee announced her engagement to Rudolph Friml, the composer, but even that doesn't account for her strange reluctance to be herself in New York.

The only satisfactory explanation was offered by another star who said: "Maybe Renee didn't know how big 'The Big Parade' really was until she got to New York."

Renee, you may remember, was divorced from Tom Moore. And Friml has walked to the altar three times, unless my memory fails.

IT looks as though Hollywood might lose Ruth Roland in one of two ways. The first would be if she decides to accept an offer that has been proffered by an eastern legitimate stage producer, and the second—and infinitely more interesting to us, of course—is the rumor that she may marry Ben Bard, who has been doing some splendid screen work since leaving "Artists and Models," the stage show in which he starred.

They both deny an engagement. "A marriage—yes!" said Ben, "but no engagement. We are moderns and don't believe



Just as clever as Tom Mix. See what the great open spaces did to Ronald Colman! Ronald threatens to go in for "westerns" with "Bozo, the King of Wild Donkeys," as his faithful little pardner, providing Bozo does not become temperamental



This is the way they travelled in France several centuries ago. The old coach is being drawn by motor with King Vidor, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy as its passengers. Watch for this one in "Bardelys the Magnificent"

timental atmosphere to put into their pictures. Then the furore died down and now they say that Lya may go home.

WHICH reminds me of a little comedy staged at a party in a star's New York apartment. Lya was the guest of honor and she was, as the saying goes, "doing her stuff." In fact, Lya was being as vampish as the law allows.

An American actress—and nobody's fool—was watching the goings-on with interest and amusement. Lya noticed the strange look in her fellow worker's eye and conveyed this message by an interpreter: "I hope that the American lady does not think I am behaving badly."

To which the American lady replied: "Not at all. Tell Madame that I realize she must live down to her reputation."

MRS. LIONEL BARRYMORE, who was that enchanting and clever stage actress, Irene Fenwick, says that she doesn't blame actors who forsake the speaking stage for the silver sheet, because the modern stage has become so disgusting and panders so to the vulgar tastes of the public.

Mrs. Barrymore just returned from New York, to Hollywood, where she and her husband now have a beautiful home. "We love the theater," said Mrs. Barrymore, "but I can't see how anyone can blame actors or actresses who stick to the films when the stage demands that they lower themselves and do and say such coarse and common things. There is nothing like that in motion pictures. The present trend of the stage—and I say this after seeing the New York plays and in spite of the fact that I love the theater—is coarse in the extreme. That is not true of pictures. The trend is in exactly the opposite direction."

IT took more than a new husband to keep Frank Borzage from having Alma Rubens in the cast of "The Pelican," which Frank is making for Fox, even if the husband was Ricardo Cortez.

Alma and Ric had been married a very little time when Laskys sent Ric to New York to play in "The Sorrows of Satan," which left Alma quite alone and very disconsolate in their new house. Her mother was half-way around the globe on a tour of the world, you see, so Alma was very much alone.

Alma, with total disregard of studio schedules, packed her traveling bag and hurried to keep Ric from getting homesick. Frank Borzage, in Hollywood, was ready to commence "The Pelican." Instead of singing "Alma, Where Do You Live?" Frank yodeled "Oh, Alma, Where Art Thou?" and getting a distant response—"In New York"—he and Mrs. Borzage took a

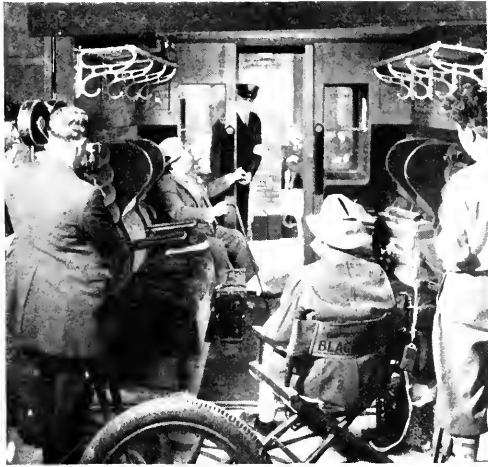
in lengthy engagements." I suppose they will run away to Riverside one of these days and be married.

ALICE CALHOUN must be a "modern," too. Anyway there was no announcement of her engagement to Mendel B. Silverberg, who is a Los Angeles attorney. Instead, Alice was married at her home before a few friends and the papers got the story next morning, after Alice had become Mrs. Mendel B.

ANOTHER quiet wedding of the month was that of Larry Wheat and Mary Carlisle. They were married at the Congregational Church in Hollywood, with Victor Heerman, the director, as best man, and Mr. Wheat's sister, Mrs. Robert Dillon, as matron of honor.

IT may be that Lya de Putti is not destined to set fire to the Hudson River. The German "vamp," who became famous by jumping out of windows and creating a stir among susceptible males of Berlin, has completed her work in "The Sorrows of Satan," and very little is being said about rushing Lya into immediate stardom.

All the boys who make it a point to rush the "vamps," courted Lya for a few weeks, looking for sophisticated and Con-



This is the way they travel in England today and this is how J. Stuart Blackton films a railway carriage scene for "The Passionate Quest." Willard Louis is the gentleman being photographed. The scene will fool you on the screen

train to Gotham and brought Alma back to Hollywood and "The Pelican."

The only people who are profiting by the separation are the telegraph and telephone companies.

PRIZE Press Agent Yarn of the Month:

"Heartbroken over the sudden death of a beloved pet dog, Rose Dione has closed her Hollywood home for the present and taken apartments at the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. At present, Rose Dione is playing in two picture productions at once. She is a member of the cast of the John Barrymore picture as well as the Constance Talmadge production."

NOW I know why Ray McKec and his wife were so anxious to buy property and build in Westwood. And why they pestered the architect to make sure that the large room on the southwest corner be planned with exact care. Although perhaps the architect suspected it when he drew the plans. Architects are pretty wise birds.

Anyway, the room is to be used as a nursery, for Ray and his wife, who used to be Marguerite Courtot, are expecting a young McKec. As I told Ray, he is to be domesticated both at home and at the studio, for he is doing a series of comedies for Sennett called "The Smith Family." The series has nothing to do with cough drops, however.

UPON his return to Hollywood after a prolonged Eastern trip, Jack Pickford confirmed the rumors of the separation between him and his wife, Marilyn Miller, the musical comedy star. And no one was greatly surprised because Mary's little brother has been living in California and Marilyn has been working in New York.

It's a friendly separation, of course, but— Well, for one thing, Marilyn sees a great deal of Ben Lyon. They are regular patrons of the night clubs of Broadway.

Ben has been getting his name in the newspapers as the most expensive member of the Actors' Equity. It seems Ben owes the Equity \$500 in dues and while less fortunate members of the profession pay up regularly and gladly, Ben drew the line at coughing up for his obligations.

All of which didn't do him a bit of good as Ben earns a big salary and should know better.

NBODY can tell how or why or when fashions start. When Irene Castle cut her hair, the snip of the scissors was heard around the world. But if Eleanor Boardman is trying to start



Just a couple of flappers. Blanche Sweet tried to put over something on Grandma Alexander by taking up ice-skating. Grandma bought herself a pair of skates, too, and now she's showing Blanche how they skated before indoor rinks

a new fashion in dressing, I'm afraid she is fore-doomed to failure.

A pretty girl, Miss Boardman has suddenly taken it into her head to see how plain she can make herself, rather after the custom of the Chinese women who shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth at times.

She wears her hair long and dresses it in a small knot at the back of her neck, in the manner long associated with school teachers and foreign missionaries. And she wears gowns so startlingly unbecoming that a whole dinner party will comment upon them in startled whispers—plain, tight bodices and very long skirts touching the floor, not with the charming bouffant effects, but just plain, long skirts.

The colors are always drab, black or dull gray, or white, which a girl of Miss Boardman's medium coloring should never attempt at night.

Certainly she attracts attention, and if that is the object of her very unusual style creations she is successful. But I, for one, have never liked to see a pretty woman make a freak of herself just to be different.

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN was married recently to Walter Hays, a business man of Los Angeles. Mr. Hays fell in love with Elaine when he saw her in pictures and never quit until he persuaded Elaine to say "yes."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

Splashes



Introducing one of the show girls of the movies—Gwen Lee—whose business it is to be beautiful. Like the other girls on these pages, Miss Lee makes her living playing roles that demand color, charm and personality. She may have nothing important to contribute to the Drama, but oh, what a gift to the eye!



Hollywood's specialty dancer—Margaret Loomis. Her small dancing "bits" led to more important roles. A pupil of Ruth St. Denis, she has a feeling for pantomime and a sense for costumes. Casting directors immediately think of Margaret when they want to give sharp accent to a subordinate role. Margaret may be depended upon to "do her stuff"

*They are the
show girls of
the movies*



East is East — the Oriental Anna May Wong. She is the very embodiment of the grace, delicacy and lure of the Orient. This enterprising daughter of a Chinese laundryman has made a real place for herself in the studios of Hollywood

She started as a show girl; she may emerge as a star. Under her own name of Lucille Le Suer, Joan Crawford went to Hollywood from New York's Winter Garden. And how she could dance! Joan is gradually being promoted to a place among the featured favorites

of Color



West is West — the Nordic Dorothy Seastrom. She was making a hit in small parts when illness forced her to retire from the screen. She made a game recovery and now is claiming her rightful place in the ranks of the Fatal Blondes



The Lure of the South Seas — the Enchantment of the Tropics! If the movies ever abandon these hectic themes, Laska Winters will have to go back to her original career as a stage dancer. For Laska is the girl who makes the blue-eyed White Man forget the good little blonde girl who waits for him in England

*And they make
small roles look
like big ones*



First known to fame as "the most beautiful girl in Iowa." Later, the International Photographic Fair in London pronounced her its best photographic subject. With these recommendations, Hazel Keener went to Hollywood where jobs await girls with camera-proof faces



Another one of the Preferred—Sally Rand. Not Just Another Blonde—but a girl who looks like Gloria Swanson and wears clothes like Irene Castle. Just the girl to play a high-class home-wrecker or a Grade A Vamp. If she ever cuts loose as an actress, here is a new star. Wouldn't that be nice for Sally?



SAY IT AGAIN—Paramount

THE old mythical kingdom yarn again, with new and pleasant variations by Director Gregory La Cava and Richard Dix. A doughboy and a princess. The soldier doesn't understand the lingo of the strange little kingdom and, without realizing it, he is married to the princess. You see, they think he's the newly discovered heir apparent from Detroit.

Not an over-strong comedy idea, but given excellent first aid by Dix, by Chester Conklin as the real heir, an ex-sausage magnate, and by one Gunboat Smith. This Smith, an ex-prize fighter, does a juicy bit as the doughboy's tough pal. Alyce Mills plays the princess. Her performance is so-so. Watch for the gorgeous slow-motion regiment of king's guards. You will love them. Perhaps we have overlooked Dix in our comments. He was never better.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



PADLOCKED—Paramount

TO every critic of the movies, to every person who claims the cinema knows neither art nor intelligence, we recommend "Padlocked" as a cure.

"Padlocked" is a superior entertainment, honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality.

"Silence" and "Padlocked" coming forth in the same month, pictures made, not to be road-shown, but presented simply as program pictures, seem almost too good to be true. In each, the acting of the entire cast is uniformly excellent. In both one performance reaches the heights. In this case, it is Lois Moran's.

If the enforced sweetness of little Miss Moran, due to her initial publicity campaign, has slightly annoyed you, there is good news now. For the treacle is gone from her here and she looks like real stellar material. No one plays a refined girl more charmingly, but here she is, also, a girl who is a little bitter, baffled and lost in her search for values.

Edith Gilbert is the daughter of a narrow-minded, severe bigot. Her mother understands her but the girl says that her heart is padlocked from her father.

When her mother dies, her father remarries, this time a social worker of oily, specious purity. She railroads *Edith* into a reformatory. The highly dramatic, swift moving plot concerns the girl's efforts to win her personal and mental freedom.

To Noah Beery, Louise Dresser, Helen Jerome Eddy, Florence Turner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Allan Simpson and Charles Lane, go the highest praise. Allan Dwan's direction is flawless.



THE DEVIL HORSE—Pathe

HERE is a picture that is worth your money. Another classic, featuring the King of Horses, Rex; his sweetheart, Lady; and the villain, The Killer. To those who have been anxiously awaiting the release of this production—let it be known that this is the finest of Rex's efforts. A human story is woven into the life of the wild horse—he is shown in the first days of babyhood, his cruel treatment by the Indians and his love for the whites.

The entire picture is thrilling. The human characters are perfect in their rôles, but the laurel wreath rests easily on the touselled head of Rex. The expressions in his eyes and the shake of his head can mirror every shade of emotion—can make hard-boiled audiences (yes, there are such things) choke up one moment and chuckle the next.

A perfect family film—one that we recommend.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

PADLOCKED SAY IT AGAIN
SILENCE SPARROWS
THE DEVIL HORSE THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE

The Best Performances of the Month

H. B. Warner in "Silence"
Lois Moran in "Padlocked"
Ford Sterling in "Good and Naughty"
Billie Dove in "The Marriage Clause"
Gunboat Smith in "Say It Again"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 139



SILENCE—Producers Dist. Corp.

"SILENCE" is the finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years.

It is the familiar story of a man's self-sacrifice, but never for a moment has it anything commonplace or trite about it. Instead, it is filled with true emotion and tears, and blessed with one of the greatest performances on record, that of H. B. Warner as *Jim Warren*, a crook, who marries the wrong woman that the girl he loves may go free.

The girl is about to have a baby, his daughter. Rather than disgrace the child, Jim lives in the shadows, only permitting himself to steal back once every few years to watch, through the window, her growing to womanhood.

On her wedding night, he comes back to prevent his pal, *Silvers*, from blackmailing her foster-father. The girl overhears and shoots *Silvers*. *Jim Warren* picks up the revolver, stamps his finger prints upon it and lets himself be arrested. So he goes to prison, silent and alone, prepared for death on the gallows.

No one can force from him the confession that would accuse his daughter but save his life.

Rupert Julian has directed the production with power and imagination. The opening scenes of the condemned man facing death are haunting in their intensity.

As for the cast, it is seldom that one appears so perfectly balanced.

Vera Reynolds, Raymond Hatton, Rockliffe Fellowes, Virginia Pearson and Jack Mulhall all give performances worthy of high praise.

"Silence" is too heavy for children, but for adults it will bring their heartstrings and delight their minds.



SPARROWS—United Artists

MARY PICKFORD and a bunch of other kids who risk their precious necks to flee a slimy baby farm. That's "Sparrows." There are quicksands, alligators and, worse than any reptiles, *Gustav Von Seyffertitz*, the keeper, as realistic a vile scoundrel as ever breathed. It's not conducive to pretty dreams, but Mary is sweet and wistful and kiddish and has some appealing scenes. Ten kids are imprisoned in a swampy baby farm and when dimpled *Mary Louise Miller* is kidnaped and deposited with them, Mary Pickford pulls an Eliza-crossing-the-ice and takes her band by swamp and tree to safety.

In the cast next to Mary that cunning *Pollyanna* baby wins the gurgles. This may not be another "Pollyanna" but you will enjoy it.



THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE—Universal

AN excellent story of life across the footlights. And all because of the directorial abilities of Lois Weber, the only woman director. She has presented the story with fine taste and discretion—especially at the climax.

The technique of the picture bespeaks perfection—direction, acting and photography. The cast couldn't be improved upon—Billie Dove gives an inspired performance, so also does Francis X. Bushman and Warner Oland. Of the three it is difficult to say which is the best—though we feel ourselves awarding the acting honors to Miss Dove.

As for the story—a young girl becomes a successful star through her director. They fall in love. Petty jealousies arise and they separate, which is disastrous for the girl. But they are reunited—how? Go see it—you'll find it one of the most enjoyable pictures you've ever seen.

**ELLA
CINDERS—**
First
National



PROBABLY you know *Ella Cinders* of the comic strips. *Ella* is a great-great-great-granddaughter of Cinderella. Note that her name is Cinderella, in reverse. The 1926 heroine goes to Hollywood instead of Prince Charming's grand ball. Does the plain little *Ella* make good. Does she? Well. Colleen Moore is *Ella*. This isn't one of Miss Moore's best comedies, by any means. It is slow in spots. But it has another inside glimpse of Hollywood.

**THE
BROWN
DERBY—**
First
National



THE theme of this one—the cure of an inferiority complex—is something like the central idea of "Grandma's Boy." But strain of carrying a psychological subject through a slapstick comedy proved too great—and no wonder!—so Johnny Hines just filled in the thing with gags, which is, after all, what his public wants. It is good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile.

**THE WISE
GUY—**
First
National



IT all depends on the old Censor Birds in your town whether you will see this. This started out to be another "Miracle Man," but falls short in story and dramatic value. However, it is splendid entertainment and can boast of a popular and capable cast—James Kirkwood, Betty Compson, Mary Astor, George Marion and Mary Carr. The theme centers around a gang of crooks who preach religion in order to cover their shady connections. Just for grownups.

PARIS—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer



IF you leave before the final reel, you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Edmund Goulding, who wrote and directed it, slipped badly when he refused the happy ending. The girl, exquisitely played by Joan Crawford, should have married the young man about Paris night life, whom Charles Ray makes amusing and believable. Instead, she remains faithful to her sadistic Apache, Douglas Gilmore. Good but not to the last shot.

**GOOD AND
NAUGHTY—**
Paramount



PROVING that it is dangerous business to work in a film with a comic. Ford Sterling steals all the laughs, in spite of the fact that Pola Negri is more attractive and more interesting—even when she is supposed to be homely—than she has been in months.

A flippant farce comedy, the whole picture falls into Mr. Sterling's error of trying to be witty and funny, be the cost what it may.

**THE FLAME
OF THE
YUKON—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



AMAGNETIC story of the adventures of the goldseekers in the far North. The *Flame* is a dance hall gal—but we'll have you understand—pure of heart. She stakes a poor unfortunate that he may—aprospecting go. On his return the orchestra plays "Mama Loves Papa"—and so it ends. Scena Owen is fine as the good bad girl and if anyone ever resembled Wallace Reid, it is the hero of this picture—Arnold Gray. Don't take the children.

**UP IN
MABEL'S
ROOM—
Producers
Dist. Corp.**



THE story drags slightly—taken as it is from a play that depends upon clever lines for applause. Still, E. Mason Hopper has handled it with a deft touch and has made the most of the laughable situations arising from the hero carrying a piece of feminine finery. Marie Prevost is good as the divorcee who sets out to win back her husband, Harrison Ford, who makes an acceptable hero.

Laughter for all.

**THE LOVE
THIEF—
Universal**



THE old yarn of marriage for convenience dressed up in royal garments. A gay young prince is banished from his country for refusing to marry a princess he has never seen. Unknowingly, the royal couple become acquainted and realize ideal bliss in being ordinary folks. Of course it all comes out well in the end after an exciting time for all, especially the audience.

It will pass.

**THE
UNKNOWN
SOLDIER—
Producers
Dist. Corp.**



IT looks as though we will have to fight another war in order to supply our scenario writers with new ideas for movies. Again the war is depicted in this weepy and draggy affair that makes a sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." To make matters worse the director injected an impossible ending that seemed to amuse the audience considerably. But who can tell—perhaps that scene was an example of the director's sense of humor.

**RANSON'S
FOLLY—
First
National**



RICHARD BARTHELMESS needed a good one to follow "Just Suppose," but this is not the one. The story, an old yarn of Richard Harding Davis', shows its age. Dick plays a young lieutenant who gets into trouble trying to live up for life back in the dread dead '80's. Dorothy Mackaill plays the girl, but despite her presence, Sidney Olcott's direction and Dick's fair performance, it's just another movie, that's all.

**LOVEY
MARY—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



ALICE HEGAN RICE'S popular novel does not provide a good screen material. Though the screen adaptation has been given thoughtful interpretation by the director, Bessie Love and the other members of the cast, you'll grow restless during its tearful unfoldment. Remember the story—the one about the orphan and Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch? It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of *The Tired Business Man*.

**MISS
NOBODY—
First
National**



SIMPLY another example of a good story gone wrong. Originally published as "Shebo," the adventures of its girl hobo heroine were exciting. In the movie version they are merely sappy and the panhandling knights of the road are made to act as sweet as though they were a convention of white-haired grandmothers. Even Anna Q. Nilsson seems anemic. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,500.00
Second Prize.....	1,000.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	250.00
Fifth Prize.....	125.00
Twenty Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each.....	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be

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

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

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second 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.



Spurr

A COOL and lovely Valli is Virginia in her new boyish bob. She's one of the nicest girls in movies, which may be just the trouble. Nice girls get such dumb roles. But she signed a new contract recently. Better luck this time, Virginia.



The hair was a dancer—in vaudeville, too—
The eyes bring us mirth and delight,
The mouth played a tempted young man (page E. Glyn)
And he put up a terrible fight!
The hair for five years did his bit on the stage,
The eyes have a daughter, quite small;
The mouth has brown hair and romantic brown eyes,
And he's five feet and ten inches tall!

The hair was in stock (where the good actors learn),
The eyes came to us from the south;
The mouth with Maude Adams has played on the stage—
And that's pretty good for a mouth!
The hair in the city of Quakers was born,
The eyes made his screen name his own,
The mouth wore a beard in a late photoplay—
But it's as a young hero he's known!

RESUME

*They're all of them tall, and all very well built,
All four of these men went to college—
And one, it is said, won a certain degree
Because of his scholarly knowledge.
Two of them are married, two never were—
And one lately carried the great name of Hurl!*



The hair played in London before the footlights.
 The eyes came from Texas to fame;
 The mouth rose so quickly to stardom that folk
 Scarce knew her by feature or name!
 The hair was an author's wise choice for a part,
 The eyes take a vampire place—
 The mouth was once known for a brief bathing suit
 Which she filled with great beauty and grace.

The hair is a mother—but, sadly, divorced.
 The eyes learned, from Lubitsch, their art;
 The mouth went to school in great cities, abroad
 E'er she made, in the drama, a start.
 The hair is twice married (quite happily, now),
 The eyes can make magic seem real,
 The mouth played a Ferguson role on the screen
 With both beauty and—yes, sex appeal!

RESUME

*Oh, three have been married—and one never was—
 Just one, from the south, has dark eyes,
 And one looks from orbs that are green as the sea,
 And two borrowed blue from the skies.
 Three first saw the light in our own U. S. A.,
 And one came from Canada, over the way!*



Seely

ON foot or on horseback, Buck Jones is a real star and a regular guy. Despite his fine acting in "Lazybones" the fans wanted him supported by his horse. So Buck's gone back to the four-footed drama once more in "White Eagle."

The drama of a
woman who tried to
fight off Time—
and how she
found happiness



Illustrated by
Harley Ennis
Stivers

This young raiment emphasized a face not so young. Not that she was grotesque. As she sped on, regardless of staring curiosity and unseeing callousness, she might have been judged somewhat over twenty

Miscast

PART I of a gripping
two-part novelette

By Rita Weiman

UP Broadway, head high, eyes blazing she went. Behind the blaze smouldered fear. The height of head held defiant, hurt.

Some of them turned, those so-called denizens of the street of many sighs, staring after her. Others shrugged past the cyclonic onrush, amusedly indifferent to another's pain or pleasure.

In 1908, which starts this forgotten page in the thumb-marked volume of Broadway, two signs that pass unnoticed today stamped Edna Ridgeway an actress. She rouged her lips when moist mouths, except among theatrical folk, were looked upon as sure signs of lost souls. And her skirt went shockingly short, when other women had to make an effort to display their ankles. A glance made evident that she was not of the lost sisterhood—she was too completely self-absorbed, too absolutely indifferent to the elbowing male. Ergo—the theater. It was indisputable.

Small, swift, virile, with hat pulled over hair that was short when the only shingle known on Broadway had to do with roofing, and of a natural red when that hue was less fashionable than today, there seemed about her a studied childishness. Not the abbreviated skirt of Scotch plaid, nor yet the green

velveteen jacket that showed broad white collar and cuffs, nor again the loose tie knotted under her chin. But rather the fact that this young raiment emphasized a face not so young. Not that she was grotesque. As she sped on, regardless alike of staring curiosity and unseeing callousness, she might have been judged somewhat over twenty. That is from the swiftly casual viewpoint of the passerby. On closer inspection, there had been traced by the pencil of Time those little shadings under eyes and about the mouth which transform features into character. But, for years, Edna Ridgeway had given herself twenty-three so uniformly that it became conviction. In any court of law she would have sworn to it without a quiver of conscience or eyelash.

She whisked into a side street, past the irregular line of hotels that seemed to turn their eyes toward Broadway to observe what queer customer would be the next, and between Fifth and Sixth Avenues entered one boasting more of the family aspect.

"Mr. Ridgeway and your brother are upstairs," the clerk told her when she asked for the key.

Her frown cut deeper.

"When did they arrive?"

"About half an hour ago."

She made no attempt to conjure away the frown or conquer the glare of her fury. The man who opened the door of their two-room suite felt both, long before he peered into the outside corridor. Her moods were as tangible as the hair whose gleam

“**N**OTHING today” . . .
was a dirge so incessant she mentally covered her ears that the knell of it might not penetrate

proclaimed her. Yet he gave no intimation of the sixth and seventh senses which the husband who loves cultivates, but never names. The ability to recognize a temper; the tact to ignore it.

“Well, honey,” he stooped to kiss her as she passed him in the little hall. “I’ve got a surprise for you.”

“Yes—so the clerk informed me,” Edna spoke in per dashes. “What made you bring Jimsy home at this ungodly season?”

“Sh!” He glanced apprehensively in the direction of the living room. “One of the boys had a fever that looked ugly, so I thought I’d get him away from school till they find out what’s wrong.”

“Why will you fidget so? You’ll make a sissy of him before you get through!”

“Not likely.” The man’s rather fine, mild eyes roved to the boy who bent over the intricate feat of constructing a miniature bridge from assorted bits of iron and steel.

A gorgeous boy—twelve or thereabouts—with a head modeled as if with loving hands. That height of brow flowing into the rounded skull and long curve of neck; the firm mouth; the sturdy, steady hands; the stocky shoulders—they were compelling in their sense of strength. He looked up as they entered the room and the furrow of concentration smoothed into a smile.

“Lo, mummy!” He came toward her with a strange, half-questioning shyness, as if uncertain whether she wanted to be kissed or not. “Glad to see me?”

She closed her arms about him. “Of course, darling.”

“Dad said you wouldn’t mind. Christmas’ll be here soon and I’d be home for the holidays, anyway.”

She winced a bit. In the child’s words was an unmistakable note of apology.

“Well, don’t act as if your own mother didn’t want you,”—her voice held a nervous pitch, like the key of a piano out of tune. “Only I hate to have my boy in a beastly, cramped hotel any more than I have to.” She ran her fingers through his thick hair, curling it over them. All her movements matched the queer shrill quality of a voice identified in the theater with gayety. “Now run along downstairs while I have a cot up in this room, or we’ll have to put you on a bench in Bryant Park tonight.”

He gazed regretfully at his bridge, half-erected, then demolished it and gathered together the pieces.

“And don’t hold any conversation with the clerk and bell-boys,” she called after him as he went toward the hall. “Play in the writing-room.”

When the door had closed, she tugged off her hat, sweeping swift fingers through her hair with a gesture very different from that of a few moments gone. Fatigue, petulance, something of despair—all were in it. The very way she let her hat go wherever it happened to fall spoke before her lips formed the words.

“Well, what do you think Cleeburg wanted me for?” She dropped into a Morris-chair, leaning her head against the reclining back, her lids closing.



“Wasn’t it the lead?” His eyes told that the query was merely perfunctory—they had read the answer out there in the shadowed corridor.

“H’m!” She tried to laugh. “Madge Chatham has that. We corral our heroines from the chorus these days. No, my dear, he does me the honor to offer me the second part. Salves it by saying the lead isn’t good enough—nothing but sugar plums.”

“Did he give you the play to read?”

“Offered it—but I said, ‘No, thank you!’ Does he—or any other manager—or do you—” her eyes flamed into his—“imagine for a minute that I’m going to support a chit of a girl—?” She choked, stopped breathlessly.

“Now, Ted dear,”—the pet name was like a gentle caress, but he did not approach her—“how do you know that part isn’t as important as hers? Cleeburg’s an artist—he wouldn’t risk a failure by miscasting. He knows what he’s doing.”

“Oh, does he? Does he? I suppose, then, all I’m fit for is seconds, like an old shoe. I suppose you’ll agree with him that I look old enough to play the mother of a grown boy.”



"You are," he put in softly, and it was a benediction.

"What's that got to do with the theater? I was married out of the cradle, anyway."

"Of course, of course, dear—we know that." He turned away to hide the demands of a smile. "But you've refused several parts this year that turned out to be excellent. Don't you think you might have read this, at least?"

"I don't have to. I've played ingenue long enough to know I can get away with it."

"Maybe that's the very reason Cleeburg wants to give you something with more weight."

"H'm—" Her fretful eyes ran the length of her figure stretched in the chair. "I hope you're not trying to be funny."

"Honey,"—Jim Ridgeway went to her then, took the tense hand—"I'll love you when there's not a line to your shape or a tooth in your head. You'll always be my little kid. But we've got to look facts in the face. The young 'uns grow up and crowd out the old—er—" he tacked on the syllable as a hurried afterthought—"ones. And the greatest mistake a man or woman can make in life is to miscast himself. Know where you

belong and take your place. Fill the part well and nobody on earth can snatch your job."

The flame subsided into a chill, tolerant smile.

"That's all very well for you. Your job is to hold the book and prompt other people—to stage-manage first and take any little bit they chuck at you, after that."

"Yet there was a time when I wanted to play *Romeo*," Said with a wry grin and a shade of the wistful, it held the ghost of longing never expressed. "So you see, dear, I had to find out I was a bad actor before I discovered I was a good stage-manager."

She whisked to her feet and stood before the mirror over a green-tiled fireplace supported by cherry-wood pillars. The defiant reflection glared back.

"If another manager tells me I don't look a day older than I did fifteen years ago, I'll brain him! Cleeburg asked today how I do it—as if I ought to be a hag. Why, fifteen years ago, what was I? A baby, that's all!"

"That's all you are today, honey," his arm slipped round her consolingly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

Going, going

Bobs are ruled by sheer beauty. The scissors menace the last few hairs



Irene Castle started it. Her feet made her famous. Came the "Castle Clip" and fame arose to her head



Enter "Passion." Enter Pola. Enter also a new, provocative and pleasing bob. And a new idol!



Then the Sweet blonde aureole. Blanche's blonde bob brought many damsels to irons



Advent of the Gloria shingles ent flappers to the bobber shops to have their hair "Manhandled"



The Uncurled Bob was introduced by Colleen Moore. It was made for "Flaming Youth"

... GONE!

Side whiskers are the newest peril from Paris. Watch for the bald-head rage!



Came Aileen and her Pringle Shingle. Came cars. Came "beau-catchers." Came fame to Aileen



Followed the Beverly Bob presented by Marion Davies. Hairer shorter than short. More daring than Dad's



The crowning glory goes the way of other crowns. How could you, Billie Dove?



Virginia, Valli's bob is one of the newest revenges on the Seven Sutherland Sisters

Paris orders hair on the cheeks. Look what side-whiskers would do to Leatrice Joy!



What was the Best Picture of 1925?

The Award of 1924



Adolph Zukor Commends Medal

THE PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is one of the institutions of the motion picture business, and as such is a significant example of the position which PHOTOPLAY and its editor, Mr. Quirk, hold in the esteem of the men and women who supply the screen entertainment of the world. Because PHOTOPLAY, in its treatment of screen personalities and in its reviews of motion pictures, is just, candid and constructive, the award of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal each year carries with it the weight of an authority which can come only from a tradition of fair-dealing, impartiality and fearlessness.

PHOTOPLAY is really one of the great forces in the life of the motion picture. By its sympathetic, yet sturdily honest reviews and editorial comments it has helped to guide the picture business along the path of its true destiny, and at the same time has developed the taste of a large section of the American public to an appreciation of the best in screen entertainment. The annual award of the Gold Medal is a national outgrowth of this policy; and to win the Medal is an honor that can be achieved only by great merit.

ADOLPH ZUKOR

HAVE you contributed your bit toward awarding the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor for the best motion picture of 1925? The announcement of the opening of voting for the sixth annual award, appearing in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY, has brought an avalanche of votes. If you haven't sent in your vote, do so at once.

Each year PHOTOPLAY awards its gold medal to the producer who, in the minds of its readers, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity and acting and photography. The conferring of the award rests entirely with the readers.

The first Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded to "Humoresque." The medal of 1921 went to "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood" won the medal of 1922. "The Covered Wagon" was adjudged the best picture of 1923. "Abraham Lincoln" was given the award of 1924. What was the best picture of 1925? That is the question now being asked readers of PHOTOPLAY. Many unusual and highly commendable pictures appeared dur-

ing the twelve months of 1925 and the award will be of high interest to fans as well as the entire film industry itself.

Fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City, before October 1st, 1926. PHOTOPLAY will be glad to receive short letters from readers, explaining the reasons of their choice. Some of these letters will be published in future issues of PHOTOPLAY.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.

Be sure to cast your vote for the best picture of 1925. On this page, to refresh your memory, is a list of fifty important pictures released during 1925. Your selection, naturally, is not limited to this list. You may vote for any picture released between January 1, 1925 and December 31, 1925.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1925

<i>Are Parents People?</i>	<i>Kiss For Cinderella</i>	<i>Pony Express</i>
<i>Beggar on Horseback</i>	<i>Kiss Me Again</i>	<i>Road to Yesterday</i>
<i>Big Parade</i>	<i>Lady</i>	<i>Sally</i>
<i>Charley's Aunt</i>	<i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i>	<i>Sally of the Sawdust</i>
<i>Chickie</i>	<i>Last Laugh</i>	<i>Siege</i>
<i>Coast of Folly</i>	<i>Little Annie Rooney</i>	<i>Shore Leave</i>
<i>Dark Angel</i>	<i>Lord Jim</i>	<i>Sky Rocket</i>
<i>Don Q</i>	<i>Last World</i>	<i>Stage Struck</i>
<i>Drusilla With a Million</i>	<i>Mammy</i>	<i>Stella Dallas</i>
<i>Freshman</i>	<i>Merry Widow</i>	<i>That Roxelie Girl</i>
<i>Gold Rush</i>	<i>Midshipman</i>	<i>Trouble With Wives</i>
<i>Goose Woman</i>	<i>Mme. Sans-Gene</i>	<i>Thundering Herd</i>
<i>Granstar</i>	<i>Never Say Die</i>	<i>Unholy Three</i>
<i>Her Sister From Paris</i>	<i>Never the Twain Shall Meet</i>	<i>Vanishing America</i>
<i>Introduce Me</i>	<i>Paths to Paradise</i>	<i>Wanderer</i>
<i>Isn't Life Wonderful?</i>	<i>Phantom of the Opera</i>	<i>Womanhandled</i>
<i>King on Main Street</i>		<i>Zander the Great</i>

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1925.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

They called her Melisande

*The story of a small town
girl and how she battled
to make the man she loved
prove his mettle*

By May Stanley

*Illustrated by
Ray Van Buren*

WHEN Florence Bishop graduated from High School—in the prettiest white dress of them all, and with the nicest bouquet that Ted Merrill could find at the Rockford greenhouse—everyone supposed she would go to work. That was what Rockford girls did.

Amy Wilson, Florence's dearest friend, found a job in the telephone exchange. Clare Beatty was taken on in the ready-to-wear department of the Rockford Dry Goods Emporium. The other girls of the class were gently absorbed in the business and professional world of the little town, pending the time when their beaus should be able to meet the financial problems which engagement rings, wedding trips to Boston and the first payments on a home involve.

Only Florence, refusing all offers of work, remained at home—a square peg in the round hole of Rockford tradition.

Everyone wondered, of course. Everyone knew that Ted couldn't afford to marry her just yet. As reporter on the Rockford News, daily and weekly, and correspondent for a couple of big city papers Ted was making around twenty-five dollars a week but, even in Rockford, you can't start house-keeping on that sum.

Why on earth couldn't Florence act like other girls? She ought to be at work, earning a salary and putting by money toward the time when she would begin looking about for bargains in household linens.

When folks spoke about it to Mrs. Bishop she shook her head and sighed.

Florence laughed and said she had no intention of going to work—in Rockford.

"I intend to have something better out of life," she announced serenely, "than a dinky job in a dinky, little town."



"Ted!" How wonderful Ted was! Florence sighed

"Ah, that one! Melisande! Eet ez so Monsieur

"Why, the very idea!" Amy Wilson gasped. "What you going to do?"

"I don't know—yet."

"How about Ted?" Amy demanded curiously. "If you and Ted get married you'll have to stay in Rockford, won't you?"

Florence regarded her friend with level eyes.

"I am not going to stay in Rockford," she declared. "I didn't say that I am going to marry Ted and I didn't say that I am *not* going to marry him. That's up to Ted."

"How do you mean, up to Ted?"

But Florence would not explain.

She did, however, tell Ted Merrill. It was that very evening and they were snuggled in the porch hammock with Ted's latest offering of chocolates between them.

Ted, innocently enough, began it.

"I heard some news today, Florence."

"What about?"

"Mr. Boardman told me that the Weston Leader's going to be for sale almost any day now. Fellow running it doesn't know a thing about small town newspapers. 'Nother of those folks who come out of New York to lead the simple life and then find out it ain't so darned simple as they thought. Anyway, he says the Leader will be in the market soon." Florence took another chocolate, turned it around in her slim fingers, regarding it thoughtfully. Presently she said:

"Not thinking of buying it, are you?"

"Me? I couldn't do it, alone. Haven't got the money. But Mr. Boardman thinks it's a good buy and wants to take it over. If he does he'll need a partner, he tells me. Some young fellow to take charge and a half interest. What do you think?" He leaned toward her eagerly. "He wants *me* to go in on it with him!"

There was silence for a few moments. A little breeze, passing, shivered the leaves of the big lilac bush. From the next house drifted voices, a girl's laugh. Then silence. Peace hung over Rockford, the peace of old white houses dreaming among ancient elms. Florence stirred restlessly.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"Said I would, of course. Nothing I'd like better than a chance at the Leader. Near as I can figure out the plant's worth around twelve thousand, and—"

"Ted," Florence interrupted, "what does Mr. Boardman make out of the News? What does he clear for himself, I mean, each year?"

"Why . . . let me see . . . not such a great deal. Perhaps four thousand a year—when he has the county printing contract."

"And he's owned the paper for the last twenty years, hasn't he?"

"Yes, and he's made a mighty fine newspaper of it," Ted said warmly. "My golly! If I can do as well—"

"You think he's done well?" There was an odd note in Florence's voice.

"Why, yes, I know he has." Something of his former confidence had gone out of Ted's voice, but he went doggedly on. "He's done a lot of things for this town. We wouldn't have the city park, nor the street improvements, nor the new lighting system if Boardman hadn't fought for them tooth and nail."

"What has the town done for *him*?"

"Well . . . it's supported the paper. Not so well as it might have done, of course. Still—"

"That's just it! Rockford has the park and all the other things, but Mr. Boardman and his wife live in the worst looking house on this street. They can't *live* in the park, can they? I've an idea Mrs. Boardman would be willing to trade the new lighting system for one good-looking bridge lamp. And street improvements aren't so good when you haven't a car to drive."

"Boardman's got a car."

"Yes, and he's had it so long it's a landmark. If I was his wife I wouldn't be found dead in it."

Florence swayed a step toward them, mysterious, aloof. The hard young eyes of Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, came alive. Little points of flame leaped up in them



"I guess she hasn't minded the old car," Ted said dejectedly. "Mrs. Boardman's a mighty nice woman, Florence. Look at the help she's been—"

"Yes," Florence retorted, "look! Do you know, Ted, I've an idea that most editors' wives have to do just about as Mrs. Boardman has done. They have to give up everything a woman wants and needs while their husbands work for the good of the town. Everything which has to be done and which is too much work for other women is turned over to the editor's wife."

Boulanger have named her—Melisande, the beautiful, the hapless one!”



She's got to stand for it. If she didn't her husband would lose advertising—at least, that's the way I figure it out from things you've told me. I've been thinking about it a lot, Ted, ever since—since you and I—”

“You mean you won't marry me if I go in on the Weston paper with Boardman?” Ted asked in a low voice.

“I mean I want you to do better things,” Florence cut in swiftly, “much better things than running the Weston newspaper. Tell me this: If you went to buy a Rolls-Royce

would you expect to get it for the price of a Ford?”

“Why . . . no. No, of course not. But what's that got to do—”

“Everything. If you wanted to buy the old LaMoine place for a home would you expect to get it for the price of one of those five-room, jerry-built affairs out in the Westermann project?”

“Certainly not. But I don't see what you're getting at with all this.”

“Then I'll tell you, Ted. I'm expensive. I'm like the Rolls-Royce and the old LaMoine place—not cheap. I want the best things in the world, or nothing.” There was finality in her tone. “You say you want to keep on doing newspaper work. Then why not plan for [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Mildred Gloria Lloyd had these guests for her second birthday party. Standing: Bill Newmeyer, Henry King, Jr., Joan Williams, Joy Brauch, Edna Rosenthal, Gaylord Lloyd (with hand to face), Mary Hay Barthelmess (on tricycle), Margaret Roach, James Kirkwood, Jr., Loria Von Eltz. Seated: Leatrice Joy, Mildred Korman, Mildred Gloria, herself, Elaine St. Johns (kneeling)

Mildred Gloria gives a Party



A meeting of two leaders of our F. F. F.—first film families. In other words, just two lucky babies, Mildred Gloria Lloyd and Jimmie Kirkwood, son of Lila Lee and James Kirkwood.

At the left, Miss Lloyd on her favorite mount

A STUNNING reception was tendered to the members of Hollywood's very youngest set upon Mildred Gloria Lloyd's second birthday.

The Harold Lloyd mansion was turned over to them for the afternoon and the back yard was decorated appropriately for a garden party where the guests were anywhere from five weeks up. A beautiful table was laid under the trees and sandpiles, teeters, slides, toy automobiles and tricycles of every model were there in profusion.

Little Miss Lloyd wore a delicately embroidered frock of white organdy, and a shoulder corsage of pink rosebuds and lilies of the valley.

All the guests voted that they had the time of their lives and after the reception milk bottles simply covered the place.

According to Freud

By
John S.
Cohen, Jr.



A dream scene from "Secrets of the Soul." According to psycho-analytic interpretation this dream expresses the longing of the husband for a child. The plant at which the couple are gazing is the Freudian symbol of young life

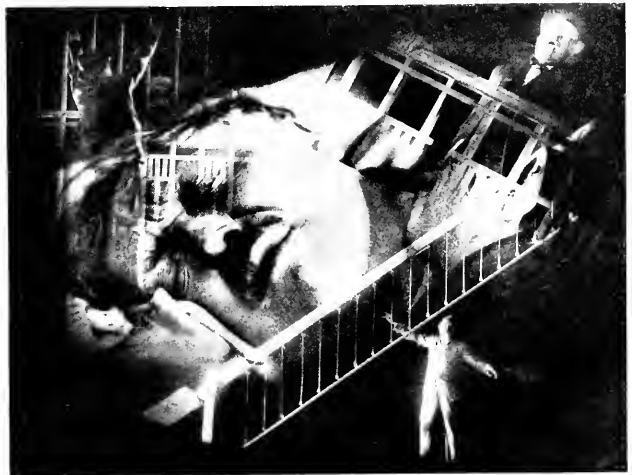
A movie of psycho-analysis shows us the stuff dreams are made of

OUT of the eerie stuff of dreams, the fantastic and oftentimes meaningless images that float, night and day, through our subconscious minds, the clever Germans have woven a drama. It is called "Secrets of the Soul" and it was fashioned in the UFA studios under the direct supervision of two psycho-analysts from the office of Dr. Freud, the founder of psycho-analysis and the best known living psychologist.

In it, a psycho-analytic case is unwound—that of a man with a fixed day dream, namely, a fear of knives. The part is played by Werner Kraus who is familiar to those who saw "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Golem," "Othello," "The Three Waxworks," and "Shattered," all UFA productions. The film will, in all probability, be shown in this country in the late Fall.

The screen is the ideal place for the depiction of dreams. A closeup of a character's face, a slow fadeout flashing to a picturization of what is going on in his mind and the idea of a dream is projected admirably. Now that Dr. Freud, and numerous contemporaries, have begun delving into the meanings of dreams, and, by analysis, of man's dreams, curing mental aberrations, what is more natural than that a dramatic film should be made of the stuff of dreams and their meanings?

"Secrets of the Soul" is the leader in its field—the first combination of drama and mental science, the first direct utilization for the screen of psycho-analysis which is, perhaps, the most



Our dreams are the confessions of our yearnings. Upon this theme is built a weird drama, enacted by Werner Kraus. You can see by this photograph how the camera has captured the unreal quality of a dream

important contribution to psychology that has yet been made.

The story of "Secrets of the Soul" is a dramatic one. A husband is living happily with his wife, but they are without children. A murder is committed in the house next door. It causes various mental disturbances in the husband's mind, and on the night after the murder he has a weird and fantastic dream. After waking from the dream he has two fixations, or insistent "day dreams"; he cannot [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

Buy on FIFTH AVENUE through PHOTOPLAY'S Shopping Service

This Shopping Service is for your benefit and we urge you to use it—its facilities are at the disposal of every PHOTOPLAY reader—and whether or not you are a subscriber, we will take care of your orders. 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 within three days after receipt to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, N. Y., and your money will be promptly refunded.



Let your ankles be never so slender, your feet deserve the smartest shoes. These may be had either in patent leather or tan Russian calf-skin—strap and a plicative of snake calf, with a smart buckle at the side. Sizes 3-8. A.A.A-D. \$10.50

If you prefer to tread Fashion's path in the all patent leather or all satin cut-out model, simply trimmed with self applique, we recommend these shoes that will grace almost any occasion. Sizes 3-9. A.A.A-D. \$12.50

For working around the house, or office duties, there is nothing more practical to protect your clothes than this smock, shown on MAY McAVOY—and being full dress length it may be also worn as a frock. It has far more style than most smocks and is smartly fashioned of chambray, in pink, coral, rose or orchid with colorful hand embroidery in picturesque designs. Sizes 36-44. Price \$1.95



You will go far before you find a hot weather frock of printed chiffon as lovely as this on GRETA GARBO. The graceful jabot and front-pleated skirt are extremely smart. The prints come in various designs and colors—on a white, tan, navy or black background. Although we cannot guarantee the same print as shown here, this dress is well made and of excellent quality—representing an exceptionally fine value through our Service. Sizes 32-44. Price \$12.75

This pose of GRETA GARBO shows a beautifully mode frock of heavy crepe de chine that is ideal for street or sports wear. It comes in several lovely color combinations—in all white; or in coral, with a white collar and jabot lined in white. Also in navy, with a red collar and jabot lined with red. Chosen in navy it will give you an ideal dress for all year round general wear. Sizes 14-20, and the modest price is \$19.75

Like ELEANOR BOARDMAN you can greet hot weather cheerfully, coolly and in the latest thing if you possess this charming two piece frock of polka-dot georgette. The front of the skirt is side-pleated and the blouse has wide box pleats which give a most graceful effect. The collar and bindings match the polka-dots. Sizes 32-44. Price but \$15.75



If none in your circle of friends has as yet a peasant frock to boast about, and if you are inclined to be slim, here is a chance to steal a lead and order this one of lovely georgette crepe, with smocking in an interesting pattern at the neck and waist line. This exceptional value comes in exquisite shades of June rose, Lawrin green, French blue and Isabella gray. Sizes 32-38. Price only \$15.75

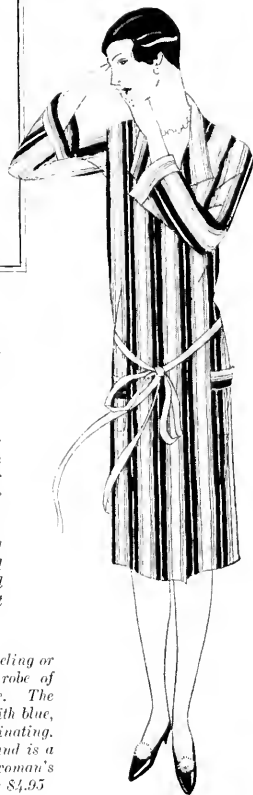


Pajamas of fine quality plisse crepe, with colorful touches of hand embroidery on the jacket, are cool and attractive. Pink, peach or white. Sizes from 36 to 44. Priced at \$2.95

This adorable crepe de chine chemise is copied from a French model, with its footing of wide net, and its triangular ruffles. The pastel shades. 36-42. Price \$2.95

A cool little dance set of step-ins and brassiere is made of crepe de chine, and trimmed with dainty lace. The pastel shades. The sizes are 34-40 and the set complete costs \$3.95

For house parties, weekends, traveling or lounging this smartly tailored robe of lustrous rayon is indispensable. The design is a combination stripe with blue, green, lavender or taupe predominating. This material washes very well and is a garment that belongs in every woman's wardrobe. Sizes 34-40. Price \$4.95



DRESS LIKE A STAR ON AN EXTRA'S INCOME

Second Sight

Marion Fairfax has the gift of predicting success. No wonder she's popular!

By Ivan St. Johns



One of the few women producers in the business. Miss Fairfax has a rare combination of intelligence, judgment and charm. And her "picture sense" is so accurate that even the wisest men in the business are willing to bank good money on her decisions

THERE is an old saying that a man wise in the ways of women will always tell a beautiful woman that she is clever and a clever woman that she is beautiful. This may possibly explain the phenomenon of Marion Fairfax.

For certainly that woman hides her light under a bushel. And all, I believe, because she hates to acknowledge that she has one of the most logical minds in the motion picture industry.

Probably you didn't know that Marion Fairfax's opinion on a picture is considered the most valuable in Hollywood.

You may have heard it said that if New York theatrical producers could find a man who could tell them beforehand what plays would be a hit with the public, they could afford to pay him a million dollars a year.

I don't know how much picture producers pay Marion Fairfax. The government probably does. But I might suggest from the data I have recently gathered that they should club together like they did on the case of Will Hays and pay Marion Fairfax more than a

cabinet officer's salary to tell them beforehand what pictures are what, if you know what I mean. She might not do so much for the morals, but she'd do a lot more for artistic merit and wholesome entertainment of the public.

It's a gift, this uncanny, unerring judgment that Marion Fairfax seems to possess. She is a good scenario writer. She is now a producer herself, and I hope she makes a success of that. But her real genius, and her real niche in motion pictures, lies in her critical and editorial powers on the other fellow's pictures. There are editors who possess that gift about authors, who can't write a lick themselves.

I've been told many times that most of the directors in pictures would rather have Marion Fairfax's judgment on a picture than that of anyone or any dozen others.

As an example. One day I met John McCormick on the United lot. John is a bright young Irishman himself, western head of First National and half of the matrimonial team of McCormick and Moore. Also hon-

orary president of "Only the Husbands" Club, of which I happen to be a member.

He was beaming like a headlight.

Said I: "John, what's the idea? Has Colleen given you another new St. Bernard pup?"

Said John: "No. No. But Colleen's new picture 'Irene' is a great hit. Great hit! Going to be the biggest hit she's ever made."

Said I: "Why, you poor prune, it hasn't been released yet. How can you tell?"

Said John: "Marion Fairfax just saw it in the projection room and she says so."

And that made it so for John, who is business from the word go.

She will walk into a projection room, look at a picture, and somehow tabulate it—faults, virtues, chances of popularity, artistic value and box office earnings.

Trying to dope out why, after watching her and listening to her a few times, I decided that it was because she had the most logical mind I had ever encountered. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

IT seems there were two Swedes. . . Victor Seastrom and Mauritz Stiller, the two Swedish directors, were talking.

"I know of two chaps who always have a circus when they get together," said Seastrom.

"I'd jolly well like to know," answered Stiller.

"Barnum and Bailey," chuckled Seastrom.

They carried Stiller back to the Los Angeles Swedish colony.



PAUL LENI, the German director who made "The Three Wax Works," has just arrived in America. He has known Pola Negri since her earliest days at the UFA studio. And he defined, better than anyone else, what is disturbing her work lately. "Pola knows too much now," he said. "In the beginning she could do only the things she felt. Now she does only the things she knows. She knows emotions too well. She needs to feel them once more."

TURBANS:

THE movie stars are all doing it, so PHOTOPLAY got directions for making this charming and inexpensive headdress for your own use.

First, take a piece of soft, pliable silk 36 inches wide, a yard and an eighth long. On the length of the silk, measure the depth of your head from forehead to neck. Leaving this length untouched, cut the remaining entire length in half.

Shirr the edge of the uncut piece to hold the turban across the top of your forehead. This done, follow the directions as illustrated below.



Doris Kenyon illustrates the turban's twists. Above: the shirred edge fronting the camera, the rest of the silk draped toward the back



The second step is to cross the two pieces of silk in the back, one over the other toward the front

Position three gives you the chance for a coquettish pose, and also time to drape the left hand piece across the front of your head



When you've made your turban perhaps you'll look like Aileen Pringle in hers

Or maybe you'll look like Peggy Hopkins Joyce and grab yourself a multimillionaire husband



Why not ROLL YOUR OWN?

Sixth, you'll look as Miss Kenyon does here—that is you will if nature was good to you and gave you such features



Position five: Now do a little work behind your own back. Pull the turban tight to prevent a slightly groggy look. Tuck the ends neatly under the edge

Position four: Drape right piece over left and so finish the front



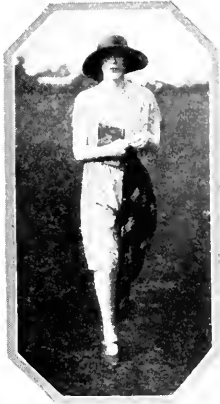
Below: The young lady who started the vogue, Natacha Rambova, erstwhile Mrs. Valentino. The attractive Natacha always wears a turban, and you'll agree she wears it beautifully





Goldberg

THIS is the bob to which Cecil B. De Mille objected. It seems that Leatrice Joy went out and got herself a boyish cut. De Mille took one look and muttered things about feminine appeal and womanly beauty and suchlike. Whereupon Leatrice answered that her hair is her own and that, anyway, the boyish cut is new, smart and chic. Leatrice won



The LADY DIANA MANNERS at the Polo matches at Meadowbrook Country Club, Westbury, L.I. "I know," she says, "that every woman can have a fresh, undimmed complexion if she'll keep it supple and protected by the Pond's method."



The TWO CREAMS which keep the most delicate skin exquisitely supple and fresh the summer through.



The PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI on the beach at Southampton, Long Island. She says: "American women do not allow the effects of exposure to mar their complexions. If women everywhere can acquire the same perfection with Pond's Two Creams."

WHAT KIND OF SKIN WILL YOU HAVE AT THE END OF SUMMER?

BURNED, COARSENEED, ROUGH? Or fair, smooth and soft?

You wouldn't deliberately choose the first if you could have the second, would you? Yet, by neglect through the long hot summer, that's exactly what it comes to.

Sunburn has a certain charm—if kept within bounds. But blush-rose, before you know it, turns beet-red. A golden tan is a stunning accompaniment to the sports costume. But it quickly thickens your skin, makes it dry and leathery.

THERE IS A WAY, however—pursued by the smart women of the social world—to keep that look of a young healthy skin, just the becoming part of sunburn and tan, *without* the coarsening and deep burning.

Pond's two fragrant, fluffy Creams, whose fine oils refresh, soothe, cool your skin, keep it supple, smooth, protected, are all you need—if you use them faithfully—though you stay in the hottest sun the summer through.

After a morning on the beach, an afternoon of golf or in your car, and always at night, cover your face, neck and arms with Pond's Cold Cream. Let its pure oils soothe the irritated



MISS ELINOR PATTERSON of a distinguished Chicago family, has been riding and relaxing in Virginia after a successful season as "The Nio, Megildis" in "The Miracle." She says, "For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

tissues and gently lift from them all dust, perspiration and powder. Leave it on a few moments to sink deep into the pores. A soft cloth or tissue will remove both cream and dirt and leave your skin fresh and soft. Repeat, to get out every trace of dust. At night pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and let it remain, further to restore the suppleness of your sun-parched skin as you sleep. A dash of cold water or a rub with ice after each daytime cleansing will close the pores relaxed by heat and perspiration.

A protection of Pond's Vanishing Cream follows every Pond's cleansing, except the one you give your skin at night. Especially before going out into the hot sun, fluff a little of this Cream, light as thistle-down, over your face, neck, arms and hands. It gives you a lovely smooth finish, takes your powder evenly and holds it long, and—of greatest importance to you now—protects your sensitive tissues from all irritation, from the burning rays of the sun and parching wind.

Free Offer: Mail this coupon and try, free, Pond's Two famous Creams.

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

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name

Street

City State



HELL-BENT-FER-STARDOM! Gardner James was once a child actor on the stage, a sailor, an adventurer and a young fellow looking for his chance in the movies. In "Hell-Bent-Fer-Heaven," he found his big opportunity—the sort of rôle he had been hoping for since he first made his appearance on the screen in "Snow White," with Marguerite Clark. As soon as he made his hit, Mr. James made known his engagement to Marion Constance Blackton, daughter of J. Stuart Blackton.



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run down. I was very skinny and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way."

ISABELLE BARLOW,
Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



"WHILE IN TRAINING last fall, I suddenly broke out with boils. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In a month the boils had disappeared completely. Like many athletes, I am grateful for the benefits of Yeast-for-Health."

CHARLES BIETSCH, New York City.

Living a Vigorous Life

Constipation banished—skin and stomach disorders corrected—new health and happiness—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 re-

leases 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., 20, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I WAS in a run-down condition and very nervous as the result of chronic indigestion. I also had pimples on my face and suffered from insomnia. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After about two months I found that the pimples had left my face. I slept much better and that tired feeling and I had become strangers. Now my indigestion has almost entirely disappeared and I look forward to meal time with pleasant expectancy."

MRS. TRUMAN T. SMITH,
Baltimore, Md.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

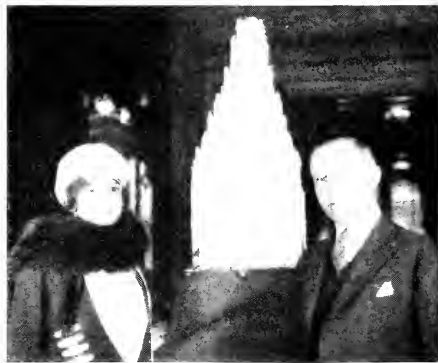
The Crossroads of the World

TOWERING thirty-five stories above Broadway at Times Square, the new Paramount Theater, now in course of construction, will be the biggest theater in the world. The observation tower and great clock look down upon the theater center of the world.

Thirty-three stories of the building will be given over to offices, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation occupying the entire space from the fourth to the twelfth floors inclusive.

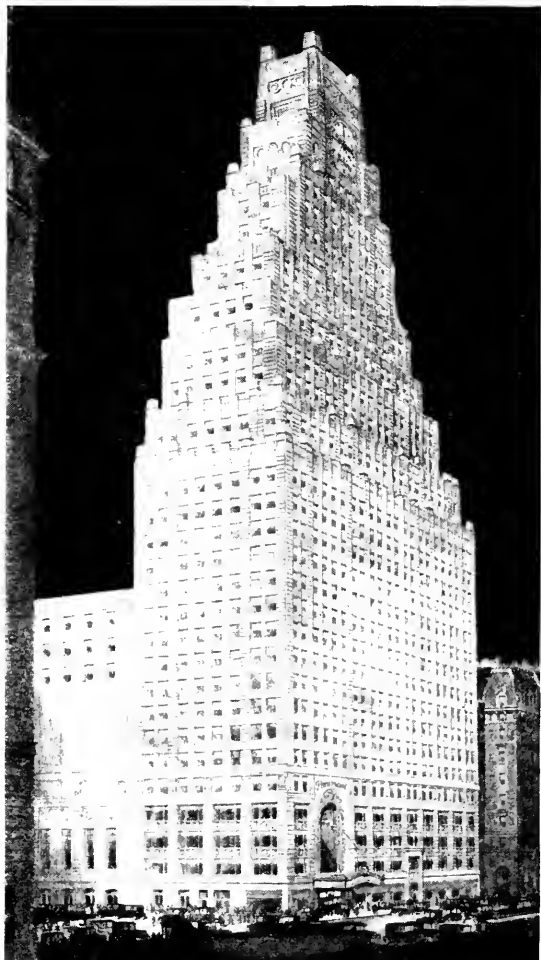
The Paramount Theater building is costing \$10,700,000, the structure occupying the entire block fronting on Broadway between 43rd and 44th streets. The space was formerly occupied by the Putnam Building, part of which was held by the old Shanley Restaurant.

The theater itself will have its main entrances on Broadway although it will lay behind the office structure, rising to a height of eleven stories. The theater is being lavishly furnished, being finished in French Renaissance style with a richly ornamented dome ceiling. It will be one of the most magnificent amusement places in the world.



Adolph Zukor, head of the Famous Players-Lasky, and his wife at the laying of the corner stone of the new theater building. In the background is a model of the structure

Thirty-two nations have sent stones to be placed in the "Hall of Nations" lobby of the theater. These include stones from the ancient theater of Dionysus in Greece, as well as fragments from ancient Carthage, from the Coliseum in Rome, and from Hamlet's Castle of Elsinore in Denmark



Famous Players' new theater building is destined to become a landmark of New York. It is now being constructed in Times Square, "the crossroads of the world." The base of its thirty-five stories of steel columns rests upon solid rock fifty-two feet below the street level. It will be 450 feet high and is the first great monumental structure erected by the motion picture industry

Would You?

YOU know how brothers and sisters argue about things.

Well, here was a case where the boy was much put out because his sister would not accept the attentions of his best friend, or go out with him.

She simply refused flatly and he could never find out why.

"You wouldn't either," she said, "if you knew what I know."

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the mischievous 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.*

For
HALITOSIS



use
LISTERINE

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

-Just to be Different

Gloria goes back
to an Old Fashion

Blow of blows, Gloria's letting her dresses grow, too, right down to the carpet. This, of course, is Swanson versus Paris. Yet what dressmaker important enough to demur when Gloria sets her hem down?



Here's a blow to the barbers. Gloria Swanson, whose every style whim affects a million girls, is letting her hair grow. It's at the fierce stage now, half curled, half straight, neither long nor short

And girls, corsets! You just know she wears them when you observe this photograph. Shades of the Jersey Lily, is the straight line front coming back? Gloria wears these outfits in "Fine Manners"



"The Djer-Kiss"

INTERPRETED BY
R. F. SCHABELITZ

Here you behold the charm one gains by the use of my beauty-aids, Madame! Made-moiselle! "The Djer-Kiss" so subtly whispers my message, that I have asked the world's great artists to express it—each in his own manner. Watch for these illustrations, and, as you use my creations, watch in your mirror for the beauty which inspires "The Djer-Kiss"! (Signed)

KERKOFF, Paris



*Beauty Irresistible....
with Djer-Kiss!*

WOULD you know the secret of alluring charm? It's not difficult to attain—if you will only take care to *choose*, and *use*, the right beauty aids!

Parfum Djer-Kiss—to endow your personality with exquisite appeal. A touch to your handkerchief, your boutonniere, and—*voilà!* you take on a new loveliness.

Talc Djer-Kiss—created and packaged in France—to make shoulders and arms satin-smooth; slim slippers more comfortable!

Face Powder Djer-Kiss—made and boxed in France. See the difference as you begin to use it! Your skin takes on an exquisite, *natural* beauty, a clear and lovely color.

And—as the use of *one* odeur is smartest—Sachet, Bath Crystals, Bath Powder, and Toilet Water, too!—each exquisite with

Djer-Kiss
KERKOFF - PARIS

"Silver" Double Vanity—nickel-silver, with two mirrors (one magnifying). Carries without spilling the same loose Djer-Kiss Face Powder you use at home. Rouge Compact Re-fills may be chosen at your favorite store.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO., *Sole Importers*
418 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY



Parfum Djer-Kiss in graceful crystal container.

Talc Djer-Kiss—in moss-green can, or crystal bottle.

Face Powder Djer-Kiss—Rachet, Chair (Naturelle), Blanche.



HARRY LANGDON is the favorite comedian of the movie colony. Ask Harold Lloyd who gives him the biggest celluloid laugh. Ask any star. They will all say Langdon. In a year Langdon has taken up his comedy post right behind Chaplin and Lloyd. Langdon has "gone younger" than any of the other film comics. He plays the comedy infant. In brief, he is the eternal moron. Langdon was once a newspaper cartoonist in Omaha. Now he's the comic idol of Hollywood!

You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

In this *NEW* way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.



Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important
factors

①

No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



②

Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③

Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls ... and as a woman myself ... I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every ten of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. *Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.*

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super, Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:
65¢ per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Down to the Sea in Surf Boards



There's no Mack Sennett background in these girls' pasts, but oh, how they can swim! Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are the most devoted sisters in Hollywood, and being absolutely sure of their box-office following, there's nothing they like so much as to be all wet. So, whenever the tide comes in, Vi and Shirley go out in slick, silk suits.



Are you a slave to a whisk-broom?

MOST of us know that dandruff is unsightly—not all of us realize what a very unhealthy condition dandruff indicates. To merely brush, brush, brush, is a sign of defeat.

There is one way to really remove dandruff. The simple Wildroot treatment has been famous for years among well-groomed people who object to dandruff—and refuse to be slaves to a whisk-broom.

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!*

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 CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't ask your DRUGGIST to eat prices. He deserves his fair profit. . . . Remember, the man who services you without charge gives you without charge. . . . Give HIM a SQUARE DEAL!



WILDROOT

H A I R T O N I C

for
dandruff

Grange Bucks Hollywood Line



"Red" Grange, the ice-mountain football star, is in pictures at last. "Red," or Harold E., as his fond parents named him, was a newspaper headliner all last fall. He's making his celluloid debut in "The Halfback," written by Byron Morgan. Here Director Sam Wood is telling him how to make up

Ben Hurry | CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 |

"Then," postulated Mr. Slappeg. "I'd say that Mistuh Welford Potts would be sittin' on top of the world."

The idea was not without its appeal. The disgruntled little actor nourished his justifiable grouch and planned carefully a coup which would restore to him that luminosity which was rightfully his. And finally the details of the plan took shape in his mind and he created an opportunity to talk privately a couple of days later with the chief executive of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.

"You suttinly is ridin' to a fall, Brother Latimer."

The president frowned. "I?"

"An' not nobody else."

"What kind of silliment is that which you speaks?"

"Nothin'. But—" and Welford dropped his voice disreely—"you is gittin' laughed at all over the lot!"

Orifice R. Latimer rose abruptly. His two hundred and fifty pounds towered over the diminutive figure of the little actor.

"Says which?" he roared.

"I say folks on the lot is laughin' at you."

The president was excessively irate and rather disbelieving. "I aint sawn nobody laughin' at me—nor neither heard 'em."

"Course not. You reckon they would do it right to yo' face? But they is laughin' just the same on account you is such a sucker."

Latimer leaned forward and pounded the desk with a large and fleshy fist. "What is they laughin' at me about?"

"Oh, nothin' special. . . . that is, it aint nothin' I has got anything to do with."

"I craves to know."

"Well," righteously, "I aint carryin' no tales. But I guess they has got something on you all right."

And now Mr. Latimer was thoroughly excited. He stormed and raged and ranted. He demanded information. Welford Potts watched him calculatingly, and when he figured that Mr. Latimer had lashed himself into a mood where he would be receptive to almost any insinuation, the little actor allowed himself to be persuaded.

"It's Opus Randall," he murmured.

Latimer stopped his pacing. His lower jaw dropped and he collapsed into a chair rather in the manner of a balloon which had been pricked by a lone, sharp needle.

"What's Opus Randall?" he probed.

"Which has got them laughin' at you."

"How come?"

"Well, ever sence you an' Opus settled that fuss you was havin' a month ago, Brother Randall has been tellin' everybody he's got you eatin' oil his hand. Also, that you is president of Midnight in name only, an' that he's the feller which is runnin' same—an' that you only does what he lets you do."

"Faint so!" sputtered the president. "It posolutely aint the truth."

"Co'se it aint, Brother Latimer. You know that an' I know it. But the others don't. They hear what Opus says an' they see how much you is doin' fo' him—so I guess they has got justification in their 'pinions."

"It can't be true. . . . Opus an' me is friends with each other."

"Yeh. . . . I guess you is friends with Opus, but most likely he aint so much friends with you."

Welford Potts retired. He went gleefully in search of Florian Slappeg and found that personage on the set where Eddie Fizz was directing little Excelsior Nix in a kid comedy. Into Florian's ears Welford poured the story of his recent interview. Mr. Slappeg banged his thigh enthusiastically.

"Hot ziggy dam!" he ejaculated. "You suttinly is some diploma!"

"Aint I just? An' the best pah't of it is that ev' thing I told Orifice is true as gospel."

"You is tootin'!" he ejaculated. "You suttinly is some diploma!"

Opus has been boastin' he's got Latimer where he wants him. . . . I've hearn him my ownse' many's the time. Well, by golly! Whatever happens, Opus deserves it; gittin' high hat with all his ol' friends, an' 'boastin' aroun' that he's the big feller with Midnight. Hmm! I wonder what Orifice will do now?"

Orifice was doing something. He was storming around the office of the chill visaged director-in-chief.

"Those is orders," roared the president. "I demands that Opus Randall be taken out of the star part in 'The Roman Empire' an' Welford Potts made it."

Caesar shook his head coldly. "Nothin' stirrin'."

"I commands."

"Taint no ways possible, Orifice. Us has a 'ready cast an' coshmed that pitcher an' a heap of the shots has a 'ready been took. If us changes aroun' we has got to go back to the beginnin' an' shoot all over again. An' that causes us to miss delivery date. Also, it promotes friction in the comp'ny an' I aint gwine stan' fo' it."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

THE NEW SPORTS WOOLENS.

Soft and unshrunk after repeated washings



SPORTS WOOLENS—gay-colored, smart—stay like new all season long—washed in sparkling, bubbling, safe Lux!

WOOLEN scarfs, hosiery, sweaters—in every woman's wardrobe, whether she is an active sports woman or an interested member of the gallery!

You probably own one of the adorable new flannel dresses, too, and a costly little woolen sports suit.

Keep these expensive clothes and accessories immaculate and trim-looking all through the season! Nothing is more dowdy than a faded, shrunken sports dress, nothing more uncomfortable than rough, scratchy woolen stockings! Their charm, their smartness depend so much on the way you launder them.

Wool is even more sensitive to washing than silk! Rubbing with cake soap mats the tiny interlocking wool fibres, shrinks them, destroys the trim line of your smart new dress, makes your gay-colored stockings harsh and rough.

With Lux there is no *rumous rubbing!* Just a few flakes whip up quickly into a bowlful of rich, bubbling, cleansing Lux suds. Then a gentle dipping up and

Designs in fascinating color combinations are woven into the newest sweaters from Paris. Frequent washing in Lux keeps them trim, impeccable.

down and your precious wooleens are restored to you as soft and fluffy, as fresh and unfaded as the day you first took them from their enfolding tissues!

Even after repeated Lux washings wooleens stay like new. At the season's end your sports clothes are trim, immaculate, presentable on all occasions. Use Lux today. Follow the directions on the package for washing wooleens and keep yours fresh and unshrunk.

Silks are just as safe in Lux as wooleens are! Frequent tubbings in gentle Lux suds leave them fresh, unfaded as the day you bought them. You know Lux won't harm anything water alone won't harm.

For all of Monday's laundry, too!

Even everyday things are so costly nowadays that women find it economical to use Lux on Monday as well and get more service from everything. They use Lux, too, because it *saves their hands*—unlike harsh laundry soaps which roughen and redden. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.



Silk stockings more sheer than ever, more delicate in coloring! Woolen ones have bizarre, colorful designs. Launder both kinds the safest way!



Summer scarfs of light wool and cashmere are now being worn by all smart women.



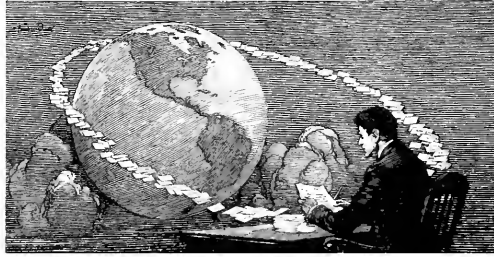
NOW THE BIG, NEW PACKAGE, TOO

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

ED. B., CUSHING, OKLA.—“Sheik of by-gone days,” heh? How do you know that my sheik-ing days are “by-gone”? Laura La Plante began her career in Christie comedies. She is five feet, two inches and weighs 112 pounds. Born November 1, 1904.

L. E. T., WICHITA, KAN.—Lon Chaney parks his make-up box at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

D. E. N., PITTSBURGH, PA.—So you say in defense of Lillian Gish: “I read in one of the movie magazines that she flaps her hands, rubs inanimate objects against her face, runs about in circles, twists her feet and shows her molars to express emotion. Well, what if she does? I’ll venture to say that is exactly the way seventy per cent of all women do act, or would act, if placed in the same or similar dramatic situations in real life.” Since you ask me no questions, I’ll put your defense of Miss Gish on record in these valuable columns.

MRS. G. A., ANTIGO, WIS.—Yes, grandchild, Richard Barthelme is now making pictures in Hollywood. It is your privilege to invent a little romance for your favorite comedian, but I have no doubts. And so Ronald Colman “is another genius, but so sober!” And Jack Gilbert is “out of place” for you. Call again.

MRS. A. W., DUNMORE, PA.—Here’s a faithful fan who remembers Pearl White. Pearl was born in Missouri and has reddish hair and brown eyes. Corinne Griffith’s hair is light brown and her eyes are blue. She is five feet, three inches tall and was born in Texarkana, Texas. Pola Negri was born in Yanowa, Poland, and has dark grey eyes.

M. M., LONDON, ONT.—Yes, William Haines has a good chance of becoming one of your best stars, if he gets a good chance. His next film is “The Road to Mandalay.” I’m sorry to disappoint you, but I don’t think there is much hope of his visiting London, Ontario.

KAY, SEATTLE, WASH.—More fun is right! You wouldn’t flirt with an old Answer Man, would you? But I know you. You’re just one of these girls that doesn’t know her own mind. George Lewis was born in Mexico City, Mexico. He works at Universal City. Raymond Keane does his stuff at the same place. William Boyd, born in Cambridge, Ohio, may be reached at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Happy?

H. V. L., WEST NEW YORK, N. J.—Where have you been all these months? It is safest to send the quarter. Lawrence Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1868. He started in pictures in 1924, first appearing in “The Dressmaker from Paris.” Lawrence is five feet, ten inches and weighs 155 pounds. Brown hair and green eyes.

D. R. S., BALDWIN, L. I.—So you sat near Richard Dix at a movie and you found him better looking in person than he is on the screen? That is saying a lot—a whole lot, I must admit. Write to Mr. Dix at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. His newest picture—the one you saw at the pre-view—is “Say It Again.” Alyce Mills is his leading woman.

N. C., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Constant woman! You just ask about one man. Here goes: Robert Frazer is married; his wife is a non professional. He is six feet tall and was born in Worcester, Mass. Dark brown hair, brown eyes. He played a leading role with Mae Murray in “Jazzmania.”

R. A. L., NEW BERN, N. C.—Lawrence Gray is not married. Write to him at Famous Players-Lasky, Astoria, L. I. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wis. You may not see her any more in Western pictures as she is going to Germany for film appearances. Reginald Denny is married. Born in Richmond, Surrey, England.

A NOVARRIO FAN, LOUISIANA.—My dear, you certainly have a wild crush on Ramon. And I really don’t blame you a bit, for he is one of the finest boys in pictures. The exact date of Ramon’s birth—sure—February 6, 1890. You have a treat in store for you, that is if you haven’t already seen “Ben-Hur.” His next picture will be “A Certain Young Man.” Little Sally O’Neil, the recent Marshall Neelan discovery, is playing opposite him. Vilma Banky is five feet, six inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. Thank for your kind words.

MARY E. HALE, CEDAR KEY, FLA.—Please excuse me. I’m sorry. Dorothy Mackaill can be reached at the Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St., New York City; Gloria Swanson, 522 Fifth Ave., New York City. I’m here always, call again! And as often as you want.

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.

J. LEE, NEWTON, MASS.—Yep, my hair will soon be all white, but that doesn’t worry me. And you think I’m handsome—well I’m as handsome as a hackman’s hat—if you know what I mean. Here goes for all your questions: Jack Pickford is thirty; Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28, 1866; Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, October 1, 1860; Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, September 17, 1902; Thomas Meighan is six feet in height and has brown hair. Evidently you don’t think much of the photographs the star sent you if you are willing to give them away. I don’t think that’s nice. You should at least appreciate their efforts to please their fan public.

EDYTHE YULL, NEW ZEALAND.—Well, you certainly did travel a long way to receive advice from your Treasure Man. I hold the little key to the chest that contains all the secrets of moviedom. You girls are getting all excited over the reports of Richard Dix’s engagement. But in vain! For Richard told me, only the other night, that he knew nothing about the engagements that were being rumored about him. He still has the advantage of going when and where he pleases, without the advice of a wife. If you are anxious to obtain a photograph of him write him at the Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y. Of course you won’t forget to enclose the two-bits for the photo.

TH. L. LIM, SEMARANG, JAVA.—I am delighted to hear from fans in foreign countries. I had no idea that they were so interested in movies. But I can readily see that you have been taking an interest for many years for your question concerns an actress who was popular many years ago—Mary Maclaren. Mary’s last appearance in pictures was the Warner Bros. production, “The Dark Swan.” Then she said goodbye to films and married Colonel George H. Young, of England, on active service with the British army in India. Shortly after the marriage they sailed for Punjab, India, where Colonel Young was posted. And so another of our beauties passed out of our lives and we wonder if she will ever return. Nita Naldi, formerly Anita Dooley, was born in New York City, April 1, 1890. She is five feet, eight inches in height and weighs 123 pounds. Nita is in Europe at present making pictures. Drop in again!

SANDY, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Don’t fool yourself, “Maytime” was released December 2, 1923. Why should they put that on the shelf?

H. P., LAKELAND, FLA.—William S. Hart has made no pictures since “Tumbleweeds.” I’ll pass on the compliment you pay him. “He knows more about the West than any other actor or director in the film world.”

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



Sweetest Story Ever Sold!

Summer or winter—outdoors or indoors—with old or young—**Baby Ruth** satisfies the daily demand for pure, wholesome candy.

The finest peanuts from the South—roasted, then toasted; the richest chocolate from the East; the choicest milk from the prize herds of the North; the best butter from the dairy centers of the West; the first grade of sugar from the cane fields of the Tropics—it takes the best in all the world to make the world's most popular candy—Curtiss **Baby Ruth**.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

New York

CHICAGO


San Francisco

Boston

Los Angeles



5c



Proud to say—
“This is Mother”

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

THAT youth can longer be retained, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It is being done by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

MODERN mothers have learned not to look their part. Competing in youthful allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the *often aging*, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean with softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive.

In fairness to yourself, try this.

*Do this for one week
Mark the difference that comes*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather 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 one 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.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



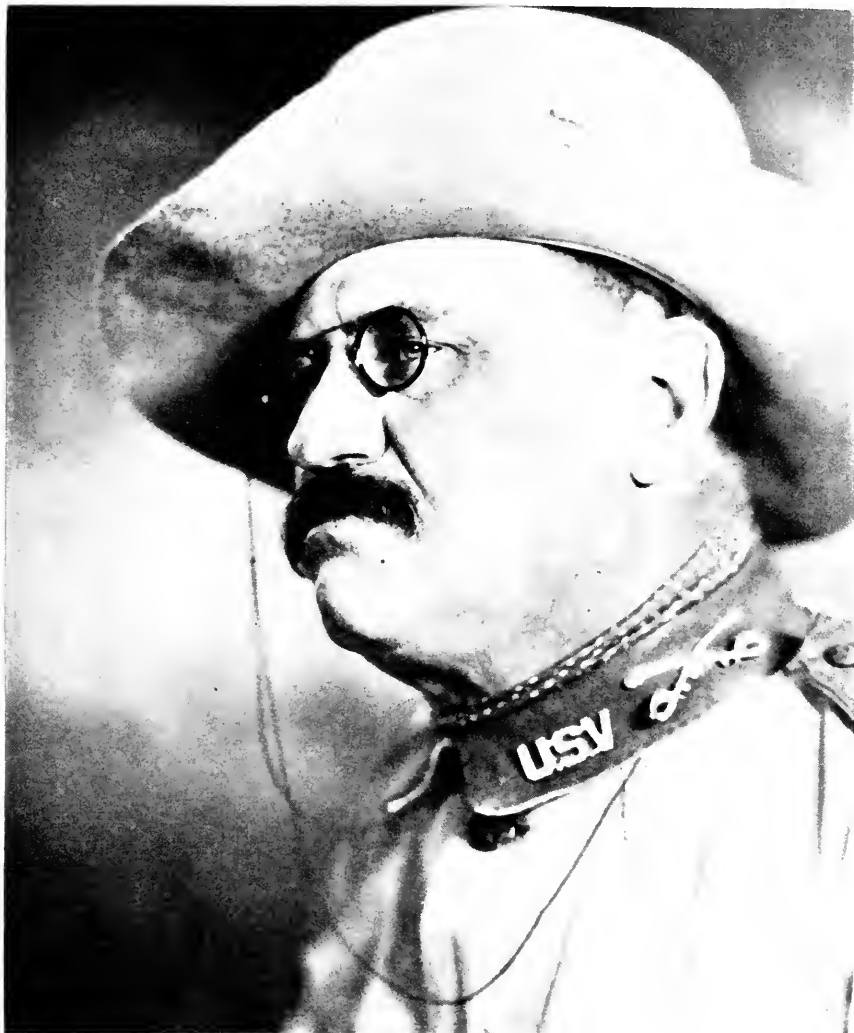
PALMOLIVE

Retail Price **10c**

3268

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Search for Film Teddy Ends



T. R.
is
Found!

WHEN the Famous Players started to make "The Rough Riders," a country-wide search was instituted for a man who looked like Theodore Roosevelt—and who could act the rôle. Mrs. Dorothy Dodd, a Los Angeles woman, read of the search. As she was leaving a film theater one night she noticed a man who looked like the famous "T. R." of Spanish-American War days. She hurried to his side and suggested that he apply for the rôle.

The man, Frank Hopper, went around to the Hollywood studio the next day and got the job. Curiously, he had been an actor for eighteen years but he had given up, unable to get a job. He had been working for two months as a book agent.

Good Fishing in Her Own Backyard

You are really not anybody at all in Hollywood unless you have a pool of some sort on the premises. This is Lois Wilson in the garden of her Hollywood home, considering the lilies, etc.



LOIS WILSON is one of the leaders in the Big Commuting Contest between Los Angeles and New York. She has a charming "little grey home in the West," but she spends half of her time in a suite of a New York hotel. Lois loves her Hollywood home, but she has begged Mr. Lasky to cast her in no more Westerns. "It's getting so that as soon as I appear on the screen, the audience begins to look for the covered wagon," wails Lois. "And I am tired of being the pioneer heroine!"

According to Freud

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

bear to have a knife within his reach and he is possessed by a desire—which he is at a loss to understand—to kill his wife.

These incessant desires are heightened by the arrival from abroad of his wife's cousin (a man)—despite the fact that the cousin, the husband and the wife have been intimate friends since childhood. At their first meal together after the reunion the husband finds he is unable to touch his dining knife; and filled with a sudden mental fear of the knife, he rushes from the house.

He wanders through various situations and winds up at the office of a psycho-analyst who gives a treatment to cure him of his strange mental twists.

AND as the treatment is carried on, the husband (as is the case in everyday psycho-analytic treatments) tells his physician of his dreams, beginning with the dream he had on the night after the murder was committed. Here the film technic for portraying dreams comes in admirably.

As the man recites his weird dream we are transported into his subconscious by the film; we are shown in pictures exactly what went through his mind.

Psycho-analysis, you know, teaches the theory that all dreams are wish fulfillments. A hungry man dreams of food. A poor man dreams of riches. But in many cases our dreams are so peculiar that we are unable to ascertain what desires are at the bottom of them. A mental mechanism often distorts them into strange pictures and figures which cleverly hide what they mean.

However, according to Dr. Freud, the dream images and pictures—no matter how strange—are symbolic and may be unravelled for us.

"Secrets of the Soul" first shows us the dream and then explains what its various aspects mean.

From the husband's dream, then, the psycho-analyst discovers that he had had an intense desire to be a father, but that just previous to the murder next door he had resigned himself to the cruel fact that he would be forever childless.

The mental shock of the murder and the arrival of the wife's cousin—of whom the husband had, without realizing it, been jealous as far as his own wife was concerned—had twisted his mind out of gear.

For deep in his subconscious, the husband retained a picture of an incident that had happened when he, his wife, and the cousin were very young. His wife had been mothering a little doll. Suddenly she walked over to her cousin and gave it to him. This action had stung the husband greatly as, even in childhood, he had been attached to the girl who was later to be his wife. The arrival of the cousin at the husband's home after the shock of the murder next door and the additional mental disturbance caused by his realization that he would be forever childless had given him the "knife complex," the desire to kill.

As in most psycho-analytic cases, the explanation of how the complex comes about clears up the complex. And, as the treatment progresses in the film, the husband unconsciously picks up from the physician's table a sharp letter opener. To his great surprise,

and delight, he finds he has no objection to it, no fear of it. He also realizes that he loves his wife and has no desire to kill her. The psycho-analyst's treatment has been successful. In an epilogue, the husband's greatest wish has been fulfilled—his wife informs him that he will have a child.

There is deep and abiding drama in the unravelling and curing of a complex—which may be of any kind, such as a complex for divorce, a fear of cats, a liking to tell lies, a feeling that one is inferior. And inasmuch as dreams are of the utmost importance in the treatment and curing of a complex, the screen—which can picture a dream with remarkable realism—is by far the greatest medium for the portrayal of psycho-analytic drama. Dreams are full of symbols—a ship, in a dream, for instance, personifies a woman—and the movies, as their followers know, rather do so on symbols of this and that. Indeed, "Caligari" was built of them.

CONSIDER the photograph on page 73, which is one of the image pictures, so called, in the husband's dream. The husband and wife are kneeling and gazing at one another over a young plant.

Knowing that dreams are wishes come true—albeit disguised a bit—and knowing that the husband's greatest wish is for a child, it is not difficult to decipher what the picture, or rather the dream, means.

Of such stuff are psycho-analytic dream-films made.

"Secrets of the Soul" may start a flood of them.

What makes the pictures you like?

good stories—perfect settings—brilliant acting
—superb direction—You will find them all in

DEMILLE - METROPOLITAN PICTURES

The genius of Cecil B. DeMille guarantees unrivalled entertainment



THERE is magic in the very name of Cecil B. DeMille. Yesterday's stupendous production, "The Ten Commandments"—today's masterpiece, "The Volga Boatman"—are pictures that will never be forgotten.

The vision of DeMille makes him recognize the material of which great pictures can be made; his executive ability and master showmanship enable him to develop that material to its fullest possibilities. The result is entertainment that holds millions of people spellbound.

DeMille knows the stuff of which stars are made, too. Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Wally Reid and Leatrice Joy were developed by him. Now, he presents to you a new group of fascinating personalities.

It's personality as well as looks that counts with these new DeMille stars

THE Master-Director who discovered Leatrice Joy for you has added two new feminine names to his shining galaxy of stars—Vera Reynolds and Jetta Goudal. Strikingly different in type, these two actresses are both public favorites.



Jetta Goudal

Vera Reynolds—vivid and dainty—is the personification of sunshine, of gaiety, of happy American girlhood. To see her is to love her—and to want to keep on seeing her!

Jetta Goudal is the woman of mystery. Marvelously—daringly gowned, she moves through her roles with irresistible grace. And always in her eyes is that

bafling, half-ironic look which hints of the emotional heights she achieves so brilliantly. Not the ice-cold sparkle of a diamond—not the sullen passion of a ruby—but the distinction, the half-hidden fire of a priceless emerald—that is Jetta Goudal!

Another new star of yet a third type is Marie Prevost of Metropolitan Pictures. Marie Prevost is that adorable combination—the vivacious brunette. Pouting and mischievous, her eyes dance with fun and excitement as she plans breathless escapades. See her in "Up in Mabel's Room" and you will never miss another one of her pictures. Other highly diverting films in which Marie Prevost will star are: "Man Bait," "Getting Gertie's Garter," and "Almost a Lady."



Marie Prevost

Popular Men

WHAT type hero arouses your enthusiasm? Three of the splendid actors who are in DeMille-Metropolitan Pictures are shown here: Rod La Rocque (top), Joseph Schildkraut (center), William Boyd (bottom).

The magnetic personality of Rod LaRocque endears him to vast audiences. Whether in Indian dress in "Braveheart," or in the sophisticated clothes of Society—there is no one like him. In his new picture, "Gigolo," he is at his best.

There is no handsomer man on the screen than Joseph Schildkraut, but he has far more than good looks. He is an actor of singular power and tremendous emotional appeal. Among his big pictures for the coming year is "Meet the Prince"—a triumph!

William Boyd is the typical American boy that everybody loves. There's an out-of-door freshness about him you can't resist. He stands for clean, alert manhood. And now, but he's a regular fellow when it comes to fights! See him in "The Volga Boatman," then see him again in "Eve's Leaves" with lovely Leatrice Joy.



Rod La Rocque
Joseph Schildkraut
William Boyd

Leading writers plan big stories for DeMille-Metropolitan Pictures

FAMOUS authors are realizing that the screen furnishes an ideal medium for their finest efforts.

Edna Ferber's faithful pictures of life are as popular in the movies as in book form. "So Big" and "Classified" took the country by storm and now comes "Gigolo" to take its place beside these other masterpieces.

Peter B. Kyne is the apostle of the "great out-doors." His writings are filled with action and color. One of his latest successes, "Pals in Paradise," is being made into a splendid film by Metropolitan Pictures. Watch for it!

Jeanie Macpherson is noted in Motion Picture Circles as a creator of outstanding stories. Her work on "The Ten Commandments" made her fame secure. She will contribute regularly to DeMille productions.

When it comes to comedy you can't beat Al Christie

AL CHRISTIE is, without question, the King of Feature Comedies. His handling of Syd Chaplin in "Charley's Aunt" will never be forgotten. Audiences laughed themselves into hysterics and clamored for more. His current success "Up in Mabel's Room" with Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford is fast becoming a rival of the earlier feature. In response to the demand for another mirth-riot, he is now making "The Nervous Wreck," based on the stage play which created a furore on Broadway. The cast will include Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford. If you want to enjoy yourself as you never have before, ask your theatre man when these great Christie features are coming to your town.



Peter B. Kyne
Edna Ferber
Jeanie Macpherson



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Friendly Advice on

Girls'

Problems

from
Carolyn Van Wyck



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK: What can I do to overcome self-consciousness? It seems impossible for me to forget myself at parties or any place where I meet people socially. In fact, I am getting so shy that I even avoid people I know well. My friends ask me out. I want to go and yet I refuse, knowing I'll be awkward and tongue-tied. Boys think I'm proud and affected. I'm not. I'm just scared of doing or saying the wrong thing. All my girl friends seem able to just talk and have a good time with boys, but something holds me back. Could you tell me how I can forget myself and really amount to something?
EVELYN M.

Are you really willing to forget yourself, Evelyn M.? That's all there is to curing self-consciousness, the forgetting of self for the while in the joy of being happy.

Self-consciousness left to itself can master even the finest mind. It can tear down the most charming personality. It is, as Bertrand Russell points out, a deliberate choosing to be miserable rather than risk being unusual. And it is, for all its business of masking itself in the robes of humility, a major form of conceit. Yet, I recognize from the letters you girls write me, that it is a problem troubling many of you.

Well, my dears, one of its causes is your youth. You haven't had time, most of you, to gain social poise. You've not had years enough for accomplishments that might bring you, automatically, a position of respect and admiration. And so, you're letting self-consciousness tie you into book-knots.

You don't need to have that happen. It isn't half so arduous getting over self-consciousness as it is getting over being too fat. You don't need diet and you don't need exercise. You simply need a change of mental attitude.

The quickest and easiest cure is to develop your sense of humor. This humor is not necessarily of the wise-cracking, life-of-the-party sort. That's excellent, too, but what you need here is the ability to see the world and life as an amusing phenomena. Look at life that way and you will look at yourself similarly. You

will find it impossible to sit solemn and unhappy at a party believing every eye is hostile and every whisper is detailing your defects when you realize, deep in your subconsciousness, that you are only a very small cog in the gigantic wheel of existence.

A little more quiet humor, a little more simplicity and sincerity, will show any girl that unless she is being entertaining, charming and amusing, she will not be the center of attention. It is nonsense to think you will be sharply observed if you sit alone in a corner. You will merely be forgotten.

I had among my acquaintances a girl who was

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.

so self-conscious she suffered intensely at every social contact. She could never talk to boys of her own age. One day while when she got with a man old enough to be her grandfather, and who accordingly couldn't interest her in the least, she became natural and talked fluently. But bring her into a room full of young people of her own years and type and her eyes would dilate and her muscles stiffen with fear. She got so desperate, finally, that she went to a psychologist. He told her to study Greek dancing.

That terrified her worse than ever. The very idea of her prancing about a large room, very scantily clad, before a class of other girls, seemed almost impossible to her. But she was desperate and finally joined.

For the first few lessons self-consciousness rooted her to the floor. Then she essayed a step or two. She was excessively awkward. Like all self-conscious people, her attention was so directed upon herself, she saw every one of her faults. Frightened, she looked around her. Every other pupil was dancing. Every other pupil was just about as bad as she was. No one had noticed her trembling start. She tried

again and again. Never did an eye turn her way. Then she realized the truth. No one saw the mistakes she made, because each individual was too interested in herself, too occupied with her own mistakes. And with that, the girl gained the door to freedom from a bad mental habit.

She told me later that even today when she enters a room and sometimes feels the old terror stealing upon her she says to herself, "They can't really see me. They are all too busy watching themselves." Now people speak of her as a girl of unusual charm and poise.

So to you girls I recommend that you master a few little social graces. Try to be a game sport. Play some game well, if it's only bridge. Be able to dance and to carry a tune. Look to your personal appearance. Make your eyes and your hair have lustre and your skin be clear. Be neat and tidy in your dress and positive always that nothing is gaping, no buttons or laces are tumbling loose, no threads hanging.

The discovery of such things about your costume will make you self-conscious in an instant. Get a hobby that is really interesting, so that your friends will have something to talk to you about, something to learn from you.

Finally, remember, most people are self-conscious, too. Most people are shy. Few know just how to act and almost everyone is pretty bored.

Silence in public may have landed a few men in the White House but it never got any woman as far as the church supper.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

Follow the Crowd
to the theatres playing

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

Greater Movie Season
Brings a Feast of
Entertainment in Warner Productions

IN commemoration of Greater Movie Season, Warner Bros. offer for the delight of the American public an array of entertainment certain to delight the fancy of every picture patron. Romance, adventure, drama and comedy—you'll find your favorite stars in roles that will carry you to the very heights of enjoyment. Truly you will not be seeing all that is fine in motion picture entertainment unless you see these WARNER BROS. productions. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will play them.

An ERNST LUBITSCH
Production
SO THIS IS PARIS


All that the name implies. A sample of Parisian life for those who have been there and those who haven't. The splendid cast includes MONTE BLUE, PATSY RUTH MILLER and other favorites.

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS
with LOUISE FAZENDA
and JACQUELINE LOGAN

Life and laughter, New York to Palm Beach and back again. A rapid-fire comedy-drama that takes its place as one of the season's most delightfully entertaining pictures.

A HERO of the BIG SNOWS
with RIN-TIN-TIN

A story of the far north with the wonder dog of the screen in a role that is a revelation even to those who have seen this marvelous animal in other great pictures. Every lover of dogs will thrill to this.



JOHN BARRYMORE
in the great adventure-romance
that is thrilling the nation
The SEA BEAST
with Dolores Costello
Directed by Millard Webb

BROKEN HEARTS of HOLLYWOOD
with PATSY RUTH MILLER

Hollywood—that magic word. What it conjures up in the mind of every aspirant to screen fame. With one of the season's greatest cast of stars including Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Stuart Holmes and others.

The
HONEYMOON EXPRESS
with IRENE RICH

From the play that swept the whole country. Now in pictures with a great cast of favorites, including Willard Louis, Helene Costello, John Patrick, Jane Winton, Virginia Lee Corbin, Harold Goodwin and others.

The
PASSIONATE QUEST
with LOUISE FAZENDA
May McAvooy and Willard Louis

London and Paris—the world's centers of fashion and revelry. Here is a story of surprising love in the midst of it all. From the popular novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

WARNER BROS. PRODUCTIONS

What Is Immorality in Pictures? [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

MOTION PICTURE SCORE CARD

Report on what movie.....
 In city or town of.....
 at..... Theater..... St.
 Day and hour of visit..... Representing
 council or club. Name of producing
 corporation..... If it reproduces
 book or spoken drama, give name.....
 Was the poster advertising harmful, sensational or mislead-
 ing?..... Was the trailer (the film announcing
 coming attractions) objectionable?.....

SPECIFICATION OF DETAILS.

If film contained any of the following, mark with a cross:

1. Gun play or hold ups.....
2. Overemphasizing underworld.....
3. Murders, how many?.....
4. Prizefighting or bull-fighting.....
5. Gambling, stealing or other criminal acts.....
6. Methods of committing crimes depicted.....
7. Suicide in detail.....
8. Offensive orgy scenes.....
9. Exhibit criminals as heroic.....
10. Cruelty to animals.....
11. Tense nerve-racking scenes.....
12. Vulgar display of figure, indecent dress.....
13. Exploits sex appeal.....
14. White slavery or prostitution.....
15. Realistic struggle of girl to defend her honor.....
16. Sacrifice of woman's honor excused.....
17. Seduction and attempts thereat.....
18. Realistic physical passion.....
19. Sensual teeming looks, suggestive bed or bathroom scenes.....
20. Suggestive dancing.....
21. Marriage infidelity or divorce condoned.....
22. Illicit love made attractive.....
23. Marriage disparaged, free love advocated.....
24. Ridicule of clergy.....
25. Ridicule of police or officers of the law.....
26. Disrespect of Prohibition of liquor or drugs.....
27. Disrespect for law in general.....
28. Race prejudice, against what race?.....
29. Religious prejudice, against what religion?.....
30. Objectionable titles or sub-titles.....

State by giving numbers above which you think would demoralize youth or incite to crime
 Why do you think so?

Does the evil depicted receive any punishment?.....
 Does the punishment meted out appear natural, adequate and inevitable?..... Does the punishment seem improbable and easily evaded?..... Is the picture wholesome, innocent entertained?..... Does the picture not only entertain but teach important moral truths and inspire noble ideals?..... Theme of the film.....

IS IT PROPAGANDA?

Does the picture depict scenes which will tend to promote the business interests of the following:

1. Organized social evil.....
 2. Organized gambling.....
 3. Bootlegging.....
 4. Prizefighting.....
 5. Bull-fighting.....
 6. Commercial attempt to break the American holy day, the Sabbath.....
 7. The securing of divorces.....
 8. The promotion of war.....
 9. Immoral books or magazines.....
- How?

Remarks:

VALUATION OF THE FILM.

(Mark with a cross)

Excellent..... Good..... Fair..... Very little value.....
 Of no value..... Slightly injurious..... Seriously injurious..... Bad..... Exceedingly bad.....
 Was it suitable for children under 17?..... How many children present?.....

Signature and P. O. Address of the Investigator:

Return this report to your society headquarters or to the FEDERAL MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL IN AMERICA, at 481 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. If possible write a letter to the Producer, if the picture is very good or if it is very bad. Do not blame the Exhibitor chiefly. The producer is mostly responsible for the character of the film. Have you written such a letter?..... The Council, upon request, will furnish any one a list of the names and addresses of the principal movie producers.

Copies of this motion picture score card can be secured from the Council at 40 cents per 100 or \$3 per 1,000.

Here is one of Canon Chase's motion picture score cards, by which the canon's followers are able to make up their minds about the morality or immorality of a photoplay. The canon sells the cards at forty cents a hundred

furnished with cast-off benches. This room was the center of American reform. The canon's vestments were spotted and shiny. When I found my way up the shadowy church aisle, the canon was talking with a scrubwoman. His boyish laugh surprised me. A few moments later he left me, to talk with the collector of a furniture installment company. The conversation drifted in from the narrow stairway.

"Yes, she works for my wife," I could hear the canon saying. "She's honest, but I don't recommend you selling her anything but a small amount. It isn't fair. You get the people head over heels in debt and then you take back your goods. You can't lose, but you can bring a lot of unhappiness."

The canon came back. "I wish I had time to go after those credit sharks," he sighed. "But life's so short and there's so much to do. Still, America is living wholly on the credit plan. It's dangerous."

"Pictures," he mused. "Yes, they must have regulation. I cannot understand why producers go on making pictures for the theater-going public and why they overlook the far greater public now ignoring films. They have the so-called theatergoers, just a fraction of the population, and they pass up the great mass outside.

"We object to the producers' attitude," he continued. "They say in substance: The public will take just what we've got to give them. They tell us that the theatergoers do not want clean, meritorious entertainment. Yet I notice that last year such pictures as 'The Ten Commandments,' 'Charley's Aunt,' 'The Freshman' and 'The Pony Express' led the list of so-called box office hits.

"You see, I know all about the box office reports," chuckled the canon. "I read all the trade papers, all the magazines of the screen. I read them line for line and I know just what is happening."

The canon lapses into oratory when he becomes interested. He paced up and down the little church room. I might well have been an entire congregation, as he repeated the familiar phrases he uses in his attacks upon films.

I asked Canon Chase to be specific in his charges against pictures.

"The producers are had business men. There is a great untouched public waiting to be won to pictures and these producers go on trying to whip up waning interest of that small percent-

age of the public—the jaded theatergoers. It's plain bad business."

I brought the canon back to suggesting a remedy for pictures as he sees them.

"The screen should reflect life, the best in life rather than the worst. Evil is a small part of life. Of course, I know what producers say. Evil is dramatic and exaggeration is necessary to getting things over in the films. But these pictures aren't true and they aren't scientific. They accent crime and overlook nine-tenths of life. The people on the screen aren't real.

"There is nothing so thrilling, so entrancing, as a real hero," mused the canon. "It's all a mistaken point of view on the part of producers. That's why we must have regulation. Why, the whole world is protesting against American pictures right now. Even the League of Nations is to consider what to do about them in Paris in September. Parts of Canada are threatening to bar out pictures.

"No, no, not censorship," exclaimed the canon. "We want regulation. Just regulation. The real censors are Zukor, Loew, Lasky and the others. They could do wonders if they wanted. We don't want personal censorship at all. We want the screen regulated."

I asked Canon Chase why he passed the speaking stage [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

A New Novel

Done with humor as well as beauty, a dramatic story of the newer sophistication in new New York.



Cynara, about whom was an aura of romance as individual as the flavor of a tangerine.

The Talk of the TOWN

By LYNN and LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

"STANDING so still the amber balls were almost quiet against her narrow cheeks, she was doing a slashing battle in her heart against the formidable, gaunt pain that was striving to enter there. It seemed to her she hated this man because he could make a gesture of humility and defeat, feeling

neither. 'But maybe,' she thought, 'it is only the rain outside I hate, or the black-eyed doll on the mantelpiece; or perhaps it is myself I hate because I have misjudged a man for so long a time.'"

This new novel is so genuine, so finely emotional, that we have called it *the* feature of the coming season.

CollegeHumor

On Sale at all newsstands August First

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3800 Mission Road.

Lloyd Ingraham directing "Come on Charlie" with Edward Everett Horton.
William Beaudine completing Douglas MacLean's picture as yet untitled.
Wm. Craft directing "Flashing Heels" with Wm. Coody.
Mason Goff directing "The Sky Peril" with Al Wilson.
John Norman directing "Home Sweet Home" with Viola Vale.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1424 Beachwood Dr.

Ben Wilson directing and starring in "The Batted Trap."
Bert Bracken directing "Thundering Speed" with Creighton Hale.
Leo Maloney directing "The Collector," and playing the lead.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave. Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Boulevard.

Scott Sidney directing "The Nervous Wreck" with Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Hobart Bosworth, Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, Charles Gerrard, Vera Steadman and Paul Nicholson.
Neal Burns, Bobby Vernon, Jimmie Adams, all working on two-reelers.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Leatrice Joy working on "Mlle. From Armenia."
Cecil B. De Mille is now preparing "The King of Kings."

COLUMBIA PICTURES, 1438 Gower St.

Ralph Ince completing "The Lone Wolf Returns" with Bert Lytell and Billie Dove.

E. B. O. STUDIO, 790 Gower St.

James Horne directing "Kosher Kitty Kelly" with Viola Dana, Tom Forman, George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Stanley Taylor and Carroll Nye.
Sam Wood directing "The Halfback" with Red Grange and Mary McAllister.
Ralph Cedar directing "Bill Grimm's Progress" with Margaret Morris, Jack Liden, Al Cooke, Kit Guard, Grant Withers and Yvonne Howell.
Harry Carson directing "Mulhall's Great Catch" with Lefty Flynn.
Reveries Eason directing "The American Scout" with Fred Thomson.
Dell Andrews directing "Collegiate" with Alberta Vanhorn.
Ralph Ince directing and starring in "Breed of the Sea."
Eddie Dillon directing "Flame of the Argentine" with Evelyn Brent, Orville Caldwell, Frank Leigh, Dan Mikarensko and Evelyn Selvie.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Boulevard.

H. J. Brown directing "Moran of the Mounted" with Reed Howes.
Charles Rogers directing "The Unknown Cavalier" with Ken Maynard.
David Hartford directing "The Man in the Shadow" with Myrtle Steadman and David Torrence.
John Ince directing "Conscience" with Grace Darmood and Herbert Rawlinson.
Spencer Bennett directing "The Fighting Marine" with Gene Tunney.

FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, Burbank, Cal.

Frank Capra directing "The Yes Man" with Harry Landrum and Gertrude Astor.
John Francis Dillon directing "Men of the Night" with Milton Miller and Natalie Kingston.
Al Green directing "Desperate Women" with Lloyd Hughes, Doris Konyon and Charlie Murray.
Production will soon start on "It Might Have Happened" with Gilson Moore.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIO, 1400 N. Western Ave.

Harry Beaumont directing "Womanpower" with Kathryn Perry and Ralph Graves.
Victor Scherzinger directing "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Alec B. Francis and John Reice.
Jesse Robbins directing "Babes in the Jungle" a two-reeler with Hallam Cooley, Edward Moran and John Renee.
John Ford directing "The Devil's Master" with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, William Russell, Margaret Livingston, Robert Edson, David Butler, Kath Snodgrass and Joseph Moore.

R. William Noll directing "The Arizona Wildcat" with Tom Mix, Dorothy Sebastian, Cissy Fitzgerald, Sammy Blum, Ben Bard, Gordon Elliott, Monte Collins, Jr. and Doris Dawson.
Irving Cummings directing "The Country Beyond" with Olive Borden.
Production will soon start on "Midnight" with Dolores Del Rio and George O'Brien.

Bunny Dull directing "Dark Rosetown" with Back Jones.
Albert Austin directing "The Swimming Instructor," Van Bibber comedy, with Florence Gilbert and Earle Foxe.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Hal Roach directing "The Merry Widow" with Tyler Brooke and Ethel Clayton.

LASKY STUDIO, 5350 Melrose Avenue.

Eric Kenton directing "Confessions" with Pola Negri.

Frank Lloyd directing "Captain Sazara" with Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez.

John Waters directing "Furlorn River" with Jack Holt

Arthur Rosson directing "You'd Be Surprised" with Raymond Griffith and Betty Jewel.

Frank Tuttle directing "Kid Boots" with Eddie Cantor, Clara Bow, Natalie Kingston and Larry Gray.

Clarence Badger directing "The Campus Flirt" with Bebe Daniels and Larry Gray.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Marcel De Sano directing "The Ordeal" with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Reginald Barker directing "The Flaming Forest" with Renee Adoree.

Production will soon start on "Polly with a Past" with Norma Shearer.

George Hill directing "Tell It to the Marines" with Lou Chaney, Eleanor Boardman and William Haines

John Robertson directing "Annie Laurie" with Norman Kerry and Lillian Gish.

Edward Sedgwick directing "Tin Hats" with Conrad Nagel, Claire Windsor, Eddie Gribbons and Bert Rosch.

Marjorie Tournear directing "The Mysterious Island" with Pauline Starke, Lionel Barrymore, Karl Dane and Warner Oland.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Gray Hat" with Joan Crawford.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Ave.

Lewis Milestone directing "The Mountain Boy" with Harold Lloyd. "A Harold Lloyd Production (Paramount)."

Victor Herman directing "For Wives Only" with Marie Prevost.

Geo. B. Seitz directing "The Last Frontier" with William Boyd, Marguerite de la Motte, J. Farrell McDonald and Jack Hawk.

Robert Thornby directing "West of Broadway" with Priscilla Dean, Arnold Gray, Walter Long, George Hull, Major Coleman and William Austin.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Johnny Burke, Ruth Taylor, Joe Young, Ben Turpin, Madeline Hurlock, Billy Devan, Vernon Dent, Thea Parr, Sunny Nickson, Ruth Huatt and Andy Clyde, all working on two reel comedies.

TEC ART STUDIO, 5360 Melrose Ave.

Sidney Olcott directing "Four Feathers" with Richard Barthelmess.

UNITED STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Alan Crosland directing "Eraclous Villon" with John Barrymore and Vilma Banky.
Clarence Brown directing "The Dove" with Norma Talbot.
Henry King completing "The Wining of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky and Clyde Cook.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Emory Johnson directing "The Fourth Commandment" with Belle Bennett.
Lynn Reynolds directing "The Texas Streak" with Hoot Gibson.
W. Wyler directing "Smiling Sam" with Fred Humes.
Dick Smith directing "What's the Use" with Charles Puffy.
Lois Weber directing "A Savage in Silks." All star cast.
Geo. Summerville directing "Ball and Chain" with Arthur Lake.

WARNER BROS., 5841 Melrose Avenue.

Millard Webb directing "The Heart of Maryland" with Dolores Costello.
James Flood completing "The Droomat" with Irene Rich, Willard Louis and Virginia Lee Corbin.
Del Ruth directing "Across the Pacific" with Monte Blue.
A. G. Stein directing "My Official Wife" with Irene Rich.

EAST COAST

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. & 2nd Ave., N. Y.

Lothar Mendes directing "The Ex Duke" with Lois Moran, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, Ian Keith and Henry Vihart.

FOX STUDIO, 55th Street and 10th Ave., N. Y.

Allan Dwan directing "Summer Bachelors" with Virginia Valli.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, L. I., N. Y.

Mal St. Clair directing "The Ace of Cads" with Adolphe Menjou.

Herbert Brenon directing "The Great Gatsby" with Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson and Neil Hamilton.

Edward Sutherland directing "Glorifying the American Girl" with Esther Ralston, Buster Collier, Jr. and Louise Brooks.

Production will soon start on "The Quarterback" with Richard Dix and Alice Mills.

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 353 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Incorporated Pictures, 565 Fifth 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, 1550 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, 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, 1600 Broadway, New York City

all of her classic origin, as well known as Gloria Swanson.

Yet you hear her measurements quoted as almost anything except the correct ones. An antiquarian will tell you that the actual Venus de Milo is six feet, eight and one-half inches tall and she a standard for ideal feminine beauty! Now she wouldn't get along with that height before a movie camera!

The thing that has made the Venus de Milo the most famous figure of all time, however, is that with all of her six feet eight and a half, she is in proportion. Her legs are in correct proportion to her torso, her torso to her shoulders, her arms, broken though they may be, to her neck, the lines of her face in comparison to the size of her head. No one has ever figured what Venus weighs; probably, because she is so correctly modeled, her weight isn't important.

The average American woman—the average, understand, and not *the* ideal—is five feet five and one-half inches tall. Venus de Milo, sealed as though she were five feet six, has these measurements:

Neck—Fifteen inches.

Waist—Thirty-one and five-tenths inches.

Hips—Forty-one and eight-tenths inches.

Size around upper arm—Thirteen and five-tenths inches.

Width of breast—Eight and six-tenths inches.

Size around shoulders—Forty-two and two-tenths inches.

So much for the goddess of beauty and love of the ancients. The ideal American type, as exemplified by the girl chosen Miss America last year, Fay Lamphier, is lighter in structure but equal in height, five feet six. Miss Lam-

phier varies from Venus to this extent—her neck is two inches smaller, her waist is four and a half inches less, her hips are nine inches narrower, thirty-two inches. Her face, however, is longer in outline than Venus' and her head, while less in circumference, is longer. She is four inches narrower around the shoulders and her breast is two and six-tenths inches smaller.

She was called ideal at the Atlantic City pageant. She is nearest the measurements of Venus, the ideal of the ancients. And yet Fay Lamphier is too big to become a movie star. Jesse Lasky states that she has great dramatic talent. There is no doubting her beauty. But before the camera, with its tendency to heighten and broaden everything, she becomes positively husky, she appears too fat, though actually she hasn't an ounce of superfluous weight *in proportion to her height and body structure.*

Therefore, don't hitch your scales to a movie star in your hope for an ideal figure. Almost every star has to diet herself nearly ill to retain a good movie figure.

Yet the figure of the movie star and the figure of the clothes mannikin are actually the figures sought after by the mass of women attacked by reduceomania.

The average movie star is five feet three in height. Many are less. Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason are all very little girls, less than five feet tall. They are all light in weight and Mary, in particular, is blessed with a pair of very thin, childish legs.

The clothes mannikin of the smart fashion house, the type of establishment that here and in Paris sets the styles that every woman tries to wear, is rarely less than six feet tall, extremely thin, extremely flat breasted and nar-

row hipped. Peggy Hopkins Joyce is this type and she wears clothes beautifully. But it is simply cuckoo for the average woman to strive after such a figure.

There you have them, then, Venus, the bathing girl figure, the little girl and lapper figure, the clothes horse. They are all ideals before the American woman today.

Actually, women's figures follow three general classifications. Dr. Charles R. Stockard divides us into linear types and lateral types, and persons who do not fall into either class must therefore be called medium types.

The linear type is the fast-growing, high metabolizing, thin but not necessarily tall type. Metabolism is the process by which body waste is let out and body repairs made.

The lateral type is slow in maturing, is stocky and round in form. The linear type is narrow-backed. The lateral type is broad-backed, and not only do these types vary in their outward physical characteristics, but also in the size and shape of the abdomen, the heart and the various organs.

For instance, the torso of the normal person is of moderate length and of moderate breadth. The stomach is pear-shaped. But in the narrow-backed individual, the whole figure is lighter, the skeleton is lighter and more slender, the skin soft and delicate and the hair abundant. The individual is either tall and slender, or small and delicate. The stomach is long and tubular, instead of the more normal pear shape. The appendix is usually well developed, which may in part explain the common occurrence of appendicitis in thin, slender individuals.

In contrast, the broad-backed type with its

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

There is no Royal Road to an Ideal Figure

YOU cannot achieve a healthy slenderness by freak diets, by drug-ging your stomach or by sudden bursts of exercise. These are the dangerous methods pursued by the victims of Reduceomania.

But you can have a well-proportioned figure and a strong body by following a sane diet, keeping regular hours and taking specially recommended exercises.

In the September issue of PHOTOPLAY, you will find exercises prepared for you by experts and diets provided by physicians—all to help you keep your proper weight without sacrificing your health.

Watch for the third article in this great series.

Every woman should read PHOTOPLAY'S great articles on REDUCEOMANIA

Betty Compson knows that exercise in the open air is best



They Called Her Melisande

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

something beyond Weston, something bigger?"

"I don't know that I want anything beyond Weston, Florence. If I could do for a town what Boardman has for this one—"

"But, Ted, can't you see? Here we are, you and I, young, we've the whole world to pick and choose from. Think of it! And yet you want to settle down in Weston!"

"There are worse places than Weston," Ted said shortly, not exactly liking the imputation she implied. "Maybe you'll find that out," he added, a bit defiantly.

"Yes, and better places," the girl retorted, "so why waste time thinking of the others? Oh, Ted, after all it isn't the place so much as it is . . . well, in being contented with half portions. Do you see what I mean? You've got brains. Why do you want to waste them?"

"I don't see that it would be waste."
"Yes, it would. It would be wasting you, Ted. Weston is just about half your size. The way I see it, it's wicked to waste yourself on the little job when there's a big one you can do. Anyway, that's how I feel about things. If I can't live in a wonderful town, I don't want to live at all. If I can't have the most beautiful clothes in the world I don't want any. If I can't marry a man who's *aching* to do big things I . . . I won't marry any one!"

Ted Merrill got to his feet and stood looking down at her, his young mouth set in a grim line. Finally he said:

"SUPPOSE I can't get the best things in the world for you? Suppose I haven't the ability to get them? Suppose I try and fail? Then what?"

"Then . . . why, then . . ." she hadn't dreamed it could hurt so horribly to say such things to Ted, hadn't dreamed that the world could hold such pain. "I'll have to get the best things . . . myself!"

A little breeze lifted the white curtain at Florence's window, played with it gently, then dropped the white folds and passed on. Abandoning her vain attempts to sleep Florence slid quietly out of bed and went over to the window.

Outside, the night was soft and black. Nothing in the world so beautiful as velvet darkness, she thought vaguely, nothing except light. And light was only the other side of darkness.

Ted! How wonderful Ted was! Florence sighed, nestling down in her small rocking chair by the window. If she could only make him see . . . Suppose he didn't. Staring out into the dew-washed night, she seemed to feel a cold hand closing about her heart. No use saying you weren't frightened, no use in the world. You *were* frightened, horribly fright-

ened. You trembled and went hot and cold at the thought of what you *must* do.

You couldn't do it for yourself, of course, no girl could. But for Ted you could do anything. For Ted's sake the big chance had to be taken . . . Women had done such things before, but they were *women*, wise and understanding. You were only a girl, a girl in love, a girl whose heart would break quite terribly unless your pride in Ted could equal your love for him . . .

Suppose you gave it up? Suppose you stopped annoying Ted, making him angry, instead fell in with his plan, married him and went to Weston to live? Then what?



The miracle had not happened. Ted was letting her go, letting her go right out of his life without protest

No, she couldn't do it! Something deep down in the core of her being, something which was there when the first woman fought side by side with her man to protect the cave, something wise and very womanly, cried out against it. Such a course would be bad for Ted. She must never let him take the easy road. . . .

Suddenly she was sitting high in a narrow window, watching a procession of men in armor come winding down a street which ran between strange-looking houses. A voice from somewhere nearby said they were bound for the wars. At the head rode a man with Ted Merrill's face; he looked up, smiled. Florence unbound the long, bright scarf from about her shoulders, leaned out and tossed it down. It fluttered in the wind, rose . . . Ted reined

in his horse, reached for the fluttering bit of color and bound it on his arm. Her man
Going to the wars . . . for her!

Of course! It didn't matter where the wars were fought. It didn't matter that today men no longer used swords in the great battle. Today the field of honor was to be found in the roaring streets of cities. From all over the country men came riding . . . young men . . . going to the wars . . . Ted must go with them, wearing her colors, fighting the big fight . . .

Mrs. Bishop told all her friends, over many cups of tea, that she was sure Florence would *never* have gone off to New York if she hadn't quarreled with Ted Merrill. It was perfectly silly, of course, but young folks were young folks and you couldn't see to do a thing with them. The dear knows she, Mrs. Bishop, had done her level best. She had talked to the both of them, said everything she could think of to bring them to their senses, but they just sat and looked at her. Stubborn, that's what they were. Like a pair of young mules. Even at that Florence couldn't have gone away if Aunt Florence Thomaston hadn't chosen that particular time to send her namesake the gift of one hundred dollars.

WHEN she appeared in the doorway of the show room of Mose Kaminsky, wholesale dealer in ladies' cloaks and suits, Kaminsky looked Florence over with an appraising eye and then beckoned to his wife.

"Say," he appealed, "she comes by a letter from Schuster, the Rockford Dry Goods Emporium, this one. She could model. Schuster says maybe. That one has gone who has modeled for misses' wraps, sixteen size, yes?"

"Yes, a blessing from heaven she has gone! H'm." Mrs. Kaminsky regarded Florence dubiously. "Let her go down the show room once till I see how she walks. God forbid I should be blind like you, Aloc, and hire us such models that walk like they are going out to feed the pigs. Go on now," this to Florence, "walk down the room like a good girl till I see, yes?"

When Florence returned from her stroll down the length of the taupe-velvet-draped show room Mr. and Mrs. Kaminsky exchanged approving glances.

"She should be sent from heaven!" the latter pronounced devoutly. "Stylish she looks, but not fresh. Like maybe she is coming from one of these here boarding girls' teacher where they learn."

"Maybe she don't so much as smoke cigarettes, yes?"

"Nor drink nothing," Kaminsky added

hopefully. "If she should be so good like she looks I give that Nathan Schuster sixty days' time on his next order."

"Schuster don't need no sixty days' time," Mrs. Kaminsky retorted. "You should be giving away time like thirty days ain't enough for anybody! Come on now," to Florence, "and see if I have maybe the right slip for you to wear."

Before the week was over Florence had mastered the fundamental mysteries of modeling for wraps. She learned the correct walk—right foot out, crossing the left, toe well extended, left foot out, repeat as with right—shoulders back, chin well up, wrap held lightly about her to show to the best advantage its graceful lines, the beauty of the deep fur collar. She loved sauntering down the length of the show room, pausing for just the right number of seconds before each little stall which held a buyer, murmuring the number of the wrap, revolving slowly to show it from all sides, holding it from her with slim arms to display the lining.

"A BORN model, that one," Mrs. Kaminsky told her favorite buyer, Miss Schuss, from Pittsburgh. "Not once does she fuss about showing heavy wraps in the heat like some, but what I say is if they will dance all night and drink at these here roof gardens they must expect to feel the heat, ain't I right?"

"You're right, Mrs. Kaminsky, and what I always say is too much drink and business they don't mix for nobody. What are you going to charge me for that," Miss Schuss consulted her notes, "Number 702, green and silver with the white fox collar?"

"Number 702 to you I make it seventy-three dollars, Miss Schuss, *aber* I take off the white fox and give you mink."

"No," Miss Schuss said firmly, "for that evening wrap I gotta have fox. It's the fox, Mrs. Kaminsky, gives that wrap the look like it is just from Paris they bought it."

"But fox they don't get no good from it," Mrs. Kaminsky protested. "Once wear it for an evening and it goes to pieces like it should be smoke. I am telling you, Miss Schuss."

Miss Schuss shook her head decisively.

"No, Mrs. Kaminsky, when you sell to girls that wear sixteen size it is no use talking mink. Why should they care how quick the fox wears out for them? I am telling you, true as I have been buying for the last eighteen years, I can sell Number 702 with the white fox collar twenty times while I am talking my head off to sell one mink."

Thereafter Florence Bishop looked with respectful eyes on fox-trimmed wraps. She learned to recognize at a glance fabrics from the master hand of Rodier, how to distinguish a Molyneux creation from a Jean Patou masterpiece, and how to wear copies of them in just the way the makers had hoped they might be worn. She studied appraisingly the buyers who came to the Kaminsky show rooms—fat, oily little men smoking huge cigars, beautifully dressed women with tired eyes and make-up laid cunningly in the wrinkles—she listened to gossip of the show rooms, learning of how the best designers are snatched at fabulous salaries from one work room to another, of the famous black list on which are the names of buyers who have transgressed against the laws, written and unwritten, of the clan. A strange world this in which Florence Bishop found herself, a world in which there is little talk of love, but much of credits; where the hope in a girl's eyes does not count for much, but where her ability to design better, buy more closely, show off a wrap or gown more cleverly than others, is a jewel almost beyond price.

Dave Ellinger met Florence shortly after she went to work at Kaminsky's. A clever chap, Dave, who had risen with surprising swiftness to the post of assistant to the advertising manager of a great ready-to-wear newspaper.

"Believe me, girlie, you got everything!" Dave told her fervently.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

Here's new dental way to Gums like Coral

Also lightens cloudy teeth remarkably

Accept, please, full 10-day tube of this scientifically-proved, film-removing *dentifrice*, urged by world's dental authorities. Note the great difference in your teeth and gums.



GLORIOUSLY clear teeth, gums like coral to contrast them! Add their attractiveness to your smile. Do this for social and business reasons.

Modern dental science now proves teeth seldom are naturally "off color"—simply clouded with a film coat that ordinary dentifrices do not clear off successfully. Clouded teeth now are given sparkling whiteness, and one's whole appearance thus often changed.

A way scores of motion pictures' noted stars use to whiten teeth before going on a scene. A way leading dentists of the world now are widely urging.

Just a film dulling them and inviting gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating that covers them.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and noticeably unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Old ways won't clear it off

Mere brushing is not enough. And even ordinary dentifrices 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 — entirely different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this new method.

*Clears film off—
Firms the Gums*

It accomplishes 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 and mail at once.

See what a difference 10 days will make in the whiteness of your teeth.

FREE **Pepsodent** TRADE MARK

Mail this **The New-Day Quality Dentifrice** for 10-Day Tube to Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 715, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 2166

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia
Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Can. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1



A MAGIC TOUCH TO YOUR SKIN

A touch of exquisite loveliness awaits your command. Just as easily as Aladdin fulfilled his desires thru the "touch of his lamp" so may you bring the joy of a new Beauty to your skin and complexion. It takes but a moment for

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

to wipe the dull, ordinary complexion away forever. To see blemishes and defective features forgotten under the lure of a bewitching, seductive appearance.

Far Superior to face powders and ordinary creams. Its action is highly anti-septic and astringent, giving excellent results in treating Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Undue Redness, Flabbiness, Muddy Skins and Excessive Oiliness.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York



Doris Kenyon, the blonde, the beautiful and the brainy

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

NOT so long ago Doris Kenyon played a film called "The Half Way Girl," which, while it may have been proof of her artistry, was rather unfair to her real personality. For there's no more all around girl in pictures than this beautiful First National star.

Beauty of face, beauty of form, beauty of mind. Doris has all of them. She is an accomplished actress, a skilled poet, an acknowledged prima donna, and a very regular human being. And the amazing part of it all is that she was born in a humble little parsonage in Syracuse, New York, the daughter of a Methodist minister.

Stellar material is seldom found in parsonages, all the romantic fiction to the contrary, but rarer still is a religious father who understands his daughter's desire to go on the stage.

The bond between Doris and the Rev. James B. Kenyon, however, is very strong. They are friends as well as father and child. Now the two write poetry together—they have published a book "Spring Flowers and Rowsen," which they wrote in collaboration—and in the earlier days Doris, singing in the church choir, would look respectfully and happily across at her father in the pulpit.

Being so beautiful, she was rather automatically headed for recognition, but Dr. Kenyon

had a theory that a well trained mind might help, too. So Doris went to Packer Institute and then to Barnard College and it wasn't until she had completed her education that she was permitted to go on with her chosen career from the vantage point of an important part in Victor Herbert's musical comedy, "Princess Pat."

Movies, at that time, were at the stage where any girl gifted, both with youth and beauty, had only to stick her head into a studio and get a part.

Doris went visiting the old Essanay studio one day and immediately the films made her their own. Her first opportunity came in a George Beban film, "The Pawn of Fate," but such a lucky break didn't impress Doris particularly.

"The stage was her real love. She played in "The White Villa," "The Love Chef" and other pieces on Broadway and only in between seasons did she go back to the movies, working where her fancy took her, at Famous Players, Vitagraph, the Old World organization and Pathe, being leading woman for numerous stars from Tommy Meighan to Valentino.

Her last speaking stage venture was "The Girl in the Limousine," a farce made delightful by her presence.

Now Doris is under a long term contract to First National.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THOMASINA Mix, aged four, has a positive genius for asking questions.

The other day she heard her mother talking on the telephone. When the conversation had ended, Thomasina said: "Mother, who were you talking to on the telephone?"

"I was talking to a friend of mine, dear."
"I knew that," said Tommy, "but what was her name?"

"Her name was Kathleen Clifford."
"What does she do, Mother?"
"She's an actress, darling."

"Does she act in pictures or on the stage?"
"Well, dear, she used to be on the stage, but now she's in pictures."

"What does she do in pictures, Mother?"
"She acts, Tommy."

"Well, but what does she act?"
"Well, dear, I don't know exactly—just acts."

"Well, Mother, if you don't know can't you please make up something?"

LITTLE Loris Niblo, daughter of Fred and Enid Niblo, was starting out with her aunt, Catherine Bennett, for a day at the beach. Her mother came out on the porch to tell them good-by, and Auntie Cath said to Loris, in a well-timed aside: "Ducky, shall we ask Mummy to go along, too?" Loris hesitated a moment, then whispered back: "Not today, Auntie. You know how it is with mothers. They have to say 'don't' all the time."

THE hectic romance of Robert Savage, ex-Vale man, and Clara Bow wound up in a burst of publicity when Robert tried to kill himself for love of the beautiful Clara. Savage has had an eventful career that includes such soul-stirring events as eloping with Genevieve Mitchell, a Follies girl, and winning a prize for his poem in the Eastern Mothers' Day Contest.

Savage lost his head over Clara, begged her to marry him and motored her to the license bureau for a permit to marry. There Clara argued so long that a traffic cop told the couple to move on.

One of the poems penned by Savage to Clara goes as follows:

"I know of the rules, and I'll gamble
No matter the score in the end.
I know of the prize and it's worth it,
I'll pray for good luck as my friend.
So on with the game, I am ready;
Clara, you'd better beware.
Muster your wiles for protection,
This warns you, young lady—prepare!"

THWARTED in his desire to film the story of the flood, Cecil B. De Mille will soon start production on "The King of Kings," a film narrative of the Life of Christ. The humanity of Christ as well as his divinity will be stressed, according to Mr. De Mille, who is going into this production with all the enthusiasm he mustered up for "The Ten Commandments."

BILL BOYD, the Big, Blond *Volga Boatman*, has signed a two year contract with Cecil B. De Mille and is reading the Bible in search of good material for stories.

SOON after completing "Say It Again," Richard Dix hastened back to Hollywood to visit his mother who was seriously ill. Mrs.

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Brimmer, Dix's mother, contracted a cold last fall and has been in delicate health all winter.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is doing her best to acquire the screen rights to "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and we cannot think of anyone who would be better in the rôle of *Lorelei Lee*. Not only has Constance the necessary amount of good looks, but she has the shrewd humor and the expert comedy technique to make Anita Loos' masterpiece the success it should be on the screen.

I THINK one of the most delightful occupations in the world must be that of telegraph operator who relays messages from Hollywood to New York. For instance, there's the wire that Bill Seiter, the director, sent to Laura La Plante when she was in New York. It said "Will you be mine?" And the answer came right back—"Uh-huh!" But it was a waste of money—that wire—because I understood it had all been settled before Laura left with Hedda Hopper to see the bold bad metropolitan sights. They say the wedding is to take place very soon. Just when, has not been divulged.

THE motion picture business takes many odd twists.

Consider the case of B. A. Rolfe. Some years ago Rolfe was a partner of Jesse Lasky in producing vaudeville sketches. Both had been musicians in the west. That was before the days of motion pictures.

The photo-play came along and Lasky became a producer. You know the result. Rolfe

see Marie in one of her comedies. He immediately asked to make a test of her.

"What?" exclaimed Marie. "Me, a star, make a test for that funny little Dutchman?" Nevertheless, her managers coaxed her into it.

During the test Marie refused to take the "funny little Dutchman" seriously. She laughed at his queer English, his mannerisms, his extravagant ways.

Finally Lubitsch impatiently asked her who she was laughing at.

"I am laughing at you," answered Marie, "you funny little person!"

"There!" exclaimed Lubitsch. "I knew it. You're the greatest actress in America."

And that was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

I HAVE often heard of tears that were turned off and on at will, like a faucet of water, but it remained for Bodil Rosing, Monte Blue's mother-in-law, to give me my first display of that tear-duct technique. It would have been funny to the onlooker if it had not been laughy.

The two women sat about ten feet apart on the "Delicatessen" set. Their eyes were closed. The set musicians sobbed forth a melancholy wail, the arc lights were dimmed

JUST by way of a tip to the cut picture puzzle fans: the awards of the prizes—\$5,000 worth of them—will be announced in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. Of course you have been working on the cut faces and of course you will want to know the results, so don't say I didn't tell you in advance. Watch for the January issue!

followed in his footsteps, but he didn't have Lasky's luck.

Today Rolfe is conducting his own orchestra at the smart Palais d'Or restaurant in New York. His motion picture ventures are forgotten and Rolfe now has won quite a bit of fame as an orchestra leader. Maybe you've noticed his phonograph records. He makes a number of them every month.

NORMA SHEARER might be said to be "pulling a Mae Murray," in the liquid language of the sporting page. Anyway, Norma is taking a short rest at a milk sanitarium, which is Mae's famous way of recuperating, following a strenuous month which necessitated a trip to Montreal to her mother's bedside, after she had finished a picture in which she was on social terms with some exceedingly frisky lions.

However, despite her weariness, Norma looks very lovely these days.

SOME stars get along by "yessing" directors. And others—don't; but they get along just the same. There is, for instance, Marie Prevost. A few years ago Marie was just a pretty girl starring in unimportant pictures.

Then a little German director—one Ernst Lubitsch—came to this country in search of a new star. He looked 'em all over and happened to

and the prop men sat listlessly waiting for the deluge to descend. It took but a minute and Bodil Rosing's cheeks were soaked by a crystal cascade. The tears oozed from beneath her lashes and flooded her cheeks.

Colleen Moore was the other woman who waited for tears. Hers did not come profusely at first and her slim body was shaken with sobs. Presently one shy tear rolled down her cheek and soon a storm was falling.

"Tell me when you're ready," said Al Green, the director.

And they silently nodded. In a moment the camera was recording real tears. None of your glycerine make-believes.

JEAN HERSHOLT, behind a barrage of J-peroxidized mustache and steel-rimmed glasses, winked at me:

"I have a better way of crying. And they all think I am really weeping. Just before the scene I wipe a little onion beneath each eye and then the tears come."

Jean is playing a pudgy German liverwurst dispenser in "Delicatessen" and Bodil Rosing is *Mom* in *Year's Pop*. Colleen is her daughter.

"Twenty years ago Bodil Rosing and I were playing together on the stage in Copenhagen," said Jean. "Now, in America, we again play together."

I SUPPOSE we are in for a deluge of war jokes now that "The Big Parade" has marched to success and "What Price Glory" is tramping to

screen completion. And as long as they are in order, I'll repeat one that Roy Stewart told about the colored private from the south who regarded his captain's word as law. No-man's-land was a flaming death. Bullets whined. Shrapnel burst and one particular machine gun in the hands of the enemy was playing havoc with the American forces.

"Zeb," ordered his captain. "You go over and get that gun!"

"Yes, sah!"

Zeb was gone for three hours and still the machine gun played on the trench. They gave the colored lad up for lost. Then he returned, whole, but empty-handed.

"Where's that gun, Zeb?" the captain thundered.

"Ah couldn't borrow it, sah! Dey was using it."

GERTRUDE OLMSTED and Robert Leonard, ex-husband of Mae Murray, were married quietly at Santa Barbara. Only a short time ago, Bob and Mae parted under one of those "friendly separation" agreements. Mae went to Europe and Bob met Gertrude. Whereupon Mae, like a little lady, got a divorce.

All of which reminds me what Mae is alleged to have said when she heard of Bob's engagement to the young actress. Mae took the news calmly and her only comment was: "They needn't have given it so much publicity."

INSPIRED by a desire for a garden larger than a window box in a New York apartment, Carol Dempster has purchased an old-fashioned farmhouse near Brewster, N. Y. Two hundred acres, an orchard and a brook are included in Carol's farm.

Carol also has a ranch in California. Recently she was notified that there were a large number of sacks of barley stored away, awaiting her disposal. Carol pictured herself as a big Barley Millionaire and planned to retire from pictures on the strength of the sale.

Some weeks later, Carol received a letter announcing that the barley had been sold at a large price. And enclosed was a cheque for \$217. Now she is going to try her luck with apples.

IT shouldn't have gone any farther than the restaurant. And it might sound catty to repeat it. But it's funny, so here goes.

The girl used to work in a beanyery herself. But in the flush of stardom, I suppose she had forgotten. She's really quite a big star now. And certainly doomed to be bigger if she doesn't curtail the pastry.

She flounced into the only restaurant the lot possessed — a screened place with a long plank seat where one fraternally digs one's elbows into his neighbor's ribs. It was sagging with sandwich chewers. Only the high counter remained. The star surveyed the crowd:

"You certainly don't expect me to eat at the counter, do you?" she queried.

There was a dead silence. Then an unknown feminine voice cheeped up:

"Sa-ay! Don't forget you were a hash-slinger yourself once! What's the matter with doing a little standing today?"

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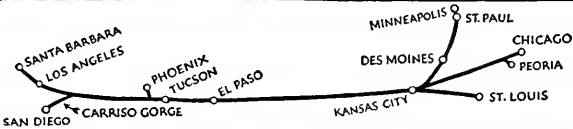
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DICK BARTHELMESS has taken a house at the beach for the summer, not a very long drive from his work at the studio, and he has with him his small daughter, Mary Hay Barthelless.

It looks to me like the beginning of one of those father-and-daughter devotions that you sometimes see.

Dick has lovely week-end parties, too, and a lot of horses, and, as he says, a very nice ocean.

Incidentally, he and Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert have formed a sort of "Three Musketeers" friendship. They foregather evenings and have long discussions over their pipes and are constantly seen in each other's company.

Dick told me the other night that he would simply love to have been free to go in and play the younger brother of "Beau Geste" in the picture of that name, in which Ronald Colman plays *Beau*.

AN amusing sidelight on the Gilbert-Barthelless friendship is the fact that, when he visited in New York, Jack gave Mary Hay, now separated from Barthelless, a great rush. Mary was pleased over it and Jack evidently was having a fine time. There was even talk of Mary's ending the "friendly separation" from Dick by a Paris divorce. Then Dick and Jack met. There is nothing like the presence of a husband for cooling off a romance.

NOBODY was at all surprised the other day when Virginia Holmes Lamson filed suit for divorce in the Los Angeles courts against Denarest Lamson.

For everybody knew that Virginia Valli and her husband, better known as Demmy Lamson, have been separated for several years.

Virginia Valli, who had not then achieved screen success, married young Lamson in Greenwich, Connecticut, in 1921. Rumor had it that he was the son of millionaire parents and that Virginia might give up her screen career. However, they both returned to Hollywood, where Miss Valli's beauty and talents soon carried her to the top of her profession. Her husband has also worked in films as an assistant director and is now a personal manager.

The divorce papers state that he deserted her in December, 1924, but as a matter of fact they have not lived together since 1923.

OF course I understand that it is necessary for the players to have their names printed on the backs of their canvas chairs, but will someone please apologize to Scott Sidney, the director, for painting the word "Personal!" on the canvas seat of his camp chair?

"OUR GANG" is going to Europe to make a picture in London. The Gang wants genuine settings for its story of London Bridge and anyway, the Prince of Wales is said to be just crazy to meet Farina. In fact, he just doesn't see how he is going to be able to rule England unless he has a little talk with Farina.

Speaking of royal tastes in movie stars, the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Princess Louise met Gloria Swanson at a luncheon given at West Point by Brigadier General Merck Stewart. Gloria is of Swedish and Polish descent. The name of Swanson must have had a homelike sound to the Prince's ears.

So there you have an idea of what royalty carries. The Swedish Prince likes Gloria. The English Prince likes Farina. And it is no secret that, on at least one occasion, the Spanish King inquired solicitously about "Fatty" Arbuckle.

THAT bright young fellow, Luther Reed, who has been assisting directors in their troubles for many years, will now be given a chance to make pictures himself. Sinclair Lewis' story, "New York," will mark his debut as a director. Lois Wilson and Ricardo Cortez will play the leads. Allan Dwan was originally signed to direct this story, but Dwan got an enormous offer from William Fox and gave up the assignment.

Luther Reed directed Marion Davies in some scenes from "Janice Meredith" which were most successful, although Reed at the time was only supposed to be a scenario writer.

"LA BOHEME" opened at the Forum Theater in Los Angeles with the usual amount of pageantry deemed necessary on such occasions and the fair dames of Hollywood dazzled the throngs.

Skirting the edge of the throng with overcoat collar upturned and directorial hat brim downturned, John Miljan and I met Henry King, whose picture, "Stella Dallas," had closed at the theater the night before.

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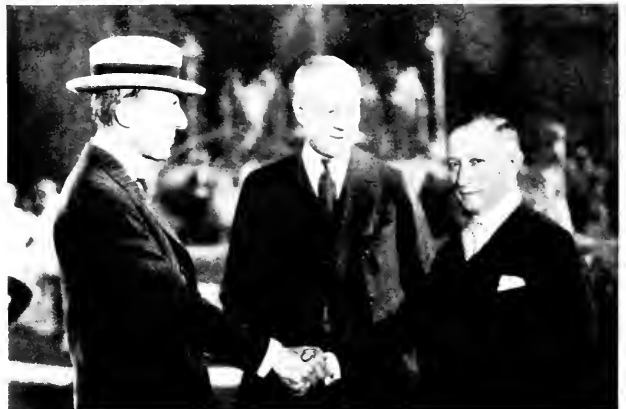
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PHOTO. 8-26



Shake hands with the boss! A handclasp between two of the greatest men in pictures—D. W. Griffith and Adolph Zukor. The entrepreneur—if you'll pardon our French—is William De Baron, supervising editor at Paramount's Eastern studio, and a pretty smart boy, too

"What's the matter and hello?" hissed John as is his custom—he plays villains so often.

"Just got in from location, I'm not dressed for the spotlight and I want to see 'La Boheme,'" answered King.

So we bundled him between us and scurried through the gaping phalanx. Inside, an informal reception was in progress, as is customary at premieres, and I noticed the usual Goldwyn two-somes. However, I didn't discover the identity of the rather inconspicuous Miss that John Gilbert had with him. His party included Eleanor Boardman, in her severe hair-dress and ground-sweeping skirt, with King Victor.

Donald Ogden Stewart, with a solemnity not in keeping with his customary self, introduced Fred Niblo, who is Hollywood's favorite master of ceremonies, and Fred brought the spotlight upon various celebrities in the audience.

FOLLOWING the "La Boheme" opening came two other pretentious premieres, jostling each other for front page prominence. At the Egyptian Theater Sid Grauman introduced an innovation in picture-showing. He put Doug's "Black Pirate" and Mary's "Sparrows" on the same bill and sprinkled the twenty reels or so with preludes and prologues.

The throng that came to witness the latest in Graumanism was one of the most brilliant in the history of that unique theater. There was Claire Windsor, wearing a most becoming new straight bob. She had on a sheer pink frock and a wrap of turquoise blue which had traceries of silver all over it, and a white fox collar. White seemed to be the favorite color for gowns, as I noticed Marion Davies wearing a chiffon dress of unrelieved white and a wrap that almost matched the blue of Claire's.

Joby Kalston wore the tulle dress of a hue that reflects the blush of a thousand wild roses, and a tiny ermine jacket that is the newest breath of the furriers. It is short and reminds me of nothing else but a pillow slip opened up the front, only, of course, it envelops her with far more grace.

THEN four nights later came the opening of "The Volga Boatman" and the first glimpse the public has had of Los Angeles' newest theater out in the exclusive Carthay Center district. It is called the "Carthay Circle" and the colorful Spanish influence of Old California is seen on every hand. On the night of the opening, the missions gave way to the muzhiks and the decorations carried out the Russian motif as befitted the first picture shown in the house.

Never have I seen such a crowd as gathered to see the stars enter. They might have been expecting the King or Queen or—judging from the flappers—the Prince of Wales. As it was, they saw William Boyd and Victor Varconi and several dozen other handsome leading men.

ALONG the road leading to the theater, which is south of the boulevard leading from city to sea, two bands were placed at intervals. And they say the crowd commenced forming at five o'clock in the afternoon waiting for the eight o'clock arrivals.

Again white was the favorite shade among the gowns and I saw Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Phillips, Ethel Shannon, all wearing white that ranged in texture from chiffon to the heavier crepe of Anna Q.'s stunning frock with the wide circular skirt. Viola Dana and "Lefty" Flynn were there, with Viola in a frock of chiffon and ostrich in flesh tones; Mrs. Irving Hellman, the banker's wife, also chose a chiffon in a darker shade of pink than Viola's, sparkling with rhinestone embroidery, over which she wore an ermine wrap.

The C. B. DeMilles were, of course; Mrs. DeMille looking particularly distinguished in a black crepe embroidered in pearls. She wore a cloth of gold coat with sable fur.

THERE is a certain suave idol of the screen who talks not wisely but too well. In fact the gentleman, in spite of his irreproachable



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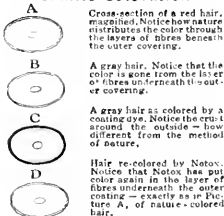
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A proud owner and a prouder parent. Reading left to right, Robert Anthony Coogan, ten hungry puppies and Lady Olga, their mother, a pedigreed police dog. Lady Olga belongs to Robert Anthony's well known brother, Jackie Coogan. But the puppies belong to Bobbie, himself. Hence, the grin

appearance, is somewhat akin to the neighbor who dons her Mother Hubbard and comfortable shoes and spends hours at the back fence.

Anyway, this idyl said too much to an interviewer and the interviewer quoted him at length, with derogatory comments.

"Oh," wailed the gentleman to his press agent when the thing came out in print, "something must be done about this. I feel that I am getting too close to My Public."

LARRY SEMON has solved the mother-in-law question. Before he married Dorothy Dwan his comedies always maligned mothers-in-law. And in his newspaper days, no cartoon was complete without a sly dig at the most persecuted of parents.

"Now comes your retribution, Larry!" his friends said when Nancy Smith, who is a surprisingly young and attractive mother-in-law, joined the Semon ménage by the marriage of her daughter to Larry. Larry might have been puzzled, but not for long. "He made her press agent for the Semons—Larry and Dorothy." "Then the more she talks about me, the better I like it!"

DOUGLAS MACLEAN has been elected president of the Masquers Club, which is a very exclusive Hollywood organization made up of actors, writers and directors of unusual talent and ability. It has been called the "Lambs of Hollywood" and is noted for its clever entertainments. Doug follows Robert Ederon into the presidential chair.

MISS ADA DOW, who coached Julia Marlowe for five years and was well known as a coach and as an actress, died recently in New York. Miss Dow was at one time the wife of Frank Currier, famous screen actor.

THE newest high-priced and much-lauded scenario writer is again a woman. For some reason, that seems to be a woman's department. I suppose it is because the thing that makes men good scenario writers, usually turns them into directors—as in the case of Paul Bern and Luther Reed.

Dorothy Farnum is being hailed by a lot of people as ready to join the great feminine screen writers. Frances Marion, June Mathis, etc. They—the M. G. M. corporation—sent her to Spain to get atmosphere for the *Ibancz story*, "The Temptress," and she is still on the job of seeing it through, though they've changed directors a couple of times. At last, Fred Niblo—who is becoming a sort of trouble-

shooter among directors—has the good old megaphone, so there won't be any more trouble. Fred stepped in and pulled "Ben-Hur" out of the fire, if you remember.

Dorothy, who is a little bit of a blonde and extremely pretty, first attracted attention when she did a perfect script on "Beat Brummel." Lately, she has made new fame for herself with "The Torrent" and "Bardelys, the Magnificent."

OUIDA BERGERE, scenario writer and wife of Basil Rathbone, filed a voluntary petition of bankruptcy in New York recently. Since her divorce from George Fitzmaurice, the director, Miss Berge has written no scenarios. In fact, in her bankruptcy suit, Miss Berge describes herself as "Ouida Rathbone, formerly Fitzmaurice, also known as Ouida Berge, housewife." And, as everyone knows, there is little money in being a housewife.

Miss Berge's liabilities were listed as \$0,350.10, mostly in debts owed to shopkeepers in London, Paris and New York. And her assets were set down as "8150 worth of clothes."

KING GEORGE has been so busy since the War, especially lately with this strike and all, that his correspondence has fallen way behind. So it was only the other day that he found time to sit down and write to Victor McLaglen, the big actor who made such a hit in "The Unholy Three" and "Winds of Chance." The letter, in official language and much ornamented with red tape and impressive seals, informed McLaglen that, while serving as a captain in the British Army under General Maule in Mesopotamia, he has been mentioned for distinguished services in dispatches to the War Office.

McLaglen is now working as *Captain Flagg*, of the United States Marines, in the Fox picture "What Price Glory."

PRETTY Kitty Clifford, who contests with Marion Davies the title of the wittiest woman in Hollywood, has put one over on everybody. She has been Mrs. Mio Illitch for months and months and nobody knew anything about it, and Kitty still refuses to say where or when the wedding took place.

"I'm incurably romantic," says Kitty, with her irresistible smile. "I like keeping things like that to myself."

Miss Clifford has just completed the most charming new home in Beverly Hills. And she and Mr. Illitch are planning to spend the summer in Europe.

Now—a new and totally different way to remove cold cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will combat oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That will make your skin seem shades lighter than before

Please accept a 7-day supply to try. See coupon below.

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 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 'Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—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 a 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.

KLEENEX

ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary



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 combat 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 combats 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.

Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 inches . . . 35¢
Professional, sheets 9x10 inches . . . 65¢

7-Day Supply—FREE

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex 'Kerchiefs—absorbent—as offered.

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Address.....

.....

POOR Ferdinand Earle! Troubles continue to tumble upon his artistic head with the fury of hailstones. Now his fourth wife is about to divorce him, charging cruelty and asking for partial custody of their ten-year-old son, Eyzind.

He is really clever—that Ferdinand Earle. He is an artist, writer, poet and excellent tennis player, although the latter could not be classed as a fine art, I suppose. Recently he had a very beautiful canvas of his wife—the one who is now suing—on display at the Biltmore salon and I think his poem, "Pilgrims of Eternity," is a joy. But he cannot seem to keep his wives. They have ranged from Julia Kuttner Earle to the present Mrs. Charlotte Kristine Earle, with several affinities involved, for Earle was purported to be the inventor of the "soul kiss" and the gentleman who gave such a run on the word "affinity." Although the latter charge he hotly denies.

He is something of an iconoclast and a very interesting chap, as most iconoclasts are.

WELL, I guess Mae Murray has decided not to jilt us entirely. The other day she purchased Jack Donovan's exotic Spanish residence near the beach on San Vicente Boulevard, which must mean that she has abandoned her idea of going to Germany. Jack designed the house himself and built it when he wasn't acting in pictures.



He's the first New York guy in "Our Gang." His name is "Scooter" Lowry, and he's a "reg'lar feller." He reported for work to Director Robert McGowan the other day and Mac said he didn't need to worry about dieting since he's got his weight up to all of thirty-five pounds



Sun -burn

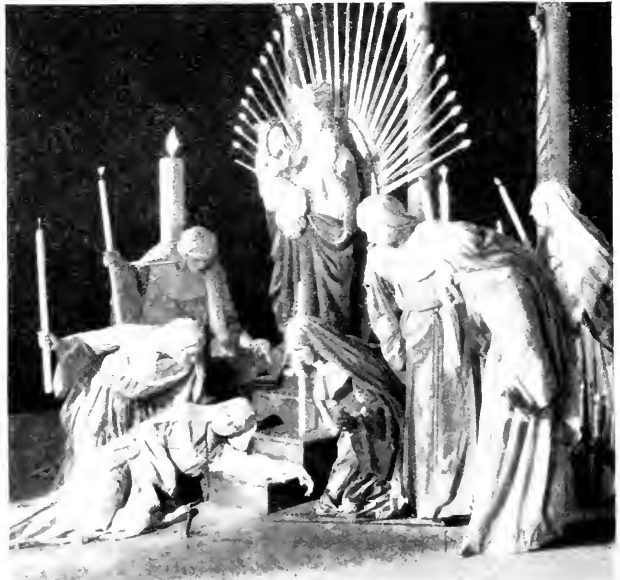
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Looks suspiciously like "The Miracle" to us. And it looks as though somebody were stealing a little thunder from the long-expected filming of the Reinhardt spectacle. It is a scene from "The Show World," with Billie Dove doing a Lady Diana Manners. Well, after all, it's anybody's legend

They say it contains some very lovely antique French furniture, picked up by Jack on his meanderings, which went with the house, as did a pipe organ.

ON her tour through Europe, Mary Pickford is discovering that she is a girl of many names. In Hollywood, her friends call her Mrs. Fairbanks. In France, she is known as La Belle Pickford. Germany simply calls her Mary Pickford, but her film, "Little Annie Rooney," is called "Die Kleine Annemarie." Sweden calls her Marie Pickford. The Italian newspapers referred to her as Madame Fairbanks, but Mussolini called her Mary Pickford.

But at the opening of "Little Annie Rooney" in Berlin, Doug told the audience: "Tonight I am not Douglas Fairbanks. I am Herr Pickford."

WHEN Rudolph Valentino saw "The Firebrand" in New York, he made up his mind he was going to have the story for his very own. But Will Hays decided that the play was too naughty and said "No." But Valentino has discovered a way around the difficulty. He has engaged Edwin Justus Mayer, author of "The Firebrand," to write an original story on the life of Benvenuto Cellini, so Rudy gets the "great lover" rôle, after all.

AND John Barrymore, craving to play Francois Villon, is having an original scenario written for himself about the adventures of the French poet. The story will have nothing in common with "If I Were King" nor yet with "The Vagabond King," the musical success now running on Broadway. However, the title of the Barrymore picture will be "The Vagabond Lover," which has what you might call a familiar ring.

FROM tales you've heard, champagne would appear to be the least thing Hollywood would employ for christening purposes.

But at the ceremony of ground-breaking for

Carter de Haven's Hollywood Music Box which took place recently, Mae Murray busted a perfectly good bottle of grape juice over the handle of the spade.

The new theater, which is to produce nothing but musical comedies, will be erected on Hollywood Boulevard and will be under the personal supervision of Carter de Haven. The film comedian acted as master of ceremonies and John Barrymore turned the first dirt.

THE social season in Hollywood seems to last all the year round. When the warm weather sets in, everybody moves to the beach, which is only a short drive, and the parties and festivities go on just the same.

Constance Talmadge had a delightful housewarming the other day when she opened her sister Norma's charming beach cottage for the summer during Norma's absence in New York with her husband, Joe Schenck, but Constance made a perfect substitute.

MRS. FRED NIBLO does have the nicest parties. Of course the fact that Fred Niblo is her husband may have something to do with that. Fred does understand being a host so beautifully.

They had a wonderful dinner dance the other evening, dancing in the open air patio, under the real moonlight, with a real California garden just beyond to stroll in between dances.

Florence Vidor was there, looking divine in a frock of white chiffon with orchids at the waist. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, with Mrs. Ray in a startling affair of bright geranium red sequins, her head wrapped in a scarf to match. Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, and Mrs. Moreno wore black satin of the most distinguished cut, and set off by a diamond necklace. George Fitzmaurice, John Considine, Dick Barthelmess, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan—Mrs. Sullivan is Ann May, and she had on a frock of black gettoite, trimmed with rhinestones, the outer skirt very long and full, with a tiny,

short underskirt—Vilma Banky, in orchid chiffon, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Catherine Bennett, in sky-blue chiffon, that set off her wonderful hair; Charles Christie and Ivy Shilling—Ivy in one of the hundreds of frocks she just brought back from Paris, apple green, with metal cloth underneath.

Afterwards, when everybody got tired of dancing, they played charades. Charades have become quite the fashion in Hollywood now. You play them after almost any dinner party. Gloria Swanson started it when she was home last year.

THE glory of battle and warfare—skirmishes with hostile tribes of Arabs—silent night marches with death lurking beyond each sand dune is nothing compared with the glory of acrobatic accomplishment. At least in the eyes of Leonard Sleeman, who was one of the legionnaires handling a rifle under Director Brenon's command during the filming of "Beau Geste."

Incidentally, Sleeman was one of the two men in all the two thousand on the desert for the filming of the South African war story who had seen actual service in Morocco with the real French Legion. The other was one Van den Akker who was technical advisor.

SLEEMAN spent seven hazardous years dodging Arabian bullets in Morocco, during which time he served in thirteen campaigns with names that sound like influenza germs on a rampage . . . de Souk el Had des Ghe-naia—de Sidi Belcacem—and an atlas more. A fleeing Arabian bullet knocked his third finger from its accustomed anchorage on his right hand one night as he stood smoking an after-dinner cigarette at the door of the fort. That and myriad other experiences made life a colorful whirl of adventure.

Then Sleeman came to America and the comparative safety of an aerial act following the "Flying Wards" of vaudeville fame, following in the footsteps of his Jaarlem, Holland, parents, who were also acrobats.

He was telling about his African experiences. "There are enough thrills in your life to make a great war story!" we breathed excitedly.

"Oh, yes . . ." deprecated the stalwart Mr. Sleeman, "but if you write it, don't forget to mention that I am now an aerial artiste and acrobatic comedian."

Thus do the glories of valor fade in comparison with the glamour of greasepaint.

NEVER was there such a desolate place as "The Red Mill" set the morning that "Buddy," Marion Davies' pugnacious bull pup, decided to go adventuring. Everybody joined in the search for the delinquent doggie with Marion, clogging along in the wooden shoes of her Dutch costume, leading the search.

Ads in the papers having been duly inserted, "Buddy" was found the next day in a remote part of town calmly digesting an old shoe.

COMES now the "Thalian Club" to take its place with "Our Club" and the "Regulars." It's made up of the younger set of players and was born, I rather imagine, in the comfortable living room presided over by that transplanted southern belle, Jobyna Ralston.

It's purely a social organization and its membership is made up of younger brothers and sisters of stars. For instance, there is Cleve Moore, brother of Colleen; George Stewart, brother of Anita; Lincoln Stedman, son of Myrtle; Eric St. Clair, brother of Mal St. Clair, the director. The Costello girls—Dolores and Helene—have just been initiated, and John Roche, William Haines, Blanche Mehaffay, June Marlowe, Alice and Marceline Day, Priscilla and Marjorie Bonner, Shannon Day, Carroll Nye, Rex Lease, Rita Careve—daughter of Edwin Careve the director—and a flock of other nice young people are among the group who meet weekly for an evening of fun and dancing. Raymond Keane is the president.



Sometimes . . . remembering is dangerous

SORRY that he met a beautiful girl? How can a man ever regret such a pleasure? How can he want to forget it?

It can happen! And perhaps there is no keener disappointment to a man than this very thing.

To admire a girl's beauty, to want to know her. Then to meet her—and have nearness bring disillusionment!

And always, afterward, when he thinks of her, he remembers only this one thing. He forgets her beauty—but he can't forget that she failed to live up to his ideal of her!

The smart woman never neglects one fundamental personal appeal. She is ever on the alert against that disastrous thing which can so quickly turn masculine admiration into disgust.

If soap and water alone could keep you from offending with the deadly odor of underarm perspiration and the ugly stains of moisture, few people would offend.

But ordinary cleanliness has no effect on perspiration. No make-shift, temporary measures

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Miscast [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]



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A fragrance famous for sixty years. A quality noted for its softness and purity. It stays fresh.

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 For further particulars see Page 58.

"Only you can't expect them to take count of that. Their measure of you is the number of years they've been acquainted with that wild hair and those eyes. If you weren't such a conspicuous personality, they wouldn't remember so far back. Now take the advice of a fellow who knows the game—and get that script from Cleburg."

She shoved his arm away, wheeled on him. The gentle, kind features in the lean face, older than his forty years, had the troubled look of a father for an unmanageable child.

"You're willing to humiliate me, too! You want me to go back, after he's insulted me this way, and grovel on my knees. Not if I never work! Not if I starve to death—"

"Now—now," he interrupted. "I don't care, honey, if you never set foot on a stage again. I'd like nothing better than to quit bum joints like this and settle down in a nice little place in the country—you and I and the boy." He gazed dramatically out of the window, visioning his El Dorado beyond the uneven, smoky sky line that dulled the violet of city twilight. "But I know that'd kill you sure enough. You're part of the theater, just like me. Only, you're wrong in the way you've been handling things for the past year. And I've got to tell you, whether you like it or not.

Edna Ridgeway's little square jaw dropped amazedly, then showed a flash of sharp teeth like an angry terrier's before it clamped tight.

"Are you taking sides against me?" came through them.

"No, dear. But for a long time you've been telling me that the regiment is out of step with you. And it's not so. You're lopsided in your point of view. You're humiliating yourself—nobody else is doing it."

"In what way, may I ask?" It came like a snarl bitten off.

"Well, for instance, passing the boy off as your brother, just because you want to be a kid. Is that giving him a square deal—or yourself?"

"Do you think I could convince anybody of my age with a twelve-year old boy tagging along?"

"What age, honey? The one you want to be? Don't you see, you only make them think you're older than you are by not admitting you're as old as you are. Nature's doing her job the way she always does, with wisdom and beautifully, and you're doing everything in your power to make a fool of her."

She stared at him, unbelieving, too astonished for the flood of fury to find vent.

"Take a real look at yourself, won't you, dear?" He pursued determinedly, though with something of a scare in his mild eyes, as if abashed at his daring. "The girl I see when she wakes up in the morning. She's darned pretty. I can tell you—with the paint off."

He hesitated, the words halting like the jerk

of traffic at a signal. That signal was in her eyes, her lips, the thin nostrils. It was like a searing yellow fire. A sudden sweep of hatred. Under it, she looked a hundred.

They had been through similar scenes, any number of them, in the last year. Scenes that had begun when a manager sent for her and assumed the prerogative of engaging her offer for a part instead of submitting it for approval. A spoiled darling of the theater, traveling for years on charm of personality and tangled red hair, rather than any startling ability, she had flounced out of his office. Jim

Ridgeway disapproved of the high-handed procedure, but said nothing. Neither had he spoken when on the occasions that followed other managers favored younger ingenues and hinted Edna Ridgeway might be better suited with something more mature.

For her, those past months were a slow seething process of rebellion. How dared they! What insolence! Who was the hidden enemy undermining her position in the theater? She struck out with her two hands against a force unseen. She, whose standing had always been so secure as to be unquestioned, began to grope for the revelation which, when written on the wall, she refused to read. She dressed for extreme youth, hid away her son, and mopped her hair with more studied carelessness in the hope that she might make them see the folly of their own mistake.

But months went by and with them opportunities to flounce out and scold scenes of fury more frequent. Had she put into some of the parts proffered her a fraction of the fervor concentrated in those stormy hours with Jim Ridgeway, she might have been counted among the truly great.

He bore it all with a gentle tenderness. When the strain became too demanding, he would steal a week-end visit with his boy, renewing in their woodland walks his even fine balance of manhood. A sea-wall of patience it was, against which pounded the torrent of his wife's rage. With all the tact at his command—and contact with actors had given him a full quota —he had tried to turn the tide. But advice and warning alike she defied, and in that one year her face hardened ten.

Perfectly aware of the change, he still handled the situation subtly.

Not until tonight had he taken a definite stand.

And hearing him, Edna Ridgeway's hands clenched on the back of the Morris-chair until her fingers penetrated the faded velvet, ripping into it like angry, worrying claws.

"So now we understand each other. You agree that I'm a has-been—good enough for any rotten rôle they throw at me."



"Is this Miss Ridgeway? . . . can you come right over . . ."

"I agree only that your best work's ahead of you, if you'll accept the fact that you don't belong where you were ten years ago. If Cleeburg wants you to play a woman of thirty-five, it's because he realizes you are—well, thirty-three—and knows the part'll fit you like a glove.

"It's late in the season, too, and there may not be another chance."

"That settles it!" Her jaws snapped on the words like a trap closing.

"I've been bearing this humiliation as long as I'm going to.

"I'M through, do you hear—finished with the whole lot of you. I'll show you who's right—I'll show you!"

She picked up her hat, tugged it over her hair, and jabbed the hat-pin through it.

"Ted,"—he stepped in her path as she made for the door—"honey, don't do anything foolish. I'm only trying to help you. I've seen you miserable so long—"

"Well, I won't be miserable anymore." She pushed past him without a glance. "Better get some dinner or you'll be late at the theater and lose your job."

He caught her wrist as she reached for the door knob.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, his voice hoarse with fear.

"Don't you worry about me. I'm going to take care of that future you're so upset over. I'm going to see a man who wanted to star me months ago."

"Who is he?"

"What difference does that make?"

"If he's anybody worth talking about, I ought to know him."

"Well, you don't. He's new at the game."

"Then he's a shoe-string—wants to star you and you foot the bills!"

He leaped at the conclusion, obvious to a long experience.

"What's that to you? It's my own money."

"Ted," he pleaded, "don't be an idiot. Don't let yourself be buncoed at this stage of the game."

"You're too old a hand for that. Listen to me, won't you?"

"No! I've listened long enough—to everybody."

"I'm sick of it!

"If I haven't enough faith in my own talents to risk an investment in them, then I don't deserve what I've got."

"I'm, that's just about his line of talk, whoever he is. Well, he has me to reckon with—I won't let him get away with it."

"You'll kindly keep out of the whole affair. I can take care of myself."

"No, you can't!" he plunged recklessly.

"You've proved that."

Her eyes, through the shadows of the little hall, gleamed like an enraged animal's.

"Well, then, it's my responsibility! Wash your hands of me—and let it go at that." She dragged off his restraining clutch.

"Ted!"

"Just let me alone—that's all I want."

"But think it over, girl."

"That's what I've been doing for a month. The details of the deal are practically settled. All I have to do now is sign."

Astonishment, anger, anxiety, appeal submerged one another in the depths of his gaze.

"And you never said a word to me," he brought out.

"Why should I? You see what your answer would have been."

Nothing but appeal was left in his gaze.

"But wait till tomorrow. When you're calmer—"

"I won't be calm until I'm working." Her voice snapped in two, was hurriedly caught up, held taut. "Don't try to interfere with me. If I have to go through again what I've suffered this past year, I'll go crazy."

She opened the door and stood in the light of the outer corridor, her back to him.

"And take Jimsy in to sleep with you," she said without turning her head.

Watch This Column

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The fact that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see **UNIVERSAL** is accentuated by the **GREATER MOVIE LIST** which **UNIVERSAL** has created for 1926-27. The stories are chosen from the work of brilliant writers and the players from among the best the screen-world affords.



LAURA LA PLANTE in "POKER FACES"

Here is a partial list which I commend warmly

to your consideration. In succeeding advertisements, I will give you the others. If you will preserve this list, it will prove a guide to your best entertainment for months to come.

"*Poker Faces*"—starring **EDWARD EVERETT HORTON**, one of the funniest men on the New York stage, and **LAURA LA PLANTE**. Adapted from the popular novel by **Edgar Franklin**. Directed by **Harry Pollard**.

"*The Old Soak*"—starring **JEAN HERSHOLT** with **JUNE MARLOWE** and **GEORGE LEWIS**. From the play by the well-known humorist, **Don Marquis**. Directed by **Edward Sloman**.

"*The Marriage Clause*"—featuring **FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN**, **BILLY DOVE** and **WARNER OLAND**. From *The Saturday Evening Post* story "Technic," by **Dana Burnett**. A **Lois Weber** production.

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HOUSE PETERS in "*Prisoners of the Storm*"—a tale of the snow country. Directed by **Lynn Reynolds**.

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(To be continued next month)

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"Ted—my God—you're not—" the broken words held the hush of horror.

"I'm going to take a room somewhere else. Don't try to stop me. I've just got to be alone."

CHAPTER II

UP Broadway, the defeated hum of a song on her lips, her ankles twisting on run-down heels, she went. The song was never completed. The heels had always been too high.

Some of them turned, those so-called denizens of the street of many sighs, and stared amusedly after her. Others shrugged past the incongruously gay figure, henna bob lost under a cloche hat, its pain concealed by paint. Not one recognized her. Just another hag turned flapper. To the Broadway of 1925 they are legion.

But Edna Ridgeway stole out of the crowd self-consciously, and west in the Forties, like a pick-pocket sidling away from detection. She would never get used to the oblivion that was completely hers.

Yet uncertainty had passed. Anxiety had passed. Anguish had passed. She had reached that state of wondering resignation which looks back on years that are gone, as if they had been lived by another person. A dull, pondering question. A monotonous, inescapable unequivocal answer:—

Done for? Yes—finished!! Long ago! As finally as if her name had never been inscribed on the scroll of the theater. As absolutely as if her brimming personality had never filled the cup of an audience's pleasure. As ignominiously as if that scroll were nothing but blotting paper sucking in the signatures across its surface until they vanished.

She had not seen it coming—this oblivion. So subtle, like the gradual collapse of a bridge through enemies unknown. Even now she did not recognize it as the result of vanity. All she knew was that she, who had arrogated to herself the right to slam the door of a manager's office because a part did not suit her, now sat hour after hour in the office of a theatrical agent waiting for someone, anyone, to send for her.

"Nothing today," in that mechanical, ex-

pressionless tone of disinterest was a dirge so incessant, she mentally covered her ears that the knell of it might not penetrate.

Her name was on the lists. Freddie Lane, the agent, had showed it to her. Yet no one seemed to notice it.

How often had she, from the top peak of popularity, asked with casual indifference:—"What's become of So-and-So? Never hear of her any more." Probably no one even asked it about her. She was sucked into the blotter of nothingness.

She stumbled up a brownstone high stoop and three flights of stairs, the worn-down heels tapping their bare wood like a crutch, her ankles twisting uncertainly. At the top, she let herself into a rear room that looked out on what had once been a garden. The window was open, its cracked shade flapping inward. She did not lift it to the warm early September breeze.

Those wisps of grass and weeds lying under thick layers of summer dust sickened her.

There had been not the slightest attempt to camouflage the narrow room into something habitable. It was so useless. Nothing could transform the warped bureau that lopped to one side, crippled by its surroundings; the washstand, oil-cloth covered; the pitcher and basin whose pattern had disappeared long since. Besides, she had grown past cheap effort to hide cheapness. In the first throbbing stages of rooming-house existence, she had tried to make the walls that were so much the same a little different, a bit her own. But like the defeated hum of song, no gaiety came from them. And now she was so desperately tired in every way.

SHE had left Freddie Lane's office at five, after sitting there all day, only because it was closing. Her back ached. Her feet ached. The dull ache of inactivity to which she had become accustomed. She pulled off the cloche hat and ran her fingers through her hair. Against its brilliant henna dye, the blue-veined hands were pale. She looked round the room, wondering what to do until it was time to go to bed.

There was no one to see, not a soul to talk to. Her arrival in New York two months ago



Song cue: "At Peace With the World and You," James Cruze and his wife, Betty Compson, in their new home, "The Hacienda." It is hidden away in the mountains near Hollywood and maybe James isn't glad to get there after directing 1,500 hard-boiled extras and his new production, "Old Ironsides"



Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

Over 10,000,000 women have used it as the sure way to avoid detection. They urge it because it's safe. Those who know will warn you not to use the crude, messy old-time dyes. This is clean and colorless. Will not wash nor rub off. You simply comb it through the hair.

Gray hair lacks color pigment. This way takes its place, and gives the natural effect. If hair is auburn it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman, 926-K Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn (light red).....blonde.....

Name

Street

City

Please print your name and address.

long time before you get the right opportunity. Regarding the Follies. You will get an opportunity if you have the goods to deliver. It is nonsense about theatrical people necessarily having a bad reputation. You don't have to have a bad reputation in the theatrical business any more than in any other business. The salary of chorus girls ranges from \$25 to \$80 a week, depending upon the management of the company and the girl's own ability. The one thing you must be prepared to face is the fact that every good chorus girl in New York today is an experienced, well-trained dancer.

HOPEFUL.

Those unsightly lumps on the call of the leg, as you call them, are caused by the muscles, and in some people they are more prominent than in others. One cannot be quite sure in taking exercise whether or not the muscles will be affected to an extent that will make them stand out too prominently. But a reasonable amount of exercise rarely affects them in that manner. Try the following exercise. I think it will help you. Stand with feet together; hands on hips. With left foot firmly planted on ground, swing right foot forward and backward five times, then sideward and back, five times. Repeat with other foot. You are so young, I wouldn't worry about the shape of my lips. I were you. The rest of your features will probably grow up to match and from a point of view of character a thick lipped person has much more charm than the thin lipped type. Brushing your eyelashes back from your eyes will help them get into shape. You are lucky they are so long.

TOOTS.

I think you can hardly be very serious about this boy. You have seen him a lot in crowds, but since you haven't talked to him very much, I don't know how you know that you even want to be friends with him. You should wait until he makes some step in your direction.

II. E. M. D.

About all your talents! I think you should settle on one and try to develop it. It is pretty difficult unless you are extremely talented to do all and do them well. Cleanse your face every night with a good cream. Then wash your face with a pure soap and warm water. Scrub well around the nose, chin and forehead where blackheads usually come. Rinse with cold water. If there are any blackheads that may be squeezed out do so by gently pressing the part between fingers protected by a small piece of cotton. Do but a couple at a time before using the cold water rinse. End up with a quick rub with a small piece of ice.

LILLIAN.

There's no reason why you can't wear high heels. They ought to be very becoming to you. With your thin face you should wear your hair fluffed out. You must build up your general health because the hair more than anything else reflects your physical condition. Keep it brushed, of course, and very clean. You can wear white, relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; blue gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose.

LOIS LEE, NEW JERSEY.

You should weigh about 125 pounds. A few

pounds one way or the other doesn't matter since you are only 16. Yes, you are quite tall for your age, but don't worry about it. A tall girl can always wear clothes better than a short girl and a tall girl is as popular as a shorter girl. Look at some of our famous screen stars or a matrimonial wonder like Peggy Hopkins Joyce if you don't believe it. You may grow taller. I cannot tell. The average girl keeps on growing until she's about 19. Your coloring sounds very attractive. You can wear black, with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; electric and sapphire blues; orchid; burgundy and dark red; amber and canary yellows; pale pinks. I would try to keep slim if I were you, at least until the present fashions change.

S. A. Mc.

No, I don't think you're foolish at all. Your letter sounds extremely intelligent. Your problem of becoming a better mixer is certainly an important one with any girl. After all you're only a freshman. That gives you an opportunity to meet more men. Have you tried all the easy methods of meeting men—your girl friends' brothers, your male relatives' pals, and such?

If you find yourself in a room of loud voiced people, don't worry about your soft voice. There may be someone present who is not particularly enjoying being rendered half deaf either. Your height is so average that you can wear almost any type of clothes. Of course, I always favor tailored and sport things because if a girl hasn't a great deal of money to spend on her clothes she always looks smartly groomed in these frocks. A rouge with a dark tint, I should judge, would be most becoming to you. In New York there are shops where one may try out different rouge tints. If that is possible in your city do so. Don't worry about your skin ageing prematurely. Good skin is simply a matter of proper diet, proper cleanliness and general good health. In the evening if you wish to change your type, you may wear more fluffy clothes. Perhaps this will put you over with the other type of boy; the one who likes to pet.

NORA.

You are mistaken, Nora, in the idea that evening frocks must be fussy. The smartest women today are wearing almost as strictly tailored clothes for the evening as they are during the day. Even the "period" frock, a sort of picture dress, which is in vogue, is closely fitted and its lines are simple, even though the skirt in most cases comes to the floor. Since tailored suits and sports clothes are most becoming to you, get the tailored type of thing for evening wear except in lighter shades than your daytime frocks, and rest assured you will be as smartly dressed as any girl present. Why do you want to look your age? If you look three or four years younger, you're just a lucky girl. If you are tired of blue, why don't you change to blue-gray; pale pink; rose or bronze for evening, and for daytime golden brown, gray, and even darkest purple. They will all be becoming to a girl of your coloring. Be careful in using depilatories on your face. I don't recommend them.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

A TRIP TO CHINATOWN—Fox

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.

YOU won't miss much if you miss this. It is one of those flimflammy tales with machado about nothing. Had it been produced in two reels it would have been funny, but as it stands now it is just an excuse for making some players earn their salaries. Another one of those psychopatric affairs and if you can get a laugh out of them you're the canary's eyebrows.

THEY just won't let Matt Moore stop being a sap, with the result that again you must sit through a sappy picture. There are a few funny moments, but on the whole it is a complete frost. Oswald is no sooner married than he is rushed to Paris by his business associates. He is reported dead and his wife collects his in-

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Terms—Pay 10 per cent down—we deliver goods immediately. Balance weekly, semi-monthly, or monthly as convenient. New Diamond Book, \$2.00. Write for it!

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a wk.

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\$191.50
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\$37.50
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No. 85—"Tina" design, beautifully engraved. Solid 18 k. white gold. 17 jewels, set in. Delivered on first payment of \$3.50, then \$1.00 week.

17-Jewel Elgin

No. 86—Green gold, 15-Jewel Elgin Watch. 25-Year Quality. Case 12 Sister Girl Dial. \$50. \$3 down and \$1.00 week.

Wedding Rings

No. 824—The "Elito" gold. \$750

No. 825—Platinum, \$26.95

With 8 Diamonds, 50¢ each. 100¢ surrounded by Diamonds, \$200.

urance. He returns—but maybe you'd better go see it—you may like it.

SHIPWRECKED—Producers Dist. Corp.

If you haven't been sleeping lately, try this on your insomnia. The story is all about two of those pieces of human driftwood, who meet on a water front but can't believe they mean right by each other. Comes the storm. Comes a tropical island and the end in which they settle down to bliss among the bananas. Joseph Schildkraut is terrible in the leading rôle.

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.

OUR old pal the Mounty is back with us again struggling between love and duty. Lefty Flynn is the big brave man of the north who succeeds in saving his loved one from the arms of the law. Just for the children.

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal

JUST western hokum dealing with one hero, one heroine and a gang of crooks, marshalled in a melodramatic way before the camera. The hero, even though a stranger, is the kind of a guy who manages to ward off the villains from the girl's father. He loved the gal and wanted to make her happy, and if you can stand this hokum you must be ditto.

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.

FRED THOMSON and his well trained horse, Silver King, make this an interesting picture. Fred performs a series of hair-raising stunts and thrilling escapades that the youngsters will enjoy. It's all about a young American in the U. S. secret service who captures a band of counterfeiters on the Mexican border.

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal

ART ACORD stares dreamily throughout this picture and at times one wishes the villain would give him a good sock and make him snap out of it. He's a kind-hearted roamer who protects a lovely old lady from her scheming son. Naturally there was a method in his madness—a pretty young lady—which explains the other half of the story. Passable.

THE FRONTIER TRAIL—Pathe

ARED-BLOODED Western—a tale of years ago when white men went into a primitive land, ruled by Indians, and built a new empire. Harry Carey will please his fans, in this rôle of a kindly, gallant, heroic Army scout. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one.

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal

A STORY of the great West. With quite some riding and excitement. Incidentally, the lovely heroine does some of the riding—trying to protect the hero. He is the innocent victim of a murder plot and there's the Dickens to pay until his innocence is proved. Pete Morrison, as usual, has something real to offer.

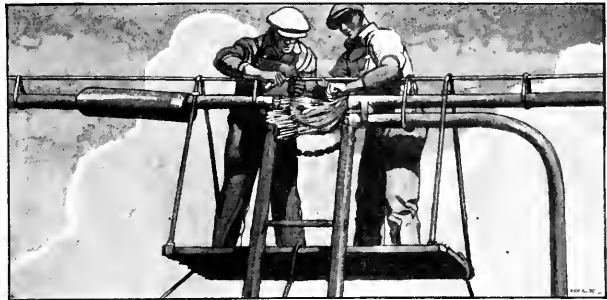
THE GENTLE CYCLONE—Fox

FLAT. The plot is developed in the most obvious manner possible and without sufficient material for a feature length photoplay. Buck Jones is his usual self. Nothing is outstanding throughout the picture except Buck has three charming young ladies supporting him (cinematically speaking)—Marion Harlan, Rose Blossom, Kathleen Myers.

THE SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN—Warner Bros.

If you like sensible stories you might as well stay home, but if John Patrick, Dorothy Devore and Montague Love are your favorites, get in line at the box office. This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Joining the wires in a great trunk nerve between New York and Chicago



The Nerves of a Nation

THE magnitude of our present system of telephone communication was beyond the thoughts of men fifty years ago. While at that time Bell, the inventor, had a prophetic vision of places and houses and factories connected by telephone, even he could not have foreseen the American city of skyscrapers with more telephones in one building than are to be found in many a foreign country.

The massed multitudes of the modern city can no longer be served by wires strung in the air. We now have telephone cables

no bigger than a man's wrist each containing 2,400 thread-like wires, carrying beneath the city streets their millions of spoken messages. Long distance cables overhead and underground connect cities with one another by storm-proof conductors, now being extended into a country-wide network.

At the present time nine-tenths of the 45,000,000 miles of telephone wire in the Bell System are in cable. The service of each telephone user has become more and more reliable with the extension of this cable construction.

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from underarms, arms and legs—dissolving it leaves skin clear—gives beauty that thrills. Learn By Test Free. Send the Coupon.

Your skin shouldn't feel like a man's face. Underarm surfaces rub. Sharp hair ends prick and show. Also when shaved, skin becomes coarse, dark and the pores enlarge. There is a far better method of ending hair. Millions are using it. Both in this country and in fashion centers abroad. Druggists everywhere sell it. 50¢ per tube. A trial is free. Just send coupon.

Then you will know how to dissolve hair with this amazing cream. And you simply rinse all the hair away. See how skin stays velvety smooth. Also soft and clear. On arms, underarms or legs, this cream works like magic. Amazingly thorough. You'll be delighted.

The test shows free why this method called Neet ends shaving. How it brings greatest beauty and comfort to you. And why doctors endorse it. Clip coupon now.

Perfect loveliness depends no less on freedom from perspiration odor than on pleasing freedom from unsightly hair. So we send you also a trial tube of the dainty cream, *Finure*. It banishes perspiration odor as this test shows.

Trial Tube FREE Neet

Hannibal Pharmaceutical Company,
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Mail me trial tube of Neet, the hair removing cream.



Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well— which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Koni Co., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Wholesale Murder and Suicide

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

heavy, square shoulders has a coarse skin with a scant growth of hair. The legs are short and stocky, and the hair begins to fall out in early life.

The gastric secretions, blood pressure, pulse rate and temperature vary so markedly with different types that according to Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait, "to study all individuals from the same point of view must lead to much confusion and explain in part the different reports which are made of seemingly similar investigations."

It is this difference in type that explains the different effects of the same diet upon a group of women. That one becomes fat while another remains thin; that one suffers distress while another thrives upon the same diet is due to other things beside the food consumed.

These are the reasons that the short, stocky woman, no matter how self-sacrificing she may be, cannot and should not have the slim lines of her narrow-backed girl friend. Moreover, she would and will, if she values her health, weigh a good deal more than the slender type, perhaps twenty pounds, and a few pounds more than the medium type.

The old hour-glass figure of our grandmothers was an unwise and silly one. Their aim was to make their figures, publicly, as unlike a man's as possible. They padded out their busts, padded out their hips, pulled in their waists, wore bustles and all the rest of the nonsense. The girl today wants a "boyish" form. That shows the difference in viewpoint.

Dr. Clelia Mosher in a survey, printed in the American Medical Association Journal, discovered that the height of the average college girl has increased more than two inches since 1905. Her general health is better; her posture much improved.

It is perfectly possible for the modern girl to be useless, but she never looks as much so as her maiden aunt did in her younger years. So, instead of her looking to her mother as the model of deportment and style, Mother is looking to her. No woman of today wants to "dress old." But she can't make herself look really young by simply peeling weight off herself. She must do so that her figure is in proportion to she is lost.

So very little has weight interested any but the insurance companies up to the present

HEIGHTS		WOMEN'S WEIGHTS ACCORDING TO AGE PERIOD									
Ft.	Ins.	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-39	40-44	45-49	50-53	54-56	57-59	
5	1	124	117	111	109	108	110	111	110	109	
5	2	129	121	115	114	113	115	115	115	114	
5	3	133	126	121	120	119	121	121	121	120	
5	4	138	131	127	127	126	127	127	127	126	
5	5	143	133	133	133	132	134	134	134	132	
5	6	146	140	139	139	139	140	141	141	141	
5	7	148	144	144	144	145	146	147	148	148	
5	8	150	147	148	149	150	152	153	155	155	
5	9	153	151	151	153	154	156	157	159	160	
5	10	156	155	155	156	157	160	161	163	164	
5	11	156	156	157	158	159	163	165	167	169	
6	0	156	156	159	160	161	166	169	170	172	

To calculate your normal weight, find your height in feet and inches in the left hand column, then follow that column to the right until you meet your age period at the top; there you will find your normal weight. Example: 5 ft., 8 in., in the left hand column gives a normal weight of 150 at any age from 40 to 44.

However, there is hope. Dr. Goldthwait says that the slender type is on the increase. "One has only to study any considerable group of school children of the present time to see how commonly the slender type is found. That this was not formerly the case is suggested at least by the study of the engravings of individuals of from fifty to a hundred years ago, in which the broad or round-faced type is about the only one shown."

Here, then, is reason for many of our styles and most of our reudemannia. Youth rules America, the young girl in particular, ruling American home life. It is not Mother, but Mother's daughter, who is the ideal today.

Students have noted that when a race ascends the scale of civilization, the two sexes tend to become similar, not only in viewpoint but in actual physical characteristics. It was true in ancient Greece and it is true to a considerable extent in the United States today.

time, however, that the tables they have kept are the only ones generally used.

Now the American Medical Association is engaged in gathering data for new weight tables. To do this they will have to examine thousands of individuals of all builds, races, heights and ages, with reference to their inheritance and medical history. Dr. Haynes Harold Fellows of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company told me he thought it might take from ten to fifteen years to compile a really authoritative set of tables.

The present weight tables, however, not applied too rigidly to the individual, can give women a general idea of what they should weigh. In the center of this page you will find the one compiled by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and used by the Life Extension Institute, which examines thousands of people.

The ideal figure from the point of view of the

insurance companies is the figure that of medium, large or slender framework, tips the scales at its full or even a little more than its full normal weight for the particular build. After thirty it should thin out to normal or a little under until middle age finds it like the lean horse that wins the race.

This is important because for a long time it has been considered natural for women, and men, too, to grow a little stouter with age. People do get stouter as they grow older, but they shouldn't. After thirty, all other things being equal, the women who have gradually lost weight instead of gaining it are the ones who will live the longest.

Fat people are not as susceptible to tuberculosis or diseases of the lungs. Young girls, who are particularly susceptible to tuberculosis, should be overweight rather than underweight. On the other hand, in middle age, it is the fat women who are susceptible to diseases of the heart and the kidneys and the thin women who are better off.

When consulting weight tables, remember this. If your weight is all right for your height but underweight for your age, that's fine.

A WOMAN five feet tall, for example, and over thirty, of medium build and weight, may find that she does not weigh the full 121 pounds which the average table shows under the ages 30-40. She may weigh only 115 pounds, the rate for twenty-year-olds. According to the insurance companies, if that woman is in good physical condition, she has reason to congratulate herself on keeping her youthful figure of twenty and on having lowered her chance for death by five years.

The age of thirty is the great divide for figures. After thirty for a woman to retain her figure means not starvation or suicidal reduction methods, but an intelligent knowledge of good values, a constant, not too drastic, vigilance as regards diet, and a steady routine of simple exercises for those who lead sedentary lives.

The weights given are for persons of medium or normal build. The other two types of slender and of heavy weight framework are recognized by a leeway of ten per cent or about ten pounds below or above the weight in the table. That is, the average weight of a woman five feet tall at the age of thirty would be about 120 pounds, if she is of medium build. But if she is of the narrow-shouldered light-boned type, she would not be underweight at 108 or 110 pounds. If she is of the broad-shouldered, heavy-boned type, she would not be over weight at 130 or 132 pounds.

Do not use this table as an absolute guide to your correct weight. It will simply give you a general idea of whether or not you are over or under weight, but before making any drastic decision to reduce, consult your doctor.

For simple directions for simple, rational reduction, look for the third article in this series in PHOTOPLAY next month.

What Is Immorality In Pictures?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

by, considering its present questionable status. "The speaking theater is just a small item," he said. "It draws a few thousand every night in New York and a few other cities, but essentially it has passed into eclipse. On the other hand, the screen is a mighty force. Again, it is impossible to regulate the spoken drama with any degree of surety. You can cut lines one day, and that night an actress can change the whole meaning of the new lines with a single gesture. But once a picture play is regulated it remains regulated. See the difference?"

I asked the canon to point out a few approved motion pictures.



for the uncorseted figure

SHORT skirts . . . no corset . . . stockings over the knee instead of rolled—they must be smooth and straight or the whole ensemble is spoiled. . . so it all depends on the right garter—and that means the Girdlon.

The Girdlon is made in dainty shades of webbing and shirred ribbon to harmonize with your lingerie. It is most comfortable—there is no pinching at the waist, for it is worn around the hips where it is hardly felt, and it is so designed it simply cannot slip down.

If you do not find the Girdlon at your favorite shop, write us, giving hip measure and color desired. Shirred ribbon \$2.00 and \$2.50, rayon frill elastic \$1.50 and \$1.75, cotton frill elastic \$1.00, postpaid.

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Makers of the famous Boston Garters for Men

Velvet Grip

GIRDLO

\$1500 FOR SOMEONE —IS IT YOU?

Jobyna Ralston hopes so, and gives you some "prize-winning" advice:

"HELLO, everybody! Are you trying **H** for one of the cash prizes in Photo-play's Cut Puzzle Picture Contest?

Let Dennison's help you. They have helped me many, many times. They have the most delightful materials for mounting the pictures and the cleverest suggestions for presenting them.

Write at once for their circulars on Picture Framing, Posters, Sealing Wax Art, Crepe Paper Flowers and Scissor Painting.

They will also send you some special sketches. I hope you'll win."—*Jobyna.*



Stationers, department stores and many druggists have Dennison's materials and instruction leaflets.

DENNISON'S, Dept. H6
Framingham, Mass.

I want to win that first prize of \$1500. Send me the craft circulars and special sketches.

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Clear Up Your Skin

Freckles are a handicap, both to good looks and social popularity. Get rid of them. They are needless. You can remove them secretly, quickly, surely—and no one will ever know how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream, double action, not only dissolves away freckles, but whitens, refines and beautifies your skin. After using this snow-white magical cream, your skin will be soft and white, clear and transparent. Results guaranteed.

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32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
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"I don't see as many pictures as I ought to," he admitted. "I've been wanting to see 'Ben Hur' but I haven't found time yet.

"Take 'Stella Dallas,'" he went on. "That was good in its emphasis on mother love but it was unnecessary and perverted to have Stella go off with that race track trol in the end. It was overwrought. It wasn't true to life.

"Mind you, we are not asking perfection in pictures. We want truth. Truth isn't a picture of a barnyard. Filth is only a tiny fraction of life. We want truth, which is an emphasis upon the higher part of human nature. Service for others, for instance. That can be made thrilling.

"ONE of the good plays was 'The Covered Wagon.' That was injured, though, by the drinking scene between the two scouts. I don't believe that was historically or psychologically true. It was just a sop to the bad element in the film clientele.

"In similar way there was 'Daddy Long Legs.' That was a sweet, nice story spoiled by the boy and girl getting drunk on cider. All that was unnecessary."

I asked about sex on the screen.

"Over-emphasis," said Canon Chase. "No, that's not it. It isn't over-emphasis. Sex is two-thirds of life and naturally it must be a big part of pictures. At my time of life you realize all that clearly. Wrong emphasis on sex, that's better.

"There's 'Stella Dallas.' That was wrong emphasis, when the wife ran off with that man.

"The screen is constantly justifying the girl going wrong to save someone. That is breaking down the things on which our civilization is built. It is even an insult to call it Orientalism. It isn't American."

Canon Chase returned to specific films. "The Iron Horse," he said. "That was free from evil. 'The Freshman!' That was excellent and very funny. Lloyd is almost invariably clean, although it hurt me to see him use those drunken men for comedy purposes in 'For Heaven's Sake.' Still, Lloyd is a nice boy, I guess. 'Abraham Lincoln' is a splendid example of a good, clean, instructive picture that has succeeded. Let's see. 'The Thief of

Bagdad'? No, that glorified a thief, to a certain extent, anyway."

Canon Chase smiled. "Sometimes my co-workers, young men, you know, are shocked by the clothes worn by actresses in films. That doesn't seem to me to be a serious thing. It is the basic truth I'm after.

"I know when I went to see 'The Queen of Sheba' the young man who accompanied me was much distressed at the way the star was dressed. What I objected to there was the taking and spoiling of a Biblical character without historical authority. No, the question of clothes doesn't worry me.

"The failure of 'Foolish Wives' had a good effect upon production. It was advertised as costing a million and it never paid for its exploitation. That proves my argument. Our work has had its effect upon pictures. We are making producers be better, whether or not they like it.

"Why haven't pictures achieved more than they have?" the canon demanded. "Why has a man like Thomas Edison been forced out? Why is the whole business in the hands of less than a half dozen men: Zukor, Loew, Fox, Laemmle and Lasky?"

"WE must have regulation. Don't forget that and don't call it censorship. It has come to be a habit for Americans to cry censorship against any law that does something we don't want done.

"Remember that the mass of the public must have consideration in making pictures. The motion picture is the greatest thing since the invention of printing. Remember that one of the first books printed was the Bible, for printing was immediately appreciated and used to good purpose by the church. Motion pictures have wandered along for thirty years, unhampered and in the hands of less than a half dozen men. It's all wrong."

What do you think? Here is a temperate presentation of the canon's charges, given exactly as he offered them. Do you want the screen transformed into a pulpit? Do you want censorship under the canon's sugarcoted term of regulation?

Do you want entertainment or sermons?

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

B. H. S., SIOUX CITY, CALIF.—Write to Fred Thomson at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

D. G., CHICAGO.—I'm sorry I can not be of assistance to you. To obtain photographs of the stars you will have to write to them personally, enclosing twenty-five cents for each photograph. Charlie Chaplin receives his mail at the Chaplin Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Jackie Coogan's mail may be sent to 516 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

R. C., SHARPSBURG, PA.—Have a heart, lady. How many addresses do you think I can give you? Only five. Mary Pickford, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.; Pauline Starke, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.; Richard Dix, Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.; Corinne Griffith, Metropolitan Studios, 1040 La Palma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.; Pola Negri, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Write me again for the remainder!

A FRIEND, TAMPA, FLA.—So you think fifteen berries a week is a lot of dough! Not when you have a wife and five children to support. I suppose that's another startling revelation for all my readers. Have I ever seen Richard Dix, face to face? Didn't you know that Dick and I were pals? Don't miss, "Let's Get Married." It's one of the funniest pictures

that Dick ever made. His next picture will be "Say It Again." And Dick has a new leading lady, that charming person, Alyce Mills. I have a slight suspicion he whispers sweet nothings in her ear—judging from the title. All women love to be told sweet tidings over and over again. THE Marquise, etc., etc., etc., otherwise known as Gloria Swanson, is twenty-eight.

D. B., MEMPHIS, TENN.—I felt the same way about your favorite, Greta Garbo. But I have been somewhat relieved by receiving a lovely letter from the fair lady. I did not have the pleasure of meeting her on her arrival in New York. I dropped her a line and now she's caught me with her hook, line and sinker—so much so that I can hardly answer questions any more. Greta was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. She is five feet, six inches in height and weighs 125 pounds. Goody, goody, she's not married. Yes, I get childish now and then.

J. B., CHEVY CHASE, MD.—Write to Percy Marmont, Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I., and maybe he will send you the particular picture that you want.

BROWN EYES, MIAMI, FLA.—Why are you blue? Or aren't you? Ben Lyon's address is First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Second Sight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

Which she vehemently denies.

I suppose if I had said it was because she had such pretty curly hair (which she has) or such lovely big brown eyes (ditto) everything would have been all right.

But, though she was one of America's successful playwrights, and has been editorial director of a huge producing company, like First National, and with Sam Rork is now producing pictures herself, Marion Fairfax is so essentially feminine that she objects violently to being told that she has a logical mind.

There is another solid foundation, also, for her uncanny judgment. During the early years of pictures she and William de Mille and Hector Turnbull (now head of the Lasky scenario department) spent several years in the scenario department at Lasky's, given full rein by Jesse L. Lasky to develop a technique of screen writing. All three were successful playwrights, and Mr. Lasky wanted them to discover the basic necessities of writing screen plays. They didn't entirely succeed, but such scenario technique as we have is very largely based upon those early efforts.

An odd fact, by the way, is that practically every one of our great women scenario writers—and there is no question that women are supreme in that branch—has started out to act. Frances Marion played heavies with Mary Pickford before she began to write scenarios and she and Mary formed that partnership which gave to the world the greatest Pickford features and made both Mary Pickford and Frances Marion. Jeanie McPherson started as an extra in pictures. June Mathis was a musical comedy ingenue and stage leading lady. Jane Murfin went to New York to act, and there she and Jane Cowl wrote "Lilac Time" and "Smilin' Through," before Jane became one of our best scenarists. Bess Meredith, who gets much credit for "Ben Hur" and all for "The Sea Beast," was a favorite screen comedienne ten years ago.

MARION FAIRFAX, born in Richmond, Va., educated in Chicago, ran away from college in Boston to go on the stage. While she was playing the ingenue in "The Gay Parisians" she met Tully Marshall, who was in the same company, and at the end of the season they were married and have been ever since. They are one of those couples who make you believe in marriage.

Soon after this, Miss Fairfax wrote her first play, "The Builders," and it was a huge success. She also played the ingenue rôle, and because she was so young and inexperienced that she feared it might affect the success of the play, she tried to keep the authorship a secret. (Personally I think it was because somebody might think she was a blue stocking.) Anyway, it leaked out and in spite of it the play was a huge success and Miss Fairfax came into a glare of publicity and prominence.

Her other most successful plays were "The Chaperon," "The Talker" and "Mrs. Boltay's Daughter."

When she dropped into a movie theater and saw Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" her heart was instantly won to pictures, and she came west to join the Lasky scenario department.

Among the big screen successes that she has written and in some cases supervised were "The Chorus Lady," "The Black List," with Blanche Sweet and Tommy Meighan; "The Valley of the Giants" and "The Roaring Road" series for Wally Reid, "River's End," "Dinty," "A Lady of Quality," "Flaming Youth" and "The Lost World."

Now she and Sam Rork are producing pictures. The present one is "The Desert Healer."

It ought to be good.

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Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curving lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

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Get a copy of "Stars of the Photoplay." An Ideal Reference Book for the Contest. See Page 144.

Guide to Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

play called "Abie's Irish Rose" it would be advisable if instead of having a Jewish boy (Abie) fall in love with an Irish girl (Rose), you have an Irish boy (Mike) fall in love with a Jewish girl (Sadie). That will make it quite different.

BUT let us suppose that you want even a more original plot than that of "Abie's Irish Rose." Let us suppose that you want a plot centering around the love affair of a young optician named Calvin Coolidge and a mysterious lady dentist named Madame X. Now in addition to everything else this optician wants to be president of the United States, but unfortunately there already is a president of the United States named Coolidge and the poor optician does not know where to turn. Gradually he loses interest in his optical work and complains of headaches and a curious whizzing sensation which some doctors diagnose as "Mumps," but which other equally well known physicians call "Bright's Disease." Calvin is desperate and at that moment in walks a very near-sighted young girl who announces herself as "Pippa," but is really Madame X, the well known dentist, and the best Charleston dancer in Cleveland.

"Well," says Dr. Coolidge, groaning, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh, doctor," says the lady, "I want some glasses."

So the doctor rings for glasses and some cracked ice and while they are waiting, he asks her if she can read the third line from the bottom.

"No," replies she.

"What does it say?" asks the doctor.

"K F L G M N A B X," replies the lady, "and only a little White Rock."

"Now," says Coolidge, after they have had another drink.

"Tell me, can you read the fourth line from the bottom?"

"No," replies the lady, "but I can do some wonderful card tricks."

"Indeed," says the doctor, "let me see your tongue."

So the lady sticks out her tongue at the doctor, and then the doctor sticks out *his* tongue at the lady and they make faces at each other until you would die laughing and then it is time for lunch.

So much for the plot.

Now in order to make that particular plot adaptable for screen purposes changes, which only a "master craftsman" who understands "audience reactions" can realize, must be made.

In the first place, it would never do to call your hero Calvin Coolidge, because the audience would think your picture was a News Weekly and they would become restless after the fifth or sixth reel, and wonder why there weren't any pictures of the United States Navy at target practice. This can, of course, be remedied by bringing the Navy into the plot of your picture, as was done in "The Midshipman" and other successful pictures of that type, but it would be much simpler in the long run to change the name of your leading character from Calvin Coolidge to something easier, like "Abraham Lincoln." The majority of the audience know that Lincoln is dead, and that will assure them that the picture is not a News Reel.

TOO, it would never do to make your hero an Optician. In the first place, Optician is a long word and very hard to pronounce and in the second place an Optician is not a sympathetic character. Opticians, as we know, go around making people wear glasses and glasses are always falling off and breaking, and therefore an Optician is not a sympathetic character.

Having therefore changed the name and the occupation of your leading "male" character you are ready to proceed with the "development" of your plot, which will, I hope, be discussed in next month's issue.

One more word can be added this month to your "movie" vocabulary, to-wit:

Adapt—to lift.

Bold, but Not Brazen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

It would be the host, more than likely, who would lead off with:

"A great chap—Bill. Knew him in New York. Played on Broadway for a number of years." Then, turning to the grey-haired man with the aquiline nose, "Remember him in 'Spanish Love'? Critics gave him one of the ten best performances of the year."

"Don't remember him in that. Must have been in England then. First time I met him was at the Lambs' Club. One of their favorites, you know. Witty, amiable. All sorts of a jolly fellow."

Then the girl who had been sitting in the shadows would say:

"His eyes are most fascinating. Have you noticed?"

And lapse again into silence. The radiant haired woman, with the assurance of women who openly declare themselves ugly, would next speak:

"It's not the eyes, my dear. It's their drooping lids. Rather boldly confident—and yet not brazen. Saw him in a picture once," she spoke tersely, trimming her speech to skeleton size, "and he dominated it from start to finish. Amazing, too. He was a villain—Italian. Dressed in fol-de-rols. Splendid characterization. He saved the picture for me."

"That was 'Romola,'" said our host. "Bill

spent a year in Italy on that picture. Played *Tito*, you know. Quite mad about Italy. That's where he met Ronald Colman. They've been friends ever since. Dick Barthelmess, too. The three of them are a great bunch of lads . . ." the host would then stir the fire and smile reminiscently.

"He's just finished playing in 'Beau Geste.' Good rôle—*Baldini*, an oily suave sort of chap. Bill analyzed him the way he does all of his characters. Good idea—that. Was telling me about this one before he left for location. '*Baldini*,' the reasoned Bill, 'is a cheap fellow. The kind who slips up to you on a Paris street and hands you the address of a lady of joy. He has no stamina. In a crisis he would break down and cry. Weak. Vacillating.'" This from the tall man with the aquiline nose. And then: "Hear they had quite a time on the desert making the picture."

THAT would be my cue. I would tell how Bill was the life of the camp that was thirty miles from nowhere in the center of a scorching Arizona desert. I would tell of the gloom that overcame the cast when it came time for Bill—his rôle completed—to return to Hollywood two weeks early. Of the ludicrous, laughable, tom-fool things he did to keep up the morale of the city-bred men whose spirits

were lagging from the monotony of the desert. It was Bill who wrote the notice and posted it prominently in Brenon Square. And wrote it with his tongue in his cheek, as Bill would. But first one must introduce "Pardner" Jones, old plainsman and sharpshooter. He did the expert rifle work in "Beau Geste." Tom Mix permits "Pardner" to shoot at a watch over his heart and Harry Carey lets him shoot apples from his head. Can more be said? "Pardner" is clever at shooting cigarettes from lips. Of this Bill was aware when he wrote the following:

Rule No. 1. Look out for whereabouts of "Pardner" Jones.

Rule No. 2. Do not step on empty cartridge shells at fort with your bare feet.

Rule No. 3. Disregard Rule No. 2 if you wear shoes.

"Rule No. 4. Look out for whereabouts of "Pardner" Jones.

Rule No. 5. Do not sit at the end of the mess table so you will not have to pass the food.

Rule No. 6. Look out for the whereabouts of "Pardner" Jones.

Bill is such an affable man-of-the-world. Yet he was born in Pittsburgh. And educated in Kansas City. Such is the power of environment. And don't forget the famous chirrup that "travel broadens one."

The family decided when Bill was six months old that he was to be educated for the bar (legal). This because of a raucous yell and a few bellicose syllables given from his highchair. Undoubtedly accompanied by the beating of his pester mug to emphasize the roar.

In high school Bill took a public speaking course and won the part of *Captain Jack Absolute* in "The Rivals." The bar (legal) faded from his vision when he read the critics' reviews. Blackstone was not for him. The family objected, so Bill penned a twenty-three page letter to an aunt in Pennsylvania requesting \$700.00, temporarily, for rail fare to New York and tuition in a school of drama. Thus the potent Powell power was exercised for the first time.

Today it stands as a living monument to the school system of Kansas City. Bill got the money and spent half of it on railroad fare to New York. The other half went to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. What he lived on during his school days

we leave to your imagination. Flaunting his diploma he secured his first stage engagement in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." The play lived up to its name and in its short life Bill played five rôles, adding whiskers and what-not as the acts grew. Then six months in vaudeville which gave him much experience and little else.

For another six months he was jobless. He walked the streets. Perhaps that explains why Bill would rather motor now. He met Ralph Barton, now a nationally known illustrator. They pooled their funds and sauntered forth with twenty-five cents between them for the evening meal. But the quarter was bum. Their only hope was a near-sighted delicatessen proprietor. They found one and purchased a nickel's worth of candles to light their little room, ten cents' worth of lemon waters and ten of apricots. After they ate them they drank water. Plenty of it. It's surprising how apricots and wafers expand. So did these.

Bill was usually flat broke on those days. Two jumps ahead of the landlord, whose tenants were actors and artists waiting to "make good." In 1914 his luck changed. He played *English Eddie* in "Within the Law" with a company touring the country. He played in stock companies in Pittsburgh, Portland, Oregon, Buffalo, Detroit, North Hampton and Boston. Always villains. Always bad men. Then Broadway and an engagement with Leo Dietrichstein in "The Judge of Zalamea." His luck flopped again for a time and his next good rôle was in "Spanish Love" and Bill became a figure on Broadway.

It's been a topsy-turvy path to eminence. Up one day—down the next. And I often wonder how far Bill would have gone if he had taken himself seriously. That indomitable sense of humor must have been springs to the one-hoss shay of success on many an occasion.

Now Bill is in pictures. Playing villainous rôles with an air that makes fair heroines cringe. You've seen him in "Sherlock Holmes," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "Under the Red Robe," "Romola," "With Richard Dix in "Too Many Kisses."

Paramount felt the potent Powell power, first demonstrated (to our knowledge) in the instance of his aunt, and signed him to a long contract which placed him in "Aloma of the South Seas," "Beau Geste" and now "Tin Gods."



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Test this preparation on your arm, hand, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

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Address.....

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

The first evening I saw a sweet soul named Mother Goddam, who murdered her child in "The Shanghai Gesture." The second evening I was entertained by a refined lady in "Bride of the Lamb" who, after a petting party with the pastor, proceeded to poison her husband with shoe polish. And on the third gay evening I beheld a colored boy throttle his high yellow gal in her own bed in "Lulu Belle." It was too much for one reared amid the happy endings of Hollywood. And so, as soon as my physicians would permit, I boarded a train back to the land of purity, where it is still a sin to kiss for more than a hundred feet.

THE best way to win movie converts is to send people to New York shows. If these spectacles don't win them to God and the movies they are hopeless and will go straight to what the censors call "the naughty place."

A GIRL should bring her baby pictures to Hollywood. They usually tell all. There was a time when we were ashamed of those infant portraits which revealed our more permanent dimples to a gaping world. Now we know mama was right—there's nothing to be ashamed of in earning a living.

BUT it takes a Broadway show to reveal Eden as it was before the hiss of the dressmaker.

Can you remember the days when deprived old bald heads sat in the first row to catch a glimpse of ankles? But now nobody, however low, ever thinks of looking at ankles.

In fact, you can't tell what they're looking at from where they sit.

A TIP TO CUT PICTURE PUZZLE FANS!

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THIRD SET OF PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE



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COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 15

What Price Tonsillitis?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

better behaved movie stars! As the Princess rolled up to the Moreno mansion in a big limousine, maybe you think she wasn't glad she hadn't had her tonsils removed! What price tonsillitis!

Be that as it may, the Princess enjoyed the elegant dinner without a twinge of tonsils or conscience. It was a great occasion; everyone used the right fork and nobody outraged the dignity of a royal presence by getting up and doing a Charleston.

THE Princess was charming. More charming than Michael Arlen or Anthony Asquith.

She agreed with everyone, did Beatrice. She could afford to be gracious, especially in her promises about her royal cousin, King Alphonso. She told Mrs. Moreno, confidentially of course, that Alphonso was planning to visit Hollywood and would undoubtedly pay them a call. To another guest, she volunteered to persuade the King to appear in a picture, made under his direction. Provided, of course, the King could play the rôle of a King and not be made to put on a Wallace Beery make-up.

Hollywood believed it. Why not? Other genuinely titled persons had sponged upon its hospitality, without even attempting to be as gracious and pleasant as the fake princess.

It wasn't such bad acting for an eighteen-year-old girl.

When the tragedy descended, it struck like lightning. House detectives at the Biltmore

Hotel, while snooping ingloriously around the royal suite, discovered that the Princess had very few clothes for an around-the-world tour. Nor did they see any crowns hanging in the clothes closet.

The detectives did further investigating. The Spanish consul, who had been deceived, too, discovered his terrible mistake. He wanted to send in his resignation. He also prayed for earthquakes and volcanoes.

Now let us turn to the heroine of the scenario — Mrs. Antonio Moreno. When Mrs. Moreno learned of the mean trick that had been played upon her, she had every right to go around and demand that Beatrice be thrown into the cooler to think it over.

But Mrs. Moreno did no such thing. She was just as kind to plain Beatrice Otero as she was to the Princess Beatriz y Braganza. She saw that Beatrice was comfortably lodged at the Hollywood Studio Club. She paid the girl's expenses back to San Francisco. She interceded for her with her employers so that the girl got her old job back again. She forgave the pretender and told her to go home and be good. Beatrice is now living at the Y. W. C. A. in San Francisco. And maybe she hasn't some interesting tales to tell the girls during the long evenings!

Automatically, Mrs. Moreno becomes the life president of the Good Sports' Club.

And the moral of the story is this: If you think you are so smart, would you know a real princess yourself?

Ben Hurry

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

"But when I orders—" "You can order, Orifice, an' what you orders gits done. But if you goes over my head like this, I quits."

"You whiches?" "I quits! I'se finished, th'oo an' done. You can fight all the battles you want, but you caint make me ridiculum befo' the company. Now, what you say?"

Clump's attitude did nothing to lessen the anger of the chief executive. And, of course, his hands were tied. He knew Clump, and realized that the dynamic little man did not speak idly. And so Latimer stormed from Clump's office and as he emerged on the lot his eye came to rest on a group near the men's dressing room section.

In the group were Opus Randall, Florian Slappey, Eddie Fizz and two of the mechanical staff. Opus was speaking and the others listened with broad smiles. As Latimer appeared, their smiles faded—and the president took it for granted that he had been the subject of ribaldry.

Orifice R. Latimer was long on dignity. He possessed an overplus of it—and he determined to find out immediately and positively whether the portly actor was indeed boasting that he handled the reins. "Wherefore he singled out Opus and demanded an interview.

Opus responded instantly and happily. He attempted to put an arm over the presidential shoulder, but Latimer shrugged it off. Mr. Randall frowned and wondered what was what.

In the gloriof office of the president, that dignitary transfixed Mr. Randall with a stern disapproving stare.

"Opus Randall," he said severely. "How come you has gotten so uppity recently?"

"Aie?" Opus was surprised. "Gosh, Orifice, they aint nothin' uppity about me."

"Oh! there aint, aint there?" "Absolutely not."

"Is it true that you have been snoopin' around the lot tellin' folks how you put somethin' over on me an' that you is makin' me do what you wants me to?"

Mr. Randall sensed anger, and a somewhat guilty conscience caused his face to flush.

"Well now, Orifice—"

"Don't well me, Big Boy! Answer me straight: Did you did, or did you didn't?"

"Lemme 'splain—you don't understand. You see—"

"YEH, I see. I know good an' well that you has been doin' such. An' all the time when you has been pretendin' to be fond of me—"

"Yah! Tell that to yo' gal—mebbe she'll b'lieve you. Well now you listen to me, Opus Randall—I see had enough an' plenty of this heah fumandiddles. I aint gwine stan' fo' no me'. Fum now heneefor'd you gits no favors offen me and I reckon it aint gwine take Mid-night long to 'scover who's boss aroun' heah."

Now it was Opus Randall who departed in fury. There was, of course, a measure of truth in Latimer's indictment—but not to the extent the president believed. Opus realized that there was bitter hostility in the president's manner, and that it did not augur well for his immediate future. Latimer was, after all, the real power on the lot.

There started then on the Midnight lot a petty civil warfare which the keen eye of Wellford Potts observed. Mr. Potts did not hesitate to conjecture about the situation. He even shed a few crocodile tears in Opus Randall's boarding house one night.

"It's a shame the way Orifice Latimer is doin' you, Opus. I woul'n't stan' fo' it."

"I got to, Welford. They aint nothin' else I can do."

"No-o, tha's true. But you can keep right on doin' it."

With Florian Slappey, Mr. Potts waxed gleeful.

"Boy! aint I done somethin'? I ast you! Them two fellers is just natchelly insane."

"Yeh. . . ." Florian was inclined to be pessimistic. "But if you don't watch out, they's libel to git together an' recover their sanity."

"What you mean?"

"Just this, Welford: Fust off them fellers was friends, then they was enemies. Then they was friends again—an' when they come back to being good friends, they was closer than a fly to a piece of sticky paper. An' I got a hunch that unless somethin' mo' is done which would keep them two fellers gum gittin' together an' tryin' to find out where all this rumor come fum—they is likely to be friendly once mo'." An' does they come to be so—sweet-smellin' lilies to Welford Potts!"

"Hmph!" Mr. Potts shook his head. "I aint never said nothin' that wa'n't true."

"No-o. But if they should think you had—"

Welford moved away. "Reckon I got to my brain back fum vacation an' start it workin' again."

"Uh-huh," agreed Florian. "I guess you better had."

THERE was wisdom in Florian's prophecy. And Welford was afraid of a resumption of friendly relations between the president and Opus Randall. Such a friendship was an unflinching source of agony to Mr. Potts—for when it flamed he, Welford Potts, was forced to play roles subordinate to those acted by Opus Randall. It was a scourge to the professional soul of the attenuated little comedian; here in this very picture he was a mere feeder for Opus's elephantine comedy; it was Welford who was doing the dirty work and Opus who would draw the plaudits.

Welford felt sincerely that his cause was just. He was content to share and share alike with Opus, but it irritated him to see favors thrown to the other man. If only this present feeling of bitterness could be caused to continue beyond the end of the present picture—if only he could once be cast in a dominating role with Opus playing in support, he felt that the world would be well lost for the sheer delight which would be his. "An' after such," he murmured, "I would'n't care what happened. But right now, ev'body is wonderin' why I stan's of it all."

Which was quite true. Save for J. Caesar Clump, who was concerned solely with results, every man and woman on the lot sympathized with Welford. They felt that he was being given the raw end of the deal, and they made no secret of the fact that they considered the present ill-feeling between Randall and Latimer would be of brief duration and that the portly star would rise once again to royal favor.

Clump had nothing to say and he said it consistently. He was immersed in the current production; he walked from the carpenter shop and issued orders for a meeting of the company. They filed into his office and seated themselves about the walls: a motley throng in the costumes of ancient Rome. Mr. Clump glared upon them and his voice crackled through the room.

"Tomorrow," he announced, "we takes the chariot race. It's the big scene of the pitcher, an' I want ev'ry one of you to know that I aint noways satisfied with how things has been goin' sense we started. The weather forecast fo' tomorrow is fair an' warm. That bein' the case, we all gits out to Blue Lake Park at eight o'clock sharp so's we c'n begin shootin' at nine. We'll dress out yonder. An' anybody which is late gits a ten dollar fine."

He paused to glare impressively upon the would-be tardy ones, then went ahead to sketch tersely and graphically the action which was to be filmed the following day.

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"An' the way it finishes up is this," he explained. "Welford and Opus is chariot drivers which is rivals fo' the hand of the Roman Emp'rer's daughter—which President Latimer hisse' is gwine to be the Emp'rer. Well, they has made a bet that which one wins the chariot race gits the laurel wreath an' the gal an' the other one gits chucked in the lake. Kerlump."

"Kerlump!" It was Welford's sepulchral voice. "Tha's me!"

"Now, how things goes is like this," the director continued severely. "Welford is the villain an' he tried to put one over on Opus. So the night befo' the race he slips into Opus's stall an' swipes his hawses an' puts in a couple of lady mules instead. He—"

"HEY! Wait a minute!" The gargantuan figure of Mr. Randall was very much in evidence. "What kind of animals was you mentionin', Caesar?"

"Mules!" snapped the director.

"Mules?"

"Yeh, mules." Then with exquisite sarcasm—"Them is the step-chillin of hawses."

"Oh Lawsy . . . I cant drive no mules in no chariot race."

"Caint don't mean nothin' to me. Tomorrow you does so. An' the funny part of it is that them mules wins the race over the hawses which Welford drives."

Opus Randall surveyed the room. His eyes roved from the triumphantly grinning countenance of Welford Potts down the line of smiling faces. "Wh—who thought of my hawses bein' mules?" he queried miserably.

"President Latimer," came the prompt response.

Somebody laughed aloud and a great and pervading anger suffused the enormous frame of Opus Randall. He protested loudly and passionately that he would not drive mules, but J. Caesar Clump could not be swayed. And so, when the meeting broke up, it was a fiercely angry star who stalked off by himself and vowed that if Latimer tried one more thing—just one li'l teeny mo' stunt—he'd take matters into his own hands.

Welford Potts trailed his co-star. Mr. Potts was gleeful. Things seemed to be coming his way—but even yet he was not entirely satisfied. His plan was working excellently, but it needed a final artistic touch.

That night Mr. Potts ate in solitary grandeur at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Luncheon Room & Billiard Parlor, and devoted himself to a very intensive period of thinking. A chariot race seemed to afford possibilities . . . infinite possibilities. If only he could evolve a scheme to terminate once and for all any possibility of further presidential favor to Opus. . . .

Mr. Welford Potts did not crawl between the sheets until after midnight. But when he did there was a triumphant smile on his lips. And he was wearing that smile the following morning when he called for Florian Slappey and they started together toward Blue Lake Park where the hippodrome was to be staged. Florian was inquisitive—

"Where was you at las' night, Welford?"

"Busy."

"Doin' which?"

"Thinkin'—an' workin'."

"On what?"

"Oh, somethin'."

"Splain to me, cullud boy: 'splain to me."

Welford chuckled. "Nexmin' no 'splanations, Florian. You is gwine see fo' yo' self."

"See which?"

"What I was contemplatin' about las' night."

"Aw, c'mon—"

"Don't cajole me, Han'some. All I tells you is this: keep yo' eye on them chariot race. Tha's all."

"You—you is fixin' fo' Opus an' Orifice to split wider?"

"I aint said nothin' an' I refuse to repeat it. You just watch!"

And that was all the information Mr. Slappey could extract from his friend.

Blue Lake Park was seething with friends,

Romans and countrymen when Welford and Florian arrived. The wardrobe mistress was busy dispensing costumes and pinning them up into some semblance of proper shapelessness.

In front of the grandstand Welford Potts strutted proudly, chocolate forehead banded by a broad, gleamy satin ribbon.

Opus Randall was less prominent. He lounged in his elongated nightshirt and satin bandeau against a fence where his eye commanded a view of the gilded chariot which he was to drive. Attached to the forepart of that noble vehicle were two sad-eyed mules of ancient vintage. They seemed to strip the occasion of all magnificence, and Opus was the possessor of an uncomfortable hunch that something was destined to be filmed which was not in the scenario. He even sought the gorgeously white-robed figure of Orifice R. Latimer, the Roman Emperor.

"What you fixin' to do to me, Latimer?" The president frowned. "You says words, Opus—but they don't mean nothin'."

"Wasn't it yo' idea changin' my hawses fo' mules?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why?"

The president replied blandly. "Guess mules is funnier fo' a chariot race, aint they?"

"Huh! Why didn't you make Welford drive 'em?"

"You is the lead in this pitcher, Cpus. An' you gits all the funniest part—like the mules."

There was a taunt in the executive voice and Opus whirled away furiously. "You better watch out, Orifice," he flung back over his shoulder. "You sho'ly better not try to put nothin' over on me."

Florian was cast as one of the spectators. He dressed slowly and emerged reluctantly from the dressing room. Mr. Slappey felt vaguely indecent. Somehow, a long white robe seemed a poor costume indeed in which to face the clear light of day: "Dawg-gone of nightgown—tha's all they give me to wear. 'Taint proper!"

GRADUALLY this maidenly embarrassment wore away and he commenced to take an interest in what was transpiring on the racetrack where the chariot contest was to be staged. Out there the two cameramen were led onto the track and set in position for the filming of the start.

Florian's eyes were all for Welford Potts. That little fellow seemed to have banished his uneasiness. He strutted here and there with vast pomposity and cast an occasional devious glance toward his fellow actor. Florian's brain was busy; he was set for something—he didn't know what! Welford had fathered a scheme having for its object the permanent discomfiture of Opus Randall. Mr. Slappey was not minded to miss the hidden drama.

The filming of the first scenes proceeded rather slowly. The mules which Opus drove seemed disinclined to overcome their inertia, a fact which did not seem to worry the little director. He took the start of the race three times; the fairly active team of horses which Welford drove getting away each time to an excellent start. Then the cameraman took several shots of the spectators cheering enthusiastically and finally a few long shots of the chariots and spectators combined.

Then came a more tense portion of the picture. According to the plot, the heroic Opus, who was in the process of being defeated, was supposed to lash his steeds with a long whip provided for the occasion. Clump handed Mr. Randall the whip, after first readying the cameras.

Opus accepted it guilelessly; he was quite positive that even a well-wielded whip could not unduly excite the mules.

The crowd moved over and massed within camera range and the action started; Welford and his horses came tearing down the track followed by Opus's lazily lumbering mules. Then, while one camera continued to crank on the long shot, the other filmed a closeup of Opus

cracking his whip against the flanks of the mules.

Something happened! The pair of mules responded with immediate and amazing alacrity. Opus was pitched to a sitting posture and for perhaps forty feet of track he clung terrifiedly to the nethermost portion of his chariot. The crowd howled with genuine excitement as Mr. Randall regained his feet and struggled to get his mules under control. Eventually they passed quivering and Opus dismounted.

MR. RANDALL was not without suspicions. He gave the whip a careful inspection and his fondest apprehensions were realized. In the very tip of the weapon he discovered a small piece of lead.

He boiled wrathfully. So this, then, had been done to him. Director Clump had furnished him with a loaded whip. No wonder the mules had responded. Mr. Randall descended angrily upon the grinning group near the camera.

"I thought," he roared to Clump, "that you was just givin' me a regular whip."

The director smiled. "I aint responsible fo' what you think."

"Did you put lead in the end of that whip?"

"I did," responded Clump candidly.

"I knew it! The minute them mules got active I knowed it wa'n't no plain whip." Opus moved menacingly closer. "How come you to double-cross me that away—not warnin' me about it?"

J. Caesar waved airily. "Latimer's orders," he said.

It was perhaps fortunate that Mr. Latimer was not at the moment in the immediate vicinity, else Midnight might have stood in need of a new president. The fact that others in the company made no attempt to control their mirth did nothing to lessen Opus's agony of soul. As from a distance he heard the director's voice—

"All right, folks—us goes back across the track an' takes the finish in front of the grandstand." You, Welford, kind of slow them haveses down so's Opus's mules can git by. I crave to see Opus win by a length—I guess that'll be easy; them mules is kind of waked up now."

The finish of the race was filmed amid much hilarity. The mules not only finished first but did not stop until they had circled half around the track. Opus left them where they were and strode magnoloucently across the infield toward the grandstand, his toga fluttering in the breeze, face dark as a thundercloud.

He spoke to nobody. Meanwhile, Florian Slappey had cornered Welford Potts. Mr. Slappey was grinning.

"So it was you put the lead in the end of that whip, was it?"

Welford shook his head. "Nope."

"You didn't?"

"Nary lead. I didn't have nothin' to do with it."

"But I thought you said—"

"I said that what I has got in my head is brains. An' if you is willin' that I should get suggestive, I'd say fo' you just to keep watchin'."

J. Caesar Clump was busying himself in front of the grandstand. In the royal box sat the ponderous and expansive Orifice R. Latimer, the Roman Emperor. Beside him was his scenario daughter—trophy of the chariot race. Various courtiers stood around in various night garments. The populace was massed in the background.

"An' now," megaphoned J. Caesar, "we takes the scene where the victor gits a laurel wreath an' also the gal. There's gwine to be two cam'ras on this, one takin' the closeup an' the other shootin' the crowd—so don't nobody cease bein' enthusiastic."

"You, Opus, be standin' in yo' chariot. You bows to the Emp'r er an' th'ows a kiss to the gal. Then you get out and walk across the track. While he is doin' that, Welford—you stan' out yonder and register mis'ableness, on account two soljers has grabbed you an' is

gittin' ready to th'ow you into the lake. Does ev'body understand?"

There was a general nodding of heads. Caesar turned to the royal president.

"You also understand, President Latimer?"

"Uh-huh."

"Has you got the wreath?"

"I aint got nothin' else."

"Good!" Clump stepped out of range and once again the megaphone went to his lips.

"Ready ev'body! Action! Cam'ra!" The crowd commenced howling and cheering. Florian, seated well away from the royal box, watched closely—wondering at the triumphant smile which decorated the lips of Mr. Welford Potts. He viewed the glowering approach of the fat and victorious charioteer; he saw Latimer and the princess snap into action in a highly professional manner.

He was sorry indeed that he could not hear the speech which Latimer was making to Opus.

Clump was bellowing directions and the crowd was applauding.

Then, following directorial orders, Florian saw Opus Randall kneel at the feet of his emperor. Latimer stood.

It was an impressive tableau: Latimer holding the laurel wreath over Opus's head; Mr. Randall kneeling humbly, awaiting his decoration.

"All right!" Clump's voice rose above the din, "put the wreath on!"

Latimer did.

He crushed it solidly on the head of Mr. Opus Randall!

For the briefest fraction of an instant Opus did not move.

Then his mouth opened and a wild yell split the morning. He leaped backward and President Latimer followed, pressing the wreath more firmly on Opus's head.

Another wild howl pealed from Mr. Randall's lips.

Then another and another.

While the cameras cranked merrily Opus tried to pull away—and as fast as he retreated the Roman Emperor followed.

Then came a highly dramatic windup to the great feature picture. Mr. Opus Randall, charioteer, hooked snappily with his right. The blow landed flush on the royal jaw. Mr. Latimer staggered, then leaped into battle. The crowd roared deliriously and surged closer—only by sheer strength did Clump and his associates clear a path so that the camera could miss none of the action.

THERE in front of the royal box a decidedly interesting rough-and-tumble battle was staged. Emperor and subject rolled all over the place—first one on top and then the other. Fists flew, blows landed on human flesh, profanity rent the air. And finally, when sufficient footage had been obtained, Clump permitted someone to separate the gory combatants. Inwardly, the director was chuckling. This was a rare and delicious bit of realism which was certain to improve the picture immeasurably.

Latimer and Opus, both decidedly worse for wear, were led away by noisily sympathetic friends.

And on the outskirts of the group which hovered in the vicinity of the royal box, Mr. Welford Potts seized the arm of his friend, Florian Slappey.

"Hot diggity Dawg!" exulted Welford. "I done it!"

"Done which?"

"Caused that fight. You see, Florian, it was this away—" Welford's voice dropped confidentially—"I made that laurel wreath myself."

"You did?"

"I sure did. And it was lined with pieces of cloth which was held together by safety pins."

Florian shook his head. "I still don't understand—"

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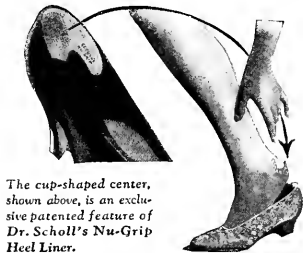
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The Cinderella Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

overwhelming success. Applause on every side. Encouragement on every lip. Stories that ranged from "Flaming Youth" to "So Big"—that proved Colleen was not merely a perfect flapper but a real actress. An actress with real "artistic ability."

And her dressing room now. Not grey or bleak or little. But a three room bungalow furnished in green, lined with silks, carpeted with soft piled rugs. A piano, paintings, a fireplace, cushions. Even a patio with a tiny trickling fountain. Nothing to be desired. All this on the United Studio lot where First National, whose brightest star is Colleen, makes its pictures.

Then comes the amazing thing—all done in whirlwind fashion, as is Hollywood's way. The United Studios sold to Lasky's and all its tenants must vacate. First National must build a new studio. They decide on a huge site in Burbank. But their players must be housed while they erect the buildings.

SO back to Fine Arts Studio Colleen is whisked after nine years—back to the same little dressing room—still grey, still bleak. The old studio may be crowded back, hidden by shops that flaunt gay awnings in derision at the weather-stained green boards, but the dressing room is still there as it was when Colleen first entered it. And Colleen, dream-dust blurring her eyes, halts the workmen for a moment. Her little dressing room is to be redecorated. Partitions are to be torn out. It is to be remodelled and furnished for a star. She is the star.

All this for the little girl who dreamed her dreams within those very walls and whose dreams came true.

A workman tears down the cupboard and Colleen again can see those dresses, hung so evenly. The shoes, side by side. She sees herself tottering out on her first high heels. Bobby Harron . . . Constance Talmadge . . . Alma Rubens . . . dear, kind Mrs. Lucy Brown . . . "I can remember that first day so well," Colleen says, and a half-wistful smile crosses her lips. "Mrs. Brown had charge of all the girls on the lot. She mothered them and they confided their woes to her.

"She put her arm around me as we stood in the middle of the lot. It looked so big to me. Funny! This morning I walked out to the 'back lot.' It seemed like only a step. I used to think it was blocks away.

"As Mrs. Brown and I stood there a little blonde peeked from behind a stage. 'Come here, Bessie! I want you to meet the new girl. Colleen, this is Bessie.' And so I met Bessie Love. Another blonde head peeped

from behind the stage and above it, two blue eyes peered.

"Dorothy! Lillian! Come over here! I want you to meet the new girl. Girls, this is Colleen. I hope you will like it here with us." And so under Mrs. Brown's guidance I met all the girls. Everyone was so kindly—so good—and informal.

"Carmel Myers lived near us and we walked the half mile to the studio together. 'Yoo hoo! Are you ready, Colleen?' she would call. And I'd dash out, grab her hand and we would dash along as if we were going to school.

"IT'S different now. Everyone is changed. Formality has sprung up. That old spirit of camaraderie has gone.

"But there are ghosts. This passageway holds them. I meet them on every hand. These stairs have been hallowed by real people, but their ghosts still patter up and down them."

Colleen paused and looked over the railing down at the big stage where Griffith used to direct Lillian Gish and Bobby Harron. Where Paul Powell directed Dorothy Gish. Where Chet Withey and Eddie Dillon started. Ghostly hosts that had peopled the arena.

"We used to stand here with pea shooters and blow peas down at them," said Colleen with a reminiscent giggle. And then, with sudden seriousness: "I'm glad I didn't have to redecorate my little dressing room myself. Something would happen if I did. Something always happens. There is a hoodoo in it." And I thought I heard the wail of a banshee, but it must have been a ghost whispering to itself as it hastened by.

"It's never failed. Every time I decorate my dressing room some bad luck occurs. It started here. Mildred and I had no sooner fixed up that little room than the studio closed. I went to Selig's and the same thing happened. It has happened over and over again. Finally I got my First National contract three years ago.

"Don't you dare change that dressing room!" I ordered, but changes were made here and there and soon it was an orchid heart's desire. Nothing happened and I thought the spell was broken. Then a new contract was signed with the same company and as a bonus I was given a dressing-bungalow. I moved in it, reluctantly, I'll admit. It was so lovely. I didn't ever want to leave it. Then the United Studios were sold. You should see the bungalow now! It is to be moved to the new studio in Burbank and it stands like a shameless bathing girl on high stilts, waiting for the day."

The Daddy of Them All

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"I've been May Allison's father more often than the father of any other screen star," he went on. "I guess that's because May Allison is the sort that always has a father. And I want to tell you that she is one of the finest, sweetest girls that ever lived, on and off screen. I almost feel like I was a real father to her, do you know I do? Never saw her do an unkind thing, never heard her say an unjust one, in all the time I've known her. And working on pictures together brings out and shows up a girl's real character. If I could just go wandering around the world and pick me out a daughter for my very own, it would be May Allison.

"One thing I'm sorry about. I regret that

I've never been Colleen Moore's father. I think very highly of that young lady's work. If I played her father I would be able to tell if she is as fine an artist as I think she is. She has a great future.

"Another girl that's very dear to my fatherly screen heart is Viola Dana. I was two seasons with Viola on the stage as her father in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl,' and I want to tell you right now that one of the saddest things that ever happened was that Viola left the speaking stage. She's a fine little actress in pictures, that's true. But when she went into the silent drama, she gave up her greatest gift—her speaking voice. In all my years on the stage,

I have never heard a more attractive voice than Viola's, or one that lent itself to more expression. It used to amaze everybody in the company—what Viola could do with her voice.

"But I was always glad to be cast as Viola's father—am yet. Never any chance for dull care or the blues to get hold of you when you've got a daughter like that one around. She's a sure cure for the blues. And that's every day, all day long, too.

"And Anna Q. Nilsson is another screen daughter I love dearly. Anna Q. would give a friend her last dime, and I think I have just about seen her do it. Her heart is as big as—all outdoors. Mother just loves Anna Q., don't you, Mother?"

Mother agreed, from a distance, that she did. "Curious, some of the trails I've crossed in my fifty years. For instance, I was Milton Sillis' first father on the legitimate stage, and then I was his first screen father, back in the old Metro days, and now I've just been the father of Doris Kenyon, who plays his sweet-heart in 'Men of Steel.' She's a nice, lady-like girl, by the way.

"MILTON has always been a—little difficult, as a son. He knows so much. You know a father hates to admit that his son knows more than he does. And I must admit that Milton has gone beyond me. He can discuss intelligently and by their right names all sorts of scientific and academic subjects that I don't know much about.

"I think my two favorite sons, if I really have favorites when I like them all so well, are perhaps Richard Dix and John Gilbert.

"As I grow older, the quality I value most in a man is sincerity. And Richard and Jack are so much themselves. Richard is the sort of a son a father can make a pal out of. You feel young again, the same age as he is when you're with Richard.

"I admire Richard a lot as an actor, too. I hope people won't forget, in all these light charming comedies he's doing, the magnificent work Richard did in 'The Christian' and 'The Ten Commandments.' My heart bled for him in those two parts, as one actor to another. I think the part he played in 'The Ten Commandments' was the most difficult and thankless rôle I ever saw given a screen star. And Richard did it better than any other actor I know could have done.

"And Jack Gilbert is the sort of son a man loves. They say Jack is a sort of nut, as they put it in the slang phrase of today. I guess he is. But so lovable, so sincere. I don't mind if he gets a Hawaiian orchestra to play to him when he wants to. Because he'll turn around and do some big, fine thing the next minute. He is more like the old stage actors than most other screen actors in his work. And he takes his work more seriously than any other screen actor I have ever been a father to. We used to work out scenes many a time together."

Currier went into pictures in 1913, his first picture being with Vitagraph in their old Long Island studio. He had a home down on Long Island and during the summer, when he wasn't playing in the theater, he worked in pictures. An old stage pal of his, John Bunny, first got him interested.

During that year he played father to Maurice Costello, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, Earle Williams and Lillian Walker.

He went back on the stage the following year in Paul Armstrong's great hit, "The Deep Purple," and then came west to play at the old Metro studio, where he fathered such celebrities as Lionel Barrymore, Madame Nazimova, Viola Dana, May Allison and Harold Lockwood.

You can actually see tears in his eyes when he speaks of Harold Lockwood. "That was a great loss, my boy," he said, "a great loss. If he'd been spared, he'd be up at the top today, I promise you that."

Bessie Love, Ethel Clayton, Tony Moreno, Courad Nagel, Eugene O'Brien, Jack Mulhall,

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Jack Holt, Shirley Mason—these were a few more he remembered a little at a time as having been among his family.

"I get along with all of them," he said, smiling. "It's very simple. I love them, you know. I think they realize that. I try never to criticize. People hate to be criticized. If something is wrong, I wait for a good moment to tell them, when it comes in naturally and I can make them see it to their advantage. I try to understand their problems.

"The wise king of the Bible was right when

he prayed for 'an understanding heart.' That's the thing I've always prayed for, that any father, a real one or a make-believe one like me, should always pray for. A heart to understand."

We sat a little silent, watching the surging river of Hollywood Boulevard at our feet.

"I hope I play Dolores Costello's father soon—think of it, Maurice Costello's little baby girl, grown up now and a star herself. Dear, dear, it seems to me it's about time I started playing grandfathers."

They Called Her Melisande

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107]

He had taken Florence that evening to one of the glittering new dance places, buoyed up by a big contract he had just closed. Florence, looking like a stray moonbeam in a blue and silver frock—left over from the season's stock of Freidman Bros., and sold to her at wholesale price, special discount to models in the trade—smiled up at him and said:

"Do you think I'm pretty?"

"Pretty!" Dave's arm tightened about the slim form. "You've got everything. Good looks and brains don't travel together often but when they do—wow! And the best of it is you can act like Dora, the beautiful dumbbell, when that's the best play. You're crazy in the head if you stick around Kaminsky's much longer."

FLORENCE regarded the young man with wide, serious eyes. They had gone back to their table and Florence drew about her shoulders the blue and silver wrap, trimmed in mole bands, which Mrs. Kaminsky had given her to "show" tonight.

"But, Dave," she said, "what else could I do?"

"Do?" He stared at her for a moment to make sure she was not joking. "Don't tell me you haven't heard of the real places—Colette's and Jean Boulanger's?"

"No," Florence shook her head, "I haven't."

"Colette's and Boulanger's aren't wholesale," Dave explained. "They make clothes for society women. See what I mean?"

"Oh!" said Florence thoughtfully. "Yes, I see. Do you think I should have gone there first?"

"No, Kaminsky's was the right place to start. Everyone's got to learn how to walk, and how to carry clothes. Nothing but routine teaches you that—you got to model or be taught in one of these swell boarding schools. But you're ready for the big time now. Have a cigarette?"

Florence shook her head. "No, I don't smoke. I wish you'd tell me something, Dave."

"Best thing I do," Dave returned cheerfully.

"Shoot."

"Do you think that big time folks are born, or . . . or can they be made?"

"Born—always. What's the matter? You don't think you're small time, do you?"

"I wasn't thinking about myself. It was some one else."

"Well, if you've got to wonder about him," Dave pronounced, "you can be pretty sure he's small time. Big time folks have it written all over them—way you have. Lord!" he whistled regretfully, studying her wistful profile, the pale gold cloud of her hair, "if you weren't so pretty I'd ask you to cut the whole show and marry me."

"Why . . . what do you mean, Dave?"

"This," he waved a vague hand at the bizarre room, with its black-and-gold decorations, marvelously-gowned women, perfumed air, "this—and other things. What I mean, we'd marry and settle down all nice and happy, see! Then some guy with a bunch of money would

come along. By that time you'd be tired of taking care of the flat, tired of the kind of clothes I could buy you, so it'd be—blooey! Not your fault. Not my fault. Just New York."

"I suppose so. Just New York."

"But if you go to one of these up-town places," Dave resumed, "some rich dame'll be foolish enough to come in there one day with her husband in tow, or her son—and there you are! If you play the game like you're playing it now it'll be wedding bells for you, a big house on the right street, society, an Isotta Fraschini car and the things that go with it. See?"

Florence said that she did.

Jean Boulanger's is one of those exquisite, new palaces in the prohibitive Fifties—prohibitive, that is, unless your income is so large that it forces even bank presidents to be respectful. Curtains of priceless lace veil the Boulanger windows from all but favored eyes. From carriage man to door man to boy-in-buttions you are passed along—providing your pocketbook is well lined—to a great marble staircase winding upward to a mulberry-velvet-and-old-lace *adletur*. Stately women in black velvet conduct you to the easiest of easy chairs and bring tea in fragile china. Soft music floats in from nowhere in particular and, as though wafted on the music-laden air, they drift along, these wonderful models of Boulanger's—wearing such gowns and hats and wraps as only a poet like Jean Boulanger could create.

OF course, the models change frequently. Perhaps it's the Spanish beauty with the wonderful eyes who is no longer seen. One asks questions. One is told she has gone to the Folies, or been claimed for one of the little revues. Or it may be that she marries. In such cases Jean Boulanger is commissioned to prepare the trousseau. He does so—lowing low before beauty which has demanded and achieved the high price of a wedding ring.

"Oh, ain't she beautiful!" the wife of a Texas oil king gasped, chitching at her companion's arm as a girl came drifting down the room. White lace was folded softly about her. From her pale gold hair, held by a silver band, a snowy cigarette drooped to a snowy shoulder. "Ain't she just beautiful."

The companion turned to Mlle. Yvonne—the *nom de plume* which disguised Mary Anne Halloran, astute head of the Boulanger saleswomen.

"What's her name?" she demanded. "That one coming now?"

Mlle. Yvonne threw out her hands in a well-simulated French gesture.

"Ah, that one!" she breathed, "Melisande! Eet ez so Monsieur Boulanger have name her. Melisande, the beautiful, the hapless one!"

Mrs. Oil King nudged her companion. "Did she say Melisande? Somebody wrote a piece about her, didn't they? What was it?"

"I dunno," the companion returned. "Take a look at that lace, will you!"

Farther down the room other and even more

critical eyes were observing the approach of Melisande.

"Look," said Mrs. Stuyvesant Cutting to her son, "at that wonderful *point d'Alencon*."

"CHARMING," agreed Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, "charming!" but his eyes were not on the robe which enfolded Florence Bishop. He was looking into limpid blue eyes raised to his, wondering at the sheen on pale gold hair held by a silver band.

Mrs. Cutting motioned the girl nearer, murmuring, "A crime to show such lace publicly."

Florence swayed a step toward them, mysterious, aloof. The hard young eyes of Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, came alive. Little points of flame leaped up in them.

Mrs. Cutting said to the hovering salesperson: "Ask Monsieur Boulanger to come here for a moment, please. I wish to talk with him. This gown."

"Alas, Madame! Monsieur is but now on his way from Paris. The gown arrive this morning. Is it not beautiful?"

"Very," Mrs. Cutting lifted her loggnettes for another appraisal. "Do you by chance know of its price?"

The salesperson raised expressive hands. "The price, Madame, no one knows but Monsieur. I but know that a robe of the *Alencon*, less beautiful than this, we sell to Mlle. Lavorska of the Opera. A little gown, the velvet shoulders shrugged it into outer darkness, "but *chic*. The price of that one was eighteen thousand dollars, but it could not compare, as Madame of course see—"

The voice of the Oil King's lady rose in agonized protest. "For Pete's sake! Do you mean to tell me you're going to charge me forty-five dollars for them plain suede pumps, no buckles nor nothing! I won't do it! Harry'd think I'd gone stark, raving crazy. Fifteen dollars is enough to pay for any shoe that was ever wore!"

Some one, with pacifying words, hurried the irate lady toward the seclusion of a fitting room.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Cutting rose. "You may call my secretary when Monsieur Boulanger arrives," she directed. "I shall wish to speak with him of the *Alencon* robe. Do not . . . er . . . show it again until I have done so."

"But no, Madame."

Salespersons bowed low as Mrs. Stuyvesant Cutting made her stately exit down the marble stairway. While the great lady was being passed from boy-in-buttons to door man to carriage man Mlle. Yvonne, *nee* Mary Anne Halloran, listened intently to something which Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, told her, nodded understandingly and then went back to personally supervise the wardrobe needs of a new young dancer, whose name had just gone up in white lights on Broadway.

"And that's how things are, Ted," Florence ended her recital a bit breathlessly.

She was sitting across from him in a little table d'hote place—a place quite different from the black-and-gold place which Dave Ettinger had shown her and very, very different from the smart supper clubs where Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, had taken her to dance and sup.

Ted's eyes were studying her. He said, "So you've made up your mind to marry this man you've been telling me about?"

"Yes," the word was a whisper. "You aren't in love with him?"

"No—I'm not in love with him." A little silence fell.

Florence said, "Why didn't you write to me, Ted? I . . . I was sure you'd write to me."

"I wanted you to have time to think things over."

"Oh! Did you think I'd go back to Rock-ford?"

"Perhaps."

Another silence. "Did you buy the Weston paper, Ted? Mother wrote that you'd gone away and Amy Wilson said no one knew where you were."

"No . . . I didn't buy it."
 "What have you been doing all this time?"
 "Working on a newspaper."
 "In a little town?"
 "Why . . . some folks think it's a little town."
 "Are you going to stay there?"
 "Yes."

Again silence—a silence alive and vibrant with the aching pain in two young hearts. Florence drew the black satin wrap more closely about her, hiding her hands in the fringe that Ted might not see how they were trembling.

Out of her pain one fact was emerging. She had failed—failed! And she had been so certain of success.

The miracle had not happened. Ted was letting her go, letting her go right out of his life without protest!

She had never imagined such an end to her dreams. She had been so sure that Ted would come some time to tell her she was worth working for, worth the price she had put upon herself. He would come to New York, she had said, find his place in the great world, learn the joy of the big fight.

Some day her pride in Ted should equal her love for him. . . .

Even when she waited, hurt and bewildered, for some word from him she had believed that things would come right for them, some time. Things *must* come right, says the heart of Eighteen even when the eyes of Eighteen are wet with tears.

Well, they hadn't.

IT had been with a shock of joy that Florence listened to Ted's voice on the telephone that morning.

"Hello, Florence! This is Ted."
 "Ted!" she gasped. "Oh, Ted, you're really here!"

"Yes, I'm here. Did you expect me?"
 "I've been expecting you for months and months! Why didn't you write to me?"

"I'll tell you—tonight. I'm coming to take you to dinner."

"No, not tonight, Ted. I'm sorry, but—"
 "I'll be at that place you're living at six-thirty;" the receiver clicked ominously.

"No, Ted, let me tell you," Florence began. "You see—"

"Party's gone," said an impersonal voice. Florence turned helplessly to the dressing woman who waited, a gown of white chiffon, frosted in silver, in her expert hands.

Ted was here, at last!

While Melisande, in white and silver, swayed languidly down the *atelier* Florence Bishop's thought raced madly.

Ted was here. She would see him, tonight!

And tonight Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, would ask her to marry him! He had said as much when he telephoned this morning. All other offers had been made—and rejected. There had been gifts, glittering promises, impassioned lovemaking. Florence had for a week refused to see him but, at last, was granting him one evening. What a pity Ted had not telephoned earlier! Well, it couldn't be helped. Inwardly she blessed the dinner which would detain Stuyvesant Cutting until eleven. Before eleven o'clock she would have heard from Ted's lips the thing she most wanted to hear—that he, too, had learned that only the big things of life are worth winning. . . .

Mlle. Yvonne spoke: "Melisande, darling, will you step here for just a moment? Madame wishes to see the gown nearer."

Respect. Honeyed words.

How surprised they would be when they learned the truth!

For weeks Boulanger's had looked on breathlessly and shrewdly discussed the hectic course of Stuyvesant Cutting's love-making. They were "for" Florence, all of them. It began to look as though another Boulanger model would walk from the *atelier* of Monsieur to the wider stage afforded by the drawing rooms of New York, London, Paris.

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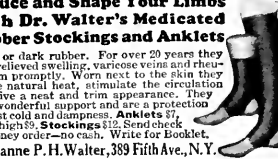
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Everyone advised Florence, made suggestions. Had she done this? It might be wise to do so. When she told the models and saleswomen one day that she was no longer seeing Stuyvesant Cutting a wail went up which shook the polite draperies at the jealously-guarded windows.

What did she mean? Didn't she know there was a chance he might marry her?

Only Mlle. Yvonne remained calm. She silenced the clamor with a vigorous, "Be still now, all of you! Sure Melisande knows what she's about. Haven't I been watchin' her? Not another girl in New York could a landed Stuyvesant Cutting like she has—haven't they tried? 'Tis the cool and cautious way that does it, every time." Mary Anne Halloran patted Florence's hand approvingly. "Keep on cool and cautious for just a bit longer, dearie, and we'll yet see you comin' in here to order gowns, grand and genteel with your old frozen-face mother-in-law, and us breaking our necks to serve you!"

MELISANDE sighed languidly, half turned before a great mirror, gently waving the huge fan of emerald green feathers, furred it and continued on her triumphal way.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Cutting, 3rd, would have wealth, a great house in the East Seventies . . . Southampton . . . Paris . . . the Cutting jewels.

And in her heart Florence Bishop knew she could turn her back on all these things—gladly, joyfully—were Ted Merrill to claim the gifts life holds for the taking.

He had not claimed them. Ted seemed not to notice the two hands she held toward him when she came into the stuffy little boarding house parlor, where he waited.

He spoke in a curious, stilted sort of voice.

"How are you, Florence? I heard some news about you today—after I'd telephoned."

"Oh! What news?"

Ted, watching the color flood swiftly across her exquisite face, yearned savagely to sweep Florence into his arms and carry her off, in the way of a certain young man called Loch-in-var, but he only said:

"I heard that you are going to be married."

"Did you?" for the life of her Florence could say nothing else.

"Yes . . . is it true?"

A sudden red flame of anger swept through Florence, shaking her like a leaf. How dare he! How dare Ted talk to her like this? He who had never once written, never come to claim.

"Yes," she said quietly, "it is true."

There was silence between them for a few moments.

Ted broke it at length:

"Shall we go to dinner?" he said. "I'm sorry I insisted on claiming your evening. I did not know . . . then."

"It's perfectly all right," Florence returned indifferently. "I shall see Mr. Cutting later in the evening."

Sitting opposite Ted in the little table d'hote place, Florence told him quite calmly of the successive steps in her New York life—steps which were leading toward a great house in the East Seventies.

In her heart a voice kept repeating: "Oh, why doesn't he stop me? Why doesn't he say he will not let me marry this man? Why doesn't he say that he loves me?"

Mild she said: "It's quite wonderful, isn't it?"

Ted replied in a careful, colorless voice, "Yes, very."

Silence.

After a time Ted spoke again: "If I had

come to New York, when you wanted me to come . . . and had won . . . would you have been content to marry me?"

For a moment Florence was silent, struggling desperately with the tears which threatened to reach her eyes and brim over, then she faced him bravely enough: "Yes, Ted."

He rose abruptly.

"Let's get out of this. I . . . I don't like it here. Anyway, I suppose you're in a hurry to get back."

"Oh, Ted!"

The whisper did not reach Ted's ears. Resolutely Florence locked her lips on a sob and walked beside him in silence to the door.

The crowds in the street had thinned. New York had thinned and hurried on to the pictures, opera, the theater. The March evening was mild, balmy. In the florist's windows, dogwood, tulips and slender narcissus announced the passing of winter.

Above the roaring streets spring drifted down the wind.

Ted beckoned a taxi.

"It's not yet eleven," he said, "would you like to drive in the park for a little while?"

"Yes. Very much."

Again silence. The whir of passing motors was a hopeless sound, beaten out by the feet of pain.

Ted spoke: "There's something I might as well tell you. I hadn't intended to, but . . . I suppose it doesn't matter especially. You see, I—well, I came to New York some time ago."

"You did what?" She turned toward him swiftly. "What are you saying, Ted?"

"I came to New York. I've been here for some time. I . . . couldn't stand Rockford after you'd gone . . . so I made up my mind . . ."

"Yes, Ted. Go on, please!"

"I began to see that you'd been right . . . those things you said . . . that it's only the big struggle which counts, and . . . so I came . . ."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?"

"Pride, I suppose." He laughed harshly.

"I wanted to do something, to have something to show you. I wanted to say, 'Look, this is what I've done for you.'"

"Yes," the girl beside him said softly, "yes, of course you did!"

"WELL, I haven't, yet. I went to work on a newspaper here. I've tried hard enough, the Lord knows, and some time," the young face was set in resolute lines, "I'll make good; I know it. New York's got me and I'm on my way. There isn't a thing on earth can stop me now—not even losing you. Why, Florence! What have I said? What—"

"Oh, Ted! Ted!" Florence was holding his hands tightly, sobbing, laughing, all in one breath. "Don't you see? That's all I want. I know you'll win. I've always known it. All I wanted was to see you begin to fight!"

"You mean to say—" Ted's hands were on her shoulders, shaking her, "you'll wait for me? You mean that?"

"Why, of course I'll wait—if you want me to. But . . . but why can't we be married now? I mean—" the next words were smothered against Ted's shoulder.

After a while he said: "I suppose you ought to go home and tell the Cutting person he's out."

Florence sighed blissfully.

"Let's not bother about the Cutting person," she murmured. "I want to drive with you through the park. Ted—forever."

Another interval. Then Ted said, "You can telephone him tomorrow, after the City Hall opens. We'll be married then."

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"PADLOCKED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rex Beach. Adapted by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Henry Gilbert*, Noah Beery; *Monte Herman*, Charles Lane; *Norman Van Pelt*, Allan Simpson; *Frank Clark*, Richard Arlen; *"Sonny" Galloway*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Lorcli*, Andre Lanoy; *Edith Gilbert*, Lois Moran; *Mrs. Lois Alcott*, Louise Dresser; *Belle Galloway*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mrs. Alice Gilbert*, Florence Turner; *Mrs. Galloway*, Josephine Crowell; *Blanche Galloway*, Charlotte Bird; *Pearl Gates*, Irma Kornelia.

"GOOD AND NAUGHTY"—PARAMOUNT.—Adapted from the stage play by Avery Hopwood. Scenario by Pierre Collings. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Germaine Morris*, Pola Negri; *Gerald Gray*, Tom Moore; *Bunny West*, Ford Sterling; *Claire Fenton*, Miss Dupont; *Thomas Fenton*, Stuart Holmes; *Chonchon Rouselle*, Marie Mosquini; *"Bad News" Smith*, Warner Richmond.

"THE DEVIL HORSE"—PATHE.—Story by Hal Roach. Directed by Fred Jackman. Photography by Floyd Jackman, A. S. C., and George Stevens. The cast: *King of Horses*, Rex; *Lady*, A Silver Mare; *The Killer*, A Black and White; *Dave Garson*, Yakima Canutt; *Marion Morrow*, Gladys McConnell; *Prosiding Wolf*, Robert Kortman; *Major Morrow*, Roy Clements; *Young Dave*, Master Fred Jackman.

"SILENCE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the play by Max Marcin. Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by Peverell Nalley. The cast: *Norma Drake*, Norma Powers; *Nera Reynolds*, Jim Warren; *H. B. Warner*; *Harry Silvers*, Raymond Hatton; *Phil Peters*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *Arthur Lawrence*, Jack Mulhall; *Mollie Burke*, Virginia Pearson.

"SPARROWS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Original story by Winifred Dunn. Adaptation by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Charles Rosher, Hal Mohr and Karl Struss. The cast: *Mama Mollie*, Mary Pickford; *Grimes*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Richard Wayne*, Roy Stewart; *Doris Wayne*, Mary Louise Miller; *Mrs. Grimes*, Charlotte Mineau; *Amrose Grimes*, Spec O'Donnell; *Bailey*, Lloyd Whitlock; *His Confidante*, A. L. Schaeffer; *Hog Buyer*, Mark Hamilton; *Splutters*, Monty O'Grady; *The Sparrows*: Muriel McCormac, Billy Jones, Camilla Johnson, Mary McLane, Billy Butts, Jack Lavine, Florence Rogan, Sylvia Bernard, Seessel Anne Johnson.

"SAY IT AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story by Luther Reed and Ray Harris. Scenario by Ray Harris and Dick Fried. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by Ed. Cronjager. The cast: *Bob Hoozard*, Richard Dix; *Princess Elena*, Alice Mills; *Prince Otto V.*, Chester Conklin; *Gunner Jones*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Baron Eric*, Bernard Randall; *Count Tanza*, Paul Porcasi; *Margarite*, Ida Waterman; *Prime Minister Stemmler*, William Ricciardi.

"ELLA CINDERS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the comedy strip by William Conselman and Charles Plumb. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Ella Cinders*, Colleen Moore; *Wanda Lifter*, Lloyd Hughes; *"Ma" Cinders*, Vera Lewis; *Lola Pill*, Doris Baker; *Prissy Pill*, Emily Gerdes; *Film Studio Gateman*, Mike Donlin; *The Mayor*, Jed Prouty; *The Fire Chief*, Jack Duffy; *The Photographer*, Harry Allen; *The Editor*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Al Green*, Director, by Himself.

"PARIS"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Edmund Goulding. Director, Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Jerry*, Charles Ray; *The Girl*, Joan Crawford; *The Cat*, Douglas Gilmore; *Rocco*, Michael Visaroff; *Marcelle*, Rose Dione; *Pianist*, Jean Valeron.

"LOVEY MARY"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Alice Hegan Rice. Directed by King Baggot. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston and Charles Maigne. The cast: *Mary Rider*, Bessie Love; *Kate Rider*, Eileen Percy; *Billy Wiggs*, William Haines; *Mrs. Wiggs*, Mary Alden; *Miss Hury*, Vivian Ogden; *Stabbins*, Russell Simpson; *Miss Bell*, Martha Mattox; *Tommy*, Jackie Combs; *Baby Tommy*, Freddie Cox.

"RANSON'S FOLLY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: *Lieutenant Ranson*, Richard Barthelmess; *Mary Cahill*, Dorothy Mackail; *Cahill*, the post trader, Anders Randolph; *Sergeant Clancy*, Pat Hartigan; *Lieutenant Crosby*, Wm. Norton Bailey; *Lieutenant Curtis*, Brooks Benedict; *Colonel Bolland*, Col. C. C. Smith, U. S. A.; *Mrs. Bolland*, Pauline Neff; *Mrs. Truesdale*, Billie Bennett; *Post Adjutant*, Frank Coffey; *Judge Advocate*, Capt. John S. Peters; *Capt. Carr*, Taylor Duncan; *Colonel Patten*, Jack Fowler; *"Pop" Henderson*, E. W. Borman; *Abe Fisher*, Bud Peo; *Drummer*, Forrest Seabury; *Indian Pete*, Chief Eagle Wing; *Chief Standing Bear*, Chief Big Tree.

"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN"—FOX.—From the play by Charles Hoyt. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Directed by Robert P. Kerr. The cast: *Alicia Gayer*, Margaret Livingston; *Welland Strong*, Earle Foxe; *Benjamin Strong*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Ohtai*, Anna May Wong; *Norman Blood*, Harry Woods; *Rose Blood*, Marie Astaire; *Marion Haste*, Gladys McConnell; *Gayne Wilder*, Charles Farrell; *Henrietta Lott*, Hazel Howell; *Slavin*, Wilson Bengt; *Tuling*, George Kuwa.

"THE BROWN DERBY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Bert Wheeler. Adaptation by F. S. Merlin and Brian Marlowe. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: *Tommy Burke*, Johnny Hines; *Edith Worthing*, Diana Kane; *Betty Caldwell*, Ruth Dwyer; *Ann Anna*, Flora Finch; *John J. Caldwell*, Edmund Brees; *Captain Shay*, J. Barney Sherry; *Robert Farrell*, Bradley Barker; *Adolph Plummer*, Herbert Standing; *Frank Boyle*, Harold Foshay; *Sam*, Bob Slater.

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the stage play by Willson Collison and Otto Harbach. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Hal Rosson and Alex. Phillips. The cast: *Mabel Ainsworth*, Marie Prevost; *Garry Ainsworth*, Harrison Ford; *Sylvia Wells*, Phyllis Haver; *Jimmy Larchmont*, Richard Myers; *Alicia*, Sylvia Breamer; *Leonard Mason*, Paul Nicholson; *Arthur Walters*, Carl Gerard; *Henrietta*, Maud Truax; *Hawkins*, William Orlamond; *Simpson*, Arthur Hoyt.

"MISS NOBODY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the story by Tiffany Wells. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Barbara Brown*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Bravo*, Walter Pidgeon; *Mazie Kraligh*, Louise Fazenda; *Harmony*, Mitchell Lewis; *Bertie*, Clyde Cook; *Happy*, Arthur Stone; *J. B. Hardtman*, Anders Randolf; *Ann Adams*, Claire du Brey; *The Farmer*, Jed Prouty; *His Wife*, Caroline Rankin; *The Sheriff*, George Nichols; *Miriam Arnold*, Oleta Otis; *Police sergeant*, James Gordon; *Sideshow Spieler*, Fred Warren.

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"THE WISE GUY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Jules Furthman. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Mary, Mary Astor; Guy Watson, James Kirkwood; Hula Kate, Betty Compton; Horace Palmer, George F. Marion; Ma Palmer, Mary Carr. *The Bozo*, George F. Cooper.

"THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Dorothy Farnum. Adaptation by James J. Tynan. Directed by Renaud Hoffman. The cast: *Fred Williams*, Charles E. Mack; *Mary Phillips*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Mr. Phillips*, Henry B. Walthall; *His Sister*, Claire McDowell; *Mrs. Williams*, Ethel Wales.

"THE FLAME OF THE YUKON"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the story by Monte Katterjohn. Adapted by Finis Fox and Will M. Ritchey. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *The Flame*, Scena Owen; *George Fowler*, Arnold Gray; *Black Jack Hooey*, Matthew Betz; *Sour Dough Joe*, Jack McDonald; *Solo Jim*, Vadim Uraneff; *Dolly*, Winifred Greenwood.

"THE LOVE THIEF"—UNIVERSAL.—Based on the story by John McDermott. Directed by John McDermott. The cast: *Prince Boris Alexander Emanuel Augustus*, Norman Kerry; *Princess Flavia Eugenia Marie*, Greta Nissen; *Prince Karl*, Marc McDermott; *Countess Leopold Marjanka*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *King Ladislas*, Augustino Borgato; *Queen*, Carry Dugdale; *Captain Emanuel Meininger*, Nigel Barric; *Napoleon Alexander Caesar Vladimir Gurie*, Charles Pully; *Prince Michael*, Clarence Thompson; *Beroff*, the phone Marcell; *Aide to King*, Anton Vaverka; *Captain*, Lido Manetti.

"SHIPWRECKED"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Langdon McCormick. Adaptation by Finis Fox. Directed by Joseph Henabery. The cast: *Lois Austin*, Scena Owen; *Larry O'Neil*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Capt. Klodet*, Matthew Betz; *Red Gowland*, Clarence Burton; *Zanska*, Laska Winter; *John Bacon*, Lionel Belmore; *Chumbley*, Erwin Connelly.

"THE FRONTIER TRAIL"—PATHE.—Story by E. Richard Schayer and Basil Dickey. Directed by Scott R. Dunlap. Photography by Sol Polito, A. S. C. The cast: *Jim Corigan*, Harry Carey; *Dolly Mainard*, Julianne Mabel Scott; *Capt. Blackwell*, Ernest Hilliard; *Shed Donlin*, Frank Campeau; *Pavane Jake*, Nelson McDowell; *Major Mainard*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Sergeant O'Shea*, Harvey Clark; *Mrs. O'Shea*, Aggie Herring; *Chief Gray* W'off; *Chief Big Tree*.

"BUCKING THE TRUTH"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by J. Inman Kane. Directed by Milbourne Morante. Photography by Richard Fryer. The cast: *Stim Duane*, Pete Morrison; *Coarse Gold* Charlie, Brimsley Shaw; *Matt Holden*, Bruce Gordon; *Eben Purkiss*, William La Roche; *Red Sang*, Charles Whittaker; *Ame*, Ione Reed; *Tom Bailey*, O. Robertson; *Sheriff Findlay*, Vester Pegg.

"THREE WEEKS IN PARIS"—WARNERS.—Story by Gregory Rogers. Scenario by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy del Ruth. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Oswald Bates*, Matt Moore; *Mary Brown*, Dorothy Devore; *Gus Billikins*, Willard Louis; *Dolly Winters*, Helen Lynch; *Duke Laporte*, Gayne Whitman; *Bruce Gordon*, John Patrick; *Alex Dorrotes*, Frank Bond; *Mrs. Brown*, Nora Cecil.

"RUSTLER'S RANCH"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by W. C. Tuttle. Scenario by E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Cliff Smith. Photography by Eddie Linden. The cast: *Lee Crush*, Art Acord; *Lois Shown*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Ephraim Boggs*, Duke R. Lee; *Bud Harvey*, George Chesbro; *Mary Shaton*, Edith Yorke; *Clem Allen*, Matty Kemp; *Mike Car-*

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ney, Albert Prisco; "Bull" Dozier, Stanton Heck; Tessie, Lillian Wall; Sheriff Collins, Red Bassett.

"CHASING TROUBLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Frank Beresford. Directed by Milbourne Morante. Photography by Jack Young. The cast: "Blitz" Ballard, Pete Morrison; Emily Gregg, Ione Reed; Jerome Garrett, Tom London; Judge Gregg, Roy Watson; Sal Karney, Frances Friel; Steve Karney, Elmer Reel; Sheriff Flynn, Milton Fahrney; Carnegie McCue, Jew Bennett; Steek, J. A. Wiley; O'Reilly, Al Richmond; Mumm, Skeeter Bill Robbins; Ma Flaherty, Lily Harris; Bartender, Fred Gamba.

"HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER"—F. B. O.—Story by Frank M. Clifton. Directed by David Kirkland. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: Fred Drake, Fred Thomson; John Drake, Tyrone Powers; Isabel Castro, Bess Flowers; Grimes, William Courtwright; Don Castro, Clarence Goldert; Bronn, Tom Santschi.

"GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED"—F. B. O.—Story by Arthur Guy Empey. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: Ser-

geant Richard, Lefty Flynn; Eli-abeth Danrock, Bess Flowers; Jack Danrock, Lee Shumway; Thorald Danrock, Walter James; Rufforby, Jim Gibson; Sergeant Major Willis, Arthur Millette.

"THE GENTLE CYCLONE"—Fox.—From the story by F. W. Buckley. Scenario by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: A. E. M. Wales, Buck Jones; Jane Brewitt, Rose Blossom; Marshall Senior, Will Walling; Marshall Junior, Reed Howe; Wilkes Snytor, Stanton Heck; Wilkes Junior, Grant Withers; Mary Wilkes, Kathleen Myers; Adele Marshall, Marion Harlan; Sheriff Garfield, Oliver Hardy; Judge Summerfield, Jay Hunt.

"THE MARRIAGE CLAUSE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dana Burnett. Scenario by Lois Weber. Directed by Lois Weber. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: Barry Tysonson, Francis X. Bushman; Sylvia Jordan, Billie Dove; Max Ravenel, Warner Oland; Mildred LeBlanc, Grace Damond; Dr. Dickson, Henry LaGrace; Pansy, Caroline Snowdon; Sam, Oscar Smith; Critic, Andre Cheren; Secretary, Robert Dudley; Stage Manager, Charles Meakin.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SEVENTH BANDIT, THE—Pathe.—A splendid Western that groupups and children should not overlook. Harry Carey and Harriet Hammond head the cast. (June.)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors.—Some more crooks in an old, old story. Clara Bow is the only attraction. (May.)

SHAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not banerney. (July.)

SHIP OF SOULS, THE—Asso. Ex.—Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are driven mad by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

SIBERIA—Fox.—Some more Russian revolutions—that is, if you like 'em. (June.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (July.)

SIMON THE JESTER—Producers Dist.—A hodge-podge story about a clown with a broken heart. Played uninterestingly by Eugene O'Brien. (Feb.)

SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE, A—Universal.—Another conventional Western with Jack Hoxie winning an unwilling bride. (March.)

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT—Universal.—Reginald Denny and Laura Lee Plan seemingly funny, trying to teach some society folk the Charleston. (Feb.)

SMILIN' AT TROUBLE—F. B. O.—A nifty picture with Lefty Flynn as a civil engineer working on the construction of a dam. (February.)

SOCIAL CELEBRITY, A—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou, as an ambitious slavey, borrows sartorial clothes and becomes the toast of New York. Another fascinating Menjou picture. (July.)

SOME PUNKINS—Chadwick.—Charles Ray in his old luck role is fairly amusing. (February.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE—Paramount.—Tom Mix and Bessie Love in an interesting story of back stage life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

SOULMATES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a plebeian lady. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play unsuitable roles. Not worth while. (March.)

SPLENDID CRIME, THE—Paramount.—A commonplace crook drama, without humor to lighten it. (February.)

SPLENDID ROAD, THE—First National.—A colorful drama of the Gold Rush of '49 with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a fine performance. (February.)

STAGESTRUCK—Paramount.—A trip-sportin' comedy with Gloria Swanson juggling cups in a cheap restaurant and taking correspondence lessons in acting. Lawrence Gray is great as her boy friend. (Feb.)

STEEL PREFERRED—Warner Bros.—William Boyd stands out in this fairly entertaining comedy-drama of strong men and steel. (February.)

STELLA MARIS—Universal.—Mary Philbin in a dual role; that of a deformed slavey and a beautiful cripple girl. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

STEPPIN' OUT—Columbia.—A brisk comedy with Ford Sterling as an errant husband. (February.)

STILL ALARM, THE—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an entertaining picture. Drudging wife leaves her husband and elopes with charming villain. (March.)

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathe.—A good Larry Semon comedy taken from the stage play, full of the Semon gags that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

SWEET ADELINE—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a hit singing "Sweet Adeline" in a cabaret. Full of delicious bits of humor. Mighty good. (March.)

TESSIE—Arrow.—This would have been utterly impossible if it were not for the wise-cracking subtitles. May McAvoy is out of her class in this. (May.)

THAT ROYLE GIRL—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this. It's a peppy story of a misguided youngster in the cabaret world of fifth. See it. (March.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount.—Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean in the leading role. Need more be said? (June.)

THREE FACES EAST—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this corking mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jetta Goudal is wonderful in it. (March.)

TIME, THE COMEDIAN—M-G-M.—Worth seeing for the good performances of Mae Busch and Lew Cody. (February.)

TOMBO, SON OF THE SIERRAS—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TOO MUCH MONEY—First National.—Lewis Stone in slapstick comedy—can you imagine it? But he actually puts it over. Rich man pretends he's poor so wife will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)

TORRENT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Introducing the charming new Swedish importation, Greta Garbo—and she's the kind of a girl the men won't forget. A vivid delight for groupups. (May.)

TRAFFIC COP, THE—F. B. O.—Only the admirers of Lefty Flynn will enjoy this. And the youngsters, too. (April.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National.—The first feature-length comedy featuring Harry Langdon—and the boy's good. Worth while. (May.)



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TRUE NORTH, THE—Griffith Prod.—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 Indian territory was thrown open to settlement. (Feb.)

UNGHASTENED WOMAN, THE—Chadwick.—Tilda Bara returns to the screen in an unsuitable story and with bad direction. (March.)

UNGUARDED HOUR, THE—First National.—Doris Kenyon is disappointing in this tale of a young lady who sets out to capture a woman-hater, said woman-hater being none other than Milton Sills. (February.)

UNTAMED LADY, THE—Paramount.—A awful disappointment in spite of the fact that it stars Gloria Swanson. A total washout from beginning to end. (May.)

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.)

VOLGA BOATMAN, THE—Producers Dist.—Not Cecil De Mille at his best, but the strength of the theme and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the rank. (June.)

WAGES FOR WIVES—Fox.—A nice little comedy-drama, based on the fact that Mr. and Mrs. should split fifty-fifty on the husband's salary. (Feb.)

WANDERING FIRES—Arrow.—Constance Bennett and George Hackathorne save this picture from the cheap sentiment of Wallace MacDonald's acting. (Feb.)

WEDDING SONG, THE—Producers Dist.—Don't pass up this corking crook yarn. Leatrice Joy is a lady of shady reputation. (February.)

WE MODERNS—First National.—If you aren't bored with flapper pictures by this time, you will enjoy Colleen Moore as the English flapper. (Feb.)

WET PAINT—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a great film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD—F. B. O.—Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) does her best in an unsuitable role. Clive Brook is equally mediocre. (April.)

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Well worth seeing. A splendid detective story that the boys will love. Look at the cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilyan Tashman. (May.)

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist.—An interesting crook drama with Viola Dana and Bobby Agnew. (June.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

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 most dangerously devastating mood. (February.)

WOMANHANDLED—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satire on the Great Open Places, with lovely Esther Ralston in it. Peachy. (March.)

YANKEE SENOR, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Borden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)

YELLOW FINGERS—Fox.—There is a little beauty in this picture, Olive Borden, that just makes you forget all about the story as you see her flittering across the screen. And we don't mean maybe! (June.)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

do not drain their date's flask—do not neck all evening—do not swim at a party—"a la nature" and—oh, a million other things equally thrilling to think about, but not so hot.

I'll admit we make our first house parties at the age of fourteen, and smoke a little, drink less (and that in private) and "PET" ugh!—not at all, if we want to "rate."

Now this sounds like a morality lesson or a "keep clean girls" lecture, but it's not!

We're just mad. Aren't there other college towns like this one?

MRS. ROBERT KILGORE.

Praising and Panning

Minneapolis, Minn.

I really have a brickbat and two bouquets. Bouquet No. 1. We all want more of William Haines. He is a splendid actor and to me typifies just the kind of a boy every girl likes. In "Mike" he was wonderful. I have seen it twice already. But in "Brown of Harvard" he surpassed all other efforts. He acted so human and so unusually natural. I'll bet he enjoyed making that picture. And above all he certainly cried as if his heart were broken when *Doolittle* died.

Brickbat No. 1. I just saw "The Untamed Lady" yesterday and I think most of it was awful. The photography seemed very poor. Gloria's skin was "muddy" looking, and her clothes were in poor taste, with the exception of the white affair. She has a pronounced lump at the back of her neck and I didn't think much of either hers or Lawrence Gray's acting.

So much for that, and here is bouquet No. 2. I'm for Buddy Rogers. He looks like a find to me, too, and here's hoping he gets what he deserves in Hollywood.

REGINA ESTERLY.

Ouch, What a Brick

Duquesne, Pa.

Alas! a pedestal turns, an idol falls, Richard Barthelmess, our Dick, hits the floor with a thud. Pathetic, isn't it? Has success gone to his head? For years I have been an ardent Richard Barthelmess fan. Then came "Just Suppose." Oh, what a disappointment. Has Richard Barthelmess been added to the "High Hats" of Hollywood? We must admit that such a dazzling uniform as he wore, combined with his looks, is apt to turn anybody's head. Well, Dick, too bad, but you simply must be yourself!

Here's to Gloria Swanson and Jack Gilbert—may they never fall victim to the "High Hat."
G. G. F.

Stage and Screen

San Francisco, Calif.

A year ago I could have been numbered among those who insisted that the movies, due to bad plays, bad acting, commercialism, etc., were fast going to the bow-wows. Since then I have seen many successful so-called "legitimate" plays, the last of which was "Desire Under the Elms." Shades of Realism! Now I am a movie fan again. This past month I saw "The Big Parade," "Stella Dallas," "The Black Pirate," and "La Boheme,"—each distinctly different and each a classic. Perhaps there is better cooperation now between producer, director and player. There is Art in the movies!

ROSE KELLOGG.

A Lesson to Managers

Franklin, Indiana.

The manager of the most popular house in our town was in the habit of showing a second rate western Saturday nights as a means of economy. The high priced features ran through the week. Ours being a country town he felt sure of his Saturday crowd of farmers, clerks, day laborers, eager for recreation after a week's work. His competitor did the same, forgetting that competition would come from other sources. Forty minutes away is a large city. Our amusement seekers left home and went there. Both our houses began to lose prestige. The first manager learned a lesson. Now he makes Saturday's program as interesting as the rest of the week's.

A few inferior pictures make both a producer and a theater lose ground. The public is willing to pay, but they expect value received when they do.

Mrs. Y. R. B.

Colleen and Marion

Los Angeles, Calif.

I just saw Marion Davies in "Beverly of Graustark" and then Colleen Moore in "Irene."

I always have been a fan for either or both of them. But now, seeing Marion's work spoiled Colleen's. What a shame!

Both are great actresses, but now I think Marion's work greatly outshines that of Miss Moore. Miss Davies seems still to have a spontaneity that is lacking in "Irene." Colleen Moore's smile seems to be pasted there. Why doesn't she flash it on and off a bit as she used to?

Of course, it seems queer to compare two great actresses of such different abilities, but still are they not all sisters under the skin?

Colleen Moore is beginning to look bored with her lot, isn't she? GERTRUDE STEIN.

Gray Glory

Austin, Texas.

Here's to our foremost actor, Lawrence Gray! I certainly think he deserves a place in Stardom—make room for a wonderful actor! In "Stagestruck," with our Gloria rather disappointing, Lawrence Gray went through with "flying colors." I think he is a talented actor.

His performance in "The Untamed Lady" and in "Stagestruck," with Gloria Swanson, and in "The Palm Beach Girl," with Bebe Daniels, was wonderful, and cinched him a place among our famous stars. We want to see more of his plays. Keep up the good work, Lawrence, we're rooting for you.

BESS BAILY.

Not Agreeing With Adolphe

Rutland, Vt.

I have just read Adolphe Menjou's reasons for a sophisticated man being attractive to American women. I certainly do not agree that American women "fall" for this type.

Admittedly, a well-groomed man is an attractive one, but, being well-groomed does not necessarily mean a handkerchief in the cuff, a jeweled cigarette case, and an athletic eyebrow. Let this type appear before a group of American women, young or old, accompanied by a more conservatively dressed young man, who has the appearance of a Harvard football star, or a successful young American business man, and I'll bet Mr. Menjou, dollars to doughnuts, that the latter will get the ladies' vote, whether the test be made in the Biltmore, at Palm Beach, a Childs restaurant in Chicago, or a quick-lunch in Oshkosh.

VERMONTER.

Take Note, Directors Seeking Praise

Jamestown, N. Y.

If some kind-hearted director would specialize in making enough wholesome juvenile pictures to keep the young folks busy, mothers would welcome him with open arms. What with passionate Valentino love-scenes and Elinor Glyn-t atmosphere, mothers have a grave problem before them. Children make up fully a third of the average audience and it is not more than fair to give them clean, interesting entertainment. Can't we have more pictures like "Nickey," Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid" and "Helen's Babies"? Also fairy tales like "Jack and the Beanstalk," that just hold the little ones spell-bound? To give real pleasure to the kiddies release more pictures they can understand and enjoy. To make a deep appeal have children play the leading roles whenever possible. I have great bouquets and admiration for our beloved Mary and Doug, also Syd and Charlie, Douglas McLean and Harold Lloyd, but can't we have more Baby Peggies and Jackie Coogans?
MARY V. MARKIEL.

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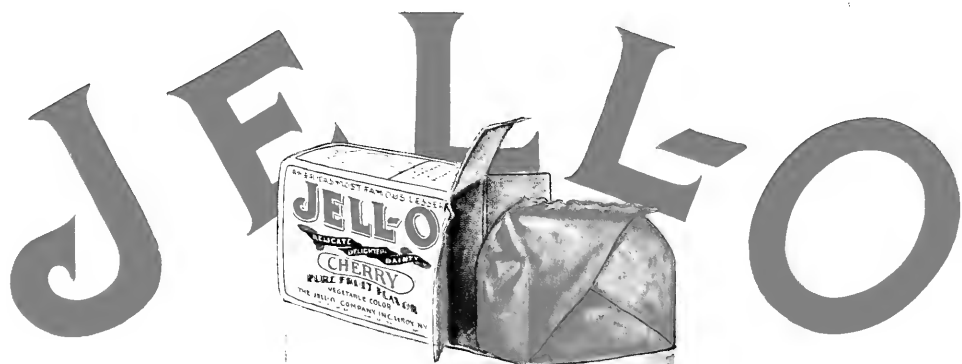


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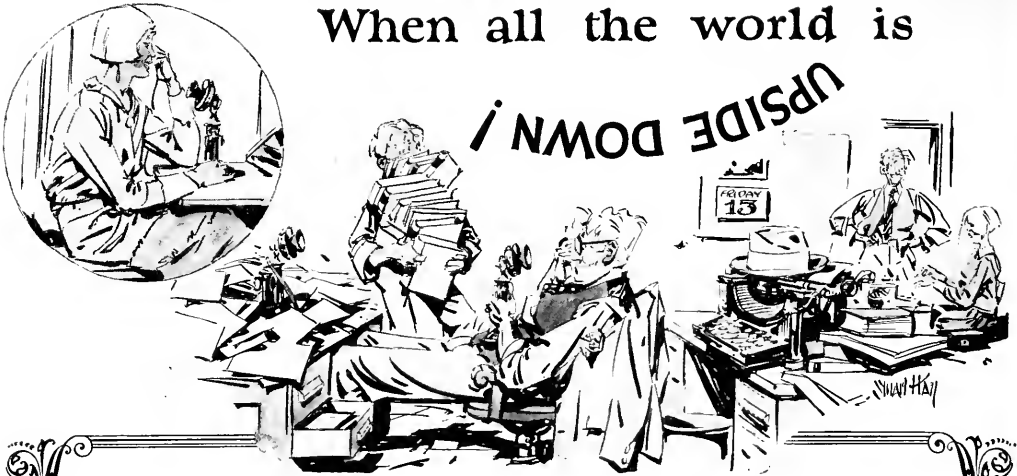
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXX

No. 4

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

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How They Proposed

In the October issue of PHOTOPLAY you will find the little stories of their most romantic off-screen moments. It tells you just when and where and how the stars popped the fatal question. Here are just a few:

☞

"We can't go to California together in the Tin Lizzie unless we're married," said a now prominent Hollywood director to the fair young extra.

"Then let's get married and save carfare," she answered with the practical sense that afterwards helped her to fame.

☞

It was moonlight in California and there was soft music in the distance.

"What a perfect night!" he murmured politely to the young lady to whom he had just been introduced.

"We can be married immediately," replied the quick thinker.

They aren't divorced yet.

☞

"You may think you're a great director but you've absolutely murdered the best parts of my script," stormed the scenario writer.

"Darling," answered the diplomat, "I am so in love with you that I don't know what I am doing!"

He won.

☞

"Dearest," pleaded the handsome hero, "if you'll marry me I'll let you have all the longest close-ups."

The poor sap did but she has now retired from the screen to devote all her time to the kiddies.

September 12th to 18th is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Week

“More Stars than
there are in Heaven”

SEPT. 12TH — 18TH

THIS week
MORE people will see
METRO-Goldwyn-Mayer
PICTURES
THAN all other
MOTION pictures
PUT together.





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wiggles make this a glorious experience. (July.)

AMERICAN VENUS, **THE**—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

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.)

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Dist.—The title has nothing to do with the picture; the story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama; in other words it's much ado about nothing. (June.)

BARRIER, **THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—The story of a half-caste told in an interesting manner by a splendid cast—Norman Kerry, Marceline Day, Henry Waldhall and Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

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 real excited about. (April.)

BEHIND THE FRONT—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the buddies "over there." Slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

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 at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIG SHOW, **THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLACK PIRATE, **THE**—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the youngster, 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 at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

BLIND GODDESS, **THE**—Paramount.—An excellent murder story by Arthur Train plus Louise Dresser's splendid performance makes this one of the finest pictures of the season. (June.)

BLUE BLAZES—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

BORDER SHERIFF, **THE**—Universal.—A Western and nothing to brag about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

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.)

BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.—A gripping melodrama against the background of the sea. Grievous at times. (June.)

BROADWAY BOOB, **THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—Open Hunter is back with us again in another of his famous country roles. Fair. (May.)

BROADWAY GALLANT, **THE**—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

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—Jaffe.—A series of realistic east side scenes strung together by a slender plot. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

BROWN DERBY, **THE**—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

BROWN OF HARVARD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—College life, hip and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD—Pathé.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

CAT'S PAJAMAS, **THE**—Paramount.—Betty Bronson has advanced from a Barry heroine into a bedroom comedy heroine. The result—see it and be convinced. (June.)

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

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

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

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

CAVE MAN, **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. (April.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western humum. (August.)

COHENS AND THE KELLYS, **THE**—Universal.—New York went wild over this and so will every other town. See it and how! (May.)

COMBAT—Universal.—He who likes a lively romping tale crammed with action will like this. The youngsters will enjoy it. (April.)

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE—Asso. Ex.—Good acting of Betty Compton as a modern Portia makes this a passable movie. (March.)

COWBOY AND THE GUNTESS, **THE**—Fox.—One finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

CROWN OF LIES, **THE**—Paramount.—Another impossible Pola Negri vehicle. If you have nothing else to do—see this and suffer with Pola. (June.)

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.)

DANCER OF PARIS, **THE**—First National.—Written by Michael Arlon and as you might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, bachelor apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

DANCING MOTIERS—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-flapping 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 Dist. Corp.—Priscilla Deans a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowers, Cissy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A melodrama of the great open spaces adapted from a Zane Grey novel. Fair. (June.)

DEVIL HORSE, **THE**—Pathé.—A picture that is worth your money. A Christy picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

DEVIL'S CIRCUS, **THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—An interesting vehicle with lots of good circus stuff. Hekum reigns throughout. Norma Shearer and Charles Mack head the cast. (May.)

DON'T—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't! It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (April.)

EARLY TO WED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been food for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

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.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

ENCHANTED HILL, **THE**—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

ESCAPE, **THE**—Universal.—Filled with plenty of fun and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison shows us what he can do. (May.)

EVE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles make matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, **THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FACEY, **THE**—First National.—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Sedgman. (May.)

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount.—The sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Good entertainment. (May.) [CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



A Message From E. W. Hammons To the readers of Photoplay Magazine

IF you were connected with the great motion picture industry—if you were a star or a director or a business executive—what would be your greatest ambition? Would your fondest dream be that some day you would be responsible for the “biggest and grandest” spectacle the screen had ever produced?

Perhaps on first thought you will quickly answer “yes, of course.” But that isn’t my chief ambition—and it never has been. I’d like to tell you why.

* * *

The motion picture industry, in my opinion, has one function to perform that is more important than any other consideration—to provide you and the rest of the great picture-loving public with consistently fine, wholesome entertainment and amusement. Of course, you want to see the fine big feature spectacles. But you also want to be sure that whenever you care to spend an evening at the “movies,” you can count on having a fine evening’s entertainment all through the whole show.

And that’s why it always has been my chief ambition to have *Educational* provide for you the finest possible entertainment in the comedies, novelties and other

Short Features that make up “The Spice of the Program.” In the many years that *Educational* has played a part in the motion picture industry, it has never handled a long feature picture, and I’m mighty proud of the fact that it has grown to its present position among the leaders of the industry through specializing in the briefer pictures that go to balance the ideal picture program and that provide such a large part of your film entertainment.

You have shown that you want—that you demand—the finest entertainment all through the show; and

that’s why most of the country’s better theatres are showing *Educational Pictures* today. That’s also the reason why the Greater Movie Season that is just beginning will bring to the screen for your entertainment a still bigger and finer group of *Educational Pictures*.

Your favorite theatres can tell you what Short Features they are going to show as well as which longer feature. And if you’ll consider them all in deciding “where to go,” you’ll find that you get more consistent enjoyment out of your movie evenings. You’ll be impressed by the beauty and story value of the Romance Productions in natural colors, such as “The Vision.” You’ll always get a hearty laugh out of any of *Educational*’s comedies or cartoons. Any program is a better show that includes some of the Short Features that make up “The Spice of the Program.”

ROMANCE PRODUCTIONS

HAMILTON COMEDIES

LUPINO LANE COMEDIES

BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES

JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES

BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES

CHRISTIE COMEDIES

MERMAID COMEDIES

(Jack White Productions)

JUVENILE COMEDIES

TUXEDO COMEDIES CAMEO COMEDIES

LYMAN H. HOWE’S HODGE-PODGE

FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS

ROBERT C. BRUCE SCENIC NOVELTIES

CURIOSITIES LIFE

The Movie Side-show Cartoon Comedies

KINOGRAMS

The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.

E. W. Hammons, President

Executive Offices, 370 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Last Minute News from East and West

A

we go



P

to Press

EDDIE SUTHERLAND, boy director, marries Louise Brooks. They met while he was directing "It's the Old Army Game," in which Miss Brooks appeared.

BEBE DANIELS is engaged to marry Charley Paddock, internationally known sprinter. Bebe says it is positive this time.

MAE MURRAY'S husband, Prince David Mdivani, has gone to work. A report from Hollywood says that David is acting at the Mack Sennett studio in a film called "Ginsberg and Murphy Film De Luxe." He has changed his name to David Manor.

HURRY UP YOST, famous Michigan coach, has been engaged as special adviser for Richard Dix's picture, "The Quarterback."

WILL ROGERS, now in Europe, will play a rôle in Dorothy Gish's new picture, "Tiptoes," now being made in London.

IT is reported that Monta Bell wants Lillian Gish to play the rôle of *Lorelei Lee* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

THE latest word from Germany is that Emil Jannings will arrive in Hollywood in November for his first American film.

MALCOLM ST. CLAIR will direct Florence Vidor in a snappy one called "The Popular Sin."

MAY McAVOY has nervous breakdown on coast and must rest for at least a month.

MARION DAVIES to do comedy based upon the comic strip, "Tillie the Toiler."

CECIL DE MILLE continues selecting cast for "The King of Kings." Besides H. B. Warner as *Christ*, the cast will include Victor Varconi as *Pontius Pilate* and Joseph Schildkraut as *Judas*.

CORINNE GRIFFITH making her next two pictures in New York.

REPORTS that Eric Von Stroheim may be the director chosen by Famous to film Dreiser's "American Tragedy."

JAMES CRUZE signs new directorial contract with Famous.

HAROLD LLOYD to have a new leading woman, Jobyna Ralston's three year contract now terminating.

WILLARD LOUIS died suddenly in California, July twenty-second.

WARWICK WARD, the English actor prominent in "Variety," is coming to America.

IRENE RICH reported engaged to David Blankenbom, a Pasadena millionaire. It is said wedding will occur as soon as he obtains his final divorce decree.

CHARLES OGLE, the veteran screen actor, returns to films with "Red" Grange in "The Halfback."

TOM O'BRIEN, the *Bull* of "The Big Parade," gets long Metro-Goldwyn contract.

TOM MIX now in Colorado making "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery." It will have a sweeping background of our national parks.

"RED" GRANGE was only in Hollywood long enough to make one picture. He's back in Wheaton, Ill., and intends to drive his ice wagon this summer.

CABLE advises say Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have been hailed with enthusiasm by Polish movie fans. Polish actresses are eagerly consulting Mary on the difficult technique of makeup for the camera.

ALBERT PARKER has been engaged to direct Gloria Swanson in her first for United Artists. They say it will be a Russian story.

JETTA GOUDAL'S second starring picture for Cecil B. De Mille will be "White Gold."

MAURICE COSTELLO will have an important rôle in Jackie Coogan's new picture, "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut." Jackie does in this picture.



International Newsreel

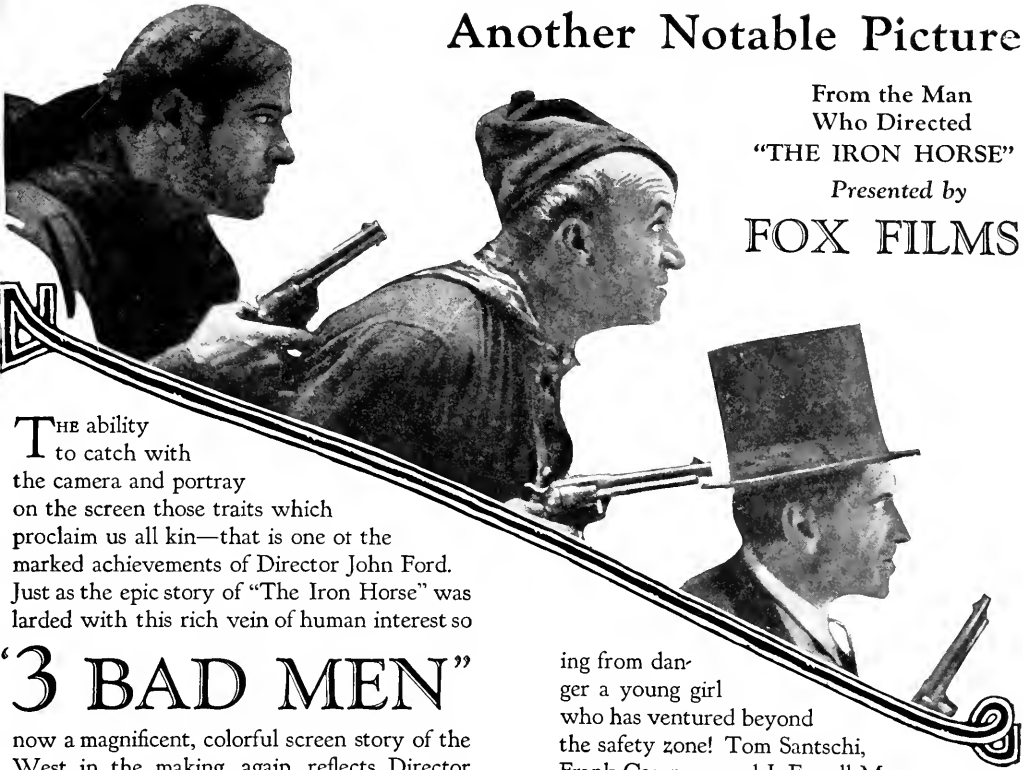
After a tempestuous and ardent courtship, Ben Turpin married Babette Dietz in Hollywood recently. Ben had been a widower less than a year. Notice—you can't help it—the snappy suit. He'll never be able to look his wife in the eye

Another Notable Picture

From the Man
Who Directed
"THE IRON HORSE"

Presented by

FOX FILMS



THE ability to catch with the camera and portray on the screen those traits which proclaim us all kin—that is one of the marked achievements of Director John Ford. Just as the epic story of "The Iron Horse" was larded with this rich vein of human interest so

"3 BAD MEN"


now a magnificent, colorful screen story of the West in the making, again reflects Director Ford's understanding of the human heart.

Three bad men—grime-crustured, crime-hardened, wanted, but how tender and lovable they are in their self-appointed task of guard-

ing from danger a young girl who has ventured beyond the safety zone! Tom Santschi, Frank Campeau and J. Farrell MacDonald (he of the cocked eye) as the trio, GEORGE O'BRIEN, OLIVE BORDEN, Lou Tellegen, Alec Francis and others, are the main personalities in a picture which includes prairies seething with men and cattle, horses and vehicles, with action rampant.

"3 Bad Men" upholds the screen's finest traditions. It will be shown in leading theatres everywhere and it is a

WILLIAM
FOX
PICTURE



Based on
Herman Whitaker's
novel
"OVER THE BORDER"

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



FOWLER



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month
for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

The Monthly Barometer

DURING the month of June the real critics, the fans, gave these views through their letters to Brickbats and Bouquets.

Of the "special" pictures, "The Big Parade," "The Merry Widow," and "Stella Dallas," drew the most letters, mostly bouquets, but some brickbats, the latter aimed particularly at "The Merry Widow."

Of the "program" pictures, "The Dark Angel" continues the most popular, receiving bouquets exclusively.

Of the established stars, John Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Valentino, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, in that order, stirred the greatest number of fans to write.

Of recent discoveries, Greta Garbo appears the most popular, despite her having been seen in only one picture.

Of the month, the most popular release was "Brown of Harvard." Second, "The Volga Boatman."

Of the newer personalities, William Haines received the greatest number of bouquets, with William Boyd next in line. Among the younger generation, Alberta Vaughn reigns favorite.

The letters proclaiming Pauline Frederick our greatest actress increased in number.

Of published letters, "Gray Eyes," concerning the "old men" of the screen, excited the most replies.

Dick Barthelmess' last two pictures were slammed with the most brickbats.

Letters were received from all over the world, from Chicago to British East Africa.

THE EDITOR.

\$25.00 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

I've just read another story concerning "The Tragedy of Charles Ray." As this is about the tenth one I've read, I've decided to burst into print. I think it is a lot of sentimental slush.

I like Charles Ray. I've always admired his work on the screen and hope to keep on liking him for some time to come. And I'll wager that Mr. Ray doesn't like those stories about his so-called "tragedy" any more than I do. I'll frankly admit that the first story I read of this kind made me weep and feel very sad

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

about it, and sorry for Mr. Ray. But—not for long. For "The Auction Block" came to San Francisco, and in that picture Mr. Ray took all the honors, scoring a real hit. And on top of that, Mr. Ray paid San Francisco a visit, and was introduced from a theater box, and got one of the best rounds of applause I've ever heard.

While Mr. Ray was bowing and smiling to the enthusiastic audience I couldn't help but think how little like a "tragedy" he looked. Handsome, most correctly dressed, young, and with a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract in his possession. I really couldn't help smiling a little. For if that is failure—would that I might have a taste of it.

BERNICE CLEMENTS,
1134 Geneva Avenue.

\$10.00 Letter

Fresno, Calif.

Oh, how tired I get of the slurs and slams that lately have been fired like a steady barrage at Cecil B. De Mille and the type of pictures he gives us. He is to the grownups what Hans Andersen is to the children. We all know his stories, settings, costumes and much maligned

bath rooms are of the stuff dreams are made of. Yet these pictures fill a certain place in movie-land for us. We all live in a common, rather drab every day sort of world and why not let us go into a moving picture theater and see our grown up Fairyland with its Prince and Princess a la De Mille?

No one has the temerity to slam Barrie for his "Peter Pan"; Maeterlinck for his "Blue Bird," and yet De Mille, who throws the mantle of illusion over the modern world, is sneered at constantly.

I am no moron, nor am I pretending to be a high brow, but I do want to say that to me (and there must be thousands like me) Mr. De Mille is the story teller of the day for the people of today. He weaves a magic spell of fantasy just as sure as the author of "Beauty and the Beast," "Cinderella," or "Snow White." So please—hands off the modern teller of To-Day's Fairy Tales de luce.

MRS. W. L. POTTS,
California Federation of Women's Clubs,
1932 Broadway.

\$5.00 Letter

Akron, Ohio.

I humbly make a plea to directors and producers for "Americanization" of the photoplay. They are doing splendidly now, but I believe this is an angle that might profitably be kept in mind in all productions.

For eight years I have taught in the Americanization schools and time and again I have been impressed by the influence of the photoplay in our work. In educating the foreign born we ever kept before us his need of a better understanding of America, its habits, customs, geography, history, government and ideals. In many instances he lacks the imagination to supply the necessary mental picture. Here we find the photoplay playing an important part. Washington, Yellowstone Park, the Colorado Canyon, the Rocky Mountains, our cowboys, our tobacco fields and our cotton fields are essentially American. In mentioning them his face lights up and he is eager to inform us that he has already seen them in the movies. Pictures like "Abraham Lincoln" and "America" have a value in Americanization that is impossible to estimate.

P. D. JENNINGS,
130½ South Union St.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

TWO YEARS *in the making*—
Its fame will last for **DECADES!**



RICHARD A. ROWLAND
presents

MILTON SILLS

in

MEN OF STEEL

by MILTON SILLS suggested by R.G.KIRK'S short story "UNITED STATES FLAVOR"

with **DORIS KENYON**

Directed by **GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD**

Produced under the supervision of **EARL HUDSON**



A First National Special

FURNACES white-hot with the blazing
angers of men

A secret murder, and a blood-trail that
divides powerful Jan from Mary, girl
of the mills

Then arms of steel swing menacing—and
thousands cheer as Jan snatches the
steel-master's daughter from the giant
grip.

Love calls high above the whirr and clash
of straining metals

And fury forges an amazing climax,
knife-edged by suspense!

Filmed in the throbbing heart of a famous steel mill, "Men of Steel" is the first picture to bring you all the color and thrilling movement of the most colossal of all human labors. And the vividness of the scenes is matched by the acting of a splendid cast, including Doris Kenyon.

First National Plays Another Pair of Aces

SHE never had a gayer, more romantic role—this world-popular comedienne! A lovely American dancer, transported to Russia in its days of glory. Nobility at her flitting feet. Blond beauty captivating handsome young Lieutenant Orloff . . . The Four Veils of her famous dance a net to snare the heart of powerful Grand Duke Gregory!

A thrilling elopement over moonlit snows—Orloff braving the Grand Duke's wrath. But at the border a strange coincidence forces the little dancer to pose as the Grand Duke's jealous wife.

Magic of behind-the-scenes. Glamor of picturesque Russia. Splendor and pomp of a luxurious court. And the brilliant star in a performance that's even better than her best!

Joseph M. Schenck presents
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
in
"The DUCHESS of BUFFALO"
with **TULLIO CARMINATI**
 Screen Story by Hans Kraly
Based on the Hungarian Play "Sybil"
Written by Max Brody and Franz Martes
A SIDNEY FRANKLIN PRODUCTION



More Hits From First National

MILTON SILLS in "Paradise." This superb adaption of Cosmo Hamilton's famous novel provides a powerful part for the popular star. A story that shifts dramatically from London to the South Seas, and back again for an arresting climax.

"Subway Sadie." An Alfred Santell production, with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Muhlhall. All the comedy and romance of New York's famous "sardine specials." Laughs jammed tighter than straphangers in the rush hour!

A First National Picture

Two More Great Stars in Best-Yet Parts

Harry Langdon Corporation *presents*

HARRY LANGDON

in

"THE STRONG MAN"

Directed by Frank Capra



Made by the
Greatest Stars

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in "*The Amateur Gentleman*,"
Jeffery Farnoll's magnificent story
presented thrillingly on the screen
by Inspiration Pictures, Inc. A
Sidney Olcott Production.

"Pals First," Presented by Edwin
Carewe, with Lloyd Hughes and
Delores del Rio. You're sure to
guess the *wrong* ending to this
amazing mystery-comedy. A laugh
with every thrill and a thrill with
every laugh.



BRACE yourself for a jolting
jab to the funny-bone!

"The Strong Man" will leave
you weak from laughter—a
rain of comedy wallops mixed
with pathos punches that will
reach close to your heart.

The Strong Man builds up his
constitution running around
with dumb-belles. And he
finds that the first hundred
dears are the hardest—to get
rid of! The only thing faint
about him is his smile—that
flickering, fading Langdon grin
that brought mirth to millions
in "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

It won't be long now before
"The Strong Man" signs go up
on your favorite movie theatre.
Insist on seeing it. Remember
that he laughs best who laughs
at Langdon!

A First National Picture

Learn to Draw at Home



Make Your Salary \$100⁰⁰ a Week

Everywhere there is a big demand for artists—newspapers, magazines, advertising agencies, department stores, everyone who advertises is glad to pay big money for artists who can produce pictures and illustrations with commercial value.

Learn At Home This Quick Easy Way

Our wonderful method makes it possible for anyone to learn Illustrating, Cartooning, or Commercial Art. Most of our students never touched a drawing pencil before they studied with us, yet scores of them are now making splendid incomes. You can do the same. The simplicity of this amazingly quick way will astonish you. No matter what your present ability—no matter whether you think you have "talent" or not—we can teach you to draw—and draw well.

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Our easy way simplifies everything. You start drawing with straight lines, then you begin using curves, and before you realize it you are drawing pictures with shading, action and perspective. And you are taught all the "inside secrets"—the "tricks of the trade" that would otherwise take you years to learn. Our successful Art instructors have had years of experience in commercial art. They know the kind of pictures that sell and they teach you how to make them—in the least possible time.

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An interesting and handsomely illustrated booklet, "Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist," will be sent you without cost.

Mail this coupon for it. Learn how you can easily become an artist in a few hours a week spare time. Get also full particulars about our Special Offer to new students. Send the coupon NOW!

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Please send me without cost or obligation on my part your free book, "Quick Easy Way to Become an Artist." Print name plainly.

Name..... (Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address.....

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of New York. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see. (April.)

FIGHTING BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—A boring Western. Now don't blame us if it doesn't please. (June.)

FIGHTING BUCKAROO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones still does all the necessities to keep one amused. It's good stuff. (June.)

FIGHTING EDGE, THE—Warner Bros.—A melodrama with no pretensions, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go. (April.)

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.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FLAMING FRONTIER, THE—Universal.—Another absorbing tale of the Old West which carries out the spirit of pioneer America. Good stuff for the children. (June.)

FLAMING WATERS—F. B. O.—It looks as though the war had went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. (April.)

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount.—For your own sake go see this Harold Lloyd production. Sure, take the kiddies! (June.)

FREE TO LOVE—Schulberg.—Clara Bow as a reformed crook does her best with an impossible role. (March.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathe.—A real blooded Western with Harry Carey. If you like swifl melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GENTLE CYCLONE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GILDED BUTTERFLY, THE—Fox.—Alma Rubens blurring her way through society and Europe without any money. If you're fast about your film fare you won't care for this. (March.)

GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE, THE—First National.—See this if it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (May.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 4,642. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A flippant farce comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER, THE—Paramount.—Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

GREATER GLORY, THE—First National.—An excellent picture featuring an Austrian family before and after the war. One of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice. (May.)

GREEN ARCHER, THE—Pathe.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HANDS UP—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith as a Confederate spy in the civil war. Right funny. Marion Nixon and Virginia Lee Corbin make adorable heroines. (March.)

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Growns up see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIGHBINDERS, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—William Tilden stepping out as an actor, but he better stick to tennis if he wishes to become a success in life. Terrible. (June.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Brent productions. Fair. (July.)

INFATUATION—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow 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 outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Rich and Robert Frazer are in the cast—if that means anything. Entertainment value? Fair. (July.)

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, THE—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. George O'Brien, Florence Gilbert and Janet Gaynor are in the cast. (May.)

JUST SUPPOSE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

KIKI—First National.—Here's Norma Talmadge as a comedienne and she's a WOW. Ronald Colman is the male attraction. Be sure to see it! (June.)

KING OF THE TURF, THE—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and presto! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. (May.)

LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. Lillian Gish is also in the cast. (May.)

LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount.—Richard Dix at his best. Plenty of laughs that come fast and furious. Don't miss it! (May.)

LITTLE IRISH GIRL, THE—Warner Bros.—Good entertainment. More crooks in a logical story. (May.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Passable. (August.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Man. (August.)

MADAME MYSTERY—Pathe.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot! Be sure to see it. (May.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn.—A not so satisfactory film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)

MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE—Universal.—One of the most appealing stories of life across the foot-ill. Billie Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MIKE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A Marshall Neilan bag o' tricks. Fairly amusing through the efforts of Charlie Murray and Ford Sterling. (March.)

MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thrilling story of the race track. Splendid entertainment. (April.)

MIRACLE OF LIFE, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—It will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. Neither for the children nor grownups. (June.)

MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount.—Beebe Daniels attempts to be funny but falls down. Filled with all the old gags used in two-reelers. The children like this sort of thing. (May.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

MLLE. MODISTE—First National.—Some wise-cracking sub-titles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith are Willard by far the best of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives in the isles. (April.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slapstick at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MY LADY OF WHIMS—Arrow.—Clara Bow again as the career flapper who defies Papa and goes to live in Greenwich Village. Pleasing. (March.)

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal.—This could have been a knockout, but at present it is missing on all sixes. (June.)

MY OWN PAL—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony with two additions—cute little Virginia Marshall and a clever little white dog. The children will love this. (May.)

NELL GWYN—Paramount.—The first of the English productions that will meet with approval in America. Dorothy Gish gives a remarkable performance. (April.)

NEW KLONDIKE, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest of Meighan's vehicles. An excellent story by Ring Lardner enhances the comedy value of this picture. Fine for the children. (May.)

NIGHT CRY, THE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin is far the doggiest dog you've ever seen. This is by far his best picture and will prove a real treat for group-ups and kiddies. (June.)

NUTCRACKER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—An attempt to make this a rip-roaring comedy proved that there are few comedians of whom we can be justly proud. Passable. (June.)

OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.—We think it's time for Syd Chaplin to "be himself." Syd in petticoats again gets to be an old story, even though it affords splendid entertainment. (May.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A reissue of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

OUTSIDER, THE—Fox.—An intriguing story of a mysterious healer who puzzles London medical circles. The crippled daughter of a physician is restored to health, and love enters. Jacqueline Logan is excellent. (March.)

PADLOCKED—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.)

PALACE OF PLEASURE, THE—Fox.—Edmund Lowe kidnaps Betty Compson, a gay senorita of vamping tendencies. Nothing to get excited over. (March.)

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PARTNERS AGAIN—United Artists.—Another Fotash and Perlmutter. Delightful, as usual. (April.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for group-ups and children. (July.)

PRINCE OF BROADWAY, THE—Chadwick.—A new twist to the ring entertainment. A defeated fighter stages successful come-back. Many famous fighters introduced. (March.)

PRINCE OF PEP, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge as a young doctor who loses his memory and becomes a modern Robin Hood. Some good stunts. (March.)

PRINCE OF PILSEN, THE—Producers Dist.—This is supposed to be a comedy, but if you can laugh you're a better man than I. (June.)

QUEEN O' DIAMONDS—F. B. O.—There's not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

RADIO DETECTIVE, THE—Universal.—An excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this thoroughly enjoyable. (June.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Gerald Beaumont story pictured into splendid entertainment. William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

Watch This Column

This announcement is a continuation of the Greater Movie List which was begun in a previous issue. Once more I suggest that you keep all of these lists intact as a guide to your better entertainment for the months to come.

"The Whole Town's Talking"—featuring EDWARD EVERETT HORTON and VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN—adapted from the stage success by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by Edward Laemmle.

"The Ice Flood"—featuring KENNETH HARLAN and VIOLADANA—adapted from Johnston McCulley's novel.

"The Bargain Bride"—featuring beautiful MARY PHILBIN in a remarkably dramatic story by A. Brode.

"Butterflies in the Rain"—featuring LAURA LA PLANTE and JAMES KIRKWOOD. From the sensationally dramatic newspaper story by Andrew Soutar. Directed by Edward Sloman.

"The Sensation Seekers" touches on a fascinating phase of modern life—youth's search for new thrills and excitement. BILLIE DOVE will be featured in this picture, which is to be directed by Lois Weber from Ernst Pascal's story.

This will be an exceptionally brilliant year for HOOT GIBSON and no less than seven stories have been chosen for him—all of them by celebrated Western writers. The titles indicate their spirit. Here they are: **"The Texas Streak," "The Silent Rider," "The Prairie King," "Ace High," "The Buckaroo Kid," "A Hero on Horseback" and "Cheyenne Days."**

Don't hesitate to write me if you want any further information about any of these pictures or any that have gone before. I like your letters and enjoy answering them. Incidentally, watch for **"The Flaming Frontier"** and **"The Midnight Sun."** Both are very much worth while.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of
Laura La Plante and Hoot Gibson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave.

New York City

AT THE RITZ-CARLTON AND THE AMBASSADOR IN ATLANTIC CITY



164 Women Guests tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

"Does wonderful things" they say, "for the complexion"

DANCING every night, beginning at midnight and ending with breakfast at dawn; teas, receptions, private theatricals, the opera, the theatre, the dressmaker, the caterer, engagements packed one into another like a conjurer's puzzle . . .

Until the society woman, abandoning her calendar, takes a run to Atlantic City for a few days' perfect relaxation in that golden air.

From New York, Philadelphia, Washington — even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago they come — lovely creatures in Paris frocks, thronging the brilliant promenades of the Ritz and Ambassador hotels.

HOW do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin?

What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexion to?

One hundred and ninety-four women stopping at the Ritz and the Ambassador at the time of our inquiry, gave us their answer to these questions.

One hundred and sixty-four — over three-fourths — said, "I use Woodbury's Facial Soap for my skin."

"My skin was so irritated by ordinary soap."

"Other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed — Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because once I find something



"Slim, exotic, brilliant as jewels against the luxurious setting of the Ritz and the Ambassador hotels"

good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

"All my friends who have good complexions use it."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary for use, living in Pittsburgh, I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

These are a few of the reasons they gave.

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 greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and at the same time tonic and gently stimulating.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, etc. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in correcting these common skin troubles make it ideal for regular use.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will notice an improvement in your complexion — will see it grow smoother, clearer, finer.

Get your Woodbury's today — begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs!

A Large-Size Trial Set Your Woodbury Treatment for ten days

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
509 Spring Grove Avenue,
Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name

Street

City

State



Edward Thayer Monroe

New Pictures

JOAN OF ARC, ready to save somebody. But won't somebody please save Bebe Daniels from slapstick comedies and matrimonial rumors? They say that Jack Pickford wants to marry Bebe. So do a lot of other fellows, including Charlie Paddock, the cinder track runner.



FIRST NATIONAL is going to make a star of him. He will be presented in a series of "Westerns"; the first, "Senor Daredevil," is not so good. But the boy is there. He has the looks. Next month, PHOTOPLAY will have a story about Ken Maynard.



James Doolittle

GIVE Milton Sills a good role and he can play it. As witness his fine acting in "Men of Steel." An earnest and conscientious gentleman with a shrewd sense of humor, Sills has brains and isn't afraid of using them—even in a movie studio.



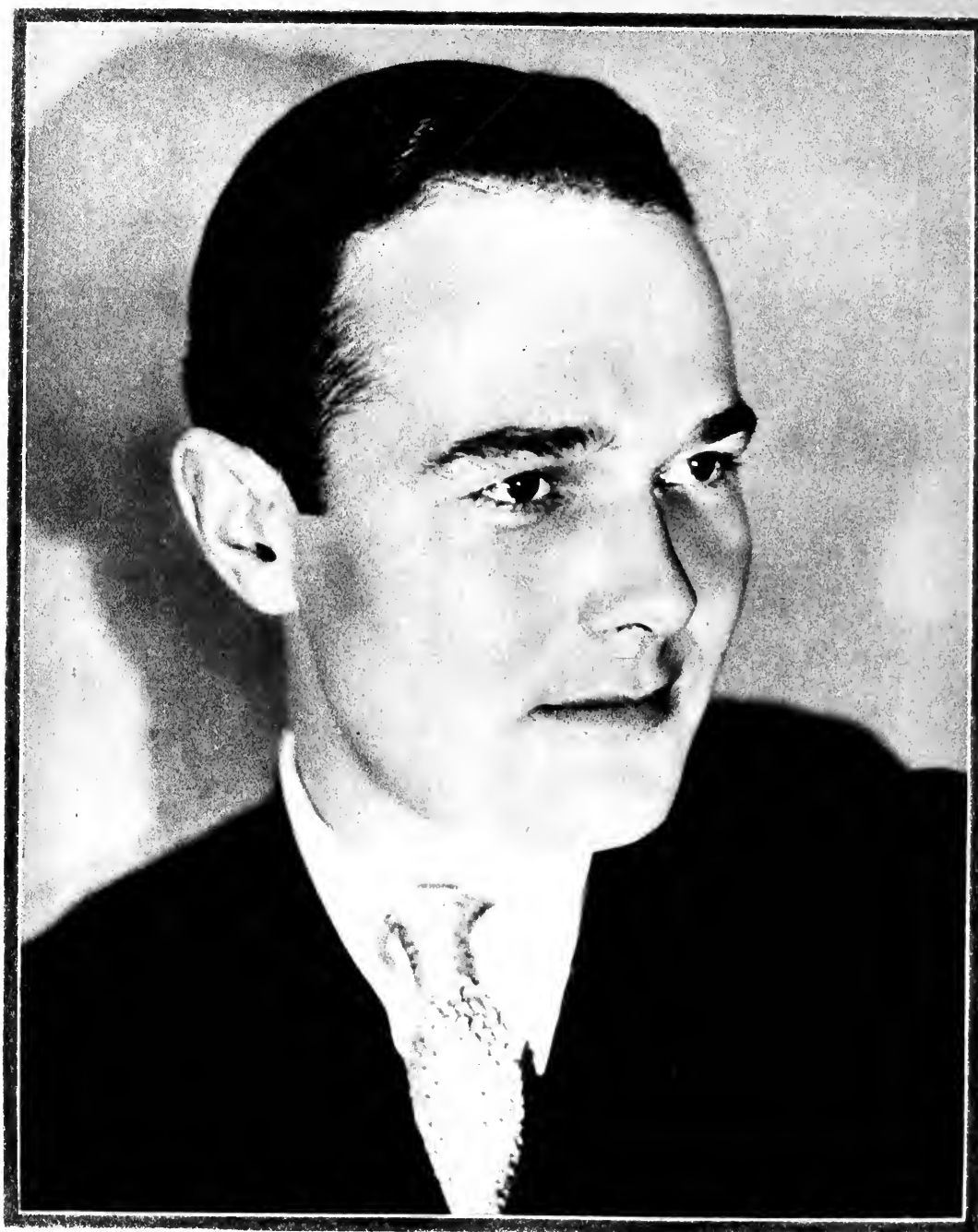
Spurr

EVERY young man's idea of the Right Girl. And every old man's memory of his first sweetheart. The girl the hero always marries. Lately loved by William Haines, in "Brown of Harvard," now Mary Brian is the love interest in "Beau Geste."



Spurr

HELENE CHADWICK got off to a flying start in modern comedies. Remember when she was co-starred with Richard Dix? Since then she has been playing a poor third to the Cowboy and his Horse. Really, now, something should be done about it!



Russell Ball

WILLIAM HAINES played leading roles for several years without starting any riots. Then came "Brown of Harvard" and a large increase of feminine mail to Culver City. To save work for the Answer Man—he is not married, as yet.



Murray

HAILED as "another Valentino," Ricardo Cortez started handicapped. He is living down that Sheik stuff. Prefers to be known as the devoted husband of Alma Rubens than as a burn 'em up Latin Lover. You'll see him in "Sorrows of Satan."



The fineness of genuine IVORY in a dainty new form. *You will love it!*

ITS prompt and enthusiastic reception by millions of women everywhere indicates how completely Guest Ivory meets the exacting toilet-soap demands of modern life.

This is one more proof that what is genuinely fine always receives appreciation. For women have been quick to recognize that the addition of Guest

Ivory's fresh new charm to the traditional purity and gentleness of Ivory has given them a soap which satisfies both exquisite taste and intelligence.

The slimmest of fingers close with ease over Guest Ivory's daintily modeled cake. The loveliest of bathrooms finds fitting adornment in Guest Ivory's blue dress. And, most important, the

fairest complexion discovers soothing cleansing in the mild, caressing lather that has characterized Ivory for almost half a century.

You will find Guest Ivory in almost every grocery, drug, and department store. It costs but five cents.

Guest IVORY

For the face and hands 5¢



99⁺/₁₀₀ Pure It Floats

As fine as soap can be

PHOTOPLAY

September, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

ANOTHER sop for the censor bird. Will Hays, the overlord of the movies, has just banned all licker from the films. Furthermore, he declares that all incidents that might be deemed to show encouragement or disrespect of the prohibition laws must be eliminated from all photoplays.

There are two sides to this. The prohibition law is the law of the land. Yet our newspapers, our novels and our magazines discuss it with impunity. In fact, it is the chief item of discussion in America today. It is likely to be the storm center of the next national election two years hence.

It is pointed out by newspapers that Mr. Hays bans this law, and lets the various laws handed down from Mount Sinai take care of themselves on the screen. In other words, the screen swallows murder and balks at licker.

WE believe that the screen should have its freedom. True, we are not for indiscriminate showing of drunkenness. We doubt if the films have been at fault in this regard. But with all current printed matter, from *The Saturday Evening Post* to the newest best seller, discussing prohibition frankly, humorously or cynically, it seems hardly fair to muzzle the motion picture camera.

A MOST interesting experiment is under way in the California studios of William Fox. Murnau, the director of "The Last Laugh," has been brought from Germany by Mr. Fox and publicly charged by him to make artistic pictures.

In this I believe Mr. Fox is sincere, for he has recently given proof that he is willing to spend any amount of money to crown his producing career with pictures of outstanding excellence.

If "What Price Glory," "The Seventh Heaven," and "The Music Master" are not outstanding pictures of the year, it will not be because he and Winfield R. Sheehan, his vice president, in charge of production, are not making every human effort to secure the best talent available.

I HAVE spent many hours with Murnau. He is human. He knows life. He is a master technician. He is an artist with a rare sense of humor and a refreshing lack of that arrogance and conceit that has reduced

many of our promising young directors to mediocrity in a business that requires as much artistic co-operation as the creation of a great cathedral.

I was astonished to hear him use the word "we" when discussing the making of "The Last Laugh" with one of his assistants.

The word "we" is almost obsolete in Hollywood. Hollywood is the capital of the Kingdom of "I" and the Garden of Self-satisfaction.

THE communities which have the highest critical standards have the strictest censorship laws. Chicago, for instance, is the only large municipality in the country that has its own censor board. The board has been in operation for years, and is strict in rulings on the movies.

Chicago also has an unenviable reputation as a leader in crime.

Holland, where a film is rarely banned, is singularly free from crime.

Connecticut, a neighbor state to New York, and also with a mixed industrial population, is freer from crime than its sister, which has a censorship board.

BY the rulings of the censors, you may judge of the moral standards of the community. Most of the cuts in the state of New York are those showing gun-play, holdups and blowing up safes. And these crimes are of daily occurrence in New York.

Pennsylvania cuts sex indiscretions, which leads one to draw conclusions as to just what is considered the most heinous crime in that state.

Kansas will not tolerate drinking or smoking, while in Virginia, the movie characters may pass the bottle and the cigarette without being molested. Virginia also tolerates scant attire, but vulgarity is strictly taboo.

Kansas may wink at shootings and beatings, but it will not tolerate hangings, leading one to believe that the fear of lynching and mob violence still prevails on the prairies.

Virginia and Ohio, where the danger is evidently less, overlook all these crimes. Evidently, too, from the censorship cuts, Maryland fears patricide more than New York. It objects to a boy shooting his stepfather.

Wife beating is obviously a curse in New York, as the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



Pity a fragile blonde, alone in the world! In spite of all that has been written about her, Peggy Joyce can play sympathetic heroines — and get away with it



Lois Wilson. A man can forget a flirt but he cannot forget a friend. And Lois never flirts. But she has more loyal suitors than any of the vamps

The Real Sirens of the Screen

By Agnes Smith

A SIREN, as any child or censor knows, is a lady with sex appeal. And sex appeal, according to the same authorities, is a quality made manifest by mascara-ed lashes, jet black hair, spangled gowns, rouged lips and a gift for holding in the clinches.

Hence a legend of the screen: That all little girls born with black hair and snapping black eyes are little devils. And, conversely, that all little girls born with light hair and blue



Lya de Putti. Just another furrin' vamp, says the public with a yawn. Hot stuff in Berlin but not so deadly as the local girls

THE vamps get the publicity, but the Good Little Girls almost always get the nice contracts. Read on—and learn about women from them

eyes are little angels. The Latins are the lovers; the Nordics the angels.

And so if we were foolish enough to take a vote to find the most dangerous woman on the screen, the Pola Negris, the Nita Naldis, the Lya de Puttis and the Dagmar Godowskys would get all the ballots. For several years Barbara La Marr summed up in the public mind all that was most siren in femininity. Poor Barbara, who loved 'em and left 'em! Poor Barbara, who paid her own way in the world and paid so dearly!

And, if we were even more foolish and started a national election to vote for the noblest [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]



Nita Naldi. Never so dangerous as her conversation nor so fatally wicked as the roles she played



Directors must beg Lillian Gish to be kissed. Sex appeal is not in her line. But what vamp can match the list of her conquests?



Constance Talmadge. "Not just for a day, not just for a week, not just for a year but A-L-W-A-Y-S." That's the way Constance captures 'em

The Happy Ending of Wholesale

By Catharine Brody

Sound, constructive advice for correcting fat by sane and health-giving methods

NOW for the cheerful side of this vexatious reducing question. And now for some helpful—and hopeful—suggestions to the girl who feels that she is greatly overweight and yet who doesn't want to endanger her health by resorting to drugs, freak diets or unwise exercises.

But before going into the constructive work of reducing scientifically and safely, I must repeat a few warnings that I have emphasized in my first two articles. *Never take drugs to reduce. Never adopt freak diets. Do not try to gauge your weight by standards set by dressmakers. Never attempt any drastic reduction without first consulting your doctor. It is wholesale murder and suicide.*

Women's Christian Association has excellent gymnasiums all over the country and there are also good private gymnasiums in every large town.

If you want to make the work more pleasant—and also less expensive—form a class of other girls like yourself who want to lose weight. You will find it a new and agreeable form of recreation.

Now, you will ask, why not exercise at home? Why go to all the trouble of putting oneself under classroom routine?

Home exercises are rarely completely satisfactory, unless you have unusual will power and stick-to-it-iveness.

For the first week or two, you may follow the exercises carefully. But laziness and laxness are universal human faults and, in spite of your best intentions, you will find yourself getting careless



An exercise to reduce the abdomen and strengthen the muscles. First movement: Draw the knees toward the chest to the position illustrated here. Remember that the value of the exercise depends upon the precision with which you follow the directions

And remember this: YOUR HEALTH COMES FIRST.

As this is the final article of this series, I am going to give it a happy ending by showing you that the correct way of reducing is infinitely pleasanter and more satisfactory than the dangerous "get-slim-quick" methods.

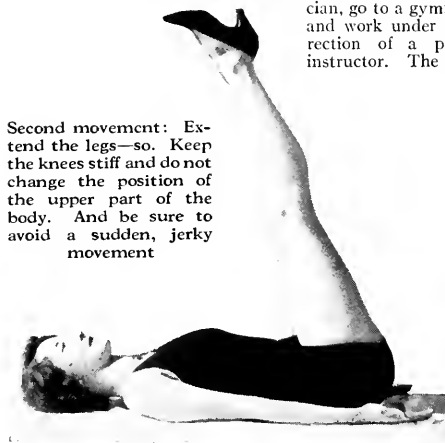
So let us call the class to order and begin the lecture. As the first step in reducing, consult your doctor. Have your heart and digestive organs examined. Take stock of your physical state and ascertain the physical causes of your excess weight.

Then, still under the guidance of your physician, go to a gymnasium and work under the direction of a physical instructor. The Young

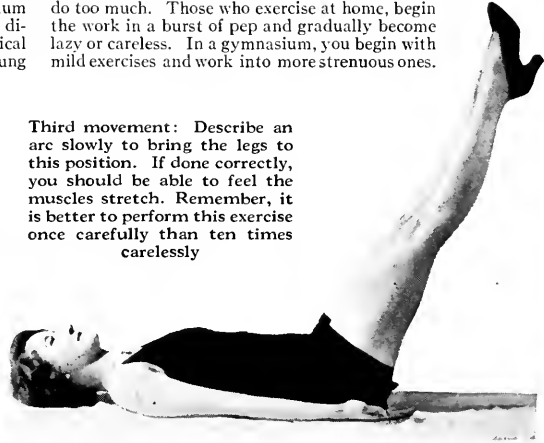
and forgetful. On the other hand, if you are committed to regular hours for exercise under the direction of an instructor, you will not be apt to break the appointments. And, if you are working in a class, your competitive sense will not allow you to fall behind the others.

And then, too, exercises badly performed are worse than no exercises at all. As a beginner, an instructor will be useful in checking up on your mistakes.

Most important, however, is the supervision imposed upon you in a gymnasium by the instructor. In your first burst of enthusiasm, you may be inclined to do too much. Those who exercise at home, begin the work in a burst of pep and gradually become lazy or careless. In a gymnasium, you begin with mild exercises and work into more strenuous ones.



Second movement: Extend the legs—so. Keep the knees stiff and do not change the position of the upper part of the body. And be sure to avoid a sudden, jerky movement



Third movement: Describe an arc slowly to bring the legs to this position. If done correctly, you should be able to feel the muscles stretch. Remember, it is better to perform this exercise once carefully than ten times carelessly

Murder and Suicide

This may sound like a drastic routine, but I think you will agree with me that it is worth many months of consistent work to achieve sound health and an attractive body.

If you undertake the work as recreation, I am sure that you will find it fascinating. And so much pleasanter than starvation diets and nerve-racking drugs.

To find out the complete routine for this constructive job of building up the body, I went to Dr. Watson L. Savage. For forty years Dr. Savage has been removing some of the most prominent stomachs in the country. His clientele is made up of some of the wealthiest men and women in New York. His gymnasium is a gathering place for stage stars who want to remove bulges from their shoulders and movie stars who must train down to meet the drastic requirements of the camera.

"Some of the women who come to me," Dr. Savage told me, "are in a dreadful condition from taking thyroid extracts or

"The poundage as registered on the scales is not so important as most women believe. The loss of a few pounds may have a psychological effect on a patient, but it doesn't mean much. In reducing, remember that muscle, which takes up little room, weighs heavier than the fat that adds unhealthy bulk to the body.

"There are four stages in correct reduction," Dr. Savage went on to explain, "the first is the mechanical massage. Next

To reduce the thighs and legs: Raise the leg and describe a circle with the toes, as indicated by the diagram. Not as simple as it sounds



from following freak diets. And yet these women, in their extreme nervous state, will tell me that they don't care anything about their health, all they want to do is to get thin.

"And my answer to that: I don't care anything about taking off poundage, all I am interested in is putting the patient in good physical shape. In all my forty years in this work, I have never prescribed an ounce of drugs nor ever asked a patient to go without a meal.

"Women who want to reduce are interested only in their weight, as indicated on the scales. Weight means nothing to me. All I want to do is to bring back the body to its correct shape.

comes oxygenization. Then the sweating process and then a balanced ration.

"Let us take these steps one at a time. The mechanical massage comes first because the persons who are greatly overweight cannot plunge into drastic active exercises. We use the Gardner Machine and the Ring Roller Reducing Machine. Without any strain or effort on the part of the patient, these machines give a steady, pleasant massage, bettering the circulation and breaking down the fatty tissues.

"Another advantage of the machines is that they enable us to reduce the girth in various parts of the body without



Second movement: Raise the arms, legs and head—all in one movement. It isn't easy at first. But the exercise is a valuable one for giving a good posture

A splendid exercise to remove that unbecoming fat on the back and shoulders. Lie flat in this position, arms and legs outstretched and the head down



Photographs by Russell Ball, posed for PHOTOPLAY by Jeanne Morgan

Proper Exercise and Diet



Left: Rolling away fat on the abdomen. Without effort on the patient's part, the Gardner Machine breaks up the fat tissues. Right: The Ring Roller Reducing Machine takes off the superfluous fat on the calf of the leg

disturbing others. That is to say, we can take several inches off the thighs and back without touching the arms and shoulders.

"Mechanical massage alone is not enough. The second step—oxygenization—furnishes the fuel to burn away the fat that is left when the fatty tissues are broken down by the massage. Active exercise must supplement the massage to build up the respiratory organs. The blood must be induced to pick up the waste and carry it off. Active exercise to correct faulty respiration is the logical way to eliminate this poisonous waste.

"Then comes the sweating process to eliminate waste through the pores. For this, we use cabinets equipped with lights to induce circulation. This light treatment is also most effective to correct bad nerves.

"Now for the balanced ration—which is in no sense a diet. Most women who want to reduce immediately think of eliminating a meal—either breakfast or luncheon. This is absolute folly. It only tends to give an abnormal appetite and to have a bad effect on the nerves.

"I only advise against overeating at any one meal. The patient who has been eating too heavily must cut down on the quantity of the food to allow the stomach to go back to its normal size.

"Diet should be a matter of individual prescription. Certain fattening foods have no effect on certain systems. I never advise the complete elimination of all sweets and starches. To curtail sweets and starches—certainly. To cut them out entirely—certainly not. The human system needs these elements of food to work properly. If you eliminate them, you are

tampering with the chemistry of the body.

"Eat regularly. Eat in moderation. And eat a balanced ration. Women who try to diet by eating only rough, scratchy

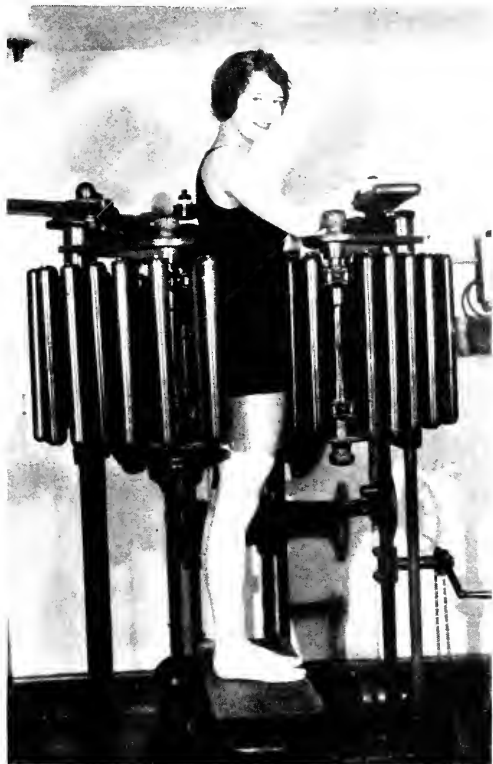
foods, work immeasurable damage on their intestines. You need some soft—some so-called fattening foods to overcome the bad effect of the roughage.

"Diet alone is useless without exercise. It may take off a few pounds temporarily but it will not correct the physical fault, it will not put on muscle to take the place of the fatty tissue. And exercise alone, unless aided by a balanced diet, will not have the desired effect. In our gymnasium, we can regulate the exercise, but we have no control over the patient's diet, beyond recommending to her what to eat. Some women will go through the exercises and then go out and eat heavy dinners. And then they wonder why they get no slimmer! Women like that would cheat at solitaire."

Dr. Savage warned women especially against violent exercise at first. When a doctor prescribes a certain dose of medicine, you cannot double its good effect by taking a double dose. All exercises should be started cautiously and with rest between exercises. Women are inclined to start in on the first lesson with so much misplaced enthusiasm that they are too lame and tired to exercise for days afterward.

If you are young, healthy and in good physical trim, you may play tennis and squash to take off a few superfluous pounds. If you are older and considerably overweight, you probably will be obliged to train for months before you may safely try any strenuous sport.

Only Sane Way to Reduce



Right: The Ring Roller literally shapes the body by applying a gentle massage from waist to shoulder. **Left:** Hip, hip, away! The machine gives that trim silhouette. Active exercise and diet must supplement this method

Do not be discouraged if you do not lose weight immediately. There are no miracles in this reducing business, except those immediate transformations promised by the quacks and crooks. Athletes spend months in training. If you want a good figure and good health, you must have patience. But surely an hour or two, three times a week, is not a heavy demand on your time and concentration.

The diet that goes with scientific reduction is far pleasanter than that recommended by any of the faddists. Never, for instance, eat two kinds of fattening food at the same meal. If you have potato, go without bread. If you have a fattening dessert, do not eat bread or potatoes. Restrict yourself to one good helping of each dish. Do not eat between meals. Drink all the water you want between meals, but none at meals.

One of the disadvantages of a starvation diet is that it places an undue emphasis on food. Women who are dieting think constantly of food. Take your meals as a matter of course; eat enough to satisfy yourself without stuffing.

Fruit juice, one egg, a slice of toast and a cup of coffee is a sensible breakfast. An entree, a salad and a cup of tea is a sufficient luncheon for a woman unless her mode of life is unusually active. For dinner, a thin soup, meat, a green vegetable, a salad and either a potato or a dessert is a good meal.

The important thing is to vary the diet and to see that you get some starches, some greens, some meats and some fruits daily. Enjoy your meals, but beware of the second helpings!

For the benefit of the girl who is only a few pounds overweight and who feels that her physical condition warrants home exer-

cise, I am going to describe a few simple exercises, designed especially to reduce certain parts of the body.

These exercises were demonstrated to me by Miss Irene Hines, who is in charge of the Women's Department at Dr. Savage's Exercise Institute. The exercises will not be sufficient to a woman seriously overweight, but they will help anyone who wants to take off a little troublesome and unbecoming flesh. They are also good exercises for weight prevention and any woman can practice them with safety and advantage. Go through these exercises two or three times at the start, as you will not want to overdo.

The exercises, which are illustrated on pages 30 and 31, were especially posed by Jeanne Morgan, of Famous Players-Lasky. Miss Morgan is five feet, seven and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds—quite an ideal figure. As she is a graduate of the Paramount School, she is accustomed to gymnasium work and is in perfect physical trim.

Miss Morgan had no difficulty in performing any of the exercises, but the beginner may have to go at them carefully. Remember, all exercises must be taken slowly. You should be able to feel your muscles stretch.

The first exercise is to reduce the abdomen. Lie flat on the floor, hands to the side, palms out. Raise the knees to the chest. Now extend the legs and, very slowly, describe an arc, keeping the legs straight.

If you perform this exercise correctly, you will feel the pull at the abdomen muscles. But don't make the mistake of overdoing or you'll notice it the next day. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

Sure, You Can Make Money in California

By
Tom
Mix

The only thing these California bunco artists haven't tried to sell me is a horse. I reckon they figure that would be one deal where I could protect myself in the clinches. Out in Oklahoma, in my unregenerate youth, I had the reputation of being one of the slickest horse traders that ever panned a wind-broken broncho off on an unsuspecting easterner. In fact, if modesty permits, I might say I was looked upon as the David Harum of the Southwest.

But outside of a horse, there's nothing made or manufactured that hasn't been offered me—at a bargain. These here bargain hounds follow me like crows follow a cornplanter. There isn't acres enough in all Texas to accommodate the ground floor propositions these coyotes have tried to let me in on.

When a couple of these polite highwaymen come with one of these aforementioned stupendous bargains, I always try to remember that they had it first and at the same time enumerate what all I have ever done for them that makes 'em so charitably inclined toward me. These soft-eyed and soft-hearted



Tom Mix says that when anyone asks him who he is working for, he owns up to the Retail Automobile Dealers' Association, a couple of jewelers, half a dozen furniture stores, some high class tailors and the California real estate bandits



"California bunco artists have tried to sell me everything, except a horse. I reckon they figure that would be one deal where I could protect myself in the clinches"

MAKING money in California isn't hard for an average individual gifted with what you might call horse sense, but to hang onto it is considerable of a tougher proposition. Most of us, including myself, live on the installment plan.

The other day a gent asks me who I'm working for, and being a truthful sort of person I right up and owns that it's the Retail Automobile Dealers' Association, a couple of jewelers, half a dozen furniture stores, some high class tailors and the California real estate bandits.

but try and KEEP it!

The cowboy star says it's simple to lasso a bankroll but a darn sight easier to break it than a broncho

"Another gang that got on my trail was the antique dealers. An antique is something you couldn't sell under any other name"



"Los Angeles is the original club town. It has more clubs than New York, London, Paris and Shanghai combined—and I belong to them all!"



pirates would have traded poor old Jesse James out of his last horse—and there were times when Jesse needed his horse pretty bad.

Every time they read in one of the papers some pipe dream a press agent has had about my salary, an army of gyp road agents start after me that would make the late lamented Dalton boys look like mere amateurs. They get me as sore as a prohibition agent who has to go and buy his own liquor. I have had more chances to finance new patents on non-skidding automobile tires than any other living man. Inventors who have automatic ranch gates, discoverers of one-man tops for autos that four strong men together can't get up nor down, owners of self-adjusting radio sets and subdivisions that haven't even got a road into 'em yet, consider me legitimate prey. I don't fall for none of 'em—but does that discourage such enthusiasts? It does not. They go right away and turn up the next day with something else, usually worse. One enterprising desperado, who had tried unsuccessfully four times to sell me propositions, was real candid with me. He says, "Well, Mr. Mix, what will you-all buy? I'll go out and get it for you."

Incidentally, this particular type of shorthorn doesn't appear interested in bargains on credit for me—it's always the cash and carry plan.

In my old Oklahoma and Texas ranch days, we fellows had consider-



"Every time they read about my salary, an army of gyp road agents start after me that would make the late lamented Dalton boys look like mere amateurs"

able respect for the full fledged outlaw who stuck you up with a "44" and ordered you to shell out or he'd build a smoke under you that'd darken the sun—and we got in the habit of believing him. I sort of sympathized with those boys for you never knew in those days when circumstances might drive you into the same line.

The only reason they don't punish these sharks out here in California is the inability of the authorities to find a punishment to fit the crime. They used to hang 'em for stealing horses, and after a fashion it was considered half-way severe. But today it would not be drastic enough to impress subdividers and such-like boys that they'd better work for a living.

The Indians who used to raise the scalps of the Pilgrims within the shadow of the old Plymouth Rock were gentlemen and scholars compared to what these mavericks will do to a man who is supposed to have money. The Indians only took your scalp, but these wallpapers skin you alive and take the hide. A couple of years ago they were allowed a peep at your income tax returns, but now the government has shut that off, so they just make a mental estimate of how much they think you ought to have and if you don't assay up to expectations, they

accuse you of holding out on 'em.

About the only difference between me now and in the old days, is that I eat more regular, but my mentality doesn't give me any more protection against these sharks than it did in those same old days when a bunch of bandits backed me away from my horse and said, "Old boy, this may not be the best horse trade you ever made, but you can tell the world it's the quickest." I'd like to apply those same methods to a few of the gentlemanly bandits that, unchecked, are permitted to assault poor movie stars with their ideas about how you ought to spend your money.

There is one bunch that comes around trying to get me to establish a trust fund for my baby, but what they ought to try to sell is one for me. If I fall for this gang, I'll need it first.

And then there are the clubs. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

"An egg said we ought to have a family crest. Make it a horse rampant, I says, and just put in plain English, 'Be Yourself'"



"The Indians who used to raise the scalps of the Pilgrims were gentlemen and scholars compared to the California mavericks. The Indians only took your scalp"





Attr.-d Cheney Johnston

WHEN a long skirt is also a short skirt. Gilda Gray compromises with the extremes of fashion. Gilda's first screen appearance—in "Aloma of the South Seas"—was so successful that she has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky, with a raise in salary. The story hasn't been selected. But no scenario writer could invent a more picturesque Cinderella story than the life history of this Polish immigrant girl who worked her way up from the Chicago slums to the very heights of Broadway.

Another Hilarious Negro Film Story



"I reckon you don't want my job," said Veto Small. "They bangs you aroun' a good deal." "If I could on'y git into the movies," breathed William Scraggs, ecstatically, "I wou'n't care did they kill me"

Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

The Gotten Goat

By Octavus Roy Cohen

*For ways that are dark,
the heathen Chinese have
nothing on the Midnight
Pictures Corporation*

THERE was an atmosphere of business-like earnestness in the sylvan glade. Members of the J. Caesar Clump unit of the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., lounged expectantly while J. Caesar and his cameraman conferred over the proper setup for the next scene.

Mr. Florian Slappy, leaning nonchalantly against a sturdy pine, eyed with keen interest the queer costuming. It was all very new and interesting to him: the leather jackets, ill-fitting tights, and little caps each decorated with a lone green feather. He sidled across to the ponderous and dignified Opus Randall.

"Opus," he inquired, "what does that coschume dress you up to be?"

"It is a Swiss yodel," explained Mr. Randall.

"Tha's right," agreed Florian. "So you is."

His eye roved the scene, taking in the score of other yodels who were awaiting the sharp-voiced orders of the irascible and efficient director. Personally, Florian did not particularly approve these monkey-suits and the queer antics which seemed the inevitable concomitant to them. To his way of thinking there were very few individuals in the Midnight organization of an architectural type to justify tights. And the feathered caps he regarded as unnecessary and totally lacking in decorative quality.

But, if on the Slappy countenance there was no glimmer of approval, one person present more than surpassed him in expressing abject misery.

This gentleman was attired as were the others and he belonged even less. He was very long and decidedly angular

With meticulous care Director J. Caesar Clump had placed the shiny new apple on the very crest of Mr. Veto Small's cranium. Then he turned to Opus Randall, who was playing uncertainly with his bow and arrow. "How you is supposed to shoot this thing, Caesar?" Opus demanded

and he possessed a head of mammoth proportions. He was in the group of picture actors but not of it. He braced himself against a tree and stared with round and mournful eyes upon the sunlit scene.

Thin legs were lost in the green tights which he wore, the leathern jacket fitted entirely too snugly and the little cap stood on top of the enormous cranium as though inviting any stray zephyr to do its durndest. Huge splay feet afforded a certain measure of support to the elongated body—and on the face of Mr. Veto Small was an expression which was sad but reconciled.

Veto wondered what it was all about. The thing didn't seem to have no sense nohow—and there was no one present to whom Mr. Small could turn for information. With the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., Veto's official status was slightly below that of the meanest grain of dust . . . and he stared with melancholy disapproval upon the merrymaking of other members of the organization who frolicked through the woodland glen.

At length J. Caesar Clump and his cameraman seemed to come to some sort of an understanding. There came a staccato barking of orders from the directorial throat and instantly the babel of laughter ceased and the company snapped to attention. Mr. Clump superintended the setting up of the camera and taped off the distance which separated it from a gaunt pine which reared its form in solitary grandeur against the Junetide landscape.

The air of levity was dispelled as the company prepared itself for business. J. Caesar turned harassed eyes upon his cast. He was searching for someone . . . and then his glance came to rest upon the gangling and uneasy figure of Mr. Veto Small.

"Hey! You, Veto!"
The tall figure untangled itself and moved slowly toward the director.

"Heah's me."
"Come heah!"

Clump led the way to the lone pine. He wrapped his fingers around the skinny arm of the tall gentleman and shoved him with more force than consideration against the trunk. Veto stood blinking into the sun and the all-seeing eye of the moving picture camera.

"Stan' there!" ordered Mr. Clump.
"Y-y-yassuh."
"An' don't move."
"N-n-nossuh."

The cameraman looked earnestly into his machine, fiddled with the diaphragm for a moment and announced that everything was okay.

"Ready to shoot?"
"Tha's the only thing I aint nothin' else but."
"Good." Clump's voice shrilled through the forest. "Opus Randall!"

"Heah I is, Caesar."
"All right. We is ready."

Mr. Randall strutted forward, and there was no denying that his rather bulbous form fitted the Swiss costume adequately. Under Clump's guidance, he, too, was posed before the camera so that the field embraced a view of Mr. Randall, the tree and Veto Small. Then Clump bellowed further demands.

"Props," he yelled.
"Comin'."
"Bring that bow an' arrer."



A large bow and arrow of uncertain antecedents were promptly produced by an efficient property man. These were placed in the hands of Opus Randall. The star stared at them uncertainly and waited. Over against the tree a glimmer of interest appeared in the eyes of Veto Small. Mr. Small was in the throes of an idea that something was about to occur with himself in the rôle of occuree.

"Apple!" howled the director, and an apple was magically produced.

It was a nice apple, a large, luscious, juicy apple of shiny red skin and snowy white flesh. Mr. Clump regarded it earnestly. Then, carrying it, he moved over to the vicinity of Veto Small.

"Stan' still, Veto."
"Yassuh."
"An' don't you move. Not an inch."
"Nossuh."

With meticulous care J. Caesar Clump placed the shiny new apple on the very crest of Mr. Small's cranium. Then he stood back and proudly surveyed his handiwork. "Tha's swell," he verdicted. "An' now us is ready."



He returned to Opus Randall, who was playing uncertainly with the bow and arrow. Opus looked up hopefully into the eyes of his chief.

"How you is supposed to shoot this thing, Caesar?"

Mr. Clump explained somewhat vaguely the art of archery. Opus was dubious but willing. "An' all I has got to do is shoot that apple off Veto's head?"

"Uh-huh. Tha's all."

Veto moved. He did not do it swiftly, but there was no uncertainty in his manner. He left the tree suddenly and completely.

"Says which?" he inquired.

Caesar swung on him furiously. "Git back against that tree an' return those apple to where it come off from."

"Listen. . . ." Mr. Small's bovine eyes were filled with supplication. "When you said you was gwine take a William Tell pitcher, you never mentioned shootin' no apples."

"Us paid fo' the apples."

"I aint worryin' 'bout them. Ise wonderin' what happens does Mistuh Randall miss his aim."

Caesar placed hands on hips and surveyed the lengthy Veto with considerable peevisishness. "What you got to do with that, Useless? What you reckon us pays you twenty dollars each an' ev'ry week fo'?"

"I dunno," responded the tall one sadly. "Less'n it is to have somebody hyvin' in the hospital most of the time. The way you fellers git me beat up an' 'most ruint is somethin' scandalous. An' now you stan' me up against a tree an' shoot apples."

Veto's voice registered his uneasiness.

"Somebody's head has got to carry that apple: the scenario demands such," declared Caesar.

"Well—I'm ag'in it."

"You refuses?"

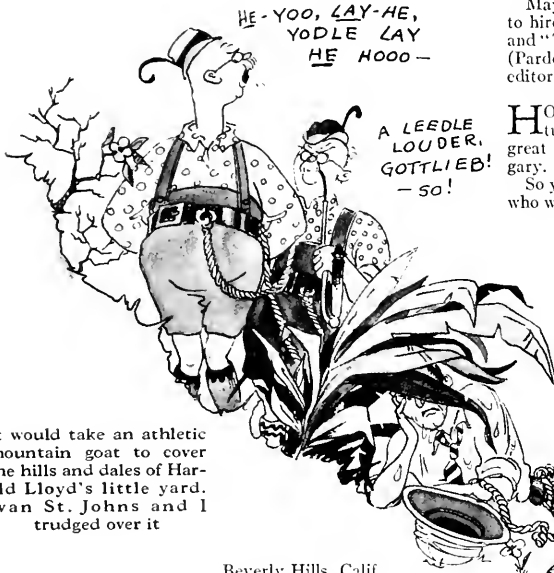
"No, but—"

"'Cause if you does, yo' job is gwine be aint. Back up an' leave us pick them fruit off yo' dome."

Mr. Small was unwilling but not rebellious. After all, twenty dollars per week was twenty dollars per week, and the fact that it carried with it the certainty of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

CLOSE-UPS and *By Herbert Howe* LONG-SHOTS

Satire, Humor and
Some Sense



It would take an athletic mountain goat to cover the hills and dales of Harold Lloyd's little yard. Ivan St. Johns and I trudged over it

Beverly Hills, Calif.

I NEVER rely on my own opinion of a picture. It's the little woman's that counts at the box-office. So meet the Girl Friend—She uses two-dollar lip rouge.

"It ought to bring results at that price," I tell her. "I don't kiss nobody," says she in her customary grammar. "I shouldn't think you could afford to," snaps I, "unless you make them drop a quarter in first for cost of upkeep."

After that there was silence, which was just as well, as we were viewing "La Boheme."

The Girl Friend thought it was wonderful, which caused me to allege suspiciously that she was looking at John Gilbert instead of Lillian Gish.

I COULDN'T see Lillian's *Mimi* . . . She looked like little *Eva* going straight to Heaven, whereas *Mimi* walked the streets in the opposite direction. She was of the same sleepy material as *Musette* except that she had a cough, and a cough isn't going to take all the joy out of a *fille de joie*.

"AH, you don't like Lillian Gish because you've got a crush on *Musette Adoree*," accused Girl Friend, who, in common with all Hollywood folk, thinks that a critic can't judge a picture without letting personal feelings enter in.

"It's a lie," hissed I. "I am the Lillian Gish adorer who sends her telegrams after every picture, even when Western Union won't accept them collect. I love Lillian and hope to be playing her harp accompaniments when she's doing saints in Heaven."

"Anyhow, he's wonderful," breathed the yielding Girl Friend, gazing at the screen where John Gilbert was doing a solo.

OUR Lillian has gone wrong.

She came to Hollywood and did *Mimi*, and now she's wearing the Scarlet Letter.

Maybe it's her changed character that led Irving Thalberg to hire John Colton to write her a play. John wrote "Rain" and "The Shanghai Gesture," both stories of *mesdames des nuits* (Pardon the *français*, but it's the only tongue that gets by the editor on such occasions).

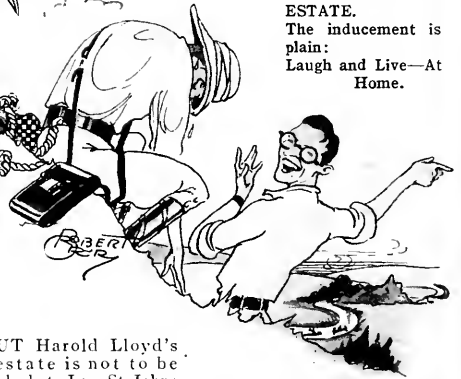
HOWEVER, "Annie Laurie" indicates that Lillian has turned to the right. Marion Davies has suggested another great character for her to play, that of St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

So you see we're all doing our best for Lillian. If there's any who would like to help they may turn to Psalm 36 and join with us in singing "Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, we shall come rejoicing bringing in the she-eyes."

REAL estate advertisements in Beverly Hills:

CHOICE HOME SITES WITH FULL VIEW OF HAROLD LLOYD ESTATE.

The inducement is plain:
Laugh and Live—At Home.



BUT Harold Lloyd's Bestate is not to be laughed at. Ivan St. Johns and I trudged over its fifteen acres in company with Harold. Now I know why Harold has been in training for the past six months. It would take an athletic mountain goat to cover the hills and dales of Harold's little yard. There's a canoe course with wild ducks, which feel perfectly at home in there, a tennis court, swimming pool, old-fashioned mill house, a barbecue, golf links, formal and informal gardens, and a special cottage known as the workhouse, where writers may be entertained without disturbing the family. Thus my winter vacation is also arranged.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, having gone Greek by her first marriage, took out naturalization papers to become American again, and the next day married a Scotchman. There's no holding Connie to any one nationality; her art belongs to the world.

I'VE just learned the cause of the break between Peggy Joyce and her producer. He gave her a press clipping book for Christmas.

THE talk about the motion picture bringing about world understanding has some basis in fact. At least, the English and American fans seem to find [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

Our Ambrose goes Straight

All was Fun and
Foam in Mack Swain's
"Ambrose" Days

By Myrtle West



"Midnight at the Old Mill." Ambrose and the Walrus (Chester Conklin) doing their stuff in an old Keystone comedy, "Saved by Wireless"

IT must have been a glorious frolic in those good old Mack Sennett days when Gloria was a bathing girl at seven-fifty per day. When Chaplin was getting \$150 a week and glad of it. When Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling and Mack Swain were vying with each other for laughs.

That awning striped bathing suit of Swain's. That walrus mustache. Those outrageously bushy eyebrows. That dear old laughed-at, almost-forgotten ludicrous character of *Ambrose*, created by Mack Swain in 1913



The first straight photograph ever taken of Mack Swain. From the dignity, poise and reserve of this picture, you might think he was a bank president, not an actor



when he entered pictures with all the glory of twenty-two years on the stage as a song-and-dance-man.

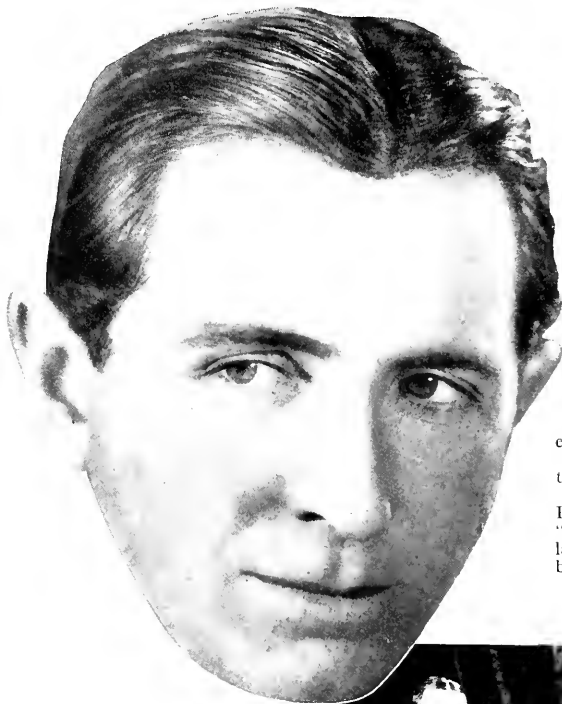
But let Mack tell about it. The lugubrious eyes of *Ambrose* have not changed, although the bathing suit has been laid away in mothballs and in its place is a gray business suit. Our *Ambrose* has gone straight—straight comely relief.

"Yes, life was a blooming beer garden in those days. We did pretty much as we pleased, too. Along about three o'clock in the afternoon we'd get tired of working—or else we would run out of stuff that foamed—and then we'd nudge—

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

Flaming Youth, or Mr. Swain at the age of fifteen. If Elinor Glyn had seen him, what a different story it would have been

Sex—With a SENSE of Humor



That is the kind toward which Malcolm St. Clair aspires

By Ruth Waterbury

brightly colored and as intangible as soap bubbles. Most stars and many directors can be put in a single sentence. But not Mal St. Clair. The nearest you can come to it is to say that his general idea seems to be that the world is so full of a number of sins he is sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Cecil De Mille once told me that if his pictures didn't explain him, nothing ever can.

Malcolm St. Clair didn't say that, but of him it happens to be true.

Besides his "Grand Duchess" Mal created "Are Parents People," "A Social Celebrity," "Good and Naughty," and "A Woman of the World," pictures of light love and lighter laughter, sparkling with charm and fresh imagination, and blessed with a surcease of bunk and blah.

After meeting Mal St. Clair you know those qualities didn't get into his pictures by accident.

He is a very young man to be as wise as he is. Just twenty-eight and six feet three inches tall. His eyes are gray and his height has taught him to duck his head so that he gazes down upon the world from beneath very heavy brows.

We went for lunch at New York's smartest and most expensive restaurant and he talked and ate with equal rapidity. He is known as the fastest worker on the Lasky lot, his production schedule being so far ahead of every other director's that he saves about \$50,000 on the cost of every feature.

"Listen," he says, and then he tells you—a little bit of everything. He sits pushed down upon his chair and his quality of aliveness is so intense that if he sprang up every once in a while and hit the ceiling it wouldn't surprise you.

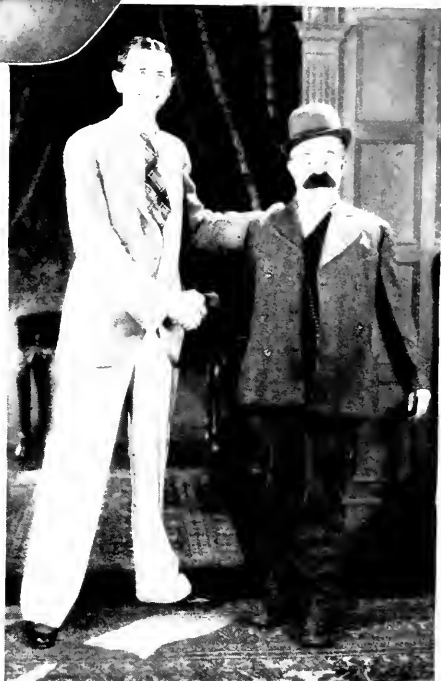
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Malcolm St. Clair who tamed stars, studios and exhibitors into letting him do what he and the public likes

ONE of the most difficult jobs I ever did was to write a review of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." It was almost impossible to explain on paper the charm of that lovely film.

I find myself faced with exactly the same task in attempting to describe the man who made that picture, Malcolm St. Clair.

There are two types of interviews — those in which you meet a celebrity, keep his mind on your work, have a dull time and get a mild set of nothing to work into a story. And there are those that happen once in a green moon where you encounter a real personality, have a perfectly swell time talking about what really interests both of you and come away with a series of impressions as



In his Sennett days Mal was an extra boy where Chester Conklin was a star. But Mal's gone up in the world since then and their friendship makes Chester chasty



Do they look like *Napoleon* and *Josephine*? Nevertheless, Charlie Chaplin thinks that it can be done. And when Raquel Meller left Hollywood to return to France, she faithfully promised Charlie that she would return and play *Josephine* to his *Little Corporal*. Neither Charlie nor Raquel will take any salary during the making of the picture. But, don't faint; wait a minute! There's a catch to it. Charlie and the Senorita will share in the profits of the film. If there are no profits, it will be written off as a glorious experiment. Charlie wants to try a serious role. And Meller, after some none-too-successful French films, wants to show what she can do with good direction. Anything is apt to happen when a couple of geniuses get together.



Donald Ogden Stewart's

GUIDE to

Perfect

*More straight from the
elbow advice from America's
leading humorist*

Mr. Stewart says this is a synopsis but try and find what has gone before

IT is spring in old Hollywood but it is not spring in the heart of Cecil B. DeMille, a rising young moving picture director whose grandmother had voted for Lincoln when Lincoln was still in knee trousers, and something of the old lady's glib spirit has gotten into her grandson's face, I am afraid, on this otherwise cheerful June morning. Cecil B. DeMille wants a story—a new story. He has heard all the old stories—the one about the two Irishmen named Zukor, Goldwyn and Lasky, the one about the traveling salesman named Laemmle—he has heard them all. He wants a *new* story. And as he stands there

at the corner of what was one day to be Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street an idea comes to him in the following form:

"I think I'll cross the street."

At first the idea is only vague and nebulous, as, indeed, are all worth-while ideas in their original form. But soon, out of the mist, it begins to take shape—to "build," as they say—and before long young Cecil, who is a man of "action," not "words," has grasped the essential fundamentals of the above idea and has begun to "act." And in a very short time (as time goes in Hollywood, that ageless city) he is able to see his idea fulfilled. Cecil B. DeMille stands on the other side of the street.

And whom should he meet there but a person who is neither America's Sweetheart nor the Spirit of Cleaner Moving Pictures, but a tall man with a long black beard and spots on



"An American Tragedy" quite naturally becomes the story of a police dog belonging to a man who constantly chews tobacco but is in love with one of the Siamese twins

Behavior in Hollywood

his vest as from vegetable soup or a business man's lunch, only he wasn't a business man and he hadn't any lunch. His name, for the sake of brevity, shall be nameless.

Meanwhile, out in far distant New Mexico, a train is speeding westward bearing its precious cargo of human freight consisting of Lew Cody and Norman Kerry who (as related in our last installment) are coming to Hollywood to try their luck at the moving picture "game." Lew has the upper but Norman has a mustache and so the train stops at Albuquerque. Lew and Norman get out in order to buy something to read, but unfortunately the only thing the bookseller has left are the "Elsie" books which they both have read several times.

"Have you got anything by Donald Ogden Stewart?" asks Norman, eagerly.

"No," replies the bookseller.

"Good!" says Norman and they both laugh and Lew takes a vanilla soda with chocolate ice cream.

On their return to the train whom should they find but Lillian Gish, Aileen Pringle, Eleanor Boardman, Carmelita Geraghty, Tom Mix's horse, Tony, and Joseph Hergesheimer, all on their way to Hollywood to try their luck at "pictures." As Lew and Norman look on, a furious game of dominoes breaks out and in the midst of the excitement it is discovered that Lillian, Aileen, Eleanor and Carmelita have gone fast asleep.

"Shall we join the ladies?" asks Lew. With that he picks up a copy of PHOTOPLAY containing Chapter III of "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood" and begins to read. [CONT'D ON PAGE 120]

The Hands Speak

ZaSu Pitts has
the most dramatic
hands in all Hollywood

By Dorothy Spensley



Erich von Stroheim says ZaSu Pitts is the screen's greatest tragedienne, thanks to her singularly dramatic hands. Here is Miss Pitts in the blond wig of *Cecelia* in Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March"

YOU will pardon me if I seem a bit incoherent. I have just been talking to a pair of hands. A pair of hands so expressive that their slightest movement is a syllable. A simple turn of their flexible wrists the symbol of a mood.

And my hands are so pitifully dumb.

These hands are lyric hands, if one could call them that. They are not delicate nor particularly flowerlike. I would never call them fragile. But they are hands which could tell the universal story of joy and tears, fear and love by swift supple movements.

Da Vinci would have loved to paint them. But they came centuries too late.

They are the hands of ZaSu Pitts.

Now of course you have heard of them. They are practically a legend in Hollywood. Whenever a director wants a bit of real acting—pathetically humorous or humorously pathetic—he sends for ZaSu Pitts. And with ZaSu comes her hands. Those splendid slim hands that can be sad one moment and glad the next.

"She has more expression in one little finger than most actresses have in their whole bodies," said one director.

But they didn't think that when ZaSu first came to Hollywood from Santa Cruz, eight years ago. It was another film story of the awkward adolescent with sad, large eyes, walking

from studio to studio. Living at the old Hollywood Studio Club. Hungry. Waiting.

Then she got her first part of consequence. She was a frightened slavy in a Pickford picture. What she lacked in acting ability was made up by her hands. Her long, slim fingers—not particularly graceful, but fascinating—played the scene for ZaSu. Not with Griffith technique, which teaches little fluttering, futile motions, mounting to hysteria. But with sure true movements. "Watch your hands, Kid. If you do, you will have it all over the rest of them," the director counseled.

So ZaSu watched and waited. And played in comedies. And it was discovered her hands had a sense of humor. Droll, sly humor. Hands that could hang limp at her sides—their very attitude calling for paroxysms of laughter. And a thumb that could go to her lip in a questioning curious manner that brought forth merry howls.

That is what ZaSu likes best to play. Comedy that verges on the edge of pathos, as all true comedy does. A feminine Harold Lloyd-Charlie Chaplin. And how well she could do it!

But Erich von Stroheim, who made *Trina* of ZaSu Pitts in "Greed," says she is the screen's greatest tragedienne. Greater than Lillian Gish. Greater than Mary Philbin. So great an actress of tragedy that he has cast her as *Cecelia* opposite his *Prince Nicki* in "The Wedding March," which he has written and is directing. She is his wife—a marriage of convenience—and he is a profligate Viennese nobleman in the period before the war.

She is tragic. She is funny. She is versatile. Off-screen she is inclined to be nonchalant. There is nothing artificial about ZaSu. She either likes you or she doesn't. And I doubt if there is another actress in Hollywood who does more noiseless charity work.

A ten dollar bill slipped into the palm of an out-of-work extra girl. A basket of supplies delivered anonymously to a family of meagre means. A girl at the Hollywood Studio Club, flat broke, receives carfare home.

When Barbara La Marr passed away, "Sonny" La Marr, her little adopted boy, came to keep Ann Gallery, four year old daughter of Tom and ZaSu, from becoming too lonesome in the nursery that overlooks the Santa Monica Bay District. They are "brother and sister" now, according to ZaSu. And the big house is full of cousins and relatives who have come West to see Hollywood or try pictures.

ZaSu has a heart for the world and the hands that Maeterlinck must have been dreaming of when he penned the lines:

"My hands, the lilies of my soul,
"Mine eyes, the heavens of my heart."



The Lark of the Month

It was California's grandest—and most expensive "first night." Every star with twenty-five dollars in real cash dug down in his pocket for seats for himself and the girl-friend to hear Raquel Meller, the noted Spanish "disease." And, in honor of Senorita Meller, every Spanish shawl, every Spanish comb and every Spanish dictionary in Hollywood were in big demand.

Among those very much present were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, in full glory of evening dress, Mrs. Mix covered with her lovely diamonds. Tom had paid his twenty-five dollars and was determined to do the thing up right. And he was determined to enjoy Meller if for no better reason than the fact that the tickets had cost him a lot of money.

In the course of his roamings in the Southwest, Tom had picked up a smatter of Spanish. He never had any trouble understanding

or making himself understood by the Mexican boys. And so he thought that Raquel Meller and her songs would be just pie for him.

But one song followed another and it was all Chinese to Tom. He "no savvy" the high Castilian Spanish. After the performance, Tom was invited back-stage to meet the Senorita. With high hopes of finding a conversational footing with the star, Mix rehearsed his Rio Grande Spanish. Face to face with the celebrity, Tom started the conversation with "Gracios. Mucho grande. Star bueno."

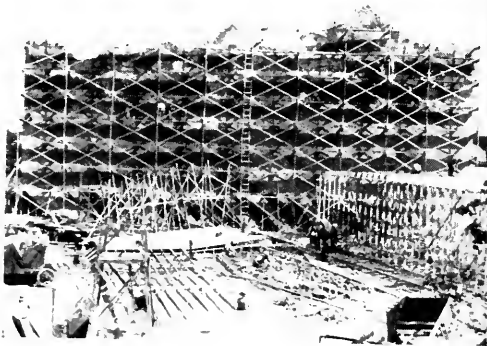
All he drew from the great Meller was a long, sad look of amazement.

"I guess that Spanish at \$12.50 per isn't what they use on the Rio Grande," remarked Tom sadly.

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



"I want to go back to blighty," as they used to say back in 1917. The lady in the "Big Parade" make-up is none other than our Mabel Normand, now fighting the war again at the Hal Roach studio. They're all in the army now



Did you ever wonder what the back of a mountain looks like? Well, here is a whole range of Big Boys, especially constructed at the Famous Players-Lasky studio for a scene in Thomas Meighan's picture, "Tin Gods"

"HE didn't rescue me from drowning!" said Mae Busch, indignantly. "I was a bathing girl once and I know how to swim."

And that's what Mae announced shortly after her marriage to John E. Cassell, oil man. It seems that someone had started a story that Cassell won Mae's heart by saving her from the surf at Santa Monica. And Mae resented the rumor.

Miss Busch and Mr. Cassell were married at Riverside, California, with Arlene Pretty and James Morrison acting as witnesses. Mae gave her age as twenty-nine; John owned up to twenty-six.

THE first thing Rence Adoree did when she arrived in Los Angeles upon her return from New York and "Tin Gods" was to announce that no engagement existed between herself and Rudolph Friml, the celebrated operetta composer, although stories of her two gorgeous diamond rings and a \$25,000 automobile, gifts of Friml, had percolated to the hinterland of Hollywood.

If Rence says there is no engagement, of course there is none. Wonder if Gaston Glass is glad?

SOMEONE was talking to Fred Thompson, the Western star, the other day.

"You're a good actor," commented Fred's friend.

"Stop kidding me," said Thompson, "I've got a good horse."

JOSEF VON STERNBERG, who directed that famous epic of the stream dredge, "The Salvation Hunters," was married in Hollywood recently to Riza Royce. The ceremony was performed by a justice of the peace and the bridegroom took the bride to luncheon at Montmartre to celebrate.

SOMETIMES it is better to lose several hundred thousand dollars than to risk a couple of millions. "Glorifying the American Girl," the Florenz Ziegfeld film, is off for the present. It cost Famous Players-Lasky just \$205,000 before a crank had turned on the cameras and the company decided that enough was enough and refused to plunge in deeper on the production.

In spite of the fact that the picture may never reach the screen, Ziegfeld has received \$150,000 for his part in the undertaking.

Ziegfeld's contract with Famous Players-Lasky must have been a masterpiece. It was one of those one-way contracts with everything going to Ziegfeld. For instance, the little

RUDY and Pola deserve a long vacation from the newspapers. If everyone stopped printing anything about their engagement, they would get married in self-defence.

However, as long as we have followed this grand passion through so many episodes, it might be well to record the latest events. (Business of yawning.) It seems that the engagement is a trial affair. (Yawns.) If it lasts until February and both Rudy and Pola are still in love, the couple will marry. (More yawns.) Mrs. Chalupetz, Pola's mother, hopes that the wedding will take place. She says she wants a lot of nice little grandchildren. (One great, big, signing-off yawn.)

NOW comes our own Harry Carey with a classic utterance: "Gentlemen prefer blondes, but blondes aren't so particular."

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



And here are the same mountains, seamy-side turned the other way. Naturally it was impractical to send the company to the Andes and no mountains near New York happen to look like 'em. Hence these had to be made

piece of paper stipulated that \$186,000 in costumes were to be used in the picture.

Ziegfeld was to direct the spending of \$106,000 of this sum; the others were to be made in the studio. And at the completion of the picture, Ziegfeld was to receive the costumes for use in his next "Follies."

Josef Urban, who designs the Ziegfeld settings, received a retainer of \$25,000 for preliminary work on the sets and \$7,500 was paid for a scenario.

WHEN Famous Players-Lasky surveyed these figures, it decided that the production would be too much like a free boat ride for the Ziegfeld organization. Perhaps the unkindest stipulation of the contract was the clause which provided that the Ziegfeld chorus girls were to receive \$35 a day for their first appearance in front of a camera.

It costs a lot to glorify the American Girl, as any butter and egg man can tell you.

"SURE I am a bachelor," says Raymond Griffith, "and here's why: No man, no matter who he is, is good enough to marry a good girl. And, of course, no real man would think of marrying a bad girl. Hence—the bachelor."

CAN you imagine Charles Spencer Chaplin as *Napoleon Bonaparte*?

Well, it is one of the two roles that this great little comedian has always wanted to do. The other is *Hamlet*.

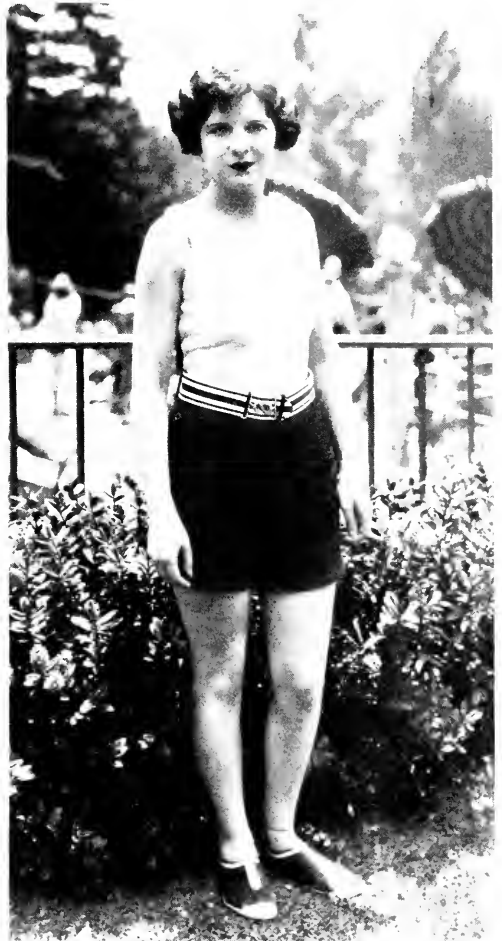
Chaplin can look the part of *Napoleon*. At more than one masquerade party I have seen him in the guise of the great Bonaparte. He just can't resist it.

And now from his studios comes the announcement that Charles Spencer Chaplin will play *Napoleon* and that Raquel Meller, famous Spanish stage artist who took Hollywood by storm, will play his *Empress Josephine*. They plan to make the picture as soon as Senorita Meller completes a concert tour which will end in Los Angeles in January of next year.

It will present Chaplin in his first attempt at serious film drama. It will mean the realization of one of his life's ambitions—to present his idea of *Napoleon* to the world.

It may also change his entire future career, for if the audiences accept him in serious drama, he may produce "Hamlet" next.

So you see, Chaplin, with all his greatness, only helps to prove the old, old rule—the clown underneath wants to play the hero—the great tragedian the comedian.



The very smartest and most comfortable bathing suit for girls. May McAvoy wears this suit in "The Fire Brigade." Don't ask us what a bathing suit has to do with a picture that is all about fire-fighters. Even Mack Sennett can't answer that

TIN PAN ALLEY, home of the song writer, watches the current motion picture productions carefully.

"There's a Boatman on the Volga" has just appeared, being suggested, of course, by the current Cecil B. De Mille film.

The prize of the song month, however, goes to "My Dream of the Big Parade."

This song has a neat finishing, running:

"I saw one-legged pals
Comin' home to their gals,
In my dream of The Big Parade."

IT is more than probable that Jack Pickford will play the role of *Clyde Griffiths* in the screen version of Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." Mary, undoubtedly, will



This picture was taken immediately after Gertrude Olmsted whispered the fatal "I do," that made her the wife of Robert Leonard. And as soon as Mae Murray heard that her ex-husband had married, she staged a wedding of her own



Sudden increase in Hollywood's population. Eddie Cantor took the family West for his first screen appearance in "Kid Boots." Here you have Marjorie, Natalie, Edna and Marilyn. And, of course, the Missus. This shows why Eddie works during the summer

be delighted to learn that her little brother is going to get a chance in such an important picture, for Mary always has had unbounded faith in Jack's talents. And evidently, too, Jack has recovered his health, otherwise he wouldn't be undertaking such an ambitious season's work.

Glenn Hunter, who will create the rôle on the stage, announced that he would also play in the film version. But the producers thought otherwise and sought out Jack Pickford.

THE Marilyn Miller-Jack Pickford affair wasn't exactly one-sided. Jack wasn't being noble about giving Marilyn a divorce just because she is interested in Ben Lyon. Jack had some little plans for his own future and it was said they concerned Bebe Daniels. Then Bebe up and announces she's engaged to Charles Paddock. So we don't know who will be the third Mrs. Pickford.

ERNEST TORRENCE has just returned from a vacation spent on the Continent and in Scotland, his homeland. Torrence says that the most popular motion picture in Scotland right now is "The Woman Pays."

YESTERDAY a truck driver getting \$30 a week; today a movie actor with a fine contract. And tomorrow—maybe—a star. That's the story of John Kolb. Only a short time ago John was driving a truck for the New York Edison Company and supporting a wife and family in a Bronx flat. A casting director saw John and asked him to play a Canadian lumberjack in "The Knockout." Then he got a job in "Men of

Steel." John wouldn't quit the truck for the studio until he got a contract.

Movies were only part-time work until First National asked him to sign up. John is six feet, seven inches tall and one of those he-men.

He is in Hollywood now.

VIVIAN RICH and her husband, J. W. Jesson, are feeling particularly elated. A certain long-legged bird left an eight and a half pound son with them and they immediately named him Charles Forde Jesson.

Vivian, as you know, is the same little Rich girl who plays in outdoor chapter plays.

OF course you recall the pretty little girl who made the spectacular Paul Revere ride in "The Johnstown Flood" and whose excellent ability won her a Fox contract. She is Janet Gaynor, who, in addition to being pretty and talented, is a 1926 Wampas star.

Janet is now out to conquer other worlds and in this crusade she has enlisted the aid of Herbert Moulton, a clever young Los Angeles journalist.

They have announced their engagement, but have set no date for the wedding.

DR. F. W. MURNAU'S arrival in America was the occasion for a big dinner given by William Fox in honor of the director of "The Last Laugh." Murnau made a great hit with everyone who met him and was placed immediately in the ranks of the "regulars." The German spent hours carefully studying the intricacies of American slang. And when someone asked him what he liked best about America, he immediately replied, "So's your old man!"

IF you want to go for a bounding joy-ride, all you need to do is flag Hedda Hopper when she bounces by in her little Ford. Hedda is one of Hollywood's delights. As democratic a patrician as ever swerved through traffic signals with the grace of a queen.

After depositing her son Bill at the portals of the hall of learning the other morning, Hedda plucked me from the burning pavement and on the way to the boulevard told me about the latest exploit of Bill Hopper. Hedda, you know, was one of the former wives of the many-married De Wolf.

Bill, who is a staunch defender of his dad's, came in from school with his clothes much the worse for tumbling.

"What's the matter, Bill?" queried Hedda.

"Oh, one of the kids yelled, 'So's your old man's fifth wife!' at me, and I socked him."



Greta Garbo and her "ears." The gentleman is Svend Borg, who acts as the Swedish actress' interpreter. Fred Niblo, the director, gives all the orders to Svend and then friend Svend submits them to Greta—to obey or not



And here are Mac Murray and her new husband, Prince David Mdivani. The "m" is silent as in printing. Mac married him after a short courtship and claims that she's never going to get another divorce. David is 26 years old

MAY ROBSON has turned picture star after nearly forty years on the stage. She was very anxious to settle in Hollywood following a particularly hard season on the Eastern stage and they do tell the most humorous dialogue that ensued between May and Cecil B. DeMille, who now has her under contract.

Said DeMille, tapping his finger tips together:

"Now you understand, Miss Robson, we cannot pay you any figure like you have been receiving on the stage. . . ."

C. B. was putting into effect all his renowned diplomacy to bring May's salary down to normalcy, but he reckoned without May.

"I'll take it!" she interrupted. However, C. B. has been accustomed to handling stars with swollen ideas about salaries. ". . . and at the present time," he continued, "your name means very little to the motion picture audiences. I can offer you—"

"I'll take it!"

So jovial May Robson is now a motion picture actress and DeMille's "selling talk" was for naught.

PERCY MARMONT, he of "If Winter Comes" fame, has just been discharged from the hospital after a serious abdominal operation. Percy slings a mean tennis racket when he is in condition and promises, after a short layoff, to be even better than ever.

REGGY DENNY told me he wondered why the newest member of the "foreign invasion" ate only bread and water for luncheon, but it wasn't until the fellow had been on the Universal lot three or four days and Reggy happened to sit at his table in the cafe, that Reggy discovered his slim diet was caused by a slimmer knowledge of English.

Reggy ordered "Beefsteak, well done."

The foreigner beamed at Reggy and then ordered, rapidly, "Beefsteak, welcome!"

LOVE insurance—it sounds like the title of a picture. But it is a form of divorce protection invented by Helen Ferguson and William Russell. When Helen and Bill married over a year ago, they signed an agreement whereby they pledged themselves to deposit \$5,000 a year to the credit of one of their friends, Norman Brodin. Should they ever agree to cut the marriage ties, the one making the overtures forfeits all right to the joint account.

It's a great scheme.

There isn't a man or woman in the world who wouldn't think twice about giving up several thousand dollars, all for the sake of starting a quarrel.

ELLIOTT DEXTER is back in Hollywood again. Dexter has just completed a long vaudeville tour. Before going back to the Coast, he visited Tommy Meighan at his Great Neck, Long Island, home. Tommy and Dexter, you know, are old friends from the days when they used to play together in Cecil B. De Mille boudoir extravaganzas.

SHE was beautiful and blonde (for the evening) and perfectly poised. And her name was Lee.

Said the distinguished gentleman at her left:

"Lee? Are you related to the Lees of Virginia?"

The faintly lined brows arched in doubt. Then:

"No . . . well, that is, distantly!"

BEATRICE LILLIE, Jack Buchanan and Gertrude Lawrence, the blithe British trio who took Hollywood by storm when "Charlot's Revue" opened El Capitan, our hamlet's first legitimate showhouse, have decided to linger awhile amidst the orange blossoms (of the flower variety, of course) and are to play under our arc lights.

WHICH reminds me of a rather interesting little story that Sidney Olcott, Dick Barthelme's director, told the other night at a dinner Dorothy Dunbar gave to celebrate her official rise to leading ladyhood. Dorothy is playing the lead with Dick, you know. It's her first important part and she is glorying in it.

It seems that Beatrice Lillie, who is Lady Robert Peel, wife of a distinguished Britisher, was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



The fellow hiding in the potted palm is Tony Moreno. The siren is Edith Storey. A breathless moment from "A Price for Folly"

Broncho Billy was the first impresario of the horse opera—the first to see the gold that lies in the Great Open Spaces, where men are movie stars



A Mack Sennett opus—"The Shooting Match"—in which Ford Sterling made the old nickelodeons rock with laughter. Names of other parties unknown



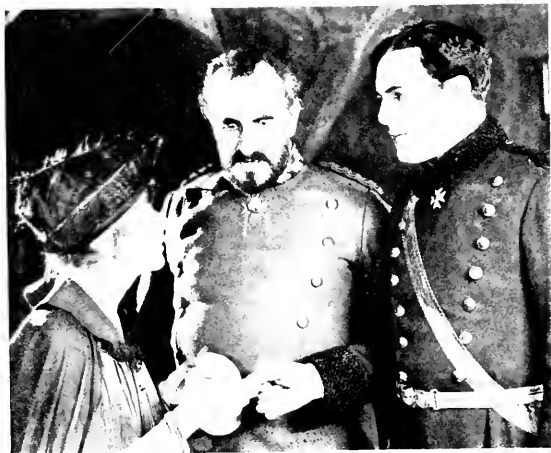
Always the natty dresser—Jack Holt. The lady is Yona Landowska. Herbert Rawlinson is the hero who shot his cuffs and looked straight at the camera to register emotion

HERE are some of the brave boys and girls who took a chance in the Movies long before there was any talk of Great Art, Big Money or World Renown



When Charlie Chaplin and Ben Turpin played together. Charlie advised Ben to be a star himself, because Ben was too funny for a supporting player

Cinderella and the Prince—Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. But the old story didn't have the conventional ending. Cinderella and her Prince didn't live happily ever after



Blanche Sweet, Theodore Roberts and Thomas Meighan—a trio of troupers who never have lost their hold on the public. Remember them in "The Sowers," an early Paramount film?



When James Cruze was a poor actor instead of a rich director. With the late Flo La Badie in "The Million Dollar Mystery"



THE ROAD TO MANDALAY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

NOT so much as a story, but lifted to melodramatic interest by the highly colored performance of Lon Chaney as *Singapore Joe*, keeper of the toughest dive on the whole China coast. Chaney affects another of those bizarre make-ups. This time he plays a gent with a cataract in one eye and, to get the effect of the white film over the optic, dropped a dangerous preparation into his eye between scenes. This necessitated short scenes to guard against permanent blindness. *Singapore Joe* has his good brother, a priest, bring up his beautiful daughter without knowledge of her father. The story doesn't hold water, but you will be impressed by Chaney's work and you will like Lois Moran, as his daughter and Owen Moore, as the regenerated waster.



MANTRAP—Paramount

THE erudite Mr. Sinclair Lewis should present his gratitude to Clara Bow. For it is Clara's performance, rather than his plot, that makes the film version of his latest novel such fine entertainment.

Undoubtedly, the story was intended to center around Percy Marmont, as a New York divorce lawyer, who goes to the great open spaces to escape women. Ernest Torrence, as a backwoodsman and husband to an ex-maniac, befriends him. And then Clara Bow steps into the picture as a wife who couldn't make her eyes behave, and runs away with everything. When she is on the screen nothing else matters. When she is off, the same is true.

The backgrounds are perfect for summer—cool and inviting. Victor Fleming's direction is sufficient. But it's Clara's triumph. She is personality and sex appeal plus.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



MEN OF STEEL—First National

A BOX OFFICE picture, if ever there was one. This new Milton Sills production has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation, with the action taking place in the midst of massive vats of molten metal. These scenes, be it noted, are not faked. They were filmed, with the co-operation of the United States Steel Corporation, at the big mills near Birmingham, Ala.

It can be honestly said that Sills does his best work in "Men of Steel" since his romantic swashbuckler in "The Sea Hawk" and his convict in the now almost forgotten "Honor System." In "Men of Steel" Sills plays a hunkey who fights his way to the top of the social ladder. It is an unusual characterization, reaching its high point in a remarkable scene in which the starving *Jan Bokak* steals a dinner from a dog.

Sills wrote "Men of Steel," adapting it from a short story, "United States Flavor," by R. G. Kirk. It traces the progress of *Jan Bokak*, loved by two girls who do not realize they are sisters. One, *Mary Berwick*, has been raised in a worker's shack, the other, *Clare Pitt*, is the daughter of the steel king. The story culminates in a fight in a huge vat toward which a half-wit is propelling a massive ladle of molten steel.

Sills is ably supported by Doris Kenyon as *Mary* and May Allison as *Clare*. Both Miss Allison and Miss Kenyon look beautiful and give vigorous performances. Miss Allison plays a rich flapper with charming zest. Frank Currier and George Fawcett, too, are excellent as the magnate and his skipper pal. It is a whole picture of good performances.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

MEN OF STEEL	VARIETY
ROAD TO MANDALAY	MANTRAP
SO THIS IS PARIS	FIG LEAVES

The Best Performances of the Month

Emil Jannings in "Variety"
 Milton Sills in "Men of Steel"
 Lon Chaney in "Road to Mandalay"
 Clara Bow in "Mantrap"
 May Allison in "Men of Steel"
 Doris Kenyon in "Men of Steel"



SO THIS IS PARIS—Warner Bros.

ANOTHER variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The ultra touch of the German director seems to wear pretty thin here and "So This Is Paris" turns out to be the weakest of Lubitsch efforts to date. There are just four characters to this comedy, a doctor and his wife, a classic dancer and his better half. The feminine dancer is an old flame of the physician while the doctor's wife flirts with the dancer. The picture is jazzy, a bit rough in its humor. Assuredly not for the kiddies. The cast is weaker than usual to Lubitsch. Lilyan Tashman is good as the dancer, Monte Blue amusing as the physician, but Patsy Ruth Miller, as his wife, and Andre Beranger, as the classic terpsichorean expert, seem weak.

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 140



VARIETY—UFA-Famous Players

ACRITIC'S picture, if ever there was one. This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." It is a direct and primitive study in passion, lifted to the remarkable by a fine performance of a middle-aged acrobat by Emil Jannings. This Jannings characterization deserves to rank beside his work in "Passion," "Deception," and "The Last Laugh."

Fascinated by a young dancer, the acrobat deserts his wife and his baby. The man is not only passion-swept, but the girl means a return to his trapeze work and to the applause of the theater. With the young woman as his partner, the man achieves success. Just when he is a Wintergarten headliner, he discovers that the woman is unfaithful. Another acrobat in his act, younger and better looking, has stolen her away.

Then comes the big scene. He can drop the man to his death by simply missing a catch in midair! Here is a terrific moment, superbly built up by masterly direction and camera work. We aren't going to tell you the *denouement*. You will have to see "Variety" for yourself.

Because it is a strong study in unvarnished sex, "Variety" will probably meet opposition here and there throughout America. Another version has been shown in Los Angeles. In this the wife and baby, together with the desertion, of course, have been eliminated. The recreant acrobat is married to the girl—in a subtitle. Thus the intrusion of the other athlete becomes an invasion of sweet home life.

The direction of E. A. Dupont and the camera work of Karl Freund make "Variety" technically a superb thing.



FIG LEAVES—Fox

THIS is a slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Fashion revues have been done before in films, but never so ornately as here. "Fig Leaves" has another interest. It has the highly decorative Olive Borden in the leading feminine role. Miss Borden is going to surprise audiences in this picture.

"Fig Leaves" is just the story of a young wife who longs for pretty clothes. Her husband won't buy them, so she gets a job in a smart shop as model. Hence the fashion revue, with a host of striking models in all sorts of lingerie. George O'Brien is the young husband. He acts from the chest out. Miss Borden, however, runs away with the picture. As indicated, the story is pretty fragile and is worked out by Director Howard Hawks without much adroitness. Glorifying the American combination!

**LEW TYLER'S
WIVES—**
Preferred
Pictures



**BORN TO
THE WEST—**
Paramount

IF you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three women loved will interest you. A fine cast—Frank Mayo, Ruth Clifford, Hedda Hopper, and the decorative Helen Lee Worthing—give quite perfect performances under Harley Knoles' direction. Yet, somehow, for all the timely importance of its theme, the whole seems vaguely dull. It's too adult for the children.

LIVES up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. It's a good Zane Grey Western, laid in the days when there was gold in "them there hills." Jack Holt rides a mean steed and no one can fail to take pleasure in his equestrianism. Tom Kennedy and Raymond Hatton furnish lots of laughs and Bruce Gordon takes care of the villainous end. Arlette Marchal, George Seigmann and Margaret Morris form the remainder of the cast.

**THE SEA
WOLF—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



PUPPETS—
First
National

DON'T be misled into believing that this is a wild-animal picture. This famous Jack London story served as a "thriller" in the days when Hobart Bosworth did the heroing act. Then Noah Beery took a hand at it in 1920 and now Ralph Ince serves it for your entertainment. Ince is a very grand actor and we wonder why he neglected us so, spending most of his time directing. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories—but darned good.

AN interesting vehicle, not because of the story, but for the splendid performance of Milton Sills. As the puppet master, Sills plays the rôle with sympathy and feeling and his Italian mannerisms are excellent. The cast, a well selected one, has Gertrude Olmsted as heroine; Francis MacDonald, a most acceptable villain and some very funny sequences, enlivened by William Riccardi and Mathilde Comont. You won't go wrong on this.

**BIGGER THAN
BARNUM—**
F. B. O.



**THE LUCKY
LADY—**
Paramount

THE circus is comin' to town—peanuts, pink lemonade, elephants 'n everything. Here's the old, old, tearful story of the aged wire-walker who expects his son to take his place in the sawdust ring. *Sonny* suffers from "cold feet" but when *Dad* is in a burning building *Sonny's* courage returns and he saves *Pop* by walking a telegraph wire. Ralph Lewis, Viola Dana, George O'Hara and Ralph Ince make a capable cast. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir.

YOU may lend your ears to Mark Antony or to anyone who wants them, but you'll need your eyes to view Greta Nissen in this wholly effective melodrama. Greta is a Princess who is betrothed to a *roue* Count. She meets and falls in love with an American boy. How she manages to marry the man of her choice is where the plot comes in. Smart gals, these Princesses. Life would be pleasanter with more of 'em. An easy way to spend an hour.

**SENOR
DARE-DEVIL—**
First
National



FIRST appearance of Ken Maynard as a First National Western star. How *Don Luis O'Flaherty* outwits the unscrupulous villain who tries to fleece a whole town of its mining claims. Maynard, who has been a states right star, plays *Don Luis* and reveals distinct big time possibilities. He surely can ride. "Senor Dare-Devil" is better done than most Westerns, with an excellent cast. Dorothy Devore disappointed us, however, as the heroine.

**POKER
FACES—**
Universal



EDWARD HORTON, his director and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. Horton is a comedian, as "The Beggar on Horseback" proved, but he couldn't laugh this off. It's all about a dumb hero who endeavors to land a deal with an out-of-town buyer. The buyer happens to be a crook and after much silly nonsense he is captured with all honors being awarded the hero. Stay at home by the ole fireside and listen to the radio.

**MEET THE
PRINCE—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.



THIS Joseph Schildkraut picture falls short of anything in which this polished actor has ever appeared. It seems amateurish and somehow it is never convincing. This is perhaps due to the unskillful attempts at comedy. Schildkraut tries to do the sophisticated Adolphe Menjou act (but he's a flop) in this weak farce, telling the story of a prince who poses as a butler to win the gal of his heart. Not much of a picture, this.

**SWEET
DADDIES—**
First
National



NO one should miss this comedy, featuring the corned-beef and cabbagers (Irish) and the kipped herringers (Jews). The picture starts off with plenty of pep and keeps up its rapid pace through the whole six reels. We won't relate the story for we want you to enjoy it. The cast is splendid—Charlie Murray, Vera Gordon, George Sidney, Jobyna Ralston, Jack Mulhall and Gaston Glass. This will delight a child audience and will draw chuckles from every grownup.

**FOOTLOOSE
WIDOWS—**
Warner
Bros.



LOUISE FAZENDA and Jacqueline Logan decide to grab themselves a millionaire husband—so down to Florida they go. Jacqueline, being the bait for the fish, poses as a wealthy widow, while Louise attempts to get the low-down on the financial situation of each sutor. Some humorous situations occur when Louise gets matters badly "balled up" but everything is hunky dory at the fadeout. We'd put it in the "quite interesting" list of pictures.

**IT'S THE OLD
ARMY
GAME—**
Famous
Players



W. C. FIELDS' first starring comedy is distinctly disappointing. The comedian, who gave such a mellow performance in "Sally of the Sawdust," is lost here, despite the fact that three or four comedy scenes from various Follies are utilized. Funny behind the footlights, they do not get over in this film. There is a lack of building up for comedy and the camera work buries many of the points. Louise Brooks stands out as a comedy foil.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,500.00
Second Prize.....	1,000.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	250.00
Fifth Prize.....	125.00
Twenty Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each.....	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be

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

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

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

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

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second 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.



Spurr

ALBERTA VAUGHN is getting to be a big girl now. She's going to be starred in full length features instead of those serials. The title of her debutante effort is "Collegiate," which is just a snappy, modern title.

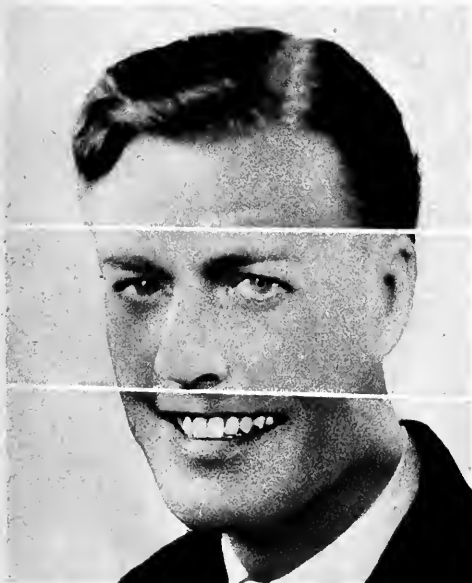


The hair won a contest, and so became known,
 The eyes played when only fifteen.
 The mouth rose to fame in a picture that showed,
 What war, and war's horror, may mean.
 The hair might be called, very well, one of three—
 The eyes were born quite far away,
 The mouth worked for Vitagraph—Triangle, too!—
 In many a fine photoplay.

The hair, when a kiddie, danced on the legit.
 The eyes, with Lon Chaney, were cast;
 The mouth was a widow for many a year,
 But she has re-married, at last.
 The hair came to us from a mid-western state,
 The eyes, as a child, knew stage fame,
 The mouth (from Chicago) was given a part,
 In a play with a whirling name.

RESUME

*They all have brown hair, two have eyes that are blue,
 One has large hazel eyes, and one green.
 And two are old timers—though none of the four,
 Have recently come to the screen!
 Two still are unmarried, and one was wed twice
 And one is divorced—and they're all very nice!*



The hair played with Ethel, the Barrymore belle.
 The eyes are quite new to this game;
 The mouth, in the war, won an honorable wound—
 Ever he gained, in the movies, a name
 The hair strode the boards in lands quite far from home,
 The eyes were in stock for a while;
 The mouth was discovered by Lasky, no less . . .
 Is he happy? Just look at his smile!

The hair first saw light near the great golden gate,
 The eyes were unhappily wed,
 The mouth played the part of a much martyred man,
 He's a master of pathos, 'tis said,
 The hair played a part with blond Vilma, the eyes
 Made a sad Conrad hero come true,
 The mouth is a blond, and he stands six feet tall,
 And his eyes are a stunning dark blue.

RESUME

*Just one of them hails from our own U. S. A.
 And three have known fine stage careers
 And three never married—the fourth one—who teases—
 Has now left his wife, it appears!
 Just one's under thirty—and he is the one
 That we're proud to claim as a real native son.*



Chidnoff

BAD luck and bad pictures nearly extinguished Pauline Frederick's picture career. She's back now ready to begin again with all her fine enthusiasm and her artistic sincerity. On the opposite page, Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows Hollywood as no one else, tells you the story back of Miss Frederick's return to the screen.

What Happened to Pauline Frederick?

Why did this popular star at the very height of her success slip into screen oblivion? A great character sketch of a great actress, by Adela Rogers St. Johns



Pauline Frederick in her most famous film role, "Madame X." "There are too many angles to the motion picture business for a lone woman to combat," says Miss Frederick. "The smallest things turn your whole course one way or the other"

JUST a few years ago, Pauline Frederick was one of the really great and beloved stars of the screen.

Her fame was not founded upon mere beauty, nor upon a dazzling personality, though she had both.

Public and critics considered her one of the finest actresses the silversheet had ever known, many considered her the finest. And with reason. Some of the pictures Pauline Frederick made, directed by Robert Vignola, have never been topped by anybody.

From tremendous popularity and acclaim on the stage, she brought with her into pictures a breadth of training, a poised and distinguished manner, a warm love of acting, that no one else has ever given us.

Then, suddenly, at the very height of her success, in the very prime of her beauty and genius, she slipped into a series of unworthy and inadequate pictures and has practically disappeared from the screen.

The fans still clamor for her. In no way do they forget her. When such a great performance as she gave in that fine picture, "Smouldering Fires," reminds them of her anew, they pour in letters of demand upon us.

When I wrote a story calling Norma Talmadge the screen's one great actress among the stars, I did not consider Pauline Frederick as being any longer a motion picture star. Ninety-nine per cent of the letters I received disagreeing with me, did so in the name of Pauline Frederick.

What happened to Pauline Frederick?

So many people asked me that question that I decided to go

and ask Pauline herself. You can always ask Pauline anything. She is a straight-shooter. And she is too big a woman for any petty vanities. You don't have to fret and worry about what you say for fear it might be wrong and hurt her feelings.

Oh, the charm of that woman, off-screen!

I forget about it, not seeing her for months and maybe years, and it captures me all over again. She is so *real*. She is so *natural*. No posing, no affectation, no languid boredom about her. She sparkles with life. She glows with enthusiasm. Her voice is rich, vibrant, entrancing. And she has the nicest handshake of any woman I have ever known—strong, firm, cordial, sweet.

Let me say right at the very beginning that I have never seen her look so lovely. Her eyes were as blue as her sweater, and that was as blue as the sea. And the contrast of her hair, which would have been black but for the red threads and the bronze sheen through it, seemed more striking than ever. Her short white skirt and her plaited sandals and her summer tan, result of hours in the saddle, gave her a slim and boyish look, according to the present fashion for women.

We sat in a long, lovely sun-porch, and when I told her what I had come to ask her, and why, she looked [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



© Underwood & Underwood

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman—A clergyman with box-office appeal. Neither a conservative nor an extremist. The Answer Man of the pulpit. He knows that Babbitt has a soul

Sure Fire

What the public wants in religion, sports, radio and amusements—and why



© Underwood & Underwood

Marie Jeritza—A bounteous blonde with a strong voice and good legs. Can sing standing up, lying down or on her head. Lots of temperament, but a winning smile. Opera's pet

Harold Lloyd—Held in affectionate esteem wherever movies are shown. Every comedy a sure success. No temperament, no high-hat, no pose. A boy who really earns his money



© Underwood & Underwood

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. Graham McNamee speaking." Gets sex appeal in his station announcements. Pronounces foreign composers correctly. Our radio idol

Jack Dempsey—Breathes there a man—or woman—with soul so dead who wouldn't dig up fifty hard-earned dollars to see this handsome lad step into the ring to defend his crown?



© Underwood & Underwood

"Babe" Ruth—Home-run king and favorite prodigal son. His batting average and the state of his morals are subjects of vital interest. The hero of our great summer drama

"Red Grange"—He turned a college sport into a national industry. He glorified the American iceman. Just one of the boys who is always sure of landing neatly on the front page of every daily



© Underwood & Underwood

Suzanne Lenglen—The red hot mamma of the courts. As uncertain as the French franc. As fascinating and as charming as her native country. A great actress playing a triumphant rôle



© Underwood & Underwood

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis
Stivers



The drama of an actress
who turned the tragedy
of age into her greatest
triumph

"Hadh'n't an idea, until Freddie Lane told me an hour ago, that you'd be just the woman for the part"

Miscast

By Rita Weiman

PART II of a gripping
two-part novelette

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

IT is on Broadway, in 1908, that Edna Ridgeway, once a popular favorite, first feels the tragedy of her advancing years. Thirty-three years old, her fight for youth meets its defeat when, instead of being offered star parts, she is asked to accept secondary rôles. An unscrupulous manager, preying on her pride, induces her to invest her savings in a starring vehicle for herself. When her husband warns her against the step, she leaves him and her twelve year old son. The play fails and Edna goes to the limbo of the second-rater—the road and the provinces. After an absence of sixteen years, she returns—a pathetic woman still making a ridiculous struggle to keep her youth. The managers have forgotten her and she has given up all hope of landing an engagement when she receives a telephone call from an old friend. Now go on with the conclusion of this engrossing story.

EDNA RIDGWAY caught her own voice replying that she thought she could see Mr. Cleeburg. She hung up the receiver and went up the steps with the same incredulous groping.

Cleeburg was sending for her! Cleeburg—little 'Dolph! She gulped, reached hurriedly for the single bulb dangling from the ceiling, switched it on and turned to the bureau. A tug brought out the top drawer. It was a bewildering display of pomades, lotions, powders, rouges, perfumes. Replenished or augmented, frequently at the cost of dinners for a week, that mass of cosmetics constituted the one prop to Edna Ridgeway's hope.

When she left the house twenty minutes later, she looked as though she had used them all. Paint lay thick on her lips;

powder caked over the dabs of rouge on her cheeks; mascara framed her eyes. Poor, pathetic attempt at youth that made a signpost of her age.

Yet as she entered 'Dolph Cleeburg's office, the manager, who knew his people of the theater, greeted her as if there had been no change since the yesterday of sixteen years ago.

"Well, well, Edna!" he reached out both hands. "When did you blow in?"

"The middle of July. Didn't you know I was here?"

She clung to the grasp of old friendship, desperately, like the proverbial drowning man. Just to hear the cordial tone of the little man all Broadway loved made the mascara round her eyes smudge damply.

"Hadh'n't an idea, until Freddie Lane told me an hour ago that you'd be just the woman I want for a play I'm casting."

He gave no hint of the agent's exact words: "Say—I've got just the woman for that part. Edna Ridgeway! She's back, you know—a burlesque of what she used to be—looks a thousand and gets herself up like a chicken. Down and out, too—needs the work."

Cleeburg merely sat smiling into the eyes, infinitely weary behind the masklike make-up, and gave not the least sign of the shock in his soul.

Edna tried to make her answering smile light and careless.

"It's good of you, 'Dolph, to send for me straight off. Plenty of new ones in the field since I left it."

"But the old ones are still in the heart, Edna. Couldn't wait to give you the glad hand once I knew you'd come back."

"And about that part," she prompted, still smiling as if quite casually.

"Oh, yes,"—he took a script from his desk, held it out to her. She glanced at the title, "Knee Deep." Then down to the typewritten page of characters. It was a small cast.

"I suppose I play Mrs. Webster."

"No—" he turned his eyes from hers—"That's not much—



no opportunities. I'm casting you for Grandma Webster. It's sure fire, girl.—a laugh a minute."

She started up from her chair, hands clenched on the arms. A grandmother! How dared he! Her first inclination was to repeat the performance of sixteen years ago in this same room. A grandmother!!! The mere offer was an insult.

Then, bit by bit, furious indignation gave way to necessity. She must come back. She must have work. Not so much that it meant three square meals a day and decent surroundings, which for so long she had not known. But, more insistent still, for the urge that calls to the actor's heart from the heart of Broadway. To feel her feet on the boards of a New York theater once more, to know the throb of facing a New York audience, at this moment she would give her life for just one opportunity, one chance.

The second act, in which grandma at a party, was counted

And so she folded her trembling hands over the manuscript and sank back slowly.

"Tell me about it," she said, very low.

"The flapper-grandmother, short dress, bob, high heels—see! She has the nifties of the play—all the snappy lines. Steals her grand-daughter's beau. Great stuff—you'll love it!" Still he did not meet her eyes.

"You honestly think I could play a grandmother, 'Dolph?'"

"This kind, yes! Of course, I wouldn't offer you an ordinary old lady part, you understand."



appeared in a tulle evening dress
on for a great big hand

"Of course." Her own eyes strayed then. Deliberately, awkwardly, the man and woman avoided facing each other.

"Come in tomorrow morning and I'll have the contract ready. Two hundred a week. Is that O. K.?"

"Of course it's not what I've been used to," her pride spoke ridiculously the stereotyped phrase she had used at each signing of a contract these past years as her salary went downhill. Fifty a week would have seemed a fortune.

"I know that," he said hastily. "And if the play's a go, we'll jump it to two-fifty. We've such an expensive cast—"

"Oh, that's all right, 'Dolph.'" Fear made her voice eager. "You and I won't talk terms. Do you mind if I take the play with me? I want to look it over."

"You'll like the part," he nodded insistently.

She tucked the script under her arm. They exchanged a few words about old friends—gay, laughing questions on her part, as if time had merely paused an instant. But Jim Ridgeway's name was not mentioned. She carefully omitted it. At last she opened her hand-bag and poised a mirror while she dabbed unnecessary powder on her nose. Then she got to her spindle-heeled feet, smoothed her girlish skirt, and held out her hand.

"Well, 'Dolph,—nightie-night! Imagine *me* playing grand-ma," she grinned. "It will be a great experience."

And she went out, swinging her bag, a gay little song on her lips.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

Stars Who Came Back

Patrician Alice Joyce has stepped down and out of the spotlight twice, and each time returned more beautiful and accomplished than before.

Her retirements were voluntary. She really loves home life.



In the early days when Alice was married to Tom Moore. Of the stars who have come back, she alone has not changed her type or the type of rôles she plays



THERE are other temptations in Hollywood besides the one the censors watch.

There is the temptation to give up when every close-up goes dead wrong. There are the temptations to indulge in life and love like ordinary mortals and not like stars, to forget fame for a while—fame that demands all things, courage and strength and fidelity and beauty from every man and woman and which, jealously, will permit no other interest. There is the inevitable temptation to let the years slip by and the pastries take their toll. Those are some of them.

But the greatest temptation of all is to submit to obscurity when easy fame begins to vanish.

It doesn't matter very much when the average person steps down from triumph. Few people know about it. But when a star steps back, ever so little, all the world knows it. To return to the moneyed heights of popularity becomes almost impossible.

Here, then, is the story of those who have achieved the impossible, the story of the stars who came back.

They might almost be called the Hollywood club invisible, that valiant group, Alice Joyce, Blanche Sweet, Charles Ray, May Allison, Francis X. Bushman, Marc McDermott, Myrtle Stedman, Eugene O'Brien, Earle Williams, Rudolph Valentino—yes, Rudy belongs in

Just a little sleepy time girl, just one marshmallow moment after the other, was what they wished on May Allison on the old Metro lot. It was enough to kill a girl of May's intelligence and it nearly did



THE story of those who knew popularity—lost it—then fought back until their names now shine with greater glory

By Ruth Waterbury



Blanche's anger, and art, got outlets when she played "Anna Christie." It was a hard, bitter, beautiful performance. It stamped Blanche as a great actress and a box-office success

Be sweet, the producers commanded Blanche for years. Be sweet and wistful—and Blanche, who naturally is as wistful as a keg of dynamite, hid her real talents and lost her real public



Photo © Hartsok

the club—James Cruze, Herbert Brenon and Sidney Olcott.

All of them had known fame and popularity. Each of them learned what it meant to lose it. Today, all honor and credit to them, they have all come back and made their names more significant than before.

There are those that didn't come back, you know, those who tried, as honestly, as hopefully, as any in the illustrious group above.

Theda Bara made a two-reel comedy, a good comedy, to be sure, but one in which she did nothing worthy of her undoubted talents. Beverly Bayne, Bushman's wife; Clara Kimball Young of the deep, dark eyes, William Farnum, Elsie Ferguson, the aristocrat; Madge Kennedy, Alice Lake, Jewel Carmen, Wanda Hawley, Mable Normand, vivacious, lovely Mable; little Mary Miles Minter, Ethel Clayton, Katherine McDonald, Anita Stewart and Violet Mercereau, all of them have tried. All of them have failed.

In every art, glory is insecure and, once relinquished, difficult of recovery. Yet in every art but that of acting a man's work depends upon himself. The painter, who would come back, needs only to paint. The author needs only to write. The market is always there for them. The

Miss Allison retired and waited until she could come back and be herself, a beautiful, accomplished woman of the world as she here appears in First National's big special, "Men of Steel"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

Here sketched on RENEE ADOREE is a simulated two piece frock of tucked georgette with contrasting collar, cuffs and smart suede belt, most attractive for "in between" weather wear. In Chanel red, beige, or navy. Sizes 14-20. Price \$29.50

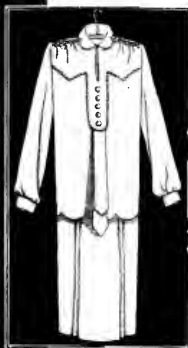


MISS ADOREE finds that a chic sports ensemble is a necessity in the smart young woman's wardrobe, and the one illustrated in the center boasts an unusual neckline and box pleats. It is fashioned of fine quality jersey in a lovely new red, a soft green or tan. Sizes 32-40. Price \$15.75

The indispensable "in between" coat is illustrated at extreme right. Beautifully tailored of an excellent quality tweed, its small fur collar, narrow leather belt, and flat seams proclaim its smartness. Fully lined. Sizes 14-20. Price \$29.75



The large felt hat is still in great favor and the one shown here may be had in all colors. \$5.00



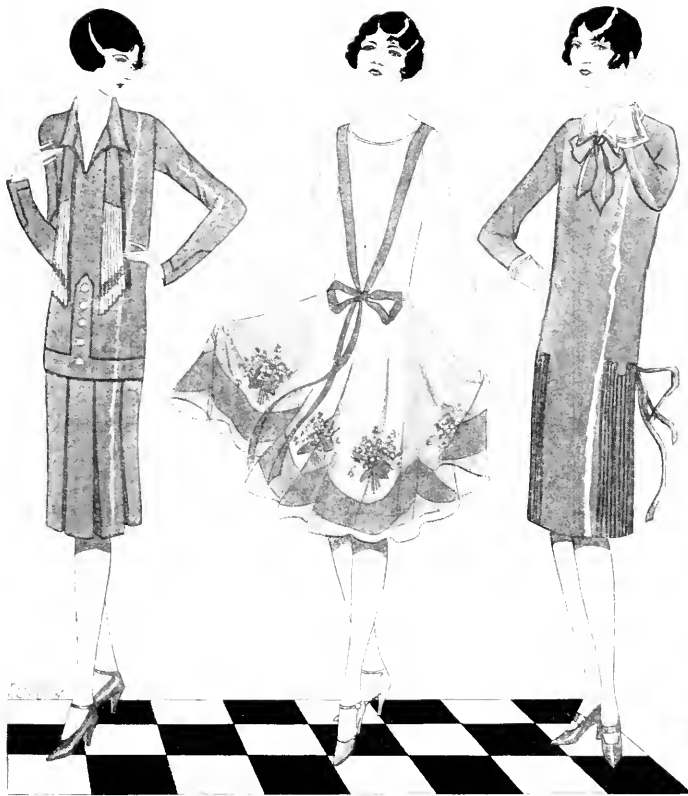
In the photograph RENEE ADOREE is wearing a two piece frock of flat crepe. In tan, green, orchid, powder blue or sunni. Sizes 14-20. Price \$16.75

Buy on Fifth Avenue through Photoplay's Shopping Service

RENEE ADOREE seems to find no difficulty in bridging the gap between simple *Melisande* of "The Big Parade" and the chic Miss Adoree of New York and Hollywood. It is our opinion that the little French girl interprets one rôle as cleverly as the other. Happily combining Parisian smartness with true French thrift, she has selected frocks for every occasion at prices to suit every purse, and here presents them for your approval.

In addition to the frocks for early Autumn wear, Miss ADOREE has included two light silks for the business girl who is taking a late vacation or for the tired wardrobe that needs an end-of-the-summer freshening up to enable it to face the remaining hot days with equanimity.

MISS ADOREE claims that the smart woman continues to wear, for all daytime occasions, the simple one or two piece frock and that no radical style changes are likely to occur in the coming season.



Frost crepe fashions the simple fall afternoon frock at left and collar and cuffs of metal cloth give it a festive air. In soft shades of red, green and blue, or black, this is truly a remarkable value. Sizes 32-44. The price is only \$15.75

Here is RENEE ADOREE in a new dance frock of orchid or flesh georgette decorated with a contrasting hand-painted border, and tiny "dewdrops." The velvet ribbon falls from the shoulders in a graceful line. Sizes 14-20. Price \$29.50

Frost crepe is particularly popular and appropriate for fall wear, and here it appears again in the guise of the ever popular jumper frock, with a graceful pleated tie. The colors are red, green, blue and black, and the sizes 32-44. Price \$15.75

On these two pages you will find French thrift combined with Parisian smartness through Renee Adoree's selections for your wardrobe. Photoplay's 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 jaunty small felt hat shown here comes in all the new fall shades. The price is \$5.00



In the photograph Miss ADOREE wears a sports frock of radium silk, cleverly fashioned. In tan, green, powder blue, orchid and sunni. 14-20. Price \$19.75



New details appear from time to time, but fundamentally styles will remain the same.

She agrees with the fashion expert who said that fashions will probably not change until some revolutionary change takes place in the life of the woman of today—for never before have women's clothes been so well adapted to their pursuits. "Fussy" afternoon gowns are out, according to Miss Adoree, and while frocks for afternoon wear are sometimes a bit softer of line, great care must be taken to avoid the over elaborate frock. Simplicity is the keynote of the smart costume of today. One may be a bit "frillier," of course, in the evening, but unless this is cleverly done it is best to keep to simple lines in evening frocks also.

We want to urge all our readers, whether subscribers or not, to use this service and obtain the benefit of the best New York fashions combined with the remarkably low prices we have been able to obtain.

Barberous Treatment to the Girls

Real salt tears, not glycerine ones, were shed by Helene and Lois



Helene Costello's hair was long, beautiful and curly. But directors cannot see long hair in snappy modern comedies. With a sob in her throat and tragedy in her eyes, Helene allowed herself to become a shorn lamb



Herbert Brenon felt like a tyrant, the barber felt like a hangman, when Lois Wilson's hair was bobbed for "The Great Gatsby." And Lois wept all during the operation



Lois' beautiful hair was the pride of her life. To her, it was a symbol of protest against a flippant and flapperish world. She resolutely refused to have it cut, until friends and directors coaxed her to make the sacrifice to the Great God Pep



Curiously enough, the bob has changed Lois' personality. Gone all the old demureness. And in its place is an unsuspected piquancy

The Princesse de MARIE de BOURBON of Spain

says: "they protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful"



PRINCESSE MARIE de BOURBON

*cousin to the reigning King of Spain,
belongs to the illustrious family which,
for centuries, furnished the rulers of
France and Spain*

PRINCESSE of an ancient, illustrious house; young, appealingly lovely. No wonder Marie de Bourbon's views on how to care for beauty impress all who've ever seen her . . .

Spirited youth; hair burnished to copper-gold; the upward curve of a rose-flushed cheek to meet a snow-white brow . . . these would make Marie de Bourbon irresistible even if she weren't a princess, and cousin to the reigning King of Spain.

But she's all these things and wise, besides. For hear what she says:—

"Beauty in women takes such thrillingly different forms. But no matter what their tint, their texture, the exquisite skins of

Other beautiful and distinguished women who have praised Pond's Creams:

- H. M. MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
- THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
- THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU
- THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
- MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH
- MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH
- MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS
- MISS ELINOR PATTERSON
- MISS BARBARA STREBEIGH



The TWO CREAMS which care for the skins of lovely women everywhere. Pond's Cold Cream for a gentle cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a soft protection, a delicate finish and a dainty powder base. Every skin needs them.

beautiful women everywhere must be watchfully cared for, or, like fragile flowers, they wither, they fade."

This little princess, who left Spain to come and see America, learned of Two wonderful Creams which preserve and protect the skin perfectly. And this is the message she takes back to her countrywomen of Spain:—

"Happily no woman's skin need fade if she faithfully uses every day Pond's wonderful Two Creams. They keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

To Keep the Complexion Youthful

Every day, whenever your skin needs cleansing, and at night before retiring, cleanse your skin deeply with Pond's Cold Cream, pat-patting it lavishly over face, throat, neck, hands. Let it stay a few moments. Its fine oils sink in and soften all accumulations of dust, face powder, perspiration. A soft cloth or tissue removes the cream—and the pore-deep dirt. Repeat this treatment. Finish with a dash of cold water or a quick rub with ice.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, after the bedtime cleansing pat on more Pond's Cold Cream and leave it overnight.

After every such cleansing except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin, refreshed and supple, a delicate touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin looks like new—even, smoother. And see how smoothly your powder lies and clings—no patches, no little clods—just a smooth even surface, like the petals of a rose. And how white this cream keeps your hands!

Pond's Vanishing Cream gives your skin perfect protection, too, from wind and dust and all unfriendly elements. Try these Two Creams—see how beautifully fresh and unlined, for years on end, they'll keep your delicate skin.

Free Offer—Mail this coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
147 Hudson Street, New York City.
Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



Still the Most Eligible Young Man

Last year, Richard Dix bet that he would be married within twelve months. He lost—and he's sorry

By Cal York

"It's all right," says Richard, "to make a hasty marriage, if you don't mind taking a chance on divorce." Richard's next picture will be "The Quarterback" — the story of a football hero. "Of course, it's great to play romantic rôles on the screen but it keeps you from going in for romance in real life"

RICHARD DIX is still single—and his "single cussedness" lost him a bet of one hundred dollars. Of course, cynics may say that paying a one hundred dollar bet is a cheap price for bachelor freedom, but Richard is sorry that he lost.

It isn't that he objects to paying the one hundred dollars. What he really regrets is that he made a promise to himself and didn't keep it.

You see, just a year ago Richard bet that he would be married within a year. The twelve months have rolled around and Richard is still the screen's most eligible bachelor. A year ago, PHOTOPLAY told you all about the bet and all about Richard's reason for wanting to take the fatal step. You'll remember that he solemnly vowed to find the Right Girl before the year was over.

"Well," Richard now says, "I lost the bet. Maybe I was silly to make it—but my intentions were good. And they still are. But I suppose no man can set a time limit on a proposition of that sort.

"Those hasty, look-before-you-leap marriages are all right—if you don't mind taking a chance on a divorce. But I don't believe in divorce. Not for myself, anyway. If other people want divorces, that's their own business. But when I marry, I hope to stay married and I want to find a girl who feels the same way about it.

"I lost one hundred dollars. But maybe I have saved thousands in a divorce suit. I didn't lose the bet because I have changed my mind about marriage. I think it's a grand old institution, all right, and I'd be willing to walk right up to the license clerk tomorrow if—"

And there you have it—"if." Richard is in the same state of mind that he was in a year ago.

"Perhaps," Richard went on to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



"I AM A SAILOR in the United States Navy and all my life I have been bothered with stomach trouble and a very poor skin. I have read and have been told of Fleischmann's Yeast and have also seen a difference in my shipmates who have used it. While home on leave last August I got in the habit of taking Yeast in a glass of warm water. Now my skin is clear of all pimples and I eat much more and feel like a new man. I also perform my duties with much more 'pep' than I ever have before."
 STANLEY H. STRAINGE, U. S. NAVY,
 Hampton Roads, Va.

Their Dreams of Health Came True

Constipation, skin and stomach troubles corrected—
 glorious vitality regained—
in this sure, natural way

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. 21, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I AM TAKING this opportunity to advise that after eating Fleischmann's Yeast for the past two months, I have found it to produce wonderful results. Constipation has been bothering me for many years and finally my doctor suggested Yeast. Yeast soon produced results and I can recommend it highly."

CARL W. WINDEL,
 Portsmouth, Ohio.



"I AM A BEAUTY DOCTOR. I use a scientific treatment that promotes intense circulation. Often when the patient is run down or a heavy eater, there will be a breaking out on the face for a few days. I conceived the idea of giving my patients Fleischmann's Yeast daily. All the impurities passed off with this treatment and the giving of salts was also eliminated."
 BESSA HANSON, Hollywood, Cal.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aid digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Harlem—South Sea Islands



First National makes palm trees grow where only delicatessens flourished before

This scene from "Paradise," Milton Sills' newest picture, would fool a native South Sea Islander. Even to the cocoanuts on the trees, it is correct to the last detail

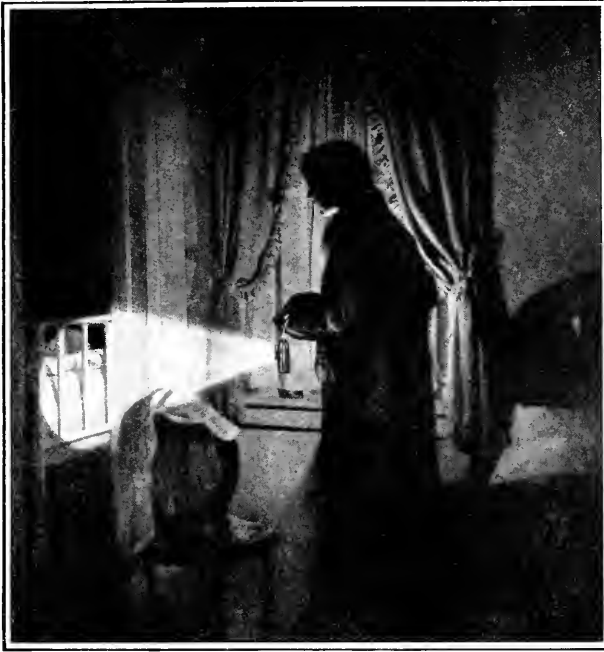


All those things you've heard about the South Seas must be true. Here are Betty Bronson and Milton Sills, the royal rulers of Paradise Island

And here's the grand expose of the South Seas. The whole setting was built where the pavement ends and the billboards begin—up on Second Avenue near the Harlem River. And that tropical climate was furnished, gratis, by New York's customary summer heat



A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK



“The baby’s crying!” —use your *Eveready!*

THAT plaintive wail in the dark of night that every mother knows so well . . . use your Eveready! Here is the ideal light for bedroom and nursery. There is no disturbing glare in its soft, reflected rays. No loud-clicking switch.

The Eveready Flashlight is as silent in action

as a moonbeam. It puts the light exactly where you need it. It is handy. It is safe. It is thoroughly dependable. Every home needs one or more Evereadys. They should be kept hanging in a regular place, ready for instant use in any emergency.

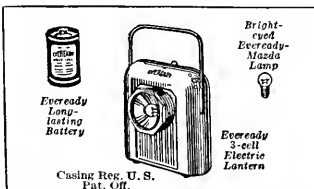
You cannot buy a better

flashlight than Eveready. Only Eveready has the convenient ring-hanger. To get *all* the newest and best flashlight features, insist on a genuine Eveready. There’s a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Eveready Flashlight Batteries fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda Lamps, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer



Casing Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

The Devil to Pay —

at the
Box
Office



UFA'S production of "Faust" goes to Goethe's poem, not to the abridged Gounod version, for its inspiration. Here is a scene from the *Walpurgis Nacht* — or Witches' Sabbath — episode



The temptation of *Faust*. "What profiteth it a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul?" Emil Jannings as *Mephisto*. Gosta Ekman as *Faust*

"The eternal feminine leads us on!" Camilla Horn as *Gretchen*. After a search of two continents for an actress to play the rôle, Fraulein Horn was discovered in a Berlin cabaret and signed for the part



The Best Bite of all!

Crisp and crackly peanuts—roasted, then toasted; an opera cream center that melts in your mouth; luscious, delicate caramel; a generous coating of rich milk chocolate; all blended to the queen's taste! That's **Baby Ruth**—America's favorite candy.

Satisfy your candy hunger with this delicious bar of wholesome goodness.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

New York

CHICAGO

San Francisco

Boston

Los Angeles





Smoothest Powders in the World

Fairy softness, elusively delicate scent, wondrous tints and immaculate purity brought Melba powders their national and international preferment. So widely wanted, Melba powders are produced upon a scale which permits such rare processes as Melba air-floating. That is why face powders far more costly than Melba *Fleurs*, *Lov' Me*, and *Bouquet* may be far less smooth. And none can be more aristocratic in perfume or tone.

Like Melba face powders, all the Melba preparations for accenting beauty will be found ultra-fine. Their use is a distinction shared with women of rank.

MELBA CO. NEW YORK PARIS CHICAGO TORONTO

MELBA PREPARATIONS
EMBRACE ALL THE THINGS
NEEDED TO MAKE YOUR
BEAUTY MORE BEWITCHING

MELBA

The famous Peter Pan discovered Douglas MacLean in a student play and gave him his first role

Trouping with Maude Adams

By Douglas MacLean

TO reminisce of Maude Adams is to conjure up the picture of the most gentle lady I have ever known. Beloved—almost worshipped—by those who know her, she holds a unique place in the history of the stage. Insofar as I know, she is without an enemy and she has never failed to win the love and respect of even the most casual acquaintances.

It was a medieval sword that really led to my first meeting with Miss Adams—a meeting which resulted in my initial stage engagement.

I was a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. At the conclusion of my senior term, my class, following a custom as old as the Academy, prepared to present its graduating play. We chose "The Isle of Dreams" and I was cast for the youthful lover of this colorful romance.

The prospect of facing a theater full of people for the first time clad in the doublet and hose of the play's period and wearing the wig and sword which the role demanded was an alarming one. Since I couldn't change the costume, I decided to familiarize myself with it as much as possible. Everyone in the cast thought I was crazy when I appeared at the first rehearsal clad in full costume—including the sword. But I wore every item of the costume at every rehearsal. The inevitable happened; I ceased to be self-conscious about my exposed legs. And best of all, I learned to handle that confounded sword so that it never once tripped me, never

Beloved, almost worshipped by those who knew her, Maude Adams holds a unique place in the history of the stage. She never failed to win the love and respect of even the most casual acquaintances



Douglas MacLean was a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts when Miss Adams chanced to watch him in one of the school's productions



got in the way when I sat down and never banged the knees of the other players.

The Academy's productions are always well attended by the theatrical profession and there were dozens of stage notables in the audience when the curtain rose on our "Isle of Dreams." Maude Adams was one of this group, although, with the modesty which has always been one of her outstanding characteristics, she remained almost unrecognized even in a theater crowded with people who knew her.

So I was totally unprepared for the message which I received after the final curtain fell. It was from Miss Adams' manager and conveyed an invitation to meet her following her own professional appearance that evening.

It is difficult to describe a first meeting with Maude Adams without sounding mawkish or foolishly sentimental. But that same rare quality that never failed to bring a roar of assenting response from hard-boiled audiences to her Peter Pan query, "Do you believe in fairies?" always worked its charm in personal meetings. In two minutes after I had been introduced by her manager I was her devoted slave.

Miss Adams explained at that first meeting that she was planning to go on tour in the near future in "The Legend of Leonore" and that she wanted to use a one act play called "Rosalind," written for her by Sir James M. Barrie, as a curtain raiser. There was a part in "Rosalind" that she thought I might [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



What was the Best Picture of 1925?

Will Hays on Gold Medal

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is performing a real service to motion pictures by awarding a gold medal each year to the production which its readers select as the best photoplay of the year.

You direct thought to the many fine pictures, with wholesome and happy results. In addition, the award is proper recognition for work well done and is worthy tribute to producers, director, actors, and others who have given their talents to the making of the picture.

In the year just past the most significant feature in the motion picture industry has been the rapid development of man power. In increasing numbers, actors, directors, scenario writers of ability have developed their art. Anything that bestows recognition on these men and women deserves commendation by the public and the industry itself.

Sincerely yours,

WILL H. HAYS.



The
Award
of 1924

VOTING for the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor, for the best motion picture of 1925, will close on October 1. Have you voted yet? Since the announcement of the opening of the voting was made in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY, the editorial offices have been deluged with ballots. Interest in the now celebrated award of PHOTOPLAY never appears to have been keener and the winning motion picture seems likely to draw a record vote.

For five years PHOTOPLAY has given its annual award. The first Medal of Honor, for 1920, was awarded to "Humoresque." "Tol'able David" captured the medal of 1921. The 1922 medal went to "Robin Hood." "The Covered Wagon" won the award of 1923 and the medal for 1924 was given to "Abraham Lincoln."

PHOTOPLAY wishes to point out again that the award lies entirely in the hands of its readers. Each year PHOTOPLAY's readers are asked to award the gold medal to the producer who,

in their minds, has come nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography. The record of five years shows how well PHOTOPLAY's readers have made their awards.

What was the best picture of 1925? This year the readers of PHOTOPLAY are facing a harder problem than in any of the past five years. Many screen dramas of unusual merit appeared during the twelve months of 1925 and the award will be awaited with high interest by the entire film world.

Naturally you have your favorite film of 1925 and you will want to cast your vote for it. Please remember, however, that you must vote before October 1. On this page, in order to refresh your memory, is a list of fifty leading pictures released during 1925. You need not limit your selection to this list, of course. You can vote for any picture released between January 1, 1925, and December 31, 1925.

Simply fill out the coupon on this page and mail it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1925.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1925

<i>Are Parents People?</i>	<i>Kiss For Cinderella</i>	<i>Pony Express</i>
<i>Beggar on Horseback</i>	<i>Kiss Me Again</i>	<i>Road to Yesterday</i>
<i>Big Parade</i>	<i>Lady</i>	<i>Sally</i>
<i>Charley's Aunt</i>	<i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i>	<i>Sally of the Sawdust</i>
<i>Chickie</i>	<i>Last Laugh</i>	<i>Siege</i>
<i>Coast of Folly</i>	<i>Little Annie Rooney</i>	<i>Shore Leave</i>
<i>Dark Angel</i>	<i>Lord Jim</i>	<i>Sky Rocket</i>
<i>Don Q</i>	<i>Lost World</i>	<i>Stage Struck</i>
<i>Drusilla With a Million</i>	<i>Mannequin</i>	<i>Stella Dallas</i>
<i>Freshman</i>	<i>Merry Widow</i>	<i>That Rolye Girl</i>
<i>Gold Rush</i>	<i>Midshipman</i>	<i>Trouble With Wives</i>
<i>Goose Woman</i>	<i>Mme. Sans-Gene</i>	<i>Thundering Herd</i>
<i>Graustark</i>	<i>Never Say Die</i>	<i>Unholy Three</i>
<i>Her Sister From Paris</i>	<i>Never the Twain Shall Meet</i>	<i>Vanishing American</i>
<i>Introduce Me</i>	<i>Meet</i>	<i>Wanderer</i>
<i>Isn't Life Wonderful?</i>	<i>Paths to Paradise</i>	<i>Womanhanded</i>
<i>King on Main Street</i>	<i>Phantom of the Opera</i>	<i>Zander the Great</i>

Your Sheerest, Gayest Gowns

Your filmiest, daintiest things . . .

Wear them now without hesitancy or a moment's doubt



This NEW way solves women's oldest hygienic problem as the women of constant social or business activity would have it solved . . . exquisitely, and by ending the uncertainty of makeshift methods . . . ending, too, the bother and embarrassment of disposability.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FRESH, charming, immaculate, all day and every day beyond all doubt or question—this new way is bringing it to millions.

In your life, it will make a great and refreshing difference. It will end the doubts and uncertainties of the old-time sanitary pad. It gives back the days women used to lose.

Eight in every 10 women in the better walks of American social and business life have adopted it. Doctors urge it. Highest authorities approve it. Virtually every great hospital uses it.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in wartime France first discovered it. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Kotex also deodorizes by a new secret disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. 60% of many ills, according to many medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. 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



1 No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



2 Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 15 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



3 Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



HE plays the reckless younger generation—on and off the screen. Little Clara Bow got her name in the papers recently when Robert Savage, untamed Yale student, tried to kill himself because Clara wouldn't marry him. In the subsequent trial—everything seems to get to court these days—Robert testified that Clara kissed him so fervently that he was laid up with a sore jaw for two days. And now Clara says that the more she sees of men, the better she likes dogs.

You can Look Younger

By using the tone of this rouge that gives the perfect, natural coloring of lovely girlhood.

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 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 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 complexions. And when they use the right shade of Pompeian Bloom they achieve the wholly natural effect they desire.

Rouge to match the various skin tones must be a blend of several colors. Pompeian Bloom comes in five scientifically blended shades—scientifically blended because Pompeian chemists know that complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of many.

From the shade chart below you can easily select your particular shade of Pompeian Bloom. Listed there is your type of complexion together with the shade of Pompeian Bloom that marches it perfectly.

SHADE CHART for selecting your shade 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 brilliancy of your complexion, the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.



The intriguing beauty of olive skin and dark brown hair is always enhanced by the rich color of the damask rose. If you are this type you may use Pompeian Bloom in the *Dark* tone or the *Oriental* Tint for this enchanting effect.

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.

If you really want your color to look natural, try Pompeian Bloom. 60c at all toilette counters (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom.



He watched her as the sun slanted down on her pretty face and felt an impulse to tell her she was like a rose. Even in the most scrutinizing light Pompeian Bloom has the natural glow of youth—an effect every woman can achieve.

30 Applications
of Pompeian Bloom
for only 10c

AM I not right in stressing the importance of matching your skin-tone? I urge you to act on this advice—urge you to let your own eyes convince you how much more charming and natural in appearance Pompeian Bloom will make your

cheeks. To make this trial easy and convenient for you, I have persuaded The Pompeian Laboratories to let me make this unusual offer:

Send me 10c and the coupon. I will send you a trial cake of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications in a dainty little container, not too big to be carried in your purse; and in addition a liberal sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Tear off the coupon *now*, before you turn the page.

Madame Jeannette,
THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2913 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Pompeian Bloom and Powder.

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Shade of rouge wanted.....

Black Magic *from* Rex Ingram



Alice Terry
as *Margaret
Dauncey*

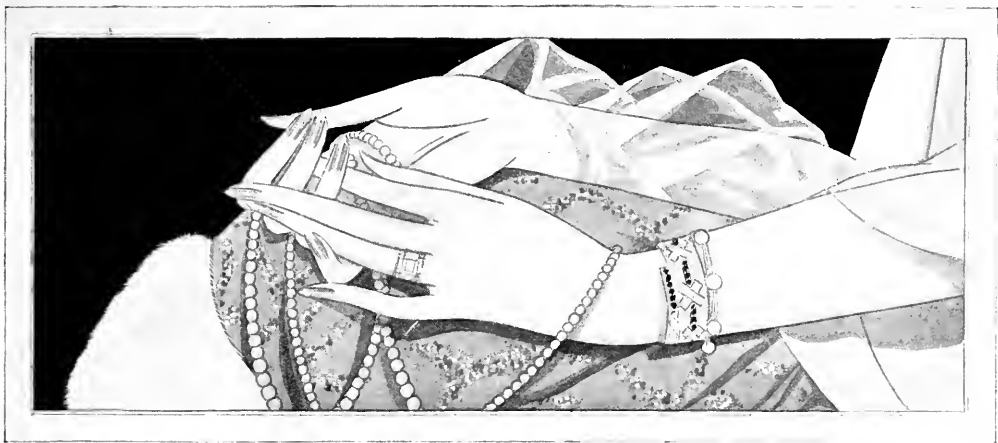
Rex Ingram has completed his screen version of Somerset Maugham's "The Magician" at his studio in Nice, France. Here *Margaret Dauncey* (Alice Terry) is a prisoner, strapped to the operating table of *Oliver Haddo* (Paul Wegener). *Haddo* is about to experiment with an old formula for the creation of human life



Before carrying out his dire experiment, *Oliver Haddo* hypnotizes *Margaret*. In her trance, *Margaret* fancies she sees the dance of *Pan* in a forest. *Stowitts*, the American dancer, plays *Pan*

Rex Ingram himself. The print of his "The Magician," has just arrived in America. It has an unusual cast including Paul Wegener, the famous star of "The Golem"





MARJORIE MOSS, the lovely English dancer at the Club Mirador, New York, says: "Naturally my finger tips must be as smooth and shapely as the daintiest care can make them. Cutex keeps them exquisitely groomed."

This dainty liquid SHAPES YOUR CUTICLE

SHAPING the cuticle—rounding it into perfect ovals—is for many women the most difficult part of the manicure.

Everyone finds it so easy to shape the tips prettily and give the nails a nice polish. But the cuticle is a living, growing thing that changes every day. It grows up tight over the nails, hiding the half-moon—splits, and its nice smooth curve is lost in a few days of neglect.

What a contrast from the smooth ovals and lovely half-moons of hands in which the cuticle is constantly cared for.

For this essential Northam Warren has perfected a dainty antiseptic that softens

It is the method to achieve Perfect Ovals and lovely Half-Moons, used by beautiful women everywhere

the cuticle and smooths away its roughnesses so you can shape it in lovely ovals. It is Cutex! Use it once or twice each week. And particularly on occasions when your hands are going to be noticed especially.

Follow, yourself, the method that beautiful women everywhere depend on.

Shaping the cuticle—Dip an orange stick in Cutex. Twist a bit of cotton around the end and dip in the bottle again. Now work carefully around the nail base—gently freeing the dead skin and pushing the rim back into lovely ovals—revealing the dainty half-moons. All the untidy dead skin wipes easily away.

Bleaching the tips—Pass the orange stick, still wet with Cutex, under the tips. This liquid

is also a wonderful bleach and removes stains on the fingers and under the tips. To give an extra white finish, smooth the least bit of Nail White under each nail tip.

A cream for the cuticle—Now with your finger tip rub a little Cutex Cuticle Cream into the nail base. Its oils are easily absorbed and keep the cuticle from drying.

For the final touch there are a number of splendid Cutex polishes to choose from—Cake, Powder, or the lasting Liquid Polish.

Cutex Sets from 35c to \$5.00. Separate preparations 35c wherever toilet goods are sold. Or see the special offer. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-9 85 St. Alexander Street, Montreal, Canada.

NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London



MARTHE REGNIER

fascinating French actress and modiste of noted artistic ability, says: "On my dressing table I never fail to have a complete Cutex outfit. Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps my nails shapely and Cutex Liquid Polish gives them that jewel-like quality. I always notice the beautifully kept nails of my American clients and know that they have used Cutex."



VALENTINE TESSIER

This charming French actress appearing at the Théâtre de la Michodière in Paris, says: "The smart Parisienne, especially if she is of the theatre, is exquisitely fastidious in every detail of her grooming. To have my nails gleaming, ivory-tipped, is my special delight. It is Cutex Cuticle Remover that has always kept their boundaries so graceful."

SEND 10c with coupon for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream, Brush, Emery Board, orange stick and cotton.



NORTHAM WARREN,
114 West 17th Street, New York

Dept. Q-9

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for Introductory Set.



Friendly
Advice on

from

Carolyn Van Wyck

Girls' Problems

DEAR Carolyn Van Wyck:
How can I know that the man I love is the right man for me to marry? I am twenty years old. I live at home, but am self-supporting. I am in love, quite madly in love with a man four years my senior. He is a professional man, quite as intelligent and capable as he is handsome, with the most devastating personality I have ever encountered. He certainly has the "IT" Mme. Glyn demands. Qualities that would be annoying in others are utterly charming in him. Women pursue him all the time and consequently he is bored, conceited and fickle. He flatters every girl he meets and later boasts of his conquests. He points a warning finger at me and promises to spank me if he should catch me acting as the others do. That is his attitude toward me and yet he is really so boyish and enthusiastic. His pep and spontaneity never end. Oh, Carolyn, he is so charming and I adore him.

Still, my family object. They point out that he drinks somewhat and that he is spoiled with feminine attentions. But don't tell me to forget him. I can't. He has asked me to marry him. Should I, Carolyn? By what standards can I judge whether such a marriage would be a safe one for me?
T. S.

How to choose the right man to marry.

Here, certainly, is every girl's problem, a problem made difficult because so many times the emotion called love quarrels with the quality called common sense.

Poor, worried T. S. You convince me of one thing—that you are quite as much in love as you say. Your letter breathes love for this attractive man who possesses such a muddle of qualities, both good and bad.

I judge this "boy friend" has charm, vitality, enthusiasm and a nice trick of talking. These are very important and delightful qualities. They are very potent for making a girl fall in love. But marriage is so different from young love. It is of both sterner and finer stuff. When it comes to choosing a husband you must consider, first of all, the lasting qualities of the man. The world well lost for love is very

romantic. Sometimes it is very beautiful, but most of us want to live in the world, to have our share of it and not be forced to sacrifice it for love.

First of all, my girls, I think you should be proud of the man you marry, very proud of him down deep in your hidden heart if you want to live happily ever after, as the fairy stories phrase it.

If you are proud of him, are you also proud of his family? Not on any snobbish grounds of money or family name, though those surely do help in making a happy marriage, but on the grounds of good health, good name and good clean living? Or if his family is not good, has he so risen above it that the old environment won't pull him down, but give him urge to go

Further in the line of affections, how well does his family like him? Is he popular with his own people? If he is the kind of a man who makes a good husband he will be the kind of a son a mother boasts about.

Next, what are his prospects? Judged not by conversation or hope, is his present earning capacity much less or much more than it probably will be when he is thirty-five? Does he love his work and attack it with enthusiasm? Does he give an honest day's service for a good day's pay? Has he genuine ability in some one line, preferably in the line of endeavor he has chosen? Quarrels over money have wrecked more marriages than the loss of love ever has.

Then, for yourself, T. S., and all you other girls troubled with this problem, decide on what kind of a life you want. You must decide whether a simple existence, a jazz holiday or years of quiet accomplishment are what you want your marriage to produce. The life you want and the life your fiance aspires to should be the same. If there is a divergence in your main objective, one or the other of you is going to suffer in the future.

And finally, are there qualities in him that will bring you successfully through that period that comes in all marriages, when the honeymoon infatuation must change either to diminished ardor or lasting love? Is he the kind of man sensitive enough to want to make you happy, to face sacrifices of his immediate happiness for your mutual happiness? And are you enough in love with him to do the same? And to make up for the loss of general feminine flattery, can you and will you work hard enough to be the only girl?

Frankly, T. S., this man you describe doesn't sound like a good marriage risk to me. A nice chap to know, to play around with, even to flirt with, but not to marry.

The right background, the sensitiveness that means true courtesies, good friends, excellent prospects. These qualities, added to the aura of love and romance, a good husband must have as life guards for your love for one another.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

The Best Man to Marry Is This Month's Problem

WRITE me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

In addition, I have had printed for you booklets on the care of the skin and reducing. The eight page, illustrated booklet on reducing costs ten cents. The other is free.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

up in the scale of life and become a strong, mature personality?

Who are his friends—not his women friends, but his men friends? Are they the progressive, distinguished men, or the wastrels? Or are only women fond of him? Beware of the man or the woman popular only with the opposite sex. Both sexes have tricks to fool the other that won't deceive their own.



Beauty— safeguard it

Do as all the world is doing—preserve the natural loveliness, which even sunlight cannot rob of its charm, by following this proved rule in skin care

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for one purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap, and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

A BEAUTIFUL complexion lost is hard to call back again. A beautiful complexion safeguarded, and made more beautiful, is a simple matter in skin care.

Women all over the world have found that to be true. The thousands of pretty skins you see everywhere today overwhelmingly prove the point. Nature's way is the only true complexion insurance.

Start by ending artificial ways in skin care. Follow natural ways as foremost skin authorities urge. The most widely advised skin care of today starts with the *proved rule* below. Just the simple rule of keeping the pores open, and the skin gently cleansed every day, with the soothing lather of Palmolive.

*Follow this rule for one week—
Note then the changes in your skin*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather 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 one 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.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

When vacation time
has come again—and you're
off in your car for the land
of carefree outdoors
—have a Camel!



Camels are sold wherever civilization has its stores. If going into the deep woods or far back in the mountains where trade and people have not come, better take several cartons of Camels with you. You'll find "Have a Camel" the password to friendliness, everywhere.

WHEN glad vacation time again is here. Ah, then—when straight ahead lie the great woods and sparkling waters of your own outdoors—have a Camel!

For each happy day is more satisfying, more restful for the companionship of Camels. Camels have never been known to tire the taste—they are made of such choice tobaccos. Camels are so perfectly blended that they never leave a cigarette after-taste. Rolled into Camels is the utmost in cigarette goodness and enjoyment.

So as you start away for a deserved vacation. As the long road calls you on to unexplored land. When each day you feel more joyously rested—taste then the perfect contentment. When it's your right to be happy, have the best cigarette made, regardless of price.

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
Winston-Salem, N. C.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

C. E., FORT MADISON, IOWA.—Thelma Parr was born in Grant's Pass, Oregon, October 10, 1906. Ever hear of the place? It's new to me. Nevertheless, that's Thelma's story. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., November 17, 1906. That's her real name. Alberta Vaughn—another real name—was born in Ashland, Ky., June 27, 1906. You see, they are all about the same age. Alma and Ricardo divorced? Mercy no! Why, they just stepped to the altar. Allene Ray and Walter Miller are married—but not to each other. Richard Talmadge is about 28 years old. Now bring along your next batch of questions.

J. O AND HELEN PAT, NEAR CHICAGO.—How near? Also how come? Dorothy Sills is about sixteen years old. *Qui, elle est bien gentille.* See? I can rattle a little French myself.

J. R., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Ben Lyon was born February 6, 1901. Dark blue eyes. You may reach Renee Adoree and John Gilbert at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PEG O' MY HEART, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—I'll never do it again. Thanks for your trust. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, August 10, 1904. Address May McAvoy at the Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. Carmel Myers has no children. Virginia Marshall is about six years old. I don't know where Marie Osborne is at present. Paging Marie Osborne!

SUNNY, GILROY, CALIF.—You got me wrong, lady. Old in years—old in experience. But I have had my face lifted. Address Ronald Colman at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif., if you think you cannot live without his photograph.

L. L. F., LIVONIA, N. Y.—It's a real pleasure. Renee Adoree is said to be engaged to Rudolph Friml, the composer. Also said to be engaged to Gaston Glass. She was divorced from Tom Moore—that much is positive, anyway. Pola Negri has nice, long eyelashes and they are naturally dark, but she uses the heavy make-up for pictures. She plays them these sort of roles. Miss Adoree's eyes are blue. Sure enough, you get your wish. Rudy goes back to the desert in "The Son of the Sheik."

M. S., BINGHAM, CONN.—Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. Address her at United Artists, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Marion Davies works at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Marion was born January 1, 1900.

V. F. D., DUNSMUIR, CALIF.—The Paramount School is at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, Astoria, L. I.

I. R., SAND POINT, IDAHO.—Don't go to Hollywood. Jack Holt is married. He was born in Winchester, Va., and educated in the same state. However, he has lived in the west a number of years. Six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. And born May 13, 1888.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY, MONTREAL, CANADA.—I bet it's a nice alley. Think of remaining heart whole for so long and then falling so hard and for so many? Roy D'Arcy was born in San Francisco, February 10, 1894. Married—and very recently. Adolphe Menjou was born in Pittsburgh. That's where he first saw the light of day—only he didn't see it until he was ten years old. That's a bad joke on the smoky city. Anyway, Adolphe was born February 18, 1891. Vilma Banky is from Budapest, Hungary. Born January 9, 1903. Vilma is single; Adolphe's divorce is pending. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1906. Not married.

LONESOME LOU, LEWISTON, IDAHO.—Why be lonesome when you can write to the Answer Man? Although handsome and popular, I crave letters. Clara Bow is twenty-one years old and was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. The exact date of her birth is July 20, 1905. Write to her at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Merna Kennedy plays her first important role in Chaplin's comedy, "The Circus."

ROSEMARY, TULSA, OKLA.—William Boyd was born in Cambridge, O., but educated in Oklahoma, so perhaps he did live in Tulsa. His newest picture is "The Last Frontier." Boyd has been in pictures several years, but he has only lately come into prominence. He is five feet, eight inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Blonde hair and blue eyes.

FRANCES D., HIGH POINT, N. C.—That's his real name and he is twenty-six years old. Not married. Write to him at the Fox Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Send a quarter with your request. Sounds as though somebody has a bad case on George O'Brien.

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.

G. C., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Marion Nixon may be reached at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif. She was born October 20, 1904 in Superior, Wis. And what a popular young person Marion is getting to be!

R. B., ALLSTON, MASS.—I'll not be bribed or tempted. If that's the way you feel, go right on having a crush on Conrad Nagel. Threats will not make me part with a photograph. So there! Conrad is married—serves you right—to Ruth Helms. I knew Ruth when she worked on PHOTOPLAY. Conrad was born March 16, 1897. Henry Kolker was the bad fellow you mean in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

JACK B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lon Chaney is married to a non-professional. He was born April 1, 1883. Five feet, ten inches high—with his wig off. Brown eyes and black hair.

L. S., REPRESA, CALIF.—Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914. Getting to be a big boy now. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

BILLY D.—Don't make me laugh! How can I go on vacations when you girls are bothering me all the time with questions about Richard, Bill and Ricardo? When I want to rest, I go to a movie. Sure, I try to answer all my letters. Didn't your mother ever tell you not to ask the age of a total stranger? Are you trying to kid an old man? The foreigners get jobs in Hollywood because, in some cases, they are willing to work for less money than American stars. Chasing foreign players and directors is the fad just at present. Some of them are good, of course, but some of them aren't worth their steamship fare to this country. A "find" is a player who makes a big hit in a small part or who has enough personality to get a big role with little or no studio experience. Some are real "finds"; others are just flops. A publicity agent receives anything from fifty dollars a week up—and mostly "up."

B. E., TYLER, TEXAS.—There must be a mistake, somewhere. Since you sent a quarter both times with your request, Mr. Valentino should have sent the picture. Try him at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Richard Barthelmess at the Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

DOT OF WASHINGTON.—If Mae Murray ever heard you say that you'd never have the chance to say it again, Mae is just thirty-three, so she says. La Negri is twenty-nine. You can write her at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Nita Naldi was born in New York City, April 1, 1890.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

Still The Most Eligible Young Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

say, "I have been too busy this year to go at this courting business in the right spirit. For one thing, I made more pictures than I counted on and I have been sticking pretty close to the studio. To tell the truth, there are lots of times when I forget all about marrying at all. But then there are other times when I get tired of being alone and when I envy other fellows with nice homes and congenial wives.

"I have acquired the 'home' part of it—in a way. For the first time in my life I have an apartment of my own. Until last winter I always lived with my folks or in a hotel. But this year, I cut loose and got myself an apart-

that question, at least, is out of the way now.

"But this sounds like a matrimonial 'ad.' And I realize I made a mistake a year ago. A man can't say that he is going to be married within a certain time limit. Nor can he announce he is going wife-hunting. The Right Ones aren't caught that way. And I am going to get the Right One if I have to wait years.

"Maybe some day you'll pick up the newspapers and read 'Octogenarian Character Actor Marries.' Well, that'll be me."

Richard isn't fussy about girls—he likes 'em all. But he doesn't meet very many of them. Most of the girls he knows are associated with

The Shadow

Perhaps it's a gray hair, a wrinkle or a trace of flabbiness. Just a little hint, but its flickering shadow across your mirror awakens a longing for youth—a longing to have and to hold its appearance over the years to come. Let us prove how simple it is for you to gratify this longing.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

renders an entrancing appearance of youthful freshness. It gives to your complexion that subtle, alluring touch of Oriental Beauty with all its mystic, seductive charm.

The highly astringent properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream keep the skin firm and smooth, discouraging wrinkles and flabbiness. Its antiseptic action maintains a pure, clear complexion, eliminating tan, freckles, muddy skins, redness, etc. A permanent, lasting improvement to your skin and complexion awaits you. Commence its use today.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette St.
New York

THE winners of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest will be announced in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. Of course you have been working on the cut faces and of course you will want to know the results. Remember, you have until midnight, September 20, to send in your solutions. Rules for the contest will be found on page 58.

ment—furnished it myself. I am fond of that apartment and it is great to be the boss of the place. But sometimes, I'd be willing to give up some of the 'boss stuff' just to have it seem less like an apartment and more like a home.

"And I have been saving money. That's another good habit for a man to have if he is thinking seriously of getting married. I have bought some property in New Jersey. Of course, it is a good investment, but it would also be a nice place to build a country home. You see, for years I was shy of marriage because I was afraid I couldn't support a wife. Well,

him in a professional way. Professional friendships may be strong, but they are also apt to be brief. A close working association is apt to kick the glamour of romance early in the courtship. Many movie actresses are good wives, but a studio acquaintance with any of them is not likely to inspire great hopes of domesticity.

"Next year," Richard promises, "I hope to have more time. I'll look about more. But no more bets! It isn't that I am afraid of losing the one hundred dollars, but to put oneself down on record every year as a perennial bachelor—no, that's too much!"



Lucilla Mendez and Ralph Ince had a formal wedding with flowers, rice and a bridal cake. Miss Mendez, who is the daughter of a former president of Venezuela, danced in Broadway musical comedies. Ince, a director, was divorced from Lucille Lee Stewart, sister of Anita

“If you can whistle a tune you can play a Lyon & Healy Sax” —says Richard Dix

“You’re missing half your life if you don’t play a Lyon & Healy Sax. For winning you popularity it can’t be beat. And it’s surprisingly easy to learn to play one. If you’ve got two hands and can whistle a tune you can learn to play one of these new Lyon & Healy Saxophones!”

Richard Dix —



RICHARD DIX, famous screen hero, star in “The Quarterback,” “Say It Again,” “The Vanishing American,” and other notable films, pictured here with his own Lyon & Healy Saxophone —his words are worth listening to. For Dix certainly *knows* the qualities and accomplishments which make a man popular, admired.

For Popularity or Profit the “Sax” Player Wins

Your friends increase as soon as you learn to play the saxophone. You begin to pick and choose your invitations. You never have a dull evening with nothing to do. But if you *want* to stay home, what will be more delightful than an hour or two with your “sax” working up your own moans and “blues” for a popular foxtrot to surprise your crowd?

Thousands of others like yourself who at first played only for pleasure now make good spare time money or big full time money playing in dance orchestras and bands. Your saxophone will open the door to new friendships, luxuries, travel, vacations, leisure for you.

You Learn Quickly on a Lyon & Healy

The simplicity of this popular instrument will amaze you! You will be playing tunes soon after you first put your lips to a Lyon & Healy mouthpiece. That’s because—with our sixty years’ experience—we have simplified the fingering, made it second nature for you. The keys are at your finger tips.

Movie stars like Richard Dix, famous actors, athletes—fellows like yourself without any special musical ability—these men select the Lyon & Healy because it is *so easy to play*.

Leading professional saxophone players in the nation’s finest orchestras choose the Lyon & Healy because of its extremely accurate adjustment, improvements in key action for hair-trigger finger work, perfection in pitch and resonant and mellow tones. The tone qualities of this fine instrument are noticeably truer

and clearer in the lower register—which in other saxophones is a troublesome “vibration point.” Remember, the Lyon & Healy Saxophone is made and guaranteed by the most famous musical house in America!

Send Us No Money We Trust You

Time payments for a Lyon & Healy Saxophone are so easy that many write us they pay for theirs out of the *extra* pocket money they make from playing as they pay!

Special Offer If You Write Us Now

Fill in and mail the coupon NOW and we will send you, besides a beautiful booklet describing and describing Lyon & Healy Saxophones and giving their prices, an autographed photograph of Richard Dix together with an exact facsimile of his letter. So mail the coupon today!

Free!

Richard Dix’s own letter and photograph!



FREE Instructions!

To readers of PhotoPlay Magazine who mail us the coupon below we will include FREE with every Lyon & Healy Saxophone the same remarkable New Course of Written Instruction which Richard Dix received. With this course you will learn to play your saxophone quickly and easily.



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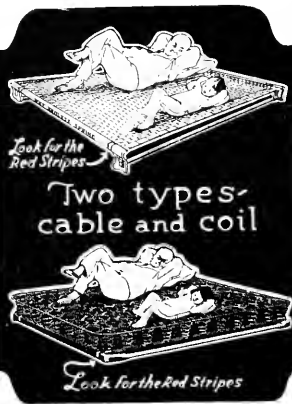
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Marion Davies, a real personality, a blonde with a sense of humor

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

MARION DAVIES is probably the only beauty in the world with a sense of humor.

She has the kind of blonde hair that poets rave about, real violet eyes and a figure that needs no diet. And she thinks she's funny.

She can put on any dress and look like a pastel vision. So she adores doing r'les where she wears boy's clothes.

You can say anything you have ever heard about most beauties and then contradict it and you will have some quality of Marion Davies.

She is the only girl in Hollywood who hasn't a single enemy. She is the only star whom every interviewer raves about, both publicly and privately. She has had publicity that would have turned the head of Cleopatra, but she remains just as shy as she was when she first left school at the Holy Name Convent.

Her beauty has brought her fame and fortune, but she has the same set of girl friends she started with, and a couple thousand more.

Born and bred in New York, she doesn't live up to a bit of the stellar atmosphere, yet she is a real star. And furthermore, she stutters and blushes and has freckles on her nose. She is a real old-fashioned girl who has never married.

Thus you can understand that when everybody wanted her to play beautiful heroines Marion begged to be allowed to put on rough clothes and do slapstick.

Marion started as a dancer in the girl shows—"Words and Music," "Oh, Boy" and "The Follies." When the movies grabbed her, the producers figured the mere sight of her beauty would be sufficient. So they weighted her down with million dollar settings and antique fabrics for one beautiful and dumb costume r'le after another.

"Please let me do comely." Marion would plead when she caught her breath between productions. She kept it up so persistently they finally gave her "When Knighthood was in Flower" in which for the first time she played a part quite true to herself, a laughing, romping, Tudor princess.

That started her real career. She did "Little Old New York," "Adam and Eva," "Zander, the Great" and "The Lights of Old Broadway," pictures in which bit by bit she perfected her comedy technique.

Then she went to Hollywood. She had always been a New York star and the industry speculated on whether or not she would thrive in the jealousy-heated atmosphere of the West Coast. Marion went and pulled a Caesar. She saw and conquered. Just as unspooled as ever, she picked up the crown of Hollywood and became its queen.

As for her work, she played "Beverly of Graustark," a part that might have been sappy sentimental. But Marion put her sense of humor into it and made it into a box-office hit.

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250 Art Portraits of Leading Moving Picture Stars

Beautiful Art Portraits reproduced in Rotogravure from the latest and best photographs, on Primoplate paper. Handsome dark blue book binding with gold lettering. The portraits are alphabetically arranged, and below each is printed a clear and comprehensive sketch of the career of each star presented. Altogether, the volume constitutes a combined art gallery and brief biography of all the leading players.

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Just fill out the coupon below, enclose your check or money order for only \$1.25 and a copy will be mailed to you to any part of the United States or Canada. Will mail C. O. D. if desired. If it does not come up to your expectations or if you are not more than satisfied with it, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

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This book will be a big help to contestants in the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest now being conducted by Photoplay Magazine.

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"Brings out the natural beauty of the figure," says



Anna Q. Nilsson

now starring in "Midnight Lovers"

TO make the most of the natural beauty of your figure; to enhance it to the best advantage—that is every woman's duty. It calls for a support which fits the body perfectly at all times.

The P. N. Practical Front with its Comfortable Elastic Feature* is a revelation in corset comfort. It takes the strain off tired muscles and thus prevents fatigue. And it gives a fresh fitting each day of its use.

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Practical Front
The Custom-Crafted Look



Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner and the three little Warners. Mr. Warner boasts that the children are promising playwrights. They write little plays and act in them whenever they can find a willing audience. Warner, who made a great hit in "Silence," has been cast to play the rôle of the *Nazarene* in Cecil De Mille's production, "The King of Kings"

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

visiting the Barthelme set where Olcott was directing "The Amateur Gentleman," a story laid in England. The scene called for a flock of London "bobbies" and Olcott megaphoned: "Bring on the 'Bow Street runners!'"

Lady Peel gasped and said: "'Bow Street runners?' Why, I say, my husband's father organized them. And they called them 'bobbies,' too, because his name was 'Sir Robert.'"

THE Fox studio in New York will be reopened after being dark for many months. Fox has some big plays and some big directors and he will need plenty of room in which to work. The first of the Coast players to arrive in New York was Madge Bellamy, who will play the lead in "Summer Bachelors," a Warner Fabian story which will be directed by Allan Dwan.

CONTRARY to all reports, Alyce Mills will not play the leading feminine rôle in Richard Dix's new film, "The Quarterback." Esther Ralston gets the part, and Alyce has gone to the Coast on other business. There were some vague rumors that Richard and Alyce might marry, but evidently somebody changed his or her mind and now it's all off.

Miss Ralston came East with her husband, George Webb, and the pretty blonde has taken an apartment on Park Avenue, which means that she will probably live in New York all winter.

JACKIE COOGAN took a young friend to see Mary and Doug in their joint program—"Sparrows" and "The Black Pirate"—at Grauman's Egyptian, Hollywood's famous theater.

Jackie had seats on the aisle well down in front. As the young star is still so small that the ordinary opera

chair is too low to give him a comfortable view of the screen, he and his companion turned the seats up and sat on the edge.

This made Jackie as high as the man sitting directly behind him.

"Am I in your way?" politely asked Jackie of the customer behind him.

"Not at all," the gentleman replied.

"I would be if I had on a high hat," countered young Coogan, and the man who paid to see Doug and Mary was out for the night.

ALLA NAZIMOVA is back in her Beverly Hills home again. If present plans go through, the Nazimova estate on Sunset Boulevard will shortly become big income property and the actress can snap her fingers at the future. The deal will mean a comfortable income for Nazimova.

The actress, by the way, says she isn't going to appear on the stage on the coast right now. Largely because California managers insist upon Sunday performances.

Nazimova, incidentally, will be the subject of a striking interview in next month's PHOTOPLAY. The article will be by Adela Rogers St. Johns, who understands Hollywood better than any of its commentators.

CAN you imagine such modesty? And in the picture business, too.

Was talking with Myrtle Stedman on the set the other day. Her son's Lincoln Stedman, you know.

A thought struck me. Unusual first name. Perhaps it was Myrtle's family name, Lincoln. So I asked her. And sure enough it was.

So I asked another question. "Any relation to Abraham Lincoln?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]

The man who thought a buggy was good enough

IN THE old days, a solid, conservative citizen might sniff and tell you he didn't read advertising.

He didn't think so much of the horseless carriage, either. The telephone was newfangled, and an insult to the United States mails.

As for radio, aeroplanes, wireless photography—if they had been born then, he probably would have thought them a bit immoral.

But he's changed. He's been educated. His point of view has been made broader and more modern. He has been civilized—by the automobile, the telephone, radio, advertising.

Every single one has opened up new paths for him, taught him new things. Advertising, especially. Advertising tells him the newest things to wear, the best things to eat. Advertising tells his wife how to make a home up to date and attractive. Advertising tells him the prices to pay for things he buys, saves him from the old-fashioned ways of doing business—helps him live well, keeps him modern.

Advertising can help you. The advertisements in this magazine are here to tell you many things that make life more comfortable, more interesting, happier. Read them faithfully. They'll keep you abreast of the times. They'll prevent you from becoming the type of old fogy who—sniff!—doesn't read advertising.



Advertising is the key to modernity

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3800 Mission Road.

Lloyd Ingraham directing "Come on Charlie" with Edward Everett Horton.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1424 Beachwood Drive.

Ben Wilson directing and playing the lead in "The Sheriff's Girl."

Larry Underwood directing "The Red Bandanna" with Bob Reeves.

Francis Corby directing Buddy Messenger and Betty Franceo in a series of comedies.

Jimmie Clemens directing "Rolling His Own" with Billy Claders.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Boulevard.

Jack Duffy, Billy Dooley and Jimmie Adams all working on two-reel comedies.

Scott Sidney completing "The Nervous Wreck" with Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Henry King completing "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Wm. K. Howard directing "White Gold" with Jetta Goudal.

Paul Sloane directing "Corporal Kate" with Vera Reynolds.

Cecil B. De Mille directing "The King of Kings" with Joseph Schildkraut and H. B. Warner.

Rupert Julian directing "The Yankee Clipper" with William Royd and Elinor Fair.

James Horn directing "The Cruise of Jasper B" with Rod La Rocque.

COLUMBIA PICTURES, 1438 Gower Street.

Frank R. Strayer directing "My Wife's Husbands" with Johnny Arthur and Dorothy Revier.

F. B. O. STUDIO, 780 Gower Street.

Ralph Ince directing "Princess Pro Tem" with Evelyn Brent.

Reeves Eason directing "Is That Nice" with George O'Hara.

Robert DeLaacy directing "Out of the West" with Tom Tyler.

Noel Mason directing "For Health's Sake" with Richard Talmadge.

FINE ARTS, 4500 Sunset Boulevard.

Archie Mayo directing "Unknown Treasure" with Robert Agnew.

Al Rozell directing "Ride Him Cowboy" with Reed Howes.

King Baggott completing "Johnnie Get Your Hair Cut" with Jackie Coogan.

Harry Garson directing "The Wild Bull of the Campus" with Lefty Flynn.

Lorimer Johnston directing "The Conscientious Objector" with Peter of Hollywood.

FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, Burbank, Cal.

Charles Brabin directing "Twinklitoes" with Colleen Moore.

Sylvano Hahnol directing "The Masked Woman" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Charlie Murray.

Alfred Green directing "The Desperate Woman" with Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes.

John Dillon directing "Men of the Dawn" with Mithu Pillon and May Allison.

Richard Wallace directing "Ashes" with Corinne Griffith and Tom Moore.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 1400 N. Western Ave.

Eddie Wills playing in "Lying Tamers."

Loe Tellegen will direct "His Wife's Honor." Cast not named.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Our Gang working on comedies.

LASKY STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Wm. William directing "Wines" with Charles Farrell and Clara Bow.

Roland V. Lee directing "Hotel Imperial" with Pola Negri.

Marshall Nellan directing "The Weario" of the Green" with Betty Bronson

Frank Tuttle completing "Kid Boots" with Eddie Cantor, Natalie Kingston, Clara Bow and Larry Gray.

John Walters directing "Florina River" with Arlette Marchal, Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Reginald Barker directing "The Flaming Forest" with Antonio Moreno and Renee Adoree.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "Polly With a Past" with Norma Shearer.

John M. Stahl directing "The Great Galeoto" with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue.

Lewis Milestone completing "The Mountain Lad" with Harold Lloyd A Harold Lloyd Production (Paramount).

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Johnny Burke, Thelma Parr, Thelma Hill, Vernon Dent, Barbara Tennant, Ruth Hiatt, Raymond McKee, Janet Royce, Andy Clyde, Ben Fredericks, Madeline Hurlock, Danny O'Shea, Marvin Lohach and Barney Hellum all playing in two-reelers.

Larry Semon directing Alice Day and Danay O'Shea in a comedy.

TEC ART STUDIO, 5360 Melrose Avenue.

Sidney Oleott completing "Four Feathers" with Richard Barthelmess

UNITED STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Avenue.

Alan Crosland directing "Francois Villon" with John Barrymore and Vilma Banky.

Fred Niblo directing Rudolph Valentino in a story based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Harry Edwards directing "The Collegians" with George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver and Eddie Phillips.

Ray Taylor directing "Whispering Smith Rides" with Rose Blossom, Francis McDonald.

Lois Weber directing "The Sentience Seekers" with Billie Dove.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5541 Melrose Avenue.

Paul L. Stein completing "My Official Wife" with Irene Rich.

Lloyd Bacon directing "What Happened to Father" with Vera Gordon and George Sidney.

Roy Del Ruth directing "Across the Pacific" with Monte Blue, Jane Winton and Myrna Loy.

Herman Raymaker directing "The Gay Old Bird" with Willard Louis and Louisa Fazenda.

EAST COAST

FOX STUDIOS, 55th Street and 10th Avenue, New York City.

Allan Dwan directing "Summer Bachelors" with Madge Bellamy and Matt Moran.

Work will soon start on "The Auctioneer" with Geo. Sidney.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

Mal St. Clair directing "The Canadian" with Thomas Meighan

Herbert Brenon directing "God Gave Me Twenty Cents" with Lois Moran.

Fred Newmeyer directing "The Quarterback" with Richard Dix and Esther Raalston.

Production has been discontinued on "Glorifying the American Girl."

TEC ART STUDIOS, 332 West 44th Street, New York City.

Charles Hines directing "The Knickerbocker Kid" with Johnny Hines.

Wesley Ruggles directing "A Man of Quality" with George Walsh.

LONDON

Frank Borzage will soon start work on "One Increasing Purpose" with Edmund Lowe and Virginia Valli.

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1389 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 3th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1660 Broadway, New York City.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

And she is.
 "But why has this never come out before, Myrtle?" I asked. You see, question asking had sort of become a habit.
 "Well, no one ever asked me before. So I never told them."
 Perfectly simple, isn't it? But if I were related to the great Liberator—anywhere within a million miles—I'd be shouting it from the house tops.

THEY certainly must appreciate their newest director, Clarence Brown, down at the M-G-M studios, for Brown, who made "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge, and "The Eagle" with Valentino, has been handed the directorial plum of the year.
 Brown is to have both John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, the Swedish sensation, for the principal rôles in his first production, "Flesh and the Devil." This should prove a really great combination.

Perhaps these two principals in his first picture was part of the inducement offered when M-G-M succeeded in signing Brown to a contract with Paramount and other companies also making earnest advances toward securing Brown's services.

IT doesn't take the great extra army long to get wind that a director is casting. As I sat in Brown's office talking over the new picture, the telephone almost drove us frantic. And this is the conversation I overheard so many times I could easily play the part myself:
 "Hello, is Mr. Brown in?"
 "No," answered Brown, "Mr. Brown is not in."

"Is Mr. Brown casting today?"
 "No, Mr. Brown has gone fishing today," replied Clarence.
 Of course the last line varied somewhat, and "hunting," "the ball game," "in conference" and "on location" were substituted for the fishing trip, for Brown certainly has imagination or he couldn't make the pictures he does.



Looks like Wallie Reid, doesn't he? Yes, the resemblance is rather astonishing. The Reid double is Arnold Gray, who is to be featured in Metropolitan Pictures. He is looked upon as something of a find

FREE
 10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon



It's Film

That makes your teeth look "off color" and invites decay and gum troubles

(Run your tongue across your teeth and you'll feel it!)

Accept, please, this remarkable dental test which firms delicate gums and gives "off-color" teeth dazzling whiteness by removing the dingy film that clouds them

IN a few days you can work a transformation in your mouth this new way. Dazzling whiteness will supplant that "off-color" look of your teeth. Your gums will become firm and take on the healthy coral tint you envy.

FILM . . . the trouble maker

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film, a viscous coat. 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. It is the basis of tartar. Germs by millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and gum disorders.

Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. Regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull—your gums toothless.

*New methods remove it.
 Your Gums become Firm*

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants. Their action is to curdle the film and remove it. Gums become firm and of healthy coral color.

What you see when that film is removed—the dazzling whiteness of your teeth—will delight and amaze you.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method. A few days' use will prove its power beyond doubt.

Mail the coupon. A ten-day tube will be sent you free.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

Canadian Office and Laboratories: Toronto, Canada
 London Office: London, S. E. 1
 The Pepsodent Co., Ltd. Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

FREE Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

Mail Coupon for The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
 10-Day Tube to Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
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Name

Address

Only one tube to a family 2163



Everywhere Society has surrendered to this lovely manicure

In Paris and Vienna, as well as New York. At all the smart pleasure resorts on the continent. At world famous theatres and the most exclusive night clubs. Wherever the Smart Set gathers, one sees this lovely manicure.

Nails with the most bewitching lustre, the most alluring tint. Nails that win instant admiration for the new charm and beauty which they give to even the loveliest hands!

Glazo, the original liquid nail polish, has created this widespread vogue. It is such a marvelous polish! The quickest touch of it across the nails, and instantly they become gleaming, tinted pearls! This lovely finish lasts for several days. It will not crack, peel, or turn an ugly brown. Make sure you're getting Glazo, if you wish to enjoy all these advantages.

Comes with Separate Remover

Another thing! Glazo comes complete with separate remover, an advantage you can have only with the most absurdly priced imported polishes. This separate remover insures the most charming results, and prevents wasting the liquid. Ask your dealer for Glazo. Price 50c.

The Glazo Company, 409 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream. It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy



SHE was beautiful and blonde as actresses are, and her head was buzzing with the names of the hundreds of visiting theater owners. Up hustled a fat individual with widespread palms:

"How-de-do, lady!" he gurgled.

"Remember me?"

She didn't, but a wise-cracking friend at her elbow helped her.

"It's Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle," the friend cued her.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Sims!" she murmured in relief. "And how is Seattle?"

CECIL B. DE MILLE is all set to go on his biggest production, "The King of Kings." And you must give Cecil credit for his daring. Other companies have thought of presenting the Life of Christ on the screen but they were frightened by reports that church-goers and club women—and other reformers—would be prejudiced against the film.

Cecil has sense enough to know that a good picture can create no enemies. Moreover, the success of "The Ten Commandments" taught him the tremendous value of a religious theme.

DE MILLE was most anxious to engage Ramon Novarro to play the rôle of the Nazarene, but Novarro is otherwise engaged and so the rôle has been allotted to H. B. Warner. Carl Laemmle also wanted Novarro for the rôle of *Roméo* opposite Mary Philbin's *Juliet*, but Metro-Goldwyn refused to consider loaning Novarro at any price.

At present Novarro is making "The Great Galooto," by Ekegaray, under the direction of John Stahl. Hereafter, however, he will be presented only in special productions, making not more than two a year.

The first of these will be "Old Heidelberg," which will be filmed on the scale of "The Big Parade." And Joseph Conrad's "Romance" is also scheduled for Novarro. Both King Vidor and John Robertson have been mentioned as directors for these productions.

TO return to Mr. De Mille and his problems of casting players in "The King of Kings." De Mille is said to have offered Gloria Swanson a fabulous salary to play *Mary Magdalene*. Her services would have been required for fifteen weeks and Gloria confesses she would have received enough money to have financed her own production company without any outside aid. But there is only a faint chance that Gloria will take the part and in the meanwhile they do say that Bessie Love is being seriously considered as her substitute. As for the rôle of *Judas*, it will be undertaken by Joseph Schildkraut, heretofore known chiefly as big sheik papa.

OUR favorite motion picture headline of the month appeared recently in a New York newspaper.

Here it is:

**VALENTINO TO BE
SEEN AS CELLINI,
POWERFUL SHEIK.**

WHEN W. C. Fields' comedy, "It's the Old Army Game," opened in New York the critics were none too polite about the story, which they found to be merely a series of gags, some good and some bad.

J. P. McEvoy was credited with the authorship. Now McEvoy may be only an author but he is nobody's fool and he didn't let himself be the goat of the situation.

THE day after the reviews appeared, Mr. McEvoy penned this note to the New York reviewers:

"Would you please make a correction in your columns in the interests of justice? I see in your review you have given me credit for the story of 'It's the Old Army Game.' This is decidedly unfair to the real author, who is entitled to every leaf of laurel he can get.

"It is true I did write the original 'Follies' scenes, which come smiling through occasionally, and it is also true I wrote the original story for this picture, but that script was found several months later, floating in the East River and covered with many purple bruises which,



Did the original Stephen Decatur ever get beauty service like this? Or was his hair naturally curly and therefore immune to damage from the salt sea air? Anyway, Johnnie Walker requires the services of a hairdresser before he goes into scenes for "Old Ironsides!"

according to the police, could have been caused only by some blunt instrument.

"The story you see at the Strand this week is a much more finished, adroit and subtle affair, for it was done by an experienced motion picture author who brought to his task that expert touch so noticeable throughout the entire production. With a modesty hitherto unknown to motion pictures, this craftsman has passed the credit for his superb story to me. I do not wish to seem less generous. I pass it back. And if he still coyly refuses to accept the credit, please try to find some one else who will take it."

AL WILKIE, a friend of mine and the lad who helps make Douglas MacLean famous by being friends with such chaps as me, has been in the hospital for weeks. I dropped in on him the other day to pass a few words of cheer and found him reading "The Magnificent Idler." And it was a present from his boss, Douglas. After finding that Al was still on the MacLean payroll I have been wondering about that book—wondering. Do you suppose Doug meant—? Or perhaps he just couldn't resist his little joke. Anyway Al's back at work now.



Sweet Breath and a Clean Mouth

are immediate results of the regular use of WRIGLEY'S chewing sweets.

And further results, that show later, are: cleaner, sounder teeth, and better digestion!

Particles of food that remain in the teeth are loosened and carried away. Then the mouth is cleansed delightfully by the anti-septic action of the flavoring extract.

The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others — the final touch of refinement.

The joy of the lasting sweet and the flavor of WRIGLEY'S after every meal are additional reasons why you should get its benefit and pleasure.

GAGMEN will be gagmen and if Harry Langdon knew his comedy creators were wasting wise cracks on newlyweds he undoubtedly would dock their wages.

When Hal Conklin, who is one of Langdon's pet mirth manufacturers, married Len Beall he was greeted on their arrival in San Francisco with a flock of wires. Most of them were from his fellow gagmen and several of the horrible examples are quoted below:

"Your house and your father's house burned down last night. The oil well came in dry. Langdon has discharged all his gagmen including yourself. Hope you have a happy honeymoon."

And from another—

"Have broken the news of your wedding to Carolyn, Elizabeth, Agnes, Marion, Fern and Daisy. Everything fine. Anita and Helen threaten to sue for breach of promise. Best of luck."

WALTER PELICAN is working in "The Pidgeon." Pardon! I mean Walter Pidgeon is working for Frank Borzage in "The Pelican." I do wish the boy would change his name because I am forever getting it twisted. But then they say it's a fine old name on the English stage, so maybe he'd better stick to it after all. I'm sure it's his real name, too, for anyone picking out one for himself would certainly select something with more menace in it.

ANITA STEWART is keeping rather more than busy these days. In her spare time between pictures she is supervising the construction of a winter bungalow at Palm Springs and a summer lodge at Malibu Lake to say nothing of a store building and an apartment house in Hollywood.

CATCH 'em young and train 'em.

That would be my advice to any woman looking for a good, kind, reliable sort of husband. Because, sometimes, mothers and some of the other gals have a habit of spoiling 'em if you let them range too long.

Perhaps someone whispered these words of wisdom into the ear of pretty Julia Wood in Newark. Anyway she's gone and married our "child star," Wesley Barry, who seems to have grown up all of a sudden while we weren't looking.

And pretty Miss Wood couldn't have caught "Freckles" much younger, for he's but eight

Wrigley's is wrapped in wax paper and sealed



This sanitary package brings Wrigley's to you fresh, clean and full flavored



G85



No one ever says
that a Tangee
complexion looks
natural—for no
one, except she
who has it,
ever knows
it isn't!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1
Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1
Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c
Tangee Face Powder (in the
five blends of Nature), \$1



NOTE: The most recent important
development in face creams has been
credited to Tangee DAY and Tangee
NIGHT.

Dept. 87
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.
417 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Please send me FREE trial supplies of
Tangee Lipstick, Crème Rouge, DAY Cream
and NIGHT Cream. I enclose 20 cents to
cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

years old and so he filed a marriage consent,
signed by his mother, Mrs. Martha Barry
Eyre.

The bride seems to realize the responsibilities
she is assuming. She says Wesley has
already sampled her cooking and that she is
perfectly willing to do the cooking for a healthy
eighteen-year-old appetite.

OF course, I have heard the plain-
tive wail of producers trying to
cut down costs and seen the peevish
pout of directors working under
shingled budgets, but it remained
for Henry McCarty to tell me the
most penny-pinching trick to be
played.

His company—he's a director—
had been working all day and long
into the night to finish the epic when
midnight came. With midnight
came also the chilling California fog
and the actors and workers cast fur-
tive glances about for the welcome
hot coffee and sandwiches that are
a stimulating part of night work.

But nothing manifested itself until
the prop man appeared on deck with
a bag of apples sent by the producer.

IF you are a polo fan—or even if you aren't
but enjoy a football game or any other
healthy thrill—you will realize the kick I got
when I spent the day with Tom Mix on loca-
tion for his next picture. In it there is a polo
game between a crack local team, engaged for
the occasion, and some of Tom's rough-riding
cowboys. The cowboys played in stock
saddles and rode cow ponies. What they lacked in
polo knowledge they made up in daring horse-
manship and there were more break-neck spills
in that strange game than I ever hope to see in
a half dozen regular ones.

THE crew of the good ship "Constitution,"
which is playing an important part in "Old
Ironsides," was manned by various Hollywood
extras who were stripped to the waist and
painted with "bolemania," a reddish pigment
which photographs like a seafarer's tan.

The boys who were painted, forthwith called
themselves "Bolemaniens."

THEY had a bugler, too. Bane of
every location camp. He used to
tootle the instrument every morning
at 4:30. One morning one of the
rookies was heard to groan:

"Come on inside. I can't hear
you!"

ONE day they had the grand sinking scene
when the enemy's craft went to Davy
Jones' locker and the Pacific was strewn with
floating cannon and cannon balls. They were
made of wood—just "props," you know. And,
of course, they floated instead of sinking to the
proper watery grave.

BILL BOYD has returned from frisking
Baround with the Navajo Indians in their
reservation in Arizona and he is as slim and
tanned as a young brave, except for his long
hair, scalloping about his collar, which is too
blond for a redman.

The last few months of Bill's career have
been spent in the rôle of *Tom Kirby* in "The
Last Frontier," that spectacle of pioneer days
that the late Thomas H. Ince commenced,
Hunt Stromberg picked up after Ince's death,
and which Producers Distributing Corporation is
now finishing.

BILL was telling me that the Indians in the
reservation are becoming motion-picture
wise, after having appeared in at least a half a
dozen features, and they demand contracts as
high hatted as any Hollywood actor. But

they can't resist some of their primitive cus-
toms, no matter how many contracts hang
from their belts.

The Navajos, Piutes and Hopis who worked
in "The Last Frontier" went on a grand tribal
orgy which lasted three days—really four days
because one whole day was spent in rounding
up the tribe. Some members of the prancing
braves were found two hundred miles distant.
The celebration was in the form of a ceremonial
dance, and Bill said in camp they called it the
"\$30,000 Dance" because production was held
up for four days at a terrific cost.

The Indians are a prayerful lot, too. They
pray for this and that. And one of their ever-
present prayers (for which they lay off work,
of course) is to become a good movie actor.
Bill neglected to say if any of the Hollywood
contingent joined in the supplication.

I STILL don't think they were real Indians.
I've seen greasypaint and feathers applied
effectively before. And their English was a bit
too colloquially perfect. But John Miljan
seemed to think the redmen on display for the
Convention of Theater Owners were real, even
if they did have an Irish brogue, and told me
the following to prove it:

John was traveling in Montana with a road
show. This was in the days before he went
into pictures. Just at the moment he is playing
with Dick Barthelmiss in "The Amateur
Gentleman." The troupe played a small town
near an Indian reservation and John went out
to look over the squaws and braves.

Noting a beaded belt on an old chief, he
said:

"How much do you want for the belt?"

The chief replied with finality: "Me no
sell."

LATER John spied an Indian lad
with a pair of handsomely beaded
moccasins. Being nothing if not a
linguist, John pointed to the moccasins
and grunted:

"Me buy moccasins, huh? How
much?"

The Indian glanced at John and
replied:

"How much do you offer?"

"Ten dollars."

"No thanks," answered the Indian
witheringly, "I can get twice as much
for them on my next trip to New
York."

CHATTING with Clarence Brown the other
day and he seemed quite offended that he
had failed to give him mention in PHOTOPLAY's
recent story on "The Foreign Legion of Holly-
wood." Seems since reading it, Clarence has
delved into his family history and discovered
that his grandmother came over from Ireland.
Now he feels quite safe—isn't worried about
the other nationalities at all. Feels he can
just call a few of the loyal Clan Erin together
and be safe anywhere any time.

RONALD COLMAN and Charlie Lane are
two great pals in spite of the many years'
difference in their age. Their friendship,
which started in Italy, when they worked to-
gether in "Romola," has ripened until it is
regarded as one of Hollywood's very finest
sights. And now they are making another
picture together. Colman has the lead and
Lane an important part in "The Winning of
Barbara Worth" in which Vilma Banky plays
Barbara, and again Henry King, who made
"Romola," is directing.

ARLETTE MARCHAL seems to
have taken Vilma Banky's place
in Hollywood as far as supplying the
colony with quaint sayings. Vilma
and her pretty Hungarian dialect
used to be good for at least two
bright quips a month, but now Vilma

apparently is become Americanized. It remained for Mlle. Marchal, that gorgeous French importation by Lasky via Swanson, to say very seriously the other day:

"I am so busy. I must go now and have my saddle fitted."

Arlette is preparing to be a hard-riding Western heroine opposite Jack Holt in "Forlorn River."

SURE the picture business is in its infancy. And each day its ramifications spread.

On a recent trip to Universal City I learned that "Uncle Carl" Laemle is in the chicken business.

This is no attempt to be facetious. No weak gesture at a worn out wise crack. It's the truth.

On the back ranch at Universal City, almost across from the Zoo, "Uncle Carl" raises some of the finest White Leghorns in the state and his employees profit thereby.

For at the commissary, fresh every day and for the actual market price, each employee can

HINDS

Honey & Almond

CREAM



"Shall I stop the game while you powder?"

SCENE—national tennis tournament. Great stadium packed. Then—! She powders—for the 'steenth time—in full view of the gallery.

No wonder her escort waxes sarcastic! For it annoys him to see a girl powder in public. It's the same with most men.

And why powder in public anyway? Quite unnecessary if you use Hinds

Honey and Almond Cream as a powder base, for it holds the powder—for hours.

Just pat it on, then powder (at home). Hours later your skin will still breathe a petal-freshness.

Another thing, Hinds Cream protects the skin. Keeps it soft, and young, and smooth.

A note to the address below will bring you a sample bottle. Send for it.

Made and distributed by A. S. HINDS CO., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. 52
HINDS CREAM can now be purchased in France, in Germany and in England

A Division of
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS COMPANY

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto



Ford Sterling in the role of *The Thinker*. The lower thinker is Sterling and the upper is a replica of Rodin's original, erected in Logan Square, Philadelphia, by the exhibitor, Jules Mastbaum. This was taken between scenes of "The Show Off," some of which was filmed on Fairmount Parkway near the statue



**NEW
wonderful
POWDER
PREVENTS
large pores**

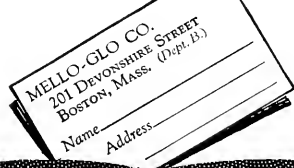
An entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy, film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

Don't let your pores get large

Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere.

If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo use the coupon below.

Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or \$1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book.



Mello-glo
THE NEW FACE POWDER

purchase his supply of strictly fresh eggs and carry them home to his wife or the cook, as the case may be.

If you find as many "bad eggs" and as few "good eggs" in this world as I do, you can easily see that working at Universal City has its advantages.

WHAT with First National moving into their handsome new quarters and Paramount now in the old United Studios, but so remodeled that one would never recognize the place, Hollywood has certainly been "enjoying" moving day.

Even that well known director, George Fitzmaurice, was unwillingly caught in the "moving spirit" which has gripped us.

"Mist' Fitzmollice?" queried a plaintive voice over Fitzmaurice's office telephone the other day.

"This houseboy, Pedro," went on the voice.

"Yes, Pedro, what is it?" answered Fitz.

"No come home lunch today, Mr. Fitzmollice. No ketchup lunch," the Filipino advised. "Cook stove, she go 'way."

"Cook stove went away?" repeated the amazed Fitzmaurice. "What went with it, Pedro?"

"Guess not very good stove. Policeman allest she. Take 'um 'way in automobile. Take bed, too. No sleep here 'night."

"Take chifionier, take dresser, take ladio, take phonolaf—"

But by this time Fitzmaurice was dashing for his automobile. He didn't wait for any more details.

AT the house the story was soon told. Two deputy sheriffs were engaged in moving the furniture out.

Fitzmaurice had rented the house furnished, pending the completion of his beautiful new Beverly Hills home. The man and wife who owned the house had quarreled and one or the other (the wrong one as far as Fitz was concerned) had secured possession of the furnishings through a writ.

That night Fitzmaurice slept at the Ambassador hotel.

And Pedro, the houseboy without a house, the cook without a cook stove, took the evening out.

SUFFERING from an attack of colic as well as the knowledge that it was his fiftieth birthday anniversary and that he was miles away from his ranch in Montana (or maybe it's Wyoming) Irvin S. Cobb blew into Hollywood to "conquer the movies."

Cobb has been imported by the De Mille studios to write an original story to be screened by Cecil B. De Mille.

He just missed Arthur Somers Roche, who is at Del Monte recovering from two originals, which the well known writer of mystery fiction did for Warner Brothers.

IT was one of the final scenes for "The Sorrows of Satan" and D. W. Griffith had spent two days patiently rehearsing, arranging his lights, putting deft and eloquent touches to the scene. Carol Dempster, the heroine of the Marie Corelli story, was propped up in a cheap wooden bed in a cheap English lodging house. She was all ready to die—in the story—and to die in the real Griffith fashion.

Griffith was ready. The cameraman was ready. The electricians were ready. In fact, everyone was ready but Miss Dempster, who didn't feel in the least like dying. It was a gorgeous summer day and Miss Dempster felt more like going to Coney Island than dying the death of an unhappy heroine.

IT was at this inopportune moment that a group of Miss Dempster's friends chose to pay her a call. From her death-bed, Miss Dempster called to them and urged them to come on the set. And come they did, in spite of dark looks from Mr. Griffith who hates interruptions when he is working.

"All ready to shoot," shouted Mr. Griffith.

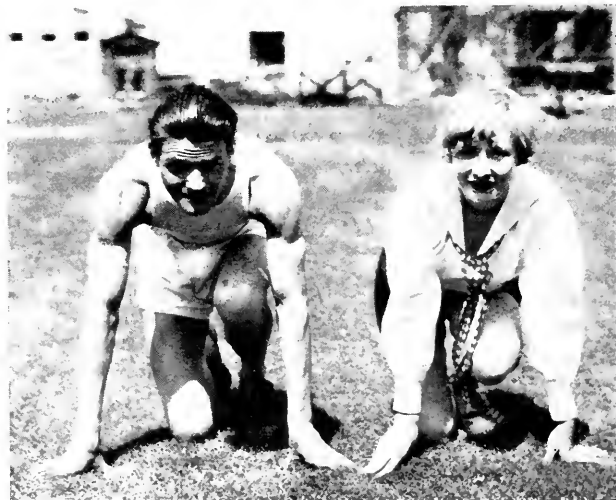
The friends didn't take the hint. Neither did Miss Dempster urge them to leave.

"All ready to shoot," shouted Mr. Griffith, still louder.

But the chattering group, deep in gossip, didn't hear him.

"Very well," exclaimed the aggrieved Mr. Griffith. "if that's the way you feel about it, order up some tea and take the set for yourself."

Whereupon he walked out and left the scene flat. And to celebrate her rescue from death, Miss Dempster gave an informal party.



On your mark! Go! Gwen Lee challenged Charles Hoff, champion Norwegian pole vaulter, to a little race. Gwen may not have won the race but we bet that she could get a decision over Charlie in any Charleston contest.

IN the case of Joseph Schildkraut it is the fifth time that is the charm. Not the third time. Four times the volatile Joseph has fled to his wife Elise Bartlett after a marital squall and five times they have separated.

But now they are reconciled for the fifth time and Joseph is doubly rejoicing. First because of his wife's decision to give up her career for home and babies and again because he has just been advised that he may call for his final citizenship papers in New York any day now.

EDNA KIRBY knew just how a hily growing in a hot house felt recently. All week long she resided in a glass house at the intersection of two of Los Angeles' busiest streets. It was a novel stunt pulled by a large mercantile house and Edna, who is a film actress, breakfasted, lunched, dined and slept in a model house in one of their huge display windows.

Between times she received instructions in lampshade making and china painting; had guests at luncheon and served tea to friends.

It was a unique advertising scheme and crowds thronged the streets to see the "lady who lived in the glass house."

KATHLYN WILLIAMS and her husband, Charles F. Eytan, dropped in upon us for a five months' stay after spending a like length of time in Europe. They plan to go to Germany in October where Mr. Eytan, who is Paramount's foreign representative, will make some pictures.

I'll wager Pola is glad to have Kathryn in this country again. They are bosom friends. And won't Pola have a lot to tell about Rudy and their "great love"?

RONALD COLMAN is taking to heart that famous motto which reads: "See America First." After spending several scorching months on an Arizona desert playing in "Beau Geste," he returned to Hollywood, only to leave it in less than a fortnight for a tour of the Grand Canyon with Dick Barthelmess.

Dick and he came home and Dick started on a picture, but Ronnie's thirst for travel was unquenched and he phoned Don Stuart and together they motored to Yosemite National Park. Don Stuart is a fiery-headed little Scot with a wit as colorful as his hair, and he and Ronnie have been friends for years, meeting in England where for fifteen years Stuart played in "Peter Pan."

Upon reaching Hollywood, Ronnie found orders to entrain immediately for Nevada, where he will play the lead in Harold Bell Wright's story "The Winning of Barbara Worth." It's not going to be so lonesome up there, however, for Paul McAllister, resident member of the "Beau Geste" cast in Arizona, is in this picture, too. And Charles Lane, Ronald's particular crony and housemate, will be in it.

MACK SENNETT is looking for bathing girls. But don't pack your bathing suit and come out to try your luck. His office is probably packed with girls who want to become Sennett bathing girls and slip into the bathing sandals left by Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, Vera Steadman and other Sennett girls who have made good in the dramatic field.

The new type of bathing girl that Sennett is demanding is preferably the college girl who can really swim—and dance—and, above even a perfect figure, she must have personality.

And there are just about nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine girls in Hollywood who could fill the requirements.

LITTLE Dick Walling, who should properly be dignified by the name "Richard" now that he has earned his spurs as an actor in "Pigs," has been cast in "The Pelican," which that young Italian whirlwind Frank Borzage is directing for Fox.

"Geel!" breathed Dick, after "Pigs" was previewed and his dad, William Walling who

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Below
The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age.

Above
Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.



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 satin-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 complexions! 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 squdgy. 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.

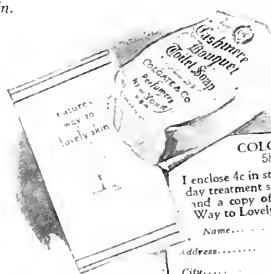
Try This Treatment—Watch Results

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 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 Charms 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.



COLGATE & CO., Dept. 818
581 Fifth Avenue, New York

I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me a ten-day treatment in size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Prettier Lips

.... at the Races

Dear Nan

..... So many pretty girls at the races this year—I noticed their smiles particularly—for I saw quite "the belle of the boxes" whisk out her little Pompeian Lip Stick and use it too deftly for anyone else to see!

"Yes, it was Pompeian. None other has such natural coloring. How clever our society girls are!"

Jeanette de Cordet



Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, rosy tint—protects lips—pure and harmless—has desired chisel point for easy application.

Pompeian Lip Stick

is well-known as a character actor, had given him a paternal pat of praise, "I'm glad I didn't flop, because the folks in the publicity department would sure be disappointed."

Dick, you see, ran errands in the still photo room at the Fox studio until Irving Cummings came, saw and discovered him.

AND speaking of that young Italian whirlwind Frank Borzage, he was wrestling with a megaphone the other day—the first one he ever used in his vast experience as a director. That megaphone was everywhere except to his lips. He looked through it . . . dropped it . . . fumbled with it. Frank is not the proverbial director who rants and raises general fury, but is low-voiced and quiet-mannered. The actors adore him.

However, you can readily see he is a director. He wears golf knickers. But he has a legitimate excuse for wearing them because occasionally he treks to Lakeside Country Club to flick the golf vanity out of Huntly Gordon and Wallace MacDonald, his tee-mates.

Frank and Alma Rubens are again working together after a separation which dates from "Humoresque," the picture which gave Frank his right to collect a laurel wreath in the Hall of Film Fame.

IT'S all settled now and Ferdinand Earle must pay his fourth wife, Charlotte Kristine Earle, \$55 a week alimony. She will, in turn, allow him to remain in their beautiful Hollywood home, and their ten-year-old son Eyvind will live with him.

That is the last waning gleam of a glorious love that illumed the whole world in 1915.

BILL HART has been doing some stepping about the country. When the State of Montana celebrated the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Custer battle, to which many Indian tribes attended, as well as prominent men of the country, Bill addressed the meeting, which was held near Billings, Montana. He not only addressed them in English, but for the benefit of the tribes he spoke the Sioux language and also the Indian sign language.

Which proves that our Bill is more than a motion picture cowboy, he is a real and vital part of the old West.

THERE was no doubt about it. Joe Wilson was a Kreisler on the jazz-whistle. At least that is what the colored section of Yuma, Arizona, agreed. Then Joe came to Hollywood, and being little, funny and dark hired out to "Our Gang."

Along came watermelon season. Joe indulged plentifully. Why shouldn't he? He was making \$15 a day. The melons were green. Joe had a tummyache and the druggist gave him some pills to take one at a time. Joe took all of them at once.

The melons and the pills fought and Joe landed in the Receiving Hospital and met a stomach pump. Then the juvenile authorities discovered that Joe was alone in Hollywood, and issued the edict that either Joe's family must come to him or he must go to his people.

The Joe Wilsons will undoubtedly soon reside in Hollywood.

THE Hollywood Studio Club has moved and they are now nicely located in a ninety-room club house with library and dining room



Gloria Swanson in her last appearance under the Famous Players banner. This is the masked ball sequence of "Fine Manners," which took four months in the making. One of the first pictures Miss Swanson is going to do as a United Artists star is an original Russian story, "The Woman's Battalion of Death." In starting with United, Miss Swanson turned down an offer to do *Mary Magdalene* in Cecil De Mille's "The King of Kings" and an invitation to play with Adolphe Menjou in one more Famous film, "The Last of Mrs. Cheney"

and reception rooms and huge, crackling, open fires and gay crotches that can be discreetly drawn, leaving the patio bathed in dusky starlight should anyone care for a stroll at twilight.

It's really a charming spot and presided over by Marjorie Williams, who is just the sort of person to supervise an organization of his kind. The Studio Club is a home for girls who work in the picture business—whether they be extras or writers or secretaries. Its patronesses are the Mesdames Cecil B. and William De Mille, Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn and other wives of prominent film people. Mary Pickford is still honorary president, I believe.

Miss Williams was saying the other night that they had found it necessary to establish an age limit for resident members, for a dear little old lady of undetermined summers had descended upon the club from Portland, Oregon, with a scenario to sell to Sam Goldwyn. No one else would do. It had to be Sam that she was to sell her scenario to. And having difficulty in reaching the redoubtable Sam she had taken up her residence at the Club. "I thought it would be better to bring it to him personally," the sweet old lady had informed Miss Williams.

HOW times do change! I was browsing through a copy of an old magazine, published all of eleven years ago, and discovered a prophecy written by a writer of melodramas. In his musings he mutters:

"The drawing power of the different stars is decreasing. Mary Pickford is not the feature she used to be; Charlie Chaplin's vogue is on the wane; one seldom hears of Maurice Costello, Arthur Johnston, Lillian Gish or of those who filled the newspapers a year or so ago. Only a few have held their heads above water."

THEY must have been good swimmers, at that. Despite his ominous words most of them have been swimming steadily along for over a decade. Mary is still with us, occupying her own particular niche. Charlie's "vogue" has become a classic. Maurice Costello is the only one who has been swept away in the tide, but daughters Dolores and Helene are swimming in his place. Arthur Johnston, of course, is dead. And Lillian Gish . . . just waned into stardom, that's all!

And then the gentleman goes on to say: "For plots they maintain scenario staffs. These writers are woefully ill-paid in proportion to the class of work they do. Imagine twenty-five dollars for a plot! The time will come when they will gladly pay five hundred dollars."

" . . . gladly pay five hundred dollars!" I doubt if Frances Marion, whose reputation as a scenarist is unchallenged, would write a title for that sum. Schenck paid her \$30,000 for the scenario on Valentino's "Son of the Sheik" which George Fitzmaurice is directing.

Yes, times do change.

MANY film fathers do not like to see their children on the screen. It is a sure indication of the approach of age, you know. If we wanted to, we could mention one or two dads who view their offspring's activities with a jealous eye.

Francis X. Bushman is a different sort of father, however. His son was christened Ralph, but the other day Ralph thought it would be much more to the point to change his monicker to Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Did Francis X., Sr., object? He did not. He said, "All right, son, go to it," and so it's Francis X. Bushman, Jr. in the future.

To celebrate the event Metro-Goldwyn signed Francis, Jr., under one of those conventional long term contracts.

Her ROMANCE Came True



Miss
IDALIAN
GAMBLE

wins ROMANCE in Hollywood Contest

CONTESTANTS in the great Romance-Hollywood Contest — your congratulations to the winner — Miss IDALIAN GAMBLE, of Alliance, Ohio!

Of the 20,000 who entered the contest, this miss of but nineteen years, who was graduated in June from the Alliance High School, submitted the most unusual and interesting solution.

Her presentation is illustrated above: a model bungalow named THE ROMANCE ART SHOP, complete even to electric lights and flagged walk. The twelve romantic scenes of the contest were reduced photographically and hung as framed pictures upon the walls of the completely furnished bungalow.

Prizes have been awarded to the 200 other winners, and an illustrated folder giving contest winners, with details, has been mailed to all who submitted a solution. A copy will be sent to anyone, upon request. We also wish to extend our thanks to every competitor, and trust that their Romance Chocolates will be the beginning of a long friendship.

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ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

Cut Picture Puzzle Fans!

The final set of pictures in PHOTOPLAY's great cut picture contest appears in this issue.

The winners will be announced in the January PHOTOPLAY.



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COSMETICS were never intended to conceal facial blemishes, and the woman who tries to cover up blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, etc., with a coating of rouge and powder, will find the last state of her skin worse than the first.

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You will like Resinol Soap for this purpose—because it is different. The first time you use it, the distinctive, refreshing Resinol fragrance it gives out will convince you that it contains unusual properties. Its soft lather almost caresses the skin as it sinks into the pores and gently rids them of their impurities. Then it rinses so easily, too—leaving your skin soothed, refreshed and soft and pink as a baby's.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Wherefore Art Thou, Gloria?

Glendale, L. I.

Where is the old Gloria Swanson? I mean the Gloria that played in "Manhandled." Gloria sure is losing her good reputation. Why? Is it because of poor directing? Or, in want of a good story? Or, is Gloria herself at fault? Poor Gloria. She deserves a bouquet for all the knocks she receives. Every time she gets blamed if things don't go right. It isn't the director's fault or Gloria's either. She sure is a charming actress. Who can ever forget her performance in "Manhandled"? The truth is, Gloria needs a good story. Not a story that has a few thrills and a bit of romance—no, but one that can suit the personality of Gloria Swanson.

There are many story writers that have never been heard of. Somewhere hidden in a dark corner may be this genius that can write a story for this great actress and—save her.

J. G. D.

We Hope So, Too

San Francisco, Calif.

So King Vidor is now proclaimed king-pin of the directors! I am glad. For "The Big Parade" was an exhibition of directorial skill amounting to genius. But I wonder how it is going to affect Mr. Vidor—this being heralded as "the greatest"?

After the great D. W. Griffith was freely admitted to be our foremost director, we were given such atrocious pictures as "One Exciting Night." Then there was Rex Ingram, a fine director if there ever was one. After two or three exceptionally good pictures, he went abroad, later announcing to the world in general his intention of retiring, of devoting his life to sculpture. And the result? "Mare Nostrum."

So now that King Vidor has come into his own, let us hope that he will be ruled by good common sense, and that he gives a satisfactory answer to the question on many a fan's tongue—"What next, King Vidor?"

ROSE PALONSKY.

Sugar Papa!

Janiway, Hoilo, P. I.

I pick Miss Marion Davies as my goddess. She is that shining Venus of the ancient and mystic days, the longed-for maiden by medieval knights and the beauty sublime of this glorious modernity. I came to know her when I saw "When Knighthood Was in Flower" about a year ago, but I feel as if I am acquainted with her for more than ten years. Gracious! I shade my eyes to your brilliant charms!

VICENTE BARRANCO.

Urging Pep for Percy

Flushing, L. I.

I send my bouquet to Percy Marmont, a much neglected man of the screen, whose splendid talents and abilities are lost in the stories that are given him. I am sure they cannot be his own choosing. My friends and I, who are true admirers of his, are tired of seeing Percy steeped in sorrow. Perhaps I form my opinion too quickly as I have not yet seen "Infatuation."

One cannot say that Marmont has the fire and dash of John Gilbert, who, by the way, is my favorite, but there is a certain magnetic charm about him which is wholly irresistible.

Let us see him, then, dear PHOTOPLAY, in a picture that will do him justice, a picture that will proclaim to filmdom his charm and splendid possibilities.

DOROTHY J. SMITH.



A bride and groom picture, with everything smiling and happy. The girl with the new, shiny wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand is Jackie Logan and the husband gentleman is her husband, A. H. Gillespie. He's a real estate man in Los Angeles, which isn't half bad, you know

No Age Limit

New Castle, Ind.
I just have to throw a large brickbat at some of the fans that are always raving about Tommy Meighan's and Milton Sills' ages, and wanting younger actors to take their places.
What has age to do with it as long as their acting is good? They are neither one considered old yet, by any means. I consider them among two of the best actors on the screen and their plays are always wholesome and clean, something anyone can see. I like some of the younger actors, especially Ben Lyon, Larry Gray, Mary Brian and Mary Astor, but none of them can take the place of some of the older ones. I want to throw a very large bouquet to Tommy Meighan for his wonderful acting in "The Man Who Found Himself."
Mrs. F. G. RILEY.

Tweet! Tweet!

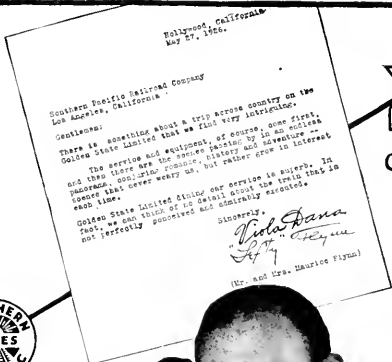
Minneapolis, Minn.
Just a tribute to the art of Betty Bronson, who reigns supreme in the hearts of so many of the fans. She's such a fairy person, that *Pan*-girl. I love the way her eyes flash, and those adorable dimples in the corner of her mouth. I'm just a girl myself, but before I saw Betty I wanted to be grown up, but now it's all changed. I find it's thrilling being young. It makes one feel happy and hoppy and happy, oh yes, happy. Oh, Betty, don't grow up ever. I wish you could just live on, and on, and on, and not get any older than you are now. And that *Madonna!* I just can't wait until "Ben-Hur" gets here. Everybody says its wonderful and somehow I can't help but feel that it is wonderful. And, Betty, I wish you all the glory, and the success, and the joy that is rightfully yours. Youth always triumphs.
PETER-PAN 2ND.

Well, Well! Fancy This!

Kerman, Calif.
This one fan views with alarm Charles Ray's contemplated change of rôles, from the beloved country boy to the city sophisticate. In his proposed venture Mr. Ray has evidently not taken into consideration an elementary psychological law, the manifestation of which foreordains failure for him. Endowed with the God-given gift of wistfulness, combined with real ability to portray the whimsical rôles which have brought him fame, it behooves him to realize that he has created for himself an aura and atmosphere that has so enveloped him that any effort to emerge therefrom will only tear and destroy the dream-fabric which an admiring public has woven about his personality.
H. E. JUNG.

Good Advice

Eagle Rock, Calif.
Lillian Gish is one of the really fine actresses of the screen, but she is standing in the way of her own greater success. The portrayals she renders are works of art in that they are technically perfect, but they are not great interpretations. If Miss Gish would forget the mechanics of her profession and express herself, she would be far warmer and more human and thus have a wide appeal.
Miss Gish is not the downtrodden creature that she appears on the screen—she could not be and rise to the heights she has. She is not the negative character so many seem to think, but a very positive one. A psycho-analyst sees in her face patience, carefulness, determination, and courage in the face of defeat. If she would allow these characteristics to come forward in her work, to color her acting, with her splendid training, she would be able to accomplish much more than her contemporaries.
When Miss Gish lays aside her Griffith mannerisms, she is destined to be the great American actress.
MARION FREDERICKS.



Los Angeles



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THE truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent, well-meaning women who were ignorant of the risks they ran of mercurial poison.

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Praising a Newcomer

Los Angeles, Calif.

This is the first bouquet I have ever sent this way, but I just had to send it. It is mostly for Alyce Mills. I could rave about her forever. She is as exquisite as a cameo. She makes me think of lilies—white lilies in a crystal vase, of old lace and rose and gold, of the faint perfume of orange blossoms, and when she smiles, that twisted smile, "Humoresque."

I also would like to see more of Douglas Gilmore. He and Alyce Mills would be splendid together.

William Powell should play rôles like those that have made Adolphe Menjou famous. He is sophisticated and worldly and he is too much a gentleman to always play villains.

Two stories by Frances Hodgson Burnett I would like to see as pictures are: "The Head of the House of Coombe" and "Robin" with Mary Astor and Conrad Nagel.

MISS MAISIE HARRIS.

Visions

Peoria, Ill.

Here are some of the things I would like to see:

Esther Ralston get the part of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Mary Astor playing *Evangeline*.

Helene Costello playing a part similar to those *Betty Compton* used to do.

Alfie Terry playing a dual rôle; one in a blonde wig and the other natural.

Eugenia Gilbert in drama.

Ricardo Cortez playing opposite *Dolores Costello*.

Edith Roberts doing another version of *Lusca*.

MISS LOUISE KRAMER.

Bouquets for All

Los Angeles, Calif.

I now take off my hat to Madge Bellamy. I used to consider her the most insipid of stars, but since witnessing her performance in "Sandy" all is forgiven. In this picture she revealed charm, depth, and versatility. In no two scenes did she look or act the same. Hers was a most difficult rôle and she played it naturally and convincingly.

And Harry Beaumont can step up with the rest of the boys, our four or five intelligent directors. There are a couple of scenes in his "Sandy" that for sheer subtlety and imagination even Lubitsch or von Stroheim could not surpass. It takes art to transform a cheap serial story into an intelligent, well acted and artistic picture.

Every night I thank God for Sweden for producing *Greta Garbo*. She is the most fascinating lady to reach the screen since *Pola Greta* through "Fassion." Keep your head. Care, and yours will be a long and interesting career. Don't think of yourself as a genius.

Let the public do that, and take everything that dear people say with a grain of salt.

HELEN MCGARRY.

For William Haines

Little Rock, Ark.

Here is a bouquet for William Haines and his supporting cast in the picture "Brown of Harvard."

"Brown of Harvard" is by far the best story of college life that has reached the screen. It possesses sincerity and a lack of the usual mock heroes that have been noticeable in other stories of youth.

William Haines as *Tom Brown* presents one of the most whole-souled and winning characterizations of a "peppy," mischievous, altogether laudable American boy. He makes his spectators feel not that he is an actor playing the rôle of a young college boy, but that he is a college boy.

MARY FLETCHER.

Alberta's a Star. Now

Chicago.

If you really want to know a cute, pert, lively and smart acting girl, call on Alberta Vaughn. She really sets you to thinking at her clever little performances. She has such a merry twinkle in her bright eyes. We need and want more like Alberta. The slow, sad pictures, not for me. She sure did show herself proud in "The Adventures of Maizie." I will never see too much of Alberta. Please let's have more of her.

PEGGY FERRINE.

My Gosh!

Savannah, Ga.

Who is responsible for the mass of mediocre pictures turned loose on us? Once in a while, to keep us from giving up to despair, the producers give us something good, but this, I believe, is largely accident; they rarely take a chance. For one "Greed" there are dozens of hokum-filled "Runaways"; "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" is followed by interminable "That Royle Girl," and for one "Lady Windermere's Fan" we have endless Swanson confections and Glyn gluttons.

A favorite player presents a fine characterization and we visualize them in some rôle portraying some great tragic love in history or entralling book; full of enthusiasm we write their director suggesting it; back he comes "we agree it would have good picture value, but it would not take with average picture audience." As one of the "average" I resent this assumption we can digest nothing stronger than pap, or as a great treat, a sugar cookie. Strange as it seems, we are not all Bird Brains.

Poor Mme. Negri—a wonder under Lubitsch—look at her now and bust out cryin'.

SARA A. JOHANNSEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Trouping With Maude Adams

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

play. Before I left that night it was agreed that I should have a chance at it and also play a minor rôle in "The Legend."

Rehearsals of "Rosalind" began before the completion of Miss Adams' metropolitan engagement. There were only three characters in this charming little play of *Barrie's* Miss Adams, in the rôle of an actress who masquerades as her own mother, an elderly housekeeper and my rôle of the boy who loved the actress.

It was in rehearsing "Rosalind" that I really learned to appreciate the true gentleness that is *Maude Adams*. She gave unstintingly of her own invaluable experience

and advice. And she insisted that we—the character actress and I—should have every bit of credit—every chance for applause—that our rôles afford us.

When we started on a tour that carried us through most of the Eastern states I discovered another significant and typical fact; almost every member of the company had been one or more seasons with Miss Adams and many of them had refused more lucrative or important rôles in order to remain with her! There was one veteran who was playing his eighteenth consecutive season with her and there were many who could boast of

live or more years in Miss Adams' company. As the tour progressed I learned to understand why these people served with such devotion. It was because they loved Miss Adams and she loved them. From call boy to leading man, they worshipped her and worshipping they gave unstintingly of their best.

MUCH has been said and written about Miss Adams' avoidance of the professional spotlight of publicity. There is a legend that she was never interviewed by the press and it is certain that she sought to remain always in the background outside the theater.

I have heard people who did not know her hazard the guess that this modesty was assumed for professional reasons; that it made her "different" from the other stars of the theatrical world and thereby attracted more attention than hundreds of newspaper interviews and acres of advertising space might have done.

That it did attract attention is true. But the motives which animate Miss Adams today to stay out of the public eye are the same that governed her in her active days in the theater. An innate shyness and a very genuine modesty were and are the real reasons as anyone who knows her will testify.

It was this sensitiveness that used to prompt her to dress in the utmost simplicity, wear a heavy veil when traveling and remain discreetly in the background whenever possible. The only times that I ever knew her to relinquish her incognito were when some of her beloved company needed her assistance—then the Maude Adams that never failed to change enemies into friends stepped into the breach. The result was invariably the same—the gentle lady swept all opposition before her; overcoming that which made all of us who knew her labor for her, love her and revere her.

What Elizabeth Richey Desez—whose portrait appears at the right—has to say on this much discussed question is of particular interest in view of her combined social and professional experience. For she grew up among Virginia's fine social traditions and is now a successful business woman, being Director of the Educational Department of Pathe—internationally famous motion picture concern.



Do good looks count for or against a business woman?

"I know of no occupation in which good looks are not of value to a woman in their effect upon others, and in the assurance and self-confidence which they give her. Good looks are not dependent upon beauty of feature or coloring . . . the good looks of perfect grooming are within the reach of every woman. Good looks have to be backed up by capability to be of any permanent value but a general smartness and alertness in appearance indicates an efficiency that can be applied to a job as well as to one's appearance."

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For those who want a powder base that really makes the powder stick, try D & R's new Perfect Vanishing Cream. As dainty, as pure, as fine in every way as the cold cream. If you don't already know these two creams intimately, send in the coupon for free samples. Do it now!



Lon Chaney wears his own face, with no make-up to deceive you, in "Tell It to the Marines." Of course, it isn't what you might call a matinee idol rôle but anyway, for the first time, Chaney will present his own eyes, nose and mouth to the camera

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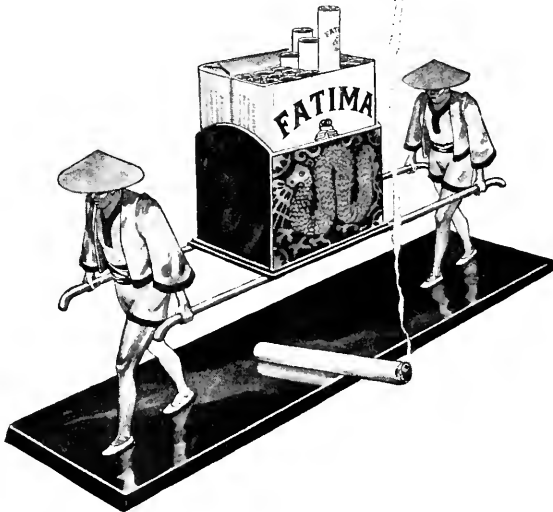
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Sex—With a Sense of Humor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

"Listen, don't you think" he starts and the enthusiasms and the loyalties and impulses come tumbling out, salted with gossip and wise observations.

His next picture is to be Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," a grim story that ends in the death house at Auburn prison.

"Listen," says Mal, busily consuming macaroni and chicken livers, "Dreiser's right simply calling it 'An American Tragedy.' The commonplaceness of murder and capital punishment in this country! It happens all the while. Dreiser took two books to tell it, but any good news reporter writes the same story every six months and gives it half a column.

"Listen. Who do you think ought to do the part? Not any of the chaps suggested, do you think? Not Glenn Hunter or Charles Emmett Mack. Good actors, both of them, but not right. It ought to be someone new to the screen who will be *Clyde Griffiths* and not a movie actor."

"How will you find him?" I managed to interpose.

"LISTEN." He gulped his favorite brand of cold tea hurriedly. "He'll come. I'll keep on making tests. I don't care if I make a thousand. Betty Bronson turned up for *Peter Pan*. I'll get my *Clyde Griffiths*." He grabbed the French rolls.

"Menjou told me you know more about the camera than any other man," I said.

His very broad grin spread over his face like a spotlight. "Listen," he said. "Adolphe thinks I'm a good dog director, now that I've refused to do his 'Ace of Cads.' But it was Adolphe who gave me the break. I've been the most fired director in pictures. Honestly, Listen. This has never been told before.

"When I was a kid I wanted to get on a paper. So Harry Carr—you know Harry Carr, the west coast movie critic—got me on the Los Angeles Times. I wanted to be a cartoonist. The job Harry got me was office boy. Five dollars a week. There isn't any lower form of life than being a newspaper office boy. It was terrible. But I got to be the cartoonist. Then I was terrible.

"Harry, who at that time was sporting editor, began dabbling around with movies. He suggested the same dabbling to me. I went over to the Semett lot, as a comedy cop. I was hired and fired, two fires to every hire. Finally they ran out of directors. So they let me be one. I got fired some more. Then Gilbert Seldes, when I was quite permanently fired, wrote a blurb in which he referred to one of my pictures as a subtle achievement.

"Semett saw it, found out what it meant and hired me back again. I went, both in and out. Then I did two reels—"The Fighting Blood" series and on to Warners where I directed *Kin-Tin-Tin*. Honestly.

"Listen. I've got an idea that there is a new type of sex abroad today. Sex with a sense of humor. I want to do a story called 'The Popular Sin' about divorce. Of course, there wouldn't be so much divorce if more people had a sense of humor, but if they did have the sense of humor, there would be less re-marriage. Love is the laughter of the gods, don't you think? I want to do that kind of stuff. Romantic realism. Glyn sex is too intense. It's timed. Three weeks. Six days. His hour. Their moment. Hot and soon over.

"But if you're a romantic realist you're everlasting in love—with somebody. Like Pola. Listen, Pola's marvelous. Wonderful. It's great directing her. Honestly. Pola



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Only a wife—Mrs. Malcolm St. Clair—but pretty enough and chic enough to star in one of those sophisticated comedies so expertly directed by her husband. The rise of St. Clair, from a director of slapstick to one of the most subtle directors of light comedy, has been most encouraging to other ambitious young Americans

would like to play Czarinas and things all the time, so that when she got interested in a man she could knock him over and drag him off. Not a third of her charm screens. She's remarkable.

"Listen. This world is full of charming people. Truly. I know a couple of hundred myself. Louise Brooks. You met Louise, didn't you? Charm? Ye gods! Menjou. With that face like a mask. I believe it was years before he knew he had it for he's not like that inside. But that marvelous face. Imagine being ruled by your face that had nothing to do with you."

He looks up and behold he knows a beautiful blonde across the room. He rushes over to say hello to her and rushes back.

"When Paramount gave me my first real chance in 'Are Parents People?'" he said, "I said I wanted Menjou in the cast. They told me I could have him if I could get him. 'He's a dog director,' said Adolphe when I was mentioned. 'That's all he ever will be. I won't work with him.'"

"I FELT I had to have him for that father rôle. Actually, Menjou needed the part too. He was playing too much of the society slicker. He had to show the public the—the—well, you can only call it sweetness—he really has. That rôle had the quality of it. So I went to him and said, 'Chaplin gave you your chance, didn't he? He let you get away from heavies and do your stuff. Give me a chance and save me from the dogs.' He did and now 'The Grand Duchess and the Waiter' is his most successful picture. Mine, too."

"Listen. Do you think I slipped with 'A Social Celebrity'? I did. That was simply a character idea. Not a story. That was the fault in it. There wasn't enough to it. There has got to be something pretty heavy in a plot you want to treat very lightly. Otherwise it blows away on you. That's why I refused 'The Ace of Cads.' I can see it only as a character idea, not as a real plot."

He was attacking an ice now. "Listen," he said. "There are no subtleties except mental subtleties. Those can be either comic or tragic. They are never in between, thank heaven. That's why if you stick to them, you can't be dull. I'd rather do the comic ones, so I slant toward sex in my pictures,

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I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must* eat each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, use warm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then 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.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream on gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blistches, 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.

IV. 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 over... 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 only one cream... Ingram's!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Windsor, Ont., Canada
Established 1885
433 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream



A "paste tip" to help you win contest

If you are working on Photoplay's Movie Star contest, you'll have a lot of pasting to do. Might as well do it the handiest way. So read about this new "paste tip," and if you win, it will be de-vine!



NEW

EASY



The slickest paste package you ever saw

Just pick the tube up—hold vertically like a paint brush—and spread. Over the tube's mouth is a patented, flexible rubber tip, which forms the spreader. When you start spreading, a small slit in this rubber tip opens, allowing just enough paste to come through. When you stop spreading, this slit closes. Then lay tube down. That's all. Works better than a brush—spreads like the human finger. And the remarkable part is, it always works this way until the paste is used up.

Always Ready

Handiest package ever invented for paste or maulage. No cap to unscrew or lose. No brush. No water to supply. No drying up—seals itself when not in use. Clean to handle—no spreading with finger—never leaks. Operates with one hand. Handier than jar, screw-cap tube, ordinary spreader tube or water-well of stiff paste, liquid paste or maulage.

Try it—Send 10c

Just as you use LePage's glue for a strong joint, use LePage's Spreader Paste for quick, convenient pasting—two different products for different needs. If you ever use PASTE, give yourself a chance to try this new package. Send coupon and 10 cents (coin or stamps) today for regular-size tube. Russia Cement Co., Dept. Q1, Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S
Spreader
PASTE

Mail this coupon



Russia Cement Co., Dept. Q1, Gloucester, Mass.

I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps) for which please send me one tube of the NEW LePage's Spreader Paste. (Note: Dozen tube carton sent for \$1.00.)

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
My dealer is.....

where the most comic of them lie. But it won't take any change in method to do 'An American Tragedy.' I'll show the tragic subtleties in that case. But you see why that boy has got to have as much charm as the *Water* had to have for the *Grand Duchess*. Only he'll make you cry instead of laugh."

He paid his check and glanced at the time. We looked at each other in astonishment. Somewhere three charmed hours had disappeared. "Look at that," he said. "I don't want to but I've got to go to Long Island. There are final shots of 'The Show-off' to be done. Ford Sterling is going to be great.

I'm not so very keen on doing the great American boob. Largely because I don't particularly believe in him.

"But Sterling's great. But I want to stick to these charming people who actually enjoy being in love."

His long legs flapped in their oxford bags as he raised himself up into some vast altitude.

"Give me an epigram before you go," I begged.

"Listen. Give me time to think as much as I'm able. I know. When you've learned to get the most amusement out of the most trifling thing, you've got the world licked."

Wholesale Murder and Suicide

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

The second exercise is to reduce the thighs and legs. Again lie flat on the floor and raise the right leg. Keeping the knee straight, slowly describe a circle, bringing the foot close to the ground on the down curve. Now repeat, using the left leg. Do it slowly and be sure you can feel the muscles stretch.

NOW for an exercise to do away with that troublesome fat on the back and between the shoulders. Lie flat on the floor—face down this time. Stretch your arms above your head and keep your head down. Now raise your arms, your head and your legs. The knees and elbows must be straight and the whole exercise must be taken with one movement of the body.

You will not find this easy at first, simple as it sounds. And yet it is one of the most useful of all exercises as it gives a graceful posture and a slim, straight back.

Here is a good exercise for the back and waist. Lie flat on the floor, arms at the sides. Draw yourself up into sitting posture, stretching the arms so that the palms of the hand are touching your toes. When you do this, do not help yourself with your hands. That's cheating. Make your back do the work. Now slowly draw your body back to a semi-reclining position.

As you see, none of these exercises are strenuous, none of them require any time, none of them require any apparatus. But if you practice them faithfully and carefully once a day, you will notice the benefits. And they are invaluable to the girl who is determined not to allow herself to get fat.

If, at first glance, the miracles promised by the unscrupulous vendors of drugs and the disseminators of freak diets sound more thrilling than the results achieved by reductomania, let us consider some of the victories of sane diet and sane exercise.

Miss Hines told me about a few of the gratifying results of her work. Dr. Savage's clients are so prominent in the social and professional world that he refuses to allow their names to be published. It isn't good professional etiquette, although the quacks have no bashfulness about using endorsements.

One stage star recently took the gymnasium

course and reduced her waist line by eight inches. Her reduction in weight was not great, but her change in physical appearance and her improvement in health were remarkable. She worked in the gymnasium for two months.

Could any thyroid mixture or any freak diet have given such satisfactory results?

The wife of a prominent movie magnate came under the care of Miss Hines. The woman was the mother of grown children and weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. She was fat and middle-aged and utterly unaccustomed to exercise.

IT was a difficult case, but the woman had patience and persistence. And she followed orders implicitly. When she left Miss Hines, she weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. It took her a year to do it but she did it without drugs or a drastic diet.

Was it worth it? Well, the woman not only is slim, but she looks ten years younger than she did a year ago. And she is able to play a brisk game of tennis with her children. Her health is excellent.

Could reductomania, with its dangerous methods, have equalled the results of reductomania?

With all its follies and with all its tragedies, my investigations have convinced me that this craze for reducing has had many good results. Balanced against the harm wrought by its extravagances, is the good that has been accomplished by this newly awakened interest among women in the state of their bodies.

The woman of today is genuinely and vitally interested in improving her body, not by corsets and artificial appliances, but by building up a good physique. Many women have made mistakes and attacked the problem with more enthusiasm than good sense. But a majority of these women have profited by their mistakes. Quacks and fakers have rused to satisfy this new curiosity, but the harm they have done is gradually being offset by the sound information that is being spread on the subject.

If these articles have proved genuinely helpful and informative even to one woman, PHOTOPLAY will consider that it has done a real service toward the art of right-living.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

WORRIED:

Your mother is perfectly right. No fifteen year old girl should go on a diet because you are growing and at your age a person's weight fluctuates a great deal. You should weigh approximately 118 pounds, but if you are 10 pounds over that weight it really doesn't matter in the least.

While still under thirty, one should be a

little over-weight rather than under-weight. HELEN W.:

Helen, I do not mean to lecture, but I certainly do think that your dresses shouldn't be so skimpy that your garter buckles show through them.

You might wear round garters if you do not find them too uncomfortable. This may solve your problem.

MISS FOURTEEN:

If I were you I would keep my coat of tan until the summer is over. Protect your skin so that you won't get unduly sunburned because too bad a case of sunburn permanently alters the quality of your skin. But nothing looks smarter on a young girl than nice, healthy color and since you are so blonde it must be very attractive. I realize the difficulty when you are wearing evening frocks, but since sports models in evening clothes are just as good this season for evening as for day wear, why don't you wear them and stop worrying about your sun tinted skin.

BOTHERED BOOTS:

The chances are that your boy friend has forgotten all about those silly kid letters you wrote him. I wouldn't bring the matter up when you're marching around the school halls together. But if you meet him outside some time you might refer to it. I would treat it as a joke when speaking to him. Ask him if he remembers the nonsensical epistles that you wrote to him. Show that you have practically forgotten them and regard them merely an amusing incident in your life. For goodness sake, don't make him feel that you regard them as love letters of any sort because if you take that attitude he will shy away as sure as can be. But you don't need to worry about them. Any girl of twelve cannot really be held responsible for anything.

C. B. H.:

Bow-legs is a difficult condition to cure. I would advise you to go to a Y. W. C. A. in your city and take a course in corrective gymnastics. I know of many cases where such exercises have helped girls. I also know of two girls who had their legs broken and reset straight. On the other hand, it was very expensive, dangerous and painful. I would certainly give exercise under authorized teachers a trial before resorting to this method.

CURLY HEADED MICK:

Something must be the matter with your diet. You must definitely go on a regime and eat what will increase your weight. Your lying awake and crying at night is one of the things that keeps your weight down. You must get plenty of sleep and rest—both of which increase weight. You must eat fattening foods, that is, lots of milk, butter, eggs, fresh vegetables—particularly peas and potatoes and beans—all of which are weight increasers. Don't eat much pastry and little or no coffee and tea. Any form of exercise will build up your general health. If you will be careful of yourself I believe you can put on 20 pounds—all of which you need—in a very little while. Above all don't fret and don't be discouraged because yours is a condition very easily remedied.

BUBBLES:

Yes, my dear, you're a little over-weight, but it doesn't matter in the least at 16. It's much better to be over-weight than under-weight at your age, so don't start to reduce. You can wear white relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; blue-gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink; soft rose and bronze. To dress your hair low is a little smarter this year. Dressing it high on your head makes you look older, and the simplest coiffure is the best. Even the girls who haven't their hair bobbed are wearing it to look as though it were bobbed. The closer the hair lies to your head this season, the more charming it appears. Light rachel powder would be best for you. Regarding heavy perfumes, the social edict that they were incorrect has been lifted and everyone is going in for even heavier perfumes than before. You may follow your own judgment on this matter. This year, well dressed women are wearing wide-brimmed shaped hats and close fitting hats. It depends on the costume you are wearing. But on a hot summer day nothing is more charming than a large hat.

A NEW MAN

To feel oneself a new man with each new day is part and parcel of physical well-being. But daily revival is impossible if the dregs of yesterday are permitted to poison the cup of life today. It is a law of right living to have no regrets rankling in head or heart, and no toxic burdens lingering in the body.

The gentle discipline of ENO'S Effervescent Salt will help to keep both mind and body clear for action. The dash of ENO, taken in a half glass of water in the morning, promotes intestinal regularity. It helps to remove yesterday's waste out of the way of today's work. And yet, ENO is not revolutionary in its method. It is gentle and persuasive, assisting nature, not bullying her. The dry mouth and throat luxuriate in it, and the inner organs accept it gratefully, because it gives them just the help they welcome and need, perhaps more than you suppose. There isn't a trace of anything harsh or hasty, either in what it is or what it does.

ENO, the World-famed Effervescent Salt,
is obtainable from all druggists at
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THE WORLD-FAMED
EFFERVESCENT SALT



BATHASWEET

No wonder this is the favorite luxury of gentlewomen

When a prominent magazine recently asked a number of well-known women to name their favorite luxury, a great majority answered it was the perfumed bath of softened water.

To bathe amid the sweet fragrance of a flower garden in water so soft and limpid that it tells you by its very feel how good it is for your skin—to step from your tub with an almost imperceptible perfume clinging to you—what luxury could vie with this?

And It Is So Good for the Skin

Nothing helps more to keep the skin soft and dainty than truly softened water. Just sprinkle Bathasweet into your tub and wash bowl regularly for a few weeks, and inevitably you will notice your skin take on a softer beauty that is particularly charming, because it speaks so clearly of the care you have taken of your skin.

The "Scentless" personal fragrance

Bathasweet does not cover up body odors. But by softening the water it cleanses the pores more completely, washing away every trace of odor and leaving a dainty, almost scentless fragrance that is indescribably lovely.

And Bathasweet costs so little. For over 20 years it has been one of the least expensive of the good things of life. At all good Drug and Department Stores, 25c, 50c, \$1, and \$1.50.

FREE A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P1, New York.



Everyone always said that the man who married Mae Busch would have to rush her to the license bureau before she could have time to change her mind. John Cassell tried the whirlwind stuff—and won Mae

DOROTHY, OTTAWA, CANADA:

You're unwise to try to reduce so early after your operation. Please don't do it any more. For a year after any serious operation one's general health hangs somewhat in a balance. Even at 128 you are not over-weight. You can wear white relieved with some other color; black not especially good; blue; golden brown; no red; darkest purple; pale pink and soft rose. Either a dark or a light face powder would be good for you. You might experiment to see which one brings out the color of your eyes best. The same is true of rouge and lipstick. I am glad you do not worry; but be careful about your sarcasm. It is very good sometimes, but a little bit goes a very long way.

HAPPY:

You're not over-weight. You can wear black of high lustre; dark brown and bronze brown; peacock, navy and delft blues; pale and dark green; pearl and dove grays; soft violet and wistaria; no reds; softest yellow and most delicate shades of pink. Since you are so blonde you can probably wear white powder if you want to or even flesh powder. But in New York the powder with a little more yellow in it is more popular. You don't need to worry about not liking the mannish bob because there are so many expert barbers today that if you don't like your hair-cut one week you can have it changed the next. You should become a better dancer if you want to be more popular with the boys. You say you are only fairly good now; I think you ought to practice more because the girl who really is a good dancer has solved a great deal of her social problem. Don't worry about this "hot date" boy friend of yours. After all you're only 16 and you've still a lot of time left before settling down to going around with one boy.

TRUDY:

You're about 17 pounds over-weight. You should weigh in the neighborhood of 122 pounds. You can wear black with white relief; ivory and cream white; all shades of brown; electric and sapphire blues; orchid; burgundy and dark red; amber and pale yellows; all pinks

unless too highly colored. No, it isn't necessary to be forward and loud spoken in order to be popular. On the other hand, the little grey mouse is rarely a social riot. Boys do admire peppy girls and the girls that are quiet are apt to impress them as being slow. You had better reduce, Trudy, and wear as smart and charming clothes as you can. You're only 10 after all and I am sure you ought to be able to put yourself across with the opposite sex.

PATRICIA R.:

For one thing, Patricia, you shouldn't cut your nails with a scissors. It weakens them. Soak your nails every night in slightly warm sweet almond or olive oil. The liquid may be put into a cup at a depth just sufficient to cover the finger tips. The soaking should be for ten minutes at least. Brittle nails are due to a poor general health condition. If you will build up your general health this condition will clear up.

JERRY:

White writing paper is always considered in better taste than colored paper. But since you have been given this other paper as a gift, it seems a shame for you to waste it. If I were you I would use it up on my purely informal correspondence.

PUZZLED:

You are about 20 pounds over-weight. If you will send me ten cents in stamps I will be very glad to send you directions on reducing. About your leaving home. It is difficult to advise you. Any girl's home is usually the best influence she can have about her. On the other hand, at 23 you are a mature and adult person and I think you should be permitted some pleasure by your parents. It seems unjust not to be permitted to entertain your girlfriends. Can't you talk this over with your mother? Every normal person must have friends and most of us have one or two very intimate friends. I really think this is a matter which you must take up seriously with your parents if you are to be happy.

Madam—please accept

a 7-day supply of this amazing new way of removing cleansing cream

A way that will double the effectiveness of your make-up
That will correct oily nose and skin conditions amazingly
That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before

The ONLY way yet discovered that removes all dirt, grime and germ-laden accumulations in gentle safety to your skin

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.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

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.

Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be given you without charge.

What it is

The name is Kleenex Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—a totally new kind of material, developed in consultation with leading authorities on skin care, solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

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.

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!

Kleenex Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—come in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer . . . in two sizes:

Boundry size, sheets
6 x 7 inches . . . 35c

Professional sheets
9 x 10 inches . . . 65c



KLEENEX

ABSORBENT
'KERCHIEFS

To Remove Cold Cream—Sanitary

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

BILLIE:

The way you don't like yourself, Billie, amuses me a great deal. And I feel sure in describing yourself you're not doing yourself justice. Pug noses aren't so bad, really they aren't. If you have a pug nose it gives the boys something to tease you about and that is a big help. It is very difficult to change the shape of one's nose after maturity. So let it alone. No, I don't think smoking is terrible but it isn't particularly good for any girl and is an expensive habit. But I have no feelings about it from a moral standpoint. Warts on the face should be removed by a reputable physician. The following lotion is very good for warts on the hands: One dram of salicylic acid, one ounce flexible collodion. Mix well. Apply with a tiny camel's hair brush for four nights. Then soak in hot water. Continue the treatment until the wart disappears. Boys seem to like both the helpless, rather sappy, pretty girls and the original girls, not particularly pretty, but snappy. It depends upon the boy in question. A smart girl has two personalities which she assumes to suit the particular boy.

One gets rid of a fat abdomen by exercise. It is as simple as that. Don't worry about your eyes being half shut. It probably gives you a very attractive look. So you think you have to pet and kiss a little, do you? How can I advise you on that at this long distance? I have said once before that it is entirely up to the individual and I am still of that opinion. Your letter was a nice one. Write me again if you like.

BARBARA I:

I cannot recommend the method of removing superfluous hair of which you write as I know nothing about it. For permanent removal there is nothing as effective as the electric needle, but I am aware that this is very painful and very expensive. A growth of hair of this sort comes from a poor condition of the glands. It might be advisable for you to consult a specialist, either a good skin specialist or a medical doctor regarding your problem. You should weigh about 134 pounds.

LABERA WILSON:

You can wear A. J. M.'s colors above, too. You might gain about 6 pounds. Brush your eyelashes night and morning with a fine tooth brush to promote their growth and train them into shape.

ROSA, CALIFORNIA:

My dear, you are indulging yourself in being so sensitive. Stop it at once for you will make yourself very unhappy if you do not. This is a busy world and even the most kindly of us have not time to conciliate the feelings of persons too easily hurt. Because some silly boy once made fun of you is no reason for your ruining your whole life by hiding away from people and never going out. Be a strong girl and forget these fancies. Just tell yourself that you are brave. Hold up your head and smile and I know these black moods will go away from you.

FERN B., MISSOURI:

There are several freckle creams and perspiration aids advertised in PHOTOPLAY. I can recommend them all. Are you as young as the rest of your letter sounds, Fern? I like your frankness, but I hope you are sure of your own mind. If you reject marriage that are you going to put in its place?

MISS D. S., COLORADO:

I am still as much in doubt as when I wrote you several months ago. I would act very slowly in the matter of face peeling. Cocoa butter is perfectly harmless. It does fill in natural hollows, such as those about the neck, but I do not believe it can fill in scar tissue. Try to let your skin alone as much as possible. Of course, I'm personally interested in you, D. S. I want to help you all I can. Try not to worry about your appearance. Build up your general health and your mind and personality and your problem will be greatly simplified.



Stops oily skins . . . Combats skin imperfections

Virtually every prominent motion picture star before the public today employs this method. Scarcely a woman of the stage but employs it. Foremost beauty specialists everywhere are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.—won't do it.

Those remove but *part* of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in. Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days the use of Kleenex will prove itself.

You will be surprised at the difference in your skin. In its fairness, freedom from "shine," in the way your make-up holds its charm and freshness.

Send the coupon

Just detach the coupon. Use it by all means. You'll be delighted with what it brings.

7-Day Supply—FREE

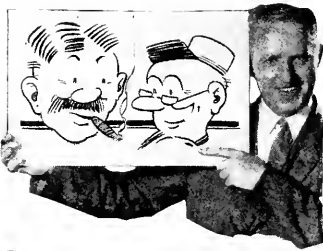
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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of Kleenex Kerchiefs—*absorbent*—as offered.

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Yet of all the professions cartooning is now positively one of the easiest to learn. You don't have to know a thing about drawing. Through our amazingly simple method you can quickly learn to dash off side-splitting cartoons that may mean ease and independence for you and yours—within a surprisingly short time. You learn right at home, yet your work receives the personal attention and criticism of our successful instructors. So rapid is the course that many students actually sell enough work during their training to pay for it.

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True Tone Saxophone

Ideal instrument for girl or boy. Buescher made it easiest instrument to play. Simple lessons given with new instrument, teach you. Get genuine like big stars use. Send postal for beautiful free book and details of home trial and easy payment plans.

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Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Empire State, forgiving the boy who shot his stepfather, grows panicky at the sight of a man beating his lawful, wedded wife.

Truly, by their laws, may you judge their vices.

THE English newspaper critics panned "The Big Parade." All the reviews were so closely in tune that I believe it was a concerted attack inspired by cheap jealousy of American pictures. "Film tells how America won the war" was the chorus they sang. And PHOTOPLAY has received fifteen letters from English people apologizing for the stupidity of the English critics. We refuse to judge the English by their critics.

"The Big Parade" made no effort to exploit America's participation in the world war.

Its action was entirely confined to the adventures of a few men whose outlook was limited to their own battalion. It was a story of human beings—not of armies.

That is why it was great.

I refuse to accept the judgment of the English people by the narrowness of their newspaper critics.

ENGLISH picture criticism is on a par with English pictures. They just do not know how to make pictures. And they just won't learn. There are no more beautiful places in the world than in England to make pictures. Their producers have a great opportunity. The motion picture is universal and international, and we would welcome English pictures as well as German pictures.

We are not singing "The Star Spangled Banner" when we put down our money at the box office. And we may not know the German national anthem when we go to see "Variety" and "The Last Laugh." But we do know a good picture from a bad one—and we would encourage

a Japanese producer without money if he would make a good picture.

Take a little bicarbonate of soda, you English critics. Your own folks are giving you the laugh and making "The Big Parade" a great success right under your noses.

JULIAN JOHNSON and I bumped into each other at the Plaza Hotel the other day. We were the entire staff of PHOTOPLAY once. We saw all the pictures together. Both on the sunny side of thirty, we had enthusiasm to burn. Some ladies standing in the lobby were discussing "Variety."

"Jannings," said one, "is the greatest artist on the screen next to Chaplin."

"Get that, Jim," said Julian, "and it is only ten years ago that we stood in the lobby of a West Madison Street nickelodeon, in Chicago, and watched nice people actually looking up and down the street lest they be detected sneaking in to see Chaplin's Sennett comedies.

"Slapstick comedian—ten years—great artist—what a wonderful world! PHOTOPLAY then had 13,000 circulation—now you have over 600,000. Great life if you don't weaken."

Julian, by the way, has no kick himself. He is supervising editor of "Beau Geste," and other pictures, and his salary isn't far behind the President's.

IF there is anything that sends my goat raving and chewing tin cans, it is these folks who tell an obviously dirty story in pictures, and then point a moral.

But the grand exalted limit is that rotten stage play, "Sex," which is permitted to run in New York, and is produced by a company calling itself "The Moral Production Company."

I'm far from a reformer, but I would like to organize an audience of baseball players all armed with a dozen ripe tomatoes and eggs.

If you have a streak of romance in you, you'll want to read how stars pop the marriage question in October PHOTOPLAY. On all newsstands Sept. 15.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

Right!

Hotchkiss, Colo.

When churches pronounce theaters and movies "schools of vice," they are committing a crime themselves. If they don't attend—how do they know? Life would be one long dull period without theaters. A good comedy makes us laugh and forget our troubles, consequently a benefit.

Often we see foreign scenes in the movies—animals and birds—in their native haunts—the oceans—and thousands of other interesting and instructive things that millions would never see otherwise in life. We get more general knowledge from the movies, and remember it better, than from any other source, and for a few dollars.

Also, why should a few "censors" dictate to a whole nation? What is best for them to see on the screen? People attend the church they like best and are not "censored." I say let the theater people do likewise—attend the plays they like best without being "censored." Some movies would be a good example for the church to follow. If critics did as much to put sunshine into people's lives as the movies and movie people, this would be a far happier world.

Give the movies credit for every effort they put forth for our pleasure.

MRS. MAUDE E. DUKE.

A Wise Stand

Sioux City, Iowa.

Lately I have noticed a number of people in commenting on the subject of importation of foreign stars didn't like the idea. As things are today it would be impossible to have nothing but American players. The fans have an insatiable appetite for things new and different, not merely new stories and settings, but also different types and actors. Mr. Joseph Schenck, of the United Artists, gives as one of three necessary qualities to make an enduring star individuality, personality and appearance so distinctive as to differentiate them from all others in marked degree.

We have many American players who possess this and other necessary qualities, but if occasionally some actor or actress from another country is introduced to the fans it helps to keep public interest at the highest point, and at the same time make a valuable addition to our list of stars. This imported talent helps to satisfy the demand for variety.

Our nation is made up of a combination of peoples from every country. They brought a great variety of ideals with them. We retained the best and became the greatest nation in the world. Now, if we take the best acting material we have, and some of the best from other countries it will go a long way toward keeping American pictures in the high place they have won in the hearts of amusement seekers throughout the world.

ED. T. UNRUH.

Grandma's Boy

Bloomington, Ill.

I have a dear little Scotch grandmother who has never liked picture shows and hated the name of "sheik." Recently "The Eagle" came to our theater and we persuaded grandma to go and see Valentino.

Upon asking her how she liked a real sheik she said: "That's no sheik—it's a bonny, bonny boy—bless him. When will he come again?"

Please add grandma to Rudy's long list of admirers. We all think he is the best actor and PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine.

ANNE MARTIN.



ETIQUETTE DEMANDS THE PERSONAL LETTER

At times, people wonder if a telephone call, a postcard, or a printed sentiment will "do." When in doubt—the rule is—*Write a Personal Letter.*

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If I were you I'd send to Dennison's and ask for their suggestions. I've had all sorts of good ideas from them, at other times, and I know their hints on how to win the Contest will be good. They ought to know, if anyone does, the most novel and attractive ways to mount the pictures and arrange the collection.

And, Dennison materials are all nice to handle and fun to work with.

Take my suggestion this time. Write for the instruction leaflets on Picture Framing, Poster Making, Sealing Wax Art, Crepe Paper Flowers, and Scissor-Painting. They are all free, and some special Contest sketches will be sent you, too, if you just fill out the coupon.

Good luck to you!

Jolyna Ralston.



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In 1922 J. H. Bryson, now head of the Bryson Novelty Manufacturing Company, Fayetteville, Tenn., was clerking in a grocery store at \$40 a month. Thru a LaSalle advertisement he became interested in LaSalle home-study training, selected Higher Accountancy as his course, and immediately started a rapid succession of advancements—until in 1925 he became president and proprietor of the firm which bears his name, now doing a nation-wide business. Two recent orders—one for 750,000 oil gauges; the other for 600,000 yardsticks—give a slight idea of the magnitude of his operations.

"During the last six months," writes Mr. Bryson, "our products have been shipped into every state in the Union, as well as to a number of foreign countries. Our business is on a good paying basis and is rapidly increasing."

Had it not been for LaSalle and the self-confidence and inspiration which came from the knowledge secured from you, I would still be working as a grocery clerk or somewhere in this same channel... Nothing I could say would express the gratitude I feel toward LaSalle for my training. If it can help to accomplish what I have already accomplished, I feel that there is no limit to what it can do."

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The true facts about your opportunities, together with information and data of the utmost value, are contained in a 64-page book which LaSalle will send you if you are sufficiently interested in your future to ask for it.

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Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

CHAPTER III

How to "Adapt" Books and Plays to the Screen

Let us suppose that instead of writing an "original" story for the screen (as explained in last month's issue), you decide to begin your career with the "adaptation" of some well known book or play—"An American Tragedy" or "Aunt Jemima's Cook Book." These books have, let us say, been purchased by one of the large moving picture organizations for presumably one of several reasons—either because of their value as literature, or because of their success as "best sellers," or, perhaps, because of their attractive titles. But no matter what the reason, the fact remains that the company has purchased a book and it is up to you to "adapt" it to the screen.

THREE facts simplify the preliminary procedure. In the first place, it will not be at all necessary for you to read the book before you begin your adaptation. And in the second place, in case you do read the book, it will not be necessary for you to pay the slightest attention to what the author of the book has written. And in the third place it will probably be found advisable, before the picture is released, to change the name of the book.

"Well," you may ask at this point, "and why did they pay \$50,000 for the moving picture rights?"

That is a question only a novice would ask. And the answer is as plain as the nose on his face.

Therefore—to proceed with the adaptation.

FIRST of all, it's advisable to find out from the company the name of the "star" for whom they wish the screen play to be adapted, because, obviously, you would not follow the same procedure in adapting "An American Tragedy" for Tom Mix as you would in preparing it for Baby Peggy. Let us suppose, merely for the sake of an example, that the company which purchased "An American Tragedy" is also the owner of long-term contracts with Rin-Tin-Tin, Karl Dane and the Siamese Twins—each supreme in his (or her) particular field, and each in need of a suitable "vehicle."

That at once makes your problem easier because all you have to do from then on is to center your action around the above mentioned principal characters so that "An American Tragedy" may naturally become the story of a police dog belonging to a man who constantly chews tobacco but is in love with one of the Siamese twins (the left one). This automatically takes care of three of your long-term contracts and only leaves parts to be provided for the other (right) twin and two or three personal friends of the director.

And that problem will be taken up in our next installment.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE DEAD LINE—F. B. O.

YOU'LL have to go back to the Biograph flickers of 1911 to get one to compare with this. There's the sure-shot hero, the curly headed gal, the gold mine and dear old dad who dies, and of course the oily, oily villain. Stay home and catch up on the darning. That will be just as exciting as this is.

THE DANGEROUS DUB—Associated Exhibitors

IF you know your movies—when the hero is branded a dub, you'll know he'll fool the gang of villains and clean 'em up before the final closeup. That's what this is all about, with Buddy Roosevelt doing some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. The children may like it.

THE TWO-GUN MAN—F. B. O.

PERHAPS you are averse to Westerns—even so—go see this very grand hero. Fred Thomson and his famous horse, Silver King (not a competitor of Canada Dry). To our liking, Fred is king of the movie cowboys that glorify the great West. He has an appealing personality, a keen sense of humor and never forgets to instill plenty of thrills throughout his pictures. He knows the children eat 'em up—and don't forget, the grownup children will eat this up, too.

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.

HERE'S Sunny, a Pollyanna-ish character, the shining light of a pickle factory, who is befriended by a theater manager. Under his guidance she becomes a successful star. They fall in love, but before we reach the happy con-

clusion friend wife makes a graceful appearance to complicate matters. Vera Reynolds and George K. Arthur make a terrible attempt to put over some comedy. However, ZaSu Pitts lends her hands to furnish a few merry moments. Fair.

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox

SPLENDID entertainment. Peter B. Kyne's stories always contain sure-fire audience appeal. Howard Hawks has taken this story and filled it with delicious bits of humor. The plot deals with two rival steamship companies and the revolutionizing of the business by the younger generation. Charles Rogers, the recent Paramount graduate, and the most promising juvenile of the season, does excellent work. The remainder of the cast is good—Mary Brian, Albert Gran, E. J. Radcliffe and Charles Conklin.

THE BETTER MAN—F. B. O.

RICHARD TALMADGE is at his tricks again, jumping about and sliding down poles and having a perfectly wonderful time. This is all very well for the devotees of Talmadge. If you are one of them you will probably not balk at the incongruities and may even go so far as to find the situations comic. They are supposed to be. Good for the children.

THE SPEEDING VENUS—Producers Dist. Corp.

PRISCILLA DEAN has lost the fire of the old days. She's settling down now and is satisfied to be a secretary and help the hero perfect his invention. This may put you to sleep, but at any rate it will make no demand on your intelligence. It certainly does not on the actors nor any one else connected with the picture.

**THE MAN IN THE SADDLE—
Universal**

HOOT GIBSON, seated upon his huge grey horse, comes riding into the picture just when he's needed most—and, with his roping and shooting, manages to set everything to rights. But, Hoot, please ask Mr. Laemmle for a change of scenery. We've seen that ranch house in almost every one of your pictures—even though they tried to camouflage it this trip. Fair.

THE JADE CUP—F. B. O.

THIS purports to tell something about a clever young lady who eludes a gang of thieves and saves the hero from being accused of murder, but—well, tell us some more jokes. Evelyn Brent does her best, but it isn't her fault that this is barely palatable. What Evelyn needs is a new type of story.

**THE SPORTING LOVER—First
National**

IT might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. This is just another movie, a little bit worse, with some real hoss racing scenes providing the one spot of plausibility. Every now and then the story gets lost, so to keep interest, Conway Tearle and Barbara Bedford kiss and kiss and kiss. Never in our wildest imagination could we imagine Conway Tearle a romantic and impetuous lover.

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal

A STORY as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff—a wealthy man's son "makes good" while working for an opposite faction (only this time it's wheat growers—not the big sheep and cattle men from Hehokus). Of course he falls in love, don't be silly. Can you imagine Norman Kerry as the big he-man of the great open spaces? Fair.

**THE CLINGING VINE—Producers
Dist. Corp.**

HERE, once more, is the goofy plot about the efficient young business woman who gets sex appeal the moment she tacks a couple of ruffles on her tailor-made. The satire of it completely escaped Paul Sloane, the director. Leatrice Joy gives a flat, mechanical performance as the girl. Tom Moore does what he can with the sappy hero. Trite and tedious.

**THE FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE—
F. B. O.**

EVELYN BRENT has transferred her crooked operations down to the Argentine. A change of scenery is about the only thing new in this. The story—the gal hits the straight and narrow before it's too late and a would-be villain turns hero and incidentally is a member of the Department of Justice out to get this man. We'll guarantee you'll be bored.

**What Was the Best
Picture of 1925?**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

57th Street, New York City. PHOTOPLAY will be glad to receive short letters from readers, explaining the reasons of their choice. Some of these letters will be published in future issues of PHOTOPLAY.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.



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while you are young
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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 proven that it can lift you over several years of low-pay struggling and bring you much more quickly to a worth while income.

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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.



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Stars Who Came Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]



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TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Safe—sanitary; quickly saves its cost. Thousands of satisfied users. Order your set now. **Send No Money**—just pay postman \$2.49 and few cents postage on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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cannot be hidden. Get rid of them now by regular treatments with

Resinol

middleman, the art dealer or the editor, is a kindly being.

The actor, however, must get the breaks. He must get his chance at a part.

In the theater it is difficult enough, but once an experienced trouper gets a script in his hands, he's safe. The movie actor, at this point, particularly the one coming back, who has aged a little, changed a bit, is at the mercy of circumstances. Lights, cameras and camera men, the other players must all be just right or the triumphant come-back cannot be staged.

Take Blanche Sweet, for instance. The triumphant, lovely, golden haired Blanche Sweet of today is not the Blanche who starred in the old days of Biograph, and neither is she the Blanche who staged her come-back in "Anna Christie." She got her "break."

For myself, I believe that playing "Anna Christie" removed Blanche Sweet's inferiority complex. For she did have one, and small wonder.

BLANCHE has been before the camera since the early Biograph days with a career of cinema suffering almost equal to Lillian Gish's. They always made Blanche weep. One of her biggest hits was "The Unpardonable Sin" in which she and Belgium were equally badly treated by the German Army. For years Blanche was given canned emotions to depict, stale movie hysteria. And the trouble was that Blanche knew too much to keep on doing it forever.

The camera has a merciless fashion of photographing the inner mind. Watch sometime, and you will see it for yourself. No technique of acting can help the screen player when his heart isn't in it. Blanche's work, being unsatisfactory to herself, began to be unsatisfactory on the screen. She worked less and less. Time came when she was referred to chiefly as Marshall Neilan's wife.

Then, after a year's retirement on Blanche's part, came "Anna Christie." The production was good for the souls of Blanche and Thomas Ince. They had both been told, more or less openly, that their best movie days were behind them. Ince had been patronized with the title of "box office producer." He had made so much money that it became necessary for those who had made less to infer he didn't know what art meant. Ince didn't expect "Anna Christie" to make a dollar. Blanche didn't care. She just wanted to play that part because she loved it, because she understood the soul of the sodden, disillusioned girl it created.

"Anna Christie" made money and remade Blanche and Ince artistically. Today Blanche of the swinging golden bob is one of our major stars.

Something of the same spiritual growth happened to lovely May Allison. Not so long ago in years but very long ago as movie time flies—six years exactly—May was one of the greatest stars.

After her series of pictures with Harold Lockwood, that fine chap who died of flu, she had the fourth largest fan mail in Hollywood.

It was her charming disposition that did her wrong. She was signed as a star with Metro, and Metro was a busy, haphazard studio in those days. They had stars all over the place but only one they could depend upon—May Allison. So when they had a new director, or a weak story, they gave them to May. They knew she wouldn't let them down. She knew pictures. May came through and it was all very nice for Metro and very bad for May.

She married and retired. She spent a year traveling around the world during which time she shed her ingenuite curls. When she returned she was a woman, a woman of delicate

subtle charm. The marriage from which she had expected happiness and contentment went wrong. She got a divorce.

To the calls from producers that she return to their management as the little curliques of her earlier pictures she sent refusals. She was tired of playing what she called "sap ingenue" rôles. Being intelligent, May knew pictures were growing up, that audiences with new standards were watching the screen.

The rocky road back didn't frighten her. She knew it would be a hard one and she went into training for it. Every day she spent an hour at physical exercises. She worked with famous dancing teachers until she mastered almost every form of dance. She was going to be fit when the chance came. Opportunity was not going to be disappointed.

Nor was it. In "The Greater Glory" and "Men of Steel," she photographs radiantly beautiful and gives outstanding performances. Her youthful charm has developed into exquisite womanhood. And with her new self-confidence she is a finer actress than ever, giving every character poignancy and truth. In another picture which she has just completed, "Alismates," she is playing a woman of the world, a sparkling, sophisticated performance.

Now she is Milton Sills' leading woman and producers are once more bidding for her services. It will be interesting to watch her progress after these pictures get into general circulation.

She is much more beautiful than ever and with that beauty she has brains, acting ability, patience and will power. Watch her closely.

Alice Joyce's case is unique in that twice, at the height of popularity, she has voluntarily left the screen, and twice returned, with her public, loyal as ever, waiting for her.

Can you remember back to the old Kalem days and recall the Alice Joyce of those pictures? She had started working at thirteen. She was a telephone operator. Then she became an artists' model, which led as inevitably then, as it does now, to a picture studio.

FOR all the smartness with which she dresses, for all of her career, there must be something of the old-fashioned woman about Alice Joyce. For both times she has married it has been for love, and when each of her two youngsters were born Alice left the screen to devote herself to motherhood.

The first time was in 1915 when she was married to Tom Moore. The marriage didn't work. Alice came back to be a star of Vitagraph.

After her divorce, she married again, this time James B. Regan, the wealthy young son of the distinguished owner of the Knickerbocker hotel, that once-famous gathering place for all Broadway. In 1921 Alice's second daughter was born and she left the screen until 1924 when George Arliss coaxed her back to play opposite him in "The Green Goddess."

She brought back to the screen a very rare type, a woman beautiful, distinguished, mature, a woman definitely a lady. Paramount, sighing her, put her under contract at once, and now it is because she is in "Beau Geste" that Tom Moore isn't.

Myrtle Stedman was one of the first Western heroines. She and a cowboy named Tom Mix made their debuts in "The Range Rider," a Selig picture. For five years Miss Stedman starred for that organization, playing society rôles in the winter and western rôles in the summer, for some reason known only to the management.

In 1916, she went to Paramount and they gave her leading men of no less calibre than Wallace

Reid, Sessue Hayakawa and House Peters. It wasn't until 1910, after an engagement on the speaking stage, that she faced the actress' problem, face lifting versus mother rôles.

She decided against the face lifting. She has a son she adores, Lincoln Stedman. So when Fred Niblo offered her the rôle of the understandable, modern mother in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," she accepted it gladly and played it beautifully.

Now, she's one of the big names on First National's roster.

It was a very difficult matter with Charles Ray. What Charlie needed was to get back to the simple, human self that had made him famous.

There have never been comedies more loved than the country boy studies that he did, "The Egg Crate Wallop," "The Girl I Loved" and dozens of others. Charlie did them inimitably.

He played a hick at the studio. At home he was a nice boy who had suddenly made a lot of money. He didn't know any people who had possessed wealth all their lives. About the only example he had of what to do with money was what Cecil De Mille did with it in society dramas. So Charlie got a trick bathroom and a trick butler and those possessions began weighing down the country boy of the studio.

Where he had been an artist, he became a trickster. He didn't mean to be insincere. Charlie was fighting and fighting hard, but he didn't know what it was he had to win out against.

He put all his personal fortune into a costume picture, an elaborate version of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The undertaking was one of the screen's most historic flops. Charlie was forced into bankruptcy.

BUT he has come back. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who seem to have a very good idea of what the public wants, have Charlie under contract. And he isn't doing hicks, either. He is doing grown men, doing them with his old sure comedy touch, doing them with a certain dogged charm while at home he lives very simply and pays off his old debts.

He got a bad break in "Paris."

Francis X. Bushman, like Maurice Costello before him, and Valentino after him, was a true matinee idol, perhaps the greatest the films have ever known. It was his love for Beverly Bayne that wrecked both of their careers.

They had played together in several pictures but when the first Mrs. Bushman got a divorce, naming Beverly as co-respondent, the public reacted against them violently.

They married almost immediately and went into vaudeville. They couldn't get a single chance at pictures until "Ben-Hur" came. The original *Ben-Hur*, was, as you know, George Walsh. It became necessary in casting *Messala* to have an actor of splendid physical proportions who actually could compete on fair terms with Walsh, the famous athlete.

Bushman was selected, the first time in his career to play a villain.

The suspense must have been pretty awful for Bushman when the Goldwyn Company merged with Metro and most of "Ben-Hur" merged with the ascan. But the rushes showed he was bringing the screen a perfect *Messala* and bringing himself a new lease on movie life.

Marc McDermott was a popular star about the same time of the Bushman vogue. The years came in and Vitagraph swept him out. He figured in some domestic trouble which didn't help matters any and he was forgotten. Then he came back with a splendid piece of acting in Norma Talmadge's "The Lady." He followed this up by a beautifully handled character rôle in "He Who Gets Slapped." Now he's sitting pretty, a foremost character actor at a higher salary than he ever got as a star.

Earle Williams, Valentino, Eugene O'Brien,

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns..



LOUISE GROODY'S Famous Dancing Feet

"I always have Blue-jay on hand when trouble is a-foot!" writes the dainty and delightful Louise Groody, now starring in the New York musical comedy success, "No! No! Nanette."

"Stage work isn't always kindly to a dancer's toes. But I never have corns. For at the least sign of an approaching callus, I put on a Blue-jay."

Blue-jay is an old standby to folks who reap fame and fortune from their feet. A soft, velvety cushion fits over the corn and relieves the pain at once. Usually one plaster ends the corn. But even an "old offender" seldom requires more than a second... At all druggists.

Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

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Yes, my remarkable new method makes classic dancing easy and fascinating to learn at home. Under personal direction, you learn dancing technique that few outside the great cities have ever had opportunity to master—and at a mere fraction of the cost of studio instruction.

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Cleans where brushes cannot reach



THE toilet bowl should be kept especially clean in hot weather. Use Sani-Flush! Even the trap, unreachable to any brush, is cleared of all sediment and foul odors.

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. Follow directions on the can. Then flush. That is all you have to do. All marks, stains, incrustations vanish. Sani-Flush leaves white, gleaming porcelain clean as new.

Sani-Flush cannot harm the plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can, 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Each, in his own way, a matinee idol, a great lover, a romantic. None of them has, strictly speaking, ever left the screen. Strictly speaking, none of them has staged comebacks. Yet as a trio they have shipped and as a trio they are working back.

Williams gave a sterling performance in "The Skyrocket."

Eugene O'Brien is one of the best leading men in pictures. Given a lovely stellar lady opposite him and Gene is in his element. The element that isn't his is individual stardom. He tried it with Selznick and was pretty awful. Yet you can't beat his recent work with Norma Talmadge in "Graustark" and it is reported that he is doing some of his finest acting opposite Gloria in "Fine Manners."

Rudy? Well, who doesn't know Rudy's story? Fame, flashing, startling popularity after several years of struggle and obscurity. Valentino, Valentino, Valentino, whispered about, shouted about, twenty-four-sheeted about. Vitagraph reissued old pictures in which he had played bits. So did Universal. Metro made a million on him. So did Paramount. And then came Rudy and his high hat.

HE quarreled with Paramount. Maybe they did treat him badly. Nobody will ever quite know what it was all about so much was it a part of the child-like emotionalism of the studios. But Rudy left the screen for two years and danced and beauty-clayed all over the country.

His public didn't wait. That was his tragedy. He came back as "Monsieur Beaucaire," as pretty a rôle as ever was. He had given the public something primitive and untamed and he came back as a dandy. Then he tried "The Sainted Devil." That was awful. "Cobra" was worse. But in "The Eagle" he was nearer the old Rudy and the public responded accordingly. His fate is in the lap of his scenario writer.

Finally, the three directors, Cruze, Brenon and Olcott. Olcott started as an actor in 1911. He was almost the first screen comedian. Then he became a director and he made the first Kalem hit, "From the Manger

to the Cross." He went on to Famous Players to direct Mary Pickford but gradually he slipped into the limbo of directors who weren't so very startling. He made only three pictures in 1922 and none of them was anything to brag about. Everybody thought he was through until he made "The Green Goddess" and changed their minds. He followed that with "Little Old New York" and "The Humming Bird."

You know the rest. Cruze was the reporter hero in that early thriller "The Million Dollar Mystery." He was rated one of the screen's greatest actors, in those days. Then he broke his leg. For a year he was unable to work. That was the year the industry moved to Hollywood. Cruze was forgotten.

Penniless, he got across country somehow. He couldn't get an engagement as an actor but directors were needed. He became a director.

NOBODY knew much about his being a director, however, until "The Covered Wagon." "The Covered Wagon" in its initial stages was meant to be just another Western. Cruze didn't have much of a cast or what was thought to be much of a story. He produced an epic. He has kept on, not producing epics, but producing box-office hits. That's all anyone has to do to be a very important person in Hollywood.

Herbert Brenon had an awful thing to fight. He was accused of having imagination, that unstable quality. Producers were scared to death of him. It had been all right back in 1915 when he made "The Daughter of the Gods" and things like that, but in 1920? Horrors!

But Paramount had Pola Negri under contract and Pola can use up directors faster than any girl on the lot. Brenon wanted a job. Pola had to have a director. Herbert got the job.

The result was "The Spanish Dancer." Then came the fairy story written by a little Scotchman, with an unknown little girl in the leading rôle, "Peter Pan." It fitted the Irish Brenon to the foremost group of directors

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Don't do it, Ricardo, not even in fun! Not even for a scene in "The Sorrows of Satan." Don't you know that Lya de Putti is a "vamp"? Why waste a wedding ring? Lya was imported from Germany to set fire to the local screens but the calamity hounds report that the blaze will be a small one and quickly extinguished

just as magically as Peter brought the *Lost Children* back from Never, Never Land. He promises to stay there with his next production "Beau Geste."

So there you have it. There are more temptations in Hollywood than the one the censors watch.

But there are triumphs that they don't know anything about, too.

Sure, You Can Make Money In California

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Los Angeles is the original club town. It has more country, town, polo, beach, golf, shooting, city, day and night, breakfast, dinner, lunch, tea and supper clubs than New York, London, Paris and Shanghai combined.

I am the original joiner.

If they have organized anything in the way of a club around here in the last ten years that I haven't been sold a membership in, I haven't heard of it. The only one I've missed is the Los Angeles Country Club, which must be awful rich because they have a ban on picture people, and I only hope they're as grateful to keep me out as I am to be kept out. Otherwise, I'm a charter member of the "50" club, the "60" club, the "75" club, the "100" club.

And the last I heard it was up to the "400" club and going strong.

The only relief that I see in sight is that before long they will run out of ciphers.

I drove by one yesterday down on Wilshire Boulevard that got my money about three years ago.

All I can say is, the police ought to make 'em fill up that hole they dug in the ground. Somebody is going to get hurt there.

They seem to have run out of ground for clubs in California, so they've invaded Mexico. At this moment, there are two gentlemen in purple shirts waiting in my outer office to sell me a ground floor membership in a club in Old Mexico.

Another gang that got on my trail was the antique dealers.

An antique is something you couldn't sell under any other name.

WHEN I built my house out in Beverly Hills, about a rifle shot from Fairbanks, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, Chaplin and others, this outfit of antique dispensers tried to slip Mrs. Mix the idea that we should have something around the shack that smacked of "past generations," "inherited elegance," and other similar bunk.

But the smack they spoke of was a little too strong for me.

In spite of belonging to an art club, which I forgot to mention, I'm not educated up yet to seeing artistic beauty in a worm-hole or getting my soul uplifted over a chair you can't sit down in.

Besides, I figured anyone who understood me wouldn't understand antiques, and anyone who understood antiques wouldn't understand me.

But they did unload one antique on me—a painting. It was done by Tristico Sosti Bonnix, or Borax, or something like that. I bought it because I thought it was a picture of a road I knew in the Mojave desert but it turned out to be a sunset in Scotland. Anyway, the gyp artist who swindle-sheeted me into buying this rare bit of canvas forgot to leave a story to go with it, so I had to make one up.

I told my guests it was painted in the 14th century by Sir Walter Raleigh, who intended it as a present for Mary, Queen of Scots, but as she happened to lose her eyesight, along with her head, before he got it finished, it had

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passed on down to me. And the funny part of that yarn is that most everybody believed it. I told it so often I got to believing it myself, until the other day my English butler slipped me the information that Sir Walter and Queen Mary didn't show up in history until two hundred years after my date. But the pardon came too late. I'd already started on the Sir Walter-Queen Mary story and I'm going to stick to it.

NO one except a few naturalized Portuguese, Armenians and Greeks will know the difference anyway.

Why, I even told one picture producer that Sir Walter gave it to me himself, and he said, "Well, that's great. I heard the nobility were nice to you and Mrs. Mix when you were in England last summer."

Then one day there arrived an egg with the bright idea that we had now reached the place where we'd ought to have a family crest. A crest is a picture of half a horse or a lion's tail or a unicorn's horn, and you put it on your automobile door—if you have one.

The door, I mean.

Then this expert called in some authorities that he said were direct from the King's College of Heraldry. In view of the price they suggested for their labors, I got an idea I might look up the place where they got enough education to ask it with a straight face, but though I found colleges at Oxford, Trinity, Durlin,

Edinburgh, Glasgow and other points, nothing was printed about the Heraldry Institution, so I guess they keep their methods dark.

These smart boys were to get up the family crest. They inquired carefully into my family history, which they said was to be reflected by the coat of arms. But I gave 'em to understand that anything that looked like the limb of a tree with a rope hanging over it, was out.

I says:

"Grandfather had his weaknesses, but he was a nice old fellow just the same and we'll allow his ashes to rest in peace."

THESE coat of arms providers use the word "rampant" a lot.

So I got an idea of my own.

"Make it a horse rampant," I told 'em, "and make him look like Tony, and put a rope around the edge and stick a T. M. bar—my cattle brand—in the middle. And for the motto at the bottom, since my Latin isn't what it used to be, just put in plain English, "Be Yourself."

But they didn't think much of that and I ain't seen 'em since.

But, you see, I am trying to keep up with progress and finer civilization and that's why I say:

Making money in California is easy as roping a steer, but keeping it is harder than branding a wild yearling.



Fay Wray worked for several years in small parts in comedies and such like. And just as she had about decided she wasn't ever going to get anywhere in pictures, along comes Erich Von Stroheim who offers her the leading rôle in "The Wedding March." It was a big day for Fay

Our Ambrose Goes Straight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

cameraman. In those days we had no lights and we depended on the sun shining through the ceilingless stage.

"The cameraman, who was usually as thirsty as we were, would squint at the sky—look at the set—and say: 'All for today. Light is getting yellow.' And then the dash for the Edendale car to take us downtown or to Levy's Café.

"Oh, yes, we'd take the street car. Very few of us had cars of our own. And lunches. We had to cook our own at a little food shop across the street from the Sennett lot. It was run by an old fellow who believed all actors were honest. And he rarely lost a penny on his supposition. We'd rush over there at noon and get a couple of eggs, a few slices of bacon, some hunks of bread and go in the back room and cook our own meal over a little kindling stove.

"ON our way out, the old fellow would say: 'Well, what did you have?' And we'd tell him and pay for it after it had been eaten."

Overhead the clangor of an arclight being repaired joined the screech of furniture being moved, and the hellow of a loud voice at the far end of the stage, producing a deafening jumble of sound.

"It is different at Charlie Chaplin's studio. I was with him for six years, you know, after I left Sennett's. Gloria Swanson and I quit the same day. Nice little girl—Gloria. Still the same kind, too. I saw her in New York last year and she hasn't changed, at least to her friends, since those early comedy days.

"Now at Charlie's studio everything is quiet. There is no talking during a scene and little more between scenes. The cameramen whisper to each other. There is a unity between Charlie and his players. There is no one in the business like Charlie to work with. He is a genius.

"We worked two years on 'The Gold Rush'—seven months on that starvation sequence, alone. The scene in the cabin where Charlie keeps turning into a chicken in my hunger-maddened eyes. That was the hardest scene in my career, and I've been on the stage and in pictures since I was fifteen. Day after day we would do the same thing over and over. Charlie would say, 'Now let's get it into!'

"Finally I hypnotized myself into a stupor. Food had no taste to me. I would fall asleep in my chair as soon as I came out of the scene. It was a hideous dream—that hypnotic trance. It put me under doctor's care. Then we finished the sequence and went into another part of the picture and I fully recovered."

Swain left for a moment to do one of his famous funny turns, with doleful face, for Scott Sidney who is directing "The Nervous Wreck," which is to be an Al Christie special. Harrison Ford, his hair in the dubious glory of a "barber's delight," is really the nervous wreck, but they have embroidered Swain's part in the script until his nervous system is as weak as Harrison's. It is a really funny role and Swain is making good use of the technique learned in the Comedy Cult of Edendale.

It was technique they used in those by-gone slapstick days. Mack Swain, Chester Conklin, Ford Sterling, Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Vera Steadman—so many of them have profited by it. Someone was telling me—was it Swain, or was it Chester Conklin?—that timing was the most important factor in comedy or tragedy, and in the old Sennett days he timed his action to the count of "one-two-three and raise-the-hand." "One-two-three and turn-the-face." It's automatic, yes, but it is the foundation for some of the most brilliant careers the screen has known. That, and dramatic ability combined, of course.

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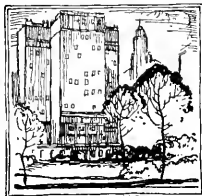
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Swain comes from Salt Lake City, Utah, and when he was a long and lanky kid of sixteen became a song-and-dance man on the stage. For twenty-two years he did his warbling and prancing on the boards and then was amazed, upon arriving, unannounced, at the Sennett studios in Edendale in 1913, to discover that the lot covered such a small piece of ground. "I thought a studio was at least the size of a small city and that each set and street scene was erected permanently."

Ambrose was created and Swain and he stayed at the Sennett studios for five years, leaving them to go with Chaplin when he started his own producing organization. He

has played in nineteen pictures with Chaplin. "Charlie is one of those persons to whom nothing is impossible. The surest way to get him to do a thing is to say 'You can't do that.' It may raise heaven and earth, but it's done."

Swain is now free-lancing and his rôle in "The Nervous Wreck" is the most pretentious since he became an independent player. It is in the nature of a reunion, too, this picture—for in it are a handful of Sennett players with whom he used to work back in the days when "life was a blooming berg garden." There are Phyllis Haver, Vera Steadman and Chester Conklin—all graduates with honors from the Comedy Cult of Edendale.

What Has Happened to Pauline Frederick?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

at me a long, long time in silence, and her eyes filled up with tears.

"It goes right to the old heart, that does," she said.

And she sat thinking. Then she threw out her hands, palms up.

"I don't know how it all happened," she said. "Life is like that. The smallest things turn your whole course one way or the other. Did you ever look at the switches on a railroad track? Only have to turn them half an inch, and they swing a great, big train in another direction entirely. That's the way little things change your life and its purpose. Especially with a woman like me. We act on feeling, on impulse, on emotion. A human contact, a mood, having to wait for something—those are the little switches that turn the lives of women. That is why women in my profession are often not good at business. I haven't been a good business woman."

"Of course, if you have a really great mission, a tremendous purpose, you can't be turned from it. But I never felt like that about motion pictures."

THERE we came to the first real reason for Pauline Frederick's desertion.

Her deep, passionate, vital love for the stage. I don't think she herself has realized sometimes how powerful a force that is.

"You do love the stage best?" I asked her, and she admitted it.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I love the stage much the best. You see, it was my first love, and a woman always has a secret tenderness for her first love, doesn't she? I like acting on the stage better than before the camera. I learned to act on the stage, under stage conditions, with my voice as a great asset and with the audience and the footlights. Yes, I must admit I like it best. But—there's another thing about the difference between stage and screen acting, another more powerful thing even than my love of the stage."

And that brought us squarely to the second thing, Pauline Frederick's unconquerable idealism about her work. Her artistic conscience is still intact, after much battering. Her unshakable determination to do only what is worthy, to give only her best, has kept her an idealist in a commercial age and profession. Some people call that being a darn fool. Others call it being a great artist.

Pauline Frederick has had bad luck. She has had some terribly unfortunate breaks in her picture experience. That comes, as she says, from not being a good business woman. And, in consequence, she is afraid of motion pictures. Her disappointments have hurt her.

"It isn't that they don't make great motion pictures," she said, sitting on the very edge of her chair, and leaning over to convince me. "They do. But—mostly, they are by chance."

"Just let me tell you what happened to me the other night. I made a picture not long ago—I won't tell you its name. That wouldn't be fair. I made it because I loved

the story. It had tremendous dramatic possibilities. It was sound, honest, big. The woman was a fine woman, a big part. I loved her. I understood her.

"I don't think I ever worked so hard in my life. I always work too hard. I tried to save myself, but I couldn't. I don't mind telling you that I gave my very heart and soul to that picture. I used to crawl home at night, crawl into bed, sleep like a child."

"The other night, I saw that picture. "And I came home and cried for three hours, and then I went down the next morning and signed a long-term contract to go back on the stage."

"That's the difference between pictures and the stage, for a star.

"On the stage, you know what you're doing. You read the play. Any changes made at rehearsal are made in your presence, you sit in on them, talk them over. The opening night, you know just what the public will see—at least, you can give them your best."

"In pictures, it's entirely different. You do your work as well as you know how, and then it leaves your hands. When you see it again—of course, I may be all wrong. Perhaps the people who change it all around know better than I—about pictures. But they don't know better than I about Pauline Frederick. For instance, when you've played a scene from a careful beginning, when you've worked it up through the middle part and built to what you believe is a climax, then to go and find the beginning and end cut off, rather hurts your feelings. Or to find the character of a society woman you were playing changed by titles to an adventuresome from the Canadian wilds makes your characterization a bit of a disappointment to you."

She gave me a gallant grin, without bitterness, without malice.

"WHAT I'm trying to say is that there are too many angles to the motion picture business for a lone woman to combat. If I'd been a better picker, had a husband who was a big producer or a fine director, or even a good, sound business man, who could look after my stories, my casts, my releases—I should feel safe."

"When I left Goldwyn, some years ago, I ran into bad luck. I was influenced to do the wrong thing. I didn't see what it would lead to, didn't understand. But I found myself with no one to advise me, no one to give me the surrounding support that I needed. I am an actress—I'm not a director, not a story writer, not a salesman. And—well, I just didn't do the right thing."

"And since I've never found the right stories in the companies where they wanted me to work, and I haven't found any companies that wanted to make the stories I wanted to do. So I've been back on the stage, a year in Australia, abroad, in San Francisco and Los Angeles."

I asked her if her marriages—there have

been four, including the last two to Willard Mack and her cousin, a fashionable physician—had had anything to do with her career.

"No," she said, pensively, her eyes on the garden outside, wide, wistful blue eyes touched by the faintest smile. "No, I've weathered them all—but I am a bad picker, as I told you. But there is no use crying over spilt milk. More than anything else on earth, I wanted a happy marriage. I believe terribly in marriage. For a woman with a career, it is even more necessary than for the woman without one.

"But—marriage is just part of the melting pot of life. If you don't get from it the happiness you have hoped for, longed for, you can at least gain from it deeper understanding of the human heart, more pity for human weaknesses, an education about men.

"I know it is hard for a man to understand a woman's career. Women can give up everything for the work of the man they love, but naturally, you can't expect that from a man. I wanted a—a working partnership, but I never got it.

"I think I should have been willing to give up my career for the right man, but he never came along."

Her blue eyes came back to me, and she must have seen disbelief on my face, for she said "Does that surprise you?" I said it did.

"I suppose so," she said, musingly. "But

it's true. I would rather have had children than anything else in the world. People sometimes say to me that they wonder how I can play mothers as I do, when I've never had any children. But—that's the very reason. All that's bottled up inside of me, comes out.

"I've got a cousin, about my age, with three little kiddies. She's mad about the theater. I'd change places with her to-morrow. I'd change places with her to-morrow, and then let her see what it would be like. She'd soon find out the hollowness of fame, the hard work of success. What is there in it, really all this fame we strive so for?"

"That's why it touched me so when you told me that the fans really wanted to see me back on the screen, why I was so thrilled over the great welcome I had in Australia. That love is the only thing about success that's worth while. And that's why, if I can't make the kind of pictures they want—things like Bob Vignola and I made in the old days, Madame X and her equals—I'd rather make nothing. I won't disappoint them. I can't seem now to make the pictures I want to, and I won't make anything less."

She was deŕant. She was sweet. Her eyes were all wet again, and her hands were clenched in her lap.

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PHOTOPLAY

Miscast

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

CHAPTER III

"KNEE DEEP" played Stamford a half week and then Atlantic City. One of those modern farce-comedies written by a still more modern young playwright with his tongue obviously in his cheek, it ignored all the old traditions of the theater, substituted new de-partures, and fairly shrieked the desire to be different.

The weeks of rehearsal with their sense of security in a metropolitan theater were a joy to Edna Ridgeway, a glimpse of heaven after years of purgatory. The nudges, the curious lifts of the eyebrow of the well-dressed cast at her first introduction meant little. Few of them had heard of her. Or having heard, they had forgotten. And she was in harness again. That was the gladness that sang inside her, that the defeated song completed.

She studied as she had never known study; worried, struggled over every shade of intonation. The third day, she was letter perfect, not realizing the up-to-date method of learning the sense of the lines before they are themselves assimilated. She tried to live the part of the naughty grandma for which, had she but known it, her grotesque appearance alone had been selected.

And on the opening night, before an audience consisting largely of New Yorkers who had come from town for the performance, she fell flat as a pancake.

Management and actors had anticipated roars of laughter when *Grandma* *l'ebster* made her flapper entrance. There was not even a polite murmur. The heavily painted face under its henna boyish bob; the dangling bracelets; the skirt knee length; the spindle heels of bright red; did no more than occasion a faint stir.

As a result, no mood was created to receive the clever, often brilliant, always wicked, lines of the part. That warm response, the bumper lifted by his audience to an actor's effort, and which he recognizes the instant of his appearance, did not come across the footlights.

Edna knew at once. She knew it with a clutch at the throat that almost strangled her. The cold calm following her first speeches was like the hand of death. Frantically, she struggled to pull them to her.

Just once. One burst of laughter uncontrolled and she would have them. Even one spontaneous chuckle.

The second act scene in which *Grandma* in tulle evening dress—what there was of it—appeared at a party and went through the gyrations of the Charleston with her grand-daughter's best young man, was counted on for a big hand. At its finish, quiet like a pall lay over the house, a stillness subtly suggestive of disgust.

That same quiet reflected backstage at the fall of the final curtain. The whispering of uncertainty was the only sound that sped from lip to lip.

Cleeburg came back for a moment. He seemed bewildered. He spoke to them all of the necessity for hard work. Upon the week at Atlantic City would depend the confirmation or cancellation of their New York booking. Though not a word was directed at her Edna felt with the hammering instinct which has no real name, that responsibility for the failure was hers alone. And, too well, she knew what that meant. Even 'oldpeach Cleeburg could not allow sentiment to jeopardize his property. They would give her until after the Atlantic City opening, that was all. Then she would sit again in some agent's office.

She told herself it was not all her fault. Cleeburg should never have given her the part. She was too young to play a grandmother, even the flapper variety. The audience simply wouldn't believe it. But she must hold on just the same. Literally, it was a matter of life and death.

By the time the company left for Atlantic City Sunday, she was exhausted. Not the endless rehearsing of the past few days, nor the varied keys in which she essayed the rôle, but the tense, terrible effort to please had played her out. Every glimpse she had of author and manager in consultation she felt must be her death knell. Slow inquisition that made each moment a pendulum of fear.

When they reached the city by the sea, she registered at a cheap hotel and, without stopping to do more than wash up, made for the boardwalk. She longed for the expanse of changing ocean and sky to clear her lungs of suffocation. It was the hour of change, of lights and shades that shift mystically. The late October afternoon lay golden on the sea. A magic day, aglow with strange hidden warmth under the crisp air. A day that sought to share its joy of living with the world at play.

She stood, stage center, gazing at the young people, their highballs shoved hastily out of sight. She sniffed the pungent air. "Give us one," she chirped. "I prefer rye"

Edna Ridgeway walked in the direction of the inlet, as rapidly as toothpick heels would permit. Now and then she paused to look about. Now and then the passers-by became people instead of an automatic blur. And it was in one of these moments that she stopped, took a hasty forward step, then wheeled sharply.

With a swift turn of face and body she sought the shelter of a pavilion. There she stood, eyes riveted to a group of three across the boardwalk. Almost face to face, they had passed by and her first impulse had been to escape.

Their backs were to her now as they stopped to look in a shop window. She hoped they would stand so for a long time. She wanted to fill her eyes with them. Yet the breadth of the walk that separated the woman from that little group seemed to reach round the world.

A slow, wondering amazement held her. As if the magic of the day had cast a spell. It caught her up like some god a pigmy in the clutch of his great hand. It squeezed the breath from her as if that great hand were closing.



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They turned from the shop window, those three, unknown, and went on their way. The woman's eyes followed until they were out of sight. Then, slowly, head bent, she turned in the opposite direction.

A crowded house the following night greeted the rise of the curtain on "KNEE DEEP." It was the sort of cosmopolitan jam that foregatherers in the theater at a resort where one goes to take the air. Relaxed, expectant, on holiday bent, tired of wheel chairs and walking, completely unconscious of the other extreme at the other side of that painted canvas, the throbbing of tired nerves and tense anxiety.

Yet, strangely enough, quiet control had settled like a benediction over Edna Ridgeway. In her draughty dressing room, she proceeded with her make-up, realizing that to-night, like Justice, held the scales of her future. Yet serene in the face of it. Looking into the mirror, her eyes searched beyond the reflection for reality.

Fifteen minutes before her entrance, she closed the door of her room and stood in the wings, waiting. When her cue came, she took a long breath and stepped on the stage.

Cleeburg, seated with the author at the rear of the house, hopped straight from his chair. The author leaned forward sputtering,—a struggle between astonishment and rage.

There had appeared before the audience a little lady in flat heels, black silk dress, white fichu and grey hair softly curled against a face only faintly made up. She stood stage center, gazing in fluttery, birdlike way at the young people sprawled about, their cigarettes drooping from lax fingers, their highballs hastily shoved out of sight. Then her head went up. She sniffed the pungent air.

"Give us one," she chirped; "I prefer rye." The house let out a howl. That quaint, almost shy, little person lifting a highball with the air of a seasoned connoisseur, sipping it with lips that smacked appreciatively, filled their souls with instant delight.

"By Godfrey, she's got 'em!" breathed Cleeburg, falling back in his seat. "She's hit it. Flapper grandma is old stuff,—see her on every street corner! But old-fashioned grandma with flapper lines—that's something new! Get me?"

He grinned.

There could be no doubt from that moment as to *Grandma Webster's* popularity with the audience. Every move she made, every wicked "wise-crack," every bit of sophisticated philosophy, they rose to meet with the tribute of good fellowship. When the fluttering little hand struck a match across the sole of her flat shoe and held it to a cigarette, they adored her. When her eyes crinkled naughtily and she advised her young swain: "My boy, there's a time and place for everything. Never give a boudoir kiss in a drawing-room," they chuckled. When, in stiff black silk gown and white stockings, she floated into his arms and went through the gyrations of the Charleston, they hugged her, with him, to their hearts.

DOLPH CLEEBURG, followed by the author, dashed backstage to Edna's dressing room after the first act.

"A riot!" clapped out the manager, wringing both her hands.

"Stroke of genius!" vouchsafed the author, and grinned as if the stroke had been his.

"What-in-hell made you do it?" demanded Cleeburg.

But Edna just smiled. "It was inspiration that came last night. I'd been such a terrible flop. They hated me."

"And now," Cleeburg choked, "they're eating you up. Just keep up this pace and we're good for two years on Broadway!"

They gave her a hand when she next appeared; a long, vociferous outburst. It didn't matter that her characterization changed the play's entire motivation. Nobody, of course, would believe that the woman Edna Ridgeway presented could actually have won away her grand-daughter's sweetheart. But nobody cared. They were responding to that law

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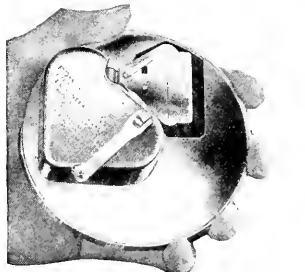
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of the theater—the law of contrasts. And they were willing to accept anything the lovable naughty grandmother did in the light of a prank cooked up by her as a lesson to the ultra-sophisticated younger generation.

AS the final curtain fell, Edna Ridgeway did not realize the extent of what she had done. She had no idea that *Grandma* IInd *Act* had made the play's success. She knew only that, whereas its failure had been on her shoulders during the Stamford engagement, she had seen the way to redeem herself tonight.

Coming off a bit dazed, she heard, at what seemed a distance, the shouted congratulations of the company, their gay laughter, felt their handclaps. But above all, she sensed freedom. A chafing coat of mail had mysteriously fallen away, and in its place was wrapped round her a mantle of tenderness.

More than the thrilling din of excitement and relief, more even than "Dolph Cleburg's enthusiasm, she wanted just now to be alone. To drop down on the low stool before her dressing table and face the truth which so suddenly, so strangely, had come to her.

She opened the door of her dressing room. Then she stopped quite still, holding to the knob. A man was standing in the middle of the floor. Quietly, as she entered, he came toward her.

"Ted—you were great," he said.

She leaned back against the door, her lips moving. They formed the name, "Jim," but did not utter it. Not for a moment or so. Then she spoke dimly.

"Jim, was I? Tell me—was I real to you?"

"You don't know how real!"

"Yes, I do," she interjected, voice breath-

less and none too clear. "I had seen you and Jimmy and little Jimmy,—he is little Jimmy, isn't he?"

"Yes—a great little fellow, too!"

"I knew him—because he's the image of our Jimmy when he was tiny. I saw you—all together on the boardwalk last night, looking into a toy shop. Such a happy trio! And it came over me suddenly, Jim, what it would have meant to have you—to be the woman I was meant to be—old enough to have a grandchild, young enough to live again in him. It was seeing you three—like that—made me realize—" she broke off.

"We came down here especially to see you,"—he coughed a bit, halted, went on. "The boy and I got in from Chicago only Saturday and heard then you were back. He's on a big engineering job out West, you know." He picked up the thread of their life together gently and quite as if she had never snapped it. "The boy had to see his mother, nothing to it!"

"Jim"—she pulled off the gray wig—"I've been playing out of character so long. Look at me—what a freak! Why, tonight's the first time I've felt real in years."

"You're all right, Ted dear. Remember what I told you once? Even when there's not a hair on your head or a tooth in your mouth—remember?"

She hung to the hands he held out to her. Never in all the years of desperate effort at youth had she looked so childishly helpless.

"Jim—I feel born all over again," she breathed out. "Will you take me to my Jimmy's baby? I want to hold him in my arms—make a fool of myself over him. I want to know just how it feels to be a real honest-to-God grandmother."

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

a common ground for enthusiasm in motion pictures.

Half the letters I receive come from England. They are hospitable and good sport sounding. Some of them extend dinner invitations, and this is taking a chance even though there is an ocean between us.

THIS note of hospitality strikes me as odd because when I've been in contact with the English I've felt sort of refrigerated. Indeed I've felt as though I personally were responsible for Braddock's defeat, whereas it was I who said, "Don't shoot until you can see the whites of their eyes," and even then I was only fooling, thinking that when they heard me they would close them.

But the motion picture has given us a mutual

enthusiasm that drops all thought of past differences. The English letters prove that. And next year I'm going to do my best to forget that my ancestor, Mary Queen of Scots, was beheaded while visiting relatives there.

BEFORE closing the show this month I'd like to make just one personal announcement (keep your seats, we are not selling red cross buttons). Mabel Normand is out there in the audience, and Mabel has come back to the screen in a picture that is Mabel at her greatest . . .

That's right, give her a cheer as big as her heart!

The Gotten Goat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

occasional mayhem was only an item on the debit side of the ledger. In the none too dim past Veto had experienced the gnawing pangs of hunger and so arrows did not hold for him the terror which perhaps they justified. Wherefore he returned to his post of disadvantage against the lonesome pine, replaced the shiny apple on his head and closed his eyes in melancholy anticipation.

"I has got a hunch," he murmured softly, "that something is about to happen."

The scene was readied. Opus experimented casually and unsuccessfully and then prepared for the shooting of the great scene from this screaming burlesque of the Swiss classic.

"Ready?" barked Clump.

They nodded.

"Action!" Snapped the director. "Camera! Shoot!"

Opus Randall posed pompously, fitted the feathered end of the arrow to the bowstring—and shot. The arrow sped into the air and collided violently with Mr. Veto Small's chest. The apple tumbled to the ground and Mr. Small followed loudly. Caesar leaped around hilariously. "That's great," he enthused. "That's even better than had you hit the apple, Opus. We get a big laugh out of that. Hey you, Boy! see is Veto hurt bad an' if so take him to the hospital."

As a matter of fact Veto was not seriously injured, but he was not minded to inform the director of that fact lest a retake be ordered. The arrow had been fortunately dull and only

the impact had rendered him temporarily *hors de combat*. So when they got him into a taxi he directed the driver to take him to his modest room at Sis Callie Fluker's imminently respectable boarding house.

They swung into Birmingham over the crest of Red Mountain and Veto gazed down upon the panorama of Jones Valley with a queer admixture of affection and distaste. Birmingham had treated him both harshly and well; it had held out to him social position which he had hitherto never known . . . and a series of fearfully hard knocks.

As the Gold & Silver taxi dropped down Twentieth street, Mr. Small's mind reviewed his brief sojourn in Alabama's metropolis—and wondered whether he had better remain where he was or journey on in hope of finding a position which paid less well—and was less dangerous—than the task of Goat Man with the Midnight Pictures Corporation.

The cab stopped before the modest two-story house on Avenue F. Veto alighted and went to his room. And there, seated by the window, was a figure. Mr. Small's face was transfused with supreme disgust at sight of this gentleman.

"William Scraggs," he snapped, "what is you'n' heah?"

"Just visitin'," responded the other with unctuous affability. "Sort of waitin' fo' you to come in."

Mr. Scraggs was not so tall as his host, but he boasted perhaps thirty pounds more avoirdupois and it was composed largely of extremely servicable muscle. Veto, however, had been tried to the limit and there was no uncertainty in the manner of his reply.

"Ise in!" announced Veto. "An' Ise waitin' fo' you to git out."

"Aw, now, Veto—"

"Don't go Aw-in' me. All I craves of yo' presence is yo' absence. An' a lot of it."

"Shuh! Tall Boy—don't you never forget n'r forgive nothin'?"

"Veh—but not ev'rythin'."

"I just played a lil' joke on you—"

"—Yeh. An' you done all the laughin'."

"But I says le's let bygones be bygones."

"That aint mutual. I guess you is a good enough feller, Mistuh Scraggs, but yo aint no good fo' me. So I bids you a fond farewell."

"Now leave me 'splain. When you fust come to Bummin'ham—"

"You don't have to 'splain that to me, Mistuh Scraggs. I won't never forget that the longest day I live."

Veto spoke without semblance of exaggeration. His thoughts flashed back to the drippy, dreary night when his train had rolled under the somber shed of the L. & N. station. Birmingham was a welter of rain and sleet and unhappiness. Veto was a stranger in a strange land—an eager, friendly stranger possessed of twenty-six dollars in cash and an ambition to be buddies with someone.

HE wandered from the depot to Nineteenth street, and thence, by instinct, to Eighteenth and to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor. The hour was early—the dusk-dark moment of a sodden Southern evening . . . and in paying for a cup of coffee and bowl of Brunswick stew he flashed the yellow backs of two ten dollar bills.

William Scraggs saw them, and William was excessively partial to strangers who carried ten dollar bills. The task of cultivating the newcomer's acquaintance was ridiculously simple. Veto confessed that he had come to Birmingham in search of work—any sort of work. He wanted to locate in the city—and he had money to prospect for just the right sort of job.

Mr. Scraggs expressed the opinion that twenty-five dollars wasn't so much and Veto agreed. "Now fifty dollars," breathed the new-found friend, "Tha's money!"

"Uh-huh. It's twice as much."

"With fifty dollars you can hol' out fo' about six weeks an' git just the right sort of job."

"Aint it the truth? But I aint got no fifty dollars—"

"You can git it."

"How?"

William waxed loquacious. He explained to the stranger that the Sons and Daughters of I Will Rise were auspicing a boxing carnival that night at their hall on Eighth Avenue. The chief attraction was a ten round bout between Mr. Killer Eads, of Pratt City and Mr. Tommy Lawson, of Atlanta. "An' Boy!" breathed William, "this Killer Eads is what his name says, only more so. One punch an' fo'lie! But most folks don't know all about him like I does an' they is bettin' on Tommy Lawson which they has sawn him fight befo' an' they think he is pretty good."

Veto shook his head. "I never bet," he announced, "an' when I does I always loses."

"YOU won't lose bettin' on the Killer. Honest, he's the swellest cullud middleweight us has turned out in ten years. He eats raw meat fo' breakfast an' chews ten-penny nails fo' lunch. His middle name is Murder an' he was born twins. Now look—" Mr. Scraggs produced a wallet which contained naught but atmosphere. "You see how much money aint in that pocketbook?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, this maw'nin' there was th'ee hund'ed dollars in there an' I has bet it all on the Killer at even money. Tha's what I think of him."

In the face of such incontrovertible proof of his friend's sincerity, Veto Small could not long hold out. Not without some slight tremor of apprehension he entrusted to William twenty-five of his twenty-six dollars and they repaired immediately to the lavish lodge rooms of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Rise, where a goodly smattering of Darktown's sportively inclined were gathered at the ringside. For a few brief moments William absented himself and when he returned it was to proclaim exultantly that he had wagered the twenty-five dollars at even money on the Killer.

Killer Eads was, to express it mildly, a placid looking person. Also it appeared to the uncritical eye of Veto Small that he held his opponent in profound awe.

The fight started.

The fight ended.

Killer Eads took one on the jaw and came up for another. He got it. The house rocked with merriment as Florian Slappey, officiating as third man in the ring, counted up to thirty-seven before the Killer opened one eye to inquire how much his twenty per cent of the gate receipts amounted to. It was excruciatingly funny to everyone—except to Mr. Veto Small.

Then something else happened. A large and portly gentleman bustled up to Mr. William Scraggs and placed in that person's hand the sum of fifty dollars.

"Heah's yo' stake an' yo' winnin's, Brother Scraggs. You is the only cullud feller in Bummin'ham who was lucky enough to find anybody to bet on Eads."

There was nothing swift about Veto, but even his snail-like powers of comprehension could not long mistake the sinister meaning of this. He protested long, loudly and vainly . . . and William Scraggs had the effrontery to laugh in his face.

"I had to find somebody to bet on the Killer," he announced. "An' he does deserve his name—'ceptin' on'y that he always is the one which gits kill."

And so that night Veto Small emerged from the lodge bereft of his money, his friend and his plan of campaign. He was strangely alone in a city which had thus far proved anything but friendly and he possessed one single simoleon. It was a drab and gloomy prospect—one fraught with potentialities of excessive and frequent hunger and sleepless nights on chilly curbstones.

The following day Veto set out in search of work. He was no longer particular. He wanted a job and he wanted it right now. He was lonely and desperate and filled with the fear that unless something turned up very quickly indeed he might take an enforced vacation from eating.

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He made his way to the studios of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc.—successful producer of two-reel comedies by and of negroes and for moving picture fans the country over. He did not go there because he thought there might be any opportunity for him, but because Midnight was the only industry he knew of in Birmingham. He had seen Midnight comedies and howled over them—and he knew that the organization was large and flourishing. He presented himself at the gate and demanded to know whether there was a job for a gentleman who cared nothing for the exterior of his carcass provided the interior was assured of adequate eatments at least thrice daily.

It so happened that two days previously Mr. Wolford Potts, masculine star, and Mrs. Sicily Clump, feminine satellite, had happened to an accident during the rehearsal of a very important scene and were even then hobbling around the lot considerably the worse for wear. Also J. Caesar Clump, director extraordinary, happened to hear the plea of the melancholy Mr. Small and bade that gentleman wait—even when the gatekeeper would have curtly dismissed him.

J. Caesar went into executive session with Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight. He made clear to that person that such accidents had occurred forty-eight hours before were unnecessary and costly and suggested that they hire the stranger at the gate.

"Always when we makes slapstick comedies, we tries crazy stunts an' sometimes they goes wrong. An' when they does somebody in the company gits all busted up an' then we has to lay off shootin' fo' a few days an' that costs money. Now I suggess's that we hibs this feller an' tries things out on him. If they works, all well an' good—an' if they don't—why then we wisser."

And so it was as official goat that Mr. Veto Small came to enter the movies. At the first blush the job looked to him like manna from Heaven—but before the end of the week he commenced to speculate whether his good luck was entirely unalloyed.

ONE thing could be said for Director Clump—he demanded one hundred per cent value from every one on the Midnight lot, and Veto came far from being an exception to the general rule. In fact, the director was inspired to try—through the medium of Veto—many gags about the success of which he had heretofore been in doubt. From the third day of his membership in the Midnight organization, Veto was never entirely free from bumps and bruises . . . and if he bore them with some slight measure of stoicism it was because of the fear of joblessness which his one lonesome night had engendered.

Also, Mr. Small made an amazing and delightful discovery. He learned that there were certain invaluable prerequisites to being a member of the Midnight organization.

The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. had been in existence less than a year and during that time its growth had been phenomenal and its future assured. Starting with only a small portion of the proverbial shoe-string, it had weathered a brief storm of adversity and was now solidly entrenched as a producing organization whose production was being exhibited in more than one hundred and fifty first run, first-class houses throughout the United States with its output contracted for two years in advance on a basis of twenty-six pictures a year.

Wherefore Midnight had ceased to be a venture and had become a recognized industry—and as such the social arc's and would-be's of Birmingham were entranced. Colored society provided a very particular niche for each member of the organization . . . and even Veto Small came in for his small share of adulation.

With increasing prosperity had come greater efficiency. No longer were extras recruited at random or visitors allowed to swarm willy-nilly about the lot. Admission to the plant was by official ticket only—and these tickets

were difficult to obtain. Midnight yet operated close to its expense account and Director J. Caesar Clump, as well as Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, hated to be annoyed by visitors.

There were few colored folks in the city who did not aspire to a job with the company, and none who did not possess an insatiable curiosity as to what it was all about and how it was done. Wherefore social attention was showered upon any and all who might possibly have influence in permitting the interested outsider to enter the magic portals . . . and there was no one who quite knew—or knowing, would have understood—just what a hopelessly mental position was held by Veto Small.

And so Veto recognized two sides to the book of account. On the one was diurnal mayhem and on the other a prestige with which he had never before been blessed. And this was brought forcibly home to him the first time that William Scraggs insinuated himself into the tall one's society and suggested that they carry their hatchet into the back yard and bury it.

"Don't crave to bury no axes, 'cept in yo' head," growled Veto.

William refused to become peeved, for William ambitioned mightily toward the movies and he fancied that he could become a star in short order. He insisted that his very dear friend should forget and forgive—which Mr. Small quite stubbornly refused to do.

MR. SCRAGGS was a persistent person who refused to accept a rebuff. He knew that he had erred grievously in mistreating Veto and he tried to make amends—even to the point of returning the twenty-five dollars won from the lengthy gentleman on the occasion of Killer Eads' brief nap at the lodge rooms of the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise.

Veto accepted—and was slightly mollified, but only slightly. And he permitted his *bete noire* to labor under a slight apprehension.

"What you does in the movies, Brother Small?"

"Me? Oh! nothin' much!"

"I know. But just what in pretickeler?"

"Heaps out. Ise what they calls an understudy—sort of."

"An' if somethin' was to happen to Opus Randall or Wolford Potts or somethin'—?"

"I guess I'd act fo' them. Ise done about ev'rything else."

William heaved a deep and vasty sigh. "Gosh! aint you the lucky feller? Gittin' a soft job like that where you might happen to become a star . . ."

"You don't understand nothin' about the movies," explained Veto tiredly.

"I understand's I wish I was in 'em. Actin' fo' the pitchers is the most ambition I has."

"Umph! 'Taint no easy gittin' in with us folks."

That was the truth, as William well knew. He had tried often and futilely. But it seemed now that opportunity was rapping at his door. This was the first time since the local company had been launched that he had been able to scrape up an acquaintanceship with a member of the organization and he was not of mind to let even this slim opportunity lapse.

In the weeks which followed he sycophanted around Veto, showering that gentleman with attentions gastronomic and social. He saw to it that Veto was elected to the Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise and the Over the River Burying Society and was an honor guest at several functions where ordinarily Mr. Small would not have been able to obtain an invitation.

By profession Mr. Scraggs was a truck driver and on more than one occasion Veto saw him go thundering by the studio on his high perch and a deep envy welled in the heart of the Midnight company's official goat man. He knew how to drive an automobile and craved to mount on the seat of a truck and send it crashing through traffic. He particularly envied the job which William held, for it entailed no physical labor . . . but he did not let the persistent person see that envy was mutual between them.

Veto became more and more disgusted with the motion picture profession. At the outset there had been in his brain some glimmering of an idea that perhaps he might mount from his lowly estate to the glory of actorhood . . . but the passing days effectually dispelled any such notion. He was the human nadir of the industry and even at that far too valuable in his position to warrant either director in elevating him above the work for which he had been hired.

On this day of the filming of the burlesque William Tell, Mr. Small had plumbed the nerthest depths of dank despair. "Throwing him around was one thing—it was quite something else and hopelessly insulting when they stood him against a tree and shot him.

"Always something happens to me," he gloomed to himself. "Even that apple didn't git hurt."

Wherefore he was in a distinctly unfriendly mood at sight of William Scraggs waiting in his room. William radiated geniality and affability and Veto snarled his answers.

"Leave me be, Mlistuh Scraggs. I aims to enjoy me some solitude."

"That's all right, Brother Small; don't you mind me."

"Caint he'p mindin' you. Ise as sick an' tired of you as I is of my job."

"Says which?"

"Ise disgustful with the movin' pitchers. Workin' in them aint no good nohow."

William's eyes popped with amazement. "Listen at that man talk!"

"I mean it," snapped Veto. "Me—I'd ruther be drivin' yo' truck than doin' what I is."

"I reckon," sarcastically, "that you'd swap jobs, huh?"

An idea smote Mr. Small and his eyes narrowed speculatively. "Well, not ezactly, but drivin' a truck is one of the fondest things I is of."

"I could work it easy, Veto. My boss would be satisfied did I bring him a good truck driver an' you says you is an expert."

"Hmph! I guess you don't want my job, anyway. They bangs you aroun' a good deal, an' you got to do ezactly what they says."

"If I could on'y git into the movies," breathed William ecstatically, "I won't care did they kill me."

"You got just the right state of mind for my job."

"It caint be so awful bad."

"Boy! you don't know nothin' an' you is learnin' no more fast. Movies is terrible."

"I guess I could stan' it."

"I guess not."

"I'll bet."

"They'd make you sign a writin' befo' you took the job. You'd have to sign that you would do whatever they tol' you no matter how rough."

"That's all right with me." William moved earnestly across the room. It came to him that there was an underlying note of seriousness in his friend's manner. Perhaps Veto might be idiot enough to swap jobs. . . "Say listen, Veto—"

BUT Veto was not without craft. He shook his head determinedly. "Nothin' doin'." I likes truck-drivin', but bein' a movie actor is better."

When William departed it was with a fixed idea: there was no mistaking the fact that Veto might, under proper provocation, consider exchanging jobs. Mr. Scraggs licked his chops at the prospect. The very fact that for so long the gates of the Midnight lot had been closed to him served only to whet his appetite. Never in his life had he wanted anything quite so much as he now desired to become one of the magic circle which all colored Birmingham envied. Members of the company were dined and wined and sought after and catered to. . .

He even went so far as to hold converse with his boss and explain that in case he found it necessary to resign he could furnish an expert successor. The boss was not at all disinclined

to accept. "If he can drive a truck I'm satisfied. It will save me the bother of hunting for a new man."

William renewed his assault on Veto's citadel. But with William's increasing vehemence, Mr. Small grew more and more reluctant to discuss the matter. What William proposed—he averred—was out of the question: it would be too much like swapping a genuine diamond for a string of imitation pearls. Yet the very fact that he was willing to discuss it at all kept William's interest keened to razor edge.

And then came the big day when Director J. Caesar Clump commanded Veto to high dive into a lake. He neglected to inform Mr. Small that the lake was inclined to be shallow—a discovery which Veto made abruptly and painfully. He came up bruised and battered and spluttering. He climbed from the water and presented himself dripping before the director.

"I guess you is satisfied?" he suggested caustically.

"Yep," responded the director indifferently. "I won't make Welford Potts try that. He might git hurt."

"An' me—I is hurt a ready."

"Aint that what us pays you twenty dollars a week fo? An' don't you run up big medical bills on us? You aint got no kick comin'."

VETO'S lantern-jawed countenance set itself grimly. He knew he was success from a studio standpoint and a miserable failure so far as he was concerned. A somewhat distorted spinal column shrieked advice that he retire from the motion picture profession before being completely annihilated. And an idea which had been crystallizing for some time gradually took definite form in his brain. He even smiled a trifle.

That night he permitted himself to be enticed into a game of rotation pool with William Scraggs at two bits per game and he smiled inwardly as Mr. Scraggs with glaring obnoxious allowed him to win quarter after quarter. Later, when they abandoned the green baize in favor of the lunch counter where they inhaled barbecue sandwiches and steaming coffee, William touched on the ever-present subject.

"I has spoke to my boss," he announced. Veto seemed disinterested.

"Bout which?"

"You takin' my job?"

"Foolishment which you talks with yo' mouf."

"It's a swell job. Fifteen dollars a week an' easy hours an' nothin' to do but drive. Now you has said yo' ownsef that you craves to drive a truck, an' me—I hankers to movie act—so I says why not us trade an'—"

"Cullid boy! you remarks lots of words but they don't say nothin' to me. The job I got with Midnight is full of bumps—an' they makes any new man which I gives my job to sign up to 'one year in advance—an' when you signs a writin' with them folks, Boy, you has suttly signed somethin'."

"I know it. An' Ise willin'."

There was no doubt of his willingness, none whatever. Not since he had invigiled Veto into betting twenty-five dollars on the impossible Killer Eads had he been so eager for any single thing. Veto was distant, but willing to talk.

Together they walked Highland avenue, discussing the proposition from all angles. William realized that this was the psychological moment and he made hay while the moon shone. He argued, pleaded, begged and cajoled . . . and finally, when they parted at the doorway of Sis Callie Fluker's boarding house, Veto admitted that he might be converted.

That night Veto lay awake long, staring through the window into the silver moonlight. Upon his broad lips was a smile of ineffable contentment as he visioned not only the luxurious ease of driving a truck at fifteen dollars a week, but also the bodily discomfort which would be William's portion should the exchange of jobs be effected.

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And Veto knew William—better perhaps than William knew himself. He knew that if William once signed a contract he would go through with it so long as there was breath left in his body.

Contemplation of this vengeance was sweet indeed. The most beautiful thing about it was Mr. Scraggs' utter innocence of what was in store for him . . . the battering and banging and the hopelessly low estate to which he was forever destined.

The following morning Veto edged apologetically into the office of President Orifice R. Latimer and announced his intention of retiring from the profession. Latimer summoned Directors Clump and Fizz and broke the news. Their faces were filled with lugubriousity; Veto, present, was hopelessly *declassé*—absent, he was a person of enormous worth. Particularly was this so now when precedent had been established and the stars would no longer experiment as they had in the past.

They begged Veto to reconsider, but he refused steadfastly. And then they looked mournfully at one another.

"We got to git somebody," said J. Caesar.

"We sho'ly has," agreed Eddie Fizz.

Mr. Small ventured a suggestion. "I got somebody in mind fo' you-all."

They turned interested countenances his way. "Hm! Will he stand fo' what we does to him?"

"Make him sign a writin'. Then he'll stand anything."

"I know. But . . ."

"I has explained ev'rything to him, an' he thinks he knows just what's gvine happen."

Then Veto's eyes twinkled and he repeated: "He thinks!"

THEY agreed to engage William Scraggs and eventually consented to pay him twenty-five dollars a week for one year provided he obeyed orders. Immediately thereafter Veto departed the studio in search of William, and Orifice R. Latimer went in his car to the offices of Lawyer Evans Chew in the Penny Prudential Bank Building.

Two hours later an eager and interested group gathered in the offices of Orifice R. Latimer. In addition to the president there were J. Caesar Clump and Edwin Boscoe Fizz, harried directors who were more than a trifle perturbed at the possible loss of their official goat man and wished to inspect the new candidate; Lawyer Evans Chew, horn-goggled and impressive; William Scraggs, a-tremble with eagerness and excitement, and Veto Small, tall and calm and dignified and pervaded with a sensation of righteous elation at this auspicious launching of his revenge against the person who had taken him in so grossly on the occasion of his initial appearance in Birmingham.

Lawyer Chew read sonorously from the contract he had drawn. William Scraggs listened with only half an ear. Now that the portals had opened ever so slightly, he was prepared to sign anything. Visions of the prestige which would be his automatically as he joined the company dimmed all thought of what his task might be, and so he paid scant heed to the portions of the contract which bound him to do anything which he might be ordered to do by certain thoughtless directors.

"You comprehend," finished the company's legal adviser, "that once you inscribes yo' name hereinafter appended that you cannot disobey no orders an' that fo' one year you is to be called upon to do any an' ev'rything which you is commanded to do, same ben' dang'ous. An' that you hof The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc. free from all blame, responsibility an' whatsoever in damages for liou thereof."

William nodded slowly. "Uh-huh. Where's that pen?"

"Just a minute." It was Veto Small speaking, but not the Veto Small who had suffered through many a hilarious comedy scene on the Midnight Lot. This was an imposing and commanding personage; a gentleman of serious mien and immense dignity. He moved forward to the table and frowned upon the others.



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"So far so good," he announced. "But that contract don't go far enough."

"Huh?" Lawyer Chew was somewhat nonplussed. Only Director Fizz had an inkling that an important disclosure was about to be made. Eddie Fizz knew of the grievous introduction of Veto and William and understood that this was a cunning revenge for the congested stranger. "What's wrong with that contract?"

"It left out somethin'," proclaimed Veto.

"What?"

"Well, it provides that William is to get twenty-five dollars a week fo' his work, an' tha's all right. But before you-all signs up, another part has got to be wrote in saying that he only gets twelve dollars an' a half of that twenty-five an' I gets the other twelve-fifty."

"Ev'y week?"

"Yassuh. Ev'y week fo' one year—it Mistuh Scraggs lives that long. Ain't that right, William?"

William nodded. "He's right. I agreed to that last night of my own free will and discord."

Lawyer Chew was amazed—but he was willing.

"It's easy enough to make it read that way," he said. "But how come you to git half of this man's sal'ry in addition to his truck-drivin' job, Veto?"

A slow smile of triumph creased the lips of Mr. Veto Small.

"Because," he explained, "accordin' to the agreement I and him made last night, I is his manager!"

The Real Sirens of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

specimens of womanhood on the screen, the Lillian Gishes, the Lois Wilsons and the Irene Riches would come out on top.

Lillian, undoubtedly, would poll the biggest vote as the actress who, above all others, stands for all that is spiritual, all that is ethereal and all that is removed from the mundane. Isn't it well-known that directors must beg Lillian to allow herself to be kissed? Isn't it true that Lillian lives for Art, and Art alone? Has anyone ever caught Lillian in a night-club? Or doing the Charleston? Or getting herself married and unmarried?

Lillian with sex appeal? Well, hardly. Lillian is a straight-up-and-down girl, inclined to be skinny. She wears long skirts and dresses cut high in the neck. Her wispy blonde hair is unbobbed and worn in a knot at the back of her neck. Her features are negative. Her eyes are light. There are none of the outward signs of lure about Lillian.

AND yet the two men who were, to all outward appearances, responsible for Lillian's rise in the screen world are today flat broke. D. W. Griffith, who gave Lillian her first lessons in acting, who placed Lillian in the leading roles of his great pictures when Lillian's name meant nothing, is, according to the words of Lillian herself, "As poor as a church mouse; as poor, in fact, as on the day when he started producing."

Charles Duell, Lillian's second producer, who pushed her into even further prominence when her drawing power was still doubtful, is also broke. And not only is he broke, but he is threatened with disbarment from the practice of law and no longer connected with the film business. His contract with Lillian caused the trouble.

But Lillian, the spiritual, the ethereal and the unmundane, is getting a salary of \$3,000 a week. Griffith, still again quoting the words of Miss Gish, is "making pot-boilers for the mob." Lillian is selecting her own stories, her own casts, her own directors. Duell isn't making any pictures at all. But Lillian is making specials for what she calls her "two dollar public."

No sex appeal? If not, then, to paraphrase Anita Loos, the title of Lillian's little history should be "Stronger Than Sex."

No star on the screen has a story so picturesque as that of Lillian. In a business that demands superlatives, Lillian has forged ahead to the foremost rank without great beauty or radiant personality. Great Art? Perhaps—and why not? Lillian has worked only for the greatest directors; first Griffith, then Henry King, then King Vidor, now John Robertson. All her scripts have been tailored to suit her. The best cameramen have photographed her.

And all the little actresses who try to do their

best in routine productions, uncongenial roles and scrambled and hurried program films, admit that Lillian is the greatest of them all. They admire her and envy her and sometimes wonder just why she is called the "Duse of the screen."

It couldn't, of course, be sex appeal. Sex appeal is only a crude quality possessed by flappers and vamps.

Nevertheless, of all the promising young actresses who started under the direction of Griffith, Lillian was the one who got the biggest roles in the biggest pictures and the biggest chance to shine. There was something about the aloof, the elusive and the chilly Lillian that appealed to the imagination of the greatest director of them all.

Lillian was waxy to mold and marble to retain. Sister Dorothy was a pretty little clown. Mac Marsh was a sharp-tongued Irish girl. Blanche Sweet was a temperamental romantic. Miriam Cooper was a sentimentalist. Lillian said nothing foolish. She said nothing at all. She did nothing foolish. She did nothing at all.

At an early age, Lillian learned that Art is Imagination. And it happens also that Sex Appeal is much the same thing.

The Griffith connection came to an end and Lillian, for the first time, was forced to face a cold, commercial business. She might have signed up at a fairly large salary to appear in program pictures but she had picked up the idea of her "two dollar public." Lillian was in no hurry to rush into competition with other stars. She was out to create a safe and distant place of her own.

AT the time that Lillian "went on her own," a young, fairly good-looking and ambitious lawyer was entering the film field. He had a lot of money back of him—he was financed by Averill Harriman—and his company had just made a phenomenally successful picture, "Tol'able David." And he was looking for new stars.

Richard Barthelmess suggested Lillian Gish. Of course, Lillian's drawing power at the box-office was doubtful. Nevertheless, she could act and, if properly managed, she could be turned into a winner. Charles Duell listened, met Miss Gish and signed her up.

When Duell met Lillian he had been married less than a year—to another Lillian. He was ambitious, financially, socially and politically. He had known Roosevelt and had been active in the Republican party. He was a Yale man and a member of many prominent clubs.

Mr. and Mrs. Duell were summering at Newport. They invited their new star to visit them. If Lillian made no great impressions at the Rhode Island Ice Plant, she at least broke on the front page of the newspapers. A movie star at Newport! It sounded nice, anyway.



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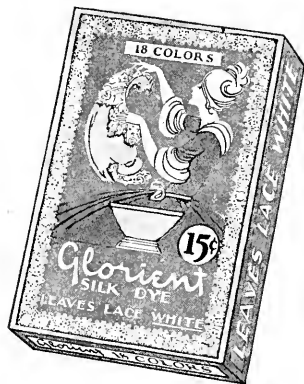


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At that time, Inspiration Pictures was making program films with Barthelmess. But no program films for Lillian. Miss Gish was sent to Italy to make "The White Sister"—a costly expedition consuming many months' time and nearly all of Mr. Duell's attention. But it was all in the interest of Art and Art is cruel.

Most of the story of Mr. Duell's various pilgrimages for Art has been told in court. For at the completion of "The White Sister" and "Romola"—both expensive films—Mr. Duell tried to hold Lillian to a contract with him at over \$2,000 a week. Meanwhile there was an \$8,000 a week contract for Lillian waiting elsewhere.

Mrs. Duell—that is, the other Lillian—was lost in the shuffle. The Duells separated after one of Charles' trips to Italy. It was hinted in Court that Duell—rightly or wrongly believing himself engaged to marry Lillian—had selfishly built her up as a star, hoping to be her husband. But hopes or no hopes, "The White Sister" and "Romola" did help Lillian, although they did ruin Duell.

Not only did Duell lose his suit but he was held for perjury and when the perjury trial came up, the jury disagreed. Lillian was not called as a witness.

Listen to what that able lawyer, Nathan Burkan, had to say at the close of the second trial: "Why was not Lillian Gish produced at the start? It is an insult to your intelligence. The only person who could prove the guilt of Duell was Lillian Gish and she was right here in New York City."

Burkan also declared that it was Duell and Duell's money that made a star of Miss Gish, declaring "all she was getting before she came under Mr. Duell's management was \$1,000 a week. Remember, if you (the jury) find him guilty, it will not only mean his imprisonment but his disbarment as an attorney and his disgrace."

After the unfavorable publicity of the first trial, Lillian needed someone to set her right. She found the man in George Jean Nathan, a brilliant and difficult-to-please critic. Nathan was seen constantly in her company—so constantly that he was rumored as a possible husband. George Jean wrote pretty articles in her honor, acclaiming her as the only great actress on the screen. He had no great amount of money but he had a collection of wonderful adjectives. Lillian got all his best superlatives.

Movie audiences always shed a tear for a frail little blonde alone in the world. The "vamps" know men and their ways. They can protect themselves. Barbara La Marr could protect herself so well that she kept a bookful of checks already signed to pass out as "loans" for anyone who could tell a hard luck tale.

So let us all shed a tear for the helpless ingenue!

THE wages of sin are supposed to be high. As a matter of fact, the wages of sin are usually oblivion.

Dagmar Godowsky, for instance, was a doggone dangerous gal—on the screen. She was colorful and she played vivid roles. Yes, Dagmar was a bad girl and beautiful and flaming enough to set the world on fire.

But where are the jewels, and the Rolls-Royces and the flocks of suitors? Dagmar's screen appearances have been infrequent lately. She is divorced from her husband—Frank Mayo. She had a short engagement as a hostess in a Long Island cabaret. And then she set sail for Europe with her father—Leopold Godowsky.

And yet Dagmar was a siren—on the screen. On the contrary, there is Lois Wilson, a good girl with good roles and a good contract. Lois will blush at finding herself among the real sirens, because Lois is sincere, truly kind and truly good. She flaps not, neither does she flirt. She is just a good friend to the men she knows. And that's her fatal quality. A man can forget a flirt, but he cannot forget a friend.

Sex appeal is a subtle thing and there is more than one way of playing the game.

Consider the case of Lois, who denies that she has sex appeal. A young millionaire, of one of the most respected families in America, is willing to marry her any day she chooses. The man's family are also strong for Lois. His wife? Never, says Lois. They will simply remain good friends.

And there, too, is a French count who thinks that Lois is the finest girl he ever has met. It would mean a titled marriage as grand as Gloria Swanson's. But Lois prefers to list him, too, among her friends.

RICHARD DIX—that's a more complicated case. They say Lois would marry him tomorrow. And Dix is sometimes interested in other girls. Perhaps he isn't in love with Lois—but she is such a good friend. And whenever Lois appears on the scene, the other candidates for Richard's affections fade out of the picture.

A millionaire, a count and a movie star! Not bad for an ex-school teacher! How many of the widely-publicized sirens can show such a nice choice of suitors?

Let us all give three cheers for the kind of girl men can't forget.

Pola Negri came to this country on a wave of heavily scented publicity. Pola was the answer to What Men Really Want. Pola burned 'em up and then put 'em on ice. Pola was the Continental Real Thing.

Men go to the dogs for Pola—on the screen. Off the screen, her love affairs last about three months and then something happens and the Rods and Bills and the Charlies vanish from her life. Maybe she will marry Valentino, but the contradictory rumors as to state of the romance do not indicate the presence of an Overwhelming Passion. And Rudy is not the catch he once was.

Of course, on the screen, she is invincible—

However there is our own little Constance Talmadge, born in Brooklyn. She is such an arrant flirt, such an obvious playgirl that you wouldn't think men would take her so seriously.

As a kid just out of short dresses, Constance captured the heart of Richard Barthelmess so effectively that it took him some time to recover. And even now, after their several and respective marriages, he thinks of Constance as one of the most glamorous girls he ever knew.

Then came Irving Berlin whose constancy to the inconstant Constance was one of the romances of Broadway. Connie's marriage, her flirtations, her heartlessness never destroyed the devotion of the Broadway song writer until he met Ellin Mackay.

Any pretty girl can have a lot of attention. Constance has the fatal gift of inspiring 'em with dog-like devotion. Fickle herself, she brings out only faithfulness in others.

When Constance married Captain Alastair Mackintosh, Buster Collier vanished from sight for weeks. Buster had loved Constance for so long and had so desperately hoped to marry her. The role of rejected suitor is not a congenial one for a good-looking young star. But Buster played it. It wasn't exactly Constance's fault. Buster was a fool to pin his faith to the wind.

Constance is like that—"not just for a day, not just for a month, not just for a year—but always."

So, give the little girl from Brooklyn a hand!

What of Lya de Putti? Lya appears on the scene with a swell reputation for making 'em eat out of her hand. Lya has red, red lips and bad, bad eyes. She is the very personification of a censor's idea of a dangerous woman.

When she first arrived, Lya, like Pola, had her little hour and held her little court. The reports of her wild, wild ways and her many, many conquests in Berlin attracted the curious. The wages of sin in Germany were so large that Lya left owing money.

But, to get down to business, what has it

meant to Lya? One good part in "The Sorrows of Satan" and after that—well, maybe Lya will get more good parts and maybe she will be just another vamp. Her future is even more mysterious than her past. Of course she is very beautiful and very dangerous.

Not a bit like our own Irene Rich. Irene Rich is a sweet woman with two almost grown daughters. She plays neglected wives and plays them very sweetly and sympathetically. When she tries a slightly vampish part, she is not wicked about it like Lya. Now, Irene is always very gentle, very nice and very sweet.

She never has a bit of trouble about parts, or getting jobs or getting contracts. A widow, with two daughters, battling her way alone in the world. It's a sad story.

Business men like Irene and some of them—neither very young nor very poor—would like to marry her. She is so sensible and yet so gay. Not a bit like a silly flapper. A woman that a man can trust and tell things. Young girls want to be taken to cabarets. Irene has such a homey home and when a lonely old bachelor or solitary widower has worked hard all day, it's a treat to meet such a woman.

You may hear more about the flappers of Hollywood and their heart affairs but not many of the gals have such pretty contracts or such wealthy suitors as the attractive, sympathetic widow.

A BORN siren was Nita Naldi. Born to break homes, rock thrones and melt icebergs. It must be wonderful to be so fatally beautiful. Of course, Nita is now in Germany. You see, she had a bad habit of taking on weight. A siren? Sure. But so frank and

truthful that you always had a suspicion that she wasn't half so bad as she claimed and that she was really kind and well-meaning. As for the men, well, Nita seldom got a square meal out of them. She was always on a diet.

But Peggy Joyce can still play innocents and get away with it. In spite of all that has been written about Peggy, she can still look heart-broken and make you believe it. Peggy is slim to the point of being scrawny. She always looks a little weary, a little sad and a little injured. Not a bit like Nita, with her tremendous vitality.

Peggy had the misfortune to be born poor. At an early age, she learned that it is chilly in winter unless you have a big fur coat to protect you from a raw world. And it is hard to get along without pearls when there are so many oysters running around loose.

All the things that have been written about Peggy have been too, too bad. Such an ideal ingenué for the screen! Such a perfect type for a persecuted heroine! Although the public knew all about Peggy, nevertheless it sympathized with her as the heroine of "The Skyrocket." But just let Nita Naldi try a sympathetic rôle!

So there they are—the real sirens of the screen. A frail girl from Massillon, Ohio. A school teacher from Alabama. A blonde from Brooklyn, born poor but cute. A lone widow with two children to support. A fragile girl from an obscure Southern village.

Shall we shed a tear for them? No! Let's break down and cry for the Barbaras, the Polas, the Lyas, the Dagmars and the Nitas who love 'em and feed 'em. And then get the blame.



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"VARIETY"—UFA-PARAMOUNT.—Written and directed by E. A. Dupont. Photography by Carl Freund. The cast: *Bess*, Emil Jannings; *Bertha*, Lya de Putti; *Artinelli*, Warwick Ward.

"MANTRAP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Sinclair Lewis. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by James Howe. The cast: *Joe Exster*, Ernest Torrence; *Alcorno*, Clara Bow; *Ralph Prescott*, Percy Marmont; *E. Wessou*, *1'oodbury*, Eugene Pallette; *Curly Evans*, Tom Kennedy; *Mrs. McGarvey*, Josephine Crowell; *Mr. McGarvey*, William Orlamond; *Lawrence Jackfish*, Charles Stevens; *Mrs. Barker*, Miss Dupont; *Stenographer*, Charlot Bird.

"ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Tod Browning and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Adapted by Elliott Clawson. Directed by Tod Browning. Photography by Merritt Gerstad. The cast: *Joe*, Lon Chaney; *Joe's Daughter*, Lois Moran; *The Admiral*, Owen Moore; *Priest*, Henry B. Walthall; *English Charlie*, Wing, Kamiyama Sojin; *Pansy*, Rose Langdon; *Serant*, John George.

"MEN OF STEEL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by R. G. Kirk. Directed by George Archainaud. The cast: *Jan Bokak*, Milton Sills; *Mary Berwick*, Doris Kenyon; *Clare Pitt*, May Allison; *Pete Masarich*, Victor M. Laglen; *Cinder Pitt*, Frank Currier; *Hooker Grimes*, George Fawcett; *Anton Berwick*, John Kolb; *Frazier*, Harry Lee; *W'olfe*, Henry West; *Alex*, Taylor Graves.

"FIG LEAVES"—FOX.—Story by Howard Hawks. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louise Lighton. Director, Howard Hawks. The cast: *Adam Smith*, George O'Brien; *Eve Smith*, Olive Borden; *Alice Atkins*, Phyllis Haver; *Josef Andre*, Andre Beranger; *Madame Griswold*, Eauline Jensen; *Andre's Assistant*, William Austin; *Eddie McSwiggen*, Heinie Conklin.

"SO THIS IS PARIS"—WARNER BROS.—Based on the comedy by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halevy. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: *Dr. Eisenstein*, Monte Blue; *Rosalind Eisenstein*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Adelle* (a dancer), Lilyan Tashman; *Alfred* (her husband), Andre Beranger; *Maid*, Myrna Loy; *Cop*, Sidney D'Albrook.

"LEW TYLER'S WIVES"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—Based on the novel by Wallace Irwin. Adaptation by Eugene Clifford and Arthur Hoel. Directed by Harley Knoles. Photography by William Miller. The cast: *Lew Tyler*, Frank Mayo; *Jessie I'nhler*, Ruth Clifford; *Virginia Phillips*, Hedda Hopper; *Colen Miles*, Helen Lee Worthing; *Buzzy Mandelbush*, Lew Brice; *Mecch Garrick*, Robert T. Haines; *Mr. Phillips*, Warren Cook.

"SEA WOLF, THE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Jack London. Adaptation by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Ralph W. Ince. Photography by J. O. Taylor. The cast: *W'olf Larson*, Ralph W. Ince; *Maud Brewster*, Claire Adams; *Humphrey Van Weyden*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Thomas Musgridge*, Snitz Edwards; *Johansen*, Mitchell Lewis.

"BORN TO THE WEST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Lucian Hubbard. Directed by John Waters. The cast: *"Colorado"*, Dore Rudd; *Jack Holt*, Nell Worstell; *Margaret Morris*, Jim Fallon,

Raymond Hutton; *Belle of Paradise Bar*, Arlette Marchal; *Jesse Fillmore*, George Seigmann; *Bate Fillmore*, Bruce Gordon; *Nell's Father*, William A. Carroll; *Dinkey Hooley*, Tom Kennedy; *Sheriff Hawerill*, Richard Nell; *Mrs. Rudd*, Edith Yorke; *Sam Rudd*, E. Allyn Warren.

"SWET DADDIES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Abie Finkelbaum*, George Sidney; *Patrick O'Brien*, Charlie Murray; *Rosie Finkelbaum*, Vera Gordon; *Miriam Finkelbaum*, Johyna Ralston; *Jimmie O'Brien*, Jack Mulhall; *Sam Berkowitz*, Gaston Glass.

"SEÑOR DARE-DEVIL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story and Adaptation by Marion Jackson. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Don Luis O'Flaherty*, Ken Maynard; *Sally Blake*, Dorothy Devore; *"Tiger"* O'Flaherty, George Nichols; *Juan Estrada*, Josef Swickard; *Jesse Wilks*, J. P. McGowan; *Rathburn*, Sheldon Lewis; *Put Muldoon*, Buck Black; *The Cook*, Billy France; *Torzan*, as Himself.

"PUPPETS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the play by Frances Lightner. Directed by George Archainaud. The cast: *Nicki*, Milton Sills; *Angela*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Bruno*, Francis MacDonald; *Rosa*, Altheide Comont; *Frank*, Lucien Prival; *Sandro*, William Ricciardi.

"BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S"—F.B.O.—Story by Arthur Guy Empey. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Peter Blandin*, Ralph Lewis; *Robert Blandin*, George O'Hara; *Juanita Callis*, Viola Dana; *Carl Ravelle*, Ralph Ince; *Princess Bonita*, Lucille Mendez; *Jack Runglin*, Dan Makarenko; *Bill Hartnett*, George Holt; *Kingmaster*, Bill Knight; *Doctor*, Kody Hathaway.

"LUCKY LADY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Robert E. Sherwood and Bertram Bloch. Scenario by James T. O'Donohoe. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Antoinette*, Greta Nissen; *Count Ferrazzo*, Lionel Barrymore; *Clarke*, William Collier, Jr.; *Franz Garleto*, Marc McDermott; *Duchess*, Mme. Daumery; *Secretary to Garleto*, Sujich.

"MEET THE PRINCE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Frank R. Adams. Adaptation by Jane Murnin and Harold Shumate. Directed by Joseph Henabery. The cast: *Prince Nicholas Alexov*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Annabelle Ford*, Marguerite De La Motte; *Cynthia Stevens*, Vera Steadman; *Princess Sophia Alexov*, Julia Faye; *Peter Paget*, David Butler; *Mrs. Gordon McCulllan*, Helen Dunbar.

"FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS"—WARNER BROS.—Adapted from the story by Beatrice Burton. Scenario by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by David Abel. The cast: *Flo*, Louise Fazenda; *Marian*, Jacqueline Logan; *Jerry*, Jason Robards; *Henry*, Arthur Hoyt; *The Senator*, Neely Edwards; *Mr. Dunn*, Douglas Gerrard; *Mrs. Drew*, Jane Winton; *Marian's Husband in retrospect*, Mack Swain; *Mr. Smith*, John Miljan; *Tuxedo Eddie*, Eddie Phillips; *Hotel Manager*, Henry Barrows.

"POKER FACES"—UNIVERSAL.—Author, Edgar Franklin. Adaptor, Melville Brown. Director, Harry Pollard. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Jimmy Whitmore*, Edward Everett Horton; *Betty Whitmore*, Laura La Plante; *George Dixon*, George Seigmann; *Henry Curlew*, Tom Ricketts; *Pug*, Tom

O'Brien; *Actress*, Dorothy Revier; *Office Boy*, Leon Holmes.

"IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Joseph P. McEvoy. Scenario by Thos. Geraghty and J. Clarkson Miller. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Elmer Preddyville*, W. C. Fields; *Mildred Marshall*, Louise Brooks; *Tessie Overholt*, Blanche King; *George Delevan*, William Gaston; *Sarah Pancoast*, Mary Fox; *Society Bohlers*, Josephine Dunn, Jack Luden; *Artist*, George Currie.

"MORE PAY LESS WORK"—FOX.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Scenario by Rex Taylor. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Cuppy Ricks*, Albert Gran; *Betty Ricks*, Mary Brian; *Dad Winchfield*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Willie Winchfield*, Charles Rogers; *Henry Towdle*, Otto Hoffman; *Chester*, the janitor, Chester Conklin.

"SPORTING LOVER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Seymour Hicks and Ian Hay. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Alan Hale. The cast: *Capt. Terrance Conmington*, Conway Tearle; *Lady Gwenolyn Hinsley*, Barbara Bedford; *Capt. Sir Phillip Barton*, Ward Crane; *Algernon Hinsley*, Arthur Rankin; *Pecky*, Charles E. McHugh; *Aloysius Patrick O'Brien*, John Fox, Jr.; *Nora O'Brien*, Bodil Rosing; *Jockey*, George Ovey; *The Horses*, "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck."

"DANGEROUS DUB, THE"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by James Madison. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Buddy Martin*, Buddy Roosevelt; *Rose Cooper*, Peggy Montgomery; *W. J. Cooper*, Joseph Gerard; *Mrs. Cooper*, Fanny Midley; *"Scar Face"*, Gordon, Al Taylor; *The Law*, Curley Riviere.

"BETTER MAN, THE"—F. B. O.—Story by Clifford Howard and Burke Jenkins. Directed by Scott Dunlap. The cast: *Lord Hugh Wainwright*, Richard Talmadge; *Nancy Burton*, Ena Gregory; *Phineas Ward*, John Stepling; *Mrs. Ward*, Margaret Campbell; *John Knottton*, Herbert Prior; *Charles Clifton*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Hawkins*, Percy Williams.

"DEAD LINE, THE"—F. B. O.—Story by Barr Cross. Continuity by Barr Cross. Directed by Jack Nelson. The cast: *"Sonora Slim"*, Bob Custer; *Alice Wilson*, Nita Cavalieri; *"Silver Sam"*, McGe, Bob McKim; *"Snake"*, Smeed, Tom Bay; *Lolita*, Marianna Moya; *"Extra"*, Long, Billy Franey; *Juan Alvarez*, Gine Corrado.

"UNDER WESTERN SKIES"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Adaptation by Charles Whitaker. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil E. Miller. The cast: *Robert Erskine*, Norman Kerry; *Ella Parkhurst*, Anna Cornwall; *Otto*

Stern, Ward Crane; *James Erskine*, George Fawcett; *Millie Lewis*, Kathleen Key; *"Two Fingers"*, Red, Eddie Gribbon; *"Half Pint"*, Payne, Harry Todd; *Sam Parkhurst*, Charles K. French; *Fleming*, Wm. Steele; *William Hughes*, Frank Lanning; *Count Androni*, John Peters; *Indian Cook*, Art Artego.

"MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Author, Charles Logue. Director, Lynn Reynolds. Photographer, Edward Linden. The cast: *Jeff Morgan, Jr.*, Hoot Gibson; *Jeff Morgan, Sr.*, Charles Mailes; *Pete*, Clark Comstock; *Pauline Stewart*, Fay Wray; *Laura Mayhew*, Sally Long; *Tom Stewart*, Emmett King; *Lawrence*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Snell*, Duke R. Lee; *Banker*, Yorke Sherwood; *Sheriff*, William Dyer.

"SPEEDING VENUS, THE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Welford Beaton. Adapted by Finis Fox. Directed by Robert Thornby. The cast: *Emily Dale*, Priscilla Dean; *John Steele*, Robert Frazer; *Midge Rooney*, Dale Fuller; *Speck O'Donnell*, Johnny Foxe; *Chet Higgins*, Ray Ripley; *Jed Morgan*, Charles Sellon.

"SUNNY SIDE UP"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the novel by Henry St. John Cooper. Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix and Elmer Harris. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Smuny Duroesa*, Vera Reynolds; *Stanley Dobrington*, Edmund Burns; *Bert Jackson*, George K. Arthur; *Evelyn*, ZaSu Pitts; *Cissy Carson*, Ethel Clayton; *Stanley's Assistant*, Louis Natheaux; *A Dancer*, Sally Rand; *Showgirls*, Jocelyn Lee, Majel Coleman.

"JADE CUP, THE"—F. B. O.—Story by Chet Withey. Continuity by Ewart Adamson. Directed by Frank Hall Crane. The cast: *Peggy Allen*, Evelyn Brent; *Billy Crossan*, Jack Luden; *Milano the Hop*, Eugene Borden; *Antoine Gerhardt*, George Cowi; *"Dice"*, Morcy, Charles Delaney; *Poopy*, Violet Palmer.

"FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE"—F. B. O.—Story by Burke Jenkins and Krag Johnson. Adaptation by Ewart Adamson. Directed by Eddie Dillon. Photography by Roy Klaffki. The cast: *Inez Ramirez*, Evelyn Brent; *Dan Prescott*, Orville B. Caldwell; *Emil Tovar*, Frank Leigh; *Marsini*, Dan Makarenko; *Amc. Marsini*, Rosita Marstini; *Nana*, Evelyn Selby; *Donna Aguila*, Florence Turner.

"CLINGING VINE, THE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the musical play by Zella Sears. Scenario by Jack Jevne and Rex Taylor. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Antoinette Allen*, Leatrice Joy; *Jimmy Bancroft*, Tom Moore; *Grandma Bancroft*, Toby Claud; *T. M. Bancroft*, Robert Edson; *B. Harvey Phillips*, Dell Henderson; *A Tutaviler*, Snitz Edwards.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1]

RECKLESS LADY, THE—First National.—Another mother love theme, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

RED DICE—Producers Dist.—A twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, that is swift moving and frequently amusing. (June.)

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.)

ROCKING MOON—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good story with a new and interesting background—an island in Alaskan waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

RUNAWAY, THE—Paramount.—Love, suspense and hate, plus a good cast—Clara Bow, Eydite Chapman and Warner Baxter—form this recipe for an evening's entertainment. (June.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Corbitt stuff that the children like. (August.)

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox.—Cow thievers double for Cupid giving us a new slant on the love question. Good entertainment. (June.)

SANDY—Fox.—A splendid flaming youth story that will appeal to everyone in an audience. Madge Bellamy's performance is excellent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner Bros.—And a very sappy picture. Don't waste your time. (June.)

SAY IT AGAIN—Paramount.—A grand and glorious tee-hee at all the mythical kingdom yarns. Good stuff. (August.)

SEA BEAST, THE—Warner Brothers.—The exquisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barrymore and the thrilling tale of *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

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SEA HORSES—Paramount.—Fair trust because of the presence of Florence Vidor in the cast. Not as snappy as the usual Allan Dawn production. (May.)

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.—The war spy system is again served for your entertainment. You won't object because Evelyn Brent is a treat for the optics. (Jane.)

SET UP, THE—Universal.—Art Acord does some hard riding and shooting. And that's about all except that he marries the girl in the end. (May.)

SEVENTH BANDIT, THE—Pathe.—A splendid Western that grows up as children should not overlook. Harry Carey and Harriet Hammond head the cast. (Jane.)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors.—Some more crooks in an old, old story. Clara Bow is the only attraction. (May.)

SHAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not Barney. (July.)

SHIP OF SOULS, THE—Assn. Ex.—Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are often dead by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Co.—If you haven't seen this thing lately try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SIBERIA—Fox.—Some more Russian revolutions—that is, if you like 'em. (Jane.)

SILENCE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast given to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (May.)

SIX SHOOTIN' ROMANCE, A—Universal.—Another continental Western with Jack Hoxie winning an unwilling bride. (March.)

SOCIAL CELEBRITY; A—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN, THE—Paramount.—Tom Moore and Bessie Love in an interesting story of back stage life. Bessie does the Charleston again. (March.)

SOULMATES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A highly unconvincing romance between an English lord and a Jewish lady. Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe play unsuitable roles. Not worth while. (March.)

SPARROWS—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

STELLA MARIS—Universal.—Mary Philbin in a dramatic role of a destitute slave and a beautiful cripple girl. A lovely story. Do not miss it. (March.)

STILL ALARM, THE—Universal.—Has all the ingredients of an interesting picture. Dredging, wife leaves her husband and elopes with charming villain. (March.)

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—Pathe.—A good Larry Simon comedy taken from the stage play, full of the Simon gags that youngsters enjoy. (March.)

SWEET ADELINE—Chadwick.—Charles Ray, the country boy, goes to New York and makes a hit singing "Sweet Adeline" in a cabaret. Full of delicious bits of humor. Mighty good. (March.)

TESSIE—Arrow.—This would have been utterly impossible if it were not for the wise-cracking subtleties. May McAvoy is out of her class in this. (May.)

THAT ROYAL GIRL—Paramount.—Carol Dempster will surprise you in this. It's a peppy story of a misadventure youngster in the cabaret world of Chicago. Something entirely new from D. W. Griffith. See it. (March.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount.—Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean in the leading role. Need more be said? (Jane.)

THREE FACES EAST—Producers Dist.—Drop everything and see this corking mystery play of the English and German secret service activities during the war. Jetta Goudal is wonderful in it. (March.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TOO MUCH MONEY—First National.—Lewis Stone in slaps on your imagination? But he actually puts it over. Rich man pretends he's poor so wife will come down to earth and be human. Good. (March.)

TORRENT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Introducing the charming new Swedish importation, Greta Garbo—and she's the kind of a girl the men won't forget. A vivid delight for grownups. (May.)

TRAFFIC COP, THE—F. B. O.—Only the admirers of Lefty Flynn will enjoy this. And the youngsters, too. (April.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National.—The first feature length comedy featuring Harry Langdon—and the boy's good. Worth while. (May.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while.—(August.)

UNCHASTENED WOMAN, THE—Chadwick.—Theda Bara returns to the screen in an unsuitable story and with bad direction. (March.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UNTAMED LADY, THE—Paramount.—An awful disappointment in spite of the fact that it stars Gloria Swanson. A total washout from beginning to end. (May.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Co.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. (August.)

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.)

VOLGA BOATMAN, THE—Producers Dist.—Not Cecil De Mille at his best, but the strength of the theme and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks. (June.)

WET PAINT—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a great film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD—F. B. O.—Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) does her best in an unsuitable role. Clive Brook is equally miscast. (April.)

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Well worth seeing. A splendid detective story that the boys will love. Look at the cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilyan Tashman. (May.)

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist.—An interesting short drama with Viola Dana and Bobby Agnew. (June.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

WOMANHANDLED—Paramount.—Worth breaking a date to see. Richard Dix in a sparkling satire on the Great Open Places, with lovely Estelle Ralston in it. Peachy. (March.)

YANKEE SENOR, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Borden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)

YELLOW FINGERS—Fox.—There is a little beauty in this picture. Olive Borden, that just makes you forget all about the story as you see her filtering across the screen. And we don't mean maybe! (June.)

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

BABY BLUE EYES, TEXAS.—So you're smitten with William Haines. And I bet you never even thought of him until you had seen "Brown of Harvard." Just write to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

M. M., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Alice is a fine girl. She was born in Kansas City, Mo., October 1, 1890. She is five feet, seven inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is brown and her eyes, hazel. She is working at the Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

LUCILLE, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—Newcomers are always welcome. I always put on my best manners for them. Vera Steadman is very much alive, thank goodness. Ben Lyon appeared with Barbara La Marr in "The White Moth." Barbara had an adopted son, now adopted again by ZaSu Pitts and her husband, Tom Gallery. Vera Reynolds is divorced. Helene D'Algy, Nita Naldi, Dagmar Godowsky and Louise La Grange played with Valentino in "A Sainted Devil." Ramon Navarro's next picture is "A Certain Young Man." Sally O'Neil and Renee Adoree are his leading women.

E. G., LAKE STEARNS, FLA.—Just like a woman! Always claiming all the brains and beauty for the feminine sex. So you don't think it is possible for a man to be original? Say, who invented the electric light, a man or a woman? How about the handsome *Prince* in "Beverly of Graustark"? Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1892. He was educated in Dublin and London and started his career on the stage in England. Came to America and went in pictures, first achieving fame with Pearl White in "The Exploits of Elaine." He is separated from his wife.

E. W., FT. LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—Your friend was mistaken—dreadfully so. Doug is almost a foot taller than Mary. Just to be accurate, we'll give you the exact figures. Miss Pickford is five feet tall. Mr. Fairbanks is five feet, ten inches. Write to Ramon Navarro at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver

City, Calif. Dick Barthelmess at 3700 Mission Road, Hollywood, Calif. Anna Q. Nilsson may be reached at the Fine Arts Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and Jetta Goudal at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Write to Betty Bronson at the Biograph Studios, New York City. It is always a good idea to look at the Studio Directory, which appears in every issue of PHOTOPLAY, for the addresses of the prominent players.

V. J., MT. CLEMENS, MICH.—It isn't very often that the stars find time to write letters to their admirers. Just think, they get thousands of such letters each week. And if they stopped to answer them all, they would have little time for acting, which is, after all, their chief business in life. So while it may seem ungrateful to you that your favorite hasn't answered your letters, stop to consider the other side of the situation.

JOHN C., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—"Fine Manners" is Gloria's last for Famous Players-Lasky. Her first for United Artists will be "Personality." I am afraid that it is almost too good to be true—your dream of having Gloria as a co-star for Fairbanks or Barrymore.

O. A., LONG BEACH, CALIF.—No, lady, I don't read the letters "only for the questions." I read them to cheer me up, for information, for entertainment, and for flattery. Unfortunately a Continent separates us. Wesley Barry has returned to Hollywood to make pictures. Wesley is married now, you know, and has a wife to support. His hair is red—oh, very red!

S. W., HANDBORO, MISS.—Well, you lose your bet—I read your writing. Now what that that bet again—a case, did you say? Oh, yes, a card case. Colleen is the little lady who told me about the color of her eyes—so you can't say you don't believe it—one is brown, the other blue. Fred Thomson played the lead in "The Tough Guy." Don't you think Fred's a nice guy? And how about Silver King? Now don't die just because I answered your questions—I'd like to hear from you again.



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E. S. GIVENS, 439 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

R. C. P., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—From one gentleman to another, you're right. Quant a moi, jene comprends francais tres bien myself, monsieur. Without heels of course. Gertrude Olmstead is five feet, three inches. Madge Bellamy, ditto. Larry Kent is six feet.

C. O., LEWISTOWN, PA.—Yours is the nicest letter I have received this month. I hope all the other girls won't be jealous. At present, your favorite, Ricardo Cortez, is playing in D. W. Griffith's picture, "The Sorrows of Satan."

V. M. G., JERMYN, PA.—So you want to know some facts about Big Ben. I take for granted you mean birthday, etc., etc. Let me think—Hizzoner was born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6, 1901. He measures six feet in height and weighs 160 pounds. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are blue. "The Savage" will be his next release. Listen, dearie, a treat is in store for you when you see Percy Marmont with Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas." I'm giving you fair warning—don't miss it.

V. E. A., WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.—There's no rest for the weary. Poor Virginia Valli, after completing her contract with Universal, planned to take a long vacation, but along came an alluring contract from Fox and Virginia couldn't resist signing. Virginia was born January 10, 1900, in Chicago, Ill. She is five feet, three inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. She played opposite Lewis Stone in "The Lady Who Lied." Lewis was born November 15, 1878. No trouble. Glad to help you.

G. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—And now you want my advice about breaking into the movies. Hundreds of beautiful and capable girls from all parts of the world are in Hollywood now, each trying to prove the right to stardom. Every young girl who plays before the motion-picture camera knows that in order to succeed one must possess ability, beauty and personality, and then await opportunity. The outlook is sometimes discouraging, but occasionally something occurs in the film colony which gives hope. For instance—Norma Shearer, Sally O'Neil, Betty Bronson and Vera Reynolds can remember the days when they trotted from studio to studio looking for work. After obtaining a few extra bits they gradually obtained parts of increasing value until at last they are receiving stellar roles. And who can tell. Perhaps if you are real serious in your work you may one day be one of the shining lights of the movie industry. If you succeed, don't forget your old grandpa.

D. F., NORMAL, ILL.—Send all the bouquets you want, but don't start throwing any brickbats. Lon Chaney is my favorite actor, too. You were all excited when you saw "The Phantom of the Opera"—well, have you seen "Aloma of the South Seas" yet? I hope you live through it. Lon was born April 1, 1883, at Colorado Springs, Colo. (He was just a little April fool surprise package.) He is married to Hazel Bennett. Yep, so long that I can't even remember when they were married. I am sorry I cannot send you a photograph of him, but you can obtain one by writing Mr. Chaney at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif., provided you send two bits.

J. L. S., MIAMI, FLA.—That's no question for you to ask. Miss Daniels can do as she pleases and not be subject to questioning from fans.

P. A., BAYONNE, N. J.—I'm surprised at you. Falling for the curly hair stuff. And here's the funny part, William Boyd's hair isn't curly. It's as straight as a poker. He had it curled every day during the filming of "The Volga Boatman" in order that he would look very Russian. So you see he really is a slick-haired, immaculately dressed sheik. Stew bad, stew bad.

BLUE EYES FROM IOWA.—Dolores Costello is working at the Warner Bros. Studio, Sunset Blvd. and Bronson, Hollywood, Calif.

ZERNE, OAK PARK, ILL.—Gloria is twenty-eight. I should say your question is unusual, and I really can't answer it. I'm not to be held responsible for the public's likes and dislikes. Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert are divorced. Excuse my coolness, your letter peevied me.

QUEENIE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Esther Ralston was the blonde lady in "The Best People." Anything else?

A. R., MADISONVILLE, KY.—Heap Much yourself. Conrad Nagel is married to a non-professional. Marion Davies is not married. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is working at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Call again!

J. S. C., NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.—Frankie Darro has been making a number of pictures lately. He has been playing in Westerns with Tom Tyler—in fact they are quite an established combination. You can reach Frankie at the F. B. O. Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. Give my regards to the rest of the boys.

L. E. T., PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Well, my dear, you weren't a bit backward in coming forward. Don't you think you were a bit harsh in bawling me out that way? I only said that in fun—never thinking for a minute that I would receive all the statistics about the town. Your letter sounds as though you were press agent for the Chamber of Commerce. But I'll forget all about the past and answer your question: Carol Dempster is twenty-four. She is five feet, 5 inches in height and weighs 114 pounds. Carol's too smart a girl to be married.

MARGARET G., NEW YORK CITY.—Richard Dix can be reached at the Paramount Studio, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y. I bet I know why you want Richard's address—to write for a photograph. Don't forget to enclose twenty-five cents.

F. O., GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.—Your darling, Blanche Sweet, is thirty years old. I'm surprised you didn't know she was married. Didn't you notice the lovely picture of Blanche and Marshall Neilan, her husband, in the April issue? They have been married four years.

PEGGY McCANN, ANTIGO, WISCONSIN.—Everybody's taste is different but so far John Gilbert is leading as being the sweetest. Rudy has not been so popular since the triumphal appearance of John Gilbert in "The Merry Widow," "The Big Parade" and "La Boheme." Rudy's birthday is May 6th, 1895, and Ben Lyon's, February 6th, 1901.

MERIMBA, MINNEN, LA.—Am I popular? My dear young lady, Mary Pickford and I are in a class by ourselves. I gather you are referring to Conrad Nagel, one of the finest boys in pictures. You can write Conrad at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

M. WATKINS, LYNNWOOD, CALIF.—Doug, Jr., was born on December 9th, 1910. Douglas will be seen in "Padlocked" with Lois Moran. She is the little girl who played in "Stella Dallas" with him. Address him at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winan. Thank for your kind words.

VIRGINIA, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA.—Why not? Ben is working at the Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St., New York City. Explain to Ben the type of picture you desire and I am sure he will grant your request. He is twenty-five. I'm noncommittal when it comes to deciding which is the better looking. And besides you didn't express your opinion. Call again!

MARGIE, CARLSTADT, N. J.—Thomas Meighan's birthday is April 6th. Lady, please be easy with your questions. I'm human, too.

JOANNA COLMAN, BINGHAM CANYON, UTAH.—Ronald Colman hasn't any children. I don't think that was a very nice remark to pass about Ben. He's a nice fellow and works darn hard. You mustn't judge him by the roles he essays. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., February 6th, 1901. He is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds.

JACK OF DETROIT.—I'm sorry to disappoint you Jack but I have been rushed to death. But better late than never. Virginia Valli was born in Chicago, January 19th, 1900. She is five feet, 3 inches in height. Her eyes are blue. Her real name?—Virginia Holmes. D'ya think ya know her? She is working at the Universal City, Universal City, Cal.

M. E. M., PETALUMA, CALIF.—You're welcome! Clive Brook is now working at the Warner Bros. Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd. Your right about Doug, Jr.'s age—if any more of your friends argue with you just refer them to me. I am glad to hear you are such a loyal booster for Ben. He and I are great pals and I'll tell him all about you. I'm big hearted.

CLARENCE SITLER, BERWICK, PA.—I always remember. Esther Ralston was born September 12, 1902, and here's the sad news—she's married. Did you see "The American Venus"? Well if you like Esther don't miss it. You may write her at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. You have my permission.

MARGERY MOORE, RICHMOND, VA.—Jack Coogan receives his mail at 516 South Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Turn over to the Studio Directory and you will find where Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson and Jack Holt are working.

A. HOUBE, LEWISTON, ME.—June Mathis can be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. That's an easy one.

R. LEWIS, CHICAGO, ILL.—You never can put one over on PHOTOPLAY. We were one of the first publications to see "The Phantom of the Opera." It was reviewed in the May, 1935, issue. Now laugh that off.

GARLIC TWINS, N. Y.—What an odiferous title and why? Beatrice Prentiss is the lady who divorced Harrison Ford. Harrison would be glad to be a little ray of sunshine if a photograph would bring you happiness. You can reach him at the Christie Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Raymond Keane hasn't imparted the "inside dope" on his life as yet. But he's working at the Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif., if you care to write him. The actors aren't pickers about giving their photographs—only don't forget to enclose the quarter.

A. H. H., WALLINGFORD.—Yes, Madge Bellamy is a lovely child. But maybe you won't like it when I tell you that she has bobbed those beautiful brown curls. She had to, for her current picture, "Sandy."

FERN, ST. LOUIS.—I guess I shouldn't like you for giving me all this work. But it's o. k. If you are going to be happy when you find out that some of your favorites are taller than you, then I shall feel very noble. So with the air of a Christian martyr about to be led to the lions, I go into my song and dance: Leatrice Joy, 5 ft. 3 in., 125 lbs. Constance Talmadge, 5 ft. 6 in., 126 lbs. Norma Talmadge, 5 ft. 2 in., 110 lbs. Vilma Banky, 5 ft. 6 in., 120 lbs. Bebe Daniels, 5 ft. 3½ in., 112 lbs. Lois Wilson, 5 ft. 6½ in., 126 lbs. Phew! I hope I didn't get 'em mixed. G'bye.

RONALD BAYEM, CANADA.—That song has a kick, young fella. Gertrude Olmstead's next

picture is "Puppets." Have you heard the news—Gertrude is married to Robert Leonard, Mae Murray's ex-husband. Gert was born Nov. 13th, 1904, and she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall. Yes, Norman Kerry is still with Universal. Betty Compton was born in Beaver City, Utah. The last time I weighed her she registered 115 pounds.

BOBBIE, N. DAKOTA.—Your rhyme is so darn good that I'm going to print it just to give the rest of the gang a thrill—to say nothing of handing myself a few bouquets, wot?

Perhaps you are not young and handsome and tall

With a cane and a little mustache;
But I think you're a dandy in spite of it all
And on you I have quite a mash.
Your keen sense of humor, it strikes me just right,

Your answers I think are most witty,
Your department I read the first thing, with delight,
And to miss it would sure be a pity!

Jack Mulhall was born October 7th, 1891. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark brown curly hair and blue eyes. He is married to a beautiful girl, non-professional. G'bye, darlin'.

FRANCOISE F.—Welcome to our shores. I can understand your not liking prohibition, but dearie, there's nothing the matter with jazz. You should hear my old bones creek when I shake a couple of anterior arches. Alma Rubens recently married Ricardo Cortez. Ricardo would not like your calling him beautiful. Men are not called beautiful in this country, *mon enfant*.

S. K., NORWICH, CONN.—Well, you're a good picker. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6th, 1899. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18th, 1895.

OLIVARES, CHICAGO.—Write for information about the Paramount School to the Paramount Studios, Pierce Avenue and Sixth Street, Long Island City, New York. Betty Bronson and Mary Brian can be reached in care of the Lasky Studio, Hollywood.

M. I. HALIDAY.—Somewhere in these columns you will find another admirer of George O'Brien, who wants to organize a George O'Brien Club. Methinks you would make a good member. George was born in San Francisco, Calif., in 1900. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall, weighs 176 pounds. Carl Miller played Oscar Phat in "We Moderns." George Magrill was *Dorn Vares* in "Lord Jim."

CONSTANT READER, BROOKLYN.—Jack Mulhall of the Irish grin first peeped over the cradle at Wappinger Falls, N. Y., Oct. 7th, 1891. He is married to the loveliest young girl, non-professional. They have no children. Norma Shearer is 22 years old. Wouldn't you know? She is every man's dream of twenty-two. She is not married. Her hair is light brown, not bobbed. She was in New York on a vacation recently, but returned to the coast, where she makes all of her pictures. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City, Calif., is her address.

W. G. H., KANSAS CITY, MO.—In your estimation Sally is not the kind of a girl men forget. You have developed an awful "case." Do you think you will live through it? Well, I suppose I will have to tell you all about her. She was born in Bayonne, N. J., Oct. 23, 1908. Her hair is black and her eyes dark blue. She's very tiny, five feet, one and one-half inches; her weight, 104 pounds. You may write her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

A. C., PATERSON, N. J.—Mae Murray is a very charming person. She was born May 10, 1893. She is five feet, three inches in height.



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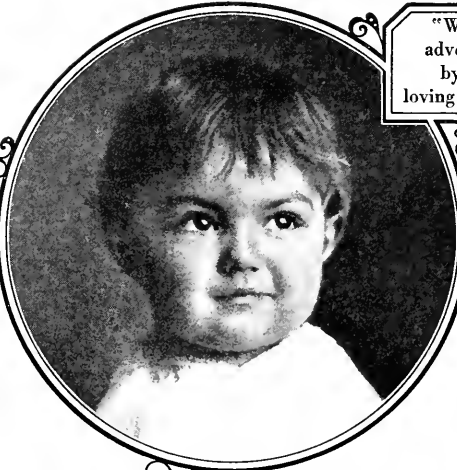
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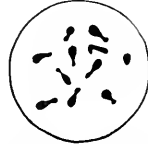
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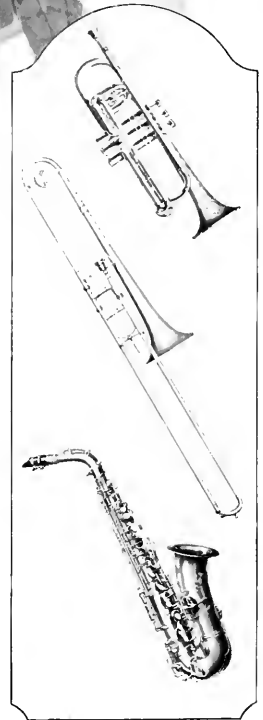
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How may they be avoided? How can Ipana help?*

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Within the past few years, this importance has been so progressively accentuated that now it seems to rise to a great crescendo, leaving the general impression that an epidemic of gum troubles has been suddenly brought to light.

In reality, no such thing has happened. There is probably less trouble than before. For the profession, having revealed the danger and made evident the cause, has also pointed out the simple, effective remedy.

Our diet is to blame for our gum troubles

The profession blames our diet for the troubles of our gums. Our soups and our sauces, our puddings and our fruits, our vegetables and our porridges—all are cooked to a soft consistency. We are "choosy" about the cuts of meat we buy. We demand our eatables soft and tender, and we get them so. The roughage and the fibre has departed from our food. Our diet, so soft and so delicious, has lost its power to stir our gums to health.

And our national bad habit of eating too hastily does our gums no good. For, deprived of the natural massage that careful mastication would give, our gums have grown soft, flaccid and tender.

It is these two causes that make gums logy and dull—dead is almost the word. The blood does not circulate, the gum becomes unhealthy. "Pink tooth brush" appears. Other troubles threaten.

Dentists advise massage because it stirs up the gum tissues to health, because it



Eating today is a lazy pleasure. Coarse foods, containing the roughage that is so good for our gums, have disappeared from our tables. And the dentists turn to massage to make up this lack in our diet.



speeds to the depleted, softened tissues a fresh supply of rich and wholesome blood. Dentists recommend massage with Ipana Tooth Paste because Ipana has a special value in toning and strengthening gum tissue that is weak and undernourished.

Why massage with Ipana is so good for the gums

Ipana has this unique value because of its ziralot content. For ziralot is a preparation with antiseptic and hemostatic properties, which for years has been widely used by dentists to allay bleeding and to tone and strengthen weakened tissue.

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Give Ipana a full month's trial

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. He knows it. In fact, the 50,000 dentists to whom our professional men have shown Ipana are responsible for its start.

The ten-day trial tube will be gladly mailed if you send the coupon, but the full-size tube from your druggist's, containing more than a hundred brushings, makes a far better test of Ipana's power to improve the health of your gums and the brilliancy of your teeth.

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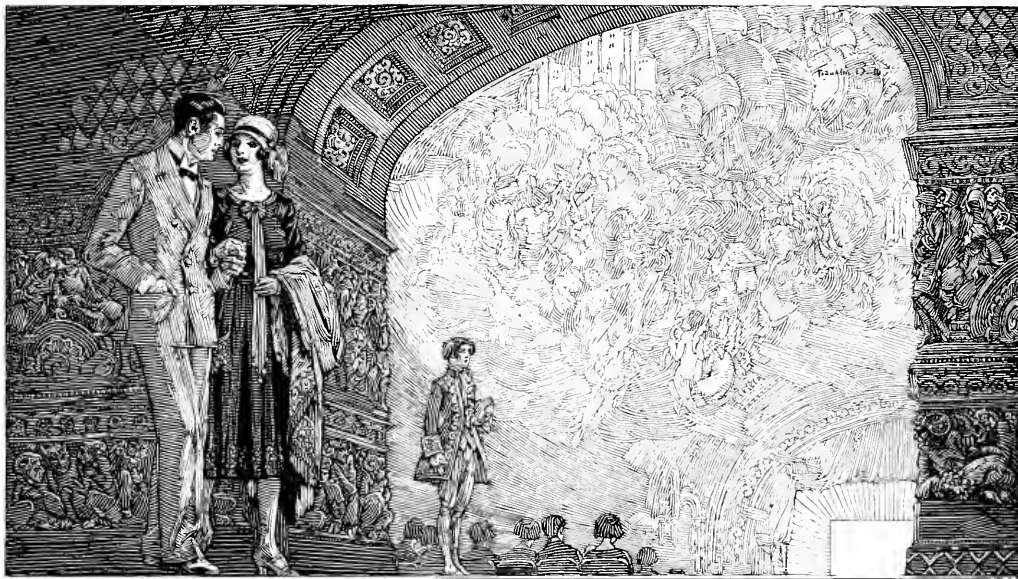
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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXX

No. 5

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"Rudy's Life Story"

KES-521

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

was the first
magazine to
ever publish
the life story
of

Rudolph Valentino

Although it was published a few years ago there has been an insistent demand by his admirers and friends that it be republished. It will be published in condensed form and edited by

James R. Quirk
Editor of Photoplay

who was an intimate
friend of the distinguished
star for years.



Miss Clark's Statement

Your Maison Marcellers placed a dandy bunch of marcel waves in my hair, as the large photograph will show. This new method you have discovered is very effective and requires little time. You can hardly notice the time it takes as other things can be done while hair is drying.

The Lux Studio photographs show the good results obtained with the Maison Marcellers.
(Signed) MISS BEULA CLARK.



LUX STUDIO
Central Photographers
Chicago

Maison de Beaute,
711 Quincy Street,
Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:

Here are the photographs taken of Miss Clark with straight hair, the waves in place and last the amazingly pretty wave put in at the Maison Marcellers.

The public demonstration conducted at the same time also at my studio was a tremendous success. All agreed enthusiastically that your new method, Marcellers could place a very satisfactory natural wave in any hair.
They are sure to save time and much money for women everywhere.
LUX STUDIOS
Wm B. Lix

Notice to Readers

A Chicago representative of this paper and representatives of over one hundred other nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these waves and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.

Just 30 Minutes—At Home—Whenever Convenient

Glorious Waves Like This

Week In Week Out

No beauty shop expense—no ruinous hot iron—no bothersome appointments

If anyone told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without another trip to the beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or other torturous methods you wouldn't believe it.

Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your home to get it. Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—right at home—and marcells, as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

A \$1.50 Marcell Saved Every Time
You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. Your Maison Marcellers will save all this expense. Think of it! In no time at all, you have saved the price of a new frock. And the initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a marcel or two—and you are free from waving expense forever!

It Waves While You Dress

What if someone does phone a dinner invitation just after you have come in from a swim, with your hair still damp? What if you do return from a blowy motor ride or a wave-ruining round of golf to find that the crowd is planning to leave in thirty minutes for a dance in a nearby town? You can be ready, with hair beautifully groomed and smoothly waved.

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks—and while you freshen up and change your frock, your hair is waving. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft, loose waves about your face!

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Consider what happens to your hair when it is continuously waved with hot irons. As you know, each single hair is a tiny hollow tube. Every time the hot iron touches it

each fragile tube is bent and twisted, first one way, then another. This constant bending back and forth soon breaks the hair off, and leaves you with a head of uneven-length, brittle hair.

You won't believe how quickly your hair will regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it, once you are free from the tyranny of hot irons, the hot blast of water-wave "setting." A few months' use of the Maison Marcellers and your hair will recover its beauty. And after that, you will never go back again to hair-ruining irons.

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because your hair could no longer stand the ruinous waving methods. This is your chance to have again all the softening, becoming beauty of naturally waved locks.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement
The photographs reproduced above tell more plainly than words just what a wonderful wave the Maison Marcellers achieve. The prominent photographer who took these pictures has given an affidavit testifying to the facts. The model herself was so delighted with the results of the Maison Marceller wave that she also added her statement to that of the photographer.

For no matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty. No matter how you wear it—in a single bob, the Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part—you will have a perfect marcel, perfectly suited to the style you prefer.

It is the simplest thing in the world to do. Just place the Maison Marcellers on your hair and catch the locks in place. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. They are amazingly comfortable on the head, too. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. If you have had a "permanent," the Maison Marcellers are just the thing you need to change its kink into a lovely, natural wave or they will replace its disappearing curl with a smooth, even marcel. Of course, if you haven't had a permanent, there is no need ever to have one; Maison Marcellers make other waving absolutely unnecessary.

Before putting this Marcelling Outfit on the market, we asked fifty women to try it out and give us their opinion. Without exception, they were most enthusiastic about it. Here are part of some of the letters we received.

Miss M. S., Chicago: I recently had a permanent wave put in my hair and since then have had lots of trouble making my hair look right. But with your Maison Marcellers I no longer have to bother with water combs and now my hair is always beautifully marcelled.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straggly hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried

many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Our Wonderful, Time-Limited Offer

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you, as one of the first 10,000 women to own this priceless boon to beauty: A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart, for only \$2.98, plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon. In a few days, when the postman brings your outfit, just deposit \$2.98 with him (plus a few cents' postage). And when you put in your first marcel, you'll say it was the best purchase you ever made in your life, for your hair waving troubles are ended. Every time you use this outfit, you'll get better and better results and you'll never have to spend your good time and money for marcells again. After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

Maison de Beaute

711 Quincy St. Chicago, Illinois

COUPON

Maison de Beaute,
711 Quincy St., Dept. 48, Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen:

Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including set of Maison Marcellers, Marcell Style Chart, and complete directions for waving, which I will follow. I agree to deposit \$2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If I am not delighted with results I will return the outfit within 5 days and you will refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

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

NOTE: If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wig make this a glorious experience. (July.)

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.)

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Dist.—The title has nothing to do with the picture; the story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama; in other words it's much ado about nothing. (June.)

BARRIER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The story of a half-caste told in an interesting manner by a splendid cast—Norman Kerry, Marceline Day, Henry Walthall and Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

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 real excited about. (April.)

BEHIND THE FRONT—Paramount.—A satire on the lives of the buddies "over there." Slapstick comedy with enough kick in it to make one realize that Sherman spoke the truth. (April.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BIG SHOW, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLACKBIRD, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Lon Chaney is at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

BLACK PIRATE, THE—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the youngsters, and grownups will find themselves youthful again while enjoying this story of the adventures of the wicked pirates. (May.)

BLIND GODDESS, THE—Paramount.—An excellent murder story by Arthur Train plus Louise Dresser's splendid performance makes this one of the finest pictures of the season. (June.)

BORDER SHERIFF, THE—Universal.—A Western and nothing to brag about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Grey Western. (September.)

BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.—A gripping melodrama against the background of the sea. Griuesome at times. (June.)

BROADWAY BOOB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Glenn Hunter is back with us again in another of his famous county roles. Fair. (May.)

BROADWAY GALLANT, THE—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

BROKEN HEARTS—Jaffé.—A series of realistic east side scenes strung together by a slender plot. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

BROWN DERBY, THE—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

BROWN OF HARVARD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—College life, flip and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CASEY OF THE COAST GUARD—Pathe.—The usual serial stuff, with lots of action. (April.)

CAT'S PAJAMAS, THE—Paramount.—Betty Bronson has advanced from a Barry heroine into a bedroom comedy heroine. The result—see it and be convinced. (June.)

CAVE MAN, 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. (April.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western hokum. (August.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A goofy plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

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

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

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

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

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 lively romping tale crammed with action will like this. The youngsters will enjoy it. (April.)

COWBOY AND THE COUNTESS, THE—Fox.—One finds no amusing tricks of style to divert this from the commonplace. And such an absurd story. (April.)

CROWN OF LIES, THE—Paramount.—Another impossible Pola Negri vehicle. If you have nothing else to do—see this and suffer with Pola. (June.)

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.)

DANCER OF PARIS, THE—First National.—Written by Michael Arlen and as yet one might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, bachelor apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

DANCING MOTHERS—Paramount.—Story of a gentle wife who would a-flapping 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 Dist. Corp.—Priscilla Dean as a clever secret service lady in a good mystery yarn. She has able support from John Bowers, Missy Fitzgerald and Arthur Hoyt. (April.)

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A melodrama of the great open spaces adapted from a Zane Grey novel. Fair. (June.)

DEVIL HORSE, THE—Pathe.—A picture that is worth your money. A family picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

DEVIL'S CIRCUS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An interesting vehicle with lots of good stuff. Hukim reigns throughout, Norma Shearer and Charles Mack head the cast. (May.)

DON'T—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The title tells you. Don't. It's a silly picture with the story wandering all over. (April.)

EARLY TO WED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been food for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

ESCAPE, THE—Universal.—Filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison shows us what he can do. (May.)

EVE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles make matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FAR CRY, THE—First National.—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack Mullan and Myrtle Stedman. (May.)

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount.—The sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Good entertainment. (May.)

FIFTH AVENUE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of New York. There's a certain sophisticated twist to the plot that makes it inadvisable for children to see. (April.)

FIG LEAVES—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FIGHTING BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—A boring Western. Now don't blame us if it doesn't please. (June.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

METRO-
GOLDWYN-
MAYER
WEEK
SEPT. 12TH
TO
SEPT. 18TH



BUSTER KEATON *in* BATTLE BUTLER

BUSTER Keaton
THAT great giggle getter
LANDS the biggest knockout
OF his frozen-faced career
IN Battling Butler!
FROM the opening gong
TO the final flop
EVERY round's a riot!
AND Sally O'Neil falls too—
FALLS hard for Buster Keaton!
DO you know why?
YOU ought to!
READ on the right

Presented by
JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
From the play produced by
George Chooes with Selwyn & Co.
Book by Stanley Brightman
and Austin Melford
Lyrics by Douglas Furber
Music by Philip Braham
American Music by
Walter L. Rosemont
Adapted by
Ballard MacDonald
Screen Adaptation by
Paul Gerard Smith
Albert Boasberg
Charles Smith
Directed by
BUSTER KEATON
*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture*



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

You can win one of these Valuable Prizes

Can you answer
Norma Shearer's
questions?

Do you "glance" or
Do you really see?

EVERY Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fan has a chance to win one of the valuable prizes I am offering this month. All you have to do is to keep your eyes open and your mind alert when you go to see a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. Don't be a "glimpser"—be a "seeker". You may be one of the winners.

To the person who writes the best answers to all the questions in this column, I will present—if it be one of the fair sex—the hand bag I use in "The Wanting Sex" and a cash prize of \$50. If a man is the lucky one, Buster Keaton will present and sign the boxing gloves he uses in "Battling Butler" together with a cash prize of \$50.

To the next fifty lucky ones, I will send my personally autographed photograph finished in a septa style suitable for framing.

Go to it and best of luck.

Yours cordially,

Norma Shearer

Norma's six questions

- 1 In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does a Mollusk play a prominent part? Who is the director?
- 2 Who plays Musette in La Boheme?
- 3 In what picture does Sally O'Neil fall for Buster Keaton and why?
- 4 In what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture does Lon Chaney play the part of Singapore Joe? Describe his "make-up" in not more than fifty words.
- 5 Where are the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios?
- 6 What animal is the King of Beasts and where is he most often seen?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in value with that tied for.

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month
for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

\$25.00 Letter

Minneapolis, Minn.

Two years ago I was in a tiny Northern mining town. It was my first night at the twice-a-month movies shown at the Town Hall. Long planks supported by boxes at the ends afforded seats for the audience. The movie machine was more antique, the operator (and owner) of it quite unique in smeared overalls and several days' growth of beard.

No music! Sounds of tinkering, mingled with friendly gossiping of the audience, in lieu of an Overture. After several false starts the picture was on. I rubbed my eyes. It was a melodrama, I believe. I saw only the heroine's fearful pompadour, stretcher bracelet, long, voluminous skirt and stiff shirtwaist! And the hero's haircut, his wide and dramatic gestures! Feeling an overwhelming desire to laugh, I looked about me. I saw women with work-worn hands, faces alight with almost rapture. Children in ugly, cut-down clothes gazed in wonder and awe at this so very old and mediocre picture. Men, the grime of mines about them, lost in pleasure. For all these there was beauty, imagination, a masterpiece—the obscure heroine a Mary Pickford, the unknown hero a John Gilbert. There was an actual reverence.

I did not laugh, for now to me, too, the picture had a beautiful meaning.

FLORENCE STOLL,
3557 Irving Ave., So.

\$10.00 Letter

Village Park, Mo.

Greta Garbo

An unseen fire, an unknown world,
A marble hall, a light blue pearl;
A yellow, shiny moonlit sea—
Imported wine and T. N. T.

Esther Ralston

A clear blue sky, a shady bowler,
A crystal cup, a cooling shover,
The golden sun's bright rays at noon,
A grand and glorious day in June.

Mary Carr

A lilac bush and cottage white,
A lighted candle in the night;
A pearly tear, a gentle sigh—
Cedar chests and apple pie.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

John Gilbert

A pool that is deep, a pool that is dark,
A well hidden glen that is searched for a lark,
An asbestos lined can that has fire within;
A thing that is liked—say something to gin.

Photoplay

From cover to cover is villain and lover;
A star here and a star there,
One is dark and another fair,
For anywhere or any day—
Tea for two and PHOTOPLAY.

GRACE DICKINSON,
R. F. D. No. 1.

\$5.00 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

The public wants more subtle comedy, and less obvious comedy. Ever since the pictures began the public has consistently awarded the highest honors and the greatest amount of worship to those comedians who have relied mostly on subtle tricks, attitudes and expressions.

If one reviews the lists of comedians of the last ten years they show that the comedian that is always hit by pies, chased by a lion into a beauty parlor, and found at the end of all his pictures under a pile of debris, while he may be momentarily popular and entertaining, will

never be raved about as will the less obvious comedian.

There are still those that contend that the public is incapable of comprehending and appreciating real artistic efforts. Whether or not this contention is true in so far as tragedy is concerned I cannot say, but not a brainy, subtle artistic comedy has ever gone back to its producer without not only bringing home the bacon but a sack of gold. If that is not an outstanding and shining testimonial to the fact that the American has a highly developed sense of real humor, and also to the fact that he is willing to pay well to have that sense catered to by the comparatively few genius comedians of the screen, then you don't want fact for proof, you want useless theory.

JAMES CONWAY,
3443 Clay Street.

The B & B Yell

Akron, Ohio

Brickbats, rah! Brickbats, rah!
Rah, rah, Brickbats!
Hit 'em high!
Hit 'em low!
Come on—let's go!
Lotta fun!
Peg 'em one!
Atta boy—good throw!

The above is an appropriate "bawling out" yell should the desire ever come, as it does if you are what one might class a "good movie fan," to give your "pet" stars a "talking to."

In selecting a brickbat please pick a sturdy one and give it good and hot to friend wayward star as man to man or madam to madam—and cut out the Beau Brummel line of mush.

M. J. RUONE.

To Canon Chase

Chicago, Ill.

Evidently Canon Chase, the leader of the reformers and censors, doesn't realize why Valentino or Tom Mix is more popular than Everett Horton. It is because we get enough of everyday life and seek to thrill at visions of something different. We don't really wish to live always as those shadow folk, but we do come back more contentedly to the fortunately less dangerous "nine-tenths of life" for having taken a vicarious jaunt into frivolity and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

First—the Story!

It is of prime importance in all
FOX PICTURES

So here, in a new group just arriving at the theatres, we find two stage successes, one of the present and one of past years, a novel by a "best-selling" author and an original story by a "top-notch" popular fiction writer

"The Pelican will pluck her breast to feed her young"—says the old legend. This theme—a young mother's choice between her true happiness and her son's self-centered demands—inspired the title, *The Pelican*, for the stage play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood from which is drawn the Fox picture

"MARRIAGE LICENSE?"

Do you note the question mark? Alma Rubens, the mother; Walter Pidgeon, a lover; Walter McGrail, the husband, and Richard Walling, the son, are all exquisitely molded into the fabric of the photoplay staged by Frank Borzage, one of the screen's most dependable directors. A poignant and absorbing "recital!"

Consider *The Lily*! Not the flower of the field—but one of the flowers of stage perfection. Adapted and presented by David Belasco from the drama by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux, a few years ago this play was the sensation of the American stage. As a Fox picture

THE LILY

has been given a fine production. Belle Bennett, who so distinguished herself in *Stella Dallas*, plays the title role—in *Lily* is a girl who passes through life without the realization of her love. Victor Schertzinger directed this picture; Ian Keith and Reata Hoyt are in the supporting cast.

Gerald Beaumont, one of the aces of short fiction, composed a story of manhood, courage, faith, steadfastness; its inspiration—the vision of a pure and tender young girl. In the Fox Picture

THE BLUE EAGLE

John Ford (who directed "The Iron Horse") has set this story on the screen so as to quicken your heart and grip your emotions. George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston, William Russell, Robert Edeson—the distinguished cast tells its own tale! You should see George O'Brien and "Big Bill" Russell in action!

"Harold MacGrath has everything!" So the critics say of this author of more than a dozen actual best-sellers, and in this photoplay which we have called

WOMANPOWER

We find MacGrath at his best. Harry Beaumont, who directed "Sandy," has used Ralph Graves, Kathryn Perry, Margaret Livingston, Ralph Sipperly and others in a thrill-plus-laughter picture you will keenly enjoy. The title tells the story—some power this!



WILLIAM
FOX,
PICTURES

You Must Surely See!

"What Price Glory"
"7th Heaven"
"The Music Master"
"3 Bad Men"
"One Increasing Purpose"



TEST YOUR ART ABILITY FREE

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.

Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal School students—girls as well as men—are making \$3,500, \$4,000, \$5,000 and \$6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists, and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings and designs, for there is a necessity in modern business.

Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will soon place you in a position to earn a handsome income. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course, which has been prepared to train the student in the quickest possible time. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

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Just fill out and mail the coupon. There is no cost or obligation to you. You will also receive our beautifully illustrated book, "Your Future," showing work done by Federal Students. Please state age and occupation.



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of Commercial Designing

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Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Present Occupation.....
(Write your address plainly in margin)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

adventure and the rarer emotions. I believe we are better for it and less likely to blow up from the tension of Life's monotony when we can satisfy the urge for "something different" so easily and harmlessly.

There are plenty of pictures of the kind he wants without trying to force upon us all an undiluted diet of such spineless stories. By this I do not mean the films that wallow in ugliness. Most of us avoid them and they prove box-office failures and that director doesn't do just that again. Thus, why worry for regulation?

And believe it or not, I believe I am a very fair example of plain, respectable, middle-class womanhood.

BEULAH BARKER.

He Likes 'Em Unhappy

Ft. Sill, Okla.

Two things we know, the first, we are going to die; the second, when we go to see a movie, we know there is going to be a happy ending. Therefore, there is more suspense in a baseball game, played by bush leaguers, than there is in a million dollar production, because the outcome of a baseball game is uncertain. Not so with a movie. There is no hope and fear. The cards are stacked. We know the hero is going to win. There is no uncertainty.

Now I am not advocating the unhappy ending always. I am not telling the producers their business, but it seems to me that the withholding of a production's outcome, and an unhappy ending now and then would stimulate interest in pictures that only a visit to the theater could satisfy.

E. M. RAGLAND.

Among Those Present

Hollywood, Calif.

I am not a chronic kicker, but just now I am trying to stir up some interest among fans, with the hope that producers may take the suggestions offered.

I attended "Stella Dallas" last week, in which the cast of characters appeared on the screen, introducing fifteen players simultaneously. Both Belle Bennett and Lois Moran were new to me, and I could not identify them until the picture was well in progress. Of the dozen minor characters, I cannot recall one, for by the time they had established themselves, or warranted any curiosity as to their identity, I was unable to recall their names.

I consider it better to introduce the characters, in a sub-title, one at a time, in order that the name may be connected with the right person.

L. J. DOWNS.

A Successful Sufferer

Festus, Mo.

As a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY for the past five years and an ardent motion picture fan, I do wish to express my sincere admiration for Percy Marmont.

He is one of the screen's greatest artists and is praised the least.

His characterization as *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes," the embittered dreamer of "The Light That Failed," and "The Street of Forgotten Men"—all these portray him as a truly great artist. Yet, unlike any other actor, he has suffered more than any other man for his success.

I look forward to seeing his pictures and have never missed one of them. Certainly the acting of Mr. Marmont makes them all worth while.

Let us have more similar pictures, for surely no one can take his place!

DOROTHY ACKLEY.

A Brick for Adolphe

Arlington, Va.

I do not care what the eminent critics say—I do not like Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity."

Ever since seeing him in "A Woman of Paris" I have admired his artistry. He is the sophisticate, the absolute man of the world (hackneyed phrase that, but fitting nevertheless), his way of wearing his clothes with that air of being to the manner born. Then—then the horrible thought of him being a barber! It's like thinking of the Prince of Wales as a hostler because he rides horseback, or does he? It may be a terrible thing to say, but at no time during the picture did I think of him as a barber. He rubbed his hands together, he smirked and all that, but he remained the suave, polished gentleman he always is. To think of such an artist of delightful devilry lathering chins and giving ladies boyish cuts—well, there ought to be a law.

Before I close, let me cast one large and fragrant bouquet in the direction of Louise Brooks. May she Charleston forever!

HELEN VON LANG.

Cream Puff Drama

Salt Lake City, Utah.

After seeing Adolphe Menjou's "Social Celebrity" and Norma Talmadge's "Kiki," I would like to divide the entire Phipps Conservatory between them after holding out a goodly bouquet for Ronald Colman.

I was overjoyed with "Kiki." She's the first heroine who ever completely satisfied me by doing and saying just what I hoped she would. If *Renal's* first kiss to *Kiki* was "all wet," it's the only thing in the entire picture which was.

Such offerings as "Kiki" and "A Social Celebrity" are to pictures what piquant relishes and charlotte russe are to meals—happy balances for the heavy stuff. And oftentimes a delicious relief after too much hash.

HILDA LEE.

Bebe's Baby

Rochester, Vermont.

I must hand a great big bouquet to Bebe Daniels. I never chanced to see any of her pictures until a year ago, but now I never miss any and see them once and twice if possible. She is such a splendid comedienne, she is funny, but never silly. Furthermore, she is not necessarily a comedienne, but can do straight drama. I would go a great many miles to see one of Bebe's pictures. She is not only a great actress, but is all there on the looks and is so friendly and approachable. I wish I could see more pictures and articles about her. I have just become a member of the Bebe Daniels' Girls' Club, and wish that all of Bebe's fans who are not already members would become so. Just write to Dorothy Lubow, president, at 2064 Vyse Ave., New York City.

TOMMY.

English Stars

London, England.

A few years ago I wrote to PHOTOPLAY praising English pictures and English artists, and you were kind enough to publish my letter.

Then I praised the work of our Betty Balfour, Fay Compton and Clive Brook. The latter is now well known to American fans for his work in American pictures.

Now, I wish to add to my list by mentioning

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]

The Woman Who Works Youth Miracles

On Society's Most Famous Faces

DOROTHY GRAY

Coming to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the application of a new method of scientifically restoring a youthful chin line, 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.



First Dorothy Gray won fame in counteracting the most prominent sign where age shows first on a woman's face—the double chin. Then she discovered the other two telltale signs of departing youth. Then her scientific treatments for youth prolongation have made her one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.

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. A double chin is a glaring sign of departing youth. So are wrinkles around eyes and mouth. So are flabby or withered facial muscles.

By developing unique treatments and scientific preparations for 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 it 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 or-

inary 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

looking older than one's years, a crime against oneself.

Telltale signs of facial age can be erased.

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 establishments in New York (753 Fifth Avenue) or at Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk), San Francisco (The White House) or Washington, D. C. (1009 Connecticut Avenue.)

3 Telltale Places Which Reveal a Woman's Age Correct Them and You Take Years Away



A Double Chin



Wrinkles and Lines



Flabby Muscles and Crêpy Throat

Dorothy Gray's preparations with complete directions for treatments can be obtained at the leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country.

muscles which, by weakening, result in flabbiness, in 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;

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 64

Please tell me how

- to treat a double chin.
- to erase wrinkles and lines.
- to treat flabby muscles and crêpy throat.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Pictures that pay

YOUR mind registers hundreds of pictures every day. Faces on the street, people in a doorway, a tray of watches in a window, ribbon on a hat. Interesting or amusing, maybe . . . but of what actual value are most of them to you?

Yet a vast number of pictures that can affect your daily living are waiting for your glance. Advertisements show you better things to ride in, eat, wear, enjoy—honestly pictured for you. Pictures that pay! Such pictures make you familiar with the newest, most improved things you can buy. The soap, hosiery, fountain pen that can mean most to you. Familiar with their color, way they are wrapped, name on the package. You can recognize them at once, link them at once with their advertised facts, know all about them before you buy. You don't have to test them. They have been tested for you. The watch widely advertised ticks in thousands of pockets. The skillet on the printed page is used on a thousand stoves. Pictures in advertisements are pictures of good things enjoyed in countless homes.



*Look at advertisements
and their pictures. They
let you choose the best.*

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING BUCKAROO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones still does all the necessities to keep one amused. It's good stuff. (June.)

FIGHTING EDGE, THE—Warner Bros.—A melodrama with no pretensions, but with scores of thrills. This is not art, but it's exciting entertainment. The children can go. (April.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FLAMING FRONTIER, THE—Universal.—Another absorbing tale of the Old West which carries out the spirit of pioneer America. Good stuff for the children. (June.)

FLAMING WATERS—F. B. O.—It looks as though F. B. O. went through their old pictures and picked out the thrill scenes from each one. (April.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount.—For your own sake go see this Harold Lloyd production. Sure, take the kiddies! (June.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathe.—A red-blooded Western with Harry Carey. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GENTLE CYCLOPE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE, THE—First National.—See this, if it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (May.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lafy Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 4,642. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A flippant farce comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

GRAND DUCHESS AND THE WAITER, THE—Paramount.—Sophistication and sex at their merriest are here. Yet so beautifully is it all handled it is safe for everyone from grandma to the baby. (April.)

GREATER GLORY, THE—First National.—An excellent picture featuring an Austrian family before and after the war. One of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice. (May.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Growmps may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIGHBINDERS, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—William Tilden stepping out as an actor, but he better stick to tennis if he wishes to become a success in life. Terrible. (June.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Brent productions. Fair. (July.)

IRENE—First National.—Colleen Moore pleases again. George K. Arthur's work is one of the outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Rich and Robert Frazer are in the east—if that means anything. Entertainment value? Fair. (July.)

IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

Watch This Column



If my advice is worth anything to you, be on the lookout for "*The Flaming Frontier*" and "*The Midnight Sun*," two unusual pictures which UNIVERSAL has chosen to represent it at the opening of Greater Movie Season which begins this month all over the land.

They are very high-grade productions, intensely dramatic, remarkable for their lavish settings and unusual casts. "*The Flaming Frontier*" is a reproduction of a stirring event in American history—Gen. George Custer's last battle with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn River in Montana.

The extreme acts of daring and courage which made this battle a world-sensation at the time, are reenacted with faithfulness to detail which astonished the crowds at the premier showing in New York. Noted characters of history live again in this picture—Pres. Grant, Gen. Custer, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and others, as well as hordes of Indians and soldiers. HOOT GIBSON, DUSTIN FARNUM and ANNE CORNWALL are featured. The production was written and directed by Edward Sedgwick.

"*The Midnight Sun*" is a gorgeous drama laid in and around the Imperial Russian Court at the time of the Czar, and reveals the odd tangle of two men of high official position in love with a beautiful dancing girl, and using the power at their command to win her affections.

This picture is a Dimitri Buchowetzki Production and features LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN and RAYMOND KEANE, and the cast in itself is a powerful recommendation of quality. I advise you to speak to the manager of your favorite theatre and ask him to secure both of these pictures. And when you see them, please write me your opinion.

Also keep your eyes open for other UNIVERSALS which are included in its GREATER MOVIE LIST. This will be another UNIVERSAL YEAR.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of
Laura La Plante, Raymond Keane and Hoot Gibson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. New York City

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? They know what to expect from Evelyn Brent. It will pass. (September.)

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, THE—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. George O'Brien, Florence Gilbert and Janet Gaynor are in the cast. (May.)

KIKI—First National.—Here's Norma Talmadge as a comedienne and she's a WOW. Ronald Colman is the male attraction. Be sure to see it! (June.)

KING OF THE TURF, THE—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and presto! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. (May.)

LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with much skill by Iola Gilbert. Lillian Gish is also in the cast. (May.)

LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount.—Richard Dix at his best. Plenty of laughs that come fast and furious. Don't miss it! (May.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LITTLE IRISH GIRL, THE—Warner Bros.—Good entertainment. More crooks in a logical story. Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron head the cast. (May.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Passable. (August.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Fan. (August.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the fair Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr., forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (October.)

MADAME MYSTERY—Pathé.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot! Be sure to see it. (May.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MANTRAP—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

MARE NOSTRUM—Metro-Goldwyn.—A not so satisfactory film from the man who directed "The Four Horsemen." (April.)

MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE—Universal.—One of the most appealing stories of love across the footlights. Billie Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

MEN OF STEEL—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MILLION DOLLAR HANDICAP, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thrilling story of the race track. Splendid entertainment. (April.)

MIRACLE OF LIFE, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—It will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. Neither for the children nor grownups. (June.)

MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels attempts to be funny but falls down. Filled with all the old gags used in two-reelers. The children like this sort of thing. (May.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

MILLE MODISTE—First National.—Some wise-cracking sub-titles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis make this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MOANA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The plot consists chiefly of the daily tasks of the natives in the isles. (April.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slapstick at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal.—This could have been a knockout, but at present it is missing on all sixes. (June.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]

You've never seen these Famous Stars in such Fascinating Roles

SHE flitted through the slinking streets like a streak of happiness—and not a man, white or yellow, but realized that there was something “holy” about Twinkletoes.

She led the chorus at a cheap music hall. Her feet danced—her heart danced. Queer how those strange denizens of Limehouse loved her! Queerer still how she pinned her love to one man—how he failed—and then how the shadows sobbed after Twinkletoes—“Poor Limehouse kid! Poor Limehouse kid! Going the way that the rest of them did!”

It's a radiant, flashing, poignant part that none but the star of “Ella Cinders”, “Sally”, and “Irene” could play. And no one but the famous author of “Broken Blossoms” could bring you so vividly the thrill and romance of the amazing Limehouse underworld.

Other First National successes that are sweeping the country

COLLEEN MOORE in “*It Must Be Love*,” Presented by John McCormick. A love-jammed delicatessen drama. The gayest part Colleen has ever had!

“**THE GREAT DECEPTION**,” Presented by Robert Kane, with Aileen Pringle and Ben Lyon. Air thrills—fight thrills—love thrills, in this swirling story of spy against spy—and a woman between. Adapted from “*The Yellow Dove*,” by George Gibbs.



John McCormick

Presents

COLLEEN MOORE

in

Thomas Burke's Classic
of Limehouse

TWINKLETOES

Directed by

Charles Brabin



A First National Picture

~Just two of First National's Week-After-Week Hits!



Asher Small and Rogers

Present

CORINNE GRIFFITH

in

SYNCOATING SUE

Adapted by Adelaide Heilbron from the
Stage-Play *ASHES* by Reginald Goode

Directed by

Richard Wallace

ALL day long she looked out at Broadway across the keys of a Tin-Pan-Alley Piano....

"Tea for Two"—"It Had To Be You"—
"Brown Eyes Why Are You Blue"....

Strumming—thumping....Heart thumping
...Longing....Would she ever turn the
corner to luxury and fame?

"The most beautiful woman in the world"
is lovelier than ever as Syncopating Sue,
who belonged to Broadway—but wanted
Broadway to belong to her!

See her in intimate backstage scenes—In
the splendor of New York's after-midnight-
life—In gorgeous gowns and gripping
scenes!

"Syncopating Sue" has all the stir and
slang and romance of the real White Way
—a sparkling story—and Corinne Griffith!
It belongs first on the list of pictures
you've got to see!

Plan to see these two coming hits—

"MISMATES," with Doris Kenyon and
Warner Baxter.—Can a deserted wife take the
law into her own hands for the sake of her child?
A story for every mother and every mother's son.

"FOREVER AFTER," with Mary Astor and
Lloyd Hughes.—College humor, romance of the
campus, a charming story of youth and love and
tenderness.



A First National Picture



180 Leading Actresses of the New York Stage

say they find this soap "exquisite"
"wonderful for their skin"



... Night after night she must face a thousand critical eyes

A LADY OF MAYFAIR, exquisite as an orchid, frail as Venetian glass—or a modern flapper with the *tenué* of a beautiful boy—a princess, a gypsy, an adventuress—

Whatever part she plays, the successful actress must be able to throw about it the vivid spell of her own personal beauty.

Lovely and youthful as the dawn she must seem to her audiences when she steps before the curtain.

HOW DOES SHE DO IT? Her skin, which has to be covered with harsh make-up—exposed to cruel, high-power light—how does she keep it fresh and unfaded—flawless, under the gaze of a thousand eyes?

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of the season's plays, what soap they use for the care of their skin—and

why. Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin," they said. "It is very soothing." "It keeps the skin firm and fresh-looking, preventing large pores and blemishes."

Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to praise the soothing, non-irritating effect of Woodbury's on her skin.

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 greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one is conscious of this extreme fineness.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming

common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use.

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

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days

NOW—THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

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

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 510 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

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

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Seely

*New
Pictures*

WHY import blondes from Scandinavia when there are just as capable girls on the native soil? Perhaps if Seena Owen had kept her Danish name of Signe Auen and cultivated an accent, she would be getting the big parts she deserves.



Hartsook

CREDIT William Fox with an important discovery—Olive Borden. Only a new comer, Olive has that Something possessed by Gloria Swanson and a few others. Once you've seen her, you put her on your list of regular favorites.



MAY ALLISON gets her wish. She is going to play a big dramatic rôle. William Fox was so impressed by her work in recent pictures that he has engaged her to create the leading rôle in "The City," Clyde Fitch's powerful drama.



NOT handsome, not dashing, not romantic. And yet Monte Blue retains a popularity not enjoyed by the prettier boys. There is something satisfyingly steady about Monte; something soothing to the eyes. Incidentally, he happens to be a good actor.



Serly

NIZE baby eat opp all the big pictures. With "Beau Geste" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth," it promises to be a big season for Ronald Colman. Both are desert pictures and you know how the girls like their heroes sprinkled with sand.



Carsey

PHYLLIS HAVER is the reason for "The Nervous Wreck." This beautiful blonde has played the disturbing influence in lots of pictures. And she is very much in evidence in "Don Juan," in which she plays one of the Don's important conquests.



Hartsok

WASHED ashore by "The Johnstown Flood," Janet Gaynor made a neat little hit for herself. She caused almost as much damage as the Flood. Now she is getting leading rôles in important pictures, as, for instance, "The Return of Peter Grimm."



No one can really know America without knowing Boston—in its traditions, its historic buildings, its fascinating shops and its charming women.

She asked Boston, too *v v v v* and salespeople in smart shops said: "There is one SURE way to keep fine garments lovely"

SUMMER folk flitting from cottages in Maine often stop in Boston to shop.

Here they find lovely scarves of homespun and cashmere. Here on Boylston and Tremont Streets alone are more blouses than you would find in a day's shopping in another city—for tailored wear is popular in Boston.

Characteristic of New England thrift is the exquisite quality which will wear gracefully through one season into the next. Characteristic, too, is the advice which the salespeople give you about caring for these fine garments—

"For safe cleansing, to keep colors and fabrics fresh—use Ivory Soap," is the recommendation of salespeople in Boston's finest shops, just as it is elsewhere—in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia. This fact was recently discovered by a young woman when she questioned them about the safest way to cleanse hosiery and sweaters and all kinds of feminine wearing apparel.

In many cases, the salespeople had not been instructed to make official recommendations. But in their desire to be of genuine service and to give advice which their own experience and that of their customers had proved to be sound, they recommended Ivory, with absolute confidence. "Ivory," they said, "is as harmless as pure water itself."

"You would do well if you always laundered your sheer hosiery in pure Ivory and lukewarm water," was said in one exclusive specialty shop. "Anything stronger than Ivory is likely to start the color in very sheer hose or any very fine fabrics."

"For fine blouses, use Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes."



They are equally good—really, the best thing you can use for delicate colors." (Large department store.)

"There is nothing better than Ivory. It is the purest soap you can find and it is safe for fine silks. As a matter of fact, it is the one soap I can use on my face—it never irritates my skin." (Silk department of a large department store.)

A conclusive test for a soap for delicate garments

Ask yourself: "Would I use this soap on my face?" For today—when feminine wardrobes are chiefly of silk with here and there a scarf or sweater of fine wool, a frock of soft kasha or flannel—garments need as gentle care as do complexions.

Ivory, of course, is so pure and mild that women have used it for generations for their complexions and doctors recommend it for babies' soft skin. So, in flake form or cake form—it is safe for any fabric or color that can stand the touch of pure water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE—This booklet of tested suggestions

"What is silk? How and when to wash it. How to prevent streaks, 'bubbling', yellowing. How to make silk stockings wear twice as long. How to keep woollens soft and fluffy." A charming booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," gives tested suggestions on these and many other subjects. It is free. Send a postcard to Section 45-JF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Cake
IVORY

99% Pure
It Floats



Flakes
SOAP

PHOTOPLAY

October, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

RUDOLPH VALENTINO died as he lived, game to the last breath. Without exception, his physicians pronounced him a miracle of courage.

On his death-bed, racked by pain and conscious of the fact that he was engaged in the extremity of a life and death battle, his thoughts were to bear up for the sake of those who were concerned about him. He never whimpered, even when in greatest pain.

His patience was wonderful and he lost his sense of humor only with his last consciousness.

MANY folks knew only the screen personality of the man. Few knew the real fineness of him, and his heroism on his death-bed was an unhappy but perfect answer to the newspaper writer who, a few weeks ago, called Rudy a powder puff.

He died on the verge of even greater success than he had ever attained before.

LIFE hadn't been at all easy for him. For years he had struggled to make a fitting comeback, and his last picture, "The Son of The Sheik," the

premier of which brought him to New York, had given him confidence to go on and do the bigger things that he wanted to accomplish.

This man, who had furnished so much entertainment to millions all over the world, deserves the homage and gratitude of that world.

I know he has it and I know he appreciated it.

AFTER the opening of his picture in New York, I was seated with him in the automobile returning to his hotel, and I saw him furtively brush away tears of happiness at the marvelous reception New York gave him.

Never had I seen a more sincere and loving greeting to a picture star.

We shall all miss him on the screen, but more than that, we who knew him have lost a great heart and a great friend.

HIS last role was the greatest he ever played. Never on the screen did he wage such a brave and splendid fight.

The loyal love of millions will follow the star that is forever—just Rudy.

The Secret Moral



"Lulu Belle," the New York success, will never come to the screen because it violates several canons of the secret code of the screen. Lenore Ulrich plays a negro cabaret girl who becomes the mistress of a dissolute Frenchman in Paris. Jean Del Val plays the Frenchman

By
Frederick James
Smith



PHOTOPLAY believes that the moral code of the screen is absolutely necessary to the screen and the nation.

However broadminded we may be and however opposed we are to censorship, we believe that the secret moral code of the screen is necessary to protect the screen and the nation. The screen has come to know, notwithstanding the commercialism of a few minor producers, that a picture offending the moral sentiment of the country is bad business. All our big producers realize this.

The secret moral code of the screen, here put into words for the first time, is more valuable to the motion picture industry than all the financial assets of filmdom put together.

It means the preservation of America's greatest amusement.

This secret moral code is the Magna Charta upon which the motion picture industry is built.

PHOTOPLAY is for this moral code, first and last. It is not for censorship, or anything smothering of censorship. The advent of Will Hays made this code a working document.

There has been a lot of criticism of Will Hays in the past, but one thing is certain: the motion picture industry could not afford to lose him if it had to pay him five million a year. He stands for the moral code and, what's more, enforces it.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

THE screen has an unwritten moral code to which all motion picture productions are fitted. This screen moral code is as definite as a set of traffic regulations. The photoplay can not turn to the moral left and it must stop at all realism crossings.

It is not easy to transmit an intangible moral code to paper. In gathering facts for this article I have talked to producers, directors and scenario writers and I have carefully checked my own film experiences of the past fifteen years.

It is not possible to blame or praise the producers and directors for this unwritten moral code. It is the result of belief that picture stories must be fitted to the thousands of children who go to the movie theaters every day and whose morals must be preserved. It is, in a large measure, the result of America's own moral and political restrictions.

Much of the success of German pictures (in the larger and more sophisticated centers) is the result of this secret moral

code. German films constitute a moral novelty. The Germans, not knowing the unwritten canons of these film laws, go right ahead and violate them every time they make a picture. They transgress each and every one of these laws. "Variety," in its original version, shows its hero deserting his wife and baby to run away with a pretty acrobat. There is no sugaring of these relations. The backsliding hero kisses the recceant young woman's legs with fine gusto. The camera follows the two into their bedroom. "Variety" is a seven-reel study in the various shades of passion.

Sometimes an American-made picture tries to buck these laws. Erich Von Stroheim, the director, has tried time and again. In "The Merry Widow" he made what I consider the most daring scene ever filmed on this side of the water. This is the seduction scene in which the prince pleads with the little dancer in his gilded bedroom while two blindfolded musicians strum a seductive obbligato.

Code of the Screen

There are five primal items on this unwritten moral code.

The first law concerns what are usually termed immoral relations. There is a curious dividing line here. The films were not permitted to film Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat," in which a reckless woman was promiscuous—and enjoyed it. Yet the screen frequently shows a young woman being forced into immorality, either through physical force or to get money for a sick relative. Yet the films can not show immorality as a moral weakness or a psychological case.

The second law revolves around the color line. The films cannot show the love of a negro for a white, or the reverse. The same law applies to the yellow and the brown races. Yet the stage's biggest dramatic hit this year is "Lulu Belle," which presents the progress of a wholly immoral negro cabaret dancer from Harlem to the Paris apartment of a dissolute French nobleman. "Lulu Belle" will never reach the screen.

It is interesting to point out that one of the most highly praised films ever made, "Broken Blossoms," violated this rule. In Thomas Burke's Limehouse story—and, in the subsequent film made by D. W. Griffith—a Chinaman loved a white girl. The canny Mr. Griffith tempered this by painting the Yellow Man as a young dreamer out of tune with harsh realities. Still, he was yellow.

"THE Birth of a Nation," the pioneer film to encounter this canon, was barred in many localities for years. It was looked upon as a breeder of race riots although, as far as I know, there isn't a single record of a riot caused by this film epic. But this superstition discouraged Griffith from carrying out one of his pet dreams, the filming of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The third law concerns the presentation of crime. Some of the world's most fascinating fiction has been built upon the lives of dashing criminals. The films can not show crime for its own sake. "The Unholy Three," for instance, was an absorbing melodrama of three side show crooks, but it aroused a lot of opposition during its progress through the country's film theaters. It was looked upon as dangerous in many quarters.

You may never have noticed the fact, but the actual commission of a crime is barred pretty generally. A man may be shot, but the actual firing of the weapon may not be shown. You may see the murderer start to aim his gun, but that's all. This, too, goes for stabbing. You will see the start of a blow but not the finish.

The fourth law bars the facts of life. The spoken drama and the published story have delved

It is enforced more strictly by the motion picture industry than the Eighteenth Amendment is by the whole Revenue Service. Here it is told for the first time.

into the innermost problems of humanity. The screen apparently can not do this without crashing against the censors of America. The real facts of everyday life come under this ban.

The three events of existence are birth, marriage and death. Only once have the films shown childbirth. That was the famous scene in D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East." I was present at the various conferences held by Mr. Griffith before "Way Down East" was released. Most of the conferences concerned this scene.

Griffith was advised by most of his staff to cut it from the picture. He refused—and the scene brought down a storm of protests. It was the principal cause of the severe cutting of "Way Down East" in Pennsylvania, Ohio and other censor-ridden communities.

No picture ever received so many cuts as did "Way Down East."

Griffith said he was going to film a special scene for these sections, showing Lillian Gish, as the heroine of the New England melodrama, finding her baby under a cabbage leaf.

Marriage, in the films, is usually the fade-out finish of a story. Its problems are avoided. Death, coming under the ban of unhappy endings, is generally taboo.



An out and out stage shocker is "The Shanghai Gesture." The moral code of the screen bars it from the films. Miss Reed plays a semi-Oriental known as Madame Goddam, who conducts the biggest brothel in the far East. Here a half-nude white girl is auctioned off to a mob of Chinamen

The fifth canon is a religious one. The films must not concern themselves with religious controversies. Furthermore, ministers are barred as principal characters. The screen does not permit the presentation of a minister erring seriously in any way. The man of God who reforms the harlot and himself slips has long been a theme of the stage and of literature. It was the story of "Rain," another footlight play barred by the films.

The minister is barred, except to marry the heroine and the hero in the final fade-out. Or he can be a kindly old adviser. There it ends.

The screen long dodged "The White Sister" because of fancied religious complications.

The recently produced version of Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" is an example of dodging this issue.

Will Hays, the czar of filmdom, has just added a new canon to the code of the screen. Drinking is prohibited on the theory that the national prohibition laws have made it illegal. Reformers have claimed that films have flaunted both bootleggers and the public's disregard of the Volstead amendment.

THERE is the law concerning the political aspects of films. This centers principally around the Mexican bandit. Mexico is sensitive about the wicked greaser and it is not possible to use him to any extent without arousing government complications. And this goes as well for any country resembling Mexico. When Joseph Hergesheimer wrote "Flower of the Night" for Pola Negri, he had the silver mines of Mexico as his locale. In fact, he made a special trip to Mexico to get the correct color and atmosphere.

But, before the film was made the whole story was rewritten, first to an imaginary country and then to California in mining days of '49.

There are certain other restrictions, not of moral character. One is against fantasy. Producers, largely from experience, believe that whimsy is not popular. Maurice Tourneur's "Prunella" and "The Blue Bird" were pioneer flops at the box office. "A Kiss for Cinderella" was a more recent one. "Peter Pan" was an exception. Producers are against dual rôles, too, and against tragic endings, of course. And it takes a lot of persuasion to get them to forget their ban on costume stories.

All this, of course, is beside the moral issues with which this article is concerned.

Aside from the three stage successes, "Lulu Belle," "The Green Hat" and "Rain," already referred to, there are several other stage plays on the proscribed list. The films, for instance, will not be permitted to do the footlight hits, "The Shanghai



One of the shockers of the past stage season in New York was "One Man's Woman." One of the scenes from this play, showing William Shelby and Jene Meredith, appears above. This is a rampant sex melodrama which, due to the moral code of the screen, will never reach the films, at least in its original form

Gesture," and "Sex." "The Shanghai Gesture" deals with the vengeance of a woman known as *Madame Goddam*, wronged years before by a British trader. The woman maintains the largest brothel in the Orient. The ultimate vengeance comes when this man is shown his own daughter dangling in a gilded cage and offered for immoral purposes to whosoever can pay the highest price. There is another sensational scene in *Madame Goddam's* lupanar, when a semi-nude girl is offered for sale on a platter to a host of Chinese customers. This play has been severely condemned in New York. The moral code of the films bars it.

THEY Knew What They Wanted" is another drama which will not be filmed. Although this won the Pulitzer prize, as the best drama of two years ago, Will Hays turned his thumb down. This concerns an old Italian winegrower who had his legs broken in an accident upon his wedding day. The bride promptly has an affair with another man that night. There is a baby. The old man forgives the transgression, largely because he has always longed for children.

"White Cargo" is reported to be barred. This violates rule Number Two, concerning the color line. It is a story of a man's moral collapse in the tropics. "Sex," another current shocker, is a straight-away story of a harlot.

"One Man's Woman," still another Broadway play, comes among the dramas violating the screen's moral code.

Willis Goldbeck, the well known scenario writer who offered a number of expert suggestions for this article, advanced the theory that, in all fairness, the rival Pollyanna code of familiar and favorite situations ought to be presented, if only as a balance to the moral code. Mr. Goldbeck's eight always permissible situations into which all film drama may be catalogued follow:

1. Cinderella.
2. The clown with the breaking heart.
3. The mother who denies her motherhood to benefit her child.
4. The prince who must choose between throne and bourgeois beauty.
5. The faker who sends home fake reports of his success and returns to find himself welcomed by a brass band. Thus he is forced to prove himself.
6. The country lass who gives her heart to the worthless city chap.
7. The coward who fights his way to manhood when the girl he loves is in danger.
8. The wild woman who turns out to be a good girl after all.

Peroxide Pep

Came Dwan
and a new
personality for
Madge Bellamy



By Agnes Smith

THEY'VE called her dumb so persistently that now she believes it.

Madge Bellamy is sure that she is stupid. She is just as certain of her stupidity as most people are of their cleverness.

For years, the critics have elected Madge as the prize scholar in the "beautiful but dumb" class. And, like the rest of us, Madge believes anything she sees in print.

"Sometimes," says Madge, "I feel so discouraged that I'd like to take my money—I've made plenty of it—and retire. Sometimes I feel that nobody likes me and I'd like to quit and live among people who will love me."

If being stupid means making a firm place for yourself on the screen and putting away a nice little pile of money, wouldn't it be great to be dumb?

And yet in "Sandy" Madge came out of her shell and gave a lively and sparkling flapper performance. She bobbed her hair, dyed it blonde and cut loose from the soulful-eyed stuff. Madge had her little fling and surprised 'em all.

I asked her if the peroxide had given her the courage to flap.

"That was it," answered Madge. "You see, I had always been very proud of my hair. It was brown and long and naturally curly. I used to worry about the things people said about me and thought about me. And I got the feeling that maybe my hair had something to do with it. Perhaps, I thought, I am being punished for my vanity. So I cut it off and dyed it blonde for 'Sandy.'"

"But," she continued mournfully, "Allan Dwan says blonde hair makes me look dumber

"I was proud of my hair," confesses Madge. "It was long and naturally curly." But Madge valiantly cut it off and dyed it because she felt that it was one reason why people spoke of her as "beautiful but dumb"



"Sandy" gave Madge Bellamy courage. It also showed her what was wrong with those other pictures. No more soulful-eyed stuff for this little girl

than ever. Mr. Dwan is directing me in 'Summer Bachelors.' He's a very wonderful man; he always tells me the truth."

It didn't seem to me that Miss Bellamy was so stupid. Not every star has sense enough to listen to hard, cold facts from her director.

"It's funny," mused Madge, "what a change in hair will do. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Temperament?

Certainly, says Nazimova



Ah, now we come to it. Because for years the word Nazimova has been almost a synonym for temperament. They have always explained things about her on the grounds of her temperament. They explained her great success with, "She certainly has temperament." Now they are explaining her failure with, "Oh, she's too temperamental."

So I asked her about temperament, about success, about failure. But most of all about temperament. Surely no one is more qualified to speak on that most discussed and disagreed-upon subject.

I went in through a tangled garden, riotous with color.

She had said, "You will find me hidden. The gate into my retreat is made of trees, bent together. There is a winding walk. Do

"You may find success without temperament," says Nazimova. "There are workers who, by plugging along, get there. But you cannot have genius without temperament. It is impossible"



By
*Adela
Rogers
St. Johns*

NAZIMOVA!
The very name conjures her up. Those slanting, shining, mesmeric eyes that are such an amazing gray beneath the straight, black brows. The tangle of short, black hair, wind-blown, different from the stereotyped bobbed heads as a tiger lily from a daisy, yet with an indescribable chic. That scarlet, expressive, sad, laughing, cynical, wistful mouth. The lithe, graceful, restless body. And the purring, lilting voice, whose accent is like some gorgeous jazz harmony you cannot forget.

Nazimova, the Russian. Nazimova, the great actress. Nazimova, the cultured, brilliant woman of the world. Nazimova, the temperamental.



"I did 'Salome' as a purgative," declares Nazimova. "The trash I had played made me sick with myself. I wanted something so different, so fanciful, so artistic, that it would take the taste out of my mouth"

not be discouraged. It comes to an end, as all things must. Then you will see a red lacquer door, with a round window. In that window hangs a sign, 'Do Not Disturb.' But don't pay any attention to that. Ring the bell and I will let you in."

The truth is that she has built herself a studio-home above

"I have never yet found the person who was worth lying to"

the garage in the gardens behind the big house where she used to live. But you see how she adds a touch of the picturesque to everything.

The big room was high-ceilinged, with round windows curtained from the sun, and lined to the very top with books, worn books, new books, books in a dozen languages, books in priceless bindings and books in yellow paper covers. There was a concert grand piano and some fine tapestry, and a splendid painting of Madame as *Hedda Gabler*, and many of those low, soft chairs that you never want to get out of.

And in one of them, wearing a white silk slip embroidered in gold, Madame Nazimova.

I burst with questions. I said, "About this temperament. Tell me, has yours been a detriment or a help? Why aren't you doing big things on the screen? Why aren't you in your rightful place as one of our great emotional actresses? I think your performance of *Nora* in 'A Doll's House' was the finest single performance I have ever seen in America. Why did you make 'Salome'? Did your temperament run away with you? What is temperament?"

She threw up her hands to stop me. She was laughing, her head on one side in mockery. And then she was very sad, her mouth quivering a little. Her face is like a summer sky on a stormy day. You cannot follow its changes. Sometimes I think she is a very homely woman. And sometimes I think she is so beautiful it hurts. Probably they are both true.

"So many questions," she said. "But I am glad we do not waste time about the weather, if it is good or bad or unusual. Well, I will answer first the easiest one.



Nazimova works in a hidden retreat, among the gnarled trees, close to her home. It is protected by a red lacquer door, with a round window

"Producers, directors, business men—they call me temperamental because I always speak the truth. I never lie. Why do people lie? From fear or from vanity. I am not afraid of anybody and I have no vanity. So why should I lie?"

"Mostly, when people now in this country speak of temperament, what they really mean is bad temper.

"That is not what I mean at all.

"Temperament is the swift changing of moods. You do not change them. But they change, as a harp gives forth different melodies — maybe discords. One moment, you are on the heights of exaltation." The picturesque head flung up on a deep breath, the eyes shone. "The next you are in the depths of depression." And down it went like a cut flower, and I could not see her eyes at all for the white, drooping lids.

"What makes you so? A bird flying by your window may give you the exaltation. Or a moth at night, beating

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

How They Popped

Proving that Proposals with Screen Folks are sometimes just as they are with the rest of us

De Mille and his corps of assistants and electricians as witnesses. It was the scene where *Feodor* is about to be killed. He is pinned to the gate with his arms lashed high above his head by heavy chains. Rotten situation for anyone, let alone a lover, I assure you.

Elinor as *Yra*, the aristocrat, was at my side and an angry mob shrieked for my blood. My lines read:

"With death so near I can tell you something that I could not tell you in life. I love you with the last beat of my heart!"

I said it. And I meant it. And Elinor must have understood that I was not acting, for she whispered to me words that were not in the script:

"I love you too, Bill!"

How did she know I wasn't acting? How does anyone know? And, besides, we had been discussing the matter just a few moments before we were called to the kleigs.

It was transcontinental

By Eddie Sutherland

THE long distance telephone is a wonderful invention. I was in Los Angeles and Louise Brooks was in New York. But what's a couple of thousand miles between friends? It cost me thirty or forty dollars, but it was the best money I ever spent.

Did she put up an argument? Well, show me a woman with soul so dead that she won't put up an argument. Even when it is costing several dollars a second.



The Marquis spoke English when he proposed to Gloria. He wanted to be understood!

Written in the script

By William Boyd

I CLAIM our courtship was a la cinema. Elinor insists it was a proposal a la pictures. Nevertheless, we both agree it was the most public proposal anyone ever had, and every time "The Volga Boatman" is shown it becomes more public. I asked Elinor to be my wife while the camera was grinding, with Cecil B.



Courtship a la cinema. The scene in "The Volga Boatman" in which William Boyd proposed to Elinor Faire. It is the first proposal on record that took place before a grinding camera

the Question

No defeat for Jack

By Estelle Taylor Dempsey

IT was really funny the way Jack did it—great big over-grown boy Jack Dempsey who had always plowed through all obstacles to success. When it came to the gentle task of marrying he used the same tactics that had brought him fame. No moonlight and roses—no soft lights and music—no romantic glamour.

"Let's go for a walk, honey," said Jack. And we left his mother and my sister at the hotel in San Diego where we were stopping en route from the Tia Juana races. We strolled until we reached an impressive public building . . . and I'll swear to this day I never knew it was the City Hall.

"Come on in, Estelle. I've got some important business to attend to." No sooner than we had stepped inside the door than a dozen flashlights flared and a flock of lenses winked.

"What is this, Jack!"

"That's all right, honey. We're going to get a marriage license." And he piloted me to the clerk who had been awaiting us.

"I didn't want to give you a chance to change your mind, honey," Jack apologized for the unromantic proposal.

And that night at seven Jack and I were married in a little church in San Diego.

The Marquis spoke English

By Gloria Swanson de la Falaise

THIS is personal. It wouldn't be fair to tell without permission from Henry. And Henry is in France. But it was in Paris and I was going away. You know how such things are, those parting scenes. "So you are going away and I shall never see you again." "Yes, I am going away and it is possible that I shall never see you again. But I hope that never happens." One word led to another and—well, it wouldn't be right to tell more without Henry's consent.

But I know the proposal was in English, not in French, because I understood every word of it!

All in ten words

By Emid Bennett Niblo

I WAS in California and Fred was in New York when it happened. It was really a long distance proposal and I proved a splendid "yes man." Here are Fred's telegrams and my answers:

January 4, 1918: "I love you very much. Do you love me?"
"Fred."

January 5, 1918: "Yes."
"Enid."

January 6, 1918: "If I asked you to marry me what would you say?"
"Fred."

January 7, 1918: "Yes."
"Enid."

January 8, 1918: "Can leave for California tomorrow. Shall I come?"
"Fred."

January 9, 1918: "Yes."
"Enid."

From "Temporary" to permanent marriage

By Mildred Davis Lloyd

I HAD been working in Harold's pictures for several years. He insisted on treating me like a child. Perhaps I grew tired of it. Anyway, when I had a chance to play with Ken Harlan in "Temporary Marriage" I [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

Trust Louise Brooks and Eddie Sutherland to make it modern and snappy. Eddie, in Los Angeles, telephoned to Louise, in New York. Louise said "yes" and Eddie rushed to New York and hurried Louise to the Municipal Building before she could change her mind



Courtesy New York Mirror

Dark Deeds of Revenge develop in the

Love and Defection

Illustrated by J. J. Gould

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Amnesia Truck was a radiant creature: all curves and vivacity and pep. Midnight Pictures, Inc., had brought her over from Atlanta, where she was closing a vaudeville engagement



"THERE is a heap of reasons," affirmed J. Caesar Clump, chief director for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, "why Mistuh Opus Randall is unpopular with me. In the fust place, he is uppity, an'—"

President Orifice R. Latimer, a large and pompous gentleman, raised a placating hand.

"Shuh! Caesar—who woul'n't be uppity was he a movin' pitcher s-ar in a comp'ny which is successful as Midnight?"

"I woul'n't! An' fu'thermo', I woul'n't do a feller a dirty trick like he done me down to the meetin' of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. That was terrible! Fust of all he nominates me fo' Gran' Magnificent High Potentate, then he goes an' makes a speech at the meetin' that he was mistaken an' I aint the man fo' the job. Then he votes out loud fo' Isaac Gethers an' he'ps re'lect that man—an' afterwards goes home to dinner with him. Cross my heart, Orifice, I never was so humiliated in my life. I didn't git but eight votes, an' I always will b'lieve it was a put-up job so's to make Brother Gethers' lection positive."

Orifice nodded his sympathy. "That was tough, Caesar. But, after all, you is Midnight's chief director an' Opus is our fo'most male star—"

"He's fo'most all right. I never seen a man so fo'most as him. Way he's puttin' on weight . . ."

"We craves peace in this organization. Peace an' hominy. It's thisaway, Caesar, always there is two sides to ev'ry question, an' Opus has been comin' to me an' sayin' that you have gave him a raw deal. Says you make him do all the dirty work in our comedies, an' Welford Potts gits all the good rôles."

"Welford is the fondest actor I is of!"

"That's what Opus is kickin' about. He says you play favorites, an' he aint them. Now, in this ve'y pitcher you is fixin' to shoot—"

Caesar's eyes narrowed hostilely. "You mean the one we hired Amnesia Truck fo'?"

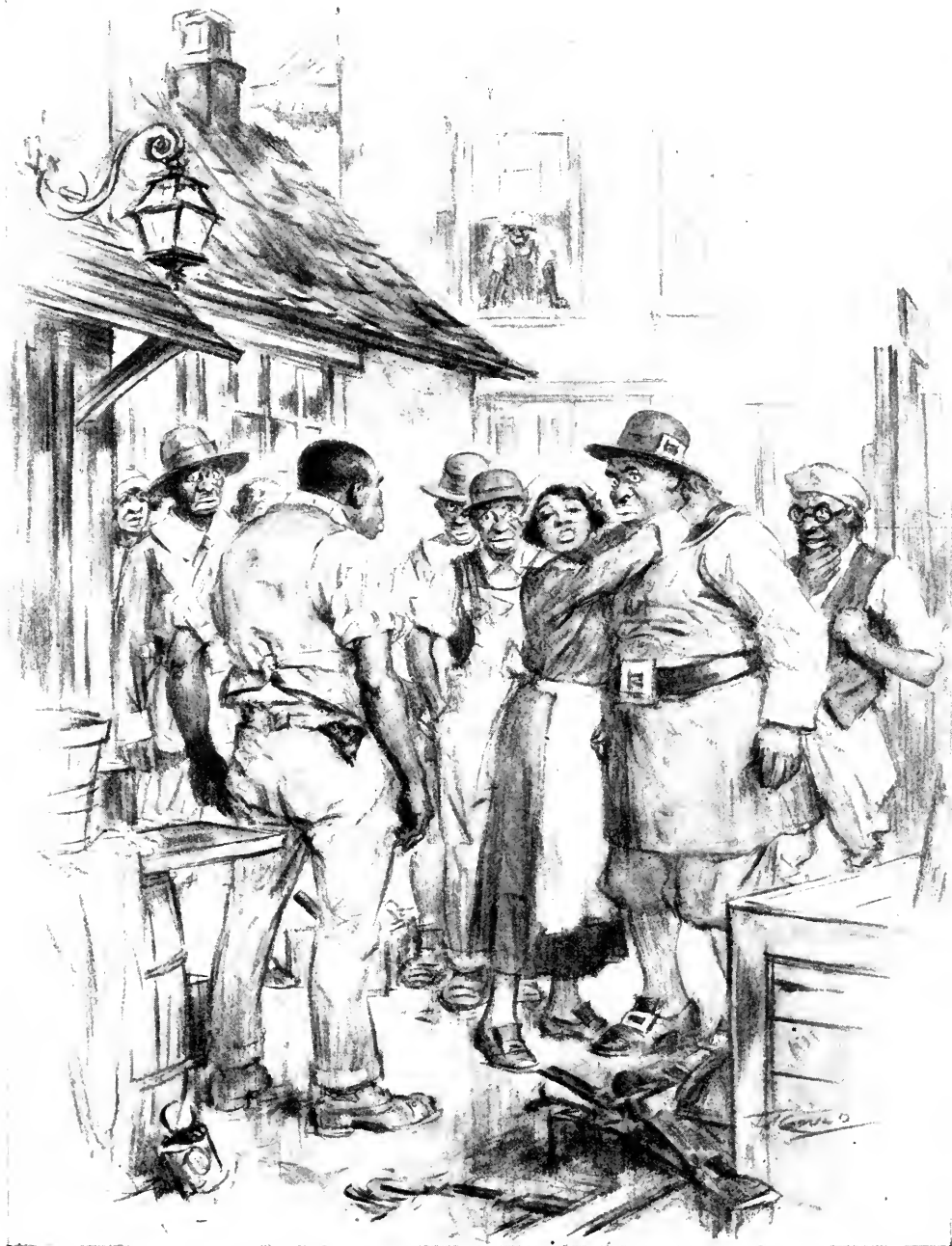
"That's it. It's gwine be a big pitcher. A two-ree special. We is payin' Amnesia a lot of money fo' that pitcher an' Opus says he don't see why he shoul'n't play oppo'site Miss Truck. He expostulates that he is tired of gittin' kicked in the pants ev'y time you raises yo' megaphone."

"Where," inquired Clump cuttingly—"does he prefer to git kicked?"

"Aw, Caesar! That aint no way to talk. You is sore at Opus—"

"That's one thing I aint nothin' else but!"

Troubled Studio of Midnight Pictures, Inc.



"Styptic," Amnesia questioned hysterically, "what is you fixin' to do?" She whirled on Opus Randall and flung her arms around the astonished gentleman.

"You ain't gwine beat him up!" she affirmed shrilly. "You leave him be."



"—An you is takin' it out on him. You is his boss an' you aint givin' him a square chance. Now I an' he has agreed that you ought to leave him play opposite Amnesia in this new pitcher. Make Welford Potts the goat fo' once. It's a good part for Opus . . ."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' it is. Nothin' to do but stan' aroun' like a dyin' duck an' make love to a good lookin' gal while Welford gits mayhemmed all over the lot. Nossuh! President Latimer, I refuses to leave Opus play that part."

"Be reasonable, Caesar."

"I aint reasonable where Opus Randall is concerned at. That big, fat, knock-kneed, cock-eyed, bald-headed, non-thinkin' ol' buzzard has made life mis'able fo' me an' I aint aimin' to direct him in sof' scenes with no such good lookin' gal as Amnesia Truck. Guess was I to do that, Opus would think he could come along and slap me in the face with his fist any time he got good an' ready."

President Latimer sighed. This task of piloting the destinies of a young and prosperous negro moving picture concern was no sinecure, and the least of Oriñce's worries were financial.

For more than a month now he had watched the development of a bitter feud between his chief director and his very best male star; for two months he had seen Caesar direct Opus in the most brutal sort of slapstick—and, off the lot, he had witnessed the manifold tricks which Opus engineered to bring discomfiture and embarrassment to Clump.

As a matter of fact, Oriñce's sympathies were all with J. Caesar. The affair at the lodge rooms had been little short of diabolical. Opus could have swung the election for Mr. Clump—and everybody knew it. But his eleventh-hour speech of allegiance to Isaac Gethers, his public utterance to the effect that he didn't believe his own candidate was competent to hold the exalted office . . . President Latimer believed that all of Clump's spleen was justified.

But that did not bring into the Midnight organization the essential harmony. Midnight was under contract to turn out one two-reel comedy every fortnight—a program demanding supreme efficiency and a total absence of personal friction. Latimer shook his head in worryment.

"What I wants, I gits—an' what I don't want nobody forces on me," reverberated Styptic Smith. "Does you know who I is?"

"N-n-n-no ssuh," quavered the director, "but I bet you is champeen of the world at somethin'."

"Pity you an' Opus caint settle this thing—"

"Aint you speechifyin'? If I was Opus's size, I'd take it out of his hide an' then forget about it. But he is twice as big as me. He struts aroun' an' insults me an' tells folks what he'll do to me if I ever look cross-eyed at him. Nossuh! President Latimer—I refuses posolutely an' point-blankly to let Opus Randall play that part opposite Miss Amnesia Truck. That's final!"

"I wish," sighed the thwarted president, "that you would git to be broad-minded, Caesar. I wish you'd forget how you hate Opus—just fo' this one pitcher."

"Nothin' stirrin'."

"A'right." Latimer knew when he was defeated. "But if you changes yo' mind . . ."

The door closed behind Caesar. He stalked down the dreary hallway of the executive building; a dynamic, skinny little figure in sport shirt; whipcord breeches, shiny puttees and horn-rimmed goggles.

He was a competent, capable man—was J. Caesar: a person of compelling personality, genuine artistic sense, a master of hokum and slapstick, and, altogether the most important wheel in the smoothly functioning Midnight machinery.

But Director J. Caesar Clump was intensely human. He had human likes and dislikes and the chief of the latter was directed against his portly male star, Mr. Randall. Caesar was particularly determined that Opus should not play the rôle opposite the bewitching Amnesia.

Amnesia Truck was a radiant creature: all curves and vivacity and pep. She was, by profession, a vaudeville actress with a penchant for comedy. Forcep Swain, Midnight's author, had concocted a howling story of pre-marital intrigue and slapstick which demanded her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

Rudy's last photograph, made specially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. He brought it to New York with him and it was received too late to use it in the rotogravure section of this magazine. In the next issue it will appear in the rotogravure section.



In Memoriam

By Margaret Sangster

His feet had carried him so very swiftly,
Into the lands of wonder and romance;
And yet, although they travelled far, they never
Forgot to dance.

His lips had learned to speak a stranger language,
His smile had warmed the wistful, lonely earth—
Yet fame had never taken, from his spirit,
The gift of mirth!

Although his eyes glimpsed bitterness and sadness,
They saw a dream that few folk ever see—
God grant the dream may tinge, with lovely color,
Death's Mystery!

How to be an Actor



Anticipation

Mr. Cody registers Anticipation. Note the half-parted lips, the bated breath, the dewy eyes. Even his hat brim turns up in Anticipation. This comes before the kiss or the goblet but is effective any time



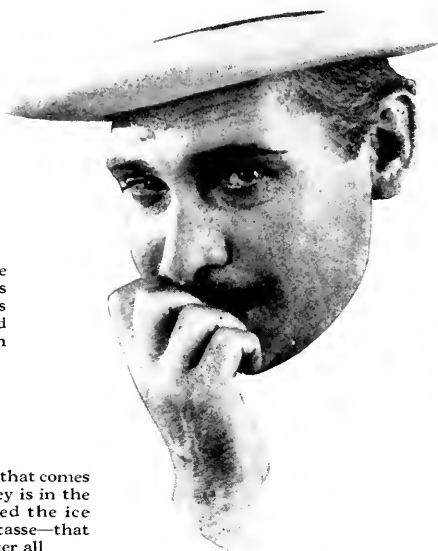
Shame

Shame, my friends, Shame. Deep, bitter, humiliating Shame. How his friends hated to tell him! Yet he should know the truth. Why he was often best man but never groom. Yes, halitosis. This is the result



Joy

This is Joy. Supreme Joy. Exquisite Joy. The North Pole has been discovered—Queen Mary has a new hat—Charlie Chaplin is a father. All is Joy. The similarity between Anticipation and Joy is that the former is often greater than realization



Embarrassment

That horrible gnawing feeling that comes when you discover your money is in the other suit—that you've used the ice cream fork to stir the demi-tasse—that it wasn't your wife after all

in Eight Easy Lessons



Rage

This is Rage—most primitive of emotions. Note the trembling arm, dilated nostrils, fury-glinted eyes. No actor's repertoire is complete without this elemental emotion. It is the man-brute at his most brutish—the actor at his most actorish



Disappointment

Comes Disappointment. After ordering ice cream and cakes and getting the stereopticon ready to show scenic views, all of his guests go over to Norman Kerry's ping-pong party. This expression may also be used to show that morning-after-the-night-before feeling



Sorrow

Here we have Sorrow. Brooding sorrow with pouting lips and grief-stricken mustache. There are many kinds of sorrow. Mental sorrow. Physical sorrow. This is chiefly physical sorrow, mingled with regret, that he ate those young green onions



Passion

Now comes Passion, sublimest of all emotions. Poignant, pulsating, palpitant, purple passion. A soul filled with yearning. A heart full of love. This expression is indispensable to an actor and very useful in private life

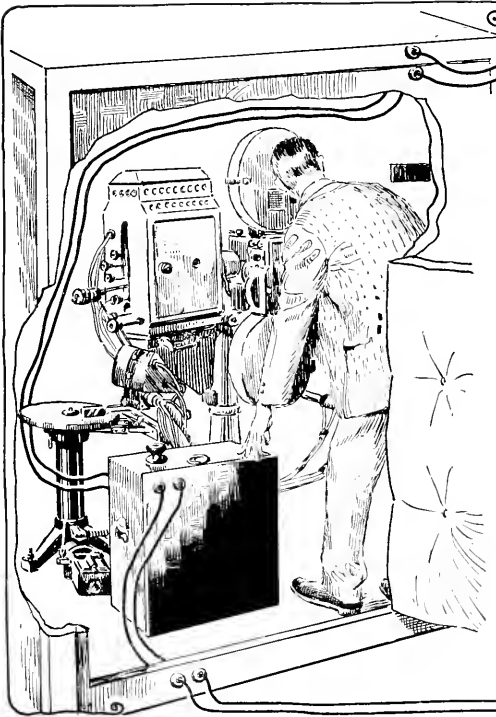
Bringing Sound

THE presentation of the newly created Vitaphone in New York City has created a sensation in motion picture circles. The presentation was made by the Warner Brothers, in connection with the Western Electric Company and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, with the showing of the new John Barrymore picture, "Don Juan."

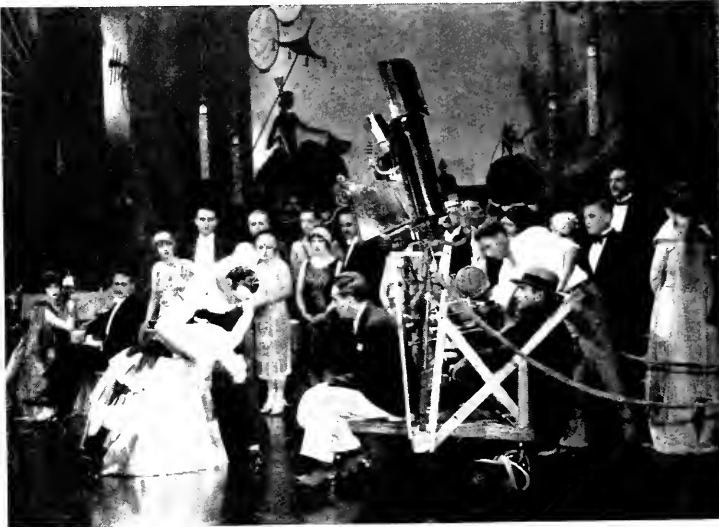
The Vitaphone is the newest application of sound to motion pictures. Since the beginning of films, various unsuccessful attempts have been made with so-called "talking pictures." The Vitaphone, however, is an unusual thing, miles ahead of the famous early Edison talking pictures. The invention has created a stir in the electric field, as well. Such an authority as Michael I. Pupin, Professor of Electro-Mechanics at Columbia and President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, says: "No closer approach to resurrection has ever been made by science."

Actually, the Vitaphone is not a new invention. It is a combination of old and new ideas, an application of telephone, phonograph and radio principles. The Vitaphone utilizes the system of producing photographic records with discs made in synchronization with the film. The discs are reproduced through a machine coupled to the motor which drives the projector. A high tension microphone transmits the sound into electric voltage through an amplifying reproducer and then retransmits it back into sound through loud speaking telephones and a loud speaker.

Former methods of "talking pictures" have generally consisted of photo-electric cells on the outer edge of the film, necessitating special projectors for theater presentation. The



This Camera Does a Tango



The machine on wheels follows the dancers through the maze of steps

Moving close-ups will be seen of Rod La Rocque and Ina Anson when they tango in "Gigolo." Putting the camera on wheels is not a new idea, but following the gliding couple for close-ups is. The lights, camera, cameraman and Director William K. Howard sat on the camera truck which was pulled slowly along a few feet in front of the dancing couple

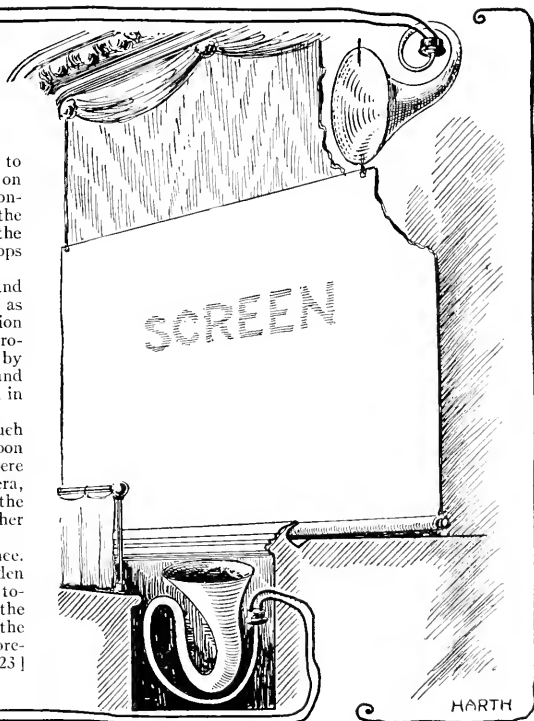
to the Screen

Vitaphone is a separate mechanism, which may be attached to any projecting machine. In other words, the film is run off on one machine and the record on another. To assure synchronization they are coupled to the same motor. The speed of the motor is attuned by a vacuum tube regulator. Should the film break or the projection machine stop, the Vitaphone stops in accord with the projector.

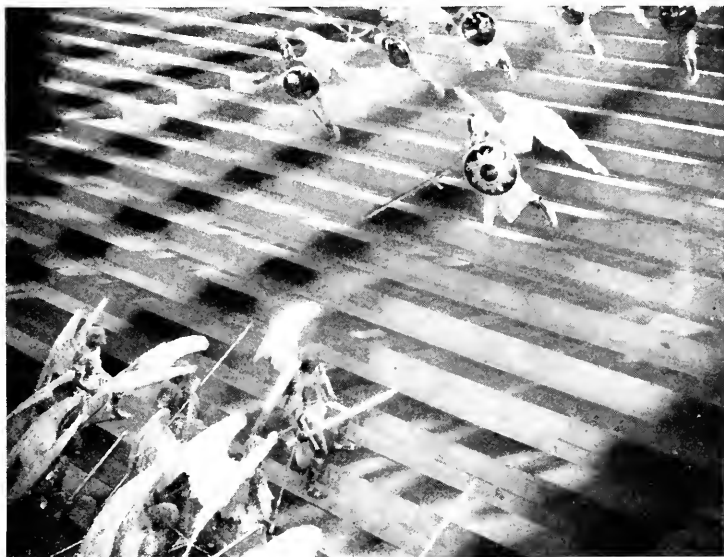
At the New York premiere of the Vitaphone, films and records of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, as well as of Martinelli, Elman, Zimbalist, Bauer, Anna Case and Marion Talley were presented with astonishing success. These reproductions have been worked out during the past few months by the Warner Brothers, together with Bell Telephone and Western Electric experts, at the old Vitagraph studios and in the Manhattan Opera House.

The method of making the Vitaphone records will be of much interest. In the case of Marion Talley a setting was built upon the stage of the Manhattan Opera House. Cameras were perched on stands built above the seats. A master camera, which controlled the sound registration apparatus for the making of the records, ground out the whole scene. The other cameras took the required close-ups.

Miss Talley sang just as if she were at a public performance. Microphones were placed at strategic points on the set, hidden from the cameras. These picked up Miss Talley's voice, together with the orchestral accompaniment. So sensitive is the registration apparatus for the making of the records that the master camera has to be enclosed in a sound-proof box to prevent its click from being recorded. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



At the Gates of Heaven



IN David Wark Griffith's new production, "The Sorrows of Satan," based upon the Marie Corelli novel, there is an unusual episode, depicting the expulsion of *Satan* from Heaven by the *Archangel Michael*. The episode is reminiscent of the immortal combat pictured by Anatole France in his "The Revolt of the Angels," or of the famous Doré paintings of the same theme.

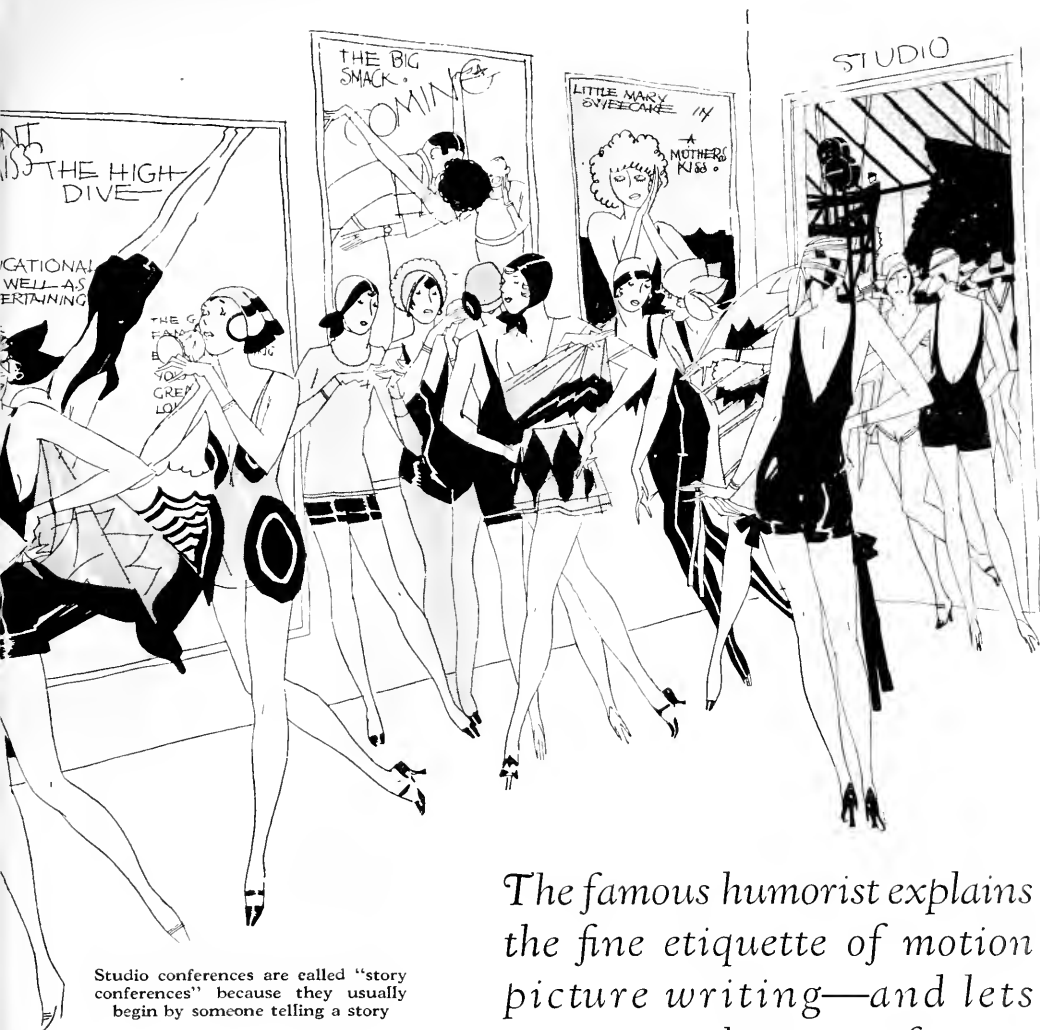
Lucifer is tossed from the ramparts of Heaven and, coming to earth, turns out to be Adolphe Menjou. In the guise of the suave Adolphe, *Satan* devotes himself to intrigue, which consists in annoying and tempting Ricardo Cortez. The temptation is Lya de Putti.

The expulsion of *Lucifer* from Heaven took place at Astoria, Long Island, but the effect is good, anyway. The celestial battle was staged by that wizard of earthly combat, D. W. Griffith



Donald Ogden
Stewart's
GUIDE to

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood



Studio conferences are called "story conferences" because they usually begin by someone telling a story

The famous humorist explains the fine etiquette of motion picture writing—and lets us in on a heavy conference.

Believe it or not, Mr. Stewart calls this a synopsis of preceding chapters

JULY 4th falls on Sunday, and in an obscure corner of the world an old man is dying. Raising his failing eyes to heaven he prophesies the great future of moving pictures. "I seem to see a screen," he says, "and on that screen figures are moving."

"Eddie," says his wife, "you're crazy."

"Shhh," cautions the doctor. "He's dying."

"I am not dying," says Eddie.

"You are, too," replies the doctor—a specialist, by the way.

"What am I dying of?" asks Eddie.

"Diabetes," replies the specialist.

"But I haven't got diabetes," says Eddie.

"What's the name?" asks the doctor.

"Fish," replies Eddie, "Edward Fish."

"My mistake," says the doctor, "it's cancer."

"That's better," says Eddie.

"Let me see your pulse," says the doctor.

"I won't," says Eddie.

"Eddie," says his wife, "show the doctor your pulse. How can he tell whether or not you're dead?"

A stranger comes into the room.

"Who are you?" asks Eddie.

"Mortimer G. Pugh," replies the stranger, "at your services."

"When are the services?" asks Eddie.

"Wednesday," replies Mr. Pugh, who was an undertaker by avocation, "at four. Burial at four fifteen. Carriages at five."

"By the way," says the doctor, "I haven't seen your pulse yet."

"Mine?" asks Mr. Pugh.

"No," replies the doctor. "The patient's."

"Eddie," repeats the patient wife, "show the doctor your pulse."

"Hold your horses a minute," says Eddie.

"I can't, I came in an automobile," says Mr. Pugh. "A Dodge, by the way."

"How do you like the Dodge?" asks the doctor.

"Oh, it's all right," says Mr. Pugh, "it takes the hills like nothing at all."

"Doesn't it, though,"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Fifty- Fifty

June Mathis
meets the perfect
collaborator—and
marries him



By
Ivan St. Johns



ALL marriages made in Hollywood are interesting.

But the most interesting one that I know is the marriage of that super-woman, June Mathis, to the handsome young Italian director-cameraman, Sylvano Balboni.

Let me tell you why.

I have known a lot of men to marry an audience. I have known men to marry a cook. And, of course, I have known women to marry a checkbook.

But this is the first time in my experience that I have known of a woman to marry for a collaborator.

Now understand I don't mean to imply that the Mathis-Balboni wedding wasn't a love match. I'm sure it was. How could it be anything else, meeting as they did in Rome, in the spring, and strolling about the Colosseum together by moonlight? It must have been intensely romantic, because, when June sailed for Rome that time, she was supposed to be engaged to George Walsh, but after only a few weeks in Italy she married Signor Balboni.

But who can tell what makes a woman love a man?

Do you remember the divine words of the fair Katherine de Vaucelles to the young vagabond king, Francois Villon: "A woman doesn't love a man because he is brave, or because he is handsome. She loves him because his hand is just the size to hold her heart in its hollow."

That, I daresay, is true. At any rate, it is romance.

But it is also true that women love men because they supply the half of them that is lacking, because they make a complete unit together.

And June Mathis all her life has been seeking a perfect and permanent collaborator. Once or twice she has found one who seemed perfect, but the strange convulsions of the motion picture industry have torn them apart. Occasionally, she has found one who wanted to be permanent, but didn't have the other qualifications.

So she married one.

Maybe June Mathis herself doesn't realize this. But her history proves that I am right.

Given the proper man to interpret her work for the screen, June Mathis is a genius. In collaboration with the right man, she has risen to heights achieved by no other woman writer in pictures.

Years ago, when little June Mathis came from the stage to write for the screen, her first success was found in collaboration. She made a series of pictures at Metro with Capellani,

Hollywood believes that June Mathis and her husband, Sylvano Balboni, constitute another great screen team. Balboni is a young Italian who stepped from acting to camera work and then to directing. They met while "Ben-Hur" was in the making

a fine director of the old school. While Marshall Neilan and Frances Marion, one of the two greatest teams we have ever had—the other, of course, being Rex Ingram and June Mathis—were writing and directing the delicious, pathetic comedies that made Mary Pickford, Mathis and Capellani were blazing a new dramatic trail through what was then something of a wilderness of screen production.

People began to talk about June Mathis.

But Capellani got tired of making pictures, and went back to farming in France or something like that, and June was left alone.

Instead of being a tragedy, it was a tremendous advantage, for she then started to work with Rex Ingram, a young, unknown, untried director.

Together they made "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

And who shall say which was the greater? People who are supposed to know tell me it was a fifty-fifty proposition. That each gave greatly and that June Mathis' screen interpretation of the story was as inspired as Ingram's direction.

Anyway, between them, they made what was considered one

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



The Lark of the Month

IT was on the "What Price Glory" set and language was flying in all directions. The members of the cast were vociferously shouting their spoken lines, for even though this is only a silent drama, lip-reading will give the audiences clues to lines that the titles may not spell out for them.

And, to add to the uproar of the war drama, electricians were hustling lights about—yelling for "niggers," baby-spots and sun-arcs, in the jargon of the studios.

Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence were guests on the set

that day. They had come to watch their fellow-countryman, Victor MacLaglen, play one of his big scenes. In the midst of the pandemonium, Miss Lillie and Miss Lawrence were very neat, very calm and very British. And they were listening eagerly to shouts around them and marvelling at some of the new American improvements to the language of old England.

It was all very haffing and strange. But still it was new and exciting and quite like what Hollywood ought to be.

Suddenly a hard-boiled electrician drew down his mouth and yelled to his assistant across the stage.

"Hey! Get them two broads off the set."

Beatrice Lillie's eyes widened and she looked just a little nervous.

"I say! Do you suppose he's referring to us?"

It took the entire cast to explain that a "broad," in studio jargon, means a light and is not a synonym for a "skirt" or a "jane."

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



The Crown Prince of Sweden bane heap big Indian chief. This picture shows why royalty likes to visit Hollywood. The movies are more fun than life in a Palace. Col. Tim McCoy, western star, loaned this rig to His Royal Highness, Gustavus Adolphus



P. & A. Photo

Heiresses seem to like movie heroes. Carlyle Blackwell, once prominent on the screen, was married in London recently to Leah Barnato, daughter of the late Barney Barnato, South African diamond king. Now Carlyle can afford to make faces at the camera

NOW comes a report from Hollywood intimating that Patsy Ruth Miller will become the next Mrs. Richard Barthelmess. Patsy is quoted as announcing the engagement herself, which is really too much for my poor, old-fashioned brain.

For Richard is still married to Mary Hay and, although they are separated and although Mary talks of a Paris divorce, the legal ties still bind. And when I was a boy, little girls didn't announce their engagements to gentlemen still married.

Patsy has been rumored engaged so often and to so many gentlemen, that I am going to refuse to take her seriously any more.

CARMEL MYERS says her idea of the meanest man in the world is the one who turns your back to the mirror in a dancing scene.

YOU just can't tell where these film belles are going to place their hearts. I had it all reasoned out that Jobyna Ralston and George Lewis would step to the altar, then out comes the announcement of Joby and Dick Arlen's engagement.

It started out as a joke, Richard told me. A group of young folks went on a week-end trip to a mountain resort. Kids will be kids and they decided an engagement in the party would be a fitting climax to a glorious week-end wherein Joby won a tennis match and Virginia Browne Faire caught her first fish. It was decided the couple should be Jobyna and Richard Arlen, a young Paramount player.

The joke started well. It lasted for a week. Then it ceased to be a joke. The two youngsters decided it would be real. The wedding will take place in several months.

AND exquisite Mary Astor is going to be a bride one of these days, too. Mary of the perfect profile has given her heart and hand to Irving Asher, whom she met while he was business

manager on "Beau Brummel" and she was John Barrymore's leading lady.

HOLLYWOOD has gone crazy over tennis and it is the most sane fad that has hit the town in a long time. The passion for tennis in the West almost equals the fever for croquet in the East.

May Allison, Blanche Sweet, Bessie Love and Justine Johnstone have a standing engagement to play every day after work. The four girls, none of whom knew much about the game, started at scratch and for a time their games were pretty even.

Soon, however, May noticed that the other three girls were improving beyond comprehension. "I must be just a dub," May told herself, and resigned herself to the ignominy of being at the bottom of the class.

But the secret leaked out. Each girl, unknown to the others, had been sneaking lessons on the sly from a professional. Now May is taking lessons herself.

MAY has made her come-back, all right, and now she is going ahead full speed. William Fox has signed her to play leading roles in three pictures. The first will be "The City," which gives May a great dramatic part. May has had flocks of good offers since the release of "Men of Steel."

THE new Vitaphone was introduced to New York at the opening of "Don Juan" at the Warner Theater. If you have any prejudices against singing movies, Vitaphone will rob you of them. For this new process, which synchronizes music with the film, is a long jump from the old, hideous "talkies."

The program opened with the "Tannhaeuser" overture, played gloriously by the Philharmonic orchestra. It's a musical education for the novice, as close-ups of the various sections of

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Oscar Shaw shows Norma Shearer how to make up for the footlights. And, incidentally, he has given Norma a black eye. Shaw, a stage favorite, has been engaged as leading man for Miss Shearer in "Upstage." Yes, it is a story of the "speakes"



Nice doggie! Good, old Jiggs! Who wouldn't lead a dog's life—in the movies? Pauline Starke has trained this pup to act as her portable mirror. Jiggs follows Pauline around the set and whenever Pauline wants to repair her make-up, Jiggs is there

the orchestra, judiciously cut into the film, give a casual idea of some of the intricacies of the Wagner orchestration. Certainly the closing section, with the brasses predominant, sounds immensely effective when you get a near view of the Big Boys in action.

OF the singers who have made Vitaphone records and posed for the films, Martinelli made the biggest hit. Martinelli sang the "Vesti la Giubba," from "Pagliacci," and proved that he is no mean pantomimist. Harold Bauer and Efreim Zimbalist, playing variations on Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," also made a hit. But the one frost of the evening was Marion Talley, the Kansas City canary. Miss Talley sang the "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto" and her voice was far from attractive.

As for her face, the producers made the mistake of allowing the camera to come too close to Miss Talley. Long-shots—and good, long ones—were just invented for that girl.

IT was during the duel scene of "Don Juan," and Estelle Taylor Dempsey, as *Lucrezia Borgia*, was watching the terrific battle between John Barrymore and Montagu Love. "No wonder she likes it," cried a spectator. "It's the first fight she has seen in four years."

HAROLD LOCKWOOD, JR., son of the beloved Harold who died in the flu epidemic, is entering pictures. Young Lockwood, who is now sixteen years old, is playing a small part in Colleen Moore's picture, "Twinkletoes."

IT'S a boy. A fat, gurgling, dimpled son who has come to grace the Raymond McKee nursery. Eight pounds and growing, and named Master Raymond Courtot McKee. The middle name, should you not recognize it, is the surname of

mother who, as Marguerite Courtot, was one of yesterday's favorite film actresses.

And while we're on the subject of infants, did you know the Ulic Buschs are expecting a Christmas present from Doc Stork? Mrs. Busch is Eileen Percy, one of the most popular of the young film matrons, and one of the most beautiful blondes on the screen.

"NEVER," said Anna Q. Nilsson, as she drew the white fox collar of her wrap closer. "Never was I so frightened."

"But you didn't look it," assured John Roche.

"I was, though. I forgot a line of my speech and when I remembered it I didn't know what to do with it, so I left it out!" But let me tell you what happened to our Anna Q. When Hollywood turned out en masse to line the Hollywood Bowl in honor of their Royal Highnesses, Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus and Princess Louise, of Sweden, Anna Q. was the Swedish actress chosen to make a nice little speech to them.

Their Royal Highnesses sat in a flag-draped box in the center of twenty thousand admiring people and Anna Q., as beautiful a representative as any country could wish, made her welcome speech which ended in a Swedish salutation to their Royal Highnesses. After that Anna Q., in company with Einar Hansen, Swedish actor, was presented to the royal party. Lars Hansen, another Scandinavian actor, was present, but he remained in his box near which sat Hedda Hopper, John Roche and Newell Vanderhof. Dotted in the throng were many picture people.

IN Hollywood they are telling a little story in connection with the luncheon given by Metro-Goldwyn to their Highnesses. It develops that there was considerable competition among feminine stars of Metro-Goldwyn for the seat at the left of the Prince. According to Mae Murray, she was slated for the



Underwood & Underwood

If you'll notice Rudolph Valentino's muscles—and who could help it?—you'll understand why Rudy was willing to fight ten rounds with any critic who panned him unfairly. His sparring partner here is "Society" Kid Hogan. Rudy was in training at the time of his fatal illness

honor, being a princess herself. However, when the luncheon got under way, the seat remained empty. Finally, Greta Garbo, another Swede, you know, was ushered in and placed at Gustavus' left. Miss Murray didn't come at all.

Miss Murray has issued an explanation. "I had to discharge my chauffeur," she says, "and so had no one to get me to the studio." So that's that. Prince David Divani, of Georgia, otherwise Mr. Mae Murray, wasn't present either. Apparently the prince can't drive.

Metro-Goldwyn easily solved the problem about who to place at the right of the royal princess. Joe Schenck sat there.

THE Prince's visit brought forth the usual joke. It seems that Gustavus Adolphus speaks English fluently, but with a slight accent. Upon hearing him speak, one American confided to another: "Say, de Prinz, dot dope, spiks English almost so good as me."

ERNEST TORRENCE'S first rôle since his return from a vacation abroad will be *Peter* in Cecil B. De Mille's "The King of Kings." Torrence is now a free lance player.

REPORTS on the Apostles are still coming in. Robert Edeson has been engaged by Mr. De Mille to play *Matthew*.

THE prize anti-climax of the month comes with the announcement that Jacqueline Logan has been engaged for the rôle of *Mary Magdalene* in "The King of Kings." Gloria Swanson was mentioned for the rôle and lots of other prominent stars took tests for the part. But Jacqueline got it. Cecil B. De Mille says she is exactly the girl he wants, so that's that.

IT seems that everything is definitely over between the Menjous. Adolphe will pay his wife a perfectly huge alimony until his suit for divorce comes up in October, and there doesn't seem a chance for a reconciliation.



Every man his own caddy. Why be bothered with a snickering kid who laughs when you top your ball? Joe Novak has invented an "all in one" iron, adjustable for all shots. And Douglas MacLean received one of the sticks from the inventor

Mrs. Menjou went to court the other day to have the alimony figure set and came out with an order for \$500 a week, the largest sum awarded in recent years. The \$500 must also cover the cost of schooling their child, Harold. In addition, she will receive \$2,500 for her lawyer.

IN the petition Mrs. Menjou said Menjou received \$5,000 a week and his attorneys hastily informed the court that Menjou received but \$4,000. They made no comment when community property valued at \$175,000 was listed.

Love seems to fly out the window when gold enters the door. Although, quoting from a letter Menjou wrote his wife, it was more than dollars that caused the breach in the Menjou family: "It is your dominating disposition and your efforts to belittle my family. As for Harold, do not rule him so much with tears, but with an iron hand, or else he will bring you grief," the letter read in part.

D W. GRIFFITH attended the Delaney-Berlenbach *fight and sat way down front in a ringside seat. "Say," shouted D. W., in the midst of the excitement, "what reel is this?"

THERE seems to have been a marital epidemic among the comedians this month. Ben Turpin was the first to catch it, then Al St. John. And now comes that rotund funny man of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to announce that Miss Gladys Johnstone has become Mrs. Bert Roach. They plan a honeymoon in Honolulu when Roach completes his rôle in "Tin Hats."

THE death of the popular comedian, Willard Louis, was noted on the As We Go To Press Page of last month's PHOTOPLAY. Just after finishing his first starring part, in "The Doormat," Louis was stricken with typhoid fever. An illness of three weeks followed, Louis finally apparently passing the turning point. Then unexpected complications developed and death followed.

Funeral services were held in Glendale, Cal., and burial was in San Francisco, Mr. Louis' home city. Mr. Louis is survived by a widow and an eight-year-old daughter, Dorothy.

RICHARD DIX made most of the football scenes for "The Quarterback" during the hottest weather of the year. When everyone else was in swimming, Richard was working under the hot lights in full gridiron regalia.

RICHARD has this one to tell about a golf match. A certain Mr. Cohen went to Scotland to satisfy an ambition to play golf on a Scotch links. As he started off at the first



If little Joseph Anderson isn't a great movie star, something is wrong with the theory of heredity and environment. Bill is the first child born in a studio hospital. His father, Dr. Harry Anderson, is physician for Metro-Goldwyn

tee, he met a Scotchman and suggested that he join him.

"I go 'round in a hundred and ten," said Mr. Cohen.

"That's my game," answered the Scotchman. "Let's make it a dollar a hole." And Cohen was on.

After the game was over, Cohen met a friend. "How did you come out?" he inquired.

"Terrible," wailed Cohen. "He beat me one up. And I went around in seventy-six!"

JUST saw a cable from Constance Talmadge to Sister Norma, which said in part:

"Don't worry about me. Am having great time."

It was sent from Scotland where Connie and her handsome husband, Capt. Alastair Mackintosh, are spending a belated honeymoon at the Mackintosh ancestral home.

ONE of the popular pastimes in Hollywood just now is making pilgrimages to Peg Talmadge's bedside. Mrs. Talmadge, mother of Norma, Constance, and Natalie (Mrs. Buster Keaton), has been laid up for a month in Norma's big Hollywood house. But she certainly hasn't been lonesome, for all her friends have found it a great opportunity to have real visits with Peg. Any day that you happened to be passing the big white house on Hollywood Boulevard, you would be apt to see Frances Marion, or Mrs. Sam Goldwyn (Frances Howard), or Florence Vidor, or Lillian Gish, or any one of a dozen other girls dashing up the steps laden with flowers.

ELLEN RICHTER WOLFF, the "German Mary Pickford," arrived on these shores recently. We are now nicely supplied with Mary Pickfords of all nations, except the Korean. When the Koreans ship on their candidate the quota will be full.

A DIVORCE of the month was that of Louise Fazenda, the comedienne, whose sense of humor was inadequate when it came to marriage with Mason Smith, director, sometimes known as Noel Smith. Her divorce papers charge desertion.

Louise, who is one of Warner's brightest stars, recently completed "Footloose Widows," but she insists the title had nothing to do with the marital split-up.

AL ST. JOHN, who makes film fun with a bicycle, surprised us, too. He and June Price Pierce were married by a judicial friend at the bride's home in Cahuenga Park, near Hollywood.

NORMAN KERRY has been frisking all over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in the brightest kilties you ever saw.



The dance of the Seven Reels—as interpreted by Gwen Lee. Hollywood has found a new way to use the film that is cut from its pictures. And pray what better use could be made of film cut out by censors than to drape it together for a snappy little hula skirt?

Sort of a plaid sunset effect. He's playing a hardy Scot to Lillian Gish's fragile Annie Laurie.

He met Lew Cody:

"Rather a loud outfit you have, Norman!"

"Too loud?"

"Yes, a bit. Why don't you put a muffler on?"

TALK about realism in pictures. Warner Brothers gave the part of the director in "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" to Emile Chautard, who was once one of our greatest directors. He should know his megaphone.

A REPORT that Queen Marie of Roumania may visit this country makes me shudder. Queen Marie is already committed to write a story for Metro-Goldwyn and what might happen if she should visit Hollywood sends the cold chills down my spine. Queen Marie loves money and Hollywood loves titles and the explosion when the two yearnings met would be something terrific.

BEBE DANIELS has discovered that she may have a claim to a title. Charlie Paddock was awarded some kind of a handle of nobility by a Balkan government and so, when Bebe marries him, she will be entitled to use it.

AS for Mae Murray, she is very much the Princess Divani. Her own name, slightly Teutonic in sound, is buried in the mists of antiquity, for Mae has been a Murray ever since she burst forth as the Nell Brinkley girl in an ancient edition of the Follies.

Gloria Swanson, who started all this grief, is a widow, for the time being, as Henry has gone to Europe to have his passport renewed.

Gloria sincerely mourns Henry's absence. The croakers who predicted an early end to the marriage were bad prophets because Gloria is still wildly about her Marquis.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



THE WALTZ DREAM—UFA—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A GAY comedy of old Vienna, mellow with the sort of sentiment aroused by two glasses of Pilsner beer. Adapted from an operetta, it proves that the Germans are quite as clever with comedy as they are with the serious stuff.

The plot? A prim princess gets a taste of May wine and impulsively becomes engaged to a count. The rigors of court ceremony chill the young husband's love and so the wife, to win him back, takes lessons in Viennese flirtation from her husband's *inamorata*. The light story is gracefully and gayly told with Mady Christians, as the *Princess*, giving a gorgeous performance. The acting has real zest and the authentic Viennese settings are a treat. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. It is wholesome and light-hearted entertainment.



YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN—Famous Players

FLORENCE VIDOR'S first starring vehicle, and an original by the Hungarian Hollywooder, Ernest Vajda. Miss Vidor plays the star of a traveling Russian troupe, a sort of Keith and Proctor Chauve Souris. She is loved by two men, the leader of her troupe and an American man-about-town. The shrewd Russian decided to adopt strenuous means to solve the knot. He performs his usual publicity stunt of permitting himself to be dropped overboard, chained within a big packing box. The box disappears below the waters, but the Slavonic Houdini does not reappear. Then *l'era* realizes who she loves most. No, we're not going to tell the answer. Miss Vidor makes a lovely Russian vaudevillian, Clive Brook is excellent as the leader of the troupe and Lowell Sherman is himself as the American. The production shows the German influence in camera treatment.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



DON JUAN—Warner Bros.

HEY, Mr. Fairbanks, come home quick! John Barrymore is stealing your stuff. He climbs balconies, he rides horses, he fights duels and he makes hot, hot love. Here is a young feller who is determined to live down his dark past as a Shakespearean actor. And here is an actor who is more than just a star; for you cannot tell this reviewer that Barrymore didn't have an active hand in producing this film.

"Don Juan" is a lively burlesque of "The Great Lover" of legend. This boy is so mean with women that the girls won't let him alone. As soon as he sights a good girl, however, he reforms. You can't blame him; good girls were a novelty in Renaissance Italy. In the course of enacting the adventures of the wicked Spaniard, Barrymore gives us *Jekyll-and-Hyde*, *Don Q*, *Zorro*, *Hamlet* and *Beau Brummel*. His is such a boundless talent that he can afford to be profligate.

He acts with an abandon that will arouse the disapproval of the School of Eyebrow Lifters.

The whole production has a lavish beauty. Surely never were so many beautiful girls assembled in one cast. Estelle Taylor gives one of the great performances of the year as *Lucrezia Borgia*.

Montagu Love and Warner Oland are a couple of sinister heroes, while Mary Astor is the girl whose glance has the purifying effect.

Here is a picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. Anyone taking a child to "Don Juan" is nothing but a silly.

With the Vitaphone, a real film event.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

DON JUAN THE SON OF THE SHEIK
THE WALTZ DREAM
YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN
THE SCARLET LETTER
ONE MINUTE TO PLAY

The Best Performances of the Month

Rudolph Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik"
John Barrymore in "Don Juan"
Estelle Taylor in "Don Juan"
Florence Vidor in "You Never Know Women"
"Red" Grange in "One Minute to Play"
Gloria Swanson in "Fine Manners"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 142



THE SCARLET LETTER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HAWTHORNE'S classic and somber study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen.

Lillian Gish wears the red letter of sin with her stock virginal sweetness, failing to grasp the force of *Hester Prynne's* will power and intelligence. She is a beaten child, not a courageous woman.

The camera work has been perfectly handled, but the Puritans have been seen with a slightly Swedish eye by Director Victor Scaström. They are dour rather than high-minded religious fanatics. The performance of the piece is Lars Hanson's as *Dimmesdale*. He suffers handsomely.

Take your handkerchiefs and the older children. All self-appointed censors should be ordered to sit through it.



THE SON OF THE SHEIK—United Artists

LONG will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. "The Son of the Sheik" was Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work, without question, ranked at the top of the best performances of the month.

Rudy's old desert, Rudy's old fire, his old love, Agnes Ayres, his new love, Vilma Banky, his horses and his tents are all here, and how! Romance fills the air every second Rudy's visible.

The plot, if you insist, concerns the child of that marriage between the *Sheik* and the *Lady Diana*, and what a child he grew up to be! He rides like the wind, he fights like Doug Fairbanks on a busy morning, and his lovmaking is more torrid than an August afternoon in an accounting department.

In a troupe of French players, touring the desert, he beholds his love. She is fair and has dove's eyes. At night, beneath the desert stars, he woos her and she is very, very happy to be won. But her father wants the young *Sheik's* money. Her father's confederate wants the girl. So drama comes in, when Rudy is captured, tortured and held for ransom.

Freed by his own men, he believes the girl has betrayed him. He vows revenge and captures the girl, riding off to his tents with her, frail and sobbing in his arms. The rest is what makes this picture unforgettable.

Rudy plays both father and son, ideally. Vilma Banky is perfectly lovely as the girl. And we expect every fan in the country to be saying, "It was Rudy's best. I can never forget him."



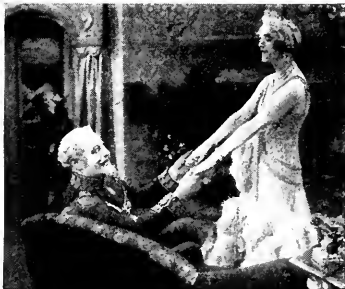
ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—F. B. O.

FRONT-PAGE stars who try to break into the movies are usually frosts. Check up an exception in "Red" Grange. The Galloping Ghost is a real screen personality. He has engaging good looks, camera ease and a personality that wins you from the start. It may be no Barrymore for acting, but he is better than a lot of heroes who pass themselves off as actors.

Sam Wood, the director, deserves a lot of credit for giving Number 77 a production that has convincing college atmosphere.

The students are real students and not a lot of elderly extras, and the football game is exciting because it is played by "Wildcat Wilson" and other West Coast stars. You'll like "Red" and you'll like the picture. It's the very spirit of youth and good sport.

**THE
DUCHESS
OF BUFFALO**
—First
National



**FINE
MANNERS—**
Paramount

BRISK, racy and lightly amusing—but by no means the equal of this star, Constance Talmadge's "Her Sister From Paris." An American dancer in Russia falls in love with a young officer of dragoons, but is pursued by a gay old grand duke. The usual farce complications. Miss Talmadge gives a performance of considerable verve, but Tullio Carminati is a wooden hero. The acting honors go to Edward Martindel, who takes the part of the flirtative duke.

EXCEPT in this month of most unusual pictures, "Fine Manners" would rate among the "Best Six" for it is the best Swanson movie since "Manhandled." Gloria is delightful in one of those rôles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby little working girl who loves devotedly. She's a burlesque chorus girl here and Eugene O'Brien is the rich man of her dreams. The story, while unpretentious, is made charming by good acting and capable direction.

**HER HONOR,
THE
GOVERNOR—**
F. B. O.



**THE LAST
FRONTIER—**
Producers
Dist. Corp.

MARK down another tragedy for Pauline Frederick! Once more that sterling actress wastes a masterly performance on celluloid claptrap. Intelligently handled, the story of a capable woman governor, who was also a devoted mother, could have been dramatic. Instead, banal treatment makes it only cheap melodrama. Carroll Nye, possibly inspired by Miss Frederick's distinguished playing, is excellent as the son. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment.

HERE is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally redskins, the battle, the brave young hero, William Boyd, and the heroine who just wouldn't understand and neatly married the villain. This is not so very good and not so very bad, either. But Bill Boyd is charming as always, and Marguerite de la Motte is much better than the rôle she has.

**THE WHOLE
TOWN'S
TALKING—**
Universal



**THE FAMILY
UPSTAIRS—**
Fox

AN interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play with Edward Everett Horton and Otis Harlan supplying the chief comedy. Our old pal, the dumb hero, is the subject for much merriment. When his sweetheart announces she will marry a man of the world, our hero suddenly digs up a wicked past for himself. Of course he finds that things do not work out as expected. He picks on the wrong lady—but go see it if you want a good laugh.

APICTURE like this is as welcome as an engagement ring to an old maid. It's not pretentious, but throughout the entire piece runs a human interest element that is appealing. It's all about a young girl who is continually nagged by her family because she hasn't a beau. And when Prince Charming does arrive on the scene mom nearly queers the whole affair with her company manners. You'll enjoy this. See it—by all means.

THE SAVAGE—
First National



MISMATES—
First National



AN insult to the human intelligence to think that such a story is plausible. List to this, which sounds like one of those hoaxes they used to pull in Edgar Poe's time: *Dan Terry*, working for a scientific magazine, tries to discredit a rival paper by posing as a savage. But *Terry* falls in love with the rival's daughter and refuses to expose the old man. Looks as though someone was kidding himself. What was that last remark please—louder and funnier, did you say?

NOW what's a fella to say in a case like this? Here they have assembled an excellent cast: Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The tear ducts run dry in this weepy version of the mother love and self-sacrificing theme. To make matters worse, a wild orgy and a jewel display, *a la De Mille*, are dragged in—why?—it's still a mystery. If the cast appeals to you, see it. Now, that's fair enough, isn't it? Don't say we didn't warn you!

THREE BAD MEN—
Fox



OIL, BABY—
Universal



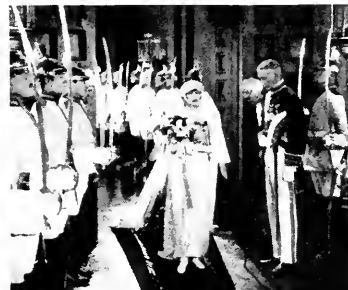
THIS is real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. A gripping and forceful story, the marvelous scenic effects, the romantic and tragic conditions of the great West, and the beautiful photography combine to make this one of the best pictures of the month. The story is centered around the pioneers of America. Those courageous human beings who gathered together their little belongings and traveled and settled in the West—the land of gold. Worth while.

ALOT of fun. Little Billy, the famous vaudevillian, three feet, eight inches in height, is a prize-fight manager. He masquerades as a little girl to help his pal (Creighton Hale) fix matters with an estranged aunt. Madge Kennedy poses as the "make-believe" wife, and, as you know, many complications set in—all for your amusement. Not so original as to plot, but everything turns out hunky-dory, and the audience exits smiling.

THE GREAT DECEPTION—
First National



IN HER KINGDOM—
First National



THIS is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret service war stuff being rehashed and served for your amusement—if you can call it such. Ben Lyon is a such in the service of two countries. Of course you are supposed to be in doubt as to which side he is really cheering for, but somehow you just know what's what. That's the way pictures cut-to-standard-measure have. Aileen Pringle has little to do and does it well.

JUST a lot of boloney. The plot revolves about the Grand Duchess Tatiana of Russia and a peasant who grows up to be a stuffy Soviet who marries her. The production lumbers along under the most bewildered treatment of months. It has flowery subtitles, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. Corinne Griffith has nothing to do, but she does it always with her beautiful mouth open. Corinne's a nice girl, but don't waste your money. [CONT'D ON PAGE 168]

Buy on Fifth Avenue through Photoplay's Shopping Service



The smartly colored two-piece frock, shown by LAURA LA PLANTE, is made of Christino, the newest fall fabric, similar to charmeen, with pockets and trimming of gazelle fur, a very new note in the autumn mode. A dress of this type is indispensable to the smart wardrobe. Lovely new shades of jungle green, wine, cedar brown and navy. Sizes 14 to 20. Reasonably priced at \$35.00

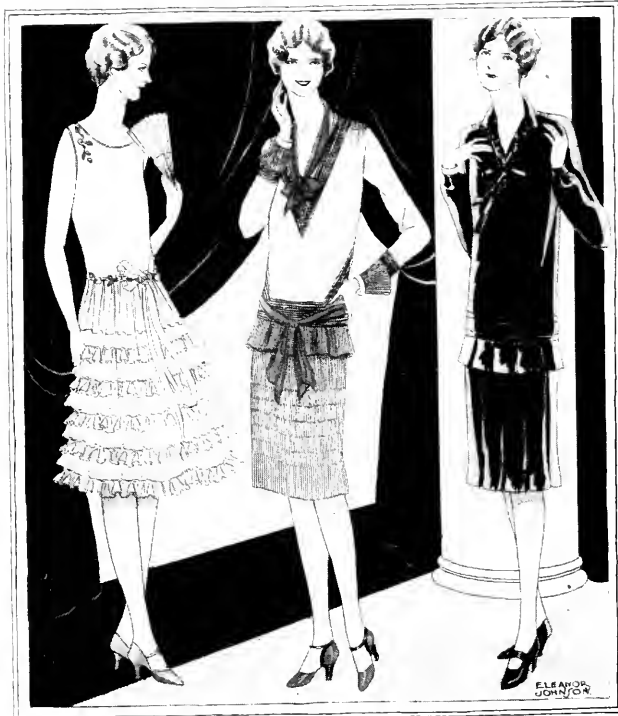
LAURA LAPLANTE displays this new coat with justifiable pride. The model illustrated is of wool fleece tweed plaid, in brick, blue or henna colorings, with leather belt and trimming and a large flattering collar of Jap fox. The same model may be ordered in newzezia (a plain, suede-like fabric), self trimmed, with a large collar of wolf, in forest green, oakrest brown or snowberry red. Both models are full silk lined and very warmly interlined. Sizes 14 to 20. Very specially priced at \$49.75

The charming dance frock below, at the left, worn by LOIS MORAN, ruffles its full skirt all the way up, coquettishly alternating net and georgette ruffles, and places a wreath of tiny satin flowers around its waist, with a spray of one shoulder. In red, powder blue or orchid, sizes 14 to 20. \$29.50



The clever afternoon frock of georgette, worn by MISS MORAN, in the center, uses rows of narrow ribbed trimming to give emphasis to the smart deep "V" neck. Rows of the same trimming band the sleeves, just above the graceful pleated cuffs, and the blouse, above the pleated ruffle. This frock with its soft, yet simple lines, will repay many times the initial outlay by serving for practically any informal occasion. Wine, green or black, in sizes 14 to 20. \$47.00

The always popular jumper frock chooses satin for fall and box pleats for smartness. In black, Chanel red and brown, sizes 14 to 20. Price \$29.50



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The trim little sweater suit shown by LOUISE BROOKS, above, is indeed a versatile garment. While it is just the thing for all active fall and winter sports, it is not too "sporty" to serve for the classroom or business office as well. Very nicely made and finished, it may be obtained in all the new shades of green, tan, blue, henna, brick, etc., with the sweater striped in a harmonizing shade. The pleats at either side of the skirt allow for ample freedom. In sizes from 16 to 42 this useful sweater frock costs but \$12.95

Cosy comfort for chilly autumn nights lies in this attractive, generously cut lounging robe of excellent quality corduroy. It has long sleeves and is fully lined with dotted seco silk. Choose it in your favorite color—cherry red, orchid, open blue, wistaria and grape-juice. The sizes are from 34 to 44 and it costs the small sum of \$4.95



The frock at left, above, worn by LOUISE BROOKS, is smartly cut of homespun tweed, a splendid material for autumn wear, with collar and cuffs of crepe de chine and a novelty leather belt. This frock represents the remarkable saving made possible by our Service. It comes in a soft shade of green, winterleaf brown, cherry or navy, sizes 14 to 42, for \$10.95

Above, at right, Miss Brooks shows an attractive new model in the always popular jersey, with contrasting color buttons and a smart pocket and belt arrangement. This is another of those useful frocks that can appear in the classroom, at the office or on the golf links, with equal assurance. Chanel red, jungle green, flag blue or tan. Sizes 16 to 42. \$15.75



High heeled oxfords of black suede and patent, patent with pin seal, or brown lizard calf with matching patent, and simulated reptile inlay. Sizes 2½ to 8, AAA to D. \$13.50

You need quilted satin slippers to wear with your lounging robe and these come in rose, blue, lavender or black with matching pompons, and low heels. 2½ to 8. Price \$2.95

When the Movies Were Poor Relations

Bob Vignola was a Director of the Pioneer Film Days

By Ivan St. Johns

Robert Vignola started his motion picture career way back when it was considered an insult to ask a stage actor, to appear on the screen. Now try to keep them off it!



CONVERSATIONALLY, nothing is more fun than reminiscing.

All get-together luncheons, class re-unions, old-timers' picnics and fraternity banquets are founded upon man's legitimate desire to talk about the good old days.

Biographies, which during the past five years have increased in popularity to a degree alarming to fiction writers, are likewise built upon human curiosity—curiosity about things that happened to famous people far away and long ago and that are probably none of our business.

But best of all is the reminiscence founded upon "we knew them when."

You've heard it often enough.

They grab the name of some big opera star out of the conversation and fairly burst with, "My dear, I knew her when she was a waitress in a restaurant in my home town in Texas, and I want to tell you she was—"

Or if a millionaire plunger on Wall Street is mentioned, there's always somebody to nail him with, "Say, that bird was an oil-driller in Oklahoma, and I knew him when he didn't have two shirts to his back and—"

Robert Vignola knew the movies when—when they were in their infancy, when they were struggling for existence, when they were the poor relation of the stage.

And, on a sunny afternoon, on the wide sun-porch of his beach bungalow by the sea, Bob somehow drifted into reminiscences about the movies.

"Why," said Bob, squinting at an amber glass of near-beer he held in his hand, "why, I knew the movies when I used to get insulted by the worst ham

actors on Broadway for asking them to play in a motion picture. And it's not so long ago, either—fifteen years, maybe.

"Yes, sir, when I was directing for the old Kalem, back in 1910 or 1911, I used to make the rounds of the theatrical agencies on Broadway looking for actors. I'd timidly pull some actor's coat and ask him apologetically if, maybe, he wouldn't like to make a moving picture. And in about nine cases out of ten, even if he was a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



Bob Vignola has an Italian home in the Whiteley Heights section of Hollywood. He is in the midst of a cluster of celebrities, with Eugene O'Brien on the east and Valentino just up the hill



Seely

EVEN if she were not the sister of Frances Howard Goldwyn, Constance Howard would have had no trouble getting a job in the movies. Douglas McLean took one look at her and signed her to be his leading woman in "Ladies First."

If Winter Comes



Her name is Connie Dawn and when Connie puts on this spider suit the Dawn comes up like thunder out the Pacific Ocean



This is little Violet Byrd. Yes, Cyril, you are right. A Byrd on the beach is worth two in the studio

Even the oysters come out of their shells when Thelma Parr wears this outfit. And Thelma has a real pretty face, too

What's the difference to these Sennett girls?



You figure it out. It has us stumped. Is Peggy Blake wearing a suit or is it only a part of the doll's dress?

Another Byrd—Sister Betty. Betty is all dressed for swimming or checkers. And how this girl loves to play checkers!



What to do with the old parlor curtains—as demonstrated by Muriel Montrose. Is that Charlie Ray's hat she is wearing?



Richee

IN the old days, famous beauties weren't supposed to have husbands. Or if they did, they weren't supposed to be in love with them. On the opposite page, Ruth Waterbury tells you the idyllic love story of Esther Ralston.

Love and Esther Ralston

Here, actually, is a
Story of True Love
in Cameraland



By Ruth
Waterbury

ESTHER RALSTON'S husband suggested that I keep him out of the story. Esther, herself, said it might be just as well. All her interviews, she explained, started about her and ended about him.

But you might just as well try to keep the sea out with a broom as to try to keep George Webb out of Esther's story.

For how can you keep a man out of a girl's story when that girl's eyes go searching him every moment, when her hands move softly and constantly in his direction, when her simplest phrases become little bridges along which her love runs toward him?

How can you help writing about a love like that when you see it, see it straight out of Hollywood into the heart of Manhattan, love between a lovely, slender girl who is a movie star, and a dark, handsome man who is her manager, love nearly a year old and very, very big for its age?

Frankly, I hadn't wanted to interview Esther Ralston. I expected her to be just another blonde dumbbell. I heard she was being groomed to take Gloria Swanson's place on the Paramount program, and, being an ardent Swanson fan, I didn't like that, either.

I remembered the calm, wistful beauty of Esther Ralston's eyes when she played *Mrs. Darling* in "Peter Pan," but I discredited it after "The American Venus." Charming and sweet as she was, she looked like any show girl to me in that flicker.

I found her the nicest girl I have ever met, "nicest" in that sense that a prep school boy uses it in describing his girl to his mother.



Just Mr. and Mrs., the little woman and the big, strong male. Married nearly a year, Esther Ralston and George Webb are like love's young dream come true



She is so wise and so sane and so simply beautiful in her pure loveliness. All the silly decorative over-written phrases are right in reference to her. She is like a birch tree. She is like a day, not in June, but in April, one of those poignant, tender, warm little days.

Her body is long and slender. Five feet six, she weighs only a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. And yet she isn't thin. Her red-gold hair lies smooth and close to her little round head. She wears a long bob that curls softly around the square line of her jaw. Her eyes are blue as dawn and she lets her lashes and eyebrows match her hair. Red-gold lashes raying long blue eyes. Can you imagine the startling effect of them?

She came softly across her drawing-room, the full skirt of her wine-colored dress floating about her.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 1-6]

Esther wants to do outdoor girls, but she objected to coming out in the open to the extent this costume for "The American Venus" demanded. But how the fans approved of it!

A screen writer a beautiful extra and an avalanche play the principal roles in this thrilling romance of Hollywood

The Wild Way

By William Slavens McNutt

THE girl in the car with Walter Haskins was crying. "I suppose you think I'm just cheap!" she wailed. "Out riding at night with an electrician!" "Well, you thought he was a director," Haskins reminded her.

"I had no way of knowing," she sniffled. "I'd been over at the La Mart Studio all day long, sitting there trying to see somebody, and when they closed up and when I came out on the street he was waiting there for me. He said he was Jack Bronson, the director, and I was just the type he'd been looking for for months and months to do a part in a picture he was going to shoot. I'd been trying to see somebody in some studio for weeks and weeks and weeks and—" Grief choked her.

"There! There now!" Haskins said soothingly. "Don't cry."

"I guess you'd cry too if you'd had as much trouble as I have," the girl insisted. "I was so happy when he told me he was Jack Bronson, the director, and wanted me for a picture. I always dreamed it would happen that way to me. And then it did. And he was nothing but a darned old electrician!"

"Well, you couldn't tell that," Haskins said.

"Of course I couldn't," she agreed. "I don't know Mr. Bronson. I don't know anybody. That's what's the trouble. I don't know anybody and I can't get in to meet anybody. Everywhere I go I just sit and sit and sit till they close up. Then I go home and cry."

"Poor kid!" said Haskins soothingly. "Poor little girl! It's tough!"

"He asked me to go to dinner so he could tell me about the part he wanted me for," she went on disconsolately. "After dinner he asked me to go for a ride. I didn't want to go. I was afraid something would happen. But I couldn't refuse to go riding with Mr. Bronson, now could I? When he said he'd been looking for me for months and I was just the type and I'd make a great hit and—everything? I couldn't be silly and say I wouldn't go just because I was afraid something might happen, now could I?"

"Certainly not," Haskins agreed. "Of course you couldn't."

"He drove up there and stopped the car," she went on. "I tried my best to make him behave and still stay good friends with me. Oh, I wish I'd known he was just a dirty old electrician! I'd have slapped his face good for him right at the beginning. Finally, though, I didn't care whether he was a

Illustrated by
Ray Van Buren



director or not, and I told him so. I said: 'I don't care who you are, you've got to behave yourself.' I told him I'd scream, and I did. And then you came."

"Lucky I happened along," said Haskins.

"I'll say it was," the girl said fervently. "An electrician!"

They rode for a little time in silence. Then the girl spoke.

"How did you know he was an electrician?" she asked.

"I see him around the studio," said Haskins.

"Oh! Are you in pictures?" the girl asked delightedly.

"Yes," said Haskins. "I'm a scenario writer."

"Oh my!" the girl exclaimed. "That must be grand."

Haskins just laughed.

Another short interval of silence. They were off the mountain side now and nearing the parallel line of lights that marked Sunset Boulevard.

"Will you stop a minute?" the girl said desperately. "I want to talk to you."

Haskins stopped the car.

"Listen," said the girl. "How do you get into the movies?"

"Lord!" Haskins exclaimed. "I don't know."

"Well, how did you get in?"

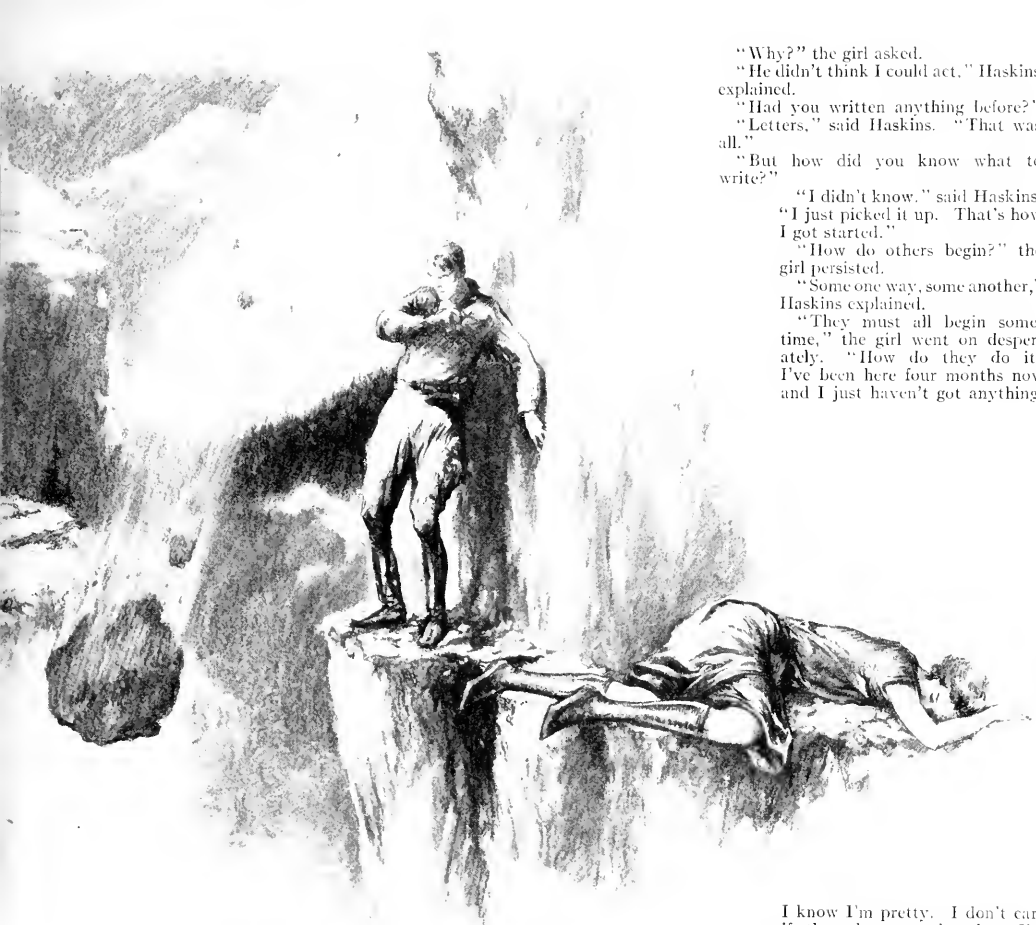
"I was a silk sock salesman," said Haskins.

"A what?"

"I sold silk socks. Peddled 'em, you know. I had my samples in a little black bag and went around from house to house and got orders for 'em. I was in Oscawawa, Kansas,—"

"Where?"

"Oscawawa, Kansas. That's a town. The map says so. I went into a drug store and asked a clerk if he wanted some socks. He said no. Then I asked the proprietor and he told me to get the—get out of there. I went out and there was a fellow in a big car just stopping in front of the place. I asked him if he wanted some socks and he thought it was funny. He laughed and kidded with me for a little while and then he asked me why I didn't go in the movies."



"Hurry!" they yelled at him frantically. "The whole slide's coming! Hurry!" Haskins heard and stopped for an instant. Terror shook him

"Oh, was he a producer?"
"No," said Haskins. "He was a real estate man from Los Angeles. He'd been to Chicago and he was driving back home. He said I reminded him of Charlie Ray and he thought I'd do fine in the movies."
"He offered to let me ride on out to California with him if I wanted to try it. So I came."
"But Charlie Ray's an actor," the girl reminded Haskins.
"Yes," said Haskins. "I know that."
"But I thought you said you were a writer."
"I am—now," Haskins explained. "I came out here and tried to get a job acting and couldn't. I just couldn't get anything."
"I know," said the girl. "I can't either."
"I stayed here till my money was nearly all gone," Haskins continued. "Then one day on the street I ran into Spike Moran. We went to school together when we were kids back in Pennsylvania. I hadn't seen or heard of him for years."
"You mean James Gordon Moran, the director," the girl said in awed voice.
"That's him," said Haskins. "I didn't know he was in the movies until he told me. He got me started writing."

"Why?" the girl asked.
"He didn't think I could act," Haskins explained.
"Had you written anything before?"
"Letters," said Haskins. "That was all."
"But how did you know what to write?"
"I didn't know," said Haskins. "I just picked it up. That's how I got started."
"How do others begin?" the girl persisted.
"Some one way, some another," Haskins explained.
"They must all begin sometime," the girl went on desperately. "How do they do it? I've been here four months now and I just haven't got anything."

I know I'm pretty. I don't care if that does sound vain. I'm prettier than lots of the girls that get to be stars."
"Can you act?" Haskins asked.
"I think so. How can I find out if I don't get a chance?"
"If you just knew somebody," Haskins said.
The girl was silent for a moment, then abruptly—"My name's Ellaline Warren."
"Oh," said Haskins startled. "Er—How do you do? I'd forgotten I didn't know—that is—Haskins is my name."
"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Haskins," Ellaline said demurely.
"Sure," said Haskins uncomfortably. "Me, too. I mean I'm glad to know you too."
"Now then, you see I know you!" Ellaline exclaimed triumphantly.
"Huh?" said Haskins blankly.
"You said if I just knew somebody," the girl reminded him.
"Oh yes," said Haskins uneasily. "Sure. But you see, I'm not a director. I'm only a writer. I don't know whether I could—uh—"
"Help me!" the girl begged abruptly, a note of moving appeal in her voice. "Please help me. I'm so alone, I don't know anybody. I've tried so hard, I just can't—Oh dear!" She began to cry. "I'm ashamed to act like a baby, but I'm just desperate."
"It's a hard game at best," Haskins said gloomily. "Why don't you—uh—What did you do before you started trying to get into the movies?"
"I was a stenographer," she said viciously. "In Danbury, Connecticut. If you tell me to give up and go back to pounding a typewriter I'll—well I don't know what I'll do. I can't,

bite of supper. There he had an opportunity to see her closely for the first time. She was pretty, movingly so. A slim, wholesome girl with a boyish bob, big frank blue eyes and a warm, sweet, impulsive face. And she was so desperately in earnest about getting into the movies! It was a desperation that became more of a charm than a nuisance as he grew better acquainted with her over the cafe table. He was warm with a mingled sense of importance and generosity when he finally left her at the door of her rooming house with instructions to phone him at the studio by noon of the next day.

"Pretty kid," he thought tenderly as he drove away, "Nice, too. Very nice girl. Ought to be a job for her."

The casting director at the La Mart was brutal when Haskins sounded him the following morning. "You've been around here long enough to know better," he said reprovingly. "I've got a whole flock of little friends of my own to take care of. Every director on the lot's got a few sitting by their telephone, waiting for me to give 'em a buzz. How am I ever going to get around to this girl of yours?"

"She's pretty," Haskins urged. "Unusually pretty."

The casting director was not moved. "They all are," he said. "Being pretty out here don't mean anything more than being black

in Africa. I'll take her name if you want me to, but it won't do any good."

With rapidly diminishing hope Haskins paged the directors on the lot with whom he was on friendly terms. Some were brutally frank like the casting director, others politely evasive. None would commit themselves.

A little before noon Ellaline called him on the phone.

"Haven't been able to get anything for you yet," he admitted reluctantly. "These darned studios are just like jails turned inside out, with everybody on the outside trying to get in and everybody on the inside guarding the entrances. Don't you worry, though, I'll turn up something soon. Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

It cost Haskins two weeks of promiscuous pleading to get Ellaline one day's work as an extra in a cabaret scene. The night of the day she worked he sneaked into the projection room to see the rushes, the first showing of the film taken. His heart sank when he saw her on the screen. She was a bust, a flop, a dud, a wash-out. Her beauty which was undeniable, was undeniably not screenable. There was no future for her in the picture game. If he did work a miracle and get her a chance she would fail. He was stricken with a great pity for her. He wanted to take her in his arms and protect her from all the bitter disappointments of the picture business. He wanted to kiss away the tears from her lovely blue eyes and—Why, he wanted to marry her! That night he proposed.

"You don't love me," she protested. "You're just sorry for me."

"I'm not," he insisted, and there was a sincere ring to his voice. "You don't think I go around marrying girls just because I'm sorry for them, do you?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



Ellaline Warren stepped forward. "Let me do it, Mr. Sonnenberg," she begged. "Please let me do it. I'm here. I'll do it. I'll double for her"

I won't. I wouldn't if I wanted to. They all said I would and I won't. Mr. Springler, he was my boss, he said I would. My mother said I would. My brother said I would, too. Everybody said I would, and I won't! Maybe I would if they hadn't said I would, but they did and I won't! I'll get into the movies if I die for it!"

"Sure you will," Haskins said nervously.

"How?" she demanded.

"Well—er—I—uh—I'll speak to somebody," he promised reluctantly. "I'll see what I can do."

"When?" she went on remorselessly.

"Why—er—when the time's ripe," Haskins told her.

"Tomorrow?" she quizzed him.

"Sure," Haskins promised recklessly. "Tomorrow, first thing. Right off. I'll see what I can do."

"All right," Ellaline said, surprisingly listless. "I know you don't want to do it, I know I haven't got any right to ask you to do it."

"Everything's all wrong, but I've just simply got to get a chance somehow. I've just got to."

"Why, I'm glad to do it," Haskins lied unconvincingly, as he started the car and headed towards the lights of Sunset Boulevard. "I don't mind a bit."

It was a lie when he said it, but two hours later it was the truth. They stopped at a Hollywood Boulevard Cafe for a

H·M·VICTORIA EUGENIA

Queen of Spain



HER MAJESTY, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, is granddaughter of Queen Victoria, niece of King Edward VII, and cousin to the reigning King of England. When as a Princess of the British royal household she married the dark imperious King of Spain, she was "a beauty from the North, with pale golden hair, wild rose complexion and eyes of malachite blue." Today as Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, and mother of six lovely children, she is more beautiful, more regal than ever.

THE silver Tiffany jars below, engraved with the royal monogram and filled with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, were recently sent by the Pond's Extract Company as a gift for Her Majesty's dressing table. Her Majesty, who uses the creams, has expressed her royal pleasure in them.



The silver jars recently sent for Her Majesty's use on her dressing table.

TRY these delicate creams of which Her Majesty has signified her appreciation—Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing the skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for an exquisite finish, a foundation for powder and complete protection against exposure.

FREE OFFER: Mail coupon for free tubes of Pond's Two Creams and directions for using.

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147 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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City _____ State _____



A recent portrait of Her Majesty, Victoria Eugenia, Queen of Spain, here reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty to the Pond's Extract Company

What was the Best Picture of 1925?



Vote for the picture you think should win!



Richard Rowland on Gold Medal

The Award of 1924

The Gold Medal Award of PHOTOPLAY has accomplished a great deal toward the betterment of pictures because it gives an incentive to the producer to shoot for this prize.

It is not only highly complimentary but it has been productive of good financial results as experienced in our distribution of "Abraham Lincoln" which, as you know, was exploited as "The Gold Medal Picture."

We were fortunate enough to have also released the Richard Barthelmess picture, "Tol'able David," which was also a Gold Medal Picture, so First National has been fortunate in having exploited two Gold Medal winners.

By all means continue this award and here's hoping that First National may have the honor of again exploiting a Gold Medal winner in the near future.

RICHARD A. ROWLAND,
Production Manager, First National Pictures.

LAST call for votes in the award of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor for the best motion picture of 1925!

Voting closes on October 1st and votes bearing a postmark later than midnight of September 30th will not count. If you have not sent in your ballot yet, better do so at once. You will want to participate in the award for the best motion picture drama of 1925, since so many screen plays of remarkable merit appeared during the twelve months. Indeed, the voting was never so heavy as this year.

Remember that the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Medal of Honor goes to the motion picture receiving the most votes from its readers. The award is presented to the producer who, in the opinion of our readers, comes nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

PHOTOPLAY readers have proven their interest and discrimination since the award of the first Gold Medal, for the best picture of 1920. "Humoresque" won the initial award and, in the following years, the Gold Medal has gone to "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon" and "Abraham Lincoln."

Remember that your vote must be in the offices of PHOTOPLAY by October 1st. On this page, in order to refresh your memory, is a list of fifty leading pictures released during 1925. You need not limit your selection to this list, however. You can vote for any picture released between January 1, 1925, and December 31, 1925.

Votes must be mailed to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1925

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1925.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

<i>Are Parents People?</i>	<i>Kiss For Cinderella</i>	<i>Pony Express</i>
<i>Beggar on Horseback</i>	<i>Kiss Me Again</i>	<i>Road to Yesterday</i>
<i>Big Parade</i>	<i>Lady</i>	<i>Sally</i>
<i>Charley's Aunt</i>	<i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i>	<i>Sally of the Sawdust</i>
<i>Chickie</i>	<i>Last Laugh</i>	<i>Siege</i>
<i>Coast of Folly</i>	<i>Little Annie Rooney</i>	<i>Shore Leave</i>
<i>Dark Angel</i>	<i>Lord Jim</i>	<i>Sky Rocket</i>
<i>Don Q</i>	<i>Last World</i>	<i>Stage Struck</i>
<i>Drusilla With a Million</i>	<i>Mannequin</i>	<i>Stella Dallas</i>
<i>Freshman</i>	<i>Merry Widow</i>	<i>That Rayle Girl</i>
<i>Gold Rush</i>	<i>Midshipman</i>	<i>Trouble With Wires</i>
<i>Goose Woman</i>	<i>Mmc. Sans-Gene</i>	<i>Thundering Herd</i>
<i>Graustark</i>	<i>Never Say Die</i>	<i>Unholy Thrice</i>
<i>Her Sister From Paris</i>	<i>Never the Twain Shall Meet</i>	<i>Vanishing American Wanderer</i>
<i>Introduce Me</i>	<i>Phantom of the Opera</i>	<i>Womanhanded Zander the Great</i>
<i>Isn't Life Wonderful?</i>		
<i>King on Main Street</i>		

Who's Who in Health!

Half sick from constipation, stomach and skin disorders—they regained health, vigor, happiness by means of one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—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, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept., 22, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"I SUFFERED FROM CONSTIPATION. I was an aviator and the food was poor and gulped in a hurry. My face broke out too. Physics afforded but slight relief. Finally I commenced taking Fleischmann's Yeast. I had no more trouble. My face cleared, and constipation became a thing of the past."

ALFONSO GOMEZ IZQUIERDO,
San Francisco, Calif.

RIGHT

"I HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING TO BANISH ACNE, even to having my pimples opened. But they always came back. Finally I decided I would take Fleischmann's Yeast. Now, after two months' use, I've only one little 'bump' on my chin, and I'm getting rid of that with Fleischmann's Yeast."

ANITA McALEER, Denver, Colo.



"I WAS RUN DOWN and thought I needed a tonic. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. I was glad to note how soon my energy returned and I felt my own self again. My mother suffered from severe indigestion, and many remedies brought little improvement. Finally she was prevailed upon to try Fleischmann's Yeast—one cake in hot water morning and evening. Now indigestion causes her no further trouble."

MELBA M. BAILEY, St. Louis, Mo.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.



Five Down—

*and more
to come!*

There's an avalanche of football pictures coming. Everybody's doing it. The punter at the right is the athletic George Walsh as he appears in "The Kick-Off"



Autumn is here—and the football season is coming. And also the film epics of the gridiron. George O'Brien is playing one of those collegiate stars in a coming picture



"Red" Grange, at the left. The Galloping Ghost of the gridiron. The Illinois ice man who became a football idol, now a screen star in "One Minute to Play"



Pick out your own pigskin heroes, but our favorite is Richard Dix. You'll see him soon in "The Quarterback."



Another story with football trimmings is "Forever After," in which Lloyd Hughes plays the young hero who straight-arms his way through life

DANDRUFF?



Here's good news for you—

It's a fact: Listerine, the safe antiseptic, and dandruff simply do not get along together. Many were incredulous when we first announced this. But the word is fast going around from the lips of those who have found how wonderfully it works.

As you probably know, dandruff is a germ disease and that annoying white shower on dark clothes is a warning of more serious scalp trouble—falling hair, possibly baldness.

Try Listerine for, say, one week, every night and learn for yourself how remarkably it works.

The use of Listerine for dandruff

is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick. Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

And it is not greasy or smelly. Many of the better barber shops are now prepared to give you this treatment. Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

Well — it worked!
For quite a while we
challenged people to try
Listerine Tooth Paste.
Sales men show that
when they try it they
stick to it!
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

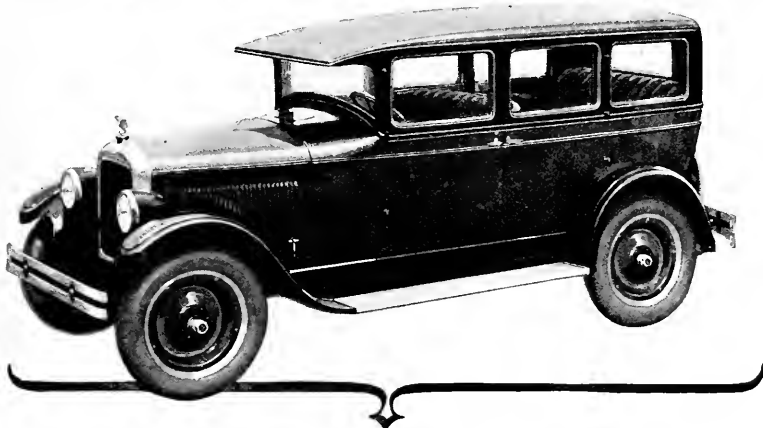


HIS last picture, "The Son of the Sheik," in which Rudolph, aided by Vilma Banky, scored his greatest success. Little did he realize when he went to New York for the eastern premier of this film that he was nearing the end of his great career, that soon finis was to be written on his screen appearances for all time.

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in cash for a name



—that will adequately express **the smart style and matchless vogue of the beautiful new Jewett 4-door Sedan**

Entirely free—without any reservations whatsoever—the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company will give \$10,000 *in cash* to the person (over 14) in the United States or Canada who suggests the name or phrase that will best express the *style—the charming beauty—the perfect taste—the matchless vogue*—of the new JEWETT 4-door Sedan.

Nor is that all! In addition to the one major award of \$10,000 in cash—this company will give two of these wonderful cars to those two people who suggest the two next most fitting names or phrases.

Every person who has passed his or her fourteenth birthday (except employees of Paige or its dealer organization, and members of their families) is eligible. All that is necessary is that you call at your nearest Paige-Jewett showroom, or write this company, for an official ballot. Examine this car and then write down a name or phrase (of not more than six words) that, in your opinion, will most adequately identify it as the style carriage it is. Then write, in

not more than fifty words in space provided on ballot, why you believe the name or phrase selected by you is most appropriate. This contest opens October 1st and closes October 31st.

All ballots entered in this contest will be checked and judged by a jury composed of men of national reputation. Awards made by the jury will be based first on the name or phrase submitted, and second on the reason given for choosing such name or phrase. To the person awarded first prize by the jury we will promptly award \$10,000 in cash; to the two persons awarded next two prizes by the jury, we will promptly give a beautiful new Jewett sedan delivered to their door, *free!*

The awards as made by the official jury of this contest will be final and binding. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning name or phrase, and reasons for choosing such name or phrase, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

See this beautiful new car at your Paige-Jewett showroom today! You may win \$10,000—do not delay!

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Its so Easy to Remove Summer Blemishes

Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance.

Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.



Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York



Alice Joyce, aristocratic, reserved and darkly beautiful

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

FOR no particular reason the usual success story is supposed to be written about male captains of industry. But this success story is about a very feminine beauty. Alice Joyce, and it could be subtitled "from telephone girl to aristocrat," without any intentions of being catty, either.

For the brooding beauty of the Paramount program began her career by pushing plugs into the switchboard of New York's Gramercy exchange. The lovely lady of today, with her sparkling jewels and shadowed eyes, at sixteen was only one of the great mob of working girls.

The one thing she had over the other girls was a face exquisite enough to make the gods weep with envy.

And no girl with a face like Alice's ever reached the age of thirty obscure.

Alice was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Her mother was French, her father Irish. The family moved to Virginia and Alice got her education in the small town of Anandale.

Then came her journey to New York and the telephone switchboard. Behind her voice with a smile some artist saw her and gave her a job as model. Then Kalem glimpsed her features, which resulted in her doing scores of pictures for them, for many of which she wrote the stories. Then Tom Moore saw her.

Alice fell in love with Tom and they married. Alice retired and her first daughter was born. But her romance died.

After the divorce, Alice went back to work at Vitagraph.

From the very beginning her work was distinguished. She played "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree" and many others and it was only the fact that Vitagraph was slipping from importance that prevented Alice's being a major star.

In 1920 she tried marriage again. Her husband is James B. Regan, Jr., handsome son of the man who owned the once-famous Knickerbocker Hotel, the old-time center of New York's gayest life.

Wealthy, happy, beautiful, Alice announced then that she had left the screen forever. She had another little girl and she devoted all her time to her children until George Arliss lured her back to play in "The Green Goddess."

After that offers came to her from every studio. She finally signed with Paramount. For them she has made "The Little French Girl" and "Dancing Mothers."

Her next release is "Beau Geste" and she is now working opposite Menjou in "The Ace of Cads."

And if that isn't a success story, what is?

What the World Expects of Women Today

In society—in business—demands the discarding of makeshift hygienic methods



Eight in every ten women have adopted this NEW way which solves woman's most important hygienic problem so amazingly . . . by ending the uncertainty of old ways . . . and adding the convenience of disposability

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

THE lives of women today are different from those of yesterday. More is accomplished, more is *expected*. The modern woman, unlike her predecessors, cannot afford to lose precious days.

Thus makeshift hygienic methods had to go. There is a *new* way. A way that supplants the uncertainty of old-time methods with scientific security.

You meet *all* exactments every day. You wear firmest frocks and sheerest things without a second's thought. You meet every day in confidence . . . unhandicapped, *at your best*.

These new advantages

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.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton.

Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

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. Many ills, according to 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.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* pad made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and the Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.



Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors

① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself; pay the clerk, that is 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.



"I DARED NOT BELIEVE WHAT I FELT...."

(Letters from Lovers: I)

"I dared not believe what I felt as I sat with you. The spirit of old loves was in the room—the fragrance of lost gardens—the glamour of moonlight. I could almost hear the whisper of tapestries stirring in the wind—and in it all you were beautiful—strangely, mystically beautiful."

FROM HER DIARY

"How he looked at me last night—with something new and wonderful in his eyes. I had burned temple incense...."

To create in the room about them that atmosphere of eternal mystery that is so irresistible to men, lovely women burned temple incense thousands of years ago. For women of today that old charm secret of the Orient is still preserved, unchanged, in Vantine's Temple Incense. It awaits you, in six exquisite odors, at all drug and department stores.

What new charm can incense give you?
Send ten cents for six sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 5 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Miss Marjorie Hume and Mr. Brian Aherne. I do not think that either of these artists have been seen in America, but their work in the two English films, "King of the Castle" and "The Squire of Long Hadley," proved them as good as the best American movie stars.

Also in my first letter I called attention to the fact that American stars appeared to better advantage in English productions. This has been proved again by Dorothy Gish in her performance, "Nell Gwyn."

Do not for one moment think that I do not like American films. I certainly do, but I do think that our films deserve a chance in America.

CLINE GAY.

Richard, the Riot

Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Three Cheers for Dix!!!!!!
We are wild about Richard Dix and think he is superb!!!! He was simply great in "Womanhandled," "Let's Get Married" and "The Lucky Devil," but "The Vanishing American" was sublime! We like him better in more serious and "sheiky" parts. Some people compare him with John Gilbert, but we can't see any comparison at all. We love the very mannish way in which he acts. He is big, strong, funny, handsome, thrilling and a WONDERFUL actor.

A Model American Man!!!!!!!!!!!!

His Ardent Admirers,

LYDIA AND PAT.

A Fine Wet Movie

Lexington, Mo.

Having just seen the Fox production, "The Johnstown Flood," I would like to express my appreciation to William Fox and to Irving Cummings, the director.

Beyond all doubt it will remain, to me, one of the most thrilling of pictures. The story value was not forgotten in view of the historical happening; thus, we have a most entertaining picture, boasting a perfect cast.

The work of Janet Gaynor deserves special notice. She is certainly one of the big film finds of the year. George O'Brien was interesting, and has a wonderful profile, but what I can't see is why someone didn't hand a little praise to Florence Gilbert. In the striking old costumes of the period she was a lovely creature, and as to acting, left nothing to be desired. She deserves more publicity and should be seen more often. In the Van Bibber series she was attractive, but never so much as in this film.

To everyone who enjoys thrills I say, don't fail to see "The Johnstown Flood!"

OWEN COUEY.

Here's A Rich One

Woodhaven, N. Y.

Well, some one has awakened at last. I have read Ambrose Royce's charming letter to PHOTOPLAY, praising Irene Rich and wish to congratulate him. I have also seen "Lady Windermere's Fan" and think about it as he does. Irene should be more appreciated. Why, she is twice as beautiful, charming and talented as the overpraised and raved about Gloria Swanson. All you hear and read is Gloria, Gloria, Gloria. Oh, movie fans, where are your eyes! Norma Talmadge and Mary Pickford are the only two who deserve to be raved about as they are. I realize now that any actress can become famous if supported by prominent movie folks and newspapers. Irene is not one who gained fame through publicity. It is not fair to star a genius like Irene in these unimportant domestic dramas. As a

feminine Menjou she is a knockout. Give her a picture like "The Merry Widow," then Gloria Swanson and many more will start worrying, because Irene is an ambitious little lady. A bouquet for Gloria, basket for Norma and a garden of roses for Irene Rich and Mary Pickford.

NELLIE LUTZAK.

Paging the He-Man

London, England.

The next time I read that someone suggests a clean-up of all my favorites, viz.: Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, Milton Sills and great Will Farnum, I shall feel inclined to rush across the pond and tell them their fortune. Give me the real men every time, who know something about life, instead of the "bits of boys" we see so much of in most every picture. And please, why is Thomas Holding never given even one line? He has been my favorite since I was a kid, and he does some great work, without even getting his name on the screen.

WINIFRED D. SALMON.

It's True

Chicago.

I would like to know why all the new actresses on the screen are labeled as a combination of Gloria Swanson? Do they think it will attract attention to her fans? There is only one Gloria, which is sufficient.

Everybody dislikes a person who incessantly imitates some one else. The same goes for acting. Take Gloria Swanson, she has at least a half a dozen audibly giving her process of acting. However, it appears the directors are partly responsible. They could correct Pauline Starke, who has repeatedly enacted Miss Swanson. These take-offs, as we all know, are not Miss Starke's characteristics. I am voicing this for a score of fans who greatly disapprove of these impersonations. If Pauline Starke wishes to establish herself, my advice is—Be Yourself. This also applies to a number of actors and actresses.

MRS. B. H. DICKENSON.

A Call for Chotsy

Oak Terrace, Minn.

When Sally O'Neil first stepped into the limelight, I could not help wondering where all the Sallys were coming from. Then a short time after I read a piece in PHOTOPLAY about her and when I found out that her own name was Chotsy Noonan, I was disgusted, to say the least.

Why, in the name of goodness, did she forsake such a quaint Irish name as Chotsy Noonan and fasten on to the other one, only to become one of the many famous Sallys.

We have Sally Long, Sally Rand, Sally Irene and Mary, Sally in our Alley, Blue Eyed Sally and too many others. Can you tell me anybody who has made the name "Chotsy" famous? No one ever thought of it, but there was a chance to make it become as famous as Gloria or Pola or Norma.

Chotsy Noonan, why in the world did you ever change your name? Please go back to your old one before it is too late.

W. R. MCINNIS.

Stellar Tunes

Salisbury, N. C.

Ben Lyon—"Collegiate."
Mary Pickford—"Oh, What a Pal was Mary."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

COMMUNITY PLATE



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SILVER SERVICES FOR SMART TABLES

Exquisitely shaped, lustrous as moonlight...
 now, you can have complete silver services... trays,
 platters... tea sets... of Community Plate



THE TEA-SET SHOWN IS \$60.00 FOR THREE PIECES •• TEASPOONS \$3.75 FOR SIX •• ALL IN THE FINEST PLATE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



PERSONALLY, Mary Pickford would rather stay home and make movies. These sight-seeing trips to Europe are Doug's idea. So Mary ventures forth to shake hands with Mussolini, to open theaters in Berlin, to explore Soviet Russia. And when she returns, she confesses to enjoying it as much as Doug. Certainly, no living woman has crowded so many triumphant experiences into such a short period of life.



Temptation!

Every lover of good candy is won over to **Baby Ruth.**

It is always welcome—always appreciated. A rare treat awaits you in its luscious opera cream center, dipped in delicious caramel, filled with crisply roasted-then-toasted peanuts, all coated with rich milk chocolate.

Better join the five-million-a-day who say it is America's Favorite Candy!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY

New York Boston CHICAGO San Francisco Los Angeles



When Indian summer days are come—and with gay companions you saunter over the friendly fields—have a Camel!



WHEN Indian summer days are here. And the smoky haze lies over the fields. When the merry notes of the horn, sounding after the coach and four, remind you of other days—have a Camel!

For life is never so complete, so joyous as when a lighted Camel sends up its fragrant smoke. On city street or country road, in any season of the year, no other cigarette was ever so rich and fragrant—so smooth and mellowly mild. When you become a Camel smoker, there's no end to your enjoyment, for they never tire the taste. You'll never get choicer tobaccos, more superbly blended, than you get in Camels.

So, this perfect autumn day as your trail leads over the fields or along the turning road—

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 is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.



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.

The Kidding Kid

Good natured Bill Haines found himself swirled along to fame and popularity



By
Dorothy
Spensley

He liked "Brown of Harvard" because he says he's the same kind of a fellow as Brown—"lazy, good-natured, wise-cracking." And perhaps that's a good word-picture of the Kid

"**B**ILL is very much of a kid," Katherine Albert told me.

And Katherine should know. She is the little sister to every actor on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. Their public confessor. To her they bring their troubles—those they want printed. Their secrets—those they want printed. Their sorrows—those they want printed. And Katherine sorts them, labels them and files them in her boyishly bobbed head for just such an occasion as this.

"Bill is very much of a kid," Katherine had said. And I agree with her. The kind of a kid that Bernard Shaw wrote about in his "Back to Methuselah." A kid who comes out of the shell, fully developed and partially clothed, at the ripe age of seventeen. A kid who has wisdom far beyond his present peers. A kid whose philosophy is invigorating.

Bill is that kind of a kid, if you dare call a wit like Bill a kid. Such a wit as it is too! Such a darting, daring, ever-alert wit that shoots with the rapacity of a machine-gun and the keen, cool thrust of a rapier.



He has a reputation in Hollywood for wisecracks that is second to none. Hostesses have been known to postpone dinner parties because Bill Haines was out of town. "You know, my dear," they will murmur, "we just *couldn't* give a dinner party without Bill. He's better than cocktails and things."

And that settles it. No finer tribute could be paid.

"Bill is very much of a kid," said Katherine for the third time. And we might as well let her tell us why.

"He feels that 'Brown of Harvard' was the best picture he has done. And so do we. Every time Bill goes out of town, for location or vacation or any place where there is the remotest chance that he may fall over a cliff or otherwise sever his earthly connections, he hunts up 'Brown of Harvard' and takes another look at his masterpiece.

"But the funniest thing happened the other day. Bill was seeing the picture for the 'steenth time. He sat in front of a fellow who panned every actor in the cast. He had a dirty remark to make about each one. Finally Bill came on the screen.

"The fellow groaned. 'Now look at that 'pan,' will you! Look at the mouth on it! Terrible!"

"Bill could stand it no longer. He turned squarely around in his seat and let the fellow have a long lingering look. Then said slowly: 'Well, how about yourself. You're no Helen of Troy.' And the fellow shut up.

"Wasn't that just like a kid?"

But let Bill talk about himself. What man doesn't like to? He squinted at me through a cirrus of cigarette smoke. Nice candid eyes, they were. Candid and humorous and altogether human.

"It's funny," he said. "Nobody around the lot realized it until we started shooting. But I was 'Brown of Harvard.' I didn't have to act. I was just myself. 'Brown' was the



the sort of fellow I am . . . kind of lazy, good-natured, wisecracking."

And that's the way it was. That is the amazing thing that happened to Bill Haines and swirled him along to fame. It swirled him along to a fame that makes him the most popular man, in point of fan mail, on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. That is next to the record-crashing, heart-smashing Jack Gilbert. Today Bill's fan mail lacks just one hundred and fifty letters per month of equaling Jack's immense following.

Can't the girls do something about it? Who will contribute one little letter? Ah, that's it, my dear! Now one hundred and fifty more just like it! Rah! Rah! Rah! for "Brown of Harvard!"

BUT, seriously, Bill Haines' "Brown of Harvard" was one of those rare magical things that seldom happens. That thing of getting a part that fits like the glass slipper or the mystic wishing ring. Rarely, oh so very rarely, an actor has a chance to play a role that is really his. There have been instances. There was Richard Dix in "The Christian." Colleen Moore as *Scilda* in "So Big." Betty Bronson as *Peter Pan*. Rudolph Valentino as *The Sheik*. Ramon Novarro as *Ben Hur*. Priceless rôles. Never-to-be-forgotten parts. Characters that are synonymous with the name of the actor.

"I like goofy people," said Bill, smiling and yawning a bit at the same time, for Bill was very, very tired, and I had interrupted a three-day vacation. He had been working and drilling for four months on "Tell It to the Marines," his next picture. And next day he was to start on "The Little Journey."

"They're going to make a juvenile Menjou out of me in this. But I like things like 'Brown' and this 'Tell It to the Marines.' A lot of action. It's interesting and the people like it."

"Tell It to the Marines" takes Bill, as a race track tout, from the recruiting station to China, to Carmel Myers, to Eleanor Boardman, to the end. Four years of vigorous first-land-and-sea life.

"But I like goofy people," reiterated Bill, yawning again a bit, I must admit. "I like people who are themselves. As soon as they begin to get famous they forget to be natural. There are two little extra girls whom I like. Of course," hastily, "I don't see them often. But when I do I'm always glad to talk with them. They are themselves. No sham. And you get plenty of sham in Hollywood."

BILL is most catholic in his affection for femininity. Handsome male stars usually fete lovely ladies of the stage when they wander west, but Bill is the only actor that I know of to tender a dinner to two of Hollywood's dearly beloved character women—buxom Kate Price and Polly Moran. And what a cosmopolitan group was invited. Society leader was seated next to movie extra and Bill reigned supreme as host.

And, on the other hand, Bill let out a mighty whoop and descended on exotic Aileen Pringle, absent from the studio for six months, with an exclamation sounding greatly like "Mother of God!" and a resounding smack on one pallid Pringle cheek.

It would seem that he loved them all.

I am sure he must, for what Virginia gentle-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Prettier Lips

. . . . at the Ritz

Dear Nan—

. . . . They are *all* back in town. — I knew it the minute Theodore at the Ritz gave me my table today. The women who come to New York for the smart season are *all* so *comme il faut!* — So many of them are using the dainty Pompeian Lip Stick. How it adds to their youth and beauty with its *natural* coloring . . . *si belle!*"

— Jeannette
de Cordelet
Specialiste en Beauté

Pompeian Lip
Stick gives natu-
ral rosy tint; pro-
tects lips — pure
and harmless; has
chisel-point for
easy application.



Pompeian Lip Stick



When Arlette Marchall wants to know the time, she has to take off her hat. However, the diamond bar pin watch is a great convenience for Arlette's friends. This jeweled ornament can also be worn on the front of the dress

Grace

the gift of comfortable feet

WHAT a reserve force of bodily health and vitality lies behind the radiant personality of a star! She must always be poised and carefree, ready for any activity. No personal discomfort can be allowed to limit the highest expression of her art.

How can she romp through a gay vivacious role if her feet are tired and aching? The pitiless camera magnifies the slightest awkward motion and any fatigue unconsciously revealed in the eyes.

No wonder that the popular big salaried stars like May McAvoy keep their feet happy and active with

THE
**ARCH PRESERVER
SHOE**

This is the only shoe that combines correct health features with the chic style that an actress must have in her footwear.

It is the shoe that has opened new realms of activity to thousands and thousands of women the country over. Now they can "do things" — walk, skate, climb, dance, golf — and know that their feet are as well groomed as they are comfortable.

No other shoe can give you the grace of utter foot freedom, because the exclusive Arch Preserver features are patented. How you will enjoy the comfort of its concealed built-in arch bridge which gives you support where support is needed, yet allows fullest freedom to bones, muscles, nerves and blood-vessels!

What happiness to fasten on a beautiful, foot-flattering pair of Arch Preserver Shoes, and then be able to "forget your feet!"

Sizes and styles for women, misses and children.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
481 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio



The shapeliness of Miss McAvoy's tiny feet is enhanced by her clever Arch Preserver Shoes. The photograph shows her wearing the style named for her, the "May McAvoy." Miss McAvoy is now being admired in the role of Esther in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Ben Hur."



The May McAvoy



Send coupon or write for booklet, T-81 "Foot Youth."

Look for trade-mark on sole and lining. Sold by 2000 dealers. Styles for all occasions. All sizes. All widths AAAAA to E.

Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio; for men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.

The Selby Shoe Co.
481 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.
Please send booklet T-81 "Foot Youth."



Name.....

Address.....

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



Ken Maynard knows how to ride. Back in 1919 he was the star cowboy rider with the Ringling Brothers' Circus. Doing the Paul Revere ride in "Janice Meredith" started him in pictures

Young Lochinvar Maynard

By Dorothy Spensley

IT was all very exciting that night, and really a shame that Ken Maynard arrived on the crest of the laugh. But the laugh settled in the throats of the onlookers and turned into a wild huzzah of applause when he rode into the center of the arena on his white horse. Just like Lochinvar come out of the west.

Straight as an arrow—and slim—he sat. And the kid who had caused the laugh gulped twice and breathed an audible "Gee!"

There were so many kids there. They lined the inside of the Breakfast Club arena like flies in a honey cup. Their parents sat back in complacent enjoyment. It was a rodeo for the visiting members of the Theater Owners' Association. Crammed with pomp and lights and thrills like everything that Hollywood does to entertain its guests. Little tremors thrilled the audience as Jack Holt and Tom Mix rode out into the field.

The radio announcer boomed forth:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the next feature will be Ken Maynard, First National star, who will do some trick riding for the benefit of the delegates."

And the little boy who caused the laugh—the freckle-faced kid with buck teeth, one missing—shouted in the pause: "Hey, Pop! What's a del-e-gate?"

And they laughed. Everyone did. And then came Ken Maynard, on that fine white horse—galloping around and around the ring—and the laughs changed to cheers.

It was really quite breath-taking and splendid, if you like that sort of thrill. And who doesn't? Who doesn't like to read of "Chip of the Flying 'U'" and dream of the days when "The Virginian" rode the old West ordering men to "Smile when you call me that!" Knights of the plains. Rugged romance. The magic of the mesa. That wide-open-spaces-men-are-men vogue is still potent. Consider the popularity of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. And now we have a new hero of the cow country. A new vaquero to hang his [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Ken Maynard got his ideas about being a cowboy star while playing the phonograph in a small theater at Mission, Texas, while "Broncho Billy" Anderson and Bill Hart flickered across the old-fashioned screen

A new vaquero hangs his sombrero alongside Tom Mix's five gallon hat



Fashion decrees flowers

No ONE ever made a social error—a dreaded *faux pas*—in deciding to “say it with flowers.” Flowers always are in perfect taste . . . a gracious gift for any occasion.

A dainty box from your florist holds more happiness than you can buy anywhere else for the money. Moreover, flowers play a subtle refrain on human heart strings. They say those things that stumbling words can never quite express.

Fashion, of course, decrees *real* flowers. Imitations lack the spark and sparkle of life.

Say it with flowers

You may telegraph cut flowers or a potted plant to anyone, anywhere, at any time. The service is simple. Only the cost of the message is added. Ask your florist to explain.





Taking stock of your beauty

—at the end of a perfect summer

ON the one hand, you have health, radiance, energy! On the other, layers of tan, islands of freckles, coarsened skin, "sujint lines" at the eyes that deepen into crow'sfeet and wrinkles, open pores, and all the penalties of neglected beauty.

For quickly clearing and bleaching the skin—for removing sallowness, tan and freckles—for youthifying and beautifying both the complexion and contour—daily use of the following Helena Rubinstein preparations is especially recommended at this time of the year.

The basis of beauty

VALAZE PASTURIZED FACE CREAM—a marvelous cleanser—removes dust and grime thoroughly—keeps complexion smooth, protected, healthy. Excellent for all normal skins, also the only cream that positively benefits an oily, pimpled or acne blemished skin. 4 oz. 1.00, 3 1/2 lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50.

To clear and whiten, follow with **VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD**—"the skin-clearing masterpiece"—lightens, purifies and refines the skin, bleaching away tan, freckles and sallowness. The ideal beauty cream for daily use, the year round—creates a fascinating delicacy and whiteness. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00.

For very obstinate freckles or a heavy coat of tan, use **VALAZE FRCKLE CREAM**. Bleaches, freshens and tones up the skin. 1.50.

For smart finishing touches, use the flattering **VALAZE ROUGE** in Red Raspberry, a brilliant, colorful tone; Red Geranium, a youthful color; Crushed Rose Lease, a subtle conservative shade. Compact 1 lb.; Rouge-en-Creme 100, 200; VALAZE LIPSTICKS to match 50, 1.00. Scientifically compounded to guard even the most delicate skins.

Dispensed by trained and competent advisers at the letter stores—or order direct from Dept. P-10

Helena Rubinstein

46 West 57th Street, New York

PARIS LONDON
CHICAGO DETROIT BOSTON
NEWARK, N. J. PHILADELPHIA

Fill Out and Mail This Diagnosis Chart

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
46 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y. P-10

Please send me full individual instructions for correct daily care of my skin and facial contour. No charge or obligation involved.

Check each of the items which applies to yourself—

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dry Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Double Chin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Oily Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Puffy Eyes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Average Skin | <input type="checkbox"/> Flabbiness |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wrinkles | <input type="checkbox"/> Tan, Freckles |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crow'sfeet | <input type="checkbox"/> Coarsened Skin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sallowiness, Acne | <input type="checkbox"/> Bumps, Acne |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Blackheads | <input type="checkbox"/> Hollows |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Enlarged Pores | <input type="checkbox"/> Dry, Red Hands |

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Dealer's Name.....

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

Harrison Ford—"I'll Be Loving You Always."
Colleen Moore—"Sweet Little You I'm Just Crazy About You."

Ramon Novarro—"Yearning Just for You."
Mae Murray—"Sleepy Time Gal You've Danced the Evening Away."

John Patrick—"Had a Little Drink About an Hour Ago."

Marie Prevost—"Has She Got Naughty Eyes?"

Richard Dix—"Why Did I Kiss That Girl?"
Gloria Swanson—"Angry, Please Don't Be Angry."

Richard Barthelmess—"I'll see You in My Dreams."

Dorothy Mackaill—"Still I Feel the Thrill of Your Charms."

Reginald Denny—"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Bebe Daniels—"Yes Sir, She's My Baby."
Norma Talmadge—"Can You Blame Anyone for Falling in Love with You?"

Adolphe Menjou—"Why Should I Cry Over You?"

Barbara La Marr—"Remember."
Two DUMB BELLS.

Widows Versus Sea Beast

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why is it that people go to see pictures like "The Sea Beast" and condemn it as horrible because of some realistic scenes and then rave over ones like "The Merry Widow"?

"The Merry Widow" was one of the most absurd, vulgar and nonsensical films I ever witnessed.

I was warned by friends not to see "The Sea Beast." It was gruesome, horrid and nauseating, they said. It was gruesome in some parts I'll admit, but John Barrymore's

marvelous acting overshadowed these parts.

The agony of the iron being placed on his torn leg or the heart-breaking scene when he first wears the wooden limb; the beautiful love scene in the tropical garden, one wishes to remember such scenes. It was a revelation in the art of love-making. There was not a scene when Barrymore was not at his greatest heights in the portrayal of the sea-lairing lover.

Barrymore is certainly the one finished actor on the screen today. It is to be hoped that one can forget John Gilbert's and Mae Murray's disgusting love scenes in "The Merry Widow." There was nothing beautiful or refined in any of them.

It is quite true that Gilbert is a lover, but it is to be looked forward to that he acquires a little of the Barrymore refinement and finesse in his passionate love scenes.

LORAINE GILBERT.

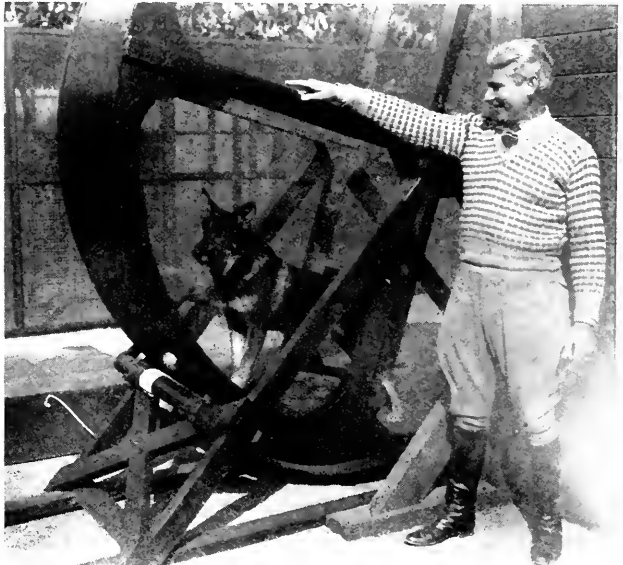
Mary Carr's Bouquet

San Francisco, Calif.

I've seen all of Mary Carr's pictures. I would gladly see them all again. One cannot get enough of her. I have been thrilled by Youth, Beauty of the screen, but when I behold Mary Carr in her bonnet and shawl, I know they still have the power to charm us when they have reached her age. Mary Carr's beauty is that of autumn warning us that winter, a beauty that has withstood all the storms of life, and came through unmarred. Surely she must have had her share of grief in her life, from the natural way she produces such scenes in pictures. Oh! how I love her for that sweet, simple way in which she takes all hardships and for her portrayal of the sweet spirit of motherhood. My largest and best bouquet is for her.

E. L. M.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 147]



Not a squirrel cage—but Rin Tin Tin's gymnasium. A dog with a big matinee following most watch his waistline. Nobody likes a fat dog. So Lee Duncan, Rinty's trainer, has provided him with this exercise wheel

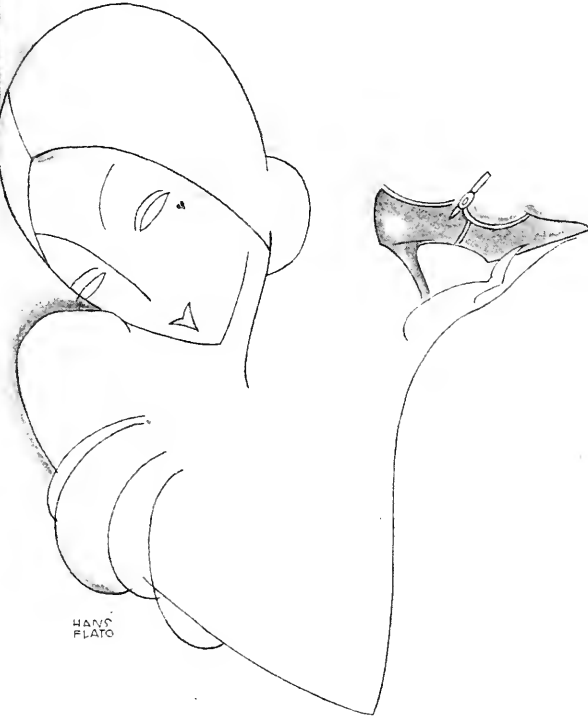
PEACOCK SHOES

MANUFACTURED BY BOYD-WELSH

The notes of style which distinguish the Adorée (illustrated) and other Peacock models for Fall are—sheer beauty of line, new and exquisite leathers, and the masterly fashion in which the elements of charm have been combined to create a perfect and lasting fit...Peacock Shoes for

women are contrived by master-craftsmen to heighten the beauty of ankle and foot. They are purchased by women who anticipate the mode at better shops throughout the country.

PEACOCK SHOES
NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON
ART IN SHOES



Call Him Al



Mr. Santell walked right into the Big Time and made himself at home

By Myrtle West

AL SANTELL directed Corinne Griffith in "Classified." And immediately after seeing the picture First National made out a contract to Alfred Santell.

"The 'Alfred,'" says Mr. Santell, "was none of my doing. 'Al' had been good enough for me when I was making two-reel comedies and melodramas. The 'Alfred' that now goes on the screen is supposed to be the stamp of Big Time."

Mr. Santell is very much Big Time these days and "Classified" did it. Mr. Santell was more or less of an experiment when he was entrusted with Corinne Griffith's picture. When "Classified" reached the screen, the producers knew that the experiment was a success. For the first time in her career, Corinne Griffith ran to high voltage without blowing a fuse.

Mr. Santell hears his name mentioned as one of the best light comedy directors and finds himself listed among the torch-bearers who are bringing more intelligence to the screen. It hasn't made him mad; neither has it enlarged the size of his hat band. Directors who have made two-reel comedies have no illusions. By the time they are promoted to the feature class, they are usually slightly cynical and inclined to make rather sophisticated pictures, as witness Lubitsch and Mal St. Clair.

Directors are notoriously shy interview subjects. They feel that, unlike the stars, nobody is interested in their matrimonial affairs or their hair-cuts. And yet they are the most interesting men in the movies and, if this writer had a lot of quarters to send around in exchange for photographs, she would spend them collecting pictures of directors instead of stars.

Just by way of explaining himself, Mr. Santell trotted out "Subway Sadie." It was no hardship to look at it.

"In this picture," said Mr. Santell, "I have told the story of a girl who works in a department store. She hasn't much sentiment and she isn't very deep, but she has ambitions and brains. I think she is a fairly accurate study of a modern girl.

"And although this girl, *Sadie*, works in a shop she isn't insulted by a floor-walker, a buyer or a rich customer. That's something new in the movies. In fact, *Sadie* isn't insulted or tempted by anyone. She gets along in business because she uses her head. And she happens to marry a rich man because she loves him and he loves her.

"I don't think the modern girl is tempted or insulted as often

Not so long ago, Al Santell was directing two-reelers. With "Classified" he made his debut in the swankier field. Now he's listed among the best light comedy directors

as the movies would have us believe. I don't think that girls are forced to 'go wrong,' as the saying goes. I think the average girl, these days, makes her own choice. If she 'goes wrong,' she does so with her eyes open.

"But to keep on telling the old story of the seduced maiden and the wicked villain of Victorian novels and trying to pass it off as modern stuff, is just plain ridiculous. It's about time the movies were breaking away from it.

"Nor do I believe that sex appeal is a matter of scanty clothes. You can't give a girl sex appeal by dressing her in a few beads and a little chiffon. If the girl has the appeal, it doesn't make any difference how she's dressed. You can put her in a Mother Hubbard and she'll get away with it."

Mr. Santell doesn't believe in Santa Claus nor Michael Arlen. And Michael Arlen is a sensitive subject with him.

"I made 'The Dancer of Paris,'" confessed Mr. Santell, blushing a deep scarlet, "and I thought it was a good picture. And a lot of people said it was. But when I went to the Coast, another director was called in and he shot a lot of hot stuff.

"I had tried to make some sense of the story and to tell it simply and logically. But, no, the picture needed more sex appeal, so they took off little Dorothy Mackaill's clothes, staged a lot of cabaret scenes and weighted the whole thing down with a lot of titles.

"But I keep my mouth shut about 'The Dancer of Paris.' It's making a lot of money and that's the final argument. But if 'Subway Sadie' makes money, I will prove my side of the argument and the question will be quits."

The society drama has no lure for Mr. Santell, neither has the million dollar special. He likes the dear, old middle-class, so beautifully depicted by O. Henry. O. Henry is an idol to him.

Mr. Santell has been assigned to direct Richard Barthelmess in "The Patent Leather Kid." Adela Rogers St. Johns is writing the adaptation of the Rupert Hughes story. And what could be more Big Time than that?



"A MAN may be known by the company he keeps"—declares May McAvoy, who has added the exquisite portrait of Esther in Ben Hur to her gallery of screen triumphs—"but a woman is certainly known by the perfume she uses. Nothing so enhances the charm and sets off the personality of a girl or woman as the right perfume and nothing is so fatal as the wrong one.

"A woman should find that dainty and striking fragrance that suits her own taste and pleases her friends. Personally I have found nothing in perfumes more delightful than Ben Hur."

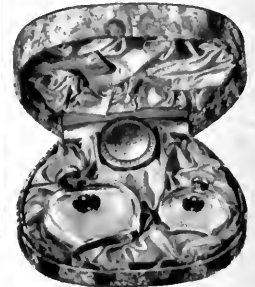
May McAvoy





MAY McAVOY as ESTHER, the beautiful blonde daughter of Simonides, in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle, Ben Hur

The great scene between ESTHER and BEN HUR, played by two wonder-stars of the silver screen, MAY McAVOY and RAMON NOVARRO



LE LOUVRE, Ben Hur: a brilliant case in tapestry design, delicately lined with satin, containing Ben Hur Perfume and Toilet Water, and a beautiful silver-finished Double Compact. A lovely gift box for milady's toilet table

MAY McAVOY chooses Ben Hur Perfume for

... "its dainty and striking fragrance"

MAY McAVOY, who plays the lovely part of Esther in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer masterpiece, Ben Hur, believes that nothing about a woman's toilet is more critical and revealing than the perfume she uses.

In the exotic fragrance of Ben Hur, which seems to waft on its breath all the mystery of the lux-

urious East, she has at last found the perfume that suits her personality.

"I have found nothing in perfumes more delightful than Ben Hur," she declares.

"It seems to distill the romance which its name so long has typified," adds Ramon Novarro, who plays the thrilling role of Ben Hur, the young Roman hero in the play.

"Exquisite, delightfully different,"—this from Carmel Myers who gives a marvellous interpretation of Iras, the beautiful Egyptian temptress.

Ben Hur is sold by leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of nearly

all department stores. It comes in extract, toilet water, face powder (both compact and loose), toilet powder and dusting powder for the bath.

Packages and boxes, gay and attractive, make charming Christmas gifts and gifts for remembering other occasions, too, \$1.00 to \$10.00. The extract also comes in miniature bottles, in bulk and in dainty little bottles to slip into your purse.

Wouldn't you like to try this delightful fragrance so in keeping with the mode? If so, write for free miniatures of Ben Hur Extract and Face Powder. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *Photoplay* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *Photoplay Magazine*, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. B., PALMETTO, FLA.—So Donald is coming in for his share of praise from a sweet little lady. Well, lady, I can't blame you a bit for I, too, thought Donald was very grand in "The Plastic Age." Donald is quite a youngster, date of birth—Sept. 5, 1905. He hasn't taken the final step yet in spite of the fact that the newspapers linked his name with Clara Bow's. Vilma still remains a free lady—wise girl, this Vilma. May I see you again!

E. A. R., EAST CHICAGO, IND.—I just want to set you right. The picture you refer to is "The Sporting Lover." Arthur Rankin played the brother. He's the guy who bleached his hair for a part in "The Volga Boatman." All for art, Sister, all for art.

V. M. W., BERN, KAN.—You will find a list of all the companies in our Studio Directory. It is listed under What the Stars and Directors Are Doing Now. Don't write me and tell me you can't find it. You'll find it listed at the bottom of the second contents page.

MRS. D. J., NASHVILLE, TENN.—What a nice way you go about to get me to answer your questions. But I'm going to fool you. Even though I am susceptible to the charms of all my fans, still no one can ever get me to answer a question relating to the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. How did I find it out? Don't you think I read the magazine? Every page, every month. But if your questions have no connection with the contest write me when the contest is over and I'll answer them.

J. A., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Sure, I'll tell you all about Louise Dresser. At least, all that I know. Louise is forty-one. Born in Evanston, Ill. She has light brown hair. O.K. Now see, I was just forgetting the most important event in her life—she's married to Jack Gardner.

S. McB., FRESNO, CALIF.—It looks as though you want me to change my mind about my sex, Sally. For the six thousand, three hundred and sixty-fourth time—I'm an old man struggling along in this wicked world and trying to earn an honest living. However, I do admit I was very fortunate when I picked this position. What could be sweeter than receiving lovely letters from fair ladies every day in the week? I suppose after that speech I'll have to tell you all about Larry. He was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1898. He's not married—neither is he engaged. I presume that's good news. His first part—he was the store manager, *Allan Stone*, in "The Dressmaker from Paris." You'll see him soon in "Kid Boots." That's the picture Eddie Cantor is making for Famous Players.

R. E., K. C., Mo.—Mr. B. P. Schulberg can be reached at the Lasky Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

"MEAL," TUSCALOOSA, ALA.—Say, Richard will be tickled to death to send you his photograph. Write him at the Paramount Studios, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N.Y. Alyce Mills was the heroine in "Say It Again." Colleen Moore is now working on "Twinklitoes," but I am quite sure she will find time to send that precious picture. She is working at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Don't forget the two-bits. And how about writing me another letter?

BETTY, KANSAS CITY—Sorry, Betty, I can not answer questions relating to the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

P. H., LOUISBURG, N. C.—And who is your source of information, Missy? Little children should be seen and not heard.

L. S. & H. S.—Rudolph Valentino received his mail at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Pola is working at the Lasky Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Rudy's last picture was "The Son of The Sheik," made for United Artists.

A GEORGE O'BRIEN ADMIRER—From all accounts George and Olive are very much in love. Suppose you feel bad now. He was graduated from Santa Clara College. His eyes are brown. The "Iron Horse" was produced in 1924. George has a five year contract with Fox. I do not know when it expires. He just completed "Fig Leaves." Olive played in it too. It's a very nice picture, don't miss it!

MISS BROWN EYES, EAST PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Florence Vidor has received her final decree of divorce from King Vidor. The suit, brought more than a year ago, declared that too much talent in one family led to "submergence of individuality" and interfered with the careers of both. Florence is reported engaged to George Fitzmaurice. When will the wedding take place? No one knows. Miss Vidor can be addressed at the Lasky Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

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.

M. Z., DUBUQUE, IA.—Gloria Swanson, 522 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Bebe Daniels, Lasky Studio, 5341 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Norma and Constance, Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Anything else?

M. H., QUINCY, ILL.—I am delighted to tell you that Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897. He has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Six feet tall and married to Gloria Hope. As for Bessie Love, she was born Sept. 10, 1898, and has brown eyes and blonde hair. Not married.

MILLY OF BURKBURNETT.—You're on my list of friends, Milly, and you would be even if you didn't have a cousin who is a movie star. Irene Rich is the one who has the two daughters. Lillian is the girl with the dimple in her chin. The two Richs are not sisters. Claire Windsor has a small son, Billy. Call again.

H. L., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Francis X. Bushman was the first husband of Beverly Bayne, so Beverly never had a divorced husband who has married again, if you get what I mean. However, Francis was divorced from Mrs. Josephine Bushman. That's probably why you got mixed up.

"BROCHIE," SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Right you are! Dorothy Mackaill was not in the cast of "The Reckless Lady." Lois Moran, Ben Lyon, James Kirkwood and Belle Bennett were among those present.

D. S., SEATTLE, WASH.—The screen is deceiving, isn't it? They all look much taller than they are in real life. The little camera trick makes a lot of work for your truly. Greta Garbo is five feet, six inches tall; Richard Dix is six feet; and Lois Wilson is five feet, five and a half inches.

T. P., KALISPELL, MONT.—"An old duck with whiskers!" That's the meanest yet. I don't boast about my age; I just accept it as inevitable. If I say I am Irish, I'll have a fight on my hands sure. That's the way of the Irish. I suspect that you just dropped in for a chat and that the question was only an excuse. Am I right? If so, come again. Lloyd Hughes is the hero of "Ella Cinders."

L. B. S. OF CALIFORNIA.—Thomas Meighan was born April 9, 1879. He didn't attend the school you mention, as far as I know. Pittsburgh is Tommy's native city.

K. M., BETHESDA, MD.—William Haines again! I can recite his biography in my sleep. Born Jan. 1, 1900. Not married—yet. Black hair and brown eyes and six feet tall. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

FRANK GILBERT, ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Vera Reynolds was born Nov. 25, 1905. Oh, yes, Vera has been working steadily for the past two years. She is under contract with Cecil B. De Mille. You'll write me again, won't you?

E. E. J., PORTLAND, CONN.—George Marion was the father in "Anna Christie." Did you mean what you said? Then I'm peeved. You'll have to write me another nice letter in order to get back into my good graces again.

E. V. & M. M.,—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in May, 1883. It was the ambition of his parents to see Douglas a mining king, and after graduating from the Denver High School and Jarvis Military Academy, he was sent to the School of Mines at Golden, Colorado. Before he had learned very much about mining, he decided upon a stage career which, in time, became very successful. His initial photoplay was "The Lamb." Douglas has black hair and gray eyes. He measures five feet, ten inches in height and weighs 145 pounds. How's that?

R. E. B., TOLEDO, OHIO.—Warner Baxter was the hero in "Miss Brewster's Millions." William Haines is twenty-six. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

K. J. A., PIEDMONT, CALIF.—Now you don't mean to tell me— You didn't look very hard, for the players you mentioned are continually working and they are listed each month in the Studio Directory under What the Stars and Directors Are Doing Now. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson can be reached at the Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Ben Lyon is working at the Biograph Studio, 807 East 173th St., New York City. Address Norma Shearer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal. No excuses the next time.

BUD M., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—You're right, my dear. You can write the actors and actresses at the studios you find mentioned and they will send you their photograph provided of course you send the two-bits. The companies loan their players out at times. In the case of Clara Bow, it's this way. Clara was under contract with B. P. Schulberg who in turn "farmed" her out to Fox for a few pictures. Schulberg recently became Production Manager of the West Coast Studio of Famous Players and of course Famous took over Clara's contract. I doubt if you will see Clara in anything but Paramount pictures from now on. Drop in again!

A BEE FROM CHICAGO.—Welcome to the big city! I'm sure you won't neglect me in the future. Greta Nissen was born in Norway, in 1905. She is blonde and has blue eyes. She measures 5 feet, 4 inches and weighs 118 pounds. Mae Murray and John Gilbert can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Richard Barthelmess is working at the Marshall Neilan Studio, 1845 Glendale Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. All again!

OLIVE O'C., NEW YORK CITY.—I have been wondering just how long it would be till I received letters about the handsome John Barrymore. I suppose as soon as his latest picture is shown my mail will be overburdened. John is five feet, ten inches in height. What difference does the weight make? Joseph Schildkraut is working at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. I'm sure he would be glad to send you his photo.

ROSES OF CEDAR HILLS, WIS.—I'm delighted to hear from you again. Your worries are over for you can see Theodore Kosloff in "The Volga Boatman," which was recently released. Be quiet, girls, Robert Frazer is married. Now don't do anything rash. You'll live through it, for your other favorite, Raymond Keene, is still walking around loose.

PATTY KEITH, ST. PAUL, MINN.—And you fall for Harrison Ford. Every letter I receive has a different crush, but I notice very few of them contain any "sweet nothing notes" to me. Just because I am an old man the young girls have no use for me. But have a care I'll show up all these young idols some day. Harrison was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. His hair is brown and his eyes are brown. He is five feet, ten inches in height and weighs 157 pounds. And here's a good bit of news—he's not married now—he's divorced.

STEPHANIE B.—Say, here, I don't belong to a circus. How do you get that way? Hey, girls, look out for this lady, she says she is going to propose. You can propose if you like, but I've promised faithfully to remain a jolly old bachelor so that all of you can continue to write me without angering my wife. And by the way, missy, I'll be nobody's second fiddle. Of course, it is the truth about Connie. She gave us all the slip. Well, if you must know the truth, I won't agree with you. Just the same, let me hear from you again!

H. HIGGINS, ALBANY, N. Y.—You will find the first part of your questions answered above, Helen. Write to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

DOT, CHICAGO, ILL.—I can't help it, Dot. But here's something about your favorite—I think he's growing old gracefully. He's not working at present. Write me later—perhaps I'll have his address then.

E. O'B., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—If publishing this will do you any good why here goes. **PLEASE TAKE NOTICE:** The Laura La Plante Club has been organized. Anyone interested may write to Erich O'Brock, 4221 Woodbridge Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Would somebody please start a club in my honor?

M. H., D. W. I.—I'm quite proud that a little lady, from a spot so far away, is so interested in the movies as to write me. Ann Cornell measures four feet, eleven inches in height. I don't know what you girls would do without me—now you want to know what actresses have long hair. Here are a few: Irene Rich, Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, Jetta Goudal, Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford and Mary Philbin. I know there are others but I couldn't tax my brain too much. The Costello girls were born in Brooklyn. Olive Thomas died in 1920—she was twenty. Martha Mansfield was twenty-four at the time of her death—that was in 1923.

RENE, WASENETTE, OKLAHOMA.—Bill Haines can go when and where he pleases—why?—because he hasn't any wife tagging after him. I suppose that is sweet music to your ears. Bill is just twenty-six. D'ya like him? Me too—we are great pals. Why not write him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.?

AN ADMIRER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You will note at the top of the Question and Answer Department that we do not answer questions relating to religion, scenario writing or studio employment.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



*A fact
no woman can afford
to overlook*

THE vital importance of keeping their pores open and active is an accepted and well known fact to most of the intelligent women of today. They know that a sick body and a blemished skin usually result from pores that are clogged and unable to function properly.

There is one fact, however, which many women overlook—the absolute necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin. Remove this protective oil and the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

The soft, luxuriant lather of Resinol Soap most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, yet its action is so gentle the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. These results are possible only because of the Resinol properties in this delightful toilet soap—those properties which give its rich color and distinctive fragrance. It's the soap that makes and keeps skins lovely.

If little irritations are already present, apply a touch of Resinol—that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating itching, burning skin troubles. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing home remedy. At all drugists.

Free—Send this coupon today

Dept. G-10 Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

A spirited horse. A sharp turn in the road. A roaring motor. Fright. A sudden fall.

Dust. Torn clothes. Dishevelment. And then—a smile. A flash of gleaming teeth—a revelation of beauty triumphant over circumstance that spells disaster to artifice.

Unintending, she had met—and passed—THE SMILE TEST.

Could You pass it now?



Men judge Beauty so differently from Women

Mistress of all the arts of beauty, the woman of today skillfully improves upon Nature—here carefully accentuating, there subtly subduing.

Men admire the resulting ensemble as women do. But, instinctively, they differentiate between that which is artificial and that which is natural—the centuries-old appeal of a woman to a man. So, without analyzing the logic which impels it, they recognize this great, outstanding fact:

Gleaming, clean teeth are the only attribute of beauty that no artifice can adorn or conceal.

Yet, it is so easy to have the loveliness of gleaming teeth. It is yours for this simple care: Buy a new Dr. West's

Tooth Brush. Use any good dentifrice. Brush your teeth thoroughly—away from the gums. Do it twice a day and at least two minutes at a time. The sturdy, upstanding bristles of the Dr. West's brush will polish your teeth to a brilliance you probably never have suspected was possible.

The secret is in the brush! Scientifically constructed of polishing bristles exclusively, it is built to fit the mouth, to contact every curve and crevice. That is why it cleans inside and outside and between the teeth. *And polishes as it cleans!*

For your protection, Dr. West's is packed in a sealed glassine container inside the usual carton.

THIS CABINET on your dealer's counter is placed there to remind you to buy the tooth brush you've been forgetting, and to enable others to examine Dr. West's without handling the sealed brush you will ultimately buy



DR. WEST'S TOOTH BRUSH is made convex to fit the inside contour of the teeth. The polishing tufts are wedge-shaped to penetrate the interdental crevices, and spaced to keep your brush clean—automatically.

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c



This Dr. West's tamination. Further



*Instantly effective
—and so easy to apply*

You'll want to use Deodo
every day!

by LETITIA HADLEY

HOW we all love daintiness in a woman—that irreplaceable, sweet freshness! But—oh, dear!—how hard it is to be always sweet and fresh—unless you use Deodo!

Deodo is a soft, exquisite powder, faintly fragrant, and soothing and healing to the skin. Dust it over your body when you're dressing—rub it under your arms. It instantly absorbs and neutralizes body odors, without sealing the pores or interfering with their important functions. And it continues effective all day!

Deodo used on sanitary napkins is a wonderful solution of a most annoying problem. So easy—so safe!

Deodo is perfectly harmless to clothing, of course. Use it as freely as you wish. It will not stain or damage the most delicate clothing.



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
Mulford Building
Philadelphia, Pa.

Pho. 10-26

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.
Name ..
Street ..
City .. State ..

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

GLORIA'S first picture for United Artists will be "Eyes of Youth," released under a new title. Albert Parker, who has a lovely disposition and a great sense of humor, will direct her. Parker made the first version of "Eyes of Youth," and it was one of the best pictures ever filmed with Clara Kimball Young.

As for Gloria, she has been insured for many millions. The policy covers every known contingency. If Gloria so much as loses her appetite, the insurance company makes good the loss.

"Everything is insured," said Gloria. "but Henry's affections. And I have learned that there is no possible way of insuring a man's love."

She made this statement when Henry was far away. And, somehow, without him she seemed almost tragically lonely.

SHE was one of those fat dowagers who strive to please. It was her first visit to a studio.

He was one of those extras. Handsome and unknown.

The perspiring guide was taking her through the studio.

"Sorry there aren't more stars for you to meet." And then with faint jocularly, turning to the extra who had trailed along, "But, of course, you have met Mr. Montmorency."

The stout lady beamed sweetly:

"Oh, yes, Mr. Montmorency! It has been a real pleasure to meet you. I have seen you so often in pictures." Then, doubtfully—"In fact, we always go to see a Montmorency picture."

The extra swooned.

THERE'S one little foreign masterpiece that will never be shown at your neighborhood theater. It's called "The Cruiser Potemkin," and it was made under the auspices of the Soviet government of Russia. The picture is one of the greatest ever filmed, and it has had a long run in Berlin. Nevertheless, you won't see it, because it is Bolshevik.

James Creelman, scenario writer for Famous Players-Lasky, obtained a print of "The Cruiser Potemkin" and showed it to a few of his friends, as a little lesson in picture-making. After witnessing it, nobody went Bolshevik, but a lot of people left with some revolutionary ideas of film making.

THE events pictured in the film took place in 1905 in the harbor of Odessa, on the Black Sea. The film tells of a mutiny on board the *Potemkin*, and pictures the revolt of the sailors against the filthy meat offered them as food. At the time the motto of the Russian navy was, "Join the Navy and See the Worms." This little mutiny was one of the first of many small outbreaks that led to the Revolution. The city of Odessa sympathized with the mutineers, and the Cossacks, so the film tells us, were ordered to train their guns on the crowd that assembled to cheer the men of the *Potemkin* and shoot down the civilian populace.

THERE is no story to this film, or no leading actors. If you weren't told that it was staged, you'd swear it was a prehistoric news reel. The photography is beautiful enough to enchant an artist and the action is vivid enough and swift to satisfy any box office demand for melodrama. The scene in which the Cossacks pursue the populace down a long flight of steps, shooting in the crowd, is forgettably impressive. When enough of our directors have

seen this episode, you'll find it duplicated in home-made dramas.

And yet, alas, the ugly head of propaganda intrudes itself to mar an artistic triumph. The Imperialist officers of the *Potemkin* are represented as brutes, when, as a matter of fact, they were probably as helpless in the situation as the men themselves. And, with a great disregard for the facts of the case, the ending has been changed. In the film, other ships of the Russian navy are sent to punish the *Potemkin*. But instead of firing on her and her crew, the sailors sent up a great shout of "Brother!" No such love feast took place back in 1905. The *Potemkin* escaped from the Black Sea, but its crew were captured and interned in Bulgaria.

IT was at the opening of "The Scarlet Letter" and the *Rev. Dimmesdale* had just bared the fatal letter burned on his chest.

"Ah!" said a none-too-interested spectator, "the title of this picture should be 'Two Letters'—Both Scarlet."

BY the time you read these lines, Rex Ingram, the director, will again be in our midst. Ingram has been making pictures and enjoying himself on the Riviera for about two years. The first result of this sojourn was "Mare Nostrum." The second is "The Magician."

They say that Ingram will make a picture over here. Maybe he has taken to heart the comments of the critics who watched "Mare Nostrum" and said that Rex had gotten out of step with the fast moving movie procession.

THAT charming old favorite, "Alice, Where Art Thou Going?" would have been a most appropriate selection for the band to play in welcoming Alice Terry back to Hollywood after some months spent abroad with her husband, Rex Ingram.

To be brutally frank about it, it looks as though Alice were headed for the circus.

PHOTOPLAY is against wholesale reduction, and I am not particularly enamored of these skeleton thin women. But for a woman of such superlative beauty as Alice Terry to allow herself to get so fat that her face is out of shape is a crime against humanity. There are so few beautiful women.

Alice Terry's loveliness has always ranked with me side by side with that of Florence Vidor. But when I saw her the other day for the first time since she got back I burst into loud sobs and abandoned the rest of my luncheon, food having suddenly become obnoxious to me.

I WANDERED onto "The Strong Man" set the other day where Harry Langdon is cawing in the funniest, baggiest tighty tops you ever saw and listened while the doleful-faced comedian gave his reason for preferring motion pictures to the stage.

When Harry was just a kid starting out on the stage he played in stock with an old trouper who had the disconcerting habit of adding insulting words in an undertone to his fellow players after giving his lines. One night he decided to kid Harry. The trouper was to say: "And then what will you do?" at a tense moment in the play. Harry was to chirp, "I shall jump on the horse and gallop away!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

“... to see ourselves as others see us!”—ROBERT BURNS

Suppose you could follow yourself up the street



COULD you come home behind yourself from the bridge club some afternoon, what would you see? . . . A lady (a little larger than you thought you were) in the dress you gave so much time and effort to choosing. . . . But hardly the dress you expected you were wearing. This one rises up where it shouldn't, pulls in where it ought not to. Instead of being effective, its lines are—bad. Instead of curves, you can actually see ridges where your corsets end!

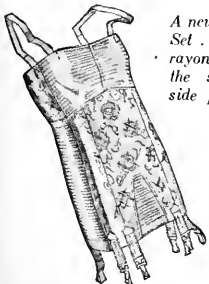
If this could happen to you, don't blame your dress or your figure. But do see that you have a foundation garment that fits you perfectly before you wear the dress again.

The new Bon Ton Foundation Garments are perfectly designed, perfectly cut, perfectly finished. They fit your figure and make certain that

your clothes will fit. Absolutely smart and in the mode, they are planned each season to suit each season's fashions. Among the Girdles and Bandeaux, the Brassiere Cor-Sets and the Step-Ins; the Back-lace and Front-lace Models and the special styles is a type of garment for every type of figure.

You will be charmed with the appearance of the garments themselves, as well as their fit and comfort. And in keeping with the tradition of this famous old concern, prices are reasonable for highest quality merchandise. Royal Worcester Corset Company, Worcester, Mass.

Bon Ton
ROYAL
WORCESTER



A new Bon Ton Brassiere Cor-Set . . . with the uplift top of rayon tricot. Elastic gore in the skirt front and elastic side panels. For all figures.



A new Bon Ton Girdle of Paisley effect brocade in a combination of peach and burnt orange, with knit silk elastic side panels. For the larger figure.



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Always treat cuts and abrasions at once. Prevent any chance of infection. Treat skin eruptions promptly and regularly, to hasten their healing and to guard against trouble from infection.

Absorbine, Jr. assists nature by first cleansing the wound and killing the germs, and then soothing and healing the affected tissue. Absorbine, Jr. relieves pain quickly. Never be without Absorbine, Jr. in the medicine cabinet.

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At all
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\$1.25

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

L. STONE, CROOKSTON, MINN.—No, my dear, Walter Miller and Allene Ray are just partners in picture-making. Walter has played in most of the serials featuring Allene. Their latest production is "The Green Archer." Miss Ray's life-partner is Larry Wheeler. They were married July 20, 1925.

EDNA BELL, QUINCY, ILL.—That must be some little scratch pad. Laurette Taylor has temporarily deserted the screen for the speakies. Get me right. I'm not speaking of speakies. I'm alluding to the legitimate stage. The last picture that Laurette appeared in was "One Night in Rome." You're right about Betty Bronson's address. Smart young lady! The Studio Directory is listed under "What The Stars And Directors Are Doing Now." Colleen Moore is at the First National Studios; Madge Bellamy at the Fox Studio. Call again!

V. MUNOZ, OAKLAND, CALIF.—I would like to have the same thing, old pal. But it just can't be had. Better luck the next time.

B. K., HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.—You're quite an inquisitive little person but that's what I'm here for—to answer all your questions. Connie Bennett is just twenty. Just when we were getting all hot up about her she leaves us flat and gets married to Philip Morgan Plant. When she married Connie stated she would never return to the screen—it seems to me I've heard that some place before. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Their family name is Flungrath. Richard Dix was formerly known as Ernest Carlton Brimmer. Mary Pickford is divorced from Owen Moore. Douglas MacLean is twenty-nine. Hands off Doug, he's married.

PEGGY A., LITTLETON, N. H.—Don't worry, Peg, Tony is still alive and kickin'. It takes nearly all of Tom's weekly salary to buy that fellu's oats. He's an expensive proposition. Now you just sit right down and write a letter to Fred Thomson, at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., and ask him for a photograph of Silver King. Not forgetting to enclose the twenty-five cents. He'll grant your request. Fred's big-hearted.

M. O. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—So you think I have a lot of nerve—listen, lady, I haven't any more nerve than a set of false teeth. What I tell you young folks is the truth and nothing else but. The honorable John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy. Jack is working on "Bardyls the Magnificent" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal. Sure, ask him, he won't refuse. Jack is a good skate.

A SCHOOL GIRL, CALFAX, CALIF.—I wonder what Richard and Lois would have to say about your suggestion. I think they should be consulted first before you get these wild notions. Richard was known as Ernest Carlton Brimmer before he entered pictures. That's where you and I differ—I'm tickled pink with my job.

BOBBIE MARIE, LA GRANDE, OREGON.—Ben Lyon is still whole-hearted and fancy free. Write him at the Biograph Studios, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

A. K., SHEBOYGAN, WIS.—That charming personality you've seen fluttering across the screen at your favorite movie house can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.

O. O' C., N. Y. C.—Me too. We had an interview with the handsome Apollo in the August, 1925, issue.

L. B., NEW YORK.—Well, I'm going to tell Richard and Lois what you fans think. This is the third letter I received this morning that had the same suggestion. Richard and Lois! The movie-going public insist that you two get married. Now, what have you to say?

GEORGE, WAUKEGAN, ILL.—We all have wondrous moments, George. Write Betty Bronson at the Lasky Studio. Are you trying to give me a jolly run-around? How do you think the star would receive your letter if you didn't place her name on the envelope? And don't forget the two-bits!

BOBBY, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Sorry to disappoint you, but actors and actresses seldom have time to answer their letters personally. You see, they receive thousands of them, and if they stopped to answer them all, when would they have time to act? However, why don't you write for photographs of your favorites? Send a quarter with your requests. As for myself, there is only one of me. That's a pretty picture you paint of my big office and my huge staff. But it just ain't so. My friends tell me that I do not look my age. Blanche Sweet was born on February 6, 1901. Ben Lyon isn't married. As for your other questions, there are so many of them that you'll have to send a self-addressed stamped envelope for the replies. Will you do that little thing?

MEBBE, BILFINGTON, IND.—Mebbe what? Mebbe not or mebbe so? Buster and William Collier, Jr. are one and the same person. John Chaney is married. Born on April 1, 1883. If you could fall in love with the *Phantom of the Opera*, you're easier pleased than most girls.

M. B. GEORGETOWN, S. C.—Pauline Starke was born on January 10, 1901, in Joplin, Mo. Brown hair and blue eyes. Not married—as yet. Vilma Banky was born on January 9, 1903. Never on the stage. Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller are separated. They may get a divorce. Ah me, such is romance! Alyce Mills has been on the screen about two years. Dorothy Mackail was born on March 4, 1904. Glenn Hunter is twenty-nine years old. Light brown hair and light gray eyes.

ESTHER RALSTON FAN, ATLANTA, GA.—Don't be frightened. Step right in and sit down. I have an extra polite manner for newcomers. Address both Esther Ralston and Richard Dix at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Astoria, L. I. You have a big treat ahead of you; both Esther and Richard will appear in "The Quarterback." Dix's new football comedy, Harrison Ford is divorced. Esther Ralston was born on September 17, 1902. Write to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Doug, Jr. was born December 9, 1910. Jackie Haff played in "Zander the Great."

NEWSY NED, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Newsy is right; and curious, too. How is the dear old Sesquicentennial? I may drop in to see you some time. Alberta Vaughn was born on June 27, 1906. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. Born in Ashland, Ky. Dark brown hair and eyes to match. One sister named Adamae. As for the state of Alberta's heart—I think she is very much fancy free. But I'll make no promises for the future. These girls are too uncertain.

F. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You will find your answer elsewhere in these columns.

WILLARD A., DE LAND, FLORIDA.—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada. Is that all?



UNKNOWN BEAUTY

The Girl Who Lives Next Door

You do not know her name. She is not known to fame. Yet thousands as lovely as she—grace the homes of America. For this is the land of beauty—beauty famed—beauty unknown—and this is the land of Tre-Jur—the helpmate to true charm



"Little One" 50c

And now it's been done—
a Tre-Jur compact at 50¢

We once said that when a greater value in quality compacts could be found—Tre-Jur would show the way Meet—

"The Little One"—

Your heart's desire in Beauty Aids!

Light and slim, and two inches in girth, is its lovely silver-finished case. Slipping handily into the smallest purse—the social equal of the finest bag. An aristocrat in its quality of powder—an inspiration in its delightful scent. Ample in its contents—*amazing* in its price of 50c (Refills 35c).

And may we introduce two more Style notes in compact fashions for Fall? TRE-JUR's "THINEST"—truly the *thinnest* Compact ever designed. Gracefully convexed in rich, gunmetal finish—a large mirror and a bountiful measure of powder. Single, \$1—Double, \$1.50. The "PURSE SIZE TWIN"—in friendly size for the little purse—contains powder and rouge at the price of \$1. . . . Each brings you the quality of cosmetic for which Tre-Jur is famed—scented with that exquisite perfume, Joli Memoire.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, N. Y.



"Thinnest" Single \$1.00 Double \$1.50



Tre-Jur Lipstick 50c To make its acquaintance is to make a lifelong friend!



Face Powder, 50c



"Twin" \$1

TRE-JUR

The name Tre-Jur in toilettries

is your promise of money's most



Friendly
Advice on

Girls' Problems

from

Carolyn Van Wyck



DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK, Is there any way by which a girl with a very limited income can be well dressed? I am a bookkeeper-stenographer and as I am self-supporting and do not live at home, I really can't spend more than \$10 a week at the very most on my clothes. Just like every girl I love pretty things, but somehow when I have a new pair of shoes, I have an old hat, or when I have the hat, I need a coat. I never seem to get my wardrobe quite assembled. Is this because of the small amount I have to spend or do I manage badly? Please help me. I read your columns every month and I think they're wonderful.

J. M.

The only way by which a girl with a limited clothes allowance can be well dressed is by careful planning, more careful shopping and a cultivated sense of style.

Every girl should be just as well dressed as she can possibly afford. It is more important today to be well dressed than ever before. I sincerely feel that the best investment girls starting out in business or life can make is in anything that tends toward an improvement in their appearance. The girl who makes less money must spend a larger proportion of her income for clothes than the girl in easier circumstances. No girl who hopes to succeed should let herself appear shabby.

Yet money isn't the real answer. It isn't the amount you spend that rules whether you shall be well dressed. It is good or bad purchasing. Many women who spend large amounts are atrociously dressed and many who have little or no cash invested are well dressed.

How can you, J. M., make your money cover all your needs?

Well, first of all, you must stop hit-or-miss buying. You can't buy an unrelated hat or unrelated pair of shoes, or gloves, or stockings and hope to come out solvent or well groomed. The girl with a small amount to spend must see that every hat, dress, coat and piece of underwear adapts itself to one or more other

garments she already possesses. You can't wear a picture hat with a tailored suit. You can't wear a beaded blouse with a separate skirt. But you can, for instance, wear patent leather opera pumps with either a tailored suit or a silk afternoon dress. A silk sweater demands a certain type of skirt. A woolen sweater may be worn with anything. There is the difference between related and unrelated buying.

Each girl's clothes problem is to some extent individual. I myself, for instance, must spend

Dressing on a Limited Income

Is This Month's Problem

WRITE me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

In addition, I have had printed for you booklets on the care of the skin and reducing. The eight page, illustrated booklet on reducing costs ten cents. The other is free. CAROLYN VAN WYCK

a terrible amount for shoes. Try as I will I scuff shoes out in no time whatsoever and must spend too much in keeping my feet even passably shod. On the other hand, I can wear a coat several seasons, which many people can't do at all.

But no matter what your clothes failing is, there is a general list of things we all of us must

buy. Therefore, you must proceed carefully to avoid making a single expensive clothes error. Remember, that dress you don't wear—that idle dress hanging in your closet—is the most expensive one you have.

To begin with, don't rush about your shopping. You can't get anything but stuck that way. Know approximately what you want before you set out to buy it. The way to that knowledge is the style publications. I think every girl ought to follow all the better ones. If you feel you can't afford subscriptions to them, get them in the magazine room of your local library. Style is not what it once was. Our skirt lengths do not jump from knee to sidewalk in a season, or our waistlines from hip to armpit, as they used to. But there are certain subtle style manifestations that come and go yearly and which any girl, even with a small wardrobe, can follow somewhat.

Furthermore, the more you observe good styles, the more your eye gets trained for purchasing them. Remember, the simplest style is always the best style. And the second rule is like unto it—sports and tailored things are always more modish than fussy things. On these two commandments you can hang your whole wardrobe.

But now, to get down to specific pieces. For a year's wardrobe every girl—and particularly the business girl—must have:

First—a tailored suit. This may be either a spring or a fall purchase, though spring is the better time, as a suit can be worn for cool summer and early fall days, where a fall suit is less modish and too heavy for spring wear. Buy as simple and as well tailored a suit as your purse will permit. A correctly tailored suit never loses its style. It can be worn at any hour of the day and to every function except the most formal evening party. It is fine for business and excellent socially. If a girl really had to, she could get along for a year on a good tailored suit and a heavy winter coat. Therefore, except for your coat, you may pay more for your suit than for any other single thing. Forty-five

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



Gruen Cartouche, \$35
Others, \$40 to \$100



Gruen Diamond Cartouche, \$150
17-jewel Precision movement
Others, \$75 to \$1500



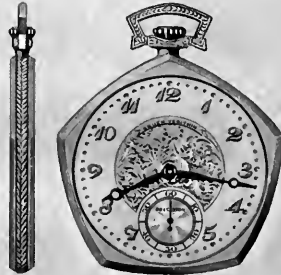
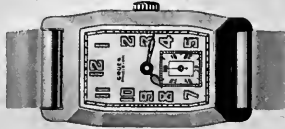
Smartest of timekeepers are the latest GRUEN creations

FIRST, of course, they are watches of great dependability. You know that because you know the reputation of their makers, the Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

Then—they have style! They have all the smartness young people want. And, with that, they have enough dignity to make these same young people still proud to wear them as the years go on. They must be made that way, for each of them is built for long service.

Gruen Pentagon, \$75 (Pat'd)
Precision movement
Others, \$100 to \$500
Semi-Thin pocket watches, \$25 to \$40

Gruen Quadron, with
Ben Hur Band, \$75
17-jewel Precision movement.
Other Gruen strap watches, \$25 to \$250



They offer plenty of variety, too. They cost from \$25 up into the thousands, with sufficient range for choice at each price to please any taste.

Those pictured here are only a few examples of what any Gruen jeweler can show you. Why not go and see them? Gruen jewelry stores, the best in each community, are marked by the Gruen Service emblem.

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Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character



GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Specially posed by Helene Chadwick,
Warner feature player



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IN CREATING the exquisite Orange Blossom design, the Traub Manufacturing Company did more than institute a fashion; it set a standard of quality that has insured everlasting satisfaction to every buyer of a Traub ring. How natural, then, that the same generation which gave the decorated marriage ring its vogue should also establish its originator as unquestioned leader in this field. Today's purchasers of engagement and wedding rings insist upon the trade mark of Traub not only because it identifies the Genuine Orange Blossom design, but because it is a guarantee of worth. In every city, the better jewelers offer Traub Orange Blossom wedding rings in a wide variety of styles - priced as low as \$12.

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Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings

Trade  Mark



*Iridio-platinum, jeweled
with 24 diamonds*



Iridio-platinum, full jeweled

Popular style and price



What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3800 Mission Road.

William Kraft directing "Lawless Valley" with Bill Cody.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave. Inactive.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal. Wm. de Mille directing "Nobody's Widow" with Leatrice Joy.

Cecil De Mille directing "The King of Kings" with H. B. Warner and Joseph Schildkraut.

COLUMBIA PICTURES, 1438 Gower Street.

Harry Hoyt has completed "The Belle of Broadway" with Betty Compton, Andre Mattoni, Armand Kaliz and Edith Yorke.

Frank Strayer has completed "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" with Shirley Mason.

F. B. O. 780 Gower Street.

Phil Rosen directing "The Adorable Deceiver" with Alberta Vaughn.

Bob De Lacy directing "Cowpunching for Cupid" with Tom Tyler.

Production will soon start on "Mother." Cast not yet named.

Sally Long and George O'Hara working on "Going the Limit."

FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, Burbank, Cal.

Frank Capra directing "The Strong Man" with Harry Langdon and William W. Mason.

James Flood directing "The Lady of Ermine" with Corinne Griffith.

Sydney Franklin directing "The Sun of Montmartre" with Norma Talmadge.

Colleen Moore will soon start work on "Orchids and Ermine" with Jack Muhlall.

Al Santell directing "The Patent-Leather Kid" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackall.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 1400 N. Western Ave.

George Melford directing "Go-Go Crooked" with Beale Love and Victor McLaglen.

J. G. Blystone directing "Wings of the Storm" with Virginia Brown Faire and Reed Howes.

Albert Ray directing "Whispering Wires" with Anita Stewart and Edmund Burns.

Irving Cummings will direct "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl." Cast not yet named.

Howard Hawks directing "Royal Romance" with George O'Brien and J. Farrell McDonald.

R. William Nell directing "The City" with Walter McGrath.

Buck Jones will soon start work on "Kit Carson." John Griffith Wray directing "Upstream" with Shirley Mason, Walter Pidgeon, Leslie Fenton, Dolores del Rio and Charles Stevenson.

Tom Mix will soon start work on "The Canyon of Light." Ralph Sipperly is also in the cast. Edwin Carewe will direct "Carmen" with Dolores del Rio.

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

"Our Gang" working on comedies.

LASKY STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Avenue.

William Wellman completing "Wings" with Clara Bow and Charles Farrell.

Arthur Rosson directing "Be Yourself" with Raymond Griffith.

John Waters directing "The Man of the Forest" with Jack Holt.

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

Clarence Brown completing "Flesh and the Devil" with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Hohart Healey directing "The Little Journey" with William Haines and Claire Windsor.

Jack Conway directing "The Understanding Heart" with Joan Crawford, Rocklife Fellows and Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

Dimitri Buchowetski will direct "Valencia" with Mae Murray.

Marion Davies will soon start work on "Tillie, the Toiler." Cast and director not yet named.

Sam Taylor directing "Exit Smiling" with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Pickford.

Gertrude Nymond will soon start work on "Thirty Days" with Charles Ray.

Greta Garbo is being considered for the role of "Jenny Lind."

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Avenue.

Lewis Milestone completing "The Mountain Lad" with Harold Lloyd. A Harold Lloyd Production (Paramount).

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Johnny Burke, Thelma Parr, Vernon Dent, Barbara Tennant, Ruth Hiatt, Raymond McKee, Janet Royce, Andy Clyde, Ben Fredericks, Madeleine Hurlbick, Danny O'Shea, Marvin Lohach and Barney Helm—all playing in two-reelers.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Production will soon start on "Resurrection" with Dolores del Rio and Rita Carewe. Edwin Carewe will direct.

Henry King completing "Chains" with Belle Bennett, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Alan Crosland directing "Francis Villon" with John Barrymore and Vilma Banky.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Cal.

Ernest Launelle directing "Loco Weed" with Fred Hume.

Scott Sidney directing "The Wrong Mr. Wright" with Jean Hersholt.

Lynn Reynolds will direct "Oh, Promise Me" with Hoot Gibson.

Millard Webb directing "Beware of Widows" with Laura La Plante.

Irvin Willat directing "The Black Rider" with Richard Talmadge.

Edward Sloman directing "The Bargain Bride" with Mary Philbin.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5841 Melrose Ave.

Roy del Ruth completing "Across the Pacific" with Monte Blue, Jane Winton and Myrna Loy. Production will soon start on "The Third Degree." Cast or director not yet named.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. & 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Production will soon start on "An American Tragedy" Mal St. Clair will direct.

Mal St. Clair completing "The Popular Sin" with Florence Vidor, Olive Brooks and Greta Nissen. Frank Tuttle directing "Love 'em and Leave 'em" with Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks, Ford Sterling and Larry Gray.

TEC ARTS STUDIO, 332 West 44th Street, New York City.

First National Production. Charles Hines directing "The Kalkreuth Kid" with Johnny Hines and Ruth Dwyer.

Sam Zeller Production. Nat Ross directing "The Winning Out" with George Walsh.

LONDON

Graham Wileox Production. Dorothy Gish is working on "Tip Toes," a British film, with Will Rogers and Nelson Keys.

FOX

Harry Beaumont is directing "One Increasing Purpose" with Lila Lee and Edmund Burns.

CHANGE IN TITLES

PARAMOUNT

"Captain Sazarae" with Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez has been changed to "The Eagle of the Sea."

FIRST NATIONAL

"A Desperate Woman" with Lloyd Hughes and Doris Kenyon has been changed to "Ladies at Play."

"Just off Broadway" with Corinne Griffith has been definitely changed to "Sympatizing Sue."

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

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, 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, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 807 East 175th Street, New York City.

Howard Higgins directing "Not Herbert" with Ben Lyon.

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Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

The time came and the old trouper repeated: "And then what will you do?" adding in a low tone: "What an awful actor you are!"

Harry heard the remark. Gulped. Reddened. And then blurted out:

"I hal hump on the jorse and shal-lop away!"

He brought down the house.

ERNST LUBITSCH has moved over to Famous Players to direct. That is, he has signed on the well-known dotted line. He hasn't moved yet.

The original announcement that Lubitsch had been signed created something of a sensation in the film world. The announcement carried the information that Lubitsch would go over to Famous, later to return to Warner to do two pictures still included in his contract.

Then came a lot of conflicting reports. It was said that Lubitsch would remain with Warners. That he would do three pictures for Warners and then go over to Famous. There were a whole lot of other reports.

The facts of the case are that Lubitsch is definitely signed by Famous and that he will, now or later, do two more pictures for Warners. It is said that Famous Players will have Lubitsch direct Emil Jennings when he comes over. Also that he will have a try at Adolphe Menjou.

"IT" is going to be the name of a motion picture feature.

It wasn't so long ago that Mme. Elinor Glyn defined sex appeal as IT. Ever since that Hollywood has been seeking possessors of IT and endeavoring to get IT into its pictures.

Elinor Glyn, by the way, came to the rescue of the Los Angeles Day Nursery recently by giving a lecture at the Ambassador Hotel. Mme. Glyn did not talk on IT. She discussed

jolly, dear old Russia when the jolly, dear old czar was ruling and before the nasty Soviets got in power. When etiquette was etiquette and the only genuine whiskers belonged to grand dukes.

Mme. Glyn said that she went to Russia to write the truth about the aristocracy. "His Hour" was the result. "When it was completed," Mme. Glyn told her breathless Los Angeles audience, "I read it aloud to the Imperial family and it received their warm approbation."

FROM all rumors it must be understood that Vilma Banky is having an invigorating time at Barbara Worth, Nevada, where she is that one hundred per cent American girl, Barbara Worth, in Harold Bell Wright's famed saga of the lady's winning.

The West—particularly the desert—is interesting to our Hungarian beauty. But the names they give their inhabitants! "Cowboys," for instance, who hold no resemblance to the long-horned steers. And the women... what to call them?... it is all so puzzling?

"What are you playing in the picture?" queried Paul McAllister.

Vilma smiled the famous Banky smile: "I am a cowboy's-girl."

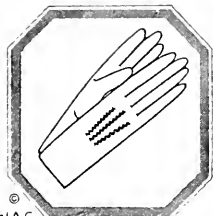
SOMEONE asked Vilma Banky about the bathing facilities at Camp Barbara Worth. Her wide eyes open and her hands move expressively. Roundly her mouth forms soft syllables:

"There is a big box overhead and two handles on the wall. Turn the one that says 'Hot' and cold water comes. Turn the one that says 'Cold' and hot water comes!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Poor Harry Langdon! He has a nice, noisy gun and yards and yards of bullets, but the German soldiers in a nearby trench have just dropped off to sleep and he doesn't like to disturb them. Harry plays a dough-faced doughboy in his new comedy, "The Strong Man"



T.G.I.A.C.

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Gloves

Miss Claire Windsor

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Star, now being featured
in "Tin Hats," is considered
one of the best dressed wom-
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Smartly Gloved Hands that Point the Way to Chic

MISS WINDSOR'S choice of beige cape gloves illustrates the new fashion tendency of introducing a note of contrast to the costume. Having a keen sense of style, Miss Windsor always selects gloves that are appropriate in color, style and material for her costume and the occasion when they will be worn.

You, too, may now select appropriate gloves to harmonize with your autumn costume. Merchants in your city are displaying in windows and departments smart new gloves for dress, street and sport wear.

*Consult the glove department as to
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FANNING THROUGH THE NEW PICTURES



LIONEL BARRYMORE AS HE APPEARS IN "THE BELLS"

WHEN I learned that Lionel Barrymore was to play in "The Bells," the Chadwick picture of the immortal Sir Henry Irving play, I knew that a real treat was in store for me. When I saw it, my expectations were more than fulfilled. Lionel has a part that only a Barrymore could play. All of his rare talent, which never before was fully realized in his screen productions, has full play in the ten-struggle of Mathias to overcome the stern relentlessness of his harrowing conscience.

MATHIAS is a new type of screen hero, a complex character that is rare in motion pictures,—just as rare as the unusual story of "The Bells," which will hold you spell-bound throughout its unfolding.

JAMES YOUNG, who has directed so many other fine pictures, may well point with pride to this Eckmann-Chatrion play as his masterpiece. Every detail is so well conceived that you seem to live the story as it develops on the screen.

AND the cast! Lola Todd, Edward A. Phillips, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Otto Lederer, Boris Karloff, Fred Warren, Lorimer Johnston and Caroline Frances Cooke. What more could you ask?

DROP me a line when you see "The Bells." I am anxious to know if you agree with me.

Fanny

CHADWICK PICTURES
CORPORATION'S
729 Seventh Avenue
NEW YORK CITY

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S last picture, "The Son of the Sheik," opened in Los Angeles one night.

The next night, Pola Negri's "Naughty But Nice," opened at a theater next door.

Pola sent Rudy a huge mass of red roses on a giant frame, taller than his head and twice as long. It was really a superb thing.

Rudy sent Pola a tribute of orchids that cost \$1,000.

A few days later he left for New York where his fatal illness claimed him.

ONE of the most dashing and courageous things I have seen in some time took place at the Los Angeles opening of the Valentino picture, "The Son of the Sheik," and incidentally showed the type of man he was.

At the close of the first showing of the picture, Valentino came out to make a brief speech and personal appearance. He came well down toward the footlights, said his little say, and was about to bow himself out when he saw that one of the huge vases used for decorative purposes at the side of the stage was about to fall. The vase was some fourteen feet high, and very heavy, and it was headed directly into the orchestra, where it would undoubtedly have struck some women seated in the front row.

VALENTINO jumped across the stage, and put his shoulder against the vase to try to steady it, but its weight was too great and it bore him over backwards. He managed to deflect it full sufficiently so that it went into the orchestra pit and so did he, flat on his back. It knocked him unconscious, and it was some minutes before the hastily summoned doctors were able to bring him round.

Then he staggered, somewhat the worse for wear, to his place in the audience, amid the most terrific applause I have heard in a picture theater in many a long day.

The thing happened so quickly that nobody had any time to think, and it showed both courage and quick thinking on Rudy's part. After all, the actor who takes a chance of a smash is taking a chance with much more than a mere broken bone or two. He is taking a chance of a broken contract.

Rudy deserved all the applause he got. He acted like a man and a gentleman, and the incident will be long remembered.

ONCE a pedagogue always a pedagogue. That's right! Now look at John Griffith Wray who, before he became a director, was a school teacher. It cropped out—his old occupation did—the other day when he was directing a flock of extras at the Fox studio where he is making "Up-Stream."

I stood watching the short dynamic Wray explaining the action of the scene to the extras, and when he finished he ran his hand through his curly grey mop of hair and said:

"Now do all you children understand what I have said? If anyone doesn't will he please raise his hand?"

THE most thoroughly exhausted girl in all Hollywood these days is the new little Mrs. Robert Leonard, who was Gertrude Olmsted.

Incidentally, she tells me that she has gone to so many teas, luncheons and dinner parties that she is losing her figure from sheer social over-eating and the desire not to offend her hostesses.

VERY large month in Hollywood, socially.

The Lionel Barrymores had a simply huge party and sent out gold engraved invitations! Nothing like that has ever happened in Hollywood before. Wherever they found that anybody they wanted at their party was having a party or going to another party, they invited all the guests to come to their party. Which was all very well, but a little astonishing to people who had never met the Lionel Barrymores. But it was a gorgeous affair.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood took the whole Rancho Country Club and "threw a party" (excuse the expression, but no other fits), and its praises are still being sung.

And Jack Gilbert proved what a mere man can do in the way of entertaining when he gave a supper party for Ethel Barrymore at his house on the hilltop.

While as for Mrs. Earle Williams' luncheon for Jeanne Eagles, I doubt if anybody at Palm Beach, Newport or Back Bay could have beaten it for class. And the list of guests was certainly exciting.

CRAUFURD KENT, the charming English actor, and his wife, who are very popular in Hollywood, were having a party the other evening for a distinguished novelist.

About midnight I heard him whisper to his wife, "It's all right, darling. The party's a huge success. Everybody is trying to talk at once, and that proves it's a great success."

IF you want to ruin Tom Mix's day, bring some insects on the set. Any kind of insects. Short ones, long ones, fuzzy ones. Particularly centipedes. Tom has a violent aversion to the latter. So would I, after what he told me.

When Tom was a lean cowboy, riding the Western plains, he rolled himself up in his blanket one night under the starry sky and prepared for a deep snooze. About ten o'clock he felt something creep up his trouser leg. Something that wriggled like a tomato worm and had as many limbs. It was a centipede. Poisonous, of course.

Tom knew that if he so much as twitched a muscle the insect would bite, so until dawn Tom lay rigid. When morning came the centipede crawled out of Tom's trouser leg, yawned, stretched each one of its thousand legs and staggered away.

And Tom . . . ? Well, somehow or other, Tom doesn't care about insects of any sort.

TOM MIX goes in for realism. While working on his latest picture, "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery," in the Royal Gorge of the Colorado, the script called for Tom to jump from a moving train, catch a tunnel warning sign and hang there until the train backed up to remove him.

Tom did the stunt, lost his grip on the sign and crashed to the tracks below. He was laid up several days from the painful bruises.

I WAS sitting in the casting office at M-G-M chatting to Gus Corder. Great chap to know, for he hires all the extra girls and sure knows some good-lookingers.

The phone rang, and this is what I overheard:

"Guess you've forgotten me, Mr. Corder. I'm the blonde with the dimples."

"Couldn't forget you when I haven't even thought of you," says the gallant Gus.

IT was in the Commissary at the M-G-M studios one afternoon. I was chatting with Dorothy Phillips. There was one other girl in the place, a homely little extra, and a couple of men.

The phone rang and the cashier (a new girl) answered.

"Are you Miss Walker?" the cashier asked Miss Phillips.

Dorothy left us both flat, the cashier and me, and the little extra girl proved Miss Walker.

Such is fame.

Now Miss Phillips takes her lunches at the Palomar Tennis Club in Culver City.

They may not know her on her own lot, but they do at the club.

THERE has been a tremendous exodus beachward this summer.

Stretched along the ocean front, right on the sands, you can find most of Hollywood.

The Harold Lloyds have taken a cunning little bungalow, and little Gloria has donned her first bathing suit.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel and their daughter, Ruth, have a house almost next door, while just beyond are Sidney Franklin and his cunning wife, Anne. Really, it's a shame Anne Franklin is so domestic. She might have been a miniature Anna Q. Nilsson.

Norma Talmadge has opened her stunning beach house, and gives marvelous parties there, and Marion Davies has rented a place, pending the completion of her beach castle, which is being built on a little pier right over the ocean.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry King have a place right next door to the house Dick Barthelmess has taken for his small daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, and little Mary Hay and young Henry King, Jr., are great cronies.

THE telephonic pest who has been annoying Ethel Shannon in the wee sma' hours of the morn is certainly going to get his—or hers. Ethel, the titian-haired picture darling, has been annoyed by persistent jingles of the telephone. When she answered she heard naughty murmurings, which she knew were untrue, as to the whereabouts of her fiancé.

Ethel lived up to the vivid hue of her hair and told the police about the annoyance, and they are Sherlocking the case to the ground.

WHEN Lillian Gish was with Inspiration Pictures, a script was submitted that called for her appearance in the usual rôle of the unwedded mother of a che-ild.



PHOTOPLAY gave Julian Johnson his first push on the downward path in this movie business. Since leaving PHOTOPLAY, Mr. Johnson has gone from bad to worse and is now starving along as production editor for Paramount

Clearing film from teeth whitens surprisingly

Restores cloudy teeth to clearness



Please accept full 10-day tube of this new dental achievement, urged by world's authorities. Note the difference in the color of your teeth and health of your gums as film is cleared off in this new way.

THOUSANDS go through life with clouded teeth, needlessly. Dental science proves this true.

Cloudy teeth now are restored to sparkling clearness. A way found that clears the dingy film coats from teeth that old-time dentifrices failed to combat successfully. One's whole appearance is often changed.

Please accept 10-day tube of the way leading dental authorities now are urging to accomplish that result.

That stubborn film . . . enemy of pretty teeth and firm gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on 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," dingy and cloudy . . . why smiles are often unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays.

It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

Old ways won't clear it off

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.

Cleans film off—Firms the Gums

It accomplishes 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 and mail at once.



FILM the worst enemy to teeth

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FREE **Pepsodent** as soon as you can

Mail this for The New-Day Quality Dentifrice 10-Day Tube to Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

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Ever notice?

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F A T I M A



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Mercolized Wax

"I should think," remarked a friend, as she threw down the script, "that Lillian would be ashamed to look a baby in the face!"

NOW it's Michael Cudahy who is Hollywood's champion squire. If you don't see him in the dancing contest of a Wednesday night at Montmartre with Julianne Johnston, you will see him on a quiet Monday night dining with Virginia Valli, and before her departure for England, you might see him at a gay luncheon on Saturday with Constance Talmadge.

And all this since his engagement to Joan Crawford was definitely terminated by mutual consent. Yes, the Crawford-Cudahy romance is as cold as a pancake on ice. No one seems to know just what the bone of contention was, but the romance is over, and Joan is wearing a flashing solitaire of different style and dimension which she refuses to comment on, save for an inscrutable smile.

Mike, who is surrounded by the aura of meat-packing millions, is a very likeable boy, not yet out of his teens, and to my way of thinking is strikingly like Ben Lyon. I wonder if that type of marly beauty is fatal to the ladies. Ben always had (and still has) a way with the other sex. Anyway, Mike is a splendid solace for twisted hearts. Virginia Valli celebrated the receipt of her interlocutory decree of divorce from Demmy Lamson by dining with Mike that self-same night.

DURING the filming of "What Price Glory" the Fox company had what might be called a "blow-out" at Westwood, the site of their new studio. Technically, it should be called a "blow-up," for the spectacular battle scenes of "What Price Glory" were shot. Beverly Hills homes shook with the reverberation of shells breaking in air and a whole hillside on which perched a quaint little French village was razed.

Three hundred and fifty marines marched into the inferno, airplanes stole by overhead—illuminated occasionally by glaring flashes—and smoke, following the thundering crack of dynamite, fogged the scenery until it looked like a segment of Verdun had been tossed onto the peace of Westwood hills.

Twenty assistants to Raoul Walsh, who is directing, scurried to his radioed orders. A stretcher corps stood at attention ready to run to any of the boys injured by the falling debris or a presumptuous shell.

"Anybody hurt?" anxiously queries Raoul Walsh as the first film of the battle arose. And a sturdy chorus of "No!" came from the smoking chasm. "Thank God!" came the voice of Walsh, choked and metallic over the radio.

THEY were making a war picture on the Associated lot. It must have been von Stroheim's "Wedding March." There was much mud in the trenches and a corps of extras wallowed in it.

Along came Bill Beaudine, that long, lean and lanky director who purloins at least a thousand Warner dollars a week. Bill had just left the set where he had been telling Doug MacLean what to do to "Ladies First."

Bill must have been traveling incognito, for when he glanced at the muck and mire and remarked: "Gee, I wouldn't want to be in there!" one of the extras piped up with:

"You would if you got \$7.50 a day for it!"

IT won't be rage that will keep a handful of Paramount players and craftsmen "up in the air" this season. It will be, "Wings," which is to be to the air what "The Covered Wagon"



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was to the undulating plains and "Old Ironsides" is to the sea. You guessed! An epic.

Paramount handpicked their craftsmen on the picture and have named as author a former American flyer, John Monk Saunders. William Wellman will direct. He was a former member of the Lafayette Escadrille. Louis Lighton, who is doing the script with Hope Loring, was an American ace.

LINCOLN STEDMAN staggered into my office the other day, heaved a cyclonic sigh, and collapsed into the nearest chair.

"Whassa matter, Linc?" we queried. Myrtle's son usually looks robust and round. Linc was decidedly thinner. Almost svelte, if you know what we mean. We're not certain.

"Whew! I've been playing football with 'Red' Grange . . . and George Wilson . . . and 'Bullet' Baker . . . all champs . . . and the Southern California huskies . . . and the Pomona College team . . ."

Just one poor movie actor in a bunch of hard-boiled football players! Can you imagine the fun they had with the tenderfoot? Linc said it was terrible the first couple of days. They all laid for him. Then they got to be friendly and Linc only had a dozen bruises instead of three dozen.

The picture "Red" made is called "The Halfback," and immediately after its completion the million dollar football player left for Wheaton, Illinois, and the famous ice wagon, where he will spend his vacation delivering frozen water.

"Red" was very exclusive when he was in Hollywood. Didn't go around places. In fact, the only time I ever saw him, except before the camera, was at a Friday night fight at the Hollywood Legion Stadium. He was there with his manager.

Someone must have cautioned "Red" to beware of our fatal blondes.

FRED BEETSON, Mr. Hays' right bower in Hollywood, had some of our very best little producers considerably worried during the recent Hollywood visit of Crown Prince Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden.

So intent was Fred (whom I must confess is just a trifle serious at times) upon seeing that things were done in the right and proper style when the Prince was entertained that he sent out a letter to each producer which might be called "Etiquette on Entertaining Royalty."

And one of the passages said in part or thereabouts:

"Gates must be thrown open with a flourish on sight of the Prince and when His Highness and party have entered they must be closed with a bang" (probably so the Prince could hear the bang).

Now the bang part wasn't so bad. For we of the picture business know how to fake most any kind of a bang, and a gate bang is a cinch. But how to open studio "gates with a flourish" when there is only a door, or at best a chair or a wire gate, was what put many a grey hair in the heads of said producers.

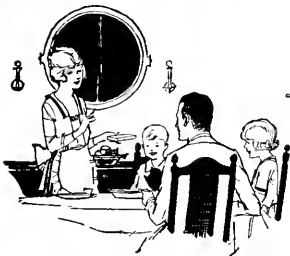
MACK SWAIN was all set to be a jolly tar on the bounding main. He had his best sea gait ready and was on lesson No. 3 of the sailor's hornpipe, ready for a part in "The Yankee Clipper."

"Don't see any signs of a ship on the lot here," said Coxswain Swain to Skipper Rupert Julian. "When are they going to build it?" Ofttimes, you know, stirring sea stories are made right in the studio.

"Never. We're going out on the broad Pacific and chase the roughest weather we can find . . . somewhere off the coast near Santa Barbara where those destroyers were wrecked a couple of years ago," edicted Skipper Julian. Swain turned one shade lighter than pea puree.

"I get seasick when I look at a glass of water. Count me out, mate."

And this from a veteran of the Sennett pool. Anyway, "The Yankee Clipper" lost a darned good actor.



After every meal

A great factor in health is good digestion—getting the most benefit possible from our food.

Doctors tell us chewing gum, used after meals, helps the stomach in its work and has a great effect in overcoming digestive troubles.

Dentists say chewing gum keeps the teeth clean and prevents decay by removing food particles that linger in the mouth.

The result is a sweet breath that is evidence of care for one's self and consideration for others—the final touch of refinement.

WRIGLEY'S is the other word for "chewing Gum"—only the best of ingredients go into it.

The joy of the lasting sweet and the flavor of WRIGLEY'S after every meal are additional reasons why you should get its benefit and pleasure.

This sanitary wax package
—sealed tight—

G63



delivers all of the original goodness of WRIGLEY'S to you.

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]



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Face Powder

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Says the doctor.
"I've just sold mine."
"So have I," says the undertaker.
"If you fellows will shut up a minute," says the dying man, "I would like to prophesy the great future of motion pictures."
"He's failing rapidly," says the doctor.
"It won't be long now," says the undertaker.
"By the way," says the doctor, "have you seen this month's PHOTOPLAY?"
"No," says the undertaker, "I'm so busy. I don't even have time for the trade journals. Is it interesting?"
"Not very," says the doctor. "There's an article by Donald Ouden Stewart—"
"All right, you fellows," says the patient.
"You'll be sorry you didn't listen to my prophecy," and he dies.
"He's dead, I guess," says the doctor, with a kindly smile to the man's wife.
"What was that article about?" asks the undertaker.
"Perfect Behavior in Hollywood," says the doctor. "Shall I read?"
"Pray do," says the undertaker.
"I'll bet he isn't dead," says the man's wife.
"You've told me that before."
"If he isn't," says the doctor, "this article will help."
"Which way?" asks the undertaker anxiously.
"Don't you worry," says the doctor, and with that he begins to read.

CHAPTER IV

"Adaptations" and "Continuity"

IN our last issue we considered the preliminary steps in the "adaptation" of a book in order to make it suitable for the screen, but only got as far as changing the spirit, the contents and the name of the book. There still remains the major work of writing what is called a "continuity."

A "continuity," in Hollywood parlance, is a description of the action to be followed by the various characters in telling the story. In its "finished" state it consists of a great many scenes, each numbered with an appropriate number (such as 24 or 176, or, in case it is for Von Stroheim, 24,386), and it is this "finished" continuity which is used as a guide by the director in "shooting" the picture and is referred to by him as the "script" or, more often, "that script" or perhaps simply "that lousy script."

In order to write a "continuity" (or "scenario," as it is called by outsiders), it will be necessary, first of all, to prepare a "treatment," and before it is possible to make a "continuity" it will be necessary to have a "confer-

ence." These conferences are called "story conferences" and are generally participated in by the continuity writer, the director, the production manager, a stenographer with a cold, three executives, eleven "gag" men, four "title writers," the office boy and two visiting friends of the first vice-president who want to see what studios are "really like." Occasionally (but not more than once) the author of the book which is being "adapted" is also invited to participate.

THESE conferences are called "story conferences" because they are usually begun by telling a story. Any story will do, provided it is one which they have all heard before. At present the favorite one in Hollywood seems to be the one about the young Swedish couple who went out buggy riding and came to a brook, but if the stenographer present is a lady, there are lots of other stories which will do just as well. It is usually the custom to let the first story be told by the highest executive present, and at the conclusion all laugh very heartily and say, "That's a good one," or "That's a wow." The next highest executive then tells his story, and so on down the line. In this connection it is interesting to note that the continuity writer ranks just after the stenographer and before the office boy, and it is also noteworthy that the laughter becomes less hearty as it comes the turn of these more minor employees to contribute their bit.

As soon as all the stories have been told it is time for two of the executives and eight of the "gag men" to go to another conference, and shortly after this the remaining executive, the office boy and all the "title writers" are called away by automobile salesmen who are waiting outside the studio to show them the new Chrysler. This leaves the continuity writer, the director, the production manager, the stenographer (whose cold has got worse) and a few others who drop in from time to time, to borrow Lucky Strikes or matches. The conference "Proper" is then ready to begin.

The first subject to be discussed is golf, in which half an hour is usually devoted to a consideration of the first nine holes on the Midwick course, and half an hour to the second nine. Various other subjects, such as the best way to soften a beard and keep ants out of a refrigerator, are then brought up for discussion, in the midst of which the production manager discovers that it was on Friday instead of Wednesday that he took a 3 on number 11, and this, of course, causes a reopening of the whole subject. It is then time for lunch.

In our next issue we shall go further into a consideration of the proper preparation for a "treatment" and a "continuity."

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE MIDNIGHT KISS—Fox

A NICE little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast headed by pretty Janet Gaynor and an attractive boy, Richard Walling—that's "The Midnight Kiss." It concerns the adventures of a pair of youngsters who nurse a lot of sick pigs back to health, sell them and pay off the mortgage on dad's home. Then they kiss and get married.

PALS FIRST—First National

THE story is trite but through the charming personality of Lloyd Hughes and the beauty of Dolores Del Rio, we think you might be

able to stand this. The hero, of course wealthy, does a disappearing act, but returns in the disguise of a notorious ex-convict. He finds his cousin making ill use of his wealth. After explaining he reveals his identity and out flies cousin. Rather silly, isn't it?

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart
JUST gaze at the title and you know the whole works. Yep, the hero is a Mounty, quick on the draw, etc., etc. And then the hero solves the murder for which he is accused and marries the girl. Young ladies note: Reed Howes is the latest addition to the royal forces. That makes it interesting—doesn't it?

A ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS—Bachman

AND really quite an exciting romance. You see there were two rivals, beneficiaries of a conditional will. Now the bad fellow tried to frame the hero, but the truth will out. Glenn Hunter, Alyce Mills and Jane Jennings are splendid in their rôles. Really, girls, Gaston Glass is an interesting villain. You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy.

THE HIDDEN WAY—Associated Exhibitors

THREE bitter, disillusioned men found life beautiful again through the eyes of a woman who loved mankind—this, my dear brethren, is the text of this moral preaching. And, as you might imagine, this is another wishy-washy affair that leads one to believe that there is some truth in the saying—Movies are still in their infancy. Some women will weep over this, but we'll bet men will use some strong words.

THE HONEYMOON EXPRESS—Warner Bros.

YOU may like this—it all depends on your viewpoint. We'll pass. The title has nothing to do with the story, so don't think this a romantic love story. It's far from that—you are again reminded that the modern generation is still throwing some snappy parties and that the old-fashioned mamas can still be rejuvenated, look like a million dollars, grab some swell boy friend and forget papa. Oh, you've heard that before—so did we.

THE WILD HORSE STAMPEDE—Universal

PASS this up. It's stupid. So's the hero and the remainder of the cast. It's all about a suffering hero who corrals wild horses to win the gal of his heart. But while said hero was out chasing horses, the said heroine was being courted by the villain. They almost are married when a stampede starts and the hero saves the girl. Even the youngsters will find this actionless.

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors

THE whole cast is framed—that's the plot. But that's no reason why you should be framed into wasting a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. Wally Wales, another new cowboy, is the star. Now we gave you fair warning.

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick

THE famous Devil's Island of the French government has been transcribed to the screen from the story of Leah Baird. Leah, if you remember, graced the screen many years ago. The story is interesting, but it has been developed in such a slipshod manner that it becomes very tiresome. One thing at least we can recommend is the impressive performance of Pauline Frederick. George Lewis and Marion Nixon are in the cast.

THE COWBOY COP—F. B. O.

AS a greenhorn in Los Angeles, Tom Tyler finds himself an easy prey for the pilfering hands of crooks. So he gets himself a job as a mounted cop. Falling in love with the daughter of his former boss, he saves her jewels from the villains and brings the story to a happy close. Plenty of fighting and odd bits of humor give the Western fans the wanted thrills. We nearly forgot to tell you how grand little Frankie Darro is. He's worth the price of admission.



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"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

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THE COLLEGE BOOB—F. B. O.

THE latest hero to succumb to the football appeal is Lefty Flynn. It's the usual story of the country bumpkin who goes to college and makes good on the team. However, we will say that the game itself is really very, very exciting. We can almost hear the youngsters screaming with delight when they see this.

THE RUNAWAY EXPRESS—Universal

THERE is nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is filled with good suspense interest and, my dear, what a thrilling climax. Jack Daugherty loses his position as engineer of a locomotive but when he learns the train is in danger, he dashes

madly on his steed and, just as the train is about to go over a cliff, he succeeds in pulling the brakes and saves the day. Good for the kiddies and grownups.

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox

HERE'S a Tom Mix picture that the children will go wild over. And the older folks will get a kick out of it too. It is crammed full of action and suspense and has a delightful love interest. Tom and Tony perform an unusual amount of thrilling stunts. Tom's a smart fellow when it comes to saving the heroine. What he doesn't think of doing! Suppose love would do a thing like that though. Jane Novak is the feminine interest,



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De Miracle

Young Lochinvar Maynard

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

sombrero alongside the five-gallon hats of Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Will Rogers, Fred Thompson, Jack Holt, "Buck" Jones, "Hoot" Gibson, Art Acord.

He is Ken Maynard, a Texan with a drawl, a real cowboy, a Wild West show follower, a circus performer, a rodeo champion, a soldier of fortune and now a Western star. All these accomplishments crowded into thirty full years of life.

Madame Glyn prepared me for my meeting with Ken Maynard, but that dear lady doesn't know it. It was once when she was telling me all about that pulsating IT. Madame named the movie stars who had IT, and then she paused and her eyes narrowed to green slits: "But I will tell you," oracles Madame Glyn, "that you will find IT more often in those splendid virile cowboys than you will in Hollywood or anywhere in America. Those real men

of the range. They are the ones who possess IT to a superlative degree."

I wonder if Madame Glyn could possibly have met Ken Maynard?

He is tall, and has a lean, tanned grin. Smile wrinkles, too, cluster about his eyes. Or maybe it was the sun on those Texas plains of his youth that made them. He has an affable, toothy smile which reminds you a bit of the affable, toothy smile of Taylor Holmes. And he has one of those God-given Virginia-nurtured Southern drawls.

He shoved his blonde sombrero back on his dark hair and scratched his head reflectively:

"Well, if I hadn't broken all those records, I reckon I might still be in Texas hoping some day to be a cowboy actor."

"Records?" said we. "For broncho busting? Roping? Riding? Throwing? 'Bulldogging?'"



Notice the new roguish make-up on Lillian Gish. And observe the change in Norman Kerry. You may credit these improvements to John Robertson, the kind and sympathetic director in charge of "Annie Laurie." It's a gay and vigorous Scotch romance with Lillian as a dressed-up and perky heroine instead of a broken blossom

"No, ma'am," in liquid syllables. "They were phonograph records. I broke 'em when I was a kid. You see it was this way. . . ."

And now you shall hear the strange story of how Ken Maynard realized his heart's ambition—to be a Western actor.

"Down in Mission, Texas, where I was born, they had just one little stuffy showhouse. They played nothing but 'Broncho Billy' Anderson and Jack Kerrigan and Bill Hart pictures. I was a glutton for them. Finally it got too costly, going every night, and I got a job changing the phonograph records on the machine in front of the theater and then I saw the pictures for nothing.

"One day I stumbled and broke all the records. It was then I decided I might as well be sore from learning how to ride a horse than from being kicked out of theaters, and I ran away with a small Wild West show. I was pretty sick of it when my dad came after me and sent me back to school. But that was too tame after those other exciting days and I ran away again and got a job on a ranch. . . . wrangled horses, oiled windmills, helped the cook, and in my spare time practiced trick riding.

"Kids think they know so darned much." and Maynard let me have another lean, tanned grin. "I went with another wagon show and dad came and got me a second time and shipped me East to Virginia and a military school. Everything was jake when I learned they had a cavalry unit, and after a while I got to be captain.

"Summers, mostly, I'd go back to Texas and just about spend my vacation on horseback—riding and trying out new tricks. I graduated from school and stuck my degree in civil engineering in the bottom of my trunk and I guess it's still there, because right after that I joined another wagon show and next season, in Birmingham, Alabama, I hooked up with 'The Kit Carson Buffalo Ranch Wild West Show.' It was a big outfit. Billed itself as an 'Aggregation.' It was my first run in big time.

"THERE were great days for a kid. Every kind of crook in the country followed the circus for easy money. Talk about buzzards! Soft pickings on the townsmen, you know. And fights! They'd all fight at the drop of a hat or at the murmur of 'Hey, Rube!'

"Then along came the war and I helped around in that. In 1910 I went with Ringling Brothers as their star rider, which is just about the finest thing that can happen to a Wild West show man. And then somebody said something about pictures, and I went to Hollywood. I worked around a bit. Did a couple of pictures for Lynn Reynolds, who was Tom Mix's director, and then got a chance at some real riding when I did the Paul Revere ride in 'Janice Meredith.'

"Well, you know how Hollywood is. Sticking around. Waiting. Getting nothing. Then having a run of luck. I was signed for a series of independent pictures. Then Charles Rogers picked me out and I got in big time with 'Senor Dare-Devil.' Now we've just finished 'The Unknown Cavalier,' with Al Rogell directing. He's a great guy."

The blonde sombrero was shoved forward over the gray Maynard eyes:

"See that white horse out yonder? That's 'Tarzan.' And I didn't capture him from any wild horse band or catch him running out from under any revolutionary general. He's a darned good horse. And I bought him."

"But there was a revolutionary general in your life, wasn't there?" said Dorothy.

Another smile and the blonde sombrero went leeward on the Maynard head:

"Down in Mexico, I got mixed up in a red-hot revolution. Joined Creighton's Texans when Madero tried to overthrow Diaz. They promised us \$7.50 a day. . . . that's what the extras get out here. . . . and all the loot we could help ourselves to. The only thing I got was a guitar that I stole in the battle of Casa Grande—and no check. But the guitar wasn't



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BY BETTY LEE MONTAG

Like most women, I love the so-called "little" attentions. It was heart-warming on my birthday, recently, to receive letters and printed greetings from all my friends. But, somehow, I warmed to the letters most. They were personal—they had been composed especially for me!

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so bad. I've still got it. And a lot of battles are fought for less.

"I did get a commission from some grubby-looking aide to General Orasco. Gave me an officer's hat cord, but I had to work just as hard afterward. Then I went with Garibaldi, grandson of the old Italian liberator, and quit after the battle of Juarez. Two Irishmen, a negro and I left the Mexican army after the fighting died down and, as we came across the bridge, we met a lot of tourists who were souvenir-hunting. We sold them bullets at a dollar apiece, and ran out of bullets, so we unloaded a few rounds into a post in back of a chili parlor, picked them out with a pocket knife and went back to the flourishing souvenir selling business. That ended the soldier of fortune era."

And that ends my story of Ken Maynard. It makes those dear old Wild West thrillers read like cambric tea and wafers, doesn't it?

Temperament? Certainly, says Nazimova

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

against your screen, brings you that depression. Little things—big things, undercurrents, unknown thoughts, who knows?

"But temperament is like a harp. The lightest wind brings forth some response.

"You may find what the world calls success without temperament. Oh yes, there are workers, sticklers, who by plugging along get there and do good things.

"But you cannot have genius without temperament. It is impossible!"

She put a cigarette in a long, black holder

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and contemplated the glowing end in silence. Then her eyes began to shine and she laughed. It is odd, how her eyes begin to shine each time before she laughs.

"Now," she said, "some people would call this temperament." She waved the long, black holder at me. "But I assure you that it is not. It is simply that I do not like the little pieces of tobacco to stick on my lips. I like the smoke cooled.

"Personal habits have nothing to do with temperament. For instance, to you, in America, a samovar seems very temperamental. But to me, a Russian, it seems just a very inconvenient, awkward piece of furniture.

"But I—I am unfortunate. I fall between two fires. I am neither the one thing nor the other. I will show you.

"When I was in New York this year, the Moscow Junior Art Players were there. I went, and sat looking up—up. I felt again like the little extra girl I was when I was in the Moscow Art Theater. When I was coming out of the theater, I met their director—who used to be my teacher in the school. I did not daré to speak to him. I was slipping away. But he recognized me. He called me. Before I thought, I blurted out, "Would you consider staying in New York this winter to direct my new play 'Caterina'?"

"He is a very great man. He considered, and I held my breath. He said we would talk it over. The next day I went to his hotel. For three hours we talked. He told me how he would like to produce the play, and I told him how it must be produced in America. We saw it would not be possible to work together and I cried.

"When I went away, he said, 'You have become American, Alla. You speak Russian with an American accent.'

"So, you see, to them, I am practical and American.

"To you, I am temperamental and Russian. "It all depends on the point of view.

"A manager called me up in New York to play a big rôle in a play that is now a huge success. I read the play. I said, 'I am sorry. It is a good play. But—I could not stand up there on the stage and let them call me *Madam Gaddam*, I would like to, but I could not. Now, is that what you call temperament? But—I could not help it. In my desk I have thirty-two plays, suggested by managers. But—I could not play them. I am sorry. But I could not.

"I love motion pictures. I think I love them better than the stage—as well, anyway. But it is the same with pictures.

"You speak of success and failure. I will try to show you how that is all a matter of luck, of circumstance.

"WHEN I first came to America I had so much luck it frightened me. All was luck—the whole thing. I did not want to come. I said, 'No—I will not go. I will be seasick.' But at last they persuaded me, and I was seasick for twelve days.

"Then—I had luck. People took an interest in me. I had great plays. Great plays. I did not get what you call the swelled head. Instead, I used to think—can this be true? Is this really happening to me? When will something come to end it all?

"I was like the king in the story—do you know that story? 'Once there was a king who was so lucky that his friends and ministers became frightened. Everything he touched went exactly right. So they told him the gods would become envious of him and he had better offer up something he prized to propitiate them. So he took a ring that he loved very much from his finger and threw it into the sea. But the next day he went fishing and the big fish he caught had the ring in his belly. And his luck kept on until the gods noticed him and destroyed him.'

"I was as lucky as that.
"And then, the luck turned. But I have made my sacrifice to the gods now, and perhaps it will change back again."

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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest autumn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Gint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Koni Co., 610 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Gint SHAMPOO

And I knew by her eyes that she was thinking of the tragic ending of her great love. But she did not say anything and I could not.

"You asked me why I made 'Salome.' Well—"Salome" was a purgative. You see, when I started to make pictures, I did not have enough temperament for my own good. No—do not smile—that is true. I have always had too much regard for my word, for a mere contract, a scrap of paper. It seems impossible now that I should ever have been asked to play such parts as 'The Heart of a Child' and 'Billions.' But I was. And instead of saying, 'No, I will not play such trash. I will not play roles so wholly unsuited to me in every way,' I went on and played them because of my contract, and they ruined me.

"WORSE than that, they made me sick with myself. So I did 'Salome' as a purgative. I wanted something so different, so fanciful, so artistic, that it would take the taste out of my mouth. 'Salome' was my protest against cheap realism. Maybe it was a mistake. But—I had to do it. It was not a mistake for me, myself.

"My inside feeling is important to my work, you see?

"For instance, Mr. Cecil De Mille called me up and asked me to make a test for his *Mary Magdalene*. I said I would not. He was hurt. He said many other well known screen stars had made tests for it and it would not hurt me and why would I not? I said, 'Oh, it is not that I mind being the thousandth to make this test. But it is like this. Miss Curlylocks can come down and make tests for you. If you call her up the next day and say, "Sorry, but you're not just the type we want," she will say, "Ho, those idiots—they could have had me to play *Mary Magdalene* and they didn't have sense enough to take me." But me? I make the test, and then if you should call up and say, "Sorry, but you haven't this or that or the other," then I am rolled out flat like a pancake. I am hurt. I am depressed for a month.'

"Is that what you call temperament? Maybe. But at least it is not bad temper.

"I have never wasted energy in these—blow-ups. Ask the electricians, the carpenters, the casts. They call me 'Nazy.' They like me. They will tell you I never make scenes. I save that energy for my scenes.

"But producers, directors, business men—they call me temperamental because I always speak the truth.

"I never lie. I will not lie. Why do people lie? From fear or from vanity. I am not afraid of anybody and I have no vanity. So why should I lie?

"I have never yet found the person who was worth lying to.

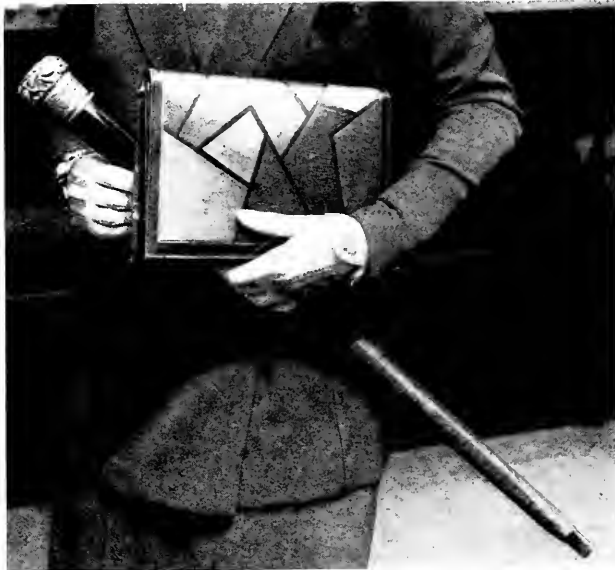
"If I know of a part I believe in, I may say, 'I can play that part better than anybody.' But if they ask me about another part, I will say, 'But you do not want me for that part. You want a much younger and more beautiful woman.'

"IT is like this with me now. I have had

"great worldly success. I know the taste of it. I have earned much money and had all the things of the earth. I have known poverty—failure—hard work. Now, I do not care for success any more. I do not care for money. My needs and tastes are simple. I have leased my Hollywood property where my house was for 90 years, for enough money to take care of me always. Now, I want only my work to count. I want to find great plays, if I can, and fine pictures, that I really want to do. I shall be happier so than if I was the greatest box office success in the whole world. I want peace. I want work that I love. I will not do over the things I do not want to do.

"Is that being temperamental? Maybe. But out of it may come—I hope will come—work to justify the kind things you have said about my art."

There is one thing more to be said about Nazimova.



Close-up of a chic young woman. May Allison's bag is a cubist affair, with patches of different colored leathers. The rainstick is a far cry from the old, ungainly umbrella. It has a carved handle and it is pretty enough to carry even in sunshine California. For a picture of May's face, turn to the rotogravure section in the front of the magazine

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Madame Nazimova is the only person who ever gave me so much in an interview that it was a really difficult task to select the things you might enjoy most.

I haven't told you the half of it. I haven't told you the story about Duse, nor what she once did, all unknowingly, for a little girl called Alla Nazimova. And I haven't told you any of the witty things she said—you always have to get through Nazimova's sense of humor first.

I went away in a daze of trying to remember. I got arrested for parking my car in front of a fire plug. I didn't care. I was thinking of Nazimova and her temperament.

How They Popped the Question

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

took it. Perhaps I hoped Harold would miss me and quit thinking of me as just a little kid.

If it was strategy, it worked, for the second day I was on the picture Harold phoned and asked me to go for an auto ride that evening.

I was a bit disappointed when he drove up, for he had brought the chauffeur. But that didn't seem to bother Harold for a minute. He was most serious. And you know when Harold's serious he has something on his mind.

The car was hardly started when Harold got down to the business in hand. Seems he had missed me horribly, wanted me to marry him.

Of course I was fussed—very, very fussed. I was sure the chauffeur could hear. But I wasn't so fussed I didn't murmur yes! Then Harold pulled a ring from his pocket. It was perfect.

"Hope you like the stone, Mid. I've been looking for it for six months."

Then I was good and mad

"I like your nerve!" I told him. "Looking for the ring so far in advance looks as if you knew I'd marry you!"

And that was our first fight—but not our last.

Ben got huffy By Babbette Turpin

BEN and I first met in a Los Angeles hospital. You get pretty lonesome in a hospital and when I learned my favorite comedian and I were under the same roof I marshaled all my courage and called upon him.

The result of my visit was a charming friendship and an autographed photograph on which he wrote "To My Little Fat Babbette."

I still have that picture. It is one of my most cherished possessions. But I'm not so fat now. I won't deny that the autograph might have had an effect. Anyway, I've taken off a lot of weight since then.

When Ben was stricken in Santa Barbara last year and went under the knife, he wired for me to come, and I did.

From then on we saw a lot of each other, but it's hard for me to tell you just how he proposed. He tried it so many different ways before I understood.

I suppose one almost always thinks a professional comedian is joking. I know I did, and Ben had to get downright angry to convince me he was serious.

He seems to think he proposed a lot of times before he was accepted, but I assure you I said yes the first time I knew he meant it.

We might have been married weeks before if I hadn't always been looking for the laugh in the things Ben said and did.

So you see being a comedian, even a high salaried one, has its drawbacks, for it certainly made it hard for Ben to propose.

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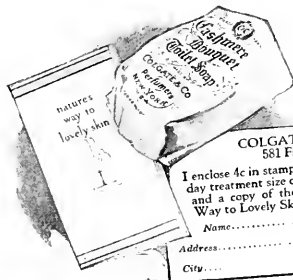
Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips.

Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel.

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His best performance
By Faith MacLean

I AM afraid I spoiled what would have been one of the most romantic proposals in history. You see Douglas and I were romantic youngsters when it happened.

Our flare for romance had led us both to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. That is where we met and fell in love.

We both knew we were in love, but Douglas did not actually ask me to be his wife until he had completed his first season as a professional, playing a lover opposite Maude Adams.

I think he planned to propose according to all of the best rules of the theater. But when he started I broke up the show by saying "Yes!" and falling on his neck before he had half finished. At that, I will always insist that it was his most perfect dramatic performance.

Romance a la carte
By Lilyan Tashman Lowe

OURS was really love at first sight and proposal at first meeting.

I was in the Follies, and Eddie, out in the audience, saw me. But we didn't meet.

Then Eddie's show opened and I, in the audience, saw him. Still we didn't meet.

But, confidentially, we adored from afar.

One night I was asked by a friend to join another couple at dinner. Eddie was in the party.

Over the *hors d'oeuvre* he told me I was the only woman in the Follies to him.

Over the soup I told him I adored him in his play.

Over the salad he told me he loved me. Over the chicken I told him I loved him. Over the ices he asked me to marry him. And I answered "Yes" into the *demitasse*.

She went Mah Jongg
By Daisy Canfield Moreno

TONY proposed to me over the pungs and Thonors with the East Wind blowing gustily. We were playing Mah Jongg with a married couple, when Tony suddenly turned to the wife and said:

"Will you marry me?"

She smiled and replied: "I would, but my husband might object."

"I'll marry you," I offered.

"That's what I wanted all the time," said Tony.

But I still insist it was Tony who proposed.

They said they'd never marry
By Jacqueline Logan Gillespie

BOB and I were both against marriage. We would never marry, we vowed. That was before we met.

Then Harry Garson invited us, separately of course, to attend a dinner. One of the guests was Judge Work, a charming gentleman, who believed that all theories should be proven.

"I do not believe in marriage," declared Bob in the course of the dinner.

"Neither do I," I remarked severely.

And then we went on to give our reasons.

Judge Work entered the conversation: "You are just the kind of people who should get married to prove your theory is right—or wrong."

The next morning Bob and I were married in his office by Judge Work.

We have been married eighteen months and Bob and I are about to toss our theory out the window. Somehow it isn't practical. We've changed our minds, you see, about marriage.

When Rex played Beatrice Fairfax
By Alice Terry Ingram

I FIRST met Rex when he directed me in "Hearts Are Trumps" at the old Metro studios, and before we had finished "The Four Horsemen" we were great pals.

In those days Rex was most emphatic that he would never marry and of course I believed him. He was all against marriage for professionals.

At his oft repeated request I came to look upon Rex as my best and truest friend.

"If you ever need advice or have any problems come to me!" This is what Rex said to me time after time.

Then he went to New York.

Shortly after I started going with a young chap whose name doesn't matter, and soon this lad was insisting that I marry him. He was nice and so persistent. I was on the verge of saying "Yes" when I thought of Rex and his offer of advice. Surely if ever I needed advice it was before taking such a serious step.

So I wired Rex that I needed his advice badly.

He came west immediately and over the dinner table in a little Hollywood cafe I laid the whole problem before him.

"Very serious! Good thing you sent for me!" said Rex. "Let's walk. I think better walking."

And we started out, arm in arm, down Hollywood Boulevard. . . .

Oh, yes! I took his advice and became Mrs. Rex Ingram.

Not so funny
By Laura Rhinock D'Arcy

"THE MERRY WIDOW" was really the cause. If I had not attended the premiere in New York that night, I never would have persuaded my father to join Marcus Loew's party going to the coast. And I never would have gone west . . . to see how pictures were made, of course.

But I saw "The Merry Widow." I saw Roy D'Arcy. I became tremendously interested—in learning how pictures were made.

I might have been disappointed when I saw the *Crown Prince* of "The Merry Widow" off-screen. But I wasn't. Oh, no! We first met at a dinner given for Mr. Loew. After dinner there was a garden. And a lemon-colored California moon. And, I think, an ingratiating mocking bird.

The following day I had to see the country, being a newcomer. And Roy D'Arcy kindly acted as my guide.

The third evening it was the theater and, later, the same moon—a little fatter and older, perhaps, as moons go—made a silver thread of a road for us to follow to the beach.

"Wouldn't it be funny," said Roy, glancing at me, "wouldn't it be funny if we should marry?"

But I didn't think it would be exactly funny. And we both finally decided it would be rather nice.

Tears did it
By Robert Leonard

BEING a director has its advantages. But having tears in the script is more advantageous. If it hadn't been that the scenario writer put a crying scene into the story, there might have been no romance between Gertrude and me.

Gertrude had cried for two days, complying with the script. Now Gertrude always has to have someone's arm about her to make her cry.

Mae Busch had furnished the arm the first two days. The third day Mae was absent and I supplied the arm.

It was then I discovered I loved her. But how to propose? Then an idea! I secured the ring. "We are going to make an insert of your hand with this engagement ring, Gertrude," I told her. "Let me see if it fits." It did. "May it remain there permanently? . . ."

And Gertrude nodded, so we didn't need to bother about the insert.

Romance en route

By Albert Parker

MARGARET and I were traveling with William Gillette's repertory company. And we had to make a lot of long and tiresome railroad jumps. So while we were traveling through New England, I finally argued Margaret into saying "Yes." I didn't have anything, but I promised her a lot! She took me, so I must have been a good salesman.

Just like a novel

By Alma Rubens Cortez

RICARDO really had the advantage. He saw me first. And it wasn't until several years later that I saw him.

As Ricardo told me later, the hour was nearly six on Fifth Avenue in New York. There was a church across the street—St. Patrick's Cathedral. There was a display of pictures. And there was I.

Ricardo looked at me. A large fat woman waddled between us. Ricardo was swept away in the throng.

He says he fell in love with me then and there, but by the time the stout person had ambled away I was gone.

Several years later a dinner was given in Hollywood for Ricardo Cortez, the newest Lasky star. I attended.

Ricardo came to me after dinner.

"I could have killed that fat woman that day on Fifth Avenue!"

And then he told me about it.

"If you had killed her, you wouldn't be here tonight," I said.

"Now that I am here—will you marry me?"

I've been waiting for you ever since that fat woman came between us!"

I didn't refuse.

The Kidding Kid

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82)

man does not? And Bill is Virginian in appearance and speech. A Staunton boy, educated at the Staunton Military Academy. From there to New York and a broker's office. Then one day he had his picture taken. It was the beginning of the path to films. He liked to have his picture taken. He admits it.

He started posing for hats and suits and whatnots. Also what the well-dressed young man will wear. In 1922 Bob McIntyre, at the behest of the old Goldwyn company, undertook to select two new faces for the films. The new faces he selected were William Haines and Eleanor Boardman. And that's how Bill got into pictures. He played in many—"Memory Lane" and "Sally, Irene and Mary." Many more. Then "Brown of Harvard."

Bill isn't particularly collegiate in type. Rather more like a successful young business man. Not as collegiate as Conway Tearle in his golf togs or Bobbie Agnew and his Oxford bags or even Carl Miller and his array of passionate-hued sweaters.

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-says Wm. Haines



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Wm. Haines

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The Wild Way [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

She thought a minute and then: "It's just pity," she said sadly. "If I thought you really loved me—"

"I do, dammit," he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you think I know whether I love you or not?"

"If you really loved me you wouldn't swear at me," she argued, choking back a sob.

"I didn't mean to," he apologized. "Only you make me so damn mad—"

"There!" she exclaimed. "You see, I make you mad. How can you say you love me if I make you mad?"

"Say, what is this? A debating society or a courtship?" Haskins demanded. "I tell you I love you and you call me a liar!"

"I did not!" Ellaline protested in a shocked voice.

"You did so!" Haskins almost shouted.

"Mr. Haskins!"

"You heard me!"

"After that I think you'd better go," Ellaline said lightly.

"After that I will!" Haskins retorted.

He got his hat and went—all the way a cross the room. Then he came back.

"Now look here—" he began.

Ellaline commenced to cry. He took her in his arms and kissed her. Everything was rosy until he spoke of marriage again.

"We must wait, dear, till I've made my success," she explained to him gently.

"Your what?" he exclaimed aghast.

"Before I get married and settle down I do want the satisfaction of proving to myself—and all those people back in Danbury who laughed at me when I came out here and said I'd fail—that I could succeed if I just wanted to."

"Why, of course you could succeed if you wanted to," Haskins lied earnestly. "You're sure of that, aren't you?"

"Absolutely!" she declared.

"So am I," said Haskins. "Why should you waste time proving it to other people?"

"It won't be long," she assured him fondly. "I might distrust my own judgment, but if you're so sure I can succeed—"

"Marry me now and then succeed," Haskins urged wildly.

"No, dear," she said with a gentle mulish stubbornness, which he had come to recognize and dread, "when we get married I want to give up my art forever."

Haskins worried. The worry showed in his work.

The result was a conference following his delivery of a screen version of a popular current novel, called "The Wild Way."

"It lacks something," Max Sonnenberg, the producer, said portentously. "Yes, sir. That's what's the matter with it. It lacks something."

"That's it," Ed Tracy, the director, said slamming the table with his fist and nodding

his head approvingly. "Yes sir, you've hit it, Mr. Sonnenberg. That's just what's the matter. It lacks something."

"I think so, too," said Harry Kingman, who was to be the hero in the picture.

The three who were in agreement looked accusingly at Haskins, the remaining member of the conference. They waited for an answer.

Haskins sighed. "Well, maybe it does," he admitted despiritually.

Everyone smiled brightly. They were in agreement. The conference was certainly getting somewhere.

"It lacks something," Sonnenberg repeated. "Now the next thing we got to think about is this—what it is that it lacks."

"That's it," said Tracy profoundly. "Yes sir, that's just what we got to think about. What it is that it lacks." He put his head in his hands and gave an imitation of a man thinking.

"I feel that way about it, too," said Kingman. He tipped back his head, shut his eyes and also pretended to think.

Haskins nodded agreement and nervously made marks on a piece of paper.

Mr. Sonnenberg lit a cigar and leaned back in his chair with his eyes on the ceiling.

"I got it!" he said explosively after a moment. "I know what it is that it lacks."

"Can you beat it?" said Tracy in an awed voice. "The way he works things out!" as he nodded admiration.

"He has a gift for situation," Harry Kingman said admiringly.

"What is it?" Haskins asked lugubriously.

"Punch!" said Mr. Sonnenberg impressively. "That's what it lacks. It lacks punch."

"My idea exactly," said Kingman. "I was just going to say that."

Haskins nodded reluctant agreement.

"I guess so," he admitted. "Maybe that's it."

"Sure it is," said Sonnenberg, his face wreathed in smiles. "Sure, that's it."

He rose, indicating that the conference was at an end.

"You fix that up now, Haskins," he said genially. "Get it done by say two o'clock this afternoon, maybe, and we will have another conference."

"Fine!" said Tracy.

"Good idea," said Kingman.

They started towards the door.

"Hey, wait a minute," said Haskins desperately. "Let's talk this thing over a little. Where are we going to put this punch in? What's it going to be?"

Sonnenberg frowned and looked at his watch.



Ellaline was pretty, movingly so. A slim, wholesome girl, big frank blue eyes and a warm, sweet, impulsive face. And she was so desperately in earnest about getting into the movies

"I'm busy this morning," he said. "I got a lot of appointments. You get Tracy and Kingman to work it out with you."

Tracy and Kingman walked with Haskins to his office.

"I've been thinking," said Tracy as they sat down. "How about a scene on a yacht?"

"What kind of a scene?" Haskins asked.

"Some kind of a big scene," said Tracy vaguely. "I haven't thought it out. It's just an idea I had."

"How could you get 'em on a yacht?" Haskins persisted.

"I don't know," said Tracy unhelpfully. "Maybe it wouldn't work. I just thought of it."

"Couldn't you work up some sort of a big scene for *Ned Wilcox*?" Kingman suggested enthusiastically. *Ned Wilcox* was the part he was to play. "You know—well, a real big scene of some sort?"

"What kind of a scene?" Haskins asked.

"I hadn't thought it out yet," Kingman said. "Some kind of a good big scene, though. I think that would put punch in the picture, all right."

Tracy looked at his watch. "I just happened to think," he said hurriedly. "I have to see some people this morning."

He got up and started for the door.

"You and Kingman work it out," he said to Haskins encouragingly over his shoulder. "I think you have the idea now, all right."

He went out.

Kingman fidgeted for a few minutes and arose. "I'll go over to my dressing room and think over there," he said. "If anything comes to me I'll let you know. I think you got the idea and all it needs is working out."

He went out.

Haskins was alone. He swore wearily and began a reperusal of the script that lacked punch. His thoughts wandered to Ellaline Warren and her obsession to get into the movies. How to cure her? What to put into the script? Would she give up after a while and marry him anyhow? Where could he get punch into the darn yarn? Thus the futile run of his thoughts for a wasted hour.

Curly Jacklin, one of the publicity men, stuck his head in the door.

"Busy?" he asked.

"Yes," said Haskins emphatically.

Curly entered and sat down. "How time coming?" he inquired.

"They're not," said Haskins gloomily. "I'm stuck." He explained the nature of his predicament.

"I got just what you want," said Curly confidentially. "I came on it when I was out hunting last fall and I've never tipped anybody."

"What is it?" Haskins asked, a note of hope in his voice.

"A cliff," said Curly.

"A cliff?" Haskins repeated.

Curly explained in detail.

"Real stuff, see?" he urged. "No fake business on a set in the lot. You can shoot it so the fans'll know it's real. It's made to order. I tell you!"

Haskins shivered violently. "Just talking about it gives me the jimnies," he explained to Curly. "I'm that way about the high places."

"Ain't it a dorb?" said Curly.

"A wov," said Haskins. "Get out and let me write it."



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THE car crawled slowly up the mountain grade. The right wheels grazed the base of the steep slope. On the left there was the little matter of a five hundred foot drop into a rocky cañon. Haskins gripped the steering wheel so tightly his knuckles seemed about to pop through the drawn skin. His eyes were fixed intently on the road ahead. Ellaline Warren sat beside him babbling delightedly. They were on their way to the spot on the mountain where the great cliff scene was to be taken. At one of the turn out places on the



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narrow mountain road, Haskins edged the car close into the mountain side and stopped. He set the brakes carefully and relaxed with a sigh of relief. There were beads of sweat on his forehead.

"Zowie!" he exclaimed prayerfully. "Driving these mountain roads certainly does get my goat!"

"Are you sure Sonnenberg's going to be here today?" Ellaline asked.

"Be here!" Haskins said bitterly. "He wouldn't miss it for worlds. He thinks he thought this scene up. I get all the ideas and do all the work and then he takes all the credit."

"How did you happen to think of this cliff scene?" Ellaline asked.

Haskins flushed. "Why—er—uh—it just came to me," he said guiltily.

"My! I wish I were in this scene today," Ellaline said wistfully. "Sonnenberg could see me work. I just know that if he once saw me—"

Haskins muttered something under his breath and began the painful business of driving once more. Nerve wearing as it was, he preferred it to listening to Ellaline's persistent discussion of her prospects. He had brought her along as his guest to watch the shooting of the great cliff scene and he was beginning to wish he had left her home. Ellaline's persistent discussion of her hopes and chances was becoming irritatingly monotonous, even to her lover's ears.

A narrow rock cañon, high in the Sierras. On one side a cliff facing sheer for two hundred feet to break then into a steep slope reaching to the peak a thousand feet above. Near the top of this steep, trough-like slope, a rock slide, hundreds of tons of loose stuff, resting miraculously quiet on the sharp incline.

Along the face of the cliff, some one hundred and fifty feet above the narrow, boulder covered floor of the cañon, a rock ledge, varying in width from one to three feet. The face of the cliff was rounded like the stern of an enormous ship, the ledge was like a crude balcony running from an easily scaled chaparral covered slope on one side to an equivalent formation on the other.

Across the narrow cañon from this ledge and about on a level with it, the flat top of a small butte. Upon this flat a movie cast with full equipment. Haranguing this cast, Max Sonnenberg, producer. The subject under discussion—that rock slide away up near the peak, but directly above the cliff face.

"Why should them rocks come down now?" he demanded. "I ask you why! They've been there God only knows how many years! You think they got sense in 'em, they're going to come down now and bother you?"

Lottie Birdlong, the leading woman, laughed. "They may not have any sense, Mr. Sonnenberg, but believe me I have. If you think I'm going to monkey around over there on that ledge with that rock slide up there just waiting to come down any minute, you can think again. Not me! No indeedy!"

"I tell you there is no danger," Mr. Sonnenberg shouted.

"I hear you," Lottie Birdlong said calmly. "You could tell me the sun is not shining, but that wouldn't make me believe it is dark."

"I'm willing to take a chance," Harry Kingman offered.

"I'm willing you should," Lottie Birdlong said spitefully. "Help yourself!"

"I believe Miss Birdlong's right, Mr. Sonnenberg," Haskins put in, his voice shaking, his eyes round with terror as he gazed up the steep slope above the cliff. "If that slide up there ever should start—"

"Shut up!" Sonnenberg bellowed. "Ain't everybody scared enough without you making it worse?"

"We could send back to Hollywood and get a double for Miss Birdlong," Kingman suggested.

Sonnenberg waved his arms. "All right,"

he agreed disgustedly. "A day gone to hell is nothing to people that ain't got to pay salaries, I suppose."

Ellaline Warren stepped forward. "Let me do it, Mr. Sonnenberg," she begged. "Please let me do it. I'm here. I'll do it. I'll double for her."

"Ellie!"

It was a shriek. It was Haskins who shrieked. He grabbed Ellaline Warren round the waist and dragged her back from the cañon. She was standing twenty-five or thirty feet from the edge, but he dragged her still further back.

Mr. Sonnenberg looked on interested. "Who is the young lady?" he asked.

"Nobody," said Haskins wildly, shielding Ellaline with his body and holding her desperately as she struggled to escape. "She's never had any experience, she's—"

Smack! That was Ellaline's little hand laid violently against Haskins' cheek. She struggled loose from his grasp and ran towards Sonnenberg.

"I can too, Mr. Sonnenberg," she cried. "I can too act! Don't you listen to him. You just let me try it and see if I can't."

Mr. Sonnenberg rubbed his hands. The beginnings of a smile appeared on his face.

"Well, now, maybe we got somet'ing here," he said. "Who are you, young lady?"

"I'm Ellaline Warren," Ellie panted. "I can act, Mr. Sonnenberg. Honest I can. Just give me a chance."

"A chance!" Miss Lottie Birdlong sneered. "Take cyanide, dearie! It'll be over quicker."

"I came out with Mr. Haskins, Mr. Sonnenberg," Ellie chattered on. "I've had some experience—a little bit. I can do it. Don't you listen to him!"

"Oh, ho," said Mr. Sonnenberg. "You came with Mr. Haskins, hey?"

"What a busy little boy Haskins turned out to be! I miss Birdlong said nastily. "He writes the script and furnishes the girl and from the look of things he'll be the chief mummer at the funeral."

"Ellie, come here to me!" Haskins implored. "Come away from that cliff. Come away from Mr. Sonnenberg. Come here, I say!"

"You leave me alone," Ellie flamed. "Don't you pay any attention to him, Mr. Sonnenberg. He hasn't got anything to say about it. You'll let me do it, won't you?"

"A day is a day when you got to pay salaries," said Sonnenberg. "If you want to try it—"

ON the flat gravel summit everything was set. The plot of the piece at this point was as follows: The heroine, fleeing from a forest fire, is cut off from every avenue of escape, except the narrow ledge leading around the cliff face. Fearfully she works her way around. The smoke curls up about her. Exhausted, half suffocated, she sinks on the ledge, unconscious. Who comes along and rescues her? Strangely enough it turns out to be the hero.

The smoke making devices were set in the bottom of the cañon. Ed. Tracy, standing behind the camera with Sonnenberg, raised the megaphone to his lips and called out: "All right. Come on, Miss Warren."

Around the cliff face from the left, Ellaline appeared inching her way along the ledge.

"Camera!" Tracy called.

"Fine!" Sonnenberg exclaimed. "She's doing it fine."

She was. The script called for her to act scared at this point. A running rabbit with a hound's breath tickling its tail could not have expressed fear more perfectly than did Ellie. She was trembling from head to foot, flattened up against the cliff face, her outspread fingers clutching desperately at every bit of roughness, her feet fumbling along the ledge, literally an inch at a time.

"Great!" Sonnenberg went on, rubbing his hands. "That's immense!"

"Shut up, you big stiff," Lottie Birdlong

said in a low tense voice. "Haven't you got any sense? That kid's not acting. She's scared. Get her back off of there or she's going to fall."

Haskins groaned and sat down. It was not a voluntary act. His legs just suddenly ceased to support him and down he went.

"She's all right," Sonnenberg said, albeit somewhat uneasily. "She's doing fine."

"Easy now, Miss Warren," Tracy coached her anxiously. "Come along easy. You're doing great. A little farther now."

Ellie had stopped.

"A little farther, Miss Warren," Tracy urged. "Then you sink slowly down and—"

"I c-can't," Ellie's voice came across the chasm in a muffled wail. "I c-can't do it. Oh help! Please, help! I—"

"My God!" said Tracy in a low voice. "She's going to fall!"

"Don't fall, Miss Warren!" Sonnenberg called imploringly. "Steady now! Don't fall!"

Ellie screamed and swayed.

Haskins groaned and rubbed his face in the gravel.

Tracy swore.

Sonnenberg put out his hands as though he would reach across the chasm and shove her back.

SLOWLY the form of the girl on the ledge swayed, went limp and miraculously came to rest, face down, still on the ledge, outflung fingers clutching frantically at the naked rock. She was safe for the moment.

"Don't move!" Tracy shouted at her. "You're all right now." And then, more loudly: "Kingman! Come on! Miss Warren's in trouble. Come help her off there."

"What's the matter?" he called shakily.

Before Tracy could answer Lottie Birdlong gave a startled exclamation, clutched his arm and pointed up the steep, trough-like slope above the cliff.

Away up near the peak, a thousand feet above, two men with rifles on their arms were venturing cautiously onto the rock slide. Even as Lottie Birdlong pointed, a big boulder, just beneath the two figures, rumbled loose from its resting place and started down. The two hunters scrambled hastily back off the slide as the great rock began its descent, swiftly gathering speed as it came and bringing in its wake an alarming movement of smaller stuff.

"Kingman! Get a move on!" Tracy shouted. "Get that girl out of there! There's a rock coming!"

Kingman looked up and listened for an instant. He heard the ominous crash and bang of the big boulder rocketing down the slope. He hurried! Hurried back in the direction from which he had come, away from the face of the cliff. Mr. Kingman had temporarily resigned his job as hero. He was through. For that day at least.

Haskins yelled and started to his feet. He began to run off to the left and down the slope. The rest of the party followed his example. That onrushing boulder was aimed in the general direction on the spot on which they had been standing. It might bound clear across the cañon and land there. Only the camera man remained, crouched, tense, grinding away.

The huge boulder whizzed off the slope at the top of the cliff, and thundered into the opposite cañon wall, not twenty feet below the gravel flat, on which the camera man stood his ground, and banged into the bottom of the cañon. It had shot right over where Ellie Warren lay stretched on the ledge: So me of the smaller stuff following it slid over the cliff top with less momentum and rattled and banged down all around her.

"She's all right," Tracy gasped, peering through the dust.

Lottie Birdlong screamed and pointed up the mountain. Tracy looked. The whole slide was beginning to move.

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"God!" said Tracy prayerfully. "She's gone!"

Miss Birdlong gripped his arm and yelled again, pointing, across the cañon this time. Haskins was there, on the ledge, just coming around the face of the cliff. He had scrambled down into the cañon and up the slope on the opposite side on the left of the cliff by which the ledge was gained. He was the personification of terror, eyes distended, mouth open—but there he was—on that narrow ledge, making his way rapidly towards Ellie.

"Hurry!" Tracy yelled at him frantically. "The whole slide's coming! Hurry!"

HASKINS heard and stopped for an instant. Terror shook him. There might be time to get back to safety alone. He could hear the dull rumbling roar of the moving rock slide far above him. The girl was still a dozen feet beyond. He couldn't hurry but her after he reached her. He wasn't even sure that he could move her at all.

He tried to look up the cliff. Just above him a slight bulge shut off his view. It wasn't much of a bulge, but it was there. A slight overhang, some two or three feet above his head, completely shutting out his view. A crazy hope flamed up in his heart. He started recklessly along the ledge.

Horried, the watchers on the other side of the cañon saw him reach her and drag her back a dozen feet along the ledge while the great slide roared down. Now the wicked crest of it was only a hundred yards from the top of the cliff. The game camera man gave up and ran for it. Some of that stuff would shoot clear over sure.

They saw Haskins drag Ellie to her feet and with her stand flattened against the face of the cliff. Then the hideous torrent of rocks cut them from view, a grey, rushing, thunderous torrent that roared down steadily over the face of the cliff and half filled the narrow cañon.

Then a dust cloud gradually thinning and there on the ledge were Walter Haskins and Ellie Warren, still flattened against the face of the cliff, as they had been before the rushing rock slide hid them from view, still alive and unharmed. The crazy hope that had flamed in Haskins' heart had been fulfilled. That deflecting overhang had saved them from the rush of rocks as the same formation gives shelter under a waterfall.

With his right arm around Ellie's waist and his body pressed close against the cliff Haskins moved slowly to the left till he had negotiated the length of the ledge to where it met the chaparral clad slope of the draw. Arrived there he abruptly sat down on the firm ground, sat down flat, grabbed the limb of a manzanita bush in both hands and held on tight, as though he feared the earth might tilt and toss him off.

Ellie knelt beside him and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried wildly. "Walter!" Haskins roughly shook loose from her embrace.

Still sitting flat on the blessed ground and still tightly gripping the manzanita limb, he spoke his mind, spoke it freely and with emphasis.

"Shut up!" he said savagely. "Look at me. Now listen: You can't act worth a damn, do you hear me? You can't act and you don't screen well enough to be any good if you could and you haven't got nerve enough to go through with a stunt. I just love you to death, but if you're going to keep on with this picture foolishness of yours, we're through right now.

"You can marry me and cut out this damn nonsense or you can go to—you can go do whatever you want."

"Why, Walter," Ellie exclaimed. "I—"

"YOU heard me!" said Haskins. "If you'd rather be a fool extra that everybody laughs at than my wife, go ahead. You can't be both. I'll tell you that! You can't keep me waiting around while you make a fool of yourself trying to butt into a business you don't belong in, either. You can take me or leave me, but you've got to do one or the other and do it now!"

Ellie threw her arms around him again. "I don't want to act, Walter," she cried. "Honest, I don't. I won't act any more. I promise, Walter. I'll marry you right now, honey. Walter, speak to me! Don't you love me any more?"

Haskins let go the manzanita limb and pressed her to him.

"Flaming sheiks!" Lottie Birdlong exclaimed, watching. "I guess the censors wouldn't overwork their scissors on that clinch, what?"

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Bringing Sound to the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

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It should be pointed out that the Vitaphone is not used in connection with "Don Juan," save to record the orchestral accompaniment. "Don Juan" is not a talking picture.

The executives of Warner Brothers, the Bell Telephone Company and the Western Electric Company believe that the Vitaphone will revolutionize the presentation of motion pictures. It will bring famous singers and orchestras to the smallest theaters. Exhibitors will be able to get an accompaniment to their feature pictures played by the most famous orchestras. The Vitaphone will not be sold to exhibitors. The Vitaphone mechanism, which can be attached to any projector, will be leased.

Perhaps, back in their minds, these experts believe that the Vitaphone eventually will make possible a genuine talking picture. However, no definite plans have been made along this line. So far they are confining their activities to an invention which bids fair to transform the exhibition of pictures.

Fifty-Fifty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

of the greatest pictures up to that time and which still stands undimmed by later efforts. Incidentally, they made the late Rudolph Valentino.

But something happened. There is a story back of the splitting up of that great team, but I don't know it. I doubt if anybody does. Only I feel there was a story there, something more than the mere desire of every producer who ever lived to spread things out too thin. If two people are a great success together they always want to separate them and have two great successes.

June Mathis went to Paramount with Valentino. Perhaps she thought she would try collaboration with an actor.

She worked with Fred Niblo as director on "Blood and Sand." But they didn't turn out to be successful collaborators. They got the results, but the casualties were too great. Everybody loves June Mathis and, of course, Fred Niblo is one of the most popular men in Hollywood. But it was one of those things.

So June made a picture by herself, and it was terrible.

WOMEN cannot direct pictures. (With apologies to Lois Weber, who seems to be the exception that proves the rule.) It is not that they haven't the creative art, since they stand head and shoulders above the men in writing for the screen. But they cannot stand the gaff—the hard, physical work, the tremendous weight of detail, the necessity of executive organization. June Mathis, Frances Marion, Jane Murnin and Marion Fairfax are four great women writers who have had to admit defeat on that battlefield.

Then June was made some impossibly important sort of supervisor and editorial chief and power that be at Goldwyn's, and she made a fortune, and some fine pictures, but she didn't like it and she didn't find there what she was seeking—the director who would work with her as she and Ingram had worked together. When she went to First National, she was



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practically in charge of the editorial end of all productions, and she still is. And she and Charles Brabin had one brief fling at settling down to real collaboration when they made "So Big."

Then came "The Greater Glory," in collaboration with Curt Rehfeld, who had been Rex Ingram's assistant. Much was hoped for from this new team, but they only made the one picture together.

It is my personal opinion that June Mathis fell in love with young Balboni because she saw in him the man who might prove to be her other half—who might prove to be her perfect and permanent collaborator.

Balboni started in the picture business in Italy sixteen years ago. When he was a student, he was chosen to play Dante on the screen in the big Italian production based on the life of that poet. But he wasn't interested in acting. So he went into the technical end, and for years was recognized as one of the foremost men in Europe at camera work. Also, he has continually studied direction.

Now, after two years in an American studio as cameraman, assistant and director, he and his wife are making a picture together. It is called "The Masked Woman."

I BELIEVE that June Mathis will gladly give up her important position, and her tremendous salary, and everything else, if she and her husband can work together and make great pictures. That is her dream. That is her real ambition—to make great pictures, to write them, see them directed, stand by and collaborate. She hates the word "supervise."

When John McCormick, who runs production for First National in the West, read the script on "The Masked Woman," he said to June:

"You certainly must trust your husband. You've got this simply full of wild women."

June Mathis smiled, her subtle, twinkling little smile, and said, "I do trust him. But I shall be on the set all the time."

I think it is rather like that about the picture. She trusts him, but she will be on the set all the time. She will—to use the word she loves best and always uses herself—she will collaborate.

I hope "The Masked Woman" will be a great picture.

I hope it will be such a picture as June Mathis and Rex Ingram once made; such a picture as Cecil De Mille and Jeanie McPherson used to make, when they gave it as "Joan, the Woman" and "The Ten Commandments"; such a picture as Marshall Neilan and Frances Marion gave us in "Stella Maris" and "Rebecca" and "Daddy Long Legs."

I hope we shall have another great team, and that June Mathis has found her perfect and permanent collaborator.

When the Movies Were Poor Relations

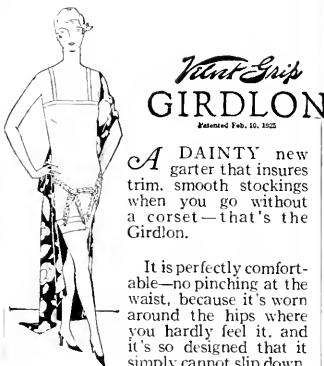
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

Shakespearean thespian out of a job, he'd turn on me like I'd tried to pick his pocket and yelp. 'How dare you, sir?' The very suggestion of making a motion picture is an affront. I wouldn't even consider it."

"And now," said Bob Vignola, with a smile, "John Barrymore, the stage's greatest young actor, has definitely abandoned it for the movies, and there is hardly a star on Broadway who doesn't make a picture once in a while."

"Why, the only way I ever got trained actors to play in pictures in those days was to lure them by promises of a trip to Florida. If they didn't happen to be working and I could hold out a few weeks in Palm Beach as a bait, they'd go."

"Stars like Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude



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Lawrence, of the "Charlot Revue," and Fanny Brice, and Raquel Meller are glad to make tests while they're playing a show in Hollywood or Los Angeles, just to see if they might have a chance in pictures.

"I was the third person ever hired regularly in stock by the Kalem—the other two were Sidney Olcott and Gene Gauntier. Nowadays they pay directors thousands of dollars a week, they pay stars thousands of dollars a week, but I remember that in those days Gene Gauntier left Kalem because they paid me twenty-five dollars a week and she was only getting twenty. And she was their star and their best scenario writer, and pretty good at making wardrobe. They hired her back for thirty dollars a week, but they sure wuffed when they did it. All I did for my twenty-five dollars a week was all the errands and some of the janitorwork, assistant director, property boy, leading man and character actor. Now even an actor has a staff of helpers that looks like somebody's cabinet.

"Costumes for a Cecil De Mille production cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. The fashion show in "Irene," one of Colleen Moore's starring vehicles, cost over a hundred thousand dollars to put on.

"WELL, we used to have our wardrobe troubles in those days. I remember when I was directing my first picture for Kalem, we had a wedding in the story. It was a fashionable wedding, and required the leading man to wear a cutaway. Nobody we knew had a cutaway. But I knew an actor named Jimmy Vincent that had one. I went and persuaded him to play the part; I told him nobody else could play the part, he was just the only one I knew that had the qualifications. He played it and wore his cutaway. Incidentally, he became a very good motion picture actor.

"Kenean Buel, who made the first Westerns, started as a character actor. And he always worked, because he had a lot of wardrobe. He had enough old suits so that he could lend them to other members of the cast, when he was working.

"Now they think nothing of reproducing the Circus Maximus or the Czarina's palace.

"We used to work principally on people's front porches. You may remember that most of the dramatic scenes and all the love scenes were always played on the front porch. That was because we could beg front porches and we couldn't afford to build sets. We used to go round like a troop of book agents, and when we saw a nice front porch, we'd ring the bell and ask if we might use it for a motion picture. Usually, the good lady of the house was so intrigued by the idea, that she let us do it so she could watch.

"As for extras—we never heard of such a thing as hiring an extra. Now one of the greatest problems a director has is getting through with his extras because of the way they run up the overhead. In "The Ten Commandments" Cecil De Mille took a thousand extra people up to the desert and kept them for months.

"The only extras we ever had were interested spectators. When a crowd would gather to watch, we'd ask them if they didn't want to be in a movie. They usually did. And so we'd use them for atmosphere. In Florida, we always shot our scenes that needed extras on Sundays, when the beach crowd was out, and we had a lot of millionaires and society leaders playing in our backyards.

"Times," said Bob Vignola, beaming, "have changed. When I directed Marion Davies in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" it didn't seem to me I could ever get that story into eight reels. I remember the first two-reeler I made with Marguerite Courtot. Then I thought nobody could ever pad a story out to take in two whole reels.

"Nowadays, they conduct hunts for new faces, contests for beauty, and send scouts out to the theaters, not only in New York but in Europe, to look for their new stars and leading actors. We usually got them when somebody



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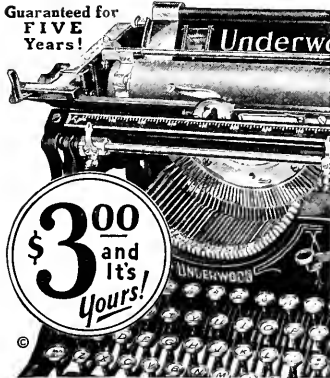


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brought over a friend that would like to be in the movies. Alice Joyce was the first big star I directed, and I remember that one day she brought over a girl friend of hers and said she thought she'd be good in pictures. That girl was Anna Q. Nilsson. A few days later, Anna Q. came leading a friend along, and her friend was Miriam Cooper, who was a beauty and a charming actress.

"They have made great strides, haven't they? You see it, looking back like that to the old days, that for all that, are such a little while ago.

"But they haven't produced any better screen actresses than Pauline Frederick was when I first directed her. I made more pictures with her than anybody has ever made. And she was a great artist. She did a great deal for pictures when she came to the screen from the

stage—she lifted the standard of acting a hundred per cent, and the screen should always be grateful to her.

"Another fine actress I directed was Ethel Clayton. I made all her first Famous-Players pictures, and she was lovely.

"Well, sometimes I look back on the good old days and think they were a lot of fun. But when you direct a star like Marion Davies in a story like 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' and have everything in the world to work with, it makes you feel grateful for all that's been accomplished."

So we finished up the near-beer and went for a swim.

And I didn't intend to write a story about the reminiscences, but I got to thinking about them and I thought you might enjoy them as much as I did.

Love and Esther Ralston

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

It had a tiny jumper of lace in the front of it and a high collar of silk about her throat. She hadn't any make-up. She says she gets fed up on it at the studio.

Esther explained about the Swanson follow-up. "I'm just being groomed for the clothes-horse Gloria," she said gently. "Gloria has so distinctive a personality. I could never follow that end of it. But I like the clothes-horse idea. Really, I do. For I can't act." She was perfectly serene about it. "I know I can't act now. I didn't for such a long time. Back in the days when I rushed around on a horse for Universal, opposite Herb Rawlinson and Hoot Gibson and other Westerns, I still had hopes of turning Duse. I hadn't seen so much of myself then. But now I know I'm really a pretty good background. I told Mr. Zukor if they would only keep me walking around in the back of things, while somebody really good, like Louise Dresser, stayed up around the camera and did the work, I'd be all right. The clothes-horse

idea is practically the same thing, and I shall like wearing beautiful gowns and having nice leading men act a little bit crazy about me." And she smiled across the room directly into her husband's eyes.

He smiled back, adoring her. "Want tea?" he asked.

"I'd love it," said Esther, and her eyes followed him out of the room.

"You see," she continued, "there may be people who pull their hair and snarl when they are emotionally moved. There must be. But I have never known anyone like that or ever felt like that. I sort of die inside when I'm hurt, but nothing shows on the outside of me. So, when I have to go through one of those physically agitated scenes, I get such a desire to giggle. Did you see 'The Blind Goddess'? I had a scene where I was supposed to be terribly dramatic. I played it and I didn't say much about it, but privately I believed I had succeeded in being wonderful. Then I saw the



The gentleman giving orders to Adolphe Menjou is Luther Reed, who makes his debut as a director with "The Ace of Cads." After being a scenario writer, an editor and a doctor for sick pictures, Luther finally has been entrusted with a picture. Luther is crazy to find new girls for his pictures and has no objections to inexperienced beginners. If you want to break into the movies, ask for Mr. Reed at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Astoria, L. I.

rushes and I had my eyes screwed up so that instead of looking intense I only looked Chinese." And again her smile worked its magic.

"Your portrait of *Mrs. Darling* was exquisite," I told her, watching her face and understanding how her husband worships her.

Her color rushed up to her golden hair and then receded again. "Oh, that!" she said, and her hands stirred softly. "Why, you see, she was so easy to understand. I've always more than half believed all the fairy stories and all my life I've dreamed of a mother like her and children like hers."

George Webb came back behind the maid with the tea tray. He saw the color in Esther's cheeks and the starry radiance of her eyes. "Here, here," he ordered, "you drink your tea and behave."

She hid her shyness behind the teacup and gulped obediently. Her free hand reached out to caress him. "He's trying to fatten me," she explained, and ate a cake.

"Go on with your story," he told her, and grinned down at her.

"I'd like most of all," Esther said, "to play very American girls—nice, free ones—not free in the flapper sense, but free from make-up and hampering clothes, out-of-door girls. My father was a physical instructor, you know, right here on Fifth Avenue, and I'm very proud of being so all-American as I am. My people came over in the Mayflower."

"Along with the 16,000 other families," spoofed her husband.

"Don't mind him," Esther murmured. "Mine really did. One of my ancestors was Governor Bradford of Massachusetts. I was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, just twenty-three years ago. By the time I was three I was on the stage. Mother was very ambitious for us in the theater. She taught me Shakespeare and finally wrote a play for the three of us. We toured in that and somehow I grew up and got in the movies."

She moved her pretty shoulders against a satin pillow her husband had just tucked behind her and looked at me.

"Isn't that enough about me?" she asked, and her tone was almost timid. "If it is I'd—I'd like to show you our home. It's our first and I'm so excited about it."

IT would have been as easy to strike a sleeping angel as to have refused her. Besides, the happiness of both of them flashed into such active life that before I had eagerly said, "Please do," they were both hustling around pointing out things.

There were the rugs that George had bought and the lamps Esther had selected—they had ships on them, since she'd rather come to liking ships since "Old Ironsides"—and the radio George tuned in on—he was just wonderful getting the long distance stations hours after she was in bed and asleep—and the carved chest that Esther had picked up that was just as good as an original and twice as natural.

Then their room and how the lights worked—a light over just one bed, or over both, or beside each bed or not at all. And Esther's new clothes and George's cellar—which was a top shelf in one of the clothes closets—and Esther's dolls—didn't I adore dolls—and the cabinet where George keeps Esther's pictures, the ones they love and which are never going to be published—and the kitchenette—electricity cooks just as well as gas when you get used to it, and aren't electric ice boxes wonderful the way they freeze cubes in no time at all—and the place where they kept the table when they weren't eating off of it.

"You see," Esther said, and she laughed tenderly, "Mr. Webb has been my manager for three years. I came East to do a picture with Richard Dix—my next one is with him, too, and I'm so glad, for he's such a good actor I won't have to do anything—and it was published in the papers that I was engaged to Richard."

"Imagine that!" said Mr. Webb grimly.



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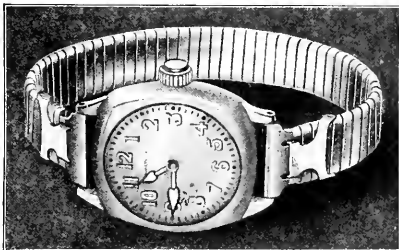
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"He never waited to find out if it was true or not," Esther gloated. "He just got in his car and drove—from Hollywood to New York—in eight days. I don't believe he stopped to eat or sleep.

WHEN he got here he said I was going back to Hollywood at once and marry him. So I went, and when I got there it was the day before Christmas. There's a Mission Inn at Monterey—the sweetest place, so old and serene. It used to be a real mission with old, old priests, and we decided to be married there. George wanted a double ring ceremony—don't you think that's sweet?—and since we're not Catholics, he had the mission's old walls hidden beneath flowers. Everywhere you looked you saw them, those vivid, beautiful California flowers. And oh, it was so sweet there on Christmas day.

I had the Hamiltons, Neil and Elsa, and dear little Mary Brian and her mother. Mary was bridesmaid, and the night before I practiced and practiced how gracefully I was going to hand her my bridal bouquet." She illustrated with eyes mocking and hands white and fragile. "Another thing I was very particular about was the music. I wanted the 'Wedding March' and 'Oh, Promise Me' and 'At Dawning,' and George promised me them."

"When the minister asked her would she take me and she was supposed to say, 'I do,' firmly," her husband teased her, "she looked up meekly and said, 'Do I?'"

"And my bouquet," said Esther. "Instead of handing it to Mary, I stuck it under my arm like an umbrella and marched out, and when I'd come to a little, I asked why they hadn't played my music.

"They played every moment," Mary told me, and everybody agreed with her. "I'd been so happy and excited I hadn't heard a note."

"Love," I said.
"Love," agreed Esther smiling.
It was quite dark in the room now and from outside the sounds of late afternoon in Manhattan, taxicabs and shoutings and subway rumblings, beat upward. Esther moved over and put her head close to her husband's shoulder, just as it is in the painting they have of themselves together.

"He treats me as though I were a precious child," she said. "He manages my business affairs and fights for the right parts for me. He takes me into the projection room and shows me myself whenever I get in danger of thinking I'm an actress. He looks after me all the while. You'll never know how wonderful it is to be loved that way," said Esther Kallston. She's right. I never will. Few ever will.

Peroxide Pep

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Colors, for instance. I never used to like blue. Now that I am a blonde I can't get enough of it. Once orange was my favorite color. Now I don't want it around me. I suppose a woman's taste is mostly influenced by what is becoming to her."

Miss Bellamy speaks with a thin, timid voice. You think that she is going to break into baby talk any minute. With her voice, she could read a page of "The Critique of Pure Reason" and make it sound like nursery prattle. And yet, when you get used to her strange little voice, you discover that what she says makes sense.

But she can't talk personalities; she can't be cruel for the sake of being clever. And she hasn't a single wise-crack to defend herself against a bitter word.

"I never say interesting things," she complained.

"Very few people do," I told her, trying to be consoling. "Why don't you try cussing? A conversation sprinkled with well-chosen swear words always sounds clever."

"I see," said Madge. "If you say, 'It's nice weather,' you are stupid. But if you say, 'It's a damn fine day,' then you're brilliant. I must try it."

And somehow, when Madge said 'Damn,' it was as funny as a girl in hoop skirts doing the Charleston.

Madge was in the mood for self-revelation. "I know," she went on, "that I have been wrong about a lot of things. Acting, for instance. I always thought that acting was a question of emotions—that you felt a scene and played it as you felt it.

"Well, I was wrong about that. Acting is a matter of intelligence and observation. You don't have to feel an emotion to portray it. But you must observe how other people express their emotions.

"Mr. Dwan and I had an interesting conversation on the set this morning. I had been playing a sad scene and when I finished, Mr. Dwan asked me what I had been thinking about. And I told him that I had been thinking about something sad. 'Well,' said Mr. Dwan, 'you should have been thinking of the muscles of your face.'

"Now I see what has been wrong with me. I have been trying to feel emotions and express

them. I never have thought much about the technique; I simply wanted to be sincere. That was a mistake.

"So I have been sitting here practising with the muscles of my face. Look!" and Miss Bellamy drew her eyebrows. Instantly the tears slowly rose to her eyes. "See, I am crying and yet I am not thinking of anything sad. It's just a muscular reaction."

If Mr. Dwan has no Gloria Swanson to direct, at least he has a star who is willing to learn. For the little girl with the wide, saucer eyes is pathetically tractable and painfully sensitive. She would have made an ideal wife for one of those Victorian heroes who wanted a "yes woman" in the home.

As it is, Madge has never married. She has worked hard, and you feel that she has been intensively chaperoned.

"Once," she told me, "the newspapers heard that I had eloped to San Francisco and been married. The reporters came to the studio and said that there was a story that I had quarrelled with my mother and left home.

"It was all nonsense, and I don't know how the story got about. I never had quarrelled with my mother—publicly."

MADGE has a background that antedates her film debut. She was a Somebody before she went into pictures. As a child, Madge made a great hit on the stage in "Dear Brutus." Her father was a musician and Madge treasures her friendships with those gypsies in evening clothes—the musicians.

It was Geraldine Farrar who encouraged Madge when she took her first screen test. Farrar put a friendly arm around the trembling wraith and told her to keep up her nerve. Madge kept up her nerve and played in a Farrar picture. But the protecting arm of the prima donna was withdrawn and Madge slid into the ranks of the wide-eyed ingenues.

And then came "Sandy," with the blonde wig and the new pep. Somehow or other, her success in that picture only served to awaken Madge to a sense of her own deficiencies.

It was after the release of "Sandy," that she thought desperately of leaving the screen. Came Dwan and a new hope and the painful process of beginning all over again and learning again an old trade.

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

or fifty dollars invested in a suit, together with the cost of keeping it neatly pressed and cleaned, is the best investment you can make. Buy tweed rather than serge. A tweed suit never "shines," no matter how old. A serge one always does.

Since the well dressed girl must plan out all her costumes in units, the next step is to buy shoes, stockings, a hat, gloves and handbag to accompany her suit. Oxfords or opera pumps are the best footwear. Opera pumps are continuously smart, year after year, and in satin, can be worn at evening. Incidentally silver kid slippers in this model are ideal for evening dances. They cost more than silver brocade, but they never tarnish. In patent leather they are about ten dollars. In silver kid, three or four dollars more.

The next big thing to get out of the way is that winter coat. I don't believe you can escape for less than \$65 on that. I advise a good quality fur-trimmed coat, rather than a sport model. A fur-trimmed coat is dressy enough to masquerade as an evening wrap, when that becomes necessary. It is wise in buying a coat, too, to think about its lasting for a second season. Don't get an extreme style.

After this, every girl's wardrobe should have a black satin dress, simply made, simply trimmed and of excellent quality. Such a dress can be worn anywhere and for a long time. Next to it in value, comes the black lace dress or printed chiffon for dinner wear. Both are always good. The best solution of the party frock is a chiffon or crepe de chine model, girlishly ruffled. It will contrast with your plain daytime clothes. Choose a bright color for this.

These things out of the way, you have a certain freedom. If a girl has the will power to conserve her money, she can make bargain purchases. I don't mean the typical "bargain" sales—which are rarely anything of the sort—but buying at a seasonal sale instead. Millinery, for instance, is greatly reduced in the months of June and January. The smarter shops in every city mark down their fatally simple little hats during those months so that any girl can afford them. The same is true of shoes, of sweaters, separate skirts and sometimes of furs. The small untrimmed felt hats, good skirts and sweaters, good shoes, fur scarfs, do not change greatly in style from one season to another. Therefore, watch for sales at good shops. Buy cheap and wear high.

Stockings, those expensive things, and underwear must come out of your "extra" money after dresses and coats are out of the way. Contrast tailored dresses with simple, inexpensive summer dresses of cotton. Be neat always. Remember, a good hat, good shoes and neat accessories, such as gloves and handbag, can make a slightly worn dress unnoticed.

BILLY:

No, short stories do not have to be copyrighted. It would probably be better for you to send your stories directly to some literary agent than to send them to magazine publishers. If you will look at the contents pages of the magazine, however, you can tell whether they are in the market for material.

A BRUNETTE:

You can wear ivory and cream white; no black; mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blue; dark green; gray not good; dark, warm reds; amber and canary yellow; pink in warm and pale colors. Light rachel powder and rouge and lipstick with more yellow than red in it would be most becoming to you. As for the colors of your home, it would be difficult for me to advise you without knowing more about it. If it is a dark house or situated in the shade your walls and furniture should be in



The Girl Who Radiates Youth

SHE'S a litesome, graceful girl—slim as a young white birch tree. She moves with the music and rhythm of rippling brooks. Her hair may curl in delicious little vine-like tendrils, or be straight and sleek as a boy's. Her eyes may be clear blue as a summer sky, deep pansy-brown, or calm grey-green as the sea—but always she suggests untrammelled, care-free youth.

Her perfume is April Showers—the fragrance that dances down the breeze after a soft Spring rain. . . And this perfume, held captive in gleaming little bottles, is brought to you, by Cheramy. Get it at your favorite shop, which also has face-powder, rouge, and the other toilettries you use—all in this lovely fragrance.

CHERAMY

NEW YORK

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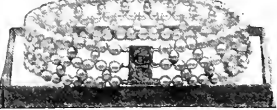
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yellow or some tone that brings a sort of artificial daylight into the rooms. And exactly the reverse is true, of course, of a house that gets a great deal of sunshine. Whether or not you are going to live there the year around will also have its effect on the colors you choose because the colors for winter are often not best for summer. More dominant colors may be used in the dining room or rooms least used. If you want to write me more fully and tell me whether you are going to have papered walls or plaster or something of that sort, I can advise you more specifically.

L. H., CHICAGO:
There is no way of which I have ever heard of changing the color of the eyes. Sometimes as one grows older the pigmentation decreases, but that is the only change of which I know. If you will get the proportions of the Venus de Milo and figure them out in comparison with your height, you will know about what each of your measurements should be. You can get Venus de Milo's dimensions at almost any public library.

THEO:
You're a little underweight for your height, but don't worry about it as you will probably increase your weight in the next couple of years. As for this boy of yours, he doesn't sound so good to me, Theo. If he is already engaged to a girl whom you say he calls his wife, why do you want to play around with him? It is only a school girl crush and the only trouble with school girl crushes is they are apt to become serious and then you will get hurt. Stay away from him, my dear, and pal around with boys of your own age or one who is at least free.

MAVIS CAROL:
Your letter indicates that in a way you are about ready to cure your "inferiority complex" as you call it. The fact that you recognize you have it is a good sign and, of course, your self-consciousness and self-pity all spring from the same thing. It really is very difficult for anyone to cure this "inferiority complex" except by taking oneself firmly in hand and

resolving to snap out of it. On the whole, men seem to be more shy than women and where a girl keeps herself in the background she is unlikely to be sought out. If you want to cure this complex take intelligent steps toward conquering it and don't rely on the desire or wish to overcome it. Improve your personal appearance and look after your health. Have as much pep and vitality as possible and learn things that will make you interesting. You should know some sport and get yourself into some social activity wherein you are going to meet people in a social way. I sincerely believe that any girl who wishes to be popular either with other girls or men and who will intelligently work toward that end will succeed. The way to have friends, you know, is to be a friend.

APRIL:
Swimming will overcome a great deal of your difficulty and I also advise you to take up a gymnasium course at once. Undeveloped arms and "wings" as you call them, are very easily cured. You can also overcome your thin thighs. Tell the gym instructor definitely what you are after. Inside a few months your troubles will all be removed.

SHARON KIM:
You really don't need to worry about your weight. You're about five pounds over the standard weight for your height, but five pounds doesn't really matter. I must say that I do not quite see your mother's objection to your going to the movies with a boy when she lets you go to parties with him. The embarrassing situation can easily be avoided by carefully selecting your pictures before you go. I do not mean to advertise PHOTOPLAY, but if you will consult our reviews you can determine what the story is going to be. Of course, if your mother really feels seriously on this point it is better to give in to her. If I were you I would explain to the boys that you are simply obeying your mother and not being ritzy toward them when you refuse their invitations. Yes, I think your mother is quite right about not permitting you to go to another town to dance unchaperoned. Too many girls are



Two more willing victims of the Hollywood epidemic of marriage. Jobyna Ralston and Richard Arlen have announced their intention of joining the young married set. Until recently, Jobyna was leading woman for Harold Lloyd. And Arlen is a pleasant young man who is looking for the break that will make him a star

doing it. I recognize this is an age of liberty but discretion is still the better part of valor.

IRISH:

You can wear black with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; electric and sapphire blues; orchid; burgundy and dark red; amber and canary yellows; pink in warm and pale colors. With your height and coloring you can wear almost any type of clothes you choose. You are a lucky girl to be tall and slim. Irish, don't let the boys kid you when they tell you you're difficult to understand. Of course, I do think if they really mean it, it's a good asset for a girl to have, because the woman a man can't understand is the woman he is going to hang around and try to find out about. So either way you've nothing to worry about.

I. C. E.:

You can wear black; deep dark browns; reddish browns; midnight and darkest navies; pale greens; taupe with a pinkish cast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink and palest blue. Yes, you are overweight. You can easily afford to lose ten pounds. Why don't you do some exercise—swimming would help you. No, I don't think you should model yourself on your friend who kisses every boy that comes along. It's a dangerous pastime at best. And since you don't like to pet anyway, it is best to be yourself. To act any other way is only going to make you unhappy.

GENNLEAF:

You don't have to worry about your weight at all, my dear. What a relief to get a letter from a land where they don't have petting parties. I fear I will have to slip some of my correspondents to Australia. The diet you are now on is excellent. You can wear mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blues; dark and pale greens; and purple not good; dark warm reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. Light rachel powder would be best for you.

EIGHTEEN:

No, I don't think you're foolish to want boy friends. I don't see any reason why an attractive girl of your age should be expected to be contented if she doesn't know any boys to pal around with. Of course, if you impress people as being snobbish, you are going to scare off the boys. It is still true that the clinging vine has an immense attraction for the opposite sex. That old, old trait of asking a man for advice in order to attract his attention is still as good as it ever was. It may be that you are a little reserved. Try to be a little snappier and I think you will succeed more.

TWO CHUMS—BOTH NAMED CAROLYN:

You girls want to know a lot, don't you? I will try my best to tell you, though. Blonde hair must be kept very clean, first of all. I have known blondes who insist that putting a little blueing in the water with which they shampoo keeps the color in the hair. Don't put much oil or grease or anything of that order on your scalp as it has a tendency to darken the hair. Sunshine will help retain the color, too. Beautiful, sparkling eyes come from sleep, good health and proper diet. The following tonic is excellent for promoting the growth of the lashes: Yellow vaseline, two ounces; oil of lavender, 15 drops; and oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Pretty shaped legs and ankles come from good physical tone and from exercise. Do a lot of walking, swimming and even dancing. This will keep them in shape, I am sure. Don't dye your hair. Dyed hair always looks artificial and gives a girl's face a horrid expression. The best way to whiten your skin is from within. Again, good diet, proper rest and plenty of drinking water.

JACQUELINE R.:

What makes a girl popular? Vivacity; health; desire to be a good fellow; willingness to be a friend; knowledge of certain sports or



Yes—"the woman pays" —for this kind of carelessness

Do we pay a price for everything in life? . . .

One thing is certain. We pay, and pay dearly, for what sometimes seem like minor blunders. Social errors, personal crudities—the lack of *savoir faire!*

Yes, the woman pays a costly toll in popularity, who neglects the niceties.

In combating Bromidrosis (perspiration odor) and Hyperidrosis (excessive moisture), you have a peculiar physiological condition to deal with. The perspiration glands under the arm are stimulated to unusual activity by heat, excitement, nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm prevent normal evaporation of moisture.

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Avoiding underarm odor and moisture is not a matter of cleanliness—soap and water are utterly powerless here.

Physicians advise that the only effective way to handle this condition is to control the per-

spiration in troublesome spots—underarms, palms, etc.

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Oodorono is an antiseptic liquid used by millions the world over, who want relief from the distress of perspiration. Physicians and nurses depend upon it in hospitals.

You need apply it only twice a week to enjoy absolute assurance of perfect underarm cleanliness. Never a tell-tale trace of odor; never an unsightly stain! You'll need no other protection for your clothing.

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A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

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Bebe Daniels was always the little speed demon. And so it isn't surprising that she picked Charlie Paddock for her husband. Charlie is the fastest mortal that ever put on running shoes. He's appearing with Bebe in "The Campus Flirt." He may be a star in his own line, but he's only a supporting player to Bebe. The title of this photograph is, "A Scratch Start in the Race of Life"

accomplishments; and that elusive thing called charm. If you want specific instructions on the cure of blackheads send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will forward them to you. You are probably washing your hair too often and that is what is making it so oily. Let it go two weeks at least in between shampoos.

ORCHID:

Yes, your mother is right about your weight fluctuating. Before thirty one should be overweight rather than under-weight. I think it would be advisable for you to go on a diet. Milk; butter; eggs; cream; fruits; vegetables; and lots of sleep—all these are the things you need. It seems to me I would go out with this young man whom you like, but can't love, until he demands some definite statement from you regarding your feeling for him. Since he hasn't spoken to you of love, I see no reason for your rejecting his friendship on those grounds. Take your good times while you have the opportunity, Orchid. Of course you haven't bored me. I am always glad to hear from you girls.

V. A.:

No, I don't think it is wrong for a girl of fourteen to use powder and rouge, but I certainly don't think it is very wise. Let the rouge alone. If you really feel you must put powder on to keep the shine off your nose, get a good brand and use it lightly.

PUZLED:

Yes, you ought to lose more than five pounds—you ought to lose ten. You can wear white relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; blue-gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pinks and soft rose. The only way I know of getting over being tongue-tied is by using your tongue as much as possible. I know that's not so easy to do, but there's always something to talk about if it's only the weather. If you feel you can't talk the only thing to do is make the other person talk. If you begin by asking them a lot of questions about themselves, believe me, they will talk.

LOUISE:

You should weigh about 125 pounds. You can wear black of high luster; a clear and oyster white; dark brown and bronze brown; peacock and delft blue; pale and dark green;

pearl and dove grays; soft violet and wistaria; no reds; softest yellows; and most delicate shades of pink. Yellow is sometimes very pretty on blondes and it isn't generally worn by them. If you like to wear it, I'd do it if I were you.

JESSIE RUTH, NEW YORK:

You should wear belted dresses with graceful fullness in the skirt. Have your simple dresses trimmed horizontally and with stripes going around to cut your height. Wear blue and green and orchid and occasionally mauve. If you eat rich foods you will gain weight. Drink a glass of milk that is half cream with every meal and before going to bed.

PLUMP, EAGLE RIVER, WIS.:

If you lost three pounds last week, you can lose three pounds this week. Continue your diet until you have lost the amount you want to lose. Then diet enough all the time to keep your weight at that mark. This is the best thing to do if you are afraid of inherited tendencies to stoutness. The most satisfactory thing to do is never to eat potatoes nor sweets. In this way you can control your weight. Green and blue and red are your best colors.

G. J. SON:

Training is very important as ground work for success on the stage. I should advise you to ask the opinion of the directors of your dramatic club. If they think you have dramatic ability, ask them to suggest a training school or to introduce you to any producers they know.

ANNIE, LOUISIANA:

You have a lot of troubles on your mind, haven't you? But never mind, there is a way out of all of them. To reduce your ankles hold your leg straight out in front of you and describe a circle with your foot. Do this half a dozen times a day, stopping each time before your muscles become too tired. Wear your dresses a medium length and wear stripes going around, and horizontal trimmings. All this will make your height less noticeable. Do not wear high heels, but do not, on the other hand, wear heels that are too flat, for they will make your feet look larger than they are. You really must give some time to your hair or you cannot expect it to look well. Every night rub well into your scalp a good tonic, then brush your

hair for half an hour. Wash your face carefully in hot water with a good facial soap and dash cold water on it. This will stimulate the circulation and give your skin a healthier appearance. Use a vanishing cream and a deep flesh shade of powder. Instead of bemoaning your green eyes, be extremely glad that you are one of the few girls in the world with really green eyes. Wear all shades of green to accentuate your eyes. When you have improved your appearance by care and thought you will find that you make friends much more easily.

ENID, SUNBURY, PA.:

I think you should look charming in the new pancy shade. I cannot tell what your weight should be unless I know your height and build. I don't really believe you have a double chin. How could any one weighing only ninety-two pounds have a double chin? Wait a few years and if you do seem to be developing such a thing, wear a chin reducer.

CHUBBY:

Exercise the ankles every morning and evening, but be careful not to tire the muscles. Extending the leg stiffly before you, describe an arc with the ankle twenty times. This is splendid for slenderizing the ankles.

PAULA, SHARON, MASS.:

The young man is very impolite in treating your friend as he did. Be sure that you can trust him before you become too fond of him. However, if you find that he means a great deal to you, you have a right to his affections for he prefers you to the other girl. The best thing to do is to wait and let events take their own course and happen naturally.

ESTHER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.:

You should try to gain five or ten pounds. Wear orchid, flame and light brown and sometimes green. A correct posture is necessary before you can walk correctly. Stand with the weight evenly distributed on the balls of the feet. Then walk naturally and easily, carrying yourself carefully straight with your head up.

Love and Defection

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

services and Midnight negotiated a deal with her by which she was brought over from Atlanta where she was closing out a vaudeville engagement.

Her screen tests were more than successful. She was amenable to direction. The preliminary technical work was finished, the continuity ready, the company cast. And now President Latimer wanted Opus Randall to play the luscious part opposite this imported dame! Opus as a yearning dusky *Romeo*. Opus playing straight—in the best part of the kind Caesar had ever directed. Opus, who had violated all rules by carrying his troubles over Caesar's head to the chief executive of the company! J. Caesar stamped one large foot upon the floor. He clenched his bony fists. "Never!" he swore. "Never is I gwine give Opus a fine part like that until I has got good 'n' even with him fo' all the dirty tricks he has done me."

Caesar was firm. Caesar was honest. Caesar was grimly unyielding.

And, as Caesar stepped into his own office, a man rose to greet him.

This man was not large, but he was certainly imposing. He was, perhaps, five-eight in height and almost that broad. He possessed a thunderclod complexion, a jutting jaw, beetle brows and a slightly cauliflowered ear. A mighty chest heaved beneath a shirt which was distinctive for its red and white vertical stripes. His suit was loudly checkered and he wore a cap to match. The cap was pulled

Here's the Remarkable New way of removing Cleansing Cream

that experts say makes an almost unbelievable difference in the fineness of your skin

No more oily skins. Your make-up holds hours longer than before. Instead of towels, cloths, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new, wholly different material—27 times as absorbent!

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MODERN beauty science has discovered that the way you remove cleansing cream has an almost amazing influence on the texture and softness of your skin.

Now a new way has been found—one that ends oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. That holds your make-up fresh for hours longer than before. That largely ends skin imperfections and eruptions.

Virtually every prominent motion picture star employs this method. Foremost beauty specialists are urging it as marking a new era in skin care.

The only way that removes germ-laden matter from the pores

This new way is called Kleenex Kerchiefs—absorbent. A new kind of material; different from any other you have ever seen; developed in consultation with leading authorities in skin care solely for the removal of cleansing cream.

It comes in exquisite, aseptic sheets of handkerchief size. You use it, then discard it.

It is the first method known that removes all cleansing cream, dirt, grime and germ-laden matter from the pores.

No more soiled towels

Soft as down and white as snow, it is 27 times as absorbent as an ordinary towel. It ends the "soiled towel" method that is dangerous to skin beauty. It avoids the harshness of paper makeshifts.

Because it removes all dangerous matter and grease from the pores, it combats greasy skin and nose conditions. A greasy skin often means cold cream left in the skin which the pores constantly exude.

No oily skins

A blemished skin largely indicates a germ condition of the pores. You must clean them out. Old ways—towels, etc.—won't do it.

Those remove but part of the cream and dirt, rub the rest back in. Thus your skin not only is endangered, but may seem several shades darker than it is.

In two or three days you will be surprised at the difference Kleenex will make in your skin. In its fairness, freedom from "shine," in the way your make-up holds its charm and freshness.

Send the coupon

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down over the right ear, almost concealing one eye and imparting to the other a terrifically sinister aspect. The arms were long, the hands which dangled therefrom, bony and huge. The feet were slightly splayed and covered a large area.

"My name," boomed this person, "is Styptic Smith."

J. Caesar gazed apprehensively. His acknowledgment came in an awed whisper.

"Is please to meet you, Mistuh Smith."

"Humph!" commented Styptic significantly.

"Maybe you is an' maybe you ain't."

Inwardly J. Caesar agreed. He invited the gentleman to be seated.

"I DOES as I likes," reverberated Mr. Smith. "Nobody has got to invite me to do nothin', no time. What I wants, I gits—an' what I don't want nobody forces on me."

"Aint ite the truth?"

"You is dawg-gone tootin' it is." Styptic inserted a lagrant cigar into the middle of his countenance and thrust his head forward.

"Does you know who I is?" he inquired forcefully.

"X-n-n-nossuh," quavered the worried director, "but I bet you is champion of the world at somethin'."

"Pff! Anybody could be that. Me—Is got impawtant things to think about. Feller, I'll tell you who I is. Is the fiansay of Miss Amnesia Truck!"

"Oh!" Director J. Caesar Clamp seated himself suddenly. "You is?"

The big fists clenched. "What has you got to say about it?"

"C-c-congratulations!"

"Right you is. Amnesia is the swellest gal in the whole world. Is been crazy about that gal ever since I fust met up with her. Was anybody to look twice at her. I'd take him between my two fingers—so—an' squash him—Ssssh!—thataway! Understan'?"

"Yassuh!"

"I come to this place an' hunted you up," continued the warlike Mr. Smith, "cause somebody said you was the big boss."

"Is the director, suh."

"You diree's my fiansay, Miss Truck?"

"Y-y-yassuh."

"Good. I an' you is gwine git better 'quainted. Because, Mistuh Director, wher-ever Amnesia goes—In also go there. Whatever she does—I watches. Me, I is her chaparone, an' I lieve me, I don't stan' fo' fumaddles fun nobuddy."

Styptic was lethally in earnest. J. Caesar's spine seemed all marrow, his knees trembled. He looked into the grim visage of his visitor and decided that he didn't want an audience while he was directing Miss Truck.

"Mistuh Smith," he said softly, "you is suttinly welcome aroun' heah—"

"I'd better be!"

"—But we has got an ironclad rule that no visitors is allowed on the lot while we is shootin'."

"Shootin' what?"

"Pitchers."

Styptic smiled disdainfully: "Boy, you has showly got one rule which is about to git busted right in the eye. 'Cause when you starts shootin', Mistuh Styptic Smith is gwine be in the vicinity, an' he's gwine remain there."

"But—"

"Don't no buttin' me. Is a set man, I is. I does not taketh nothin' off nobody. I says what I want, an' I does it." A bit of the harshness left the stranger's voice, and he made an explanation. "Is heard about these movies, Mistuh Director. I has heard heaps about them . . . an' I aint aimin' to see nothin' happen to the gal which is fixin' to become Miss' Styptic Smith."

"Aint nothin' gwine happen."

"You said it! Is gwine be there to see that nothin' does. I know all 'bout these men actors . . . an' boy! Is gwine be in the background watchin' to see the fust time that any actor gits fresh with my gal. An' when he does, blooie!"



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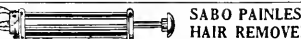
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"Now . . ." Director J. Caesar Clump started to say something. Abruptly, he ceased talking. He looked at the awesome figure of Mr. Smith and he thought of Mr. Opus Randall, the portly, pompous, trouble-making star.

An idea hit him right square in the brain! It was really a gorgeous idea. Clump realized that fact even before the plan crystallized. He spoke in a soft voice, freighted with friendliness.

"Mistuh Smith," he asked—"Is you bad?"
 "Bad?" Styptic stretched to full, muscular height and glowered upon the dapper little director. "Man! I aint bad. Ise *useful*! Ise terrible! Ise the most devastatin' thing that ever wore pants. When I busts loose, cyclones run away. Bad? Me? Feller—Ise a positive catastrophe!"

J. CAESAR was gazing at him through narrowed, appraising eyes. In a second the stranger had lost his sinister appearance and now seemed to be a weapon of revenge provided by a smiling and benign fate.

There was no mistaking the badness of the visitor. He looked bad and he talked bad. He was all muscle and pugnacity. Within his bosom there flamed the spark of jealousy. Director J. Caesar Clump waxed cheerful.

"I bids you welcome, Mistuh Smith," he said enthusiastically—"I suitlyly does." "We is always glad to have the finsays of our actresses hangin' around. We is delighted to break our rule fo' you. Just make yo'se'f at home."

"Ise been at home ever since I come in heah, Cullud Man. An' Ise warnin' you—"

"You needn't warn me," suggested Caesar happily. "You just keep yo' eyes open."

Mr. Clump made a getaway. As he left the forbidding presence of the human avalanche, his thin face expanded into a beautiful grin. Here indeed was the greatest stroke of luck which had ever occurred to him. He visioned a revenge so delicately subtle, so superbly devastating, as to be beyond the wildest hopes of the average hoper.

On the lot he encountered Mr. Opus Randall. Opus, large and bulky and with a rather ingrowing disposition, was wearing the habiliments of slapstick while Director Eddie Fizz made ready for some retakes. But screamingly funny as Opus could be when the camera started clicking—he was a brooding and melancholy person off the set.

He glowered now upon the slender director who was his particular *beie noir*. Opus recognized Caesar's enmity—and chafed under his own helplessness. After all, he was merely one of Midnight's galaxy of stars, and, as such, most definitely under the thumb of the chief director. Mr. Randall tensed himself for an acid scene.

But instead—Director Clump advanced smilingly.

"Mawwin', Opus."

"Mr. Randall hesitated. He suspected a mailed fist inside the velvet glove.

"Humph!"

"Opus," announced Director Clump loudly—"I has been thinkin' things over, an' I has decided unanimous that maybe I aint been doin' you right."

Opus's jaw dropped.

"Y-y-you has whicked?"

"I has decided that I has done you wrong, an' I aims to commit rectitude therofor."

"Great Sufferin' Tripe!" Mr. Randall was completely dazed. "Is my hearin' correct, or does I dream?"

"Yo' hearin' is imminently correct, Brother Randall. Co'se, I aint sayin' that you is the most person I like, but there aint no reason why I should be givin' you the dirty jobs all the time, is there?"

"I dunno . . . Golla! I don't know nothin' when you makes that kind of talkment."

"I has made up my mind, Opus," continued the director suavely, "that there ain't no time like the beginnin' for commencin'. Therefore I has changed aroun' the cast of this new



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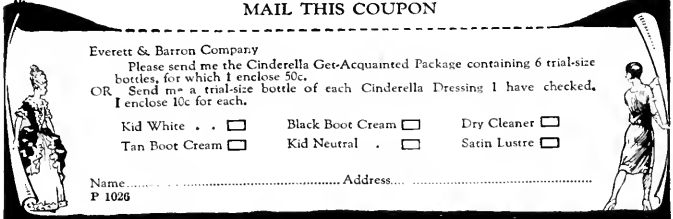
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Opus discovered that he craved a seat. This was entirely too much. A frown of puzzlement appeared on his colorado-maduro brow and he stared with glazed eyes at the metamorphosed director.

J. Caesar smiled guilelessly. Mr. Clump was building well for the catastrophic future. His genial face masked a vengeful heart. Not easily did Mr. Clump forget or forgive. And he had plans. . . .

Word of J. Caesar's nobility became bruited about the lot. It reached the presidential cars, and Crifice Latimer showered congratulations. Clump accepted the praise languidly.

"I don't aim to rub it in to nobody. Brother Latimer. I aint crazy 'bout Opus—but if he was so all fired set on playin' opposite Miss Truck, I reckon I don't have no right to refuse."

The following morning the company gathered on the lot. Harmony reigned. Opus Randall was in a jovial mood. He was particularly expansive toward the imported star. He explained to her loudly and frequently that he was considerable pumpkins in the Midnight organization and had won this assignment by sheer force of merit. Miss Truck seemed vastly interested. She even appeared to be impressed, and it was obvious to the casual bystander that she was not entirely averse to arousing Opus's interest in her.

The first scene was called. The company was all there: Opus and Welford and Amnesia. There were also J. Caesar and Exotic Hines, the cameraman, and Forcep Swain, the company's author and continuity man. Caesar worked rapidly and efficiently. The leads were in a talking humor and all through the forenoon he busied himself with unimportant shots requiring little rehearsal.

After lunch Styptic Smith appeared.

If Mr. Smith had seemed pugilistic in the hallway the previous day, he appeared like nothing less than a human terror now. He walked on the lot with not so much as a by-your-leave and seated himself on an old soap box. J. Caesar nodded to him briefly but performed no introductions. Opus voiced a question—voiced it in a whisper.

"Who's yo' big-jawed friend?"
"Just somebody," answered Caesar vaguely, "who is named Smith."

"Humph." Thought he might be Samson's big brother.

Director Clump was not crude. He proceeded with his directorial work as though Styptic was not among those present, and in the first few hours Mr. Smith found nothing to arouse the green-eyed monster which crouched within him.

The next day's work was also innocuous, and, too, the shots which were taken the day after that. Always Mr. Smith appeared early in the morning. During the day he brooded about, hugging the background, and bunched his massive muscles. On the fourth day they went out on location for a few shots and he went with them. But by that time, the silent Mr. Smith was accepted as some crazy friend of J. Caesar's and no questions were asked.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clump was using his eyes as well as his brain. Things were happening which dovetailed nicely with his scheme for revenge.

Opus Randall was, by nature, an impressionable gentleman. It was not at all difficult to convince him that ladies were inclined to fall for him unconditionally. And before the coming of the fifth morning he was positive that he had conquered Miss Amnesia Truck in no halfway fashion.

There was, as a matter of fact, no valid reason for him to think otherwise. Amnesia admitted that she was dazzled by the atmosphere of a regular movie lot. She was ambitious to make good and perhaps secure a beneficial and permanent contract with Midnight—America's foremost negro picture pro-

ducing organization. Wherefore, she did not hesitate to let her interest in Mr. Randall be known. There wasn't a person on the lot, from the humblest mechanic to President Latimer himself, who did not scent a budding romance.

Even Styptic Smith saw it!

And then Director J. Caesar Clump got busy.

On this morning he directed the first of the love scenes. He took Opus aside and held whispered converse.

"Brother Randall," he said sweetly, "fo' a long time you has fast for the chance to play straight. You gits it in this pitcher. Now, we is beginnin' the love scenes, 'an' I craves that you make 'em look like somethin'." A lil' pep—

"Hot Ziggity dam! Trust me."

"Real stuff, Opus. You got to convince all them audiences all over the country that you is a heavy-lovin' cullud person. I want yo' to show all yo' enthusiasm."

"Man alive! You watch! 'Taint no part of a hard job with a swell gal like Amnesia."

"Reckon no . . . Let's go!"

THEY went. Opus threw himself into the more amorous passages of the picture with reckless abandon. His very first scene called for a clinch and a kiss. At sight of it, Director Clump saw a heavy figure detach itself from a soap box and start forward—beetling brows contracted with fury. J. Caesar grew nervous for an instant. The time was not yet—and his voice cut through the morning air.

"Le's try that over, Mistuh Randall. We requires a lil' more lingerin' on that last note."

Neither principal seemed averse. The second clinch was longer and more inspiring than the first.

"Again!" commanded the director. Out of the corner of his eye he could see that Mr. Smith was suffering acutely. But he wanted Styptic to wait. Better let the jealousy simmer a few days longer. . . .

The third rehearsal seemed satisfactory. Styptic was about to froth at the mouth. Clump gave his orders.

"Now us shoots! Make this a good one, you folks. Ready! Action! Camera!"

There was little acting and much genuineness in this scene. It fairly sizzled with realism. Poor Mr. Smith, unable to control himself any longer, turned on his heel and walked off the set. Only the director saw Amnesia's large brown eyes turn amusedly after his broad back. Amnesia was willing that her fancie should be a trifle jealous.

With Styptic absent, however, no more love scenes were tried that morning. But in the afternoon Mr. Smith reappeared and J. Caesar Clump gave the command for additional ardor.

There was no mistaking the enthusiasm which Amnesia and Opus exhibited. The company stood around and gasped. This picture promised to be red hot—and the occasional slapstick lapses required by the scenario were mere breathing spaces between love scenes.

Once Forcep Swain remonstrated with the director. He declared that Clump was shooting more love stuff than he had written into the story. Caesar waved him aside—

"I shoots lots," he said, "an' then I uses the best."

"Golla! They're all best, fum what I can see."

Clump was happy. Styptic was sad. Mr. Smith was, in fact, horribly sad. And devastatingly angry.

The following day he was early on the set, and all through the long, torturing hours he glowered at the love making of his fiancée and Opus Randall. He gloomed around with big fists clenched and heart pounding. His fury was tumescing swiftly and terribly, and Director J. Caesar Clump chuckled to himself.

It was really a glorious situation for the little director. He extended himself in his directing and injected enough saccharine into the picture to fill five bectic reels.

He anticipated with unholy joy the moment when the impressionable Mr. Smith should be able to restrain himself no longer. He awaited eagerly the moment when Styptic should rise up in righteous wrath and proceed to commit slaughter upon the pudgy star who was so flagrantly making love to the temporary stamess.

Caesar's plan was perfect. At least Caesar thought it was. It just happened that he did not overhear a conversation of some importance which occurred that night between Mr. Styptic Smith and Mr. Opus Randall.

OPUS had drifted into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor for a bowl of Brunswick stew, a cup of coffee and a game of pool. The first two proved eminently satisfactory. The last not so much. Florian Slappy, his opponent, was in fine fettle and succeeded in extracting several dollars from Opus before the big actor was convinced that he was no match for the Darktown fashionplate.

Opus left Bud's place. And as he stepped into Eighteenth street, someone touched him on the arm and a hoarse voice rasped into his ear.

"Fat boy," said this voice, "I craves to have speecch with you."

Something in the tone brought apprehension to Mr. Randall. He looked down upon the squat, powerful figure of the mysterious stranger who had been watching the shooting of the current picture.

Opus thought to disobey the other's demand. But, after swift consideration, he changed his mind. This man didn't look as though disobedience would prove popular with him.

"Yassuh," said Opus sweetly. "What can I do you fo'?"

"Come along," growled Mr. Smith. "I years to discuss somethin'."

They moved south across the L. & N. Railroad tracks, and thence to Avenue E, where they turned west. There were no houses anywhere around. Just solitude and lots of it. Deliberately and terrifyingly Styptic swung on Opus.

"Feller," he asked, "does you know who I is?"

"N-n-nossuh. I has seen you—"

"Yeh—an' al' I has seen you. Heaps too much." Mr. Smith hunched his shoulders. "My name is Styptic Smith an' I is the engaged fiancay of Miss Amnesia Truck!"

For a moment Opus was silent. Then he emitted a brief "Oh!" He started to think.

Mr. Randall was not naturally a rapid thinker, but this was a situation calculated to quicken thought processes. He looked into the somber eyes of his companion and read a message of complete extermination and absolute death. His own mind flashed back to the events of the past five days and he commenced to understand several things which he had hitherto regarded as phenomena.

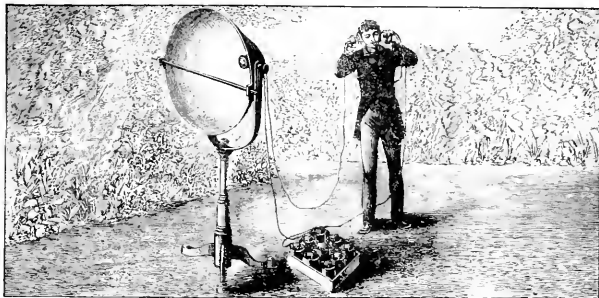
In a second, the Machiavellian scheme of Director J. Caesar Clump became crystal clear. This, then, explained Clump's apparent change of heart and generosity of spirit. It was Clump's idea to direct the terrible wrath of this person against himself by the jealousy route—then to sit back and laugh when the physical violence started. So this was why Clump allowed him to play the lover's rôle opposite Amnesia Truck!

Mr. Randall experienced a moment of mixed fear and anger. He realized that only effective persuasion could stave off instant annihilation. But at the same time, he had a crow to pick with Director Clump. He spoke fast and furiously—

He poured into the ears of the astonished Styptic a tale of his feud with Director Clump. He craftily neglected to mention any detail which might justify Clump's desire for revenge. And finally he dropped a fraternal hand on Mr. Smith's shoulder.

"You aint no darn fool, Mistuh Smith," said he. "You know as well as me that I aint nothin' but a movie actor. An' what has a movie actor got to do? I ask you. He aint

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got nothin' to do but what the director tells him. Aint that right?"

Styptic nodded slowly. "Seems so." "Co'se it is so. Aint you been watchin' long enough to see what? Is it ever I which says that I should git lovin' Miss Truck?"

"Better not be." "Showly not. An' it never has been. It's Mistuh Clump. He's always sayin' 'Opus—show mo' pep.' 'Opus—grab her tighter.' Always somethin' like that he is sayin'. An' I aint nothin' but an actor which has to do what Clump says. Shuh! Mistuh Smith—taint me you ought to be sore at—it's Director Clump!"

This was a new idea for Styptic, and a rather startling one. He groped for explanation.

"Why should Clump do this sort of a thing?"

"Fust off 'cause he thought you would git sore at me an' bust me one—which same he aint man enough to do his ownse f'." An' secon' because when you come along an' said you was gwine hang aroun' an' watch the pitcher—he got sore. Directors hates to have gals' fiansays lookin' at them while they is workin'. Caint you see he'd git mad on account of how you was crampin' his style? Caint you see that he was aimin' to embarrass you? Aint that plain?"

The bullet head of Mr. Smith inclined slowly. Opus was quick to press his advantage.

"You do what I advise, Brother Smith. You keep on hanzin' aroun' an' preten' like you is sore at me. You watch Mr. Clump direc' this pitcher. You see how he makes me git lovin' with yo' fiansay. An' just realize who is doin' it." Taint me. Taint Miss Truck. It's all him. An', since he wanted to make you sore—there aint no reason why you caint go ahead and get as sore as he wants you to. On'y—be sure you gits sore at the right person."

Styptic reflected deeply. Instinctively he knew that Opus was telling the truth. He spoke softly and menacingly.

"I wats until the picture is done," he murmured. "An' then when I finishes with Mistuh Clump, he aint goin' to do nothin' but countin' roots."

THAT night Opus retired early. But he did not immediately sleep. Instead he lay in bed, puffing on an Invincible and grinning broadly.

The very cleverness of Mr. Clump's scheme made the future all the more roscoale. He could see Clump blundering ahead, directing more and more unnecessary pas-sion into the picture and believing that Mr. Smith's ire was being twined against Opus. Mr. Randall chuckled at the inevitable conclusion—the end of the picture. Mr. Smith's declaration of extermination, and then his attack—not upon Opus, but upon J. Caesar Clump himself.

"Just like a feller doublin' up his fist," reflected the happy Opus, "an' bustin' hisse' f' right in the nose."

When Opus went on the set the following morning he felt as though he were treading on air. He could see Styptic glowering off to one side. He could see Director Clump's smiling face—and only he, himself, knew exactly what was brewing. It was really excruciating to watch the director blunder deeper and deeper into the mire. Plot against him, would he? It'd take a better man than J. Caesar to have Opus beaten up!

Opus plunged into the daily love scenes with greater fervor than usual. Amnesia Truck, completely dazzled by the big star, did her part with enthusiasm. The company stood around and gasped—and Director Clump figuratively patted himself on the back.

And Mr. Smith sat alone—and boiled!

Mr. Smith saw many things and thought many others. For one thing: it was raving against J. Caesar Clump.

J. Caesar, it seemed, had set out to make a laughing stock of him by inviting him to come on the lot—and then forcing Amnesia to play violent love scenes. Styptic winced. Every

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time he thought of Amnesia he winced, and each time he looked at her and Opus he squirmed.

It was only because he was convinced that Amnesia was a fine actress that Mr. Smith succeeded in restraining himself. It had not occurred—even to his jealous mind—that she might possibly be finding her rôle other than personally distasteful. True, for the past couple of days, she had been more than a little upstage with him, but he had interpreted that as interest in her work.

DAYS passed. Midnight never worked slowly. Two companies, producing twenty-six two-reel pictures a year, are not permitted much spare time. Clump drove his cast relentlessly. He fairly outdid himself in concocting situations calculated to arouse Styptic's wrath to the boiling point. And the night before the picture was finished Caesar cornered Mr. Smith.

"Well," he announced, "us completes the pitcher tomorrow."

"Does you?" growled Mr. Smith.

"Uh-huh. Has you enjoyed it?"

Biceps jumped beneath silken sleeves. "Not as much as Ise gwine enjoy swingin' into action when she's all finished."

Caesar laughed light-heartedly, never suspecting that the rancor of this powerful person was directed against him.

"Guess somebody is gwine get a terrible surprise when you lights on him, aint he?"

"You bet yo' sweet life he is!" prophesied Styptic. "And that aint no lie, either."

Caesar moved away. In the gloom of descending night the portly figure of Opus Randall ranged itself alongside of Mr. Smith.

"Mistuh Clump seems awful happy," he professed.

"Leave him to be happy tonight," said Styptic, "cause tomorrow night he's gwine be all covered up with liniment."

Opus chuckled with unholty glee. "Ev'ry time I think what's gwine happen to that feller, Mistuh Smith—it gits me a loud ha-ha."

That night three men, in different sections of Birmingham, indulged in eager anticipation of the morrow. Mr. Smith, having suffered for nearly two weeks under the scourge of stifled jealousy, looked forward to venting physical reprisal on the person of the dapper director who had humbled him by forcing the unsuspecting and innocent Amnesia Truck to perform arduous love-making with Opus Randall.

Director J. Caesar Clump revelled in contemplation of the beating which his hated star was to get from Mr. Smith. It was going to be such a surprise for Opus. Afterwards, Caesar intended to let Mr. Randall know that this had been all of his doing.

But the most genuine laughter came from the throat of Mr. Randall himself. That person knew that every ace in the deck was in his hand. He knew now of the scheme which J. Caesar had concocted against him. He had taken that very scheme and turned it against its inventor. He visioned the scene; the completion of the last shot in the picture, the stepping of Mr. Smith into the middle of the lot—and then the complete annihilation of Director Clump! That in itself was joy enough . . . but there was additional pleasure in the knowledge that Clump would eventually learn how he had been outwitted.

"An' as fo' Styptic Smith," reflected Opus, "he aint nothin' but a one-poundin' dumb-bell."

The final shots of the picture were filmed the following afternoon on the Midnight lot. Eddie Fizz's unit finished its work on another comedy while Clump was still shooting, and the whole company came over to watch the last love scene between Opus and Amnesia.

It was a most touching scene. Opus and Amnesia, letter-perfect by now in the art of making love to one another, outdid themselves under the inspired direction of Mr. Clump.

Somehow, the air was surcharged with impending drama. No one knew anything, but



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there seemed a tension in the very atmosphere. And always in the background there hovered the broad-shouldered, evil-visaged figure of Mr. Styptic Smith.

EVENTUALLY the last command to "Cut" issued from the director's lips. Exotic Hines ceased cranking the camera. A lad held a slate up before the lens and the scene number was photographed. Opus and Amnesia untangled themselves and stepped back. Director Clump faced the audience in general—and most particularly Styptic Smith.

"Well," he announced loudly, "we is all finished!"
A small cheer went up—the usual congratulations over the completion of a new Midnight epic crowded about the director and stars. There was much handshaking.

And into the midst of that group a fearsome figure shouldered. It was Mr. Styptic Smith, and Styptic seemed very determined.
"Stan' back, folks," he ordered gruffly. "Stan' back an' watch somethin' happen!" He needed to give no second command. Wide-eyed the others dropped back.

Then quite solemnly and deliberately, Mr. Smith commenced to shed his coat. He did not hurry; he paid no attention to anyone.

The coat came off, was folded neatly and laid upon the ground. The cap was placed on top of it. Then, with scrupulous care, Mr. Smith rolled the sleeves of his striped shirt above the elbows. The muscles of his forearms, brought thus into view, were fearful things.

A ring had formed; a ring of bewildered but excited movie persons. Who was this stranger and what dire thing was he planning? They looked at one another in fear and inquiry.

Two of them were smiling. One was Director J. Caesar Clump who gazed into the unsuspecting countenance of Opus Randall.

"When that earthquake lan's on him!" reflected Caesar, beatifically, "Sweet Mama, fetch the lilies!"

Opus was grinning broadly. He was amused because Clump was unsuspecting. He knew what he knew—and that was a plenty. He looked first at Caesar and then at the warlike gentleman who was preparing for conflict. "In just about two minutes," mused Opus happily, "Mistuh Clump is gwine be in a position where there won't be nothin' to do but throw a heap of dirt in his face."

Styptic straightened. His deep, resonant voice boomed across the lot.

"Heah," he commenced, "is where somethin' commences to happen." He drew a deep breath. "I is Miss Truck's fansay. Fo' two weeks I has watched all this fancy love-makin' fumadiddles which has been goin' on, an' I know—"

A wild shriek rent the air. A feminine figure detached itself from the sidelines and leaped forward. Miss Truck's eyes were filled with a horrid fear and she stood quivering before the vengeful figure of her gentleman friend.

"Styptic" she questioned hysterically, "what is you fixin' to do?"

"Ise fixin' to make gumbo out of the feller which has made you cay's on thisaway. Ise fixin' to squash him until—"
"No!" Amnesia swept into the breach. "You shan't touch him. I aint goin' to stan' fo' you beatin' up no feller which I is fond of, an'—"

Mr. Smith paused. He frowned. Then he took one step forward.

"Says which?" he inquired with deadly seriousness.

"You aint gwine beat him up. If Ise fond of him, then it's my fault. 'Taint his'n. An' he's the swiftest feller—"

Styptic moved another step. Miss Amnesia Truck saw that she was dealing with a determined man. Whereupon she did a very queer thing.

She whirled on Opus Randall and flung her arms around the fat neck of that astonished gentleman.



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"You aint gwine heat him up!" she affirmed shrilly. "You leave him be!"

Mr. Smith was dumbfounded. His forehead corrugated into a bewildered frown. And then, as the situation struck home to him in all its terrible fury, a great anger welled in his bosom.

So it was Opus after all? So Mr. Randall had pulled the wool over his eyes and directed his anger against the wrong person in order that there might be more opportunity to make love to the bewitching Amnesia!

Styptic was beginning to see clearly. And so was Opus Randall.

IT struck Mr. Randall that this wasn't what he planned. Somehow, it had never occurred to him that perhaps he was making inroads on the affections of the impressionable Miss Truck. By all the rules Styptic should have been in the act of ploughing turf with Caesar Clump. Instead, Styptic's girl was hanging around his neck and Mr. Smith himself was getting ready to commit extermination upon him.

Styptic emitted an inhuman howl of rage. He forgot J. Caesar Clump, he even forgot the perfidious Amnesia Truck.

He forgot everything save that he wished to extract satisfaction from the person of Mr. Opus Randall.

Opus read Styptic's mind. And Opus acted. Mr. Randall tore from the embrace of Miss Truck. He gave vent to a large yell—and he dug big feet into the ground.

Opus made a flying start. His vast figure cleaved the balmy evening air. He vanished around the corner of the building.

And immediately behind him flew Styptic Smith.

The others of Midnight stared in amazement. All except Director Clump. That dapper little gentleman, never suspecting that until a few seconds before he himself had been in the gravest of danger—thrust hands into trousers pockets and whistled, "My Sweetie Went Away."

Less than fifteen minutes later a smiling and purposeful Mr. Styptic Smith returned to the lot. He ignored everybody except Miss Amnesia Truck. He moved to her vicinity, locked iron fingers around her arm and dragged her away. He vouchsafed only one remark: "Director Clump," said he, "us has resigned fum the movies."

Clump waved a fond and ignorant farewell. And, along with the others, he waited.

The wait was not lengthy. From out of the dusk came a sad figure. It was battered and bruised. Even the most inexperienced could tell at a glance that Opus Randall had run foul of the business end of a buzzsaw.

Opus's story was short but poignant. He gave vivid, gory details. And as he talked a flash of Thespian pride came to him. He raised his eyes to the face of his director.

"There's one thing you got to admit, Mistuh Clump," he boasted. "Showly must have been some actor fo' that man to take them love scenes so serious."

J. Caesar nodded magnanimously.

"You said it, Opus. But"—with a significant nod—"when you starts congratulatin' yo'se'f on that, please don't forget that I directed *all* the action!"

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"DON JUAN"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the poem by Lord Byron. Adapted to the screen by Bess Meredith. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Don Juan*, John Barrymore; *Adriana Della Varnese*, Mary Astor; *Pedrito*, Willard Louis; *Lucretia Borgia*, Estelle Taylor; *Rena*, *Adriana's maid*, Helene Costello; *Maita*, *Lucretia's maid*, Myrna Loy; *Beatrice*, Jane Winton; *Leandro*, *Don Juan* (roche); *Trusia*, June Marlowe; *Don Juan* (5 years old), Yvonne Day; *Don Juan* (10 years old), Philippe de Lacy; *Luinckback*, John George; *Address of Jose*, Helene D'Alcy; *Caesar Borgia*, Warner Oland; *Donati*, Montagu Love; *Duke Della Varnese*, Josef Swickard; *Duke Margoni*, Lionel Brahm; *Imeria*, Phyllis Hayer; *Marquis Rinaldo*, Nigel de Bruiler; *Marquise Rinaldo*, Hedda Hopper.

"YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Tara*, Florence Vidor; *Norodin*, Clive Brook; *Eugene Foster*, Lowell Sherman; *Tobechnik*, El Brendel; *Dimirtzi*, Roy Stewart; *Strong Alan*, Joe Bonomo; *Olga*, Irma Kornelia; *Manager*, Sidney Bracey.

"SON OF THE SHEIK, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by E. M. Hull. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Ahmad*, Rudolph Valentino; *Yasmin*, Vilma Banky; *Andre*, George Fawcett; *Ghahab*, Montagu Love; *Ramadon*, Karl Dane; *Ali*, Bull Montana; *Pincher*, Bynunsky Hyman.

"WALTZ DREAM, THE"—UFA—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the operetta by Oscar Strauss. Scenario by Robert Liebman and Norbert Falk. Directed by Ludwig Berger. Photography by G. Brandes. The cast: *Eberhard VIII*, Jacob Tiedke; *Princess Alia*, Mary Christians; *Archduke Ferdinand*, Carl Becker; *Sachs*, Niels Arne Cohn; *Prinz*, Willi Fritsch; *Rochkoff*, Von Hoffrock; *Julius Falkenstein*, Lady Kockeritz; *Mathilda Sussin*, Franziska Desni; *Steffi*, Lydia Potechina.

"SCARLET LETTER, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Victor Seastrom. Photography by Henrik Sartov. The cast: *Hester Prynne*, Lillian Gish; *Reverend Dimmesdale*, Lars Hanson; *Roger Prynne*, Henry B. Walthall; *Giles*, Karl Dane; *Governor*, William H. Tooker; *Mistress Hibbins*, Marcelle Corday; *Jailer*, Fred Herzog; *Buddle*, Jules Cowles; *Palinore*, Maria Hawes; *Pearl*, Joyce Coad; *French Sea Captain*, James A. Marcus.

"ONE MINUTE TO PLAY"—F. B. O.—Story and Continuity by Byron Morgan. Directed by Sam Wood. Photography by Charles Clarke. The cast: *Red Wade*, Red Grange; *Sally Rogers*, Mary McAllister; *John Wade*, Charles Oel; *"Flash" Meany*, George Wilson; *"Biff"*, Wheeler, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Tex Rogers*, Lee Shumway; *Toodles*, Lincoln Steedman; *President Todd*, Jay Hunt; *Mrs. Wade*, Eddythe Chapman.

"DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the play by Max Brody and Franz Martos. Screen story by Ilans Kraly. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Marion Duncan*, Constance Talmadge; *Lieut. Vladimir Orloff*, Tullio Carminati; *Grand Duke Gregory Alexandrovich*, Edward Martindel; *Grand Duchess Olga Petrovna*, Rose Dione; *Hotel Manager*, Chester Conklin; *Commandant*, Lawrence Grant; *Maid*, Martha Franklin; *Adjutant*, Jean De Briac.

"LAST FRONTIER, THE"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Tom Kirby*, William Boyd; *Beth*, Marguerite De La Motte; *Wild Bill*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Buffalo Bill*, Jack Hoxie; *Buddy*, Junior Coghlan; *Lige*, Mitchell Lewis; *Cynthia Jaggars*, Gladys Brockwell; *Pawnee Killer*, Frank Lackteen.

"MISMATES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Myron C. Egan. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Judy*, Doris Kenyon; *Ted Carroll*, Warner Baxter; *Belle*, Mae Allison; *Jim Winslow*, Philo McCullough; *Black*, Charles Murray; *Mrs. Winslow*, Maude Turner Gordon; *Watson*, John Kolb; *Helwig*, Cyril Ring; *Jimsy*, Nancy Kelly.

"OH, BABY"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Harley Knoles. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Harley Knoles. The cast: *"Bilby" Fitzgerald*, Little Billy; *Jim Stone*, David Stone; *Dorothy Bronnan*, Madge Kennedy; *Arthur Graham*, Creighton Hale; *Mary Bolt*, Ethel Shannon; *Anat Phoebe*, Flora Finch. At the ringside: *Joe Humphreys*, "Bugs" Baer, Graham McNamee, Fred Keats, S. Jay Kaufman, Damon Runyon, Ripley, Frank O'Neil, Sid Mercer.

"GREAT DECEPTION, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by George Gibbs. Scenario by Paul Bern. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Carl Mansfield*, Ben Lyon; *Louise*, Nileen Pringle; *Rizzio*, Basil Rathbone; *Harley*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Mansfield*, Charlotte Walker; *Lady Jane*, Amedia Summerville; *Gen. Van Frankenhans*, Hubert Wilke; *Van Markova*, Lucian Prival; *Burton*, Lucius Henderson; *Maxwell*, Mark Gonzales.

"SAVAGE, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Ernest Pascal. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Danny Terry*, Ben Lyon; *Isabel Atwater*, May McAvoy; *Prof. Atwater*, Tom Maguire; *Howard Kip*, Philo McCullough; *Managing Editor*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Atwater*, Charlotte Walker.

"INTO HER KINGDOM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Svend Gade. The cast: *Grand Duchess Tatiana*, Corinne Griffith; *Stepan*, Einar Hanson; *Ivan*, Claude Gillingwater; *Sonja*, Charles Crockett; *Stepan's Mother*, Evelyn Selbie; *A farm hand*, Larry Fisher; *Czar Nicholas*, H. C. Simmons; *Carina*, Elinor Vandever; *Corcovitch*, Byron Sage; *Bolshevik guard*, Tom Murray; *Tatiana's maid*, Marcel Corday; *Count Chamberlain*, Maj. Gen. Michael Pleschko; *Russian officers and court leaders*, Maj. Gen. M. Lodigenski, Maj. Gen. Ikanoff, Maj. Gen. Bogomoletz, Nav. Lieut. George Blagoi, Lieut. Gene Walski, Fedor Chalapin, Jr., George Davies; *Shooting Salesman*, Max Davidson; *American Customer*, Alan Sears; *Daughter of Stepan and Tatiana*, Baby Mary Louise Miller.

"HER HONOR, THE GOVERNOR"—F. B. O.—Story by Hyatt Daab and Weed Dickinson. Adaptation and Continuity by Doris Anderson. Directed by Chet Withey. Photography by Andre Balatier. The cast: *Adele Fenway*, Pauline Frederick; *Bob Fenway*, Carroll Nye; *Marian Lee*, Greta Von Rue; *Richard Palmer*, Tom Santschi; *Jim Dorton*, Stanton Heck; *Snipe Collins*, Boris Karloff.

"WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Scenario by Raymond Cannon. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast:



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Chester Binney, Edward Everett Horton; Ethel Simmons, Virginia Lee Corbin; Mrs. Simmons, Trixie Friganza; Mr. Simmons, Otis Harlan; Donald Mont-Allen, Robert Ober; Mrs. Van Loan, Aileen Nanning; Tom Murphy, Hayden Stevenson; Sadie Wise, Margaret Quimby; Rita Renault, Dolores del Rio; Jack Shields, Malcolm Waite.

"FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE"—Fox.—From the play by Harry Delf. Scenario by L. G. Rigby. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Louise Heller, Virginia Valli; Charles Grant, Allan Simpson; Joe Heller, J. Farrell MacDonald; Emma Heller, Lillian Elliott; Willie Heller, Edward Piel, Jr., Mademoiselle Charlie, Cecille Evans; Amabelle Heller, Jacqueline Wells.*

"MIDNIGHT KISS, THE"—Fox.—From the play, "Pigs," by Ann Morrison and Patterson McNutt. Scenario by Alfred Cohn. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Thomas H. Atkins, Jr., Richard Walling; Mildred Hastings, Janet Gaynor; Thomas H. Hastings, Sr., George Irving; Ellen Atkins, Doris Lloyd; Spencer Atkins, Gene Cameron; Hector Spencer, Arthur Housman; Grandma Spencer, Penpe Pigott; Lenox Hastings, Gladys McConnell; Smith Hastings, Herbert Prior; Swedish Maid, Bodil Rosing.*

"DEVIL'S ISLAND"—CHADWICK PICTURES CORP.—Screen play and scenario by Leah Baird. Directed by Frank O'Connor. Photography by Andre Barlatier. The cast: *Jeanette Picto, Pauline Frederick; Jean Valyon, Richard Tucker; Gullet, William Dunn; Chico, Leo White; Andre Le Fevier, John Miljan; Leon Valyon, George Lewis; The Commandant, Harry Northrup; Rose Marie, Marion Nixon.*

"ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS, A"—PREFERRED PICTURES.—From the novel by Elizabeth Dejeans. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Tom Terriss. Photography by Wm. Miller and Stuart Kelson. The cast: *Breck Dunbarton, Glenn Hunter; Marie Moore, Alyce Mills; West MacDonald, Gaston Glass; Mrs. Dunbarton, Jane Jennings; The Detective, Bobby Watson; Mrs. Olwin, Lea Penman; Ezra Dunbarton, Tom Brooks.*

"RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Frank Spearman. Scenario by Curtis Benton. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Joseph Foley, Jack Daugherty; Nora Kelly, Blanche McHaffey; Sandy McPherson, Tom O'Brien; Jim Reid, Charles K. French; Blackie McPherson, William A. Steele; Dad Hamilton, Harry Todd; Mrs. Foley, Madge Hunt.*

"HIDDEN WAY, THE"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Screen story and arrangement by Ida May Park. Directed by Joseph De Grasse. Photography by Joseph Dubray. The cast: *Mother, Mary Carr; Mary, Gloria Grey; Bill, Tom Santosci; Harry, Arthur Rankin; Mulligan, Ned A. Sparks; The Woman, Jane Thomas; The Child, Billie Jeanne Phelps; Sid Atkins, Wilbur Mack; Samuel Atkins, William Ryno.*

"HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler. Scenario by Mary O'Hara. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *John Lambert, Willard Louis; Mary Lambert, Irene Rich; Jim Donaldson, Holmes Herbert; Gene Lambert, Helene Costello; Nathan Peck, John Patrick; Estelle, Jane Winton; Becky Lambert, Virginia Lee Corbin; Lance Lambert, Harold Goodwin; Dick Donaldson, Jason Robard.*

"TWISTED TRIGGERS"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by Tommie Gray. Continuity by Betty Burbridge. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Wally Histon, Wally Wales; Ruth Regan, Jean Arthur; Norris,*



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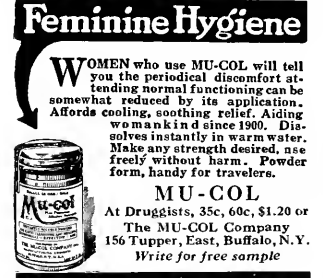
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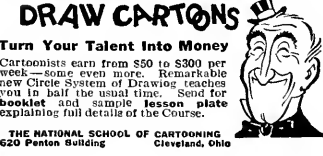
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"NO MAN'S GOLD"—Fox.—From the story by J. Allan Dunn. Scenario by John Stone. The cast: Tom Stone, Tom Mix; Jane Rogers, Eva Novak; Frank Healy, Frank Cameron; Ivat Lyman; Forrest Taylor; Lefty Logan, Harry Grripp; The Boy, Mickey Moore; Pete Kelly, Malcolm Waite.

"COLLEGE BOOB, THE"—F. B. O.—Story by Jack Casey. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: Aloysius Appleby, Lefty Flynn; Angela Woolfberg, Jean Arthur, Horatio Winston, Jr., Jimmy Anderson; Shorty Bucelle, Bob Bradford; Smucky McNeil, Cecil Ogh; Alan Pelly; Miss Walbert; Uncle Lisk; Will Mautel; Whitewings Washington, Raymond Turner.

"COWBOY COP, THE"—F. B. O.—Story by Frank Richardson Pierce. Directed by Robert De Lacey. The cast: Jerry McGill, Tom Tyler; Virginia Selby, Jean Arthur; Count Mirisk, Irvin Krenard; Frankie, Frankie Darro; Dago Jack (first crook), Pat Harmon; Second Crook, Earl Haley.

"PALS FIRST"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Francis Perry Elliott. Adapted by Olga Printzlau. Scenario by Lois Leason. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: Richard Costellan, Danny Rowland, Louis Hughes; Joanne Lamont, Dolores del Rio; Dominic, Alec Francis; The Squirrel, George Cooper; Doctor Harry Chilton, Edward Earle; Judge Lamont, Hamilton Morse; Uncle Alex, George Reed; Aunt Caroline, Alice Nichols; Charley Anderson, Alice Belcher.

"WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by W. C. Tuttle. Scenario by Doris Malloy. Directed by Albert Rogell. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: Jack Parker, Jack Hoxie; Jess Hayden, Fay Wray; Compton, William Steele; George Connor, Marin Sais; Cross L. Hayden, Clark Compstock; Henchmen, Jack Pratt; George Kesterton, Bert De Marc, Monte Montague.

"MORAN OF THE MOUNTED"—RAYART PICTURES.—Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: Moran, Reed Howes; Sergeant Churchill, J. P. McGowan; Fleurite, Virginia Warwick; Lamont, Sheldon Lewis; Carlson, Bruce Gordon; "Mooch" Mullins, Billy Franey; Dubuc, Harry Semels; "Biting Wolf," Chief Youlache.

"THREE BAD MEN"—Fox.—Story by Herman Whitaker. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by John Ford. Photography by George Schneiderman. The cast: Dan O'Malley, George O'Brien; Lee Carlton, Olive Borden; Layne Hunter, Lou Tellegen; Mike Costigan, J. Farrell MacDonald; Bull Stanley, Tom Santschi; Spade Allen, Frank Campeau; Joe Hinsk, George Harris; Old Prospector, Jay Hunt; Millie Stanley, Priscilla Bonner; Zack Leslie, Otis Harlan; Pat Monahan, Walter Perry; Millie's Pal, Grace Gordon; Rev. Calvin Benson, Alec B. Francis; General Neville, George Irving.

"FINE MANNERS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by James Ashmore Creelman and Frank Vreeland. Scenario by James Ashmore Creelman. Directed by Richard Kosson. Photography by George Webber. The cast: Orchid Murphy, Gloria Swanson; Brian Allen, Eugene O'Brien; Aunt Agatha Alden, Helen Dunbar; Buddy Murphy, Walter Goss; Courtney Adams, John Milner.

Have you cast your vote for the best picture of 1923? See page 68.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

MY OWN PAL—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony with two additions—cute little Virginia Marshall and a clever little white dog. The children will love this. (May.)

NELL GWYN—Paramount.—The first of the English productions that will meet with approval in America. Dorothy Gish gives a remarkable performance. (April.)

NEW KLONDIKE, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest of Meighan's vehicles. An excellent story by Ring Lardner enhances the comedy value of this picture. Fine for the children. (May.)

NIGHT CRY, THE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin is just the doggiest dog you've ever seen. This is by far his best picture and will prove a real treat for grown-ups and kiddies. (June.)

NUTCRACKER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—An attempt to make this a rip-roaring comedy proved that there are few comedians of whom we can be justly proud. Passable. (June.)

OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.—We think it's time for Syd Chaplin to "be himself." Syd in p.ticcoats again gets to be an old story, even though it affords splendid entertainment. (May.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A reissue of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

PADLOCKED—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.)

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PARTNERS AGAIN—United Artists.—Another Potash and Perlmutter. Delightful, as usual. (April.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for grownups and children. (July.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)

PRINCE OF PILSEN, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—This is supposed to be a comedy, but if you can laugh you're a better man than I. (June.)

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

QUEEN O' DIAMONDS—F. B. O.—There's not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

RADIO DETECTIVE, THE—Universal.—An excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this thoroughly enjoyable. (June.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Grand Beaumont story pictured into splendid entertainment. William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

RECKLESS LADY, THE—First National.—Another mother love theme, with Belle Bennett and Lois Moran. Good entertainment. (April.)

RED DICE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, that is swift moving and frequently amusing. (June.)

ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)



CLARA BOW, Shaded eyes of Paramount Star



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ROCKING MOON—Producers Dist. Corp.—A good story with a new and interesting background—an island in Alaskan waters. Laika Wirtzer is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

RUNAWAY, THE—Paramount.—Love, suspense and hate, plus a good cast—Clara Bow, Edythe Chapman and Warner Baxter—form this recipe for an evening's entertainment. (June.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Acord stuff that the children like. (August.)

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox.—Cow thieves double for Cupid giving us a new slant on the love question. Good entertainment. (June.)

SANDY—Fox.—A splendid flaming youth story that will appeal to everyone in an audience. Madge Bellamy's performance is excellent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner Bros.—And a very sappy picture. Don't waste your time. (June.)

SAY IT AGAIN—Paramount.—A grand and glorious tee-hee at all the mythical kingdom yarns. Good stuff. (August.)

SEA HORSES—Paramount.—Fair stuff because of the presence of Florence Vidor in the cast. Not so snappy as the usual Allan Dwan production. (May.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.—The war spy system is again served for your entertainment. You won't object because Evelyn Brent is a treat for the optics. (June.)

SENOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SET UP, THE—Universal.—Art Acord does some hard riding and shooting. And that's about all except that he marries the girl in the end. (May.)

SEVENTH BANDIT, THE—Pathé.—A splendid Western that crownups and children should not overlook. Harry Carey and Harriet Hammond head the cast. (June.)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors.—Some more crooks in an old, old story. Clara Bow is the only attraction. (May.)

SHAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not blarney. (July.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Corp.—If you haven't been sleeping lately try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SIBERIA—Fox.—Some more Russian revolutions—(that is, if you like 'em. (June.)

SILENCE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (July.)

SO THIS IS PARIS—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

SOCIAL CELEBRITY, A—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou, as an ambitious young shaver, borrows some clothes and becomes the toast of New York. Another fascinating Menjou picture. (July.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

SPARROWS—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Priscilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—This might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.—A concoction of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it—awful. (September.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—The Jewishers and Irishers are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

TESSIE—Arrow.—This would have been utterly impossible if we were not for the wise-acting substitutes. May McAvoy is out of her class in this. (July.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount.—Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean in the leading role. Need more be said? (June.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TORRENT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Introducing the charming new Swedish importation, Greta Garbo—and she's the kind of a girl the men won't forget. A vivid delight for grownups. (May.)

TRAFFIC COP, THE—F. B. O.—Only the admirers of Letty Flynn will enjoy this. And the youngsters, too. (April.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National.—The first feature length comedy featuring Harry Langdon—and the boy's good. Worth while. (May.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while.—(August.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very hard hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UNTAMED LADY, THE—Paramount.—An awful disappointment in spite of the fact that it stars Gloria Swanson. A total washout from beginning to end. (May.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. (August.)

VARIETY—LFA-Famous Players.—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

VOLGA BOATMAN, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not Cecil De Mille at his best, but the strength of the theme and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks. (June.)

WET PAINT—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a great film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD—F. B. O.—Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rudolph Valentino) does her best in an unsuitable role. Clive Brook is equally miscast. (April.)

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Well worth seeing. A splendid detective story that the boys will love. Look at the cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lillian Tashman. (May.)

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist. Corp.—An interesting crook drama with Viola Dana and Bobby Agnew. (June.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

YANKEE SENOR, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix pleases again, especially the children. Olive Borden, the heroine, is most appealing and attractive. (April.)

YELLOW FINGERS—Fox.—There is a little beauty in this picture, Olive Borden, that just makes you forget all about the story as you see her flittering across the screen. And we don't mean maybe! (June.)

This is the last opportunity to cast your vote for the best picture of 1925. Use the ballot on page 68

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

Norma's Grand

James town, N. Y.
If there were more portrayals like Norma Shearer's in "His Secretary," many wasted stories would be worth while.

Miss Shearer's characterization of the stenographer was perfect. She neither overdid it, nor made you feel that the girl was heartless. She was just a good girl, but hopelessly unattractive.

When she made the change to the attractive secretary she remembered to retain her former manner throughout the picture and did not become an entirely different person, as so many would have done. She still held her chin in and was somewhat stiff as the girl could not all have helped being. No one can change all their mannerisms over night.

MRS. CLARENCE H. GREENQUIST.

Grandma Speaks and Nicely

Cleburne, Texas.

No wonder we love Marion Davies on the screen; in real life she seems to be so kind and sweet. Corinne Griffith looks so weary and bored these days. Has she played emotional parts so long that she can no longer smile? Raymond Hutton has always impressed me as an excellent actor, one who can play many parts. Let us have better title artists, for it means so much to have a picture rightly named, as all of Harold Lloyd's are.

I wish Pola Negri would never appear in modern clothes; she looks "dowdy" in anything except something of a Spanish or foreign type.

Let us hope that "Doug" and "Mary" will find something suitable in which they can appear together to hand down to posterity.

I have not seen "La Boheme," but what did John Gilbert do when making love to that demure, old Lillian Gish? I cannot think of her as *Mini*, although I admire her very much.

When "Krazy Kat" pictures are thrown on the screen here, the children cheer greatly, and the grown-ups enjoy them also. A sigh of boredom goes up when "Topics of the Day" are unrolled! Long live the movies!

A GRANDMOTHER.

The Glad Girl

St. Louis, Mo.

I AM GLAD

That John Barrymore has deserted the stage, thus giving us confirmed movie-goers a chance to marvel at his artistry.

That we have Richard Dix, of the dimples and physique, who once in a while is given a chance to act.

That Irene Rich got a chance to prove her ability and change her type in "Lady Windermere's Fan."

That the gods took pity on us girls one day, and gave us Ronald Colman.

That Carol Dempster is finally being acclaimed great.

That Samuel Goldwyn discovered Vilma Banky.

That Jean Hersholt and George K. Arthur are winning recognition.

I WILL BE GLAD

If Colleen Moore ever does anything half as good as "So Big."

If Ricardo Cortez is given another part which fits him like the one in "The Pony Express."

When my favorite, Gloria Swanson, stops breaking in all the young leading men in Picturedom, and takes time to make some pictures that are worthy of her.

ORIANA KIMLER.

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use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is wonderfully refreshing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, does the trick. Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics. And it is not greasy or smelly. Many of the better barber shops are now prepared to give you this treatment. Try Listerine for dandruff. You'll be delighted with the results.—

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LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together



What the dentists say about this modern plague of gum disorders

Soft food is to blame, they declare, because it deprives our gums of the stimulation they need to keep them sound and healthy

THERE are three short quotations printed on this page. They are picked at random from a mass of similar evidence, but they give the gist of the dentists' view toward these stubborn troubles of the gums that plague so many thousands.

And as to the cause of these troubles, there is no longer a shadow of doubt. Soft food, the dentists agree, must bear the major share of the blame.

It's these creamy, rich and appetizing foods of ours—these modern culinary triumphs, if you please—that cause most of the trouble. For these foods make things too easy, too luxurious, for our gums. They completely lack the coarse and fibrous elements that stimulate the gums and encourage a vigorous circulation of the blood within their walls.

So, deprived of the normal massage that mastication should provide, the gums become soft and sensitive—to too weak to resist the encroachments of disease and infection. And sooner or later "pink tooth brush" puts in its appearance—a warning of greater, more serious troubles to come.

How to offset the damage soft food does to gums

If you ask your own dentist how best to care for your gums, he will tell you that the first step is to restore to them the stimulation your food deprives them of. Very likely he will explain to you the new doctrine of gum massage that is gaining so many thousands of followers, and show you the simple technique of this gentle frictionizing with the fingers and with the brush.

Probably, too, he will recommend that you perform both the massage and the



How dentists state the case against soft food

Look over these excerpts. The dentists agree that soft food is the cause of nearly all gum troubles and that stimulation and massage are the proper correctives.

From a recent professional 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 circulating nourishment."

From a noted authority:

"To replace the benefits derived from natural living, which now seems almost impossible, the artificial production of similar effects is attempted through the several forms of exercise. Applied to the dental tissues various methods have been devised to artificially stimulate an adequate blood supply to compensate in some degree for the loss of normal function."

From a textbook on preventive dentistry:

"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance. After a thorough prophylactic treatment it is not unusual to see the tissues lighten in color, possibly two or three shades in twenty-four hours."

Nearly all our modern food is soft, entirely lacking in the roughage and fibre that once kept gums and teeth sound and healthy.

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But the full-size tube, good for more than a hundred brushings, offers the fairer tests of its good effects upon your gums. So get a large tube at the drug store to-day and start tonight to restore your gums to sound and sturdy health.

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXX

No. 6

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Addresses and working programs of the leading picture studios will be found on page 111

Fakers of Hollywood

Every rich colony attracts them—the parasites, impostors and “nuts” that seek to prey on wealth. One of the chief problems of Hollywood’s police force and the studio detectives is to protect the stars from the schemes of ingenious fakers.

In the December issue of Photoplay

you will find an inside story of this strange phase of the studios.

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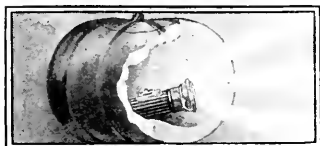
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wiggle make this a glorious experience. (July.)

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Dist.—The title has nothing to do with the picture; the story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama; in other words it's much ado about nothing. (June.)

BARRIER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The story of a half-caste told in an interesting manner by a splendid cast—Norman Kerry, Marceline Day, Henry Walthall and Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

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.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BIG SHOW, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLACK PIRATE, THE—United Artists.—This will prove to be a real treat for the youngster, and grownups will find themselves youthful again while enjoying this story of the adventures of the wicked pirates. (May.)

BLIND GODDESS, THE—Paramount.—An excellent murder story by Arthur Train plus Louise Dresser's splendid performance makes this one of the finest pictures of the season. (June.)

BORDER SHERIFF, THE—Universal.—A Western and nothing to brag about. Jack Hoxie is the star. (May.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Grey Western. (September.)

BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.—A gripping melodrama against the background of the sea. Griottes at times. (June.)

BROADWAY BOOB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Glenn Hunter is back with us again in another of his famous country rôles. Fair. (May.)

BROADWAY GALLANT, THE—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

BROKEN HEARTS—Jaffe.—A series of realistic east side scenes strung together by a slender plot. Lila Lee is the only familiar player in the cast. (May.)

BROWN DERBY, THE—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

BROWN OF HARVARD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—College life, fun and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CAT'S PAJAMAS, THE—Paramount.—Betty Bronson has advanced from a Barry heroine into a bedroom comedy heroine. The result—see it and be convinced. (June.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western chokum. (August.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A goofy plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

COHENS AND THE KELLYS, THE—Universal.—New York went wild over this and so will every other town. See it and howl! (May.)

COLLEGE BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COWBOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

CROWN OF LIES, THE—Paramount.—Another impossible Pola Negri vehicle. If you have nothing else to do—see this and suffer with Pola. (June.)

DANGER OF PARIS, THE—First National.—Written by Michael Arlen and as you might have suspected there is plenty of jazz, bachelor apartment parties, love scenes and nudity. Not the least bit impressive. (May.)

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

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

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

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

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

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A melodrama of the great open spaces adapted from a Zane Grey novel. Fair. (June.)

DEVIL HORSE, THE—Pathe.—A picture that is worth your money. A family picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

DEVIL'S CIRCUS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An interesting vehicle with lots of good circus stuff. Hokum reigns throughout. Norma Shearer and Charles Mack head the cast. (May.)

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DON JUAN—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and light amusing farce. (October.)

EARLY TO WED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been fody for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

ESCAPE, THE—Universal.—Filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison shows us what he can do. (May.)

EVE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and lectio melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles make matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

FAR CRY, THE—First National.—Nothing much to recommend. A good cast, Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall and Myrtle Stedman. (May.)

FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount.—The sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Good entertainment. (May.)

FIGHTING BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—A boring Western. Now don't blame us if it doesn't please. (June.)

FIGHTING BUCKAROO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones still does all the necessities to keep one amused. It's good stuff. (June.)

FIG LEAVES—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those rôles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FLAMING FRONTIER, THE—Universal.—Another absorbing tale of the Old West which carries out the spirit of pioneer America. Good stuff for the children. (June.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount.—For your own sake go see this Harold Lloyd production. Sure, take the kiddies! (June.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathe.—A red-blooded Western with Harry Carey.—If you like sweet melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"



What is a Feature Picture?

"The best thing on the whole bill was that comedy."

"I liked it better than the long picture, too. It was a good show."

* * * *

HOW often has this happened to *you*? Think it over—does *length* determine which is the "feature" picture, or does *entertainment value* decide it?

Short Features are playing a greater part in picture programs everywhere this season. You and the rest of the great picture-going public are responsible. You have insisted on *all-round* programs of entertainment. Short Features have made this possible.

And *Educational Pictures*, more than any others, have led in producing finer Short Features from season to season.

Insist on knowing in advance *all* your theatre is showing. If you've seen "The Vision," or that other classic in natural colors, "The Blue Boy," you'll be watching for other Romance Productions. And you won't want to miss the comedies of Lloyd

Hamilton, Lupino Lane, Bobby Vernon, Billy Dooley, Jimmie Adams, Johnny Arthur, Al St. John and the other *Educational Pictures'* stars.

Equally full of chuckles and entertainment are *Educational's* well-chosen cartoons and novelties—and Kinograms, *Educational's* edition of the most universally popular of all motion picture features, the news reel.

Your theatre manager can keep you informed on the *Educational Pictures* he is to show—by lobby displays, in programs, in advertising, and on the screen. **INSIST THAT HE DO SO.** *Educational Pictures* are

"The Spice of the Program"

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HAMILTON COMEDIES
LUPINO LANE COMEDIES
BOBBY VERNON COMEDIES
JIMMIE ADAMS COMEDIES
BILLY DOOLEY COMEDIES
CHRISTIE COMEDIES
MERMAID COMEDIES
(Jack White Productions)
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TUXEDO COMEDIES
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The Movie Side-show Cartoon Comedies
KINOGRAMS
The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper



EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. Hammons, *President*
Executive Offices, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Last Minute News from East and West

As we go



to Press

MABEL NORMAND and Lew Cody were married on September sixteenth at Ventura, California.

ADOLPHE MENJOU and Florence Vidor are to be co-starred in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," played behind the New York footlights by Ina Claire. Ernst Lubitsch will direct this as his first Famous Players release.

It seems pretty definite now that Ramon Novarro will make "Old Heidelberg." John Robertson probably will direct the production.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S next production for Novarro will be the old melodrama, "The White Slave." Richard Dix will have the lead, and Carol Dempster will play the heroine.

PRESENT rumors indicate that, when Famous films Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Jack Pickford and Fay Wray will have the leading roles.

REX INGRAM is to direct a new version of "The Garden of Allah" for Metro-Goldwyn, filming a large part of the picture at his studio in Nice, France, and the remainder on the Sahara. Alice Terry will play the leading role.

JOHAN BARRYMORE has signed Konrad Veidt for the rôle of *Louis XI* in his production of "The Vagabond King," based upon the life of Francois Villon. Veidt will be remembered for his work in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." He is now en route from Berlin to Hollywood.

DOROTHY GISH arrived in New York September 25 for a visit with her husband, sister and mother before returning to London to resume work for the British National Pictures, Ltd. Miss Gish has completed "Tip-toes" and will next do "Madame Pompadour."

RALPH FORBES, who does so well in "Beau Geste," has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn.

ANOTHER Clara Bow engagement is announced, this time to Victor Fleming, the director.

RENEÉ ADOREE denies she is going to be married, contradicting her reported engagements to Rudolph Friml and Gaston Glass.

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN, author of those delightful Midnight Film short stories appearing in PHOTOPLAY, has been signed to write original comedies for Universal.

VERA REYNOLDS goes abroad for vacation.

LOUISE LOVELY brings suit for divorce in Sidney, Australia, against her director-husband, Wilton Welch.

WALLACE BEERY has signed a new Famous Players' contract.

AMONG film luminaries witnessing the Dempsey-Tunney fight were Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue, Mr. and Mrs. William Russell, Winfield Sheehan, Carmel Myers, Patsy Ruth Miller.

CONNIE TALMADGE is to play an Italian girl in her next film, "Carlotta."

BUCK JONES is back at work on the Fox lot.

BILLIE DOVE has signed a contract to star in First National Pictures.

ON December first, Gilda Gray starts work in Hollywood on "Glorifying the American Girl," the Famous Players-Ziegfeld special.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG has sailed for a vacation abroad.

DOROTHY HUGHES, the D. W. Griffith discovery, is appearing in Florence Vidor's "The Popular Sin."

KING VIDOR is to make a big special around the history of the Panama Canal. The story is by Irvin Cobb.

NORMA SHEARER'S next picture will be "Polly of the Circus" with Tod Browning directing.

CAROL DEMPSTER is visiting her family in California.

ALBERTA VAUGHN denies her engagement to Grant Withier.

EMIL JANNINGS, star in the UFA masterpiece, "Variety," sailed for America on September twenty-sixth.



"Hurry Up" Yost, the famous coach of the University of Michigan, was called in to supervise the football scenes of "The Quarterback," Richard Dix's new picture. Yost is at the left and Donald Morey, former Brown star, at the right. And, of course, Dix is in the center

POLA NEGRI starts work on "Barbed Wire," based on Hal Caine's "Woman of Knockaloe." "Camille," despite reports that it had been shelved because of Norma Talmadge's production, will follow.

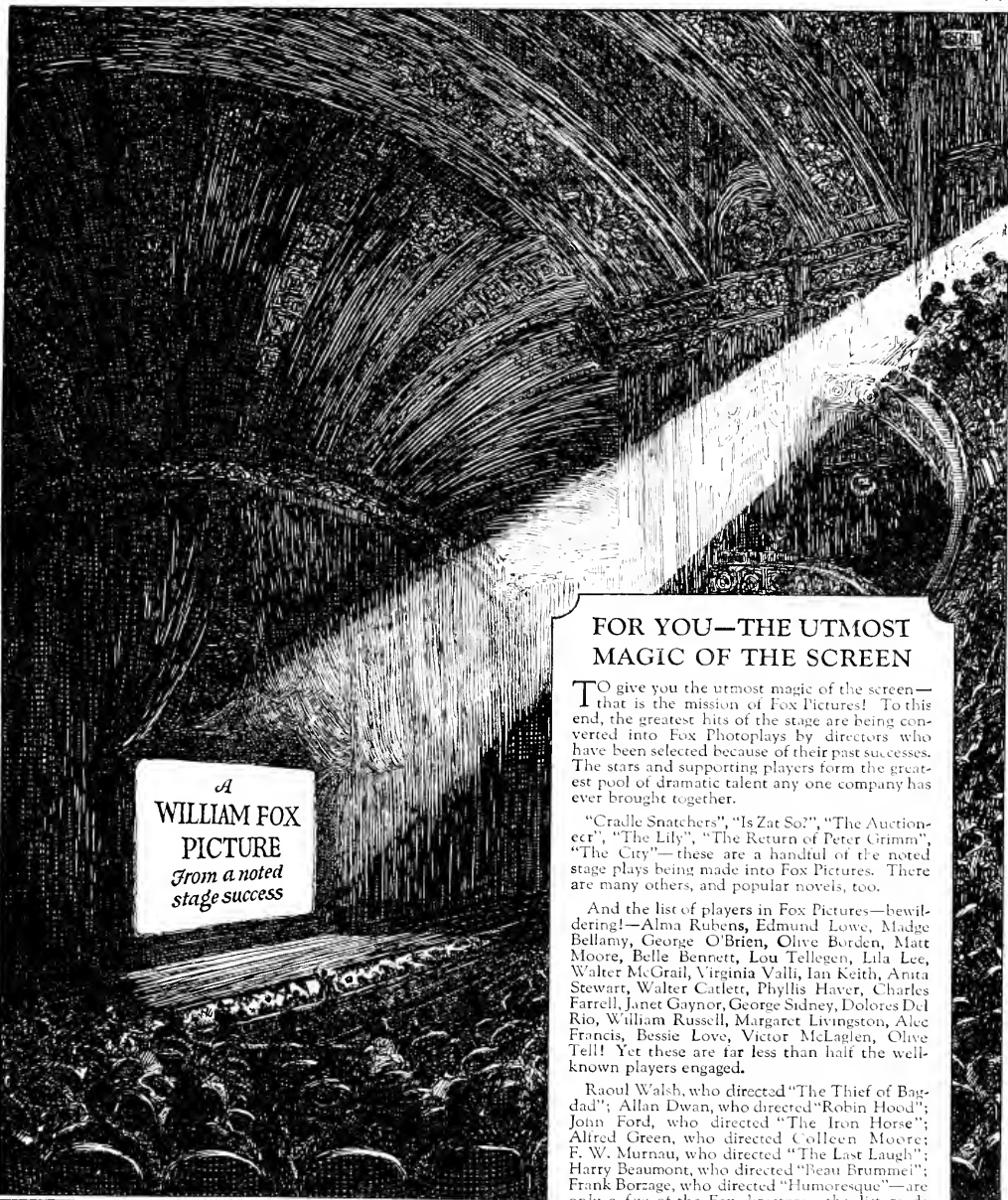
WORK is about to start on "Greatest Show on Earth," with Wallace Beery as P. T. Barnum.

ROY D'ARCY has been given a new contract by Metro-Goldwyn.

LLOYD HUGHES is playing opposite Mae Murray in "Valencia."

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is given Metro-Goldwyn contract.

MILTON SILLS is elected president of newly organized Hollywood Film Guild, furthering the little theater movement of the films.



A
WILLIAM FOX
PICTURE
From a noted
stage success

FOR YOU—THE UTMOST MAGIC OF THE SCREEN

TO give you the utmost magic of the screen—that is the mission of Fox Pictures! To this end, the greatest hits of the stage are being converted into Fox Photoplays by directors who have been selected because of their past successes. The stars and supporting players form the greatest pool of dramatic talent any one company has ever brought together.

"Cradle Snatchers", "Is Zat So?", "The Auctioneer", "The Lily", "The Return of Peter Grimm", "The City"—these are a handful of the noted stage plays being made into Fox Pictures. There are many others, and popular novels, too.

And the list of players in Fox Pictures—bewildering!—Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Madge Bellamy, George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Matt Moore, Belle Bennett, Lou Tellegen, Lila Lee, Walter McGrail, Virginia Valli, Ian Keith, Anita Stewart, Walter Catlett, Phyllis Haver, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor, George Sidney, Dolores Del Rio, William Russell, Margaret Livingston, Alec Francis, Bessie Love, Victor McLaglen, Olive Tell! Yet these are far less than half the well-known players engaged.

Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Bagdad"; Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood"; John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"; Alfred Green, who directed "College Moore"; F. W. Murnau, who directed "The Last Laugh"; Harry Beaumont, who directed "Beat Brummet"; Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque"—are only a few of the Fox directors—the list reads like a movie hall of fame.

Watch your theatres for Fox Pictures—for they bring you the utmost magic of the screen!

—And in addition, these supreme productions:

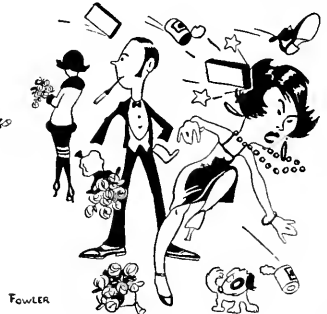
WHAT PRICE GLORY
THE MUSIC MASTER
7TH HEAVEN
all made from renowned stage successes

3 BAD MEN
staged by John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"
ONE INCREASING PURPOSE
by the author of "If Winter Comes"



WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Fowler

Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month
for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

The Monthly Barometer

FOLLOWING the death of Rudolph Valentino, this department received an avalanche of letters expressing the deep and sincere sorrow of the fans. The letters following Valentino's death received during August outnumbered those on any other topic.

"The Big Parade" is still the most-praised of the "special productions," with "Ben-Hur" and "The Vanishing American" as close seconds. "The Sea Beast" is coming in for its share of comments, with "The Merry Widow" falling off in interest.

"Brown of Harvard" and "The Torrent" are the most popular program pictures, receiving nothing but bouquets.

John Gilbert and Ronald Colman are the most widely discussed stars, but Richard Dix and Lon Chaney enjoy the distinction of inspiring nothing but kind words. Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson and Ricardo Cortez also have plenty of loyal boosters.

William Boyd and William Haines are running away with all the honors among the newcomers.

Thomas Meighan and Richard Barthelme were the targets for the most brickbats, but the blame was placed on their pictures, not on the stars.

PHOTOPLAY's interview with Canon Chase received more responses than any article published in the magazine, and Richard Dix's matrimonial intentions seem to be the subject of the greatest interest.

\$25.00 Letter

New York, N. Y.

I do not agree with the spokesman of the reformers, Canon Chase.

To me, pictures are neither moral nor immoral. Human beings are the only ones to whom the word "moral" may be rightly applied.

It is the obvious intention of some producers to subvert motion pictures to a base appeal, and many beholders will see evil in pictures whether or not it is there—we are so apt to find what we look for. But it is a happy fact that such producers and beholders are a small minority. The hearts of men may need to be purified, but that is the job of the church.

I don't believe in censorship, even when called regulation.

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

"All constraint except what wisdom lays on men is evil."

Pictures may not be true to life. They are an escape, a surcease, between life's reality.

I cannot imagine filling out one of Canon Chase's score cards. If I tried to write down my analysis of "The Big Parade" I would feel that I was dissecting the body of a friend.

My advice to those—with special emphasis for the co-workers of Canon Chase—who attend motion pictures with the idea of searching for "off" coloring, is—stay away. Pictures cannot be worth the price of admission to such people.

As regards sex, keep in mind there are only two sexes, and cheer up.

The producers are often mistaken as to "what the public wants," but the public doesn't know seven-eighths of the time.

Pictures are THE GIFT OF GOD to the lonely transient, and we are, each one of us, at some time, and some of us at all times, lonely transients.

ELIZABETH VAN DEUSEN.

\$10.00 Letter

Philadelphia, Pa.

Whenever somebody remarks: "pictures are

still in infancy," I recall Harry Langdon's baby clothes for "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." The screen today and Harry make equally overgrown "infants."

Consider the advances in photography, color process. Consider the favorites of a decade ago—Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Charles Ray, Vivian Martin—juvenile types, portraying fairy tales, child rôles, or lightest romances. It was the age of Pollyanna.

Gradually the film mind expanded. Today we have the more worldly Negris, Swansons, and Gilberts; the Lubitsch comedy-drama, the Vidor insight; Von Stroheim's realism. The *prospective* of the screen is lengthening toward maturity.

The old fashioned "movie magazine" has grown apace. Witness PHOTOPLAY—replete, not with sugar-coated interviews about the stars' favorite desserts, but with instructive articles, advance news items, fearless criticisms, enjoyable to old and young.

The infancy of pictures was in the old two-reeler Biograph days of jumpy continuity, blotchy photography, and unnamed stars. Then the movies attained the primary grades and began showing romances or childish "vamp" pictures, which never got beyond adolescence. Today, in the era of sophisticated film-lore, the motion picture is on the high road to a college degree.

KARLENE A. ARMSTRONG.

\$5.00 Letter

Spokane, Wash.

The organ was playing some serious thing lightly as I watched the *Grand Duchess* being embraced by her waiter when, suddenly, it appeared to me a delicious joke that this same Florence Vidor, this velvet-gowned, pearl-laden woman, had portrayed in all sincerity "Barbara Fritchic." Sweet, simple *Barbara*; *Barbara* in hoopskirts; *Barbara* who undoubtedly thought babies were found cooing in cabbage beds on misty mornings!

Not that she didn't suit the rôle. She did—at the time. She was sweetly simple and charmingly wide-eyed and all thus and thus. One seeing her was pleased, mildly pleased with her performance and personality. And immediately forgot her.

Then quite abruptly there was a change. Out of a period of saccharine characterizations

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

Are You Well Bred—But Still An Outsider?

**Then You
Need This
FREE Booklet**

The Development of Culture

"THE proudest gates fly open at the approach of courage and culture," said Emerson.

"With culture you can make of yourself what you please," Lord Chesterfield claimed.

How about you? Have you culture? If so, are you employing your culture to the best advantage? The people who succeed most easily in this world are the people of culture, because they make friends easily, because they are liked wherever they go, because people are always glad to help them.

Many people have culture but few show it. Not because they are afraid to show it but simply because they don't know how. They do not wish to appear uncultured. Far from it. And yet they continue to do the very things that mark them as uncultured. Over and over they do these things. Day after day they continue the little habits—the little uncultured mannerisms that lower them in people's eyes. Why do they do these things? For one reason and for one reason only. Simply because nobody ever told them. Nobody ever corrected them. And so they go on and on—making the same mistakes time and again—wondering why they do not gain the success in business and in social life that their inner culture entitles them to.

Do You Ever Feel Lack of Culture?

Do you ever feel that people are slighting you? Do you ever feel that you are not receiving the attention and respect you deserve?

No doubt you are well-bred. But in a gathering of cultivated people you may feel like an outsider. You may feel as if you are not one of the crowd. The people perhaps do not take to you as much as you would like them to. They are polite, of course. They do not snub you or ignore you. And yet you feel a certain formality—a certain coldness in their manner. You wish to be friends with them but you are afraid that they are not so anxious to be friends with you.

Get This Free Book if you are interested in learning

How to make an impression on people
How to develop social charm
How to gain poise
How to be at ease in any situation
How to gain true culture
How to apply culture to business
How to show culture in speech
How to show culture in dress
How to show culture in dress
How to compel attention
How to overcome timidity
How to overcome self-consciousness
How to strengthen your personality
How to attract valuable friends
How to gain the social success you deserve

Many people are confronted with this problem. Some of them realize the reason—lack of culture. But very few discover the cure. It does not matter whether your lack of culture is apparent or real. You can quickly overcome it. You can quickly gain poise—refinement—self confidence. It is the simplest thing in the world to correct the little mannerisms, the little "give aways" that are holding you back.

Good Manners Are Not Enough

A man or woman may be a master of etiquette and still be uncultured. Perfect etiquette does not insure culture. It is merely an outward indication of culture. In fact, people sometimes concentrate on etiquette in order to hide their lack of culture. These people are always found out. There are innumerable little "give aways"—little casual remarks—little unconscious actions which show with startling clearness your culture—or your lack.

Etiquette is second nature to the cultured man. His good manners are built on a firm foundation—a foundation of culture. The cultivated man does not depend on rules of behavior. Culture makes it natural for him to do the right thing—to say the right thing. His perfect manners are a part of his make-up. He cannot forget them any more than he can forget his instincts.

Don't Obey Rules of Etiquette Blindly

Uncultured people or people who are only half cultured oftentimes obey rules of etiquette blindly. They have not culture enough to discriminate—to interpret these rules. They obey the letter of the law rather than the spirit of it. Thus, a single blunder may shatter the fragile structure of esteem which they have painstakingly built up in the minds of their friends. Unconsciously they may make some mistake that a cultured person could not possibly make.

Culture teaches you the spirit of etiquette. The cultured man knows instinctively just what to do and say at all times. The man who attempts to "get by" in society with mere rules of conduct is like the school-boy who learns each step of a problem by heart instead of mastering the principle of the problem—the "reason why." Thus each new problem perplexes him. He who understands culture—he who knows the principles—the "reason why" of etiquette is never at a loss in any situation.



Get This New Booklet

We have just published a new booklet—"The Development of Culture." We will gladly send you a copy upon request. The booklet is beautifully printed and filled with interesting illustrations. You will find it highly instructive—a wealth of fascinating information.

It tells about the most practical, common sense method of developing culture that was ever devised. It offers you the secrets of poise, refinement and self-improvement, both moral and physical, as well as mental.

It shows you how to recognize true culture the instant you see it.

It shows you how faulty culture leads to failure—how true culture insures success.

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Dr. Jeanne P.H. Walter, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GENTLE CYCLONE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE, THE—First National.—See this, if it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara La Marr once again. (May.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 6,462. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A hip-panic face comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

GREATER GLORY, THE—First National.—An excellent picture featuring an Austrian family before and after the war. One of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice. (May.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HELL BENT FOR HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Grownsup may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste masterly performances on celluloid claptrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another werpy affair that isn't worth the famous twobits. (October.)

HIGHBINDER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—William Hilden stepping out as an actor, but he has a few sticks to tennis if he wishes to become a success in life. Terrible. (June.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more curmudgeon of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Brent productions. Fair. (July.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery subtleties, stupid symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Rich and Robert Frazer are in the cast—if that means anything. Entertainment value? Fair. (July.)

IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? Then you know what to expect from Evelyn Brent. It will pass. (September.)

JOHNSTOWN FLOOD, THE—Fox.—A thrilling melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. George O'Brien, Florence Gilbert and Janet Gaynor are in the cast. (May.)

KIKI—First National.—Here's Norma Talmaadge as a comedienne and she's a WOW. Ronald Colman is the male attraction. Be sure to see it! (June.)

KING OF THE TURF, THE—F. B. O.—A dash of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and presto! A picture that is pleasing and entertaining. (July.)

LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A simple love story wonderfully directed by King Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. Lillian Gish is also in the cast. (July.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally redskins, the battle and the brave young hero. (October.)

LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount.—Richard Dix at his best. Plenty of laughs that come fast and furious. Don't miss it! (July.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LITTLE IRISH GIRL, THE—Warner Bros.—Good entertainment. More crooks in a logical story. Dolores Costello and Johnny Harnon head the cast. (July.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Possible. (August.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Man. (August.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr. forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (September.)

MADAME MYSTERY—Pathe.—The first Theda Bara comedy and it's a riot! Be sure to see it. (May.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MANTRAP—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE—Universal.—One of the most amusing stories of love across the footlights. Billie Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

MEN OF STEEL—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MIRACLE OF LIFE, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—It will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. Neither for the children nor grownups. (June.)

MISMATES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing. Don't miss King Vidor, Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bunk. (Oct.)

MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels attempts to be funny but falls down. Filled with all the old gags used in two-reelers. The children like this sort of thing. (May.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

MILLE MODISTE—First National.—Some wisecracking sub-titles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis make this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slawback at its best as a Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Reed Howes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal.—This could have been a knockout, but at present it is missing on all sixes. (June.)

MY OWN PAL—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony with two additions—cute little Virginia Marshall and a clever little white dog. The children will love this. (May.)

NEW KNOCKIE, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest of Meighan's vehicles. An excellent story by Ring Lardner enhances the comedy value of this picture. Fine for the children. (May.)

NIGHT CRY, THE—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin is just the doggiest dog you've ever seen. This is his last picture and will prove a real treat for grown-ups and kiddies. (June.)

Watch This Column

Here comes the breeze from the campus, the sparkle of youth, the tinkle of the ukulele, the strenuous efforts of the young giants to make the team and the caustic comments of the coach. Great stuff, and we all love it.



GEORGE LEWIS in "THE COLLEGIANS"

It is all in "**THE COLLEGIANS**," the series of 2-reel feature plays of college life, written by Carl Laemmle, Jr., and produced by Universal. **GEORGE LEWIS** is playing the college hero rôle and unless my judgment is warped, he is going to make himself a snug berth in stardom. He is young, good looking, full of pep, a good actor and full of ambition. Surely, there isn't much more than that.

Can't you imagine **HAYDEN STEVENSON** as the coach—the pleasing chap who played the trainer in "*The Leather Pushers*" in which **REGINALD DENNY** made his first big hit. As the coach of the college team, he has a much bigger chance and takes full advantage of it.



HAYDEN STEVENSON

This whole series of 2-reelers should be shown everywhere because they reflect the scenes which everybody loves and are in accord with the spirit of the day—youth, beauty, romance. Thrills, too, motor boat races, the campus rush, polo games, all that the "speed of youth" conveys.

By all means see **JEAN HERSHOLT** in "*The Old Soak*," Don Marquis' now celebrated comedy-drama; also that thrilling Jules Verne drama, "*Michael Strogoff*," and **LAURA LA PLANTE** in the brilliant spectacle, "*The Midnight Sun*." Don't overlook **REGINALD DENNY** in "*Take It From Me*" and **FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN** and **BILLIE DOVE** in "*The Marriage Game*," a powerful play of life behind the scenes. I am waiting for a personal letter from you. Yes, of course I'll answer it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of
George Lewis and Hayden Stevenson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave.

New York City

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

NUTCRACKER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—An attempt to make this a rip-roaring comedy proved that there are few comedians of whom we can be justly proud. Passable. (June.)

OH BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.)

OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.—We think it's time for Syd Chaplin to "be himself." Syd in costumes again gets to be an old story, even though it affords splendid entertainment. (May.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rush of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—F. B. O.—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A ruse of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

PADLOCKED—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.) (May.)

PALS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for grownups and children. (July.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)

PRINCE OF PILSEN, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—This is supposed to be a comedy, but if you can laugh you're a better man than I. (June.)

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

RADIO DETECTIVE, THE—Universal.—An excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this thoroughly enjoyable. (June.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Gerald Beaumont story pictured into splendid entertainment. William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

RED DICE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, that is swift moving and frequently amusing. (June.)

ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS—A. Bochman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

RUNAWAY, THE—Paramount.—Love, suspense and hate, plus a good cast—Clara Bow, Edythe Chapman and Warner Baxter—form this recipe for an evening's entertainment. (June.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worth-while. (October.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Acord stuff that the children like. (August.)

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox.—Cow thieves double for Cupid driving as a new slant on the love question. Good entertainment. (June.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 154]

Every First National Picture



**"I'll Wait for You
—Forever!"**

"I don't care how long it takes you to make good—To show my folks how fine you are... 'Cause we've got to have each other—we've just got to!"

But when he came back—hero of the gridiron and the battlefield—did Love come back with him?

Here's a picture that's all youth and tenderness—and thrills! Boy-and-girl love—campus romance—great moments on the football field—stirring war scenes... You'll be sorry "forever after" if you miss it.

Also be sure to see—

HARRY LANGDON in "*The Strong Man*."—New York hailed it as "the funniest comedy ever screened." Langdon at his hilarious best.

"DON JUAN'S THREE NIGHTS," with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason.—A "great love" who sacrifices his greatest love—because it is real! Luxurious settings, spectacular scenes.

First National Pictures Inc.
presents
"FOREVER AFTER"
with **MARY ASTOR** *and*
LLOYD HUGHES
Adapted from Owen Davis' Stage Success
Directed by F. Harmon Weight
Production Management B. P. Fineman

ORIN
DILLON

A First National Picture

Is an Entertainment Event

Robert Kane *presents*
"THE PRINCE of TEMPTERS"

with LOIS MORAN · BEN LYON
 LYA DE PUTTI

and MARY BRIAN · IAN KEITH
 Sam Hardy · · · Olive Tell

Adapted from THE EX-DUKE, a novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim

A Lothar Mendes Production



What is the Greatest Temptation?

Wine? — Gold? — Jewels?
 —Luxury? — Excitement? —
 Fame?

The Prince of Tempters thought he knew . . . For he knew life . . . He knew women . . . And many women had known him.

But he didn't know *this* woman . . . and she hardly knew herself when she found she was falling in love with the man she had been paid to hurt!

The most amazing drama of the year. — And just look at that cast!

Other popular hits

CORINNE GRIFFITH in "Syn-
 copating Sue." — "The most beauti-
 ful woman in the world" is lovelier
 than ever in this fascinating roman-
 ce of Broadway's famous Tin-
 Pan-Alley.

MILTON SILLS in "Paradise,"
 with BETTY BRONSON. — Para-
 dise for two in the South Seas . . .
 A tropic island all their own — if
 he'd fight for it . . . And how he
 fought! All-star cast of favorites.



A First National Picture

*"It keeps
your hands
from getting
old ..."*

says

Lovely CLAIRE WINDSOR



CLAIRE WINDSOR, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, playing in the new screen production "THE LITTLE JOURNEY." Miss Windsor's beautiful hands are everywhere admired

"There is an old saying that in the eyes of the world a woman is as old as her hands," declares lovely Claire Windsor, whose own hands are miracles of soft whiteness and grace. "Jergens Lotion, used regularly, will keep your hands from growing old, will give them softness, suppleness, charm."

THOUSANDS of women today are keeping their hands soft, white, youthful, by means of Jergens Lotion, a wonderful new preparation containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known.

This fragrant, silvery liquid almost instantly overcomes dryness, roughness, chapping, giving the skin a lovely suppleness and smoothness, preserving its child-like texture. It leaves no disagree-

able stickiness. Your skin drinks it up instantly.

Every time you have had your hands in water—use Jergens Lotion and see how wonderful will be the transformation!

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Or send today for the new large-size trial bottle!



Contains two of the most healing skin restoratives known



*Keep your hands soft, smooth, young-looking!
Now—the new large-size trial bottle*

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
3421 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 6 cents—please send me the new, large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, "Your Skin and its Care."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

In Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3421 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



*New
Pictures*

ALL dressed up for a snowstorm in California—Norma Shearer and two Russian wolfhounds who are a long way from home. The Russian influence in fashions is great if, like this lady, you are beautiful enough to get away with it.



Here are two ladies raised to new importance by being cast by big directors for prominent rôles in "special" films. Out of a clear sky, Eric von Stroheim selected the almost unknown Fay Wray for the lead in "The Wedding March."

And Cecil De Mille rescued Jacqueline Logan from minor movies by choosing her for the rôle of *Mary Magdalene* in "The King of Kings." This is the first photograph of Miss Logan as the Scarlet Woman of Biblical history.



W. E. Thomas



Monroe

PROVING that the name Reginald is no handicap. Like the handsome lad across the page, Mr. Denny's athletic prowess gave him his first prominence on the screen. He was an amateur boxer in England before he went on the stage.



Spurr

PROVING that the name Harold is not fatal to success. Signed merely as a football celebrity, "Red" Grange, under the congenial direction of Sam Woods, has developed into a great film personality. There's a story about him in this issue.



Ruth Louise

GRETA GARBO—the object of John Gilbert's fervent wooing in "Flesh and the Devil." If you saw "The Torrent," you'll know that Greta plays a mean love scene herself. So won't the combination be a great one for these chilly evenings?



Keyes

WILL someone explain Blanche Sweet's unfading beauty and unending fascination? Blanche looks younger than when she played *Judith of Bethulia*. Perhaps the studio lights hold the secret. Or perhaps Blanche's love for her work does the trick.



How Princess Mariana judged her suitors -

"WE simply *must*," said the lovely Princess Mariana to the Royal Secretary, "sort that list of suitors. Don't tell my Royal Father, but the man I seem to like best is the first assistant gardener. Of course, I don't suppose—but proceed."

The Secretary bowed and began to read:

"1. Prince Prunello. GIFT: a magic lotion to preserve youthful beauty forever."

"Goodness," said the Princess, "he is inclined to exaggerate, don't you think? Cross him off."

"2. Prince Balakia. GIFT: magic beauty soap full of wondrous oils and drugs."

"I think you can cross him off, too."

"3. Prince William. GIFT: Ivory Soap, to protect with its simple purity the loveliest face in the world."

"Now, *that's* more like it. Prince William sounds worthy of an interview."

"If Your Highness please," ventured the Secretary, "I happen to know that the first assistant gardener is none other than Prince William in disguise."

"How thrilling! Tell him he is discharged at once—and bring him hither."

WITH health, complexions need little more than cleanliness to keep them lovely.

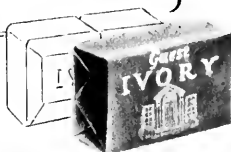
Because they realize this simple truth, millions of woman entrust the care of their skins to Ivory Soap alone. They know that Ivory is pure as dew, as gentle as the fall of a snowflake. Ivory does not agree to cure complexions or transform them magically with oils and drugs. It does promise—and give—all that a soap can bring to beauty—safe cleansing. Your complexion can have no surer friend.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

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DAINTY NEW GUEST IVORY
PRICELESS 5 CENTS



PHOTOPLAY

November, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

WILL HAYS has been in conference with President Coolidge. Hays has been doing his best to have the United States government maintain a special bureau for the keeping of important historical films.

Years ago PHOTOPLAY launched a movement to have the government protect films of public value. It has steadily advocated this action.

There are important historical films available, which should be preserved. There are, for instance, thousands of feet of valuable World War negative. There are scores of shots of Roosevelt, Wilson and other public figures at important crises in their lives. National leaders have not fully appreciated the patriotic necessity of saving and protecting these bits of negative.

PHOTOPLAY hopes that the Hays conference with our national executive will bear fruit.

WHY is it that the sensational section of the daily press digs up, from an obscure weekly, an eye-opening "expose" of college girls' morals and then so vigorously defends those same co-eds in the editorial columns? If the newspapers had ignored this article the chances are that hardly anyone would ever have heard of it. Anyway, the charges are too sweeping to be true, but why print them in the first place? Well, first comes the shekels from purveying sensational dirt. Then the crown of laurel on the editorial brow for defending American pure womanhood.

Hypocrisy? That's one sin, at least, that motion pictures have never been accused of.

IF a movie star suddenly disappeared from a studio—if this star just as suddenly turned up with a hair-raising story of kidnapers—if columns and columns of publicity appeared in the newspapers about the exploit—if there were sob stories about the star's return and huge, hysterical ovations of welcome—if there were subsequent strange stories of a man in the case and a romantic bungalow by the sea—

If, I say, all these things happened to a movie star, wouldn't all the reforming parsons take occasion to denounce the screen from their pulpits?

And yet, have the movies been unkind enough to say a word against Aimee Semple McPherson, the famous Los Angeles evangelist and head of the Angelus Temple?

How about the parsons remembering this little incident in their own clan, the next time an unfortunate girl in the movies strays from the fold?

THAT last sad journey of Rudolph Valentino across the continent increased my respect for the big, human heart of the American public. Crowds don't wait patiently in the rain at four o'clock in the morning out of idle curiosity. The roots of such action strike deeper than that. All the way, from New York City to Los Angeles, the throngs that assembled for a glimpse of the funeral train paid their one greatest tribute to his memory—the tribute of silence.

Somewhere on the prairies of Iowa as the dawn—which "Rudy" was leaving behind forever—began to grey the east, the train paused for a moment at a tiny hamlet. An elderly woman rushed up and thrust a great bunch of flowers into the hands of a porter. "For him," she explained, and then the train was on its way.

Reverence, not curiosity, does things like that.

A GROUP of maharajahs in India are protesting against the number of American films shown in that country.

If the maharajahs want to make pictures themselves, they might try it. The film business is any man's game and the competition is open. But the maharajahs ought to leave their rubies and diamonds in the family safe before embarking in a fight against fifteen years of hard-won supremacy. They will lose their elephants if they try to buck Hollywood!

THE United States seems to be growing more favorable toward screen importations. This is not because there has been a change in sentiment among our picture theater patrons, but rather because the recent importations are based on subjects more in harmony with our national viewpoint. There never has been any prejudice amongst us against importations as such. But theme and treatment often were not in accord with American psychology. The public here has always whole-heartedly welcomed alien actors of merit. The same fair-mindedness has been displayed toward foreign films.

A fear has been expressed in some quarters that film importations may compete too vigorously with our native productions. This is hardly likely. If American productions—as they do—can dominate the European continent, obviously we have certain merits in methods—merits of universal appeal—that cannot be duplicated abroad. Let Europe send us her best pictures. We want to see them.

The Price they Paid

By Myrtle West

Do they profit by their popularity—or are they victims of fate?



Gloria Swanson has paid for stardom at the price of her peace of mind. No wonder she has a constant fight to guard the privacy of her home life!



Stardom came so easily to Vilma Banky! On the surface of things, she was lucky. And yet no one knows of the tragedy of isolation and homesickness that beset Vilma's first year in Hollywood

IT was at the funeral services for Rudolph Valentino in New York, St. Malachy's Church was crowded with movie stars.

The greatest and the highest in the profession were in that reverent congregation—Mary and Doug, Norma and Constance, Gloria, Pola, Richard Dix, Ben Lyon and a score of others.

As the flower-covered casket passed slowly out of the church, a wave of pity and fear swept over the church, a strange and terrifying emotion that imprinted an expression on the faces of the stars that you'll never see before the camera.

In the church, there was one thought and that thought was something like this: If Rudolph Valentino hadn't been a movie star, he wouldn't be lying there. If he had remained in Italy and become a farmer, he would be alive and happy today on some sunny slope, working in some rich vineyard.

And, perhaps, each star thought of his or her own fight for stardom and wondered if, after all, it is wise and right to buy fame and money at the price of contentment; if, in the struggle for success, it is good to kill all those emotions and feelings that make life worth living.

It isn't easy to feel sorry for people who are making thousands of dollars a week, who have everything in the world. It is only when one of these favorites of fortune dies that the public extends its belated sympathy. While they are living, they seem glamorous and enviable; but when they die and the light

is suddenly switched off, you see their lives in all their stark emptiness.

And some of them actually do pay for success with their lives. Wallace Reid did. Wally worked himself to death. He didn't work for the money; no one cared less for money than Wally. If he had stopped to rest, his salary would have gone on just the same. It wasn't vanity that made him go on making pictures when he should have been resting, gathering strength for the fight. Wally held a unique place in the affections of the public; it never has been filled and it never will be.

Wally worked himself to death because he couldn't say "No." He was too good a fellow to stop. There was an insistent demand for his pictures; the studio plans called for more and still more Wallace Reid comedies. And Wally wasn't selfish enough to say: "Studio plans be damned! I have myself to consider. My health won't stand any more."

for Stardom

Would you want to be a star—

If you knew that you never could laugh?

If you had to go through life with cross-eyes?

If it cost you the love of your husband or wife?

If you might have to pay for fame with your life?



Belle Bennett paid for glory with her deepest happiness. For it was the death of her son that inspired Miss Bennett to give her great portrayal of *Stella Dallas*. Her fame was bought by tears

The sunny smile, the golden disposition that made Wally a star also caused his death.

In movie circles, they say that Barbara La Marr committed suicide. Not that she actually and willingly killed herself by her own hand. But she did deliberately shut her eyes to danger and plunge on to her death. And, months before anyone else knew that Barbara was ill, the star herself knew that she was going to die.

When Barbara made her first hit, she was a slim young girl. Slender, perhaps, because in those years of sordid obscurity Barbara often hadn't had enough to eat. And so when the money came rolling in, Barbara became a victim of luxury. She grew plump and prosperous; naturally, because she was carefree and happy.

But the public didn't like it. Her "fans" complained; the exhibitors kicked; the critics laughed at her. Barbara's ad-



No face-wrinkling laughter. No beauty-destroying grief. Mae Murray lives by her beauty. And for her beauty must she live. It's a pretty dull life

mirers wanted to see her slim and big-eyed. Barbara, alas, looked far too healthy for a "vamp."

And Barbara was sensitive and proud, and she hated to be laughed at. And so she went on the starvation diet that caused her death. When she saw its devastating effects on her health, she might have stopped. But by that time Barbara didn't care. Life meant success, and, without success, Barbara didn't want to live.

Death certificates say that Harold Lockwood died of influenza. Only the doctors who attended him at the time know why Harold didn't recover, as did hundreds of others who had good care during the epidemic. But Harold, it seems, had promised to make a personal appearance [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

The Story of a Girl who—believe it or

Mary Herself



By
Agnes
Smith

IT takes all kinds to make a movie world. There is, for instance, the celebrity who hires a section of the Ambassador or the Ritz and receives you in a room scented with the morning's roses and the evening's cocktails.

And, on the other hand, there is Mary Philbin, registered at the Hotel McAlpin merely as "J. Philbin, wife and daughter."

Mary was in New York for her first visit and she enjoyed the view from the Woolworth Building and Lenore Ulric as *Lulu Belle*. Particularly Lenore Ulric as *Lulu Belle*.

Mary went to Newport, not to take tea with Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James or to play golf on the private links of Suffern Tailer, but to visit the little house in the village where her grandparents lived. And to see the old mill where grandpa proposed to grandma.

Mary had luncheon on the day of her departure for the Coast at the Hotel Algonquin. When she entered the lobby she said, "Where am I?" But once she entered the dining room, she recovered from her nervousness and ate two plates of soup, a good-sized steak and a platter of hashed browned potatoes. It was a record luncheon for a movie star. Mary weighs 99 pounds and she is trying to achieve the century mark. The Philbin grocery bills must be enormous. Mary has the unabashed appetite of a Babe Ruth.

To sum her up, Miss Philbin is pretty much the real thing. The ingenue stuff is not a pose. Like another Mary, Miss Philbin knows what she wants and how to get it. She knows what she can do and what she can't do.

"I give everything I have to my profession," she says.

Romance, pleasure, friendships and all the trappings that go with the glory of being a screen star mean absolutely nothing to Mary. To her, the glory of being an actress is enough reward. She has no wish to ape the social life of a debutante. Beaux and parties are nothing in her life. Any pretty girl can have these things; but not every pretty girl can act. And Mary has



Mary Philbin, as she looked when she first arrived at Universal City, just another winner of a beauty contest, just another ambitious nobody

sense enough to know that she has the gift and that it is worth all kinds of sacrifices to keep that gift from being lost.

"Everyone tells me," says Mary, "that I ought to go around more. That I ought to go to parties. That I ought to see things. They tell me that going places and meeting people will improve my work. They say that I keep to myself too much.

"I don't see why I should 'go about,' as people say. Not in Hollywood, anyway. When you do go to parties, all you hear is pictures. Everyone talks about the same thing. All the ideas that come along are pooled and anything that's new becomes everyone's property. In an atmosphere like that, it is hard to keep one's individuality. No wonder so many of the pictures look alike!"

There is an admirable streak of snobbishness in Mary Philbin. It is the snobbishness of an artist with a high-strung and sensitive nature. Mary Pickford has it. Maude Adams had it. There are certain aspects of the film world that make Miss Philbin's lips curl and her nostrils twitch. She feels that there is something immensely fine in this career of being an actress and that it is wrong and vulgar for persons who are clever and gifted to behave like newly-rich millionaires, just because it's "the smart thing to do."

"Keeping to myself was my own idea," Miss Philbin explained. "I did it right from the start. I know that when I get through work at the studio, I haven't the strength to go out in the evenings. I haven't the energy to give to outside distractions. And the longer I am in pictures, the more I realize the necessity for complete concentration."

Little Mary is neither a fool nor a prig. Nor is she a professionally "goody-goody" girl. She has more than a touch of Celtic

not—would rather Work than Play



The bridal outfit is for photographic effect. Mary's romance is her devotion to the studio. "I love my work so much," she explains, "that it wouldn't be fair to think of anything else"

gayety. And she likes persons and things that no "goody-goody" girl would mention. Her parents may accompany their daughter on all her trips but parental chaperonage doesn't seem to hang heavy upon her.

Eric von Stroheim is somewhat of a god to her, and Eric's productions are scarcely kindergarten classes. The gay dogs of pictures have more fascination for her than the nice young men. The drama with a bit of spice interests her more than milk toast films. There is nothing of the "my public doesn't want to see me in sophisticated stories" attitude about Mary.

Mary's start in pictures was discouraging enough. As you know, she won a Chicago beauty contest and was given a contract with Universal. Von Stroheim selected her from among the thousands of contestants, although she was far too thin and frail to measure up to the usual standards of beauty.

Once at the Universal studios, Mary became merely a deluxe sight-seer. Von Stroheim was deeply involved in "Foolish Wives" and had no time to give to his protegee. Other directors wouldn't even consider the eager, gauche child. But she learned a lot, watching the others.

Finally, her contract was nearing [CONT'D ON PAGE 132]



When Mary came to New York, she was registered at the hotel as "J. Philbin, wife and daughter." Mary takes no interest in the trappings and glories of stardom. And hers is the quietest and simplest home in Hollywood

Health—Hollywood's

Archery is a popular Hollywood recreation. The ancient game is coming into its own again. Here Reginald Denny is showing Marion Nixon exactly how to hit the target. It's a matter of accuracy and strength



The coast film colony is the healthiest community in the world—and it's because the screen stars know there is no substitute for real exercise



Tennis is a fine game to keep a screen star in condition. Florence Vidor's tennis court is shown above. Miss Vidor is close to the camera and Director George Fitzmaurice is just across the net



There are some star golf players in Hollywood and a lot of others who aren't bad. This scene is at the Lakewood Country Club and the players are Pauline Frederick, Wally McDonald, Helene Chadwick and Huntley Gordon

Greatest Asset

"NO group of people in the world with the exception of the college athletes takes better care of its health than the stars of the motion picture industry."

This is the statement of Dr. Nathan O. Reynolds, popular Hollywood physician, who looks after the welfare of many of those who are prominent in the film world.

"Keeping fit with them is a religion. With both men and women their faces and figures are a great part of their fortune and constant exercise keeps them young-looking and prevents those few extra pounds which might prove fatal.

"I know many stars who work harder keeping 'in the pink' than do some of our champion fighters.



Sally O'Neil couldn't swim before she started work in her present film, "The Mysterious Island." She has practiced for months in the studio pool until now she can swim expertly and stay under water for seventy seconds



The Hollywood tennis courts see active service on off studio days. Mae Allison, Virginia Valli and Julianne Johnston, shown above, can star in celluloid or on the courts.

All three play a mean game of tennis

Every star exercises regularly. Ramon Novarro likes to do his on the Santa Monica Beach. He likes swimming best of all and he goes through his beach gymnastics every morning before breakfast

Hollywood—out where Exercise is just Play



Yachting is popular with the Hollywood stars. John Barrymore, Jack Gilbert, Corinne Griffith, Dick Barthelmess, Al Christy and Reginald Denny all have yachts of their own. Here Bill Powell and Ronald Colman are spending a week-end with Dick Barthelmess



"There are many ways, but few of them safe, of taking off extra poundage. There is only one way to keep it off and that is constant exercise and proper diet.

"The people of the film colony know this. Taking exercise which is a pleasure helps make exercise easy. That is why you find the stars spending most of their spare time on the tennis court, golf links, in their swimming pools, cantering over the Beverly Hills bridle path of a Sunday morning and enjoying various other games which take their fancy."

Athletes go on the training table for certain periods each year. The prize fighter, the football player, the baseball star and the college athlete go into training for their limited seasons. But the screen star's season is twelve months under the searching and relentless eye of the camera.

Here is a glimpse of the squash court of the Hollywood Athletic Club, where waist lines are put to rout every day. Left to right: Monte Blue, Wally McDonald, Eddie Burns and Bill Bailey



Hollywood is the center of the swimming pool zone. This is Charlie Ray's pool and, from left to right, you may observe Julianne Johnston, Virginia Valli, Carmelita Garaghty, Charlie himself, Sidney Russel, Mrs. Ray and Walter Pidgeon



The Lark of the Month

ALL Hollywood knows Raymond Griffith's fascinating, husky whisper. When he was on the speaking stage, Ray lost his voice and was obliged to turn to the silent drama.

The girls all say that it adds to his charm—this whisper which always sounds as though Ray were saying something very intimate and a little daring.

It was at a party and the Girl was new to the film circle. But she had heard all about the movie folks and their heart-breaking ways.

And the Silk Hat comedian has a most ingratiating manner with the ladies.

The Girl wanted to meet him. For the Comics have a reputation of being a fascinating lot.

And so Raymond was brought forth and presented.

"I am glad to meet you," he hoarsely murmured.

The Girl smiled sweetly and replied: "You—you needn't whisper. My husband can't hear us. He's across the room."

And, after that, how could Ray find the nerve to explain?

Fighting for the Crown

By Cal York

YOU will no doubt remember your childhood rhyme about the lion and the unicorn who were fighting for the crown.

Very exciting it always sounded to me, too. Something dashing. I always had a clear picture of the crown, too—large diamonds and rubies, with maybe a dash of emeralds.

Well, there is a fight for a crown going on in Hollywood right now that the outside world knows nothing about. It is the battle for the social crown, and although I wish you to know that it is purely figurative, it is nevertheless as exciting and dashing as anything described in society novels.

The two ladies who are combatants in this battle royal are both friends of mine, and I would not for the world have you misunderstand them, and, therefore, I must inform you at the very start that the fight is being conducted in most gallant fashion and strictly according to all rules laid down for social warfare. You will find its precedent often enough in the days of the English "country houses," when hostesses and social leaders were of vast importance and often controlled the fate of empire.

Certainly the social dictatorship of Hollywood is worth fighting for.

Hollywood, as you may or may not have heard, is a strange place. In the beginning, which is not so long ago, we had no social life worth mentioning. People gave parties. Sometimes they threw parties. You were invited up to dinner or over to lunch. A gang got together for week-ends.

But society, in its proper and more intricate meanings, we had not.

Now all that is changed. Hollywood has become intensely social. And I venture to say that no more brilliant social circle has existed since the days of Lady Holland and Lady Melbourne. For where those two great social geniuses exercised all their talents to bring together the wits and lions, the beauties and royalty of their day, society in Hollywood is naturally made up of nothing but celebrities, beauties, picked brains and the dazzling royalty of filmdom.



In this corner: Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno in their hilltop home. Mrs. Moreno was Daisy Canfield, daughter of the first oil king of California. She inherited an enormous fortune

There are, of course, small cliques that have their own little affairs among themselves. But all these are now welded into a whole, that is Hollywood society. And, say what you will, it is bound to be impressive and exclusive since you must be either a great name, a great beauty, a great success, or extremely amusing to belong to it.

In such a case, there are bound to be social leaders.

Nine cases out of ten, there develops one great social czar or czarina—as in the case of Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Ned Greenway, Beau Nash, and Alice Roosevelt Longworth.

Today there are two ladies in Hollywood fighting for the

The Inside Story of the Subtle Struggle



And in this corner: Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams. Florine Williams was a New York millionairess when she married the ex-Vitagrapher. She loves to entertain, and Hollywood calls her a perfect hostess

throne that will place them in undisputed sway over the social customs and destinies of the brilliant movie colony.

Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you these two charming contestants for a royal diadem—first, that lovely, that gracious, that much-loved lady, Mrs. Antonio Moreno. And second, the vivacious, clever, startling millionairess, Mrs. Earle Williams.

Let us look for a moment upon these two ladies, who are almost unknown to the great motion picture public, but who occupy such exalted and important positions in the exclusive inner circle of Hollywood, whose invitations delight the greatest stars and who can gather beneath their roofs probably the

Two friendly rival hostesses, Mrs. Antonio Moreno and Mrs. Earle Williams, are striving for the social leadership of Hollywood

greatest number of movie celebrities ever seen in private homes.

They are so different. They are great friends, of course, as all clever rivals are. But never were two women so different. They are beyond question the two most popular and successful hostesses in Hollywood—I except Marion Davies, of whom a word later—and yet their methods are as different as night is from day.

Dear Daisy Moreno! I defy anyone not to love Daisy. Daisy is a darling. Daisy has that gift of the gods, the ability to put everyone at their ease.

There is a remarkable history back of Daisy Moreno. She was born Daisy Canfield. Her father was the first oil king of California. But he was more than that. He was a great pioneer of California, and he was one of the most loved men of his time. Her mother was famous for her charities and for her beautiful home. Daisy claimed heritage from them both, besides her enormous fortune.

I don't suppose anyone would call Mrs. Moreno a beauty. But she is lovely, she is graceful, she wears the divinest clothes, the most exquisite jewels, she has the manner of a queen or a gentlewoman. She has understanding, she has intellect, she has endless tact.

Her hilltop palace is by far the most gorgeous home in Hollywood. It was designed for entertaining upon a large scale so that forty people can dine in the apple-green dining room without feeling at all crowded, and two hundred people can dance in the huge drawing room with the greatest comfort. Yet it has the distinct impress of its mistress upon everything.

Somehow you are never conscious of Daisy Moreno in her own house, yet you are always conscious of her. Everything always moves perfectly, but without any apparent effort. The beauty of the appointments, the ease of the service is like a miracle. John McCormack will sing in that big drawing room for the sheer pleasure of singing, or Heifetz will play, or Raquel Meller enchant—and it is just all part of the beauty and graciousness of Mrs. Moreno's gift of entertaining.

At Daisy Moreno's you can wander off into the library with a book, you can stay all evening in a corner talking politics with Charlie Chaplin, you can dance [CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

for Hollywood's Social Dictatorship



A drama of Man's conquest of Nature—that's the story of "Barbara Worth." The settlers pouring into Kingston, to wrest a living—maybe a fortune—from the great desert

Buying an Audience of Ten Million

Why Sam Goldwyn paid \$125,000 for a Novel

WHY did Samuel Goldwyn pay Harold Bell Wright \$125,000 for the picture rights of his novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth"?

Big prices have been paid in the past for plays. But not for novels. "Ben-Hur" and "The Birth of a Nation" paid huge returns because they were sold on a royalty basis. "Kiki," an assured dramatic success, cost \$105,000, but then its plot was a guaranteed stage success.

"The Winning of Barbara Worth" sets a new record for a novel. Let Mr. Goldwyn explain it—he paid the money.

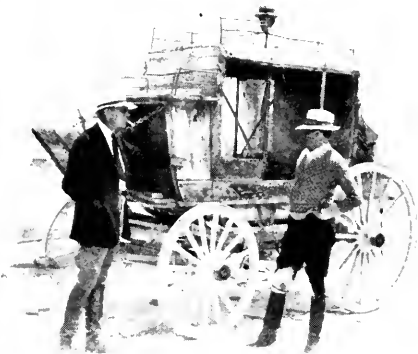
"In the first place," he says, "'The Winning of Barbara Worth' was published in 1914. It was written by Harold Bell Wright, who is perhaps the most popular writer of fiction in the United States. Over 2,800,000 copies have been sold. That means at least 10,000,000 people have read the book. There have been more copies sold of this book than any other printed in the English language—excepting, of course, the Bible.

"There is a ready-made audience of 10,000,000 who know the story and will be interested in seeing it on the screen. Do you see my first reason?

"Now my second reason: I have always wanted to make a desert story. I've never found a story that was big enough.

Tea—iced—for two. Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky enjoy themselves on the veranda of Vilma's bungalow in the desert. And who would complain of the desert with Vilma to provide an oasis?





An historic old stage coach is used in "Barbara Worth." Henry King and Samuel Goldwyn wonder if it is good for one more adventure



Mr. Colman and Miss Banky—a great co-starring team and two of the reasons why Sam Goldwyn is considered an astute producer



The appeal of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" is as vast as the earth—this story of converting a hell of parched lands into a paradise. This mighty struggle of man against nature. It's drama in itself.

"Expensive? Surely—but worth it."

Three complete towns were built for "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Henry King and his company, headed by Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, will spend five months on the desert to film the scenes.

A technical staff of over one hundred persons are employed on the picture.

Why I Like Hollywood better than the Bronx



By Eddie Cantor

Eddie Cantor is the boy from the Bronx who has been such an unflinching hit on Broadway that Paramount hired him to film his stage success, "Kid Boots"

FRANK TUTTLE said to me one day, making conversation, if you had to live either in Hollywood or the Bronx—which? You must be bright to answer the foolish questions of your director, so I said quickly, Beverly Hills. Fair enough, said Frank, so I got by with that for then.

Beverly Hills is a ritzy suburb of Hollywood; it's where the cream of the colony is supposed to live and almost never does.

Realtors settled it; picture celebrities built on it, and butter-and-egg men are buying it up.

Will Rogers says if they keep on invading the sacred soil hallowed by the white elephants erected by the Swansons, Fairbanks, Chaplins, Negris, and what nots, he'll be borrowing his morning coffee from perfect strangers instead of off the cooks and second help who live in the houses of the famous while they travel in Europe or live in good hotels.

Rogers and I used to park our gum under the same chair when we worked for laughs in Ziegfeld's shows. I remember well when he first got his idea to become an author.

"These writin' fellers have all the luck," he said, twitching his rope preparatory to going on.

"I don't see that at all," I remonstrated; "you'd find pretty darn quick that it would be a lot harder hitting a typewriter, than it is to throw the bull instead of the rope, that you're paid for throwing."

I couldn't convince him; he was hit with the bug of toying



"Mr. Lasky said, 'Bring the daughters to Hollywood. There are accommodations for large families on account of nearly everyone having several children.' They pushed me off every high place in Southern California"

with a clean sheet of paper and a pencil and the fact that he later offered me the loan of one of the biggest mausoleums in Beverly Hills shows that it sometimes pays to toy. He told me to move right in, while he went to Europe portfolioing. I was afraid my four daughters might dent up his early Oklahoma and late Grand Rapids furniture, but he said no—two boys are more destructive than eight girls, and I only had four.



I'd have taken advantage of his offer, but the pictures can't make up their minds yet whether I'm going to stay in Hollywood. If pictures should claim me for their own, I'll beat Bill to his privately-owned-clean-water-every-day-tiled-swimming-hole or know the reason why.

I've been wondering if Frank Tuttle meant anything by that dirty crack about the Bronx. Sometimes I think directors know everything; they get so canny they can point out a guy's \$150.00 peg tooth and tell the name of the grinning devil who put it in.

The Bronx—well, yes, I'll have to admit I know it a little; a man has to have a few rough contacts before he can live in more than one room at a time. It's been a long while since those amateur days when I used to get the tin can regularly from Bronx audiences—dear dead days that I thank the Lord are dead.



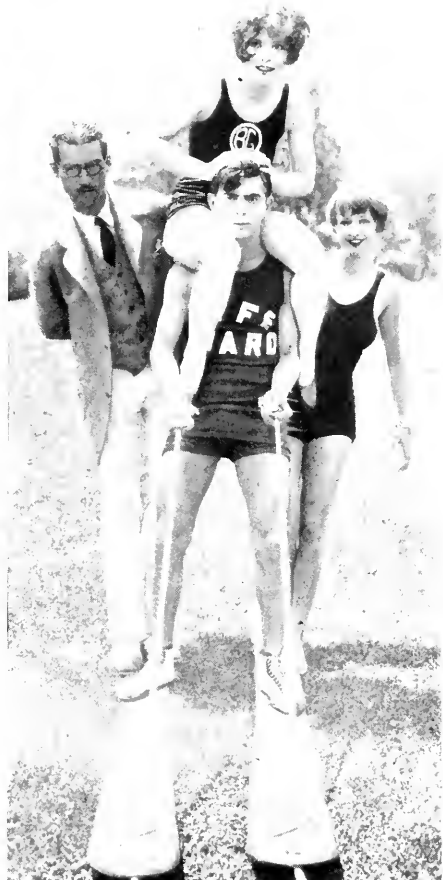
"The bus boys at the Hotel had never seen me in pictures because I was just making my first, and they won't serve a pat of butter to anyone they haven't seen on the screen"



"Beverly Hills is a ritzy suburb of Hollywood. Realtors settled it; picture celebrities built on it, and butter-and-egg men are buying it up"



"We were so comfortable in our Beverly Hills bungalow, I was late to work three mornings and my gags were so funny nobody laughed"



"The pulchritudeness of the place goes to the head like pre-war stuff. If Titian, Rubens, Gainsborough or Reynolds could only have lived today instead of me! Something should be done about it!"

Although I'm not mercenary, one of the reasons I can see Hollywood is because it's so much easier to pry loose a million nickels there than it used to be to Joeschek one out of a nickledeon in the Bronx.

I get a great kick out of sitting on one of those benches placed along Hollywood Boulevard for the convenience of Pacific Electric passengers. A parade of Rolls-roycesrenaultsmercedespackardscadillacslincolns roll past in balloon-tired silence, their haughty occupants once poor chorus girls or singing waiters like me. They sometimes [CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]

"The birds in Hollywood have it all over the poor beasts in the Bronx Zoo. They are as free as air and sing on full stomachs"

Camera



WHAT is the best side of your face? That's the first question a photographer asks you when you go to have your picture taken. And a good photographer, with a camera eye, can tell instantly whether to take your picture from the right or the left.

Don't be insulted if the photographer tells you that your right eye is larger than your left; or that the contour of your left cheek is better than your right. All our faces are a trifle askew. Few of us have noses that sit squarely in the center of our faces.

Every star has a favorite camera angle. Every cameraman must study the individual irregularities of the star he is photographing. A thin face looks bad from a three-quarters view. A tall star is photographed with the camera slightly raised; a short star is photographed with the camera placed low to add height.

Clara Bow's favorite pose—that over-the-shoulder, catch-me-if-you-can glance. But if it is used too often, it gets to be too much of a good thing



Florence Vidor's mask of tragedy—a three-quarters shot with head drooping. Somehow or other, this pose instinctively suggests pathos and bids for your sympathy

There are slight irregularities in even the most beautiful faces. And it's up to the cameraman to find the "best side" of his star



Colleen Moore can look straight at the camera and laugh without breaking the lens or the cameraman's heart. Douglas MacLean is "shot" with the camera placed above him to shorten his high brow



Even stars who are almost "camera perfect" must watch their camera angles, for different shots have a way of registering different moods. Full-face, head up, makes for comedy. Three-quarters face, with head drooping, suggests pathos.

So here are the stars, as their cameramen see them:

REGINALD DENNY

Reginald Denny is one of those fortunate individuals who can be photographed from any

Angles

angle, except the back of his neck. At least, that is the assertion of Arthur Todd, who photographs the majority of his pictures. Reggie has no best angle, though the crooked whimsical smile of his is more pronounced when "shot" three-quarters rather than full on. From a back view, Reg's neck, due to his athletic ability, is inclined to be too heavy.

HOOT GIBSON

Hoot Gibson's best angle is a three-quarter shot from the left, and whenever it is possible the riding star presents this part of his visage for the camera. However, as an action star, he is "shot" from all angles.

BOBBY AGNEW

Bobby Agnew's full face presents an appearance of youthful



boyishness which is most often captured for the camera—and so is considered his best angle.

NORMA TALMADGE

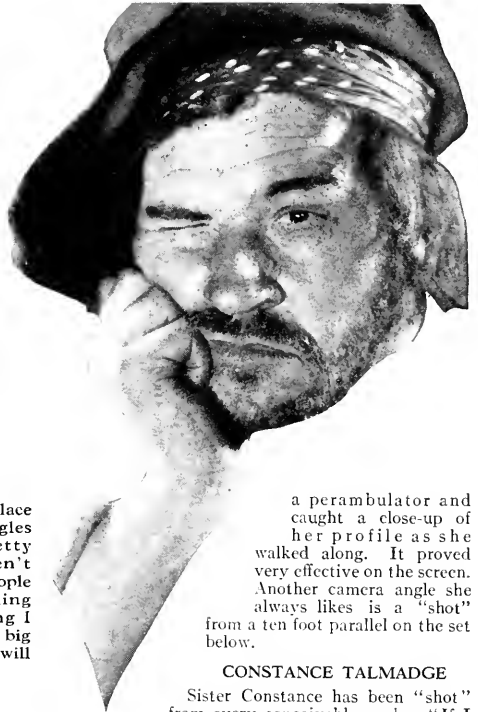
Norma Talmadge names a close-up profile as the one she likes the best. However, she believes that it is up to the director and the photographer to devise the "shots" which will best picturize the scene. In one of her pictures the director and the cameraman rode on

"Woof!" shouts Wallace Beery. "Camera angles are only for the pretty ones. So far I haven't been bothered with people hanging around telling me how good-looking I am." Bring on your big scene and Mr. Beery will do the rest

Miss Vidor's mask of comedy—a full-face shot. When the scene calls for a light mood, Miss Vidor faces the camera. It's a little studio trick all the comedians use



"I like to get my face as close as possible to the camera," says Constance. Bebe Daniels' eyes are her fortune and so Bebe always plays "two-eyed queens," as is the old saying of poker players



a perambulator and caught a close-up of her profile as she walked along. It proved very effective on the screen. Another camera angle she always likes is a "shot" from a ten foot parallel on the set below.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

Sister Constance has been "shot" from every conceivable angle. "If I ever did have a preference no one ever asked me to express it while we were making a picture," she says. "A comedienne has to neglect dignity for laughs, and I'm sure the camera has caught me in some very unconventional poses. I remember one picture in which I was being spanked and that certainly was not my favorite camera angle. Seriously, I dote on full face close-ups. I hope I do not seem egotistical in saying this, but I always have taken a great delight in getting my face as close to the camera as possible and making faces."

BUSTER KEATON

Any camera angle suits Buster, just so he can get a laugh out of it. He doesn't care if his cameraman shoots him standing on his head, hanging on his toes, resting on his chin or what haven't you. The only angle he has to worry about is that the camera may start grinding too soon some day and catch him smiling.

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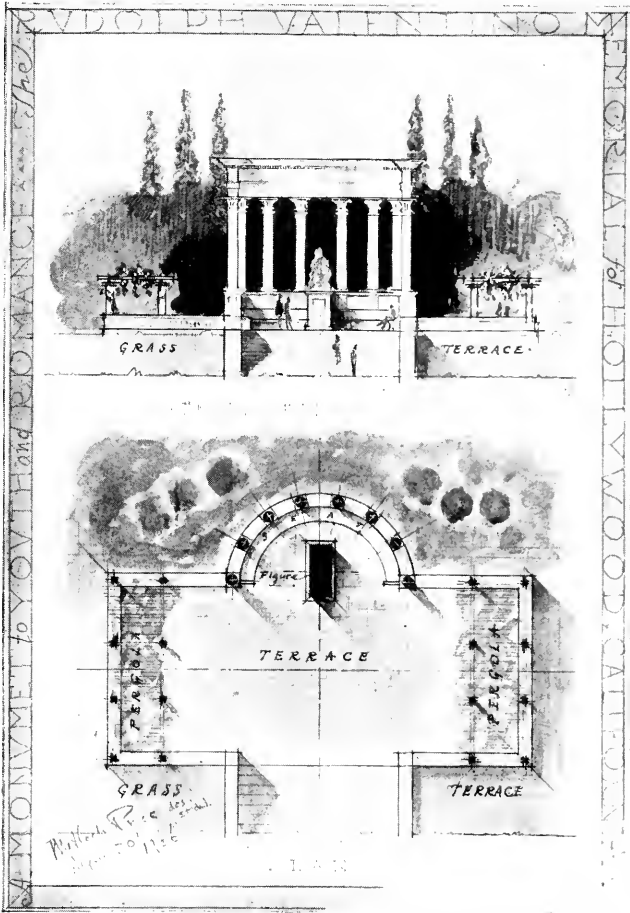
First Publication of a Design for the

A Monument to YOUTH and ROMANCE



By
Matlack
Price

The direct front elevation, showing, in plan also, the half-circle of columns, the location of the equestrian figure of the Sheik, and the informal pergolas that extend along the ends of the terrace, designed to be paved with red Spanish tiles



WHAT are monuments? What do they mean? From prehistoric times man has built a monument to an ideal—an aspiration—something he wanted in his life, but somehow hadn't got. First, he built rude cairns of stones; his monuments usually were to various beings he called gods, glorified in immortal architecture by the Egyptians and Assyrians—then by the Greeks and Romans.

But the point is that man was not content to harbor empty longings—it was his peculiarity to want to do something about it, to put up a tangible something that would symbolize his aspiration, or commemorate some hero who, to him, at least, personified the aspiration in human form.

So, since we have more than some of us readily admit in common with primitive man, we are concerned now with a monument to youth and romance—intangible things—things desired, at one time or another, by virtually every man and woman.

Some people have youth but lack romance; to some romance comes too late, when youth has flown; some find themselves wanting both youth and romance. Intangible things, yes—but they make the difference between night and day in life as it has to be lived, regardless of any human condition.

This story really begins with a dark young man from the Italy of storied romance moving, shadow-like and graceful, across the screen and (I willingly risk being trite) by means of that miraculous device called the motion picture, the cinema, the movie, or what you will, brought youth and romance not to thousands but to millions of this earth's disillusioned inhabitants. Of his triumphant succession from that insolently handsome young Franco-Argentine, *Julio*, in "The Four Horsemen," through the characterization of the immortal *Sheik*, on to the son of that same illustrious lover, of his conquest of an ever-widening audience, better information than is possessed in the present owner's store is set forth elsewhere in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. It is simply of the monument to youth and romance that I would write here, and from the point of view of the designer.

That our primitive impulses prompt the building of a tangible memorial to Rudolph Valentino is obvious, as well as being true to human instinct, and it is a spontaneous expression of the feeling, now that the young man is no longer with us, that he brought into countless lives a closer realization of the bright colors of youth and romance than most of us could have found for ourselves, even if all had ample chance to seek. Thrills—emotional thrills—a clear vision of escape from prosaic or

Rudolph Valentino Memorial in Hollywood



An impression of the memorial, standing in classic silhouette against a dark background of trees

unhappy conditions of life. If he gave us this—if he helped hundreds of thousands to escape, even for a few hours, from dull, embittered lives—who is more splendidly worthy of a lasting monument?

The difference between a flapper and a college president is not so great as either believes—and plenty of both have expressed their views about Rudolph Valentino. I will leave the flapper's expression to your imagination. The college president, perhaps, expresses himself more ably. Thus Dr. Glenn Frank, of the University of Wisconsin:

"His films brought high romance into lives oppressed by harsh realities.

"A Valentino picture meant music to lives that were monotonous.

"For millions of men and women he crowned dark days with colorful evenings.

"In Valentino, men and women, upon whom life had forgotten to smile, found escape from themselves and their environment.

"For a fleeting hour he brought to them the priceless boon of bright illusions."

Dr. Frank was not one of the not-quite-bright people who affected amazement at the great disparity of space accorded in the daily press to Rudolph Valentino and Dr. Charles Eliot, former president of Harvard University, both having died within the same day's news.

To the man who reached millions, those millions wish to erect a memorial, not only to express their gratitude for the thing he brought into their lives, but to remind themselves of it and keep it alive—the spirit of youth and romance.

The designer, thinking of this monument, thought directly away from anything like a mausoleum. The tomb is the sharp dividing line between life and death; when we look at it we feel the dark gulf that must lie ever between the quick and the dead. So we prefer, mostly, not to look at tombs, but to pass them by, on the other side of the street.

What would the man himself have liked?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



King and his Queen! Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were married at the home of Marion Davies recently. From left to right we have: Irving Thalberg, Mr. Vidor, Rev. E. P. Ryland, Mrs. Vidor, Miss Davies, George Van Cleave and John Gilbert. This was the first of a parade of September movie colony weddings



His name is Measles, because he's easy to catch. Everywhere Carol Dempster goes, Measles goes too. He has that Adolphe Menjou expression around his eyes

IT is Eleanor Boardman Vidor now. The marriage of Miss Boardman and King Vidor took place at the home of Marion Davies recently. Of course, no one was surprised. And yet again, there were those who predicted that the wedding would never take place.

Florence Vidor was in New York when word of the marriage arrived. After all, Florence and King had been genuinely in love with one another, and even though it is all in the past, it wasn't exactly pleasant. But George Fitzmaurice is Florence's constant and devoted suitor, so why shouldn't everyone concerned wish each other happiness?

BY the time you read this, Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills may be starring—we said "starring" not "sparring"—partners for life. Anyway, it won't be long now before Milton and Doris are married at Miss Kenyon's home in the Adirondacks. And it ought to be a happy marriage. Doris and Milton have plenty of common sense and plenty of tastes in common.

"CASH AND CARRY" PYLE tells a funny one on "Red" Grange. When "Red" started work at the studio, the producers proceeded to treat him like a regular movie star. So they engaged an orchestra to play on the set.

However, "Red" didn't pay much attention to the music and so, after several days, Mr. Pyle asked him if he had any suggestions to make about music.

"What music?" asked Grange.

THERE is a Samuel Goldwyn, Jr., now. For three days after little Sam made his debut into this world, Goldwyn, *perc*, never even mentioned "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Frances Howard Goldwyn is completely happy, because she had hoped for a boy. And everyone in Hollywood has showered the Goldwyns with congratulations.

ALTOGETHER it was a busy week for Marion Davies. On one day, she gave a small and quiet dinner party for Lady Ravensdale. The next day was Rudolph Valentino's funeral in Hollywood, with Marion escorting Pola Negri through the

ordeal. Then the Goldwyn baby was born and Marion and Mrs. Goldwyn are great friends. And the following day the Boardman-Vidor wedding was celebrated at Marion's home.

THE stork seems to have a busy season ahead of him. Among the Hollywood celebrities who it is said are keeping the window open and anxiously awaiting his arrival are Mr. and Mrs. Herb Rawlinson, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hughes and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thomson (Frances Marion, peer of all scenario writers).

The Thomsons, I am informed, have denied to some that they are expecting the stork and admitted it to others, so you can take your choice here.

With the Rawlinsons and Hugheses, there is no question, for they all very happily admit it.

I MET my good friend Nick Grinde amiably munching Apfelstrudel in Henry's cafe the other noon. Nick is assistant director to that clever Monta Bell and, if you will take my word for it, one is the perfect complement to the other.

"Who," said I to Nick, "is the girl over there," thinking that Nick knew everyone in the business. He did.

"She's the girl who ran for the doctor in 'The Birth of a Nation,'" replied Nick, and his mouth closed over a forkful of strudel.

That goes in the niche next to Ben Lyon's "he played the title in 'The Poisoned Gumdrop'."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S will caused wide comment. He left his fortune, estimated at over a million dollars, to be divided equally among his sister Maria, his brother Alberto and Mrs. Teresa Werner. Mrs. Werner is the aunt of Natacha Rambova, Rudie's second wife. And these three were, perhaps, the most deserving persons Rudie ever had known.

It was Mrs. Werner who was Rudie's staunch and loyal friend during the most unhappy days of his life—his separation from Natacha. That he remembered her so generously is only another indication of the greatness and loyalty of Rudie's heart.

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



These attractive shoes, worn by Claire Windsor, are made of rattlesnake skin. Now what's to prevent Claire from wearing the rattles on her garters?



Here's what one baby can do to a well-regulated studio. Jack Conway wants the baby to smile for a close-up for "The Understanding Heart." And, in spite of a collection of the best talent, the baby refuses to give a single crow. It's a wonder he isn't yelling at the top of his voice with that mob around him

AS for Natacha Rambova, Rudie's will left her one dollar. But perhaps Rudie felt that, if Natacha were ever in real need of money, Mrs. Werner would be able to look after her. Natacha's film, "What Price Beauty?" may be released, in spite of the fact that it was originally judged too exotic for popular taste. But the producers who have money invested in the picture are anxious to get a little cash back from it. You can't blame them.

Remember, we are all only human.

"ISN'T it disgraceful," murmured the \$5,000 a week star, "how these women tennis players are turning professional?"

PHILLIPS SMALLEY and Phyllis Loraine Ephlin were married recently. Very shortly after the marriage of Lois Weber to Captain Harry Gantz, in fact. And as you will recall, Phillips Smalley was Miss Weber's first husband.

I wonder if there is a bit of hidden romance in this little domestic story. Smalley and Miss Weber were divorced in 1923. Rumors were that they were to be re-married. Rumors are rumors, though, and always will be, but it's prettily sentimental to imagine that he waited for her to marry first before he again became a benedict.

The new Mrs. Smalley is a charming girl who has done considerable dramatic work in pictures.

I MET May Allison at Montmartre the other day. She was lunching with Ruth Roland and Florence Strauss. Mrs. Strauss is the clever lady who tells Dick Rowland and others of First National whether or not a story should be purchased. May looked particularly joyous in a cubistic dress, all spotted with squares of red and green and yellow applied to a dark blue background. She is one girl who has the ability to wear ultra-smart things with charming insouciance.

Fortunately we are to be privileged to see more of May, for, assuming the prerogatives of her beauty and sex, she has decided to stay in the West for a while and appear in two of Mr. William Fox's films. The day I saw her she was about to com-

mence a prominent rôle in "The City," after which she is to play the other brother's wife in "One Increasing Purpose."

NOTHING slow about our Jackie Coogan if you will listen to this bit of repartee I overheard between the little actor and his director, Millard Webb, when they were making "Johnnie Get Your Hair Cut."

In Webb's eyes Jackie was a bit temperamental, so he undertook to lecture him:

"See here, Jackie," said Webb, "I have directed bigger stars than you . . . John Barrymore, for instance."

Jackie gave Webb a long look and then said slowly: "Bigger, yes, but only in size."

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" has been a troublesome proposition for Universal. Charles Gilpin, the negro actor, was engaged for the rôle of *Uncle Tom*. But all didn't work out well and Gilpin's agreement was cancelled.

And then came a big bloodhound shortage, with Harry Pollard, the director, offering to buy bloodhounds, at any price.

The casting, too, is progressing slowly with Mona Ray, a fourteen-year-old child, being the only prominent member of the cast definitely decided upon. Little Mona will play *Topsy*.

THE movies sure do have their lure.

This time it is Rabbi Harry Trattner who has deserted his Los Angeles synagogue to become confidential assistant to Mike Levee, general executive manager of First National.

Some of Mike's well wishing enemies are hinting that this is a very clever move on Mike's part to get plenty of good wine at a price.

THERE are all sorts of stories and rumors floating around about the picture career of the Duncan Sisters.

I'll let you in on the latest one. It is that they are NOT signed by First National and may not appear on the screen at all.

Seems they insisted on appearing as children if they did a picture at all and that the tests showed Sister Vivian anything



"Copy cat!" says Norman Kerry to Lucille Pinson. "You've gone and had your bathing suit made like my kilts." Miss Pinson was the winner of the "Red" Grange swimming trophy. We bet she didn't wear this suit when she won the prize



At last Edward Sedgwick is going to get a chance to boss his sister, Eileen. Although both sister and brother have been in pictures for six years, Eileen will appear for the first time under her brother's direction in "Tin Hats"

Well, M-G-M imported Greta Garbo from Norseland, and they gave Norma Shearer, the fair Canadian, a contract, to say nothing of Renee Adoree of France. So I'm not worried about the beauty and histrionic ability of Nathalie Kovanko, although I am a bit worried about the pronunciation of her name. And her husband's . . . words fail me!

RETAKES on "The Winning of Barbara Worth" presented difficulties to Ronald Colman who, since the completion of the picture, has devoted himself to yachting, swimming, surf bathing and growing sideburns for a Spanish picture in which he is to be an Andalusian amirist under command of George Fitzmaurice whose direction of erotic sequences is second to none, in my estimation.

Ronnie had sideburns, and his part in the Harold Bell Wright story called for none. What to do? Shave off the verdure and then wait for it to again jut out on the cheek?

No. Ronnie had a better idea. He shaved off one sideburn and used left profile—bare and unadorned—for the retakes on the desert picture, while Fitzmaurice used the right sideburned profile for the Spanish film.

THIS happened in no particular community so no particular community will be defamed. It happened to no particular person so no particular person will be slandered. Let it suffice that it happened.

A crowd of gay roisterers were making merry—very merry. There was peal after peal of merriment, then the peal of a doorbell. It was the police. Someone had 'phoned for them.

But there was just as much merriment among the gay roisterers as the police escorted them to the black maria. An indignant householder thrust a curl-papered head out of the window:

"Stop making so much noise! If you don't, I'll call the police!"

Yelled one of the roisterers:

"Say, lady! What do you think these are—Boy Scouts?"

OF course it might have been the climate. Visitors often experience difficulty in becoming acclimated. But climate or no climate, the Jessels had one of their periodic split-ups when they were in Hollywood.

George, you see, came out to make "Private Izzy Murphy" for Warner Brothers, and Mrs. George, who used to be that clever vaudevillian, Florence Courtney, came, too. Then the climate, or something, interfered and the Jessels separated. But they had been married and divorced to each other three times before.

So I personally think it was staged to give them a bit of practice, in case they should forget.

They went back to New York together, with promises to return, and everything seemed serene.

but childlike. A chap who looked at them confided that Vivian looked more like Kate Price wearing curls.

Anyway, First National is supposed to have the picture rights to "Topsy and Eva."

Don't you think Colleen Moore would make a wonderful Topsy? I do.

HELP! The title of Lon Chaney's next picture is "Alonzo the Armless."

JUST as things were breaking nicely for Charles Ray, along comes a little disagreement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And as a result, Ray has been released from his contract.

Charles wouldn't give the reason for the quarrel because he said there weren't any hard feelings. But the studio gossips say that Ray was offered the rôle of *John* in the De Mille production, "The King of Kings." Metro-Goldwyn couldn't come to terms with De Mille on the question of salary and Ray was displeased, so the rumor runs.

Anyway, Charlie has made a strong come-back within the past year and so he won't be hanging around idle for long.

THEY seem to be going in heavily for foreigners at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Harry Rapf, recently returned from Paris, has signed Viachetslav Tourjanski, director, and his wife, Nathalie Kovanko, emotional actress, to make the studios completely cosmopolitan.

They are Russians, these Tourjanskis, well-known abroad for their dramatic work, refugees of the revolution and, from what I understand, Madame Tourjanski is a woman of most unusual beauty.



Douglas Fairbanks and his much-discussed Russian associates. Doug created a lot of talk when he signed up a director from Soviet Russia. On the right is Izenstein, the director, and at the left is Tessa, the photographer

EVERYONE in Hollywood thought they would be reunited —Jacqueline Saunders and her former husband, E. D. Horkheimer. They were forever being seen lunching and supping together. Then Jackie, being quite as womanly as she is beautiful, decided to change her mind and marry J. Ward Cohen. They were wed at Santa Barbara in the garden of El Mirasol Hotel.

Cohen is well-known in Los Angeles and the wedding was attended by many people of prominence.

VIRGINIA BUSHMAN and Jack Conway. They have announced their engagement. Yes, my dear, it is Francis X's little girl who is to marry the director of "Brown of Harvard."

It doesn't seem possible, does it? That one of Bushman's little girls is old enough to marry. Just yesterday Bushman a celebrated leading man. Today Bushman staging this remarkable come-back in "Ben-Hur" and successive pictures. And then his little daughter grown-up and old enough to be engaged. To say nothing of married.

Oh, Father Time, be a wee bit lenient with us. It'll be Jackie Coogan or Baby Peggy next.

ALL of Hollywood—or at least as many as could get away from work—were in Philadelphia on September 23rd to see Jack Dempsey defend his title. And Jack acted as ticket agent for all his picture friends.

Winnie Sheehan received a wire from the Champ saying:

"Am fighting in Philadelphia on September twenty-third. Am saving ten ring-side seats for you."

Sheehan's answer read:
"Who are you fighting?"

VON STROHEIM is a great actor and a great director. He is tireless and often temperamental. He gives each extra individual attention and flatters him by relying on his intelligence. Extras get as much attention from Von as the star does.

There were four greased negroes on the set. Male and female, they were chained into two couples who served cigarettes and —root beer—to the gambling nobles. To the couple nearest the camera, stripped almost nude and gleaming, Von Stroheim said, "I want you to walk among the couples, slowly. When you see something funny, smile. But not until you see something to make you laugh. Use your intelligence." And they did.

I SUSPECT Von of a capricious trick to get his people to do their utmost for the camera. He rehearsed a scene and, when it was finished, he looked long and sadly into the end of his megaphone and then said slowly:

"I am sorry that I have not the word in my vocabulary to tell you how you acted . . ."



And this is the price Norma Shearer pays for stardom. Monta Bell asked her if she would mind being the target for a knife-throwing act. And Norma, who has played with lions in previous pictures, cheerfully played the scene

Expectancy jostled doubt on the faces under the kleigs.
" . . . It was the quintessence of lousiness."

Chagrin clouded every face. Then Von, whose speech is thoroughly Americanized, said:

"Come on. Let's make this a wow!"

It was a "wow."

And Von Stroheim, carrying the everlasting cane, exuded a satisfied glow.

HERE'S an echo from "The Merry Widow" war. A shell that never exploded. A bomb that was never thrown.

Remember the battle between Mae Murray and Von Stroheim that almost resulted in a young insurrection at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios and laid low production on the picture until it was ironed out and Mae and Von (figuratively, of course) kissed and made up?

I was watching Von Stroheim direct a scene for "The Wedding March" the other day. It was a typical Von Stroheim-Viennese-gay-royal-swirl orgy. Even the waxen tapers swooned onto each other in the sultry sinful atmosphere. But Von didn't seem to get the proper spontaneity from the actors.

Finally he said slowly and clearly and so every one on the vast stage, including myself, could hear:

"Wait a minute! This is not a Mae Murray production. You do not have to leave a pathway to the star. Act like human beings!"

Everybody giggled, Von looked quite complacent.

You wanted me to print it, didn't you, my dear Von?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Donald
Ogden Stewart's

GUIDE to

Perfect

Here the famous
becomes louder

Mr. Stewart insists that this is the synopsis of preceding chapters:

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry, two Yale men, set out for Hollywood. Lew has the matches, while Norman carries the butter and potato chips. Both have sex appeal and high hopes, although Lew has forgotten to bring along any winter underwear. As the train is leaving Albuquerque a storm breaks out, the engineer gets wet and catches cold. His constant sneezing is a source of annoyance to the passengers during the night. In the morning they find that they are at the Grand Canyon.

"Grand Canyon," says the conductor. "All out."

"What?" asks Norman.

"Grand Canyon," repeats the conductor.

"What Grand Canyon?" asks Norman.

"Is this Hollywood?" asks another voice.

"No, lady," replies the conductor, a little sarcastically, "we don't reach Hollywood until tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh, dear," says the young girl, "and I told Mr. Lambert I would arrive today."

"Is that, by any chance, Ed. Lambert?" asked a stranger who happened to be passing through the car. "Ed. Lambert, of Kansas City?"

"No," replied the girl.

"Well, then," said the stranger, "would you like to buy any oranges, lemon drops, or souvenir post cards?"

"No," replied the girl.

"Indian rugs?"

"No."

"Genuine bows and arrows?"

"No."

"Well, would you like to hear me imitate two locomotives on a steep grade?"



The building of the first studio in Hollywood. William de Mille is sent to the corner to get nails and a nickel's worth of licorice. He returns with the motion picture rights to one of Ibsen's plays. After a conference William is given a good sock in the eye and told to go back and get the nails

Behavior in Hollywood

humorist's advice
and funnier

"No."

"Is that man annoying you?" asked a severely upright masculine voice.

"Will Hays!" exclaimed the girl. "Thank God you arrived in time."

And that, incidentally, was the beginning of censorship.

MEANWHILE, out in Hollywood, the first studio is being slowly and painfully erected by two men named De Mille and a couple of other men whose real names have since been forgotten. Work is being temporarily held up on account of William de Mille having forgotten to bring any eightpenny nails, and the question arises as to who will be the one to go down to the corner and get some eightpenny nails. After a conference, William is selected to get the nails and also some of those red and white peppermint drops and a nickel's worth of licorice. Cecil and the other two geniuses then sit down to

speculate on the future of moving pictures as an Art. The financial side is also touched on.

William returns without the nails or the licorice because he has had a chance to buy the moving picture rights to one of Ibsen's plays and has spent the money on that. He is very excited. So are the other three. After a conference William is given a good sock in the eye and told to go back and get the nails. He complies and the great work goes on.

Soon the studio nears completion, and the question arises as to what to call it. There doesn't seem to be any word that will really suggest how good it all is, so they compromise on "Paramount." From then on, events move very rapidly. Plumbing is introduced into Hollywood, and a Writer's Club is formed. Hundreds of "extra" girls arrive and a street lighting system is installed. Universal City is founded on the site of an old circus. Hollywood becomes a "boom" town overnight. Everybody goes crazy.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



THE STRONG MAN—First National

MARCHING into stardom with "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," Harry Langdon's second laugh-provoker firmly establishes the wistful comedian in the front ranks of the screen's mirth-makers. Watch out, Charlie and Harold!

It's a grand and glorious laugh from the start to the finish. It begins with one laugh overlapping the other. Chuckles are swept into howls. Howls creep into tears—and by that time you're ready to be carried out. And we don't mean maybe!

The story runs along at a merry gait with Langdon keeping pace with his clever pantomime. Wait and see his interpretation of a cold. Gertrude Astor is outstanding as a big-blonde-mama vamp.

Don't be selfish—treat the whole family.



THE NERVOUS WRECK—Producers Distributing Corp.

OWEN DAVIS' famous stage play was a New York hit. And the delightful screen version of this play will play havoc with every town it is shown in.

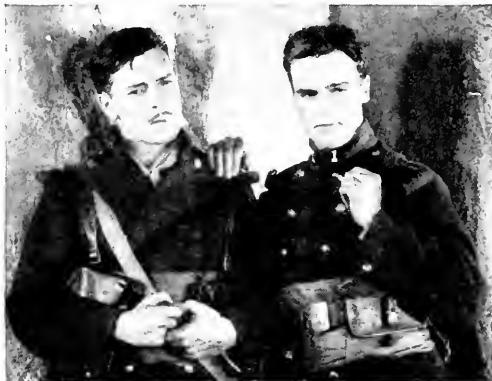
An animated pill box, on doctor's orders, goes West to regain his health. He expects peace and quietness to reign, but finds matters entirely different. Then he discovers his heart isn't working just right—the owner of the ranch happens to have a beautiful daughter who causes the uncertain pitter-patter. Unforeseen difficulties arise and, after a lot of fun, a complete metamorphosis envelops the hypochondriac.

Comedies when transferred from the stage to the screen are usually lacking in spontaneity, and this is no exception. However, there still remain enough horse play and hilarity to make this worthy of your evening's entertainment.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



BEAU GESTE—Paramount

THEY'RE advertising this special as a man's picture, but, girls, don't let that keep you away. Glance over the cast: Ronald Colman, Ralph Forbes and Neil Hamilton play the heroic *Geste* brothers. Noah Beery is that remorseless scoundrel of the Foreign Legion, *Sergeant Lejuane*, and William Powell is a sly and sinister Legionaire. That's a cast!

"Beau Geste" is a mystery story, first and last. The screen has too few good mystery tales. The love element is pretty slender, but the swing of adventure makes up for it. Perhaps you read Percival Wren's best seller. In filming it, Director Herbert Brenon has followed the original with a lot of fidelity. We aren't going to tell you about the mystery here, save that there is a stolen sapphire, "the Blue Water," of great value. All three *Gestes* shoulder the blame of the theft and run away to join the Foreign Legion, that little army of lost men trying to forget and be forgotten in the African sands.

If you read Wren's novel, you will recall the fascinating and startling opening of the story. A detachment of the Legion is moving to the relief of Fort Zinderneuf. Approaching through the shifting sands, the advance guard hails the fort. At each battlement soldiers can be observed standing, gun in hand. But there is no answer to the rescuers' calls. Each man is dead, standing at his post.

The brave *Gestes* are splendidly played by Messrs. Colman, Ralph Forbes (here's a good bet), and Hamilton. But the real acting honors go to Mr. Beery for his *Lejuane* and Mr. Powell for his cringing *Boldini*. Watch those two boys cop the picture.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

BEAU GESTE
BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT
THE STRONG MAN
THE NERVOUS WRECK
TIN GODS
SUBWAY SADIE

The Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "Bardelys the Magnificent"
Eleanor Boardman in "Bardelys the Magnificent"
Noah Beery in "Beau Geste"
Ronald Colman in "Beau Geste"
William Powell in "Beau Geste"
Renee Adoree in "Tin Gods"
Dorothy Mackaill in "Subway Sadie"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 152



BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT—M-G-M

SO long as King Vidor and John Gilbert take Raphael Sabatini's story seriously, this picture remains just another costume production, smoothly told, artfully acted, but not guaranteed to give any ticket-seller a nervous breakdown. But when star and director say;

"Come, come, enough of this seventeenth century intrigue. Let's make a comic movie," then it snaps into great entertainment.

It's a story of another one of those mediaeval male Peggy Joyces, who sets out to win a hard-to-get-Gertie of the provinces, in spite of the fact that Louis XIII simply can't bear to have his favorite wisecracker leave Paris. Once the boy vamp sets eyes on the champion "No girl" of France, he gets a bad case of honorable intentions and risks his life in her service. Vidor tells the conventional story smoothly and sincerely, even if his atmosphere of those carefree days is a little too spick-and-span. When he kicks over the traces at the climax, he hits a really gorgeous combination of farce and romance.

And there's a love scene, in a boat drifting among the willows, that has genuine poetic feeling. It's enough to make any picture.

Mr. Gilbert's performance is bold, fiery and immensely clever. Eleanor Boardman acts with her brains; in spite of the beauty of her romantic scenes, there is a refreshing sharpness about her performance. As the villain, Roy D'Arcy makes some mean faces and John T. Murray, as the King's "yes man," does great work. Of course, your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children.



TIN GODS—Paramount

CRITICS have been demanding that Thomas Meighan do a real acting rôle. Here is Tommy's answer. He plays the husband of a lady politician, who goes to South America to forget the sort of callers who clutter up the front room. Roger Drake is a bridge builder, but instead of constructing them he devotes his time to licker. That is, until he meets Carita, the dance hall girl. Carita is Renee Adoree. Does Roger forget? Well, you remember Renee in "The Big Parade"? She gives a fine performance here, too, actually running away with the picture. That is nothing against Meighan, who gives a corking characterization also. Meighan can act, when he wants to. William Powell does a tiny bit neatly. This is Meighan's best picture in several years. It proves his almost forgotten acting abilities.



SUBWAY SADIE—First National

IN spite of its Cinderella ending, a true and human story of New York's underground army. Its heroine is a girl who is up against the everyday problem of choosing between ambition and romance. As played by Dorothy Mackaill, this strictly modern young person is sympathetic, understandable and attractive enough to get new customers for the subway.

It proves just how clever Miss Mackaill can be when she isn't required to play nonsense. Jack Mulhall, too, gives a thoroughly likeable performance.

Alfred Santell's treatment of a slender story is adroit, and his New York atmosphere is not the traveling man's dream of a modern Babylon. It's the real thing. Altogether, this film is far better entertainment than many of the widely exploited, highly-colored "specials."

BATTLING BUTLER—
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



HOLD THAT LION—
Paramount

HERE'S an amusing number. Buster Keaton, as a weak and pampered son of a wealthy family, finds himself in love with a mountain maid. Her tough brothers believe Buster to be the champion prizefighter—and so he must prove his worth. Unknowingly, he finds himself in the champion's place training for the big bout. And what a funfest this turns out to be. Sally O'Neil is cute as the girl. Check this a must when it comes to your town.

THE picture is sprinkled with sufficient action and incidents to enliven your interest even though it follows the regulation plot familiar to Douglas MacLean fans. Doug always has the habit of meeting the girl just as she is leaving town. He is smitten and proceeds to follow her—and what's a trip around the world among friends? Her Dad starts a cat hunt and Doug proves himself a hero by bringing one in alive—unintentionally. It's funny—not hilariously, though.

HER BIG NIGHT—
Universal



THE SHOW-OFF—
Paramount

THE inside dope on what's what in the movies always proves interesting to an audience. Here we have Laura La Plante, a little shop-girl, doubling for a famous movie star at a personal appearance. An old newspaper reporter with a nose for news senses the duality and tries to prove it. Now the star happened to have a husband, and husbands are such nuisances at times. After a big mix-up, matters gradually become straightened, and everybody's happy.

AN amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. If the picture lacks the subtle qualities of the stage play, blame the difference in the mediums and not the director, Mal St. Clair, who made a good job of a tricky subject. Mr. St. Clair had to prove his hero a boob, whereas it is the usual job of a director to conceal this painful fact from the audience. Gregory Kelly walks off with a hit in this one.

THE KICKOFF—
Excellent



DIPLOMACY—
Paramount

LOOKS as though football will live forever, at least on the screen. George Walsh is the latest hero to don the college colors and do his stuff. What's it all about?—you know—the country boy goes to college and makes good on the team in spite of the fact that the villain tries to blacken his character. The cast is splendid—Lelia Hyams, Jane Jennings and Earl Larrimore. This is another one of those films you should put away a quarter for.

SARDOU'S play has its face lifted by Marshall Neilan. The Soperation is not quite successful. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Neilan kids the old melodrama when, as a matter of fact, he should have edited it. There is too much action to it, too many characters involved, for our pure modern taste. And there is a lot of fuss about "papers"—in this day and age! Blanche Sweet's beauty shines radiantly from the confusion of these Victorian doings.

**THE BLUE
EAGLE—
Fox**



A FAIR picture with a cast of popular favorites—George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, William Russell and Robert Edeson. It starts with two opposite factions battling for neighborhood supremacy. *C'est le Guerre*. All grievances are forgotten and the two rivals enlist in the navy. But when the war's over another starts until a menace threatens the neighborhood—and together they fight it out. That's brotherly love, sister.



**THE
AMATEUR
GENTLEMAN
—First
National**

IT'S not Dick Barthelmess at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as we have Dick? Adapted from Jeffrey Farnol's romance of England in 1817, the film tells the story of a prizefighter's son who inherits a fortune and goes to London to become a gentleman. And he succeeds in becoming a sort of Beau Brummel and wins the love of a titled lady. You'll have to go see it to find out the way he does it. And how! We are sure you'll like it.

**IT MUST
BE LOVE—
First
National**



SHE'S the daughter of a delicatessen keeper, and the aromas of the bolognas are, well, just— Wouldn't it be lovely to be betrothed to a handsome boy instead of a frankfurter manufacturer? Wouldn't it be grand to receive a pretty little bungalow as a wedding present? And all the sweet dreams of the fair maiden come true. She meets and marries the handsome fellow, and her wedding present—that's where the title comes in. Fair.



**MICHAEL
STROGOFF—
—Universal**

A RUSSIAN importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. It's spectacular, and some of the big scenes are done in beautiful color work, but that is about the only interesting thing in the picture. The story is the usual hero stuff of an aide of the king, during the Tartar uprising, delivering a message to the Grand Duke in a distant part of the country. If you like revolutions and all that sort of thing—go right ahead.

**THE GAY
DECEIVER—
Metro-
Goldwyn-
Mayer**



THERE is plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece, centered around an actor whose fame was widespread because of his magnetic charm over women. It is very pleasing to gaze again at another of our former favorites—Dorothy Phillips—although she is in a setting somewhat far removed from those in which she used to glide across the screen. The picture is presented in a light vein, and as such you should receive it. Don't take it seriously or you'll be annoyed.



**RISKY
BUSINESS—
Producers
Distributing
Corp.**

"TRITE" can be marked against this one. Mediocrity stalks through it from beginning to end. It presents the fabulous yarn of the ritzy mother who endeavors to marry her daughter to the wealthy gay youth instead of the poor country doctor. But love cares nothing for wealth, and the girl chooses the man of her heart. We don't think you will be entertained by this one. Vera Reynolds, Ethel Clayton and Kenneth Thompson are in the cast. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

Buy on Fifth Avenue through Photoplay's Shopping Service



Plaids are smart and new—and plaid velvet is smartest and newest. In this model, sketched on ESTHER RALSTON, it is combined with fine wool jersey, making a distinctly youthful costume for fall and winter. The velvet blouse may have red, green or tan predominating, and the skirt matches the predominant color of the plaid. In sizes 14, to 20, it is reasonably priced at \$25.00



Wool jersey has a leading place, this year, among the fabrics for sports and general wear. The foremost designers are showing this popular fabric in charming models. The one-piece frock sketched on MISS RALSTON pretends to be a jumper dress. It features a flattering neckline and front pleated skirt. Sizes 16-40. In blue, red, green, tan or henna the modest price is \$7.95



CLARA BOW wears a frock of supple black satin, showing the new bloused silhouette. The trimming on the full sleeves, and the becoming scarf collar, are of embroidered georgette in red or French blue. This model also in cocoa with tan. Sizes 16-40. Price \$13.75. The shoes sketched just above are a combination of kid and snake calf, in black or brown. \$12.00. In all patent or satin—\$10.00. State size



The crepella frock sketched on FLORENCE VIDOR is just right for the girl or woman who cannot wear "flapper" frocks, but who wants youthful models. Suitable for the small or large figure. In red, green or walnut (brown) it costs \$25.00. Sizes 14 to 42. The shoes sketched above may be obtained in brown kid, or patent, trimmed with a buckle. Price \$10.00. State size

The crepe de chine knickers sketched below may be ordered in peach or flesh, and are edged with narrow fillet. They are of good quality and represent excellent value at \$2.95. They come in 25-27-29 inch lengths



The "Orange Blossom Ensemble" sketched below is particularly suitable for wear with dance frocks. The colors are flesh and peach. Give waist and bust measure when ordering. Set complete. \$5.50



The adorable pajamas sketched above come in peach or flesh cotton crepe. The coat is striped with small flowers in contrasting shades, and the neckline is particularly becoming. Special value at \$1.95. Sizes 15-16-17



The luxurious quilted boudoir robe sketched below is of two-tone satin, warmly interlined. Rose and French blue; turquoise and silver; copen and gold; black and wistaria; navy and red. Sizes 34-44. Price \$10.95

The useful morning frock proves that it can be smart as well, when fashioned of a lustric print, in black or blue with white. This material tubs beautifully. Sizes 36-44—\$2.95 Sizes 46-50—\$3.95

The beacon blanket robe sketched below insures comfortable winter nights. This is far smarter than the usual bathrobe, and comes in brown, copen or red, with eard trim and girdle. Remarkable value at \$5.00. Sizes 34-44




FLAANGE
HORNJON



Two Hands and a Face

Photographers say that Iris Stuart's are the most beautiful hands in the world. And her face has looked at you from a million advertisements

Frances McCann, the Magazine Advertising Girl, becomes Iris Stuart, screen actress

By  Ivan St. Johns

I'VE seen her a million times and so have you—this girl whose beautiful hands and face have made her dream come true.

As Frances McCann she started her career as a business secretary. But there were the hands and that strikingly beautiful face, and soon she found herself posing before the camera—and then she became famous as "THE MAGAZINE ADVERTISING GIRL."

You can't open a magazine today but that her face looks out at you. And the hand wearing that engagement ring so effectively in the ad—that is Frances' hand.

She is one of the highest priced advertising models in the world. Millions of dollars have been spent upon advertisements carrying her face and hands. She became known as "the girl with the million faces."

And now she has come to Hollywood to bring those hands and face to the screen.

As Iris Stuart, another career has opened up to the girl who, but a short time ago, was a business secretary. She has a Paramount contract and starts work soon as a featured player.

So much for two hands and a face which make me wish I were a poet so I might describe them to you.

Do you ever see a face—a face in a magazine or on a billboard which arrests you with its sheer beauty and charm? And then do you wonder if there really is any such person and wish you might meet and know that person, if she really exists?

Well, that's the way I've felt about Frances McCann a good many times, only I didn't know her name was Frances or if she really was a girl. Perhaps just some artist's dream.

Then I came face to face with her in the Coconut Grove one evening. I hope I wasn't rude. I wanted to dash right over to her table and babble things. Of course I stared. Wouldn't you?

So I found out her name and what [CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]



Alexander

THERE are plans on foot for sending Ramon Novarro off to Europe again. This time it will be Germany, and there Ramon will make "Old Heidelberg," that most charming of romances. It might have been written especially for Ramon.

Who



One. This lady is not as old as she looks. Usually sedate, she once went Wilde. Famous as the only woman who could play love scenes with Will Rogers.



Two. Plays any age from flaming youth to so big! Flaps or emotes at will. Not a new star from Sweden.



Three. From the ball-room to the Great Open Spaces. From Marie Corelli to piracy. Marriage hasn't interfered with his popularity. And why should it?



Four. This comic stuff is new to him. He helped fight the Revolution. Known as the movie star who reads all the books he buys.



Five. Raised in an enchanted cottage. Once wooed and won by Ramon Novarro at a crucial period in the world's history. Unbobbed and unmarried.



Six. Don't let her kid you. She's really nice-looking. A graduate of the School of Slapstick. Though her ancestors were Italian and French, she's never played, so far, a Glynish love scene.

See
Answers
on
Page
118



Seven. Asia Minor Collegiate outfit worn by a man who has played the League of Nations. One of his former leading women is also on this page.



HIS last photograph—taken especially for PHOTOPLAY. In answer to thousands of requests, PHOTOPLAY is reprinting an abridged version of the life story of the most romantic figure the screen has known—Rudolph Valentino.

High Lights

in the Life of Rudolph Valentino

Rudolph Valentino's life story was published several years ago by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, proving a distinct sensation in the magazine world. It attracted wide attention and many requests have been received since by PHOTOPLAY for its publication again.

The life story, exactly as written by the popular star, is presented here in condensed form, edited by JAMES R. QUIRK, editor of PHOTOPLAY.

By Rudolph Valentino

IN my early studio days I once tried to sell the story of my life as a scenario. It was rejected as being "too wild and improbable." To have one's life thus characterized by a company which specializes in the most frantic serials was rather disconcerting.

* * *
Naturally sensitive and inclined to introspection, I have tried above all else to know myself. But when I take what we call a "long shot" at that self, starting forth in the world from a poor little village at the heel of Italy, traveling curious ups and downs in early life and vacillating between occupational calls, sailing blithely off to win riches in America, reaching America to experience the grilling poverty, loneliness and utter misery which break or make, from these depths suddenly arising a few years later



The youthful Rudy when he struggled through his course at Dante Alighieri College. Then it was his ambition to become a cavalry officer



This was Rudolph Valentino in 1913, when he first came to America. He spoke not a word of English, but had four thousand dollars, courage and youth



One of the last portraits of Rudolph Valentino. The tragic death of the beloved Rudy, at the very apex of his brilliant career, stirred America to its depths

to the finest place a man could occupy—a place in the esteem and affection of the American public—when I view that self of myself I feel I haven't even a speaking acquaintance. And I wonder how men can write autobiographies that disclose their characters and feelings, since the man who you were yesterday is a stranger today.

But I can speak with confidence of the real heroic character of my story. The character of my mother. A brave, black-haired, black-eyed little woman, so gentle. She had met suffering in her early youth when, with her parents, she endured the terrors and privations of the siege of Paris. She was the daughter of a learned Parisian doctor, Pierre Filibert Barbin. My father, Giovanni Guglielmi, a romantic figure in the uniform of captain of Italian cavalry, won her heart and brought her to the family home in the little village of Castellaneta. I was born there at three o'clock in the morning of May 6th,



children in the house, Beatrice, Alberto, Rodolpho and Maria. But Beatrice, the eldest, died when I was very young. Alberto, the next in age, was two years my senior and far too important to associate with me. Thus Maria and I became partners in nefarious undertakings. I used to think that I led and Maria followed, but now, looking back with the wisdom of years, it would appear that Maria did the leading. At least, she led me into a lot of difficulty.

Our house was a typical Italian farmhouse, square, flat-roofed, built of heavy white stone, its thick walls broken by casement windows with heavy blinds that are closed and barred at night. On the main floor was the great living room, the dining room, kitchen and my father's study. Attached to the house and formed about a courtyard in the rear were the servants' quarters and the stables.

* * *

When I was eleven years old my father died. He had lived for his work, and he died for it. There had been many deaths among the cattle of our district, and my father, in line with the work of Pasteur in Paris, was

Jean Acker, Rudolph Valentino's first wife. Rudy met Miss Acker at a party given by Pauline Frederick. "I was unutterably lonely," says Valentino. "I longed for a great and real friend"



Valentino's playing of *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is, of course, one of the unforgettable memories of the screen



Rudolph Valentino in one of his first screen appearances, with Earle Williams in "A Rogue's Romance." Rudy did a bit as an Apache dancer



Rudolph Valentino achieved a great popular success with "The Sheik." At the moment the star was receiving \$500 a week, but "The Sheik" lifted it two hundred

1895. And shortly after I was taken into the church to which my mother was devoted and christened most solemnly Rodolpho Alonzo Raffaele Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla. No matter how poor an Italian family may be, it never suffers a shortage of names. The real surname in our particular line-up is Guglielmi.

* * *

My father was a quiet, studious man, devoting all his time to his work, that of a veterinary doctor. There had been four

studying constantly for a method of checking the epidemic. He finally diagnosed the disease as malaria. This discovery does not seem particularly astounding now, but it was very important at the time, for until then malaria had been considered as a disease peculiar to human beings. Although we knew that people contracted malaria through the bites of mosquitoes, we had not discovered that cattle were infected in the same way. My father spent months testing his theory, and then many months more working out a formula for a vaccine that would act as a preventive. As a result of his protracted labor he fell ill. Ten days after the sickness had attacked him, he called us to him and told us that he had only a little while to live. Dread, a sort of clammy terror, overwhelmed me as my father, that quiet, strong, reliant man who seemed to be a master of everything, turned his pale face toward us and calmly spoke of death.

Calling Alberto and me closer, he took down the crucifix from the wall and gave it to me. His great black eyes were glowing and gentle, but he spoke firmly and his words were those of the captain of cavalry— [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



One of the few existing portraits of Rudolph Valentino and his second wife, Natacha Rambova. Rudy met Natacha when he was making "The Four Horsemen," but the romance did not develop until considerably later



"The Eagle" presented Valentino in a new sort of rôle, and it proved to be highly popular. It was his first United Artists release

"Blood and Sand" was Valentino's favorite picture. Critics have pronounced his flashing playing of the tragic matador to be his best screen characterization



Valentino in his last film, "The Son of the Sheik." This would have been Rudy's most popular motion picture. It is now breaking records everywhere

On Account of Monte Cristo

By



Octavus
Roy
Cohen

THE dining room of an exceedingly modest hostelry situated far out on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Marseilles, was filled with oratory.

The speaker—a wiry, bearded little Frenchman who possessed a loud voice and much language—orated with creditable agility and reckless abandon.

In the main portion of the dining room and facing the speaker sat twenty members of The Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, U. S. A. These ladies and gentlemen of color were on tour in Europe for the purpose of manufacturing hilarious two-reel comedies for American consumption, and already they had sojourned in the odorous metropolis of Southern France for more than three weeks.

These twenty colored persons listened spellbound to the harangue of the French gentleman. They could not understand one word he was saying, but they sensed that he was a person of importance and that his oration was of a distinctly complimentary nature. Also they were curious to know why Welford Potts and Opus Randall had been selected to sit on the platform where the speaker performed.

Welford and Opus were the masculine stars of Midnight. The former was skinny to the point of emaciation while the latter possessed a mezzanine of astounding proportions. They were both natural comedians and perfect foils for one another.

Personally, there was no love lost between the two satellites. For one thing, jealousy was rampant. Opus resented the slightest favor shown to Welford, and Mr. Potts, on his part, strove with great particularity to see that the best rôles in Midnight screen productions were given to him. The sympathies of the company were with the smaller man, Opus possessing a somewhat ingrowing disposition and being too inclined to back his arguments with the force of his massive bulk.

But for this brief moment they shared the spotlight with no thought of feud. They had an idea that the main portion of the French gentleman's oration had to do with themselves, and since they were certain he was flattering them—they could find nothing to protest against.



Illustrated by J. J. Gould

The meeting had been called by special request. They were informed that they were to be visited by a representative of the Marseilles Society for the Uplift of Marseilles. This gentleman was the result and it was obvious that he was exceedingly pleased with the particular job of uplifting he was engaged upon.

The French language cascaded from his lips in unlimited quantities. He spoke loudly, impressively and constantly. Occasionally he would gesture wildly toward the two actors who sat immediately abaft him and on one such occasion Opus nudged his co-star.

"Welford," he asked, "does you reckon he is talkin' about us?"

"Uh-huh, Opus," came the prompt response. "Tha's the one thing he aint doin' nothin' else but."

The Dusky Midnight Pictures Company



"Gimme that medal, Opus," demanded Welford Potts.

"Hush yo' mouf, Small Boy," sneered Opus Randall. "Where at you git that gimme stuff? You don't know nothin' an' you talks about it constant. There's one medal an' there is two of us. Aint but one can wear it, an' Ise him!"

The speech developed passion and fervor. The spokesman leaped about wildly as though dancing the Charleston. Then he came to an abrupt and impressive stop. When he resumed it was with greater enthusiasm than ever. But now he seemed to be approaching the point. From all the mass of foreign words the members of the Midnight troupe were able to catch references to Monte Cristo and Edmond Dantes. That at least was a clue.

"It's about this pitcher we is shootin'," Opus. That thing we calls 'Monte Cristo Takes the Count.' You reckon he's sore 'cause we is burlesquin' it?"

"Sore? Him? Golla! Welford—if tha's how he acts when he's sore, I'd hate to see him when he got lovin'."

Eventually the oration came to an end. Whereupon the Frenchman turned expectantly toward the negroes in the main portion of the room. It was quite evident that he waited with pardonable pride for the translation of his fervid remarks.

Ethiopia Wall uncoiled himself. Mr. Wall was a lengthy in-

dividual who had come to France in 1917 with the American Expeditionary Forces and had remained after the war to perform various menial and unremunerative tasks in the city of Nice. He had joined the company in the rôle of interpreter and general handyman—and it was to him that the troupe now looked for an interpretation of what the white gentleman was driving at.

Mr. Wall did not imitate the gestures of the orator. Nor did he draw unduly upon his supply of vivid adjectives. He spoke simply, but effectively.



Opus Randall confronted Florian Slappey and his friend, Welford.

"What you two shrimps talkin' about?" he inquired.
 "Nothin'," snapped Florian. "Wewas discussin' you"

"This gentleman says," he announced quietly, "that the sassiety he represents, an' also the whole city of Marseilles, is dog-gawn happy that us is makin' pitchers heah, because ev'y-body what lives heah wants America to know mo' about this town. He says American tourists come to France all the time an' they never see Marseilles an' so the town don't git none of the money that Paris and Nice an' them places gits.

"He says they have been watchin' us an' they feel we is the greatest, finest, mos' superbest actors in the world an' he don't wonder we is all millionaires—an' a lot he knows about *that!* He says that he has just heard that us is filmin' a pitcher called 'Monte Cristo Takes the Count,' which is one of the finest books ever written an' mo' folks ought to come heah to visit the Chateau d'If which can be done very cheap an' in one afternoon an' he hopes our pitcher will git a lot of folks in Marseilles to visit same.

"He says that his sassiety met the other night an' decided that they craved to give this comp'ny a tokum of their esteem fo' what us is doin' fo' the city an' they made up a collection an' bought a medal—" he turned to the Frenchman and spoke suggestively—"La medaille, M'sieu . . ."

That was evidently a cue, for M'sieu swung again into violent action. From the capacious pockets of his frock coat, he rescued a large velvet box—a thing perhaps eight inches long and six inches wide. This he held up in front of the audience and did some more French speaking.

Suddenly his forefinger touched the clasp and the box flew open. There was a gasp from the assembled troupers.

The medal was indeed an impressive thing. It was a huge affair of gold in the form of a star from the points of which tiny gold threads emanated, supposed, unquestionably, to represent twinkles. The center of the star was a thing resembling a coin on which was engraved—in French—a summary of the Societ'y's appreciation for the free advertising which they figured Midnight was about to give.

The ornament was held by a red, white and blue ribbon of ribbed silk and the pin by which it was supposed to be affixed to the bosom of some person was in itself no mean decoration.

On the whole it was quite the most gorgeous thing which any person present had ever set eyes upon. Beside it, the emblem of the Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise was a pallid and puny thing. There was an audible intaking of breath, a sitting forward in chairs and a craning of necks.

The French gentleman turned slowly and exhibited the trophy to Opus and Welford. The portly star gasped with delight.

"Great Sufferin' Tripe! Just look at that."

Welford's brow wrinkled in thought. "Whaffo' is he showin' it to us, Opus?"

"I dunno . . ."

"You reckon he's gwine give it? You reckon tha's how come us to be sittin' up heah?"

Opus's brain functioned more slowly than that of the short and slender Mr. Potts.

"Taint possible we could git somethin' so grand. If I thought—"

"Stop thinkin' an' listen to Ethiope Wall. He's speechifyin' again."

Mr. Wall was indeed talking. He spoke honeyed words freighted with glorious promise.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



Her Majesty, The Queen of Roumania granddaughter of Queen Victoria, states-woman, author, beautiful and stately, says: "Beauty can be thoroughly guarded by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."



Her Majesty, The Queen of Spain who also has signified her pleasure in Pond's Two Creams, is the embodiment of queenly majesty and beauty—tall, fair, distinguished in dress and bearing.



Two Reigning Queens Noblewomen Society Leaders The Younger Set



The Duchesse de Richelieu

of a prominent Baltimore family and wife of the head of one of the noblest old houses in France, says: "Pond's Creams keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."



WOMEN of royal blood, of noble birth, of high position whose destiny demands that they face the world with skins as clear and delicate as dawn, pursue a time-tested method of caring for their skin, of keeping their loveliness safe from weariness and strain, inclement weather, grit and dust.

Pond's are the Two Creams they use. Forming a complete method of caring for every normal skin they should daily be applied as follows:

First Step: During the day whenever your skin needs cleansing—especially after exposure to weather, wind and dust and always before retiring—apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Let it stay on a few moments. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores and bring to the surface the dirt and powder which clog them. Wipe off cream and dirt and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, after the nightly cleansing, pat on more Cream and leave it until morning.

Second Step: After every Pond's cleansing except the bedtime one, over your freshly cleansed skin, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream thinly. Your skin has a new and delicate finish now, an even, satiny tone, and is perfectly protected from harsh weather, soot and dust. Fluff your powder on! See how long it clings, with velvety smoothness!

Cleanse, freshen and protect your skin the gentle, safe Pond's way.

Every normal skin needs these Two famous Creams. POND'S COLD CREAM for cleansing, POND'S VANISHING CREAM for smoothness, protection, a delicate powder base.



Mrs. Nicholas Longworth

wife of the speaker of the United States House of Representatives, daughter of the late President Roosevelt, declares: "A clear skin may be safely and surely had by the use of Pond's Two Creams."



Miss Elinor Patterson

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson of Chicago, successful as "The Nun" in "The Miracle," says: "Pond's Two Creams are perfect, fragrant, sure in fulfillment."



Miss Marjorie Oelrichs

New York debutante, connected with several of New York's oldest families, and a chic and charming person, says: "Pond's is the method I follow."



Free Offer: Mail coupon if you would like to have free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams with instructions for using.

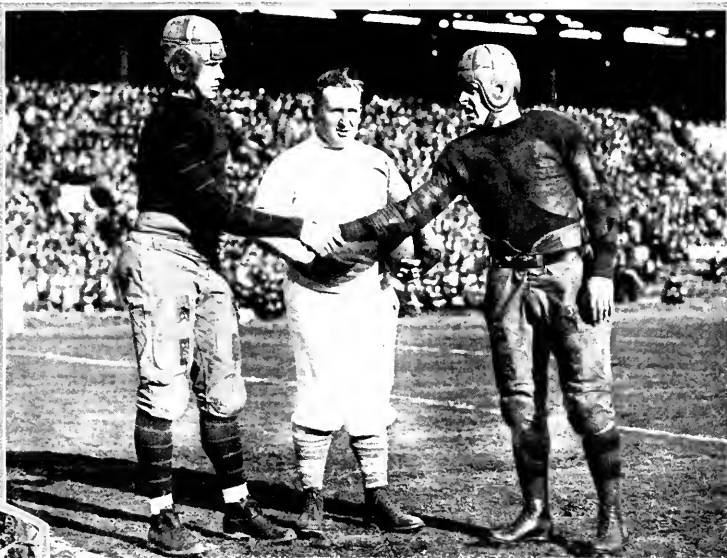
THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L
147 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me your free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



ONE of the lines in "What Price Glory" was "Join the Marines and See the Girls." And so you may make your own joke when we tell you that Carmel Myers, playing the rôle of Zaya, wears this costume in "Tell It to the Marines."

"WHILE HEAD COACH AT A LARGE UNIVERSITY the members of the football squad were taken down with boils. I tried every known remedy—no results. A trainer of another University team recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time after giving my players Yeast three times a day the boils began to disappear. I have known of many other similar cases. No person entrusted with the care of athletes should be without a supply of Fleischmann's Yeast."

TOM THORP, Rockville Center, L. I.



TOM THORP (CENTER), WELL-KNOWN FOOTBALL REFEREE

Pictures of Health

They conquered the common ills—found glorious, vital health—
by eating one simple food

"I SUFFERED FROM SEVERE INDIGESTION and became nervous and irritable. Then I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. In six weeks, marvel of marvels, I found that my indigestion had disappeared and I was no longer tired."

ETHEL Y. GINZ, Indianapolis, Ind.

BELOW

"CONSTIPATION WAS MAKING ME ILL. I had intestinal pains at all times. One day a friend suggested Yeast. I have been eating three cakes a day ever since. The pains are gone and I feel one hundred per cent better."

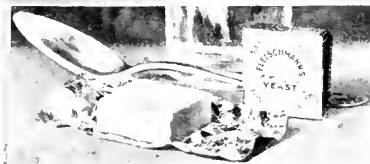
JULIUS C. ANDREWS, Hopewell, Va.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—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, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 23, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—
aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Picture-wisdom from a Specialist



The Businessman -Comedian

By
Dorothy Spensley



"Make your audience feel superior to you," says Douglas MacLean, "but don't let them feel superior to the picture"

ONCE upon a time," said Douglas MacLean, his face lapsing into the expression that Uncle John of Station KFI, Los Angeles, must use when he launches into the nightly bedtime story, "there was a flock of sea

gulls that lived on a Scandinavian fjord, and every time a ship's whistle blew those sea gulls would fly skyward and completely obliterate the sun.

"It got to be a feature of the trip—that bird eclipse. The boat would round the bend. The captain would blow the whistle. The birds would fly heavenward. And the passengers got their thrill. It was never-failing. It was the high-spot of the journey. Travelers would crowd the decks to see it. It was sure-fire for a gasp.

"This is great!" the captain probably said. "We have an attraction here." But the birds got accustomed to the whistle. Finally, they wouldn't budge when it was blown. Everyone was disappointed. Then

someone suggested that they use a cannon in place of the whistle. They did. The birds flew and the sure-fire thrill went merrily on.

"That's the way comedy is today. It's chock-full of sure-fire

situations that went over big when custard pies were first thrown. The sure-fire situations always brought laughs. So they brought them down the ages of film progress and used them every place they could. But they're getting rather moth-eaten now, those sure-fire laughs. Sometimes they don't get a giggle. Occasionally they get a guffaw from some fellow who was present at the burning, years ago, and laughs out of deference to the age of the gag.

"Those sure-fire
[CONTINUED ON
PAGE 139]



"I don't try to make my pictures comic. I try to make them entertaining. I try to put humor into them. Not obvious comedy"

COMMUNITY PLATE



THE TEASET SHOWN IS \$45.00 FOR THE THREE PIECES

TEASPOONS, \$3.75 FOR SIX •• ALL IN THE FINEST PLATE

~Silver shapes, luminous
and lovely as moonlight..

Now you can have

SPECIAL DISPLAY AT OUR HAWKERS

complete silver services of
Community Plate... from
teaspoons, to tea-sets.

WEEK OF OCT. 31 TO NOV. 6





TOO temperamental, said Famous Players-Lasky about Greta Nissen. And they let Greta move her spangly costumes to another studio. Along came Florenz Ziegfeld and Greta was engaged for his Revue of 1926. Malcolm St. Clair, eager to make "The Popular Sin" even more popular, insisted upon Greta for the leading feminine rôle. So, temperament or no temperament, Greta is back once more in the home circle.

This Is Ending Women's Greatest Hygienic Mistake

—the hazardous use of makeshift methods



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

FROM the standpoint of modern social life, with its activities and full days, its filmy frocks and often ill-timed exactments, millions of women urge this new way.

From the standpoint of health, highest authorities urge it. Virtually every great hospital in America today employs it.

It ends the hazards and uncertainties of the old-time methods, the use of which is a great mistake. Largely on expert advice, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life now employ it.

You wear sheerest things without a second thought. You meet every day unhandicapped. It is making a great difference in the lives of women.

These new advantages

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. It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new dis-

This NEW way solves woman's most important hygienic problem scientifically, providing charm and immaculacy beyond all doubt, and at all times, by banishing the insecurity of old ways . . . by giving the convenience of disposability.



Easy Disposal
and 2 other important factors



① No laundry
As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

infectant, thus solving another trying problem.

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. Many ills, according to 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.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

In purchasing, take care that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the only napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"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



Your Whole Appearance Depends upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess.

It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet. Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. That is why thousands of women

everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonsfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



More than a Shampoo,
it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE"

Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopsis of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

FRITZI, PORTLAND, ORE.—You're out of luck. John Barrymore is married. And so is Lionel. They're a fascinating family, aren't they? John Barrymore has written a book about his life. It's good reading. He is five feet, ten inches tall. Douglas Gilmore isn't married. He's six feet, one inch tall and weighs 175 pounds. I hope Dad doesn't miss his letter paper.

H. C. E., SILVERDALE, WASH.—So you like the Scandinavian beauties? Greta Garbo is five feet, six inches tall. She was born in 1906. Weighs 125 pounds. Anna Q. is about thirty years old and weighs 135 pounds. Tom Tyler isn't married. He was born in 1903. Mae Murray is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was born May 10, 1893. Save your other questions for another letter. My, but you are eager for information, but I can only answer five questions at a time. There is no rule against your coming again.

JERRY, TULSA, OKLA.—Hard work didn't bring on my gray hairs. I was disappointed in love. Five questions at a time, Jerry! Tony Moreno was born Sept. 26, 1888. That's his real name. His latest picture is "The Temptress." Viola Dana and Alberta Vaughn are Americans; Norma Shearer is a Canadian. Evelyn Brent was born in 1890 and Laurence Gray in 1898. See you again next month!

M. H., LORAIN, O.—Bill Haines certainly moved 'em down in "Brown of Harvard." Bill is a Southerner, born in Staunton, Va., on Jan. 1, 1900. He's a good kid. Six feet tall, and he's been in pictures since March, 1922.

H. L., CLAREMORE, OKLA.—Bill and Richard keep an old man busy? No, I don't know why Mr. Dix isn't married. I suppose he's particular and he doesn't want to make a mistake. You can't blame such a nice young man for being fussy. Richard has brown hair and brown eyes and was born Aug. 18, 1895. And he's as nice off the screen as he is on it.

JUST A BIG SHOT FROM WINCHESTER.—Listen and learn, dear pupil. Leslie Fenton has gone back to the legitimate stage for a season, so you'll have to wait until he returns. Mr. Fenton was born in Liverpool, England, March 12, 1903. He is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. Black hair and gray blue eyes. And that's that.

DORSE, CHICAGO.—Are you trying to involve me in a romance? Maybe the lady wouldn't like it. Bessie Love was born Nov. 10, 1898, and she isn't married. Write to her at the Lasky Studios in Hollywood, Calif. Address William Boyd at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Steal some more note paper and write me again.

BABS, PORTLAND, ORE.—Here we are again! William Haines was born Jan. 1, 1900, and weighs 172 pounds. Six feet tall. Doris Kenyon played opposite Milton Sills in "The Unguarded Hour."

DRUSIE FOR SHORT, PITTSFIELD, MASS.—What do you mean, "dumb looking, but clever?" It can't be done, not even by a movie star. John Patrick is married. Clive Brook is five feet, eleven inches tall and was born June 1, 1891. Married! Mr. Brook has just signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky, so you'll probably see more of him in the future. Richard Dix is six feet tall, and was born Aug. 18, 1895. Mr. Patrick was born Nov. 22, 1897.

F. A. L., DE PERE, WIS.—Sit down and make yourself at home. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897. Clara Bow is twenty-one years old. I wonder if Clara votes. Dolores Del Rio is married and Betty Bronson's next picture is "Paradise."

JULIA, CHICAGO.—Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., April 6, 1879. He's married to Frances King. Tommy is six feet, one inch tall, and weighs 180 pounds. Dark hair and blue eyes.

TULSA MAID, TULSA, OKLA.—William Boyd is married to Elinor Faire, the girl who plays opposite him in "The Volga Boatman." Write to him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Tullio Carminati played the rôle of Orloff in "The Duchess of Buffalo."

N. M. AND E. B., PARSONS, KAN.—Pola Negri says she was engaged to Rudolph Valentino. And there was some sort of understanding between them. Anyway, Pola mourned and mourned when poor Rudy died, even if she didn't come East when he was sick. Clara Bow is a fascinating kid. Lots of pep. She has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Clara is twenty-one and is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds.

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. B. E., LORDSBURG, N. M.—Why should I complain about the trouble when I get such a reward? My, I never was more surprised in my life than when I opened your letter! Harold Lloyd was born April 20, 1894. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is too young for a serious romance. He has light brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, Mary Brian is a sweet girl.

"CHIP," ZAPATA ON THE RIO GRANDE.—Tom Mix and I speak the same kind of Spanish. Hot tamale to you, old dear! Did you have a good time in Philadelphia? Pretty quiet after Texas, wasn't it? Maynard is Ken's real name. He was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. Adios.

VERONICA, INWOOD, N. Y.—Since William Haines is a gentleman, he must prefer blondes. But he has never confided in me, so I can't say for sure. Conway Tearle is married.

H. F., HAMMONDSPOUT, N. Y.—Older and wiser girls than you have tried to stomp me with questions. Florence Vidor is divorced from King Vidor. She is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Florence is thirty-one years old.

SWEET SIXTEEN, MERCED, CALIF.—Well, Twinkletoes, I guess something will have to be done about getting Leslie Fenton to play in more pictures. Your favorite was born in Liverpool, England, March 12, 1903. He has gray-blue eyes and black hair. Not married. His next picture is "Upstream."

D. W., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Write to the Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, for a picture of Kin-Tin-Tin.

L. W., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Actresses are supposed to be more ornamental than actors, so that is why the girls get all the cover on PHOTOPLAY. However, when a man is particularly good-looking, PHOTOPLAY honors him. Valentino and Novarro both had their pictures on the cover, so maybe there is hope for John Gilbert. Milcen Pringle is about twenty-nine years old. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Gareth Hughes and Bessie Love were the boy and girl in "Forget-me-not."

DIMPLES, SUPERIOR, WYO.—Most men don't like to answer questions but that is because they don't receive the nice letters that come to me. If the other fellows could read my mail, they'd be glad to have my job. You are right in your philosophy about men. Pretty wise for such a young girl! Is that what the great open spaces out past where the west begins does to one? Barbara La Marr died at Altadena, Calif., Jan. 30, 1926.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



Stop Thief!

These fellows are running away with the pictures

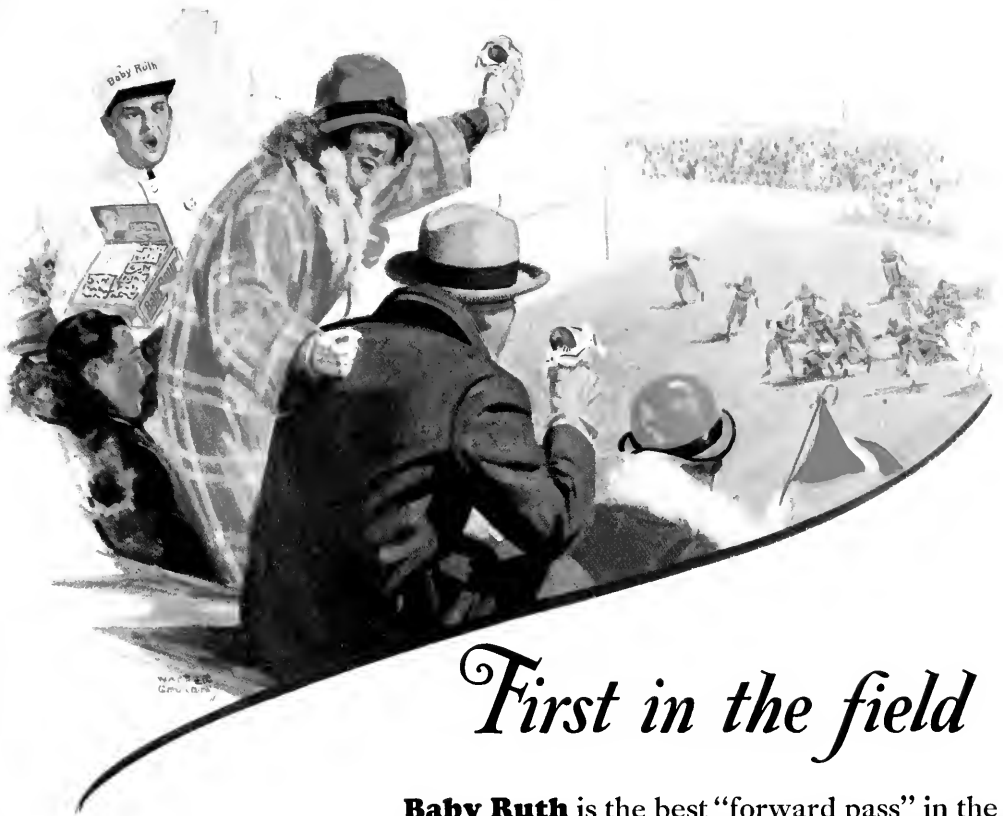
The rise of Charles Murray to stardom in "McFadden's Row of Flats" proves that the screen wants youth and beauty. Before making his film debut with Mack Sennett, Murray was Pavlova's dancing partner. Born in Odessa, Murray joined the Imperial Russian Ballet, quitting to play *Little Eva* with the Moscow Art Theater. At the outbreak of the Revolution, he became engaged to Queen Marie of Roumania and took a flyer in grand opera, singing with Caruso and Scotti. His hobby is china painting



Ford Sterling, formerly leading man for Mrs. Siddons, makes his screen debut in "The Show-Off." Sterling was born in Athens of the ancient Silver family. After studying for the ministry at the Moller Barber College, he created an instant success in Paris in "Abie's Irish Rose." He then became a six day bicycle rider, winning two six day races in one week, thus creating a world's record. Mr. Sterling frequently contributes to the magazines under the pen name of H. G. Wells



Not many of his admirers realize that Chester Conklin, now appearing in "The Duchess of Buffalo," is an Albanian Count, once prominent in the diplomatic affairs—if any—of his native country. Tiring of diplomatic life, with its ceaseless rounds of gayety, Conklin joined Max Reinhardt's company, playing everything from soup to nuts. His next dramatic venture was as understudy to Eleonora Duse. Mack Sennett saw him play "Hedda Gabler" and immediately signed him up to do his stuff for the Eighth and Last Art



First in the field

Baby Ruth is the best "forward pass" in the game; it scores every time—and all the time! And it has the largest, most enthusiastic following of any candy in America.

Forty million people eat **Baby Ruth** with delight. Over five million bars are sold every day. Over \$250,000 worth of nickels pass over the candy counters daily for this favorite confection.

Fits every taste—fit for any taste—Curtiss **Baby Ruth**.

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When it's hunters'
day at the horse show—and the best
jumpers in the land are soar-
ing over the hedges
—have a Camel!



WHEN it's the most exciting day at the horse show. When the famous hunters take water jump, wall and rail in faultless performance—*have a Camel!*

For, all the world over, no other cigarette cheers and satisfies like a Camel. The golden enjoyment of Camels makes every happy holiday happier, adds the sense of well-being to every friendly occasion. Camels are made of the choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown—they are the cigarettes that never tire the taste, never leave a cigarettey after-taste. Millions who could well afford to pay more will smoke only Camels.

So as you join the gay throngs at the horse show. After each thrilling event—know then the enjoyment of the finest in cigarettes.

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 is concentrated the experience and skill of the largest tobacco organization in the world.



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.

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Winston-Salem, N. C.



Friendly
Advice on

Girls' Problems from Carolyn Van Wyck

MY DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK: What do you think of a girl having a "steady" date instead of a catch-as-catch-can sheik? I'm in my first year in college, just eighteen, and ever since my high school days began I've been going with the same boy. He lives in my town, and we've known each other since we were kids. Now my parents tell me to go slow about tying myself up to him exclusively. They declare I am shutting myself off from other matrimonial chances. Do you think that's true? I like this boy a lot, and I've rather become accustomed to having him about, but I'm not sure that I love him and not at all certain whether or not I want to marry him.

JANET B.

and strong, she can travel, she can accomplish, she can flirt as far as she dares.

The boy friend, then, must offer her something more substantial than his mere male presence. He must, in fact, offer her something worth the sacrifice of her freedom. If she is a lucky girl, he offers her true love, and that being the case, if she is a wise girl she accepts the love and the boy behind it.

But then, suppose he wants a long engagement, a protracted courtship, wants, in Janet B.'s phrase, to become a steady?

soon ceases to be an obligation. The mental stimulus evaporates. So, after a long time, does charm. Romance, that fragile flower, becomes a little wilted. Soon, if you are honest, you may have to ask yourself whether it is habit or love that is holding you. You get to know each other too well superficially. It kills the real knowledge of each other that true marriage ought to bring.

Other boys, seeing your constant date, become afraid to call on you. And if, at that moment, your "steady" meets another girl and falls captive to her newer charms, you are left in a position that, because of its social isolation, is difficult of retreat.

Know your man you mean to marry, by all means. Know his parents, if possible, and his background. Get to know his mind in that sweet questioning that lovers use of "Don't you love this?" and "Don't you hate that?" and why and why not. Know as accurately as you can what his future prospects are.

But do it with a certain speed. Don't take months of his exclusive society to find out.

Meanwhile, go out with others. It is much better to get the craving for variety out of your blood before marriage.

Weigh your best boy friend by the standards of the others. Then when you go back to him, if you discover you are at once content and enthusiastic, gay and full of eagerness and that it doesn't matter whether you spend the evening riding around in a trolley car or a limousine, as long as you're with him, that's your man. Go get him.

Get engaged slowly, but once you are engaged, get married quick.

DOLLY B. J.

Your ambition to have a young and healthy body is a very worthy one. You can have it, too. Anyone can who will work for it. First of

The "Steady" vs. "The Boy Friend"

IT'S a familiar problem these days. Which shall it be—old-fashioned courting or the modern practice of selecting the right man from a choice of many? And so I have given it first consideration this month.

The booklets on reducing are in great demand. But additional ones are being printed, so you may have one by sending ten cents. The helpful little pamphlet on the care of the skin is free.

Write me your problems. If you wish a personal reply, enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Be careful here, girls. The prospect glitters, but it isn't necessarily golden.

A long engagement is, to some extent, a marriage relationship, with all of marriage's disadvantages and few of its joys. Going with one boy, exclusively, narrows a girl's social contacts. Conversation between the pair too

The problem of the boy friend. To have a one and only, or as many as pettable. That is the question.

The thing to decide is what you want of him. To what end should he be "steady"? Are you looking for a happy marriage, presumably till death does you part, or a merry flirtation to pass the summer?

It used to be the idea that a "steady"—almost any "steady"—was the cure-all of feminine discontent. A beau regularly in the parlor was considered worth ten in the ball-room.

But I'm not so sure.

That belief may have worked in the days when marriages came young and singly. But that day is not the present.

Our grandmothers met few men. Their father, their brothers, their beau comprised their masculine world. Briefly, grandma took the man she could get. So, to a considerable extent, did our mothers. Today's girl has the world of men to choose from. If she doesn't marry, it won't ruin her life.

She doesn't have to have a husband in order to have food. She can support herself. Free



The Most Popular Cream in the World for Evening use

Social activities are always an incentive to "look your best." Many women know that there is nothing to equal the delicate, refined, soft appearance Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders to the skin. The arms, shoulders and complexion are blended into an entrancing, pearly beauty that will not streak or show the slightest effects of moisture or perspiration.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

is so subtle and refined in its effect, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. It is very simple to use, no rubbing in, or messy treatments. Just a moment's time each morning assures you of possessing your "evening affair" beauty throughout the day.

Isn't it just as important to always appear at your best, as it is to look well for a particular occasion? Commence its use today, and learn how effectively the astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles, freckles, tan, flabbiness and muddy complexions. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.,
New York



M-27-6

all, keep to a simple diet. Eat lots of vegetables; a certain amount of meat; and drink eight or ten glasses of water daily. Keep your body clean by at least one daily bath. Get as much rest as you possibly can—eight hours at the very least. Keep out in the open as much as possible. Exercises at the gym would probably be advisable. However, do not over-tire yourself or use up too much energy. You are now working nine hours a day. That being true, I advise you to take some simple exercises for at least an hour a day. The best color stockings to buy are beige—or any of the skin colors—and light gray. These colors can be worn with any type of clothes.

MARGIE B.

You can wear black with white relief; cream and ivory white; all shades of brown; electric and sapphire blues; orchid; burgundy and dark red; amber and canary yellows; all pinks unless too highly colored. A dark rachel powder and rouge and lipstick in a dark red would be most becoming to you. With your height you should weigh much more than ninety-four pounds.

CHERIE J'ADORE.

You seem to have more accomplishments than the average movie-struck girl. Have you got a ghost of a chance to get into the movies? Cherie, I am afraid you haven't. You seem to be a resourceful, capable girl. You've got knowledge and poise—all these things do help. But Hollywood is so impossibly overcrowded with girls trying to get a chance that I cannot sincerely advise any girl to go there.

BETTY.

You certainly did get yourself into a jam with your friend: When you wrote him explaining it, did you really explain the whole thing? If you haven't, do so. I think it would be advisable for your brother to write him also telling of his part in it, and it was his being late that caused all the trouble. Of course, if the boy doesn't answer you then, I wouldn't get in touch further, because he probably is disturbed over this incident. And if he really feels deeply about it, it is only going to mean trouble for you if you force him to reply to you on this matter. But do, in justice to yourself, give him the full details and wait and see what his reaction will be.

DIMPLES.

Your case sounds very much like a school-girl affair to me. I don't believe, from your description of your boy friend, that he was in love with you. When two people are in love with one another they have no impulse to flirt with other people. And from your letter that is what this boy always did. Now he has left you alone and is going out with other girls. Treatment like that isn't love. You had better forget him, Dimples, because I don't believe he is worth worrying about. To some extent, boys want to pet because they aren't imaginative and can't think of anything else to do and, after all, girls are attractive. But if you don't like to pet and you find the boys of your own age want to pet, the only thing to do is to go with an older boy or the kind that aren't looking for "hot dates." Wait a little while before worrying about this problem. It doesn't seem to me that the modern woman should want to settle down in marriage before she is nineteen or twenty.

MARGIE.

No, a girl five feet, seven inches tall isn't too tall to wear high heels. They should make you look very graceful since you're not overweight. Apparently your trouble with freckle creams is that your skin is extremely thin and the freckles probably return every time you are out in the sunlight. You can use Stillman's Freckle Cream and Othine, or, if you want to pay a little more, the creams of Helena Rubenstein are very highly endorsed.

FRANN.

I don't know what has happened to you in

your reducing. Did you take any internal medicine? If you did and you are continuing to lose weight it would be advisable for you to go to a good medical doctor at once and tell him about it. On the other hand, if you did not take any medicine, this may be a natural loss of weight, since you are so young a girl, and at 190 you must have been terribly overweight.

You can wear black of high lustre; a clear and oyster white; dark brown and bronze brown; peacock, navy and delv blue; pale and dark green; pearl and dove grays; soft violet and wistaria; no reds; softest yellow and most delicate shades of pink.

P. S. R.

If your short stories are accepted by any magazine they are published. So the only thing to do is to write them and get them accepted.

If you are a wise person, you will try very hard not to be in love with a man who tells you how seriously he is in love with another woman. I know it is very difficult to direct love, and it frequently goes where we don't want it to. I do think you would be very wise to do just what you say in your letter—keep yourself occupied with your stories after office hours and prevent your thoughts from going in his direction. Why don't you get work in another office? Do your work at home and put this man out of your mind entirely.

BARBETTE.

According to your measurements, you don't seem to be overweight. At fifteen you might shoot up in height at almost any time. Your diet sounds extremely sane and the exercises you do, too. Yes, it is true that Lois Moran did have to reduce, but she was a much chubbier girl than you. Her height I believe is five feet, three inches.

MISS C. KOLINSKI.

To cure knock knees, I would advise you to go as soon as possible to your local Y. W. C. A. and take a course in corrective gymnastics. Both "Neet" and "De Miracle" are excellent for superfluous hair. Listerine is very good for dandruff.

The best way to tell whether anyone loves you or not is to remember that actions speak louder than words. It is quite simple to say, "I love you," but it is more difficult to act that way. A girl who wants to know if she is loved should watch the man she is interested in when he is off guard. If she sees that she is the object of his care and tenderness and courtesy, she may safely feel that she is loved. But if she sees, on the other hand, that he acts selfishly on all occasions, she had better watch her step—and heart also.

A. LE.

At fifteen you are not too old to start studying dancing. It is really a very good time to begin. If you want to go on the stage I would advise you to go to as practical a teacher as you can find. If you are really sincere in this ambition, it would be much more advisable for you to come to New York and study under such reputable stage instructors as Ned Wayburn. You are then fitted for the work that you want to do. You can get stage poise and the right kind of contracts.

MRS. U. B. B.

You are my first scold this month. You just will lose weight if you diet and exercise. If you consume less food and use your muscles more you simply must lose pounds. You've got to keep at it faithfully if you want to lose thirty pounds. If you want me to send you printed instructions for dieting and reducing I will be glad to do so on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The answer to G. D., Iowa, lists colors most suitable to you. No, I won't tell you that you have to be content with your size but I will tell you instead that you have sufficient cause to worry about it and to work to get rid of it. Won't you please do so?

Youthful Beauty Instantly

*lies in the youthful shades of
Pompeian powder and rouge*

By MADAME JEANNETTE de CORDET

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.

NO more dull-looking complexions! I can tell you how to have that indescribable charm of fresh young girlhood.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toilettries — Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh youthful beauty—*instantly*. They add the deft touch that reveals the full blown glory of your complexion.

This powder is soft and velvety to the touch — delicately perfumed — spreads evenly, spreads with an enchanting smoothness.

Pompeian Bloom looks exactly like your own coloring. It does not crumble or break, but keeps compact and usable —and comes off on the puff easily.

All shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom for sale at drug and toilet counters. Price 60c per box. In Canada slightly higher.

*Shade Chart for POMPEIAN BEAUTY
POWDER and POMPEIAN BLOOM*

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER comes in *Flesh*—a definite pink for fresh, youthful skins; *Naturelle*—a delicate creamy pink with a rosy suggestion of youth; *Rachel*—the warm creamy tan for the brunet type; and *White*—the pure white used by many women in the evening.

POMPEIAN BLOOM, a perfect rouge in *Medium*—a soft warm rose that gives natural color to the average woman; *Oriental*—a more brilliant tone, similar to poppy-red; *Orange*—the new golden-rose for vivid types; *Dark*—a rich, deep damask rose; *Light*—a delicate but decisive pink suitable for very fair women.



*Send for
this new 1927
Pompeian Art Panel*

THE picture shown here (top part only illustrated) represents the lovely new 1927 Pompeian Art Panel entitled "The Bride," which we offer our friends for only 10c. Painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, and faithfully reproduced in ten color printings. Actual size 27 x 7 inches. Its art store value would

easily be 75c. With the Art Panel (and at no extra charge) I will send you generous samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom (a rouge). Specify on the coupon the shades you wish.

My booklet of beauty hints and secrets will also be sent to you with the samples and the Art Panel. Clip the coupon, enclose a dime and send today.

Jeannette de Cordet
Specialiste en Beauté

Tear off, Sign and Mail

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Pompeian Co., 2900 Payne Av., Cleveland, O.
I enclose 10c for the 1927 Pompeian Art Panel
and samples of powder and rouge.

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Shade of powder wanted? _____
Shade of rouge wanted? _____



HOURS WE SPENT TOGETHER SOMEWHERE, LONG AGO

(Letters from Lovers: II)

"I can't explain it even now—but you seemed to draw into the room with us an invisible company of elusive memories—memories of exquisite hours—and they seemed to be hours we spent together...somewhere...long ago. And the magic of them touched you with a mysterious fascination."

FROM HER DIARY

"It was different somehow—last evening—and beautiful. But why? I can't believe it was—the temple incense...."

THEY knew—those beautiful women of long ago—that the subtle fragrance of temple incense summoned a mood of romance to the room in which it burned. Through the centuries the same romantic mystery of it has come down to the women of today in Vantine's Temple Incense. In six delicate fragrances, it may be had at all drug and department stores.

Make the test for yourself. Send ten cents for six sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Renee, the adored, piquant, pert and purposeful

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

LITTLE MELISANDE of "The Big Parade."

Any story of Renee Adoree must begin from that point. To think of her is to remember *Melisande*. Her Parisian boulevard smartness and beauty, her tragic romance, her true artistry, Renee herself are all submerged beneath her performance of that unforgettable rôle.

The time will probably come when Renee will wish she had never played it, since so definitely will her career be dated, backward and forward, from it.

Renee began life as a circus child in Europe. The life of a circus child anywhere is bad enough, but in Europe it is worse. The circus does not make much money on the Continent. There is little comfort, little cheer, and too much work all the time. In that atmosphere Renee grew up.

She had been all over Russia, Germany, France, Belgium and Sweden before she graduated to the stage as a dancer.

Then came the war. She was dancing in Brussels at the time of the German invasion but escaped under cover of the darkness for London. There the air raids frightened her, so she fled to Australia and later to New York, where she danced in many shows, but attracted small notice.

The same thing happened to her in the movies. She played for Fox, for Universal, for

Goldwyn. The few, seeing her, recognized her ability, but they were not the few who did the casting. She and John Gilbert, playing opposite her in "The Count of Monte Cristo," gave performances almost equal to those they have now done in "The Big Parade"—only one who mattered saw "Monte Cristo."

Then Renee met Tom Moore and married him, as Alice Joyce had done before her. And a little later she divorced Tom, just as Alice had.

After all, Renee is Spanish and French and Tom is pure Irish.

Louis B. Mayer, scouting for talent, put Renee under contract. Critics acclaimed her work in "The Eternal Struggle," "Cape Cod Folks," and other dramas. But the public stood off, and Mayer waited until he joined in the Metro-Goldwyn merger.

It is quite safe now to tell that "The Big Parade" was largely accident. It started with the not-then-very-distinguished King Vidor as director, the not-then-very-distinguished actor, John Gilbert, in the lead, and the then-partially-obscured little Renee opposite him. It was meant to be just a good six-reeler.

Vidor threw his soul into it. So did Jack Gilbert. So did Renee. So did Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, when it saw the original rushes.

You know the result. Vidor is famous and Gilbert is famous. And Renee is *Melisande*, forever and always.

THE SOPHISTICATED PARISIENNE

chooses this smart polish

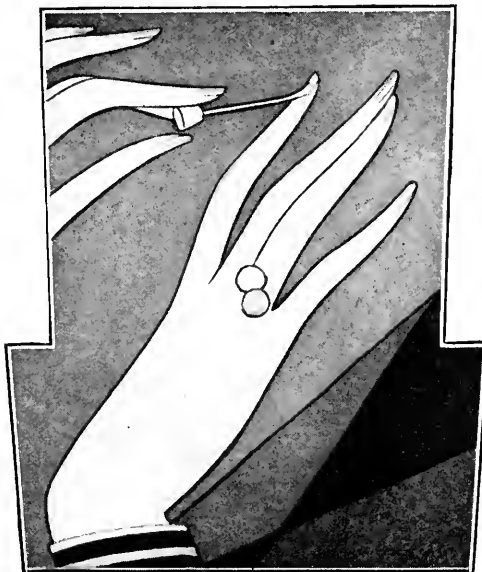
La femme élégante... they call her in Paris. The woman who cleverly emphasizes each smart detail of her grooming.

Never does she use this special emphasis to more flattering advantage than at her finger tips—drawing admiring eyes to note their exquisite perfection. Gleaming, tinted nails. Cuticle shaped in perfect ovals—revealing lovely Half Moons.

It is the enchanting pink radiance of Cutex Liquid Polish that gives her nails their charming accent. She simply brushes it over her nails—and there it stays till her next manicure. It spreads thin and smooth. Does not crack or peel off. And it is so smart!

THOSE dainty ovals of smooth cuticle she achieved by the simplest, daintiest method ever conceived. No pushing or jabbing to injure the tender skin. No cutting or nipping with scissors or other metal instruments.

Just a gentle working around each nail base with a dainty antiseptic liquid that removes every bit of



The correct accent to smart nails is obtained by Cutex Liquid Polish

old dead skin and easily shapes the new.

It is Cutex—an indispensable part of the manicure.

For never, until every single hang-nail or roughness is removed, would she ever dream of giving her nails their final touch of grooming—the lovely polish!

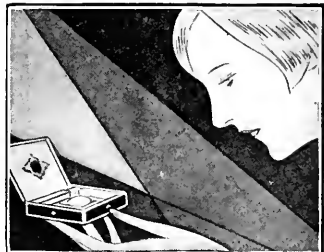
The complete manicure

Thoroughly wash your hands and file the nails. With orange stick and cotton dipped in Cutex free the dead dry skin from the nails and shape your cuticle. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean and bleach them. Then rub Cutex Cuticle Cream into each nail base to keep the cuticle soft and pliant.

Smooth a tiny bit of Nail White under the tips. Buff your nails with the delicate Cutex Powder Polish. Give your hands a final rinsing. Now brush Cutex Liquid Polish evenly over each nail. You will find it in two lovely shades—natural or the more exotic new Deep Rose. It gives a smart, lasting finish to your nails.

All separate preparations are 35c—sets 35c to \$5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold. Or send 10c with coupon for Introductory Set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover and Liquid Polish with everything else for the manicure. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. Q-11, 85 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London



MARY GUY, interpretive French dancer, says: "Cutex is responsible for the enchanting finish to my finger tips."

Send 10c for Introductory Set

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-11,
114 W. 17th St., New York City, N. Y.

I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for set containing Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polishes, Cuticle Cream and booklet.



*Mail Coupon
today!*



Prettier Lips at the Game

Dear Nan:

"All the world should go to one of these fascinating games. *Oh, la la*—it is so inspiring... Blue and crimson everywhere.

Most especially you will see how lovely are the lips that cry "another goal—wonderful!" For these lips are made young and smooth and enchantingly natural in coloring—with Pompeian Lip Stick—it has Nature's own tint!"

Jeanette de Cordet
Specialiste en Beauté

Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, rosy tint—protects lips—pure and harmless—has desired chisel point for easy application.



Pompeian Lip Stick

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

there emerged a creature of glittering smartness with the atmosphere of New York and Newport and the Lido and Cannes clinging about her. Clothes by Lanvin and Vionnet; jewels—oh, quite correct. Out of the ranks of a hundred *Barbaras*—the *Grand Duchess* of the screen.

Florence Vidor has not lost her charm or sweetness, but she has added intelligence and rather a dash of worldly sophistication. The blend produced is most palatable. She can be visualized working in the garden. But now her smock would be by Worth and on her ears would be immense black pearls. And the garden—ah, the garden would grow but orchids and gardenias.

MARY WHALEY.

Lest We Forget

Pomeroy, Iowa.

Before me lies a paper with the headlines—"Valentino, Screen Lover, Dies." It brought to my mind another instance, years ago, when the line read—"Wallace Reid Is Dead." Both went in the flower of manhood, in the height of the glory of their careers. Both were among the most popular screen idols, but still—

I remember something I once heard to the effect that one must die to be appreciated. The newspapers mentioned Valentino's praiseworthy acts, and his splendid acting in "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," and "Monsieur Beaucaire." His poor pictures and personal errors are forgotten, while before we saw those clearer than his good points. Wallace Reid was also lauded more after his death. I ask—why not show more consideration while a person still lives to appreciate it? Remember that, being under a spotlight, everything an actor does is magnified about ten times more in the public eye than it would be if an ordinary person did it. Therefore, take everything written about him—praise or censure—with a grain of salt.

LAURA VOLBERDING.

Marella's Marvels

Chicago, Ill.

Can I dissuade you, gentle readers, from comparing the relative potency in the love making of Gilbert and Colman; from the discussion of whether Gish, who lives for her art, has anything worth living for; from the argument that Chaplin's so-called genius is just so-called; from hurling brickbats at Elinor Glyn and her always amusing attempts at charging the whole world to sex, just long enough to present two fine actors, who, far from being things of beauty, prove themselves undeniable joys forever. These two are, namely, Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling.

Who can forget Chester Conklin's pathetically comic barber in "A Social Celebrity," and his bit as the doorman in "Fascinating Youth," in which he makes the graduates of the Paramount Movie School look like so many string beans?

I know flappers promiscuously call museums, automobiles and gowns adorable, but Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin ARE adorable.

As water is to the thirsty, Mencken to the intelligentsia and Norma Shearer to the college boy, so are Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling to my jaded and emotion-wearied movie appetite.

MARCELLA BLENDA EINARSON.

The Sea Beast's Purity

Bat Cave, N. C.

Someone has said, "Art reflects and interprets life—it creates beauty, it appeals to

the emotions of all mankind." After dwelling on this thought I have tried to think of one photoplay released this past year which touches this definition of art. Instantly there flashes across my mind memories of "The Sea Beast"—that gripping drama of adventure and romance.

During this era of sex drama, "The Sea Beast" came as a cup of cold water to those thirsting for something worth while, something to lift them out of themselves. That is what a good play should do.

John Barrymore, as always, enacts his rôle with understanding. Through him we are seeing real art brought to the screen.

That beauty and charm which appeals to the audience was in the person of wistful Dolores Costello. I think everyone will cherish the memory of her loveliness.

Let us hope the screen is going back to romance, realism and thrilling action, combined with actors and actresses who know the fine art of acting.

More photoplays like "The Sea Beast" and the most bitter critics will admit there is Art in the photodrama.

H. STAGEMAN.

A Bouquet for Adolphe Menjou

Guilford, Conn.

Where is our "bad man" in the old melodrama who leered at us in one of those terrifying "close-ups"—who invariably held the mortgage on the Old Homestead and had none but evil intentions toward the Sweet Young Thing?

Happily, we have lost him forever. And in his stead is a fascinating, human *Lucifer* in the person of one Adolphe Menjou. I enjoyed his rôle in "The Woman of Paris" because he portrayed a human man, a "fallen angel" with all the weakness and vanity and humor of a real man.

Last winter I had the pleasure of meeting him personally. He is kindly and considerate and has a charming sense of humor. His eyes twinkle merrily. He is always, as on screen, the perfect gentleman. But, above all, I was impressed by his intelligent conversation, which was not merely confined to "shop talk," but of worth while things accomplished by worth while people.

And those who have woven pleasant illusions around him need never be disappointed. For through his hard earned success he is one of the very few who have kept a level head and a store of good, sound, common sense. *Vive* Monsieur Menjou!

MISS FLORENCE ELLARD.

A Star's Secretary Speaks

Los Angeles, Calif.

It seems fans are always howling about collecting stars' photographs. "Miss So-and-So didn't send me a photo, so now I'm not going to any of her pictures any more." Or words to that effect. How silly!

I have helped two stars with their fan mail, and if some of you folks could see the most of the letters they receive (and, perhaps, yours is one of them) you would not blame some of them for not attending to your wants. Please, fans, write them decent, intelligent letters. You cannot imagine what effect a nicely written, well constructed letter, on good stationery (not necessarily elaborate or expensive) has on the star or her secretary. If the latter receives it, it means she turns it over to the star for personal perusal. And you fans who complain about not receiving photos, have you ever stopped to consider that although your name

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



You can't fight *dandruff* with a *whisk-broom*

{ TRY THIS EASY TREATMENT }

DANDRUFF is more than an untidy condition of your coat collar. It is a serious condition of the scalp, often caused by tiny germs that literally *pile up dandruff* around your hair roots.

You must *remove the dandruff*, because it chokes the hair roots. And you must *kill the bacteria*. Wildroot does both jobs at one time.

When you first apply Wildroot, the accumulated dandruff loosens up, and is temporarily more apparent, but soon disappears under regular treatment. This shows how quickly Wildroot works. Any barber who has used Wildroot will tell you how he has actually seen Wildroot destroy dandruff.

Get some Wildroot at your druggist's or barber shop today. *And stop brushing dandruff!*

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 CO., INC.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Don't ask your DRUGGIST to cut prices. He deserves his fair profit. . . . Remember the many services your DRUGGIST gives you without charge. . . . Give HIM a SQUARE DEAL!



WILDROOT

H A I R T O N I C

for
dandruff

Up to His Old Tricks



The Blue Danube Blues of the morning after. Erich returns to the silk night shirts of gay old Vienna in "The Wedding March," written, acted and directed by Von himself

Here we have Von and May-wine-time in non-Volstead Vienna



Fay Wray is the new Von Stroheim heroine in "The Wedding March." She looks just like Mary Philbin in "Merry-Go-Round," doesn't she?



Von must have been bitten as a child by a mad Hapsburg. He has the gold braid complex. Do you remember a scene almost like this one in "Foolish Wives"?



Flushed—Radiant, Alluring

—Here the sweet charm of natural loveliness that surpasses every other type of beauty. The simple rule in skin care, noted below, is bringing it to thousands—follow it in this way:

GOOD complexion is too priceless for experiment. Proved rules and proved soaps are best and safest.

Just remember that before Palmolive came women were told, "use no soap on your faces." Soaps then were judged too harsh.

Palmolive is a beauty soap, made by experts in beauty, for one purpose only: to safeguard your complexion.

In your own interest, don't take chances. See that you get real Palmolive for use on your face.

ONLY the girl or woman, who can reveal natural skin loveliness, can justly claim true beauty.

For that reason, natural ways in skin care hold supreme sway everywhere today. Proved ways in skin care are alone followed by the woman who seriously wishes to care properly for her skin.

Leading skin specialists of the world urge the following simple rule. It's been proved effective times beyond number. Famous beauty experts employ it. More naturally clear complexions are credited to it probably than to any other method known.

The rule and how to follow it for best results

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather 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 one 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.

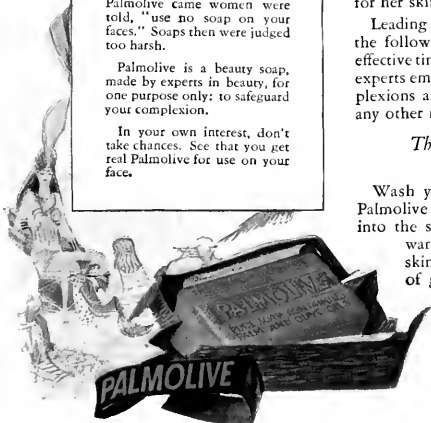
Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price **10c**





The Last Ecstatic Moment with Lovely April Showers

WHEN you have on a good-looking new frock, when you know that coiffure, make-up, and every detail is just right; when instinct tells you that admiring glances will follow as you pass; then approve the finishing touches before a long mirror and *add* assurance with springlike April Showers!

For April Showers, the perfume of youth, will lift imagination to heights of ecstasy—give you joyful thrill of life and youth and conscious power . . . It is a breezy fragrance; friendly—eager—young! You will love the rare, capricious charm of April Showers in perfumes, powders, rouges, jewel-like little compacts, and other necessary toiletries.



April Showers
Toilet Water—
\$2.00

Gift Set: April Showers Perfume;
Double Compact (rouge and powder),
Sachet Powder, and Talcum
in the same odour—\$6.75



April Showers
Perfume—\$1.00,
\$2.50 and \$4.00
Face Powder—75c

April Showers Bath Tablets—
effervescent and delightfully fragrant; 24 tablets in glass jar—
\$1.00. Prices quoted apply to
U. S. A. only.

CHERAMY

NEW YORK

Oppium April Showers

A Boyd in a Gilded Cage



A proposal before the camera. A honeymoon on "location." That was the romance of Bill Boyd and Elinor Faire



By
Dorothy
Spensley



THE conversation had reached faces. And if you have any Hollywood breeding, you will immediately shut up and let the other fellow talk. That is, if he mentions faces first.

Bill had. And it sounded promising, so John and I abandoned ourselves to the salad and Bill's words were punctuated with the sound of lettuce being munched.

Now Bill, in case you don't know, is William Boyd, and John is John Miljan. And now the stage is set.

"I sat in De Mille's office before he made 'The Ten Commandments,'" said Bill, laying down his fork so that he would not be tempted to eat a morsel and spoil his articulation, "and listened to him argue for forty minutes over the long distance 'phone with Jesse Lasky in New York. De Mille wanted me to play the part that Richard Dix played in the picture, but Lasky said my face was too weak."

And that is where faces entered the conversation.

"Remember the scene in 'The Volga Boatman' where Varconi strikes my face with the riding crop? Well, we were all sitting in the projection room after the picture had been cut for the first time. This scene ran across the screen. De Mille turned to me and there was a quality of triumph in his voice. He said: 'See that face? That's the face that Lasky said was too weak.'"

That is Hollywood for you. That topsy-turvy business of personalities and souls we call the motion picture industry.



For seven years Bill Boyd was an extra in Cecil B. De Mille's pictures. The director starved him until he was ready to star him

Here is Bill Boyd, for instance, who has all of a sudden leaped into public favor. Where has he been all these years? you will say. Why haven't we seen more of him? He is young. He is clean. He is wholesome. He is different from these Latin lovers. He is the American youth. He is of good old Yankee stock.

And if I told you that you had seen Bill in every picture that De Mille had made for the last seven years you would laugh at me. You would say I was funning. It couldn't be. You would remember that face. The lean blondness of it. The blue eyes with the glint of humor. The bittersweet smile—half tender, half ironic.

He started with De Mille as an extra in "Why Change Your Wife?" and he has been everything, from butler to chauffeur to carpenter to bystander to the-voice-outside to star.

"One time they just used my feet. Hauled me downstairs in a close-up and ruined a pair of fifteen dollar shoes. Half of the salary I was getting then, too. I was in the De Mille stock company, making thirty dollars a week.

"That's one thing De Mille does. Starves you until he is ready to make an actor of you. I guess he wants to see if you really have the guts to stick," and that bittersweet smile flashed.

"There's been only one picture that De Mille made that I didn't work in. That was 'The Ten Commandments.' And in that De Mille offered me ten dollars a day to work in the mob. But I



Many lovely skins are marred through this one mistake

LOOK about you at the skins that are dry, rough, red and prematurely wrinkled, and in most cases you can attribute the unpleasant condition to lack of knowledge on one important subject.

The vital necessity for preserving the natural oil of the skin is a fact that many women do not know. They have learned the importance of keeping the pores thoroughly cleansed, open and active, yet by using cleansing agents that are too harsh they are unknowingly destroying this precious oil and preparing the way for disastrous results. Robbed of its protective oil, the skin becomes dry, cracked, rough and leather-like—a prey to many of the more serious forms of skin disorder.

Resinol Soap should be used by every woman who values her complexion because it meets all the requirements of skin cleansing. Its soft, luxuriant lather most thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores—you can really *feel* it clean—yet its action is so gentle, the delicate oil is preserved and the skin remains soft and supple. It has a distinctive fragrance—it is healing, soothing, and at the same time stimulating—all of which is possible only because of the Resinol properties it contains.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap because in addition to being widely used for rashes, chafing and more serious skin disorders, thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away occasional blemishes. Resinol products are sold by all druggists.

Would you like to try Resinol Soap and Ointment FREE?

Then mail this coupon today

Dept. H-10, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, free, a trial size package of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

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

told him I couldn't. I was getting thirty-five dollars a day and couldn't cut my salary even to work in his picture.

But he stayed with him, as somehow all of De Mille's people do. It seems to be sort of a clan—that De Mille band of picture-makers. They go to De Mille to remain, a small, loyal band of workers. His writers, his scenarists, his publicity people, his actors and actresses. Bill stayed, doggedly persistent, perhaps, but nevertheless he stayed, and De Mille made an actor of him.

BUT here I err. Bill insists he is not an actor. John insists he, also, is not an actor. And over the salad-pained glances are exchanged. Surely to tell a person he is an actor is no insult. But Bill disagrees. They both disagree with me. They are not actors.

"Anyone can be an actor"; Bill assumes the cudgel for both of them and the humorous blue eyes are grey in seriousness. "Give a man a dagger and tell him the scene says he is to kill a man. He will enact it, mechanically. He is an actor. Dress the same man up like a hot water bottle—like anything—and he is a character actor.

"But give a man with brains a knife and say, in this scene you are to kill this man, and your man with brains will immediately visualize the scene. He hates this man he is to kill. He has been wronged. There is nobody on earth that he hates more. He wants to make him suffer. He wants to see him die. He must be killed.

"You see? He lives the scene. He does not merely act it. It is part of his life. It is his crime. But it is not acting."

Back on the set—on the Chinese set for "The Yankee Clipper" in which Bill and John are working—Rupert Julian made the same fatal error. Julian is the director, you know.

"Bill is a very great actor," said Julian, tilting back in his chair and beaming. But he rectified the error by continuing, "He is a great actor because he doesn't act."

And that saved the situation. Directors never are. "Bill is a regular fellow. One of the finest I have met in my fourteen years of directing." (I hope the figures are right.)

"Yes, a real fellow," Julian mused. And then, "You should have seen him the day Elinor climbed the rigging on the ship. Worried to death, but Elinor would have no double. She reached the top and called down:

"'Thrill Boyd!' Not 'Bill,' mind you, but 'Thrill.'"

"And he answered, 'Yes, Sex Appeal!'"

"It was their honeymoon. They were married last December after they met during the filming of 'The Volga Boatman.' This cruise for 'The Yankee Clipper' was really their honeymoon. They were great. Didn't mind the hardships and the corned beef and cabbage at all."

Bill told me about the romance. How he met Elinor Faire when De Mille introduced them as the leading characters in "The Volga Boatman." How the romance grew. How he discovered he loved Elinor in that scene where he is ordered by the Reds to kill the *Princess Vera*. Later, how he used a convenient title in the picture for his proposal . . . the one where he speaks as he is about to die by the firing squad. Their romance is a real romance of Hollywood.

"I am worried about Elinor," as he moved toward the camera to watch her in a scene. "Colds are nasty things . . . they strike the lungs too quickly." He stood watching Elinor, unconcealed pride in his eyes, as she went through her scene with the slow-moving grace of a plumed fan. She was in pink—the radiant pink of a period gown. All ruffles and tulle and hoopskirts.

"They are very happy—those Boyds," Goldie, late of Italy, had said on the way to the studio. "I bring them from the dock the other day when they return from location and they laugh and glee just like kids. Ver-ry happy," and he smiled, half wistfully, as if privileged to share a bit of their joy.

THEN Bill told me about himself. How he was born in Cambridge, Ohio, and educated in Tulsa, Oklahoma. How he left high school and set out for California. San Diego was his destination. One hundred miles from San Diego his funds gave out. He was left in Orange, California, with thirty cents. He went to work in an orange packing house. From the packing house he became a grocery clerk, an automobile salesman, an oil driller. Finally a motion picture extra. Then De Mille.

Bill grinned: "They'll have me in 'King of Kings,' too. I don't know what I'll do. But just you see. Been in every De Mille picture, except 'The Ten Commandments.' It's sort of a habit.

"But it's a habit that I like."



Too young to marry! Ena Gregory wants to marry her director, Al Rogell. But Ena's mamma says that she's too young to marry. Ena is only twenty, and she must wait a year. Al says that it's all right with him. Anyway, there is no harm getting a little practice for the wedding photographs

UNKNOWN BEAUTY

Many lands can boast their beauties of the stage and screen—but in America lovely ladies flower like the unknown blossoms of the fields. And, in this land of charm—there is TRE-JUR, a little group of toiletaries in quality, outstanding—in value, unequalled—dedicated wholly to enhancing loveliness.



"Little One",
50c



Face Powder, 50c



Tre-Jur Lipstick
50c

To make its acquaintance is to make a lifelong friend!



"Twin," \$1



"Thinnest"
Single \$1.00
Double \$1.50

*A new way
to make friends!*

Tre-Jur presents "The Little One"—a compact that sets a fresh record for Value. It's the handiest "single" yet devised—a two-inch silver-toned case, graceful, slender and lovely.

An ample supply of powder—and such powder . . . exquisitely soft and friendly to the finest skin. You'll love its secret fragrance, for lovelier scent was never known.

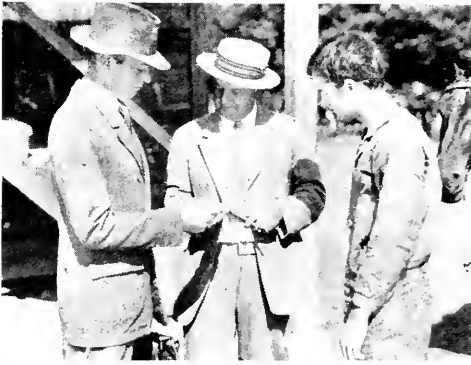
Not only is "The Little One" the handiest compact in Christendom . . . it is also the greatest value of them all. To see it, you'd never guess the price was 50c (with

refills at but 35c). It's Tre-Jur's finest contribution to true economy in toiletaries.

"The Little One" plays hostess to Tre-Jur's Stars in compacts. There's the *Thinnest* (\$1.) more slender than any compact known. The *Purse Size Twin* (\$1.)—a double compact for double duty. There's the *Triple* (powder, lipstick and rouge at \$1.25). Each a messenger of Quality—each a pledge of Money's Most.

If not sold nearby, any Tre-Jur item will be forwarded by mail, upon receipt of price. A generous sample of Tre-Jur Face Powder sent for 10c—stamps or coin. HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, Inc., 19 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

TRE-JUR



Hill-Billy Drama

Karl Brown took
a Camera to the Carolina
Mountains and brought
back a Folk Story

Wherever films are made, contracts are written. Forrest James, mountainboy, signs up with Mr. Brown and Captain Paul Wing for the rôle of hero. It was more fun than doin' chores for pa



Helen Mundy, a North Carolina beauty, plays the leading rôle in "Stark Love." Paramount officials pronounced the film a remarkable achievement. It will be released soon

Using portable lights, Mr. Brown filmed this scene in a native cabin with mountaineers as his only actors. The picture is called "Stark Love"



Presenting the **NEW** cosmetic masterpiece—



An entirely new kind of lipstick



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
—internationally famous beauty-scientist—noted for her Valaze creations and youth-restoring treatments and preparations.

Three Steps to Beauty

A trio which cleanses, clears and tones the skin—the basic home treatment for every complexion.

1. Cleanse and Mold.

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—the basis of beauty—removes all hidden particles of dust and soil—molds away the "tired look" about eyes and forehead. Leaves the skin immaculately clean, soothed and protected. This wonder cream is unsurpassed for all normal skins; at the same time it is the only cleansing cream which positively benefits an oily, pimpled or acne blemished skin. An excellent make-up base. 1.00, 2.00, 3.50

2. Clear and Whiten.

VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOAM—the skin clearing masterpiece. Purifies, bleaches freckles, tan and sallowness, promotes skin health by stimulating and regulating the activity of the cells. Splendid for daily use to keep or restore the clearness, softness and elasticity of the skin. 1.00, 2.50, 4.00

3. Tone and Brace.

VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION. Closes pores, keeps tissues firm, erases and prevents fine lines; a cooling, soothing, liquid day cleanser to which the skin responds rapidly. 1.25, 2.50, 5.00

Ideal Finishing Touches

VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREAM—flatters, protects, keeps make-up doubly adherent. 1.00

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VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE—new, youthful—the most flattering shade for blondes. A becoming evening shade for every woman. Compact 1.00, Rouge-en-Creme 1.00, 2.00, 5.00

VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES—for the woman who prefers a subtle, natural tone. Compact 1.00

PERSIAN EYE BLACK (MASCARA)—gives effect of luxuriant growth, stays on, does not make lashes brittle. 1.00, 1.50

VALAZE EYELASH GROWER and DARKENER—promotes the growth of thick, silky lashes and darkens them. 1.00, 1.50

Cupidshow

THE SELF-SHAPING LIPSTICK
Created by HELENA RUBINSTEIN

*A lipstick that forms a perfect cupidshow as you apply it!
—that ends fussing and shaping and reshaping and smudging!
—a lipstick in the new shades that are now taking Paris by storm.*

PERFECTLY CURVED LIPS WITH PROFESSIONAL DEFTNESS

"Feminine lips should resemble as closely as possible a cupid's bow." To this, painters, poets and authorities on beauty the world over, agree.

The new Cupidshow, created by Helena Rubinstein, assures you this greatly desired and much admired effect instantly! *The veriest amateur at make-up gets the professional touch at once.*

Cupidshow stays on . . . scientifically safeguards even the most delicate skin . . . is simple to use and molds itself to the individuality of the lips in exquisite curves.

Made in two typically Parisian tones —Red Raspberry (medium) rich and becoming to every type, Red Geranium (light) vivacious, flattering to blondes and an evening shade for all.

This intriguing new lipstick can be had in containers of stunning Chinese Red with a band of gunmetal black — extremely fashionable in Paris and New York and so smart to

take from your bag in this day of exotic hues. For those who prefer them—silvered and golden casings, both also banded with black, are equally as handsome.



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Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

B. T., KANSAS CITY, MISS.—Dainty Lois Moran hails from Pittsburgh, Pa. When did she make her first appearance? Just a minute 'til I consult the stars—in 1900. Lois is now appearing with Lon Chaney in "The Road to Mandalay."

BILLIE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Another added to the list of Richard Dix's admirers. Richard was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1895. He has dark brown hair and eyes. So far, Richard has resisted taking the fatal step—how long he will continue remains to be seen.

G. J. B., BELOIT, WIS.—Thanks for your compliments. Shirley and May are not working at this writing. As soon as they are engaged again I'll let you know.

M. E., DETROIT, MICH.—I'm just the person to settle all arguments. And remember my decision is law. "Horse Peters played in "The Storm Breaker." Now who wins?

L. K. T., GREENSBURG, PA.—Whoa! Take it easy. There's no use in getting excited over Jack Mulhall. Hands off! He's married. You might know that these handsome Beau Brummels are not running around loose very long. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule—take my case for instance. Jack is thirty-four, his hair is dark brown and his eyes, blue. I'm going to tell his wife how attentive you are and how you haven't missed one of his pictures in nine years. She won't be angry.

"BERTHALDA," BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—Donald Keith is a bean-eater, born in Boston, Mass., Sept. 5, 1905. His first picture was "Secrets," with Norma Talmadge.

O. N., YAKIMA, WASH.—Fred Thomson was born April 28, 1890. He is married to Frances Marion, one of Hollywood's cleverest scenario writers. Address him at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PEGGY ANNE, OSWEGO, N. Y.—You're a nice patient girl. Most of my questioners want their queries answered immediately. And if a poor old fellow can't get to them at once, they threaten him with all sorts of dire things. Gloria and Pauline are not sisters. But they do look alike, don't they? Gloria was born in Chicago, March 27, 1868. Pauline Starke was born in Joplin, Mo., Jan. 10, 1901.

F. F. G., LENOX, MASS.—Yes, I think John Barrymore is wonderful, but I wouldn't dare say that he is the most wonderful actor on the screen. The Dix fans and the Gilbert admirers would make it hot for me. John is five feet, ten inches tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Blanche Oelrichs, who writes under the pen-name of Michael Strange. They have a little daughter. No, it isn't forbidden to show pictures when the star is dead. But audiences, as a rule, are unpleasantly affected by such pictures and the producers usually shelve them. Wallace Reid's comedies seem to be the exception, however, as there is a constant demand for more of them. Sure, write to John for his picture and send a quarter with your letter. And write me, again, too. You aren't required to send the quarter when you write to me.

F. M., HOUSTON, TEXAS.—So you got the photographs of the stars without sending the quarter! Well, my dear, that is your good luck. Some of the stars will do it; others won't. So to be on the safe side, we advise you to send the quarter. The cost of sending out the photographs is far in excess of the quarter and so some stars try to keep down the expense by asking the writer to send the cost of the postage. There you are! The quarter may not be necessary in every case, but it is a small courtesy.

M. M. M., PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—Fred Thomson entered pictures in January, 1920. Born April 28, 1890.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

Fashion's edict for the nails

—this lovely tinted lustre!

Surely, never before have nails been so important! The ordinary manicure is no longer enough. The nails must now have this *special finish*, this new gleaming loveliness.

Such is Fashion's edict! And eagerly the woman of *chic* is hastening to obey. Glazo, a wonderful liquid nail polish, has created a vogue that has spread to every corner of the modish world.

No more need of the old-time bothersome buffing that gives such a short-lived polish!

A quick brush of Glazo Liquid Polish across the nails, and at once they assume the most alluring lustre, the most bewitching, just-right tint!

This instant Glazo finish lasts for several days. It will not crack, peel, or turn an ugly brown. Make sure you get Glazo for this perfect, modish Gloss.

Comes with separate remover

Glazo gives you one more advantage—an advantage that you can get only with the absurdly priced imported polishes. It comes *complete* with separate remover. This remover not only insures best results, but saves the polish itself.

The next time you go out, ask your dealer for Glazo. 50c everywhere. The Glazo Company, 411 Blair Av., Cincinnati, Ohio

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GLAZO

Nails stay polished longer—no buffing necessary
Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream
It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy



Come now! This is carrying Art too far. Surely, even in clean California, there are simpler ways of acquiring a dirty face. However, here is Rockcliffe Fellowes giving Francis X. Bushman, Jr., a mud spray so that young Bushman may have a dirty face in a scene for "The Understanding Heart"

Another Tangee Beauty!



MISS JEAN KENIN

"Her color is either natural or Tangee" is what people are saying who have learned how hard it is to tell to which source a Natural Beauty owes her Natural beauty!

TANGEE

Tangee's astonishing property of changing color to blend with each type of complexion distinguishes it from other make-up—and likewise distinguishes the woman who uses it from those who envy her beauty. Lipstick, \$1; Crème Rouge, \$1; Rouge Compact, 75c; Face Powder in Peachblow, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, \$1.



Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY and Tangee NIGHT. These creams effectively improve the texture of the skin in a minimum of time and give the true basis for lovely color. \$1 each.

Dept. 89
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417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name _____ Address _____

"These folks has bought this heah medal," explained Mr. Wall as interpreter, "as a tokum of their esteem—"

"You said that once befo'," broke out Florian Slappey from the rear of the room. Ethiope flushed and hastened on.

"—An' the Sassyety craves to donate it to the two leadin' stars of Midnight which plays in this Monte Cristo film. An' so M'sieu is gwine give it to you-all. Welford an' Opus—" He paused, indicating that this was the moment for the donation of the gift.

As the Frenchman took the medal and stepped forward, the two male stars of Midnight rose from their chairs. Their eyes were gleaming with unalloyed delight and each took a step forward.

The Marsellian spoke a few words more. Then with a grandiloquent bow and a comprehensive flourish, he extended the box and its contents toward the pair of advancing actors.

Welford made a quick leap forward. But Opus, while not so quick, was heftily effective.

With a single motion of his powerful right arm, he shoved Welford Potts to one side. At the same instant his other hand went out and he took the medal from the grasp of the Frenchman. Immediately he removed the glittery thing from its bed of purple plush and alvined it pridefully to his breast.

From its new, capacious resting place, the golden bauble shimmered magnificently. The spectators burst into a thunder of applause. Opus bowed happily and commenced speaking: "Ethiope," he ordered, "will you kinly express to this white gemmun my gratitude fo' the honor he has deferred upon me. Tell him that wherever I goes Ise gwine remember Marselles an' boost it as a swell town. Tell him—"

Welford came reeling forward, hard outstretched. There was a piteous ring in his voice.

"Gimme that medal, Opus."

"Hush yo' mouf, Small Boy! Where at you git that gimme stuff?"

"It's just as much mine as it is your'n."

"I aint said it aint, has I? Co'se it's your'n. But I wears it."

"I craves to wear it also."

"Welford, you don't know nothin' an' you talks about it constant. There's one medal an' there's two of us. Aint but one can wear it, an' Ise him."

"Ethiope," wailed Mr. Potts, "ask them white folks caint I also wear it?"

Orifice R. Latimer, president of Midnight, strode forward. "Don't ask him nothin' of the sort, Ethiope. 'Taint decent fo' swell folks like him to know these two fellers is fightin' over his wonderful gif'. Just tell him that befo these fellers thank him from the bottom of their hearts an' that they never owned nothin' in their lives which they was prouder of."

Mr. Wall conveyed the message and the meeting terminated after a few more words had splashed around the room. The Frenchman was ushered to the door in state by President Latimer and Director J. Caesar Clump. They then turned to survey the scene on the rostrum.

Opus Randall was strutting proudly up and down the tiny stage admiring himself. The decoration scintillated from the lapel of his coat. It was a superb thing—a bauble to delight the heart of any colored person in the world. Opus turned so that the slanting rays of the afternoon sun struck the pointed, golden star as he polished it delicately with a silk handkerchief.

"Hot ziggy dam!" he ejaculated. "Think of me walkin' down Eighteenth street with this thing on! What folks is gwine say! They asks me where I got it, an' I 'splains that it was give to me in France fo' bein' the best actor—"

"'Taint your'n!" howled the irate Welford. "It's our'n!"

"Showdy it is," agreed Mr. Randall genially. "But I wears it."

"Not all the time."

"Foolishment what you talks with yo' mouf. Co'se I wears it all the time. Skinny li'l runt like I would git lost bechime this much joolry. I lets you look at it, an' I allows you to claim half. But what wearin' is done I does."

Mr. Potts was rendered inarticulate by his wrath. He choked and spluttered and moaned. But Florian Slappey—friend to Welford and instinctive enemy of Opus—flung around indignantly on President Latimer.

"Orifice," he raved, "you aint gwine stan' fo' that, is you?"

President Latimer frowned. "'Taint none of my business, Florian—no more than 'tis of your'n. I got a rule not to mix up in no fightin' an' quarrellin' which my actors does."

"But Orifice—"

"But me no buts! Tha's my rule an' I sticks to it. Co'se I will say that it seems Welford should wear it sometimes—"

"Seems like aint is!" growled Opus. "An' as fo' you, Mistuh Slappey—if you craves trouble then just trot right in. This is comes throu' tween me an' Mistuh Potts an' if any li'l two-by-fo', knock-kneed, skinny, no-count imitation of a mosquiter craves action out of Opus—"

Florian Slappey clenched his fists and started forward, the battle light blazing in his eyes. But he was restrained by a tearful and tense Welford.

"Leave him be, Florian. Leave that big hunk of tripe alone. I 'preciates what you is tryin' to do, but this aint yo' battle. It's mine an' Ise gwine fight it."

"Oh, you is?" boomed Opus. "An' when does you commence?"

Welford stepped close. His eyes were flashing fire.

"Does I wear our medal half of the time?"

"You don't wear no medal none of the time."

"What right has you got keepin' it?"

"I got the right that Lawyer Chew calls possession. He says tha's nine points of the law. Well, I got the possession, an' him what has got that has the right to wear the medal." Mr. Randall sneered openly. "Any time you is man enough to git this medal off me, Welford Potts, I gives you my word I aint gwine grab it back n'r neither kick because you is wearin' it an' I aint." He flexed his biceps. "All you got to do is git it!" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

Breaking Into the Movies

PHOTOPLAY sent Ruth Waterbury to Hollywood to discover what an unknown girl must go through to get into pictures today.

Alone and unaided, Miss Waterbury lived in Hollywood under an assumed name, posed as an extra girl, took her chances at the casting offices and—

But watch for her story beginning in the December number of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands November 15th.



You will not want to miss an installment of this remarkable story, reported without fear or favor.



Youth's Charm —

— a gleam of laughter
under lowered lids — a sigh — a
challenge — then a soft surrender —
Youth's Charm — elusive — airy — full
of contradictions — All youth's subtle
charm finds apt expression in
Fétiche — a rare perfume of Piver



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These five most favored odours are obtainable in Essence, Eau de Toilette, Eau Vegetale, Poudre de Riz, Twin Compacte, Poudre de Talc, Poudre à Sachet, Savon, Sels pour Bains (Bath Salts), Poudre de Toilette (Bath Powder), Crayon pour les Levres (Lip Stick).

At the better drug stores and toilet counters — to get acquainted, send the coupon.

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I am sending 25c for a "Get Acquainted" Package of Fétiche Perfume, Sachet, and Face Powder, in Basanee (Sun Tan) the new day-shade, and copy of "Three Centuries of Beauty Secrets." (A3)	

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THE STAR OF 1926-7



RENÉE ADORÉE

YOU liked her in
THE BIG PARADE
YOU loved her in
LA BOHEME
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B * L * A * R * N * E * Y

IN this ringside romance
THIS lovable star makes a
PICTURE you'll never forget!
SHE plays an Irish Lass who
IS forced to fight for Love . . .
EVEN her most ardent admirers find her
MORE appealingly human, more
ADORABLE than ever before!
YOU will thrill at Donn Byrne's story—you
WILL revel in every reel—you will
LOVE the winsome star who wins
HER battle with Fate!

Directed by
MARCEL DE SANO
adapted by
ALBERT LEWIN
from the story
"IN PRAISE OF
JAMES CARABINE"
by
DONN BYRNE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"



Allons! *The big parade of questions* I hope you win the big prize

A PRIZE worth winning is worth striving for—is it not so? For you I have chosen most desirable mementos of motion picture stars and I have made my questions *most difficult!*

For the lady who sends me the best answers to my questionnaire I have chosen as a reward a vanity case similar to one I myself carry. And the cleverest gentleman shall receive a cigarette case very much like John Gilbert's own. And I have fifty of my favorite photographs ready to autograph for the fifty "next best" contestants!

Allons! Here comes the Big Parade of Questions and here are my best wishes for your success.

Renée Adorée

Renée's six questions

- 1 In what pictures has Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro been co-starred?
- 2 Who is the original "Nell Brinkley Girl" and what is her latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture?
- 3 What is the title of the first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "western" and who is the featured player?
- 4 Where does Rodolphe first meet Mimi in "La Boheme"?
- 5 Whom do you regard as the greatest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director? Why? Answer this in less than 50 words.
- 6 What are the three famous Ibanez stories transferred to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer during the past year and who directed them? Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York. All answers must reach us by November 15th. Winners' names will be published in a latter issue of this magazine. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

No Ice Today

Red's in Pictures Now

By



Frederick
James
Smith

RED GRANGE has been made into a screen personality by a single picture. "Red" went to Hollywood just another newspaper headliner. "One Minute to Play" makes him a star to be reckoned with.

The story of the Galloping Ghost of the Illinois backfield is known to every boy of America. He earned his way through college, as well as through high school, by driving an ice wagon at \$18 a week. Through his uncanny ability to melt through the enemy's line, he became a football idol.

Motion pictures are a thing apart from the football field. The odds were against Grange. That he succeeded on the screen proves that his gridiron popularity was not wholly a thing of football science. The same personality that



"Red" Grange has been one of the few headline stars whose film appearance has not proved disappointing. "Red" has the smile that wins 'em. And don't forget he has a college education

made him stand out of all the scrapping young collegians of this country lifts him to a hit in his first film rôle.

Grange is surprised himself at "One Minute to Play." He is a shy, reticent sort of chap, for all his printer's ink glamour.

"I liked Hollywood," he says, "and I like pictures. Better than playing football, anyway. I want to tell folks out in Hollywood that I never said the things the newspapers printed about the town. You know, about the girls out there not being as nice or as peppy as the girls back home. I couldn't have said it, because I didn't meet anyone in Hollywood except three stars—Doug Fairbanks, Marion Davies and Harold Lloyd—and I liked them immensely. They're regular. I don't know anything about the Hollywood girls.

"I'm glad about 'One Minute to Play,' because I want to do more things in pictures. I'm surprised, though. Say, I don't know one thing about acting. I just followed what Sam Wood, the director, told me. Funny, isn't it? I thought there was a lot more to acting than that."

But Hollywood did one very unfootballish thing for

"Red" plays his love scenes with the ease of a matinee idol. The heroine of "One Minute to Play" is Mary McAllister. Remember her as a child star?



Use
Lemon Juice
for new
Hair Beauty

THE full gleaming beauty of your hair will be apparent if you use lemon juice in the rinse water after shampooing. The natural, harmless, mild fruit-acid of lemons cuts the curd formed by soap and water. Rinsing with plain water, no matter how often repeated, won't remove this curd.

Try this shampoo accessory next time you wash your hair. Know for yourself the lustrous cleanliness—the shimmering lights—and the “springy” quality that makes it easier to retain the curl or wave.

To get the best results, wash your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary wash-bowl of water (about 4 quarts), and rinse with this, following with rinse in plain water.

The lemon rinse is the one sure way to keep bobbed or long hair looking its best. One trial will convince you. Make that trial today.



Send coupon below for free book “Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic,” and learn other ways in which lemons enhance beauty.

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Los Angeles, California

Please send me free book “Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic,” telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring, and in beautifying the hair.

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Street
City
State.....

Grange. He gained ten pounds, and he had to go back to carrying ice in his home town, Wheaton, Ill., to get back to one hundred and eighty pounds.

To save you from worrying the Answer Man, I am going to append these facts about “Red,” whose real cognomen is Harold:

Despite his half Southern, half Middle Western drawl, he was born in Forksville,

and will not have the familiar football atmosphere to fall back upon.

Just before the football season started, Grange made a trip to New York. He arrived at the Pennsylvania station on a stormy night and tried to get a taxi. Finding that impossible, “Red” walked through the rain all the way to the Hotel Astor, trying every now and then to stop a taxi. But the New York chauff-

Are You Among the Winners?

In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands on or about December 10, you will find the complete announcements of the winners of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. Order your copy in advance, if you want to make certain of learning the results of this fascinating contest.

north of Williamsport, in Pennsylvania, in 1901. His folks moved to Wheaton, Ill., when he was five. His ancestry is wholly English. He is five feet, ten inches in height. His eyes are brown. His hair isn't exactly red, but it's reddish.

“Red” is going back to Hollywood in January, after the professional football season is over. He will make another picture, not a college story, under the direction of Sam Wood. This will be a real personality test, because he

feurs were oblivious to Grange, who had at last found something he couldn't stop.

Grange made a shy personal appearance with his film, spoke modestly at a newspaper luncheon, and then took the Century back to Aurora, Ill., to train with his football squad.

After the new year Hollywood will have to strengthen its defense if it wants to keep “Red” from crossing its goal line.

He's going to straight arm hokum!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

THE ICE FLOOD—Universal

IT'S the same old story of the timber lands. The hero tames the camp bully, learns who has been doing all the dirty work, and then saves the heroine from the ice jam. It's terrible. And so are the titles.

MARRIAGE LICENSE?—Fox

THE tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. The strong point in this picture is Alma Rubens' performance as the girl who marries an English peer. His family is horrified at the marriage, and after unjust accusa-

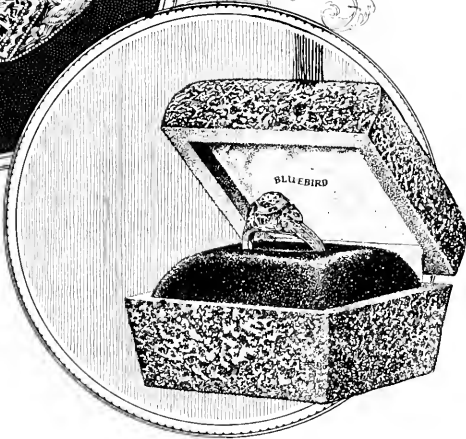
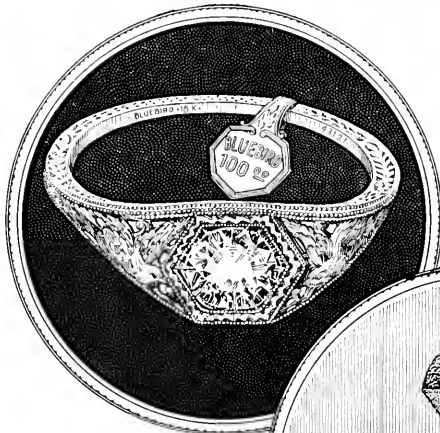
tions they secure a divorce for him. Years later she sacrifices her happiness for her son—who learns his father's identity—sniff, sniff! It's nothing to get excited about.

THE TEXAS STREAK—Universal

THE only Western this month, and fairly interesting. Hoot Gibson doubles for a movie star while on location. He loses his return railroad ticket to Hollywood, so he decides to strike for the best job in the little town. He succeeds, foils the villains and grabs unto himself a wife.



Do they look like brothers? Well, they are. Lon Chaney and his brother, George, a newspaper man, snapped between scenes of “Tell It to the Marines,” in which Lon plays a tough marine



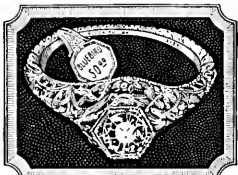
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GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

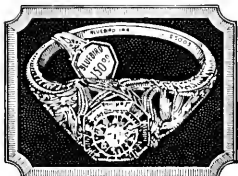
THE PRIDE of the donor in his gift and the joy of the recipient in its possession is twofold if the quality of the gift is beyond question.

The "Bluebird" mark, which appears in each ring, makes it doubly appreciated as a gift, because "Bluebird" means unquestioned quality. It means that it is guaranteed by both the maker and the retail jeweler. It is the trademark of diamond quality—the assurance of maximum value.

"Bluebird" Diamond Rings are priced to fit every purse—from \$50.00 to \$5000.00—but there is only one standard of quality. They are sold only by exclusive retail jewelers at nationally advertised prices. If your own jeweler cannot show "Bluebirds" send us his name and we'll forward an assortment to him for your inspection.



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**NEW
wonderful
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large pores**

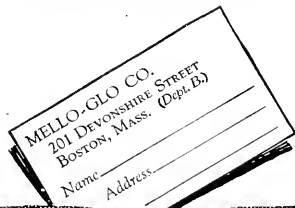
An entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy, film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

Don't let your pores get large

Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere.

If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo use the coupon below

Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or \$1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book.



Mello-glo
THE NEW FACE POWDER

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

may seem perfectly simple to you, if not written shortly, it sometimes becomes nothing short of a conundrum to the person who attempts reading it?

It is a good thing I am not a star myself, for looking over some of the letters they receive, it seems it would take a dollar, instead of a quarter, to make me want to send a photo. If you admire them so, the least you could do is write them decent letters. Think it over. If you play fair with them they are always willing to play fair with you.

HELEN MARGARET BRINKERHOFF.

A Poem for Dolores

Kinston, N. C.

Dolores Costello . . .
She is a silver night of moon and stars.
A night of velvety softness, yet strangely,
enchanteingly aloof;
A night of mingled clouds and brightness;
A night of cool, brilliant light upon shining
depthless waters;
A radiant, gorgeous night of deathless, softly
luminous beauty;
An exquisite night;
Dolores Costello . . .

SARA D. CHADWICK.

Pure Hollywood

So. Pasadena, Calif.

Why such a fuss over the morality of Hollywood? I am often in the town, and positively the entire place is asleep at ten o'clock.

The bad-boy bandits and doped highwaymen are not employed in pictures. With a nation's searchlight on the character of the actors, small wonder that scandal or malicious propaganda finds impetus.

I believe, on the whole, that it has—the movie community—a higher moral tone than the average, because everyone in it is vitally interested in their life's work.

And movie people are just as humanly interested in "conditions" as the rest of the world and have less to do with creating them than the would-be scoffer.

FRANCES WOODBURN.

Figure This Out

Petersburg, Ill.

"Stop, Look and Listen." all of you "Best People," "Dancing Mothers," "Bachelor Brides" and "Gold Hunters," who send a "Far Cry" full of "Blue Blazes" from "Fifth Avenue" and "Hogan's Alley" with a "Torrent" of criticism against the movies. "Just Suppose" we didn't have "The Big Parade" of pictures to soothe "Broken Hearts" and give us "A Palace of Pleasure." "For Heaven's Sake" "Don't" give them "My Old Dutch." I think the movies are "The Cat's Pajamas" and PHOTOPLAY is "The Only Thing."

GENEVIEVE BLANE.

Love!

Washington, D. C.

When you hear a wonderful old classic transformed into a blazing, bellowing jazz tune, you smile, but doesn't it make you feel that somehow it isn't quite right, a sort of sacrilege?

Years ago I saw a picture, "The Christian," and the rôle of John Storm was portrayed by a wonderful man, and in the man's eyes there was a certain glimmer outside of acting, a vigorous setting of jaw, almost a gritting of teeth, and he seemed to say that he must make them like him, he had worked, oh, so hard, they must like him! And did they like him? Yes, you bet they did! He was Richard Dix.

A few days ago I saw "Say It Again," and instead of laughing I cried, and, oh, how I hated those people who snickered and guffawed. But they didn't know, they didn't care, they came to be amused and they went away giggling. Why, oh why, won't they realize that he is a wonderful actor, and *not* a comedian?

What an outrage, such impudence, I say, making a comedian of Richard Dix!!!

ROSALIE LEE.

Lookit This!

Lansing, Mich.

Here are my images of my favorite stars: John Barrymore—the good keen blade. Madge Bellamy—a path of silver across a secluded lake.

William Collier, Jr.—raindrops shining in the sun.

Ronald Colman—that breathless hush before a storm.

Marion Davies—corn colored taffeta.

Reginald Denny—ice cold, sparkling ginger ale.

Richard Dix—a Diana roadster, tearing down a long, straight road.

Harrison Ford—"dusk and the stars are gleaming."

John Gilbert—flares on a railroad at night, standing out against the shadows.

Corinne Griffith—pineapple parfait.

Raymond Griffith—warm ginger bread.

Mac Murray—snow "diamonds" on frosty winter nights.

Anna O. Nilsson—a chest of new silver.

Norma Shearer—a snow capped peak in the distance.

Norma Talmadge—rose petals falling on a mahogany table top.

R. VEDA CHASE.

What About "The Big Parade"?

New York City.

With "Variety" the Germans have again brought to our attention the inferiority of our pictures.

To compare "The Last Laugh" or "Variety" from the standpoint of direction and photography with any American picture is as incongruous as to consider Elinor Glyn beside Dostoevsky.

Movies are an art medium and require artists, yet inartistic souls bend them to the needs of their pockets.

Even our films the hand of the artist is never evidenced—we see only commercialism.

The inartistic people in power are continually advancing the very feeble defense that the people cannot appreciate great pictures. This is an excellent index to the minds that produce our pictures. A great picture is a powerful picture and, like fine music, affects everyone. Only the more sensitive souls see how the effect was produced, but all feel the effect.

The materialists may satisfy themselves on this point by a survey of the box office receipts of the best pictures.

HASTINGS WHITE.

Desiring Pretty Ugliness

Eastbourne, Sussex, England.

Some of the stars have pluck, anyway, if they haven't got discretion. This craze for stark hideousness seems to be spreading, but woe betide the silly ones who dispense with their good looks in the name of art when they haven't anything else to fall back upon!

Lon Chaney is their model, but he has a special genius of acting quite apart from face or

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



No. 2—Lines and Wrinkles



No. 1—A Double Chin



No. 3—Flabby Muscles, Crepey Throat and Drooping Under Chin

Your Chin Line Reveals Your Age

How a drooping, double chin can be restored to youthful grace. How the telltale signs where age shows first can be erased

juvenation. Every one who tries her treatments and preparations acclaims her genius.

THOUSANDS of women are saying, "I look ten years younger—it is almost miraculous," after a few simple home treatments under the guidance of Dorothy Gray.

This remarkable person—famous on two continents for her discoveries in facial rejuvenation—now extends her services beyond the confines of her New York Salon on Fifth Avenue.

If you have a double chin, as shown in picture No. 1, you can banish it. If you merely have indications of its coming, you can prevent this handicap to beauty in a short time—at home—inexpensively.

Dorothy Gray's Double Chin Treatment comes in a single box—5 precious preparations—accompanied by the Dorothy Gray Patter and the Dorothy Gray Chin Strap. Each preparation is for a definite purpose. Each has an exclusive formula. Complete directions accompany the treatment.

If you wish to correct flabby muscles, crepey throat and drooping chin line, as shown in picture No. 3, Miss Gray offers another special treatment box containing 6 preparations, including her famous Circulation Ointment and the proper non-drying astringents and nourishing and tissue building skin foods. With this treatment is included the Dorothy Gray Patter and special directions.

If you have lines and wrinkles, as

shown in picture No. 2, Miss Gray offers a treatment box containing 5 special preparations with careful instructions.

These three treatments, as outlined, enable you to duplicate in your own home the treatments given at Miss Gray's famous Salon.

These are the three basic treatments for youth prolongation. Of course, Dorothy Gray has perfected other treatments—so whatever your facial or complexion problems, she can help you.

Now her complete treatments as well as her individual preparations are sold in the leading department and drug stores—or you may order direct. Formerly only a fortunate few could partake of her services in her New York Salon.

Now, wherever you live, you can duplicate her treatments in your own home—thanks to her plainly printed instructions.

You can erase years from your face, or—if you're so very young—you can prevent the first telltale signs of age.

Dorothy Gray's clientele has multiplied ten times over the last two years—a reward for her twelve years of service in specializing in facial re-

Diagnose yourself. What of your chin line? Does it reveal an unpleasant sign of premature age? What of lines and wrinkles? Have you flabby muscles and a crepey throat? There is a special Dorothy Gray treatment for remedying each condition.

These treatment boxes can be bought at all leading department and drug stores or you may order direct, via the convenient coupon below. Or you may visit any of her Salons and buy them at: New York (753 Fifth Avenue); Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk); San Francisco (The White House); or Washington, D.C. (1009 Connecticut Ave.).

Dorothy Gray's Double Chin Treatment includes her Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, Russian Astringent Cream, Orange Flower Skin Tonic and Russian Astringent, together with her Reducing Chin Strap and Patter.



DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- Please send me more information regarding your treatments.
- I enclose \$2.00 for which send me one box containing a treatment for reducing a double chin.
- I enclose \$5.85 for which send me one box containing a treatment for lines and wrinkles.
- I enclose \$11.65 for which send me one box containing a treatment for relaxed muscles, wrinkles, crepey throat and droop under the chin.

Name
 Street
 City State 69

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

VIVIAN, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—By request, I shall quote: "Mr. Menjou is the finest actor on the screen today and is the only one who can make my heart skip a beat. If you don't feel the same about him, why, you had better just keep quiet when I'm around." There you are! Is everything peaceful between us now? Mr. Menjou was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on February 18, 1891. He has dark brown hair and blue eyes and he weighs 155 pounds. Let me see, now! Oh, yes, he is five feet, ten and one-half inches high. Address him at the Paramount Studios, Long Island City, N. Y.

TEDDY, BROCKTON, MASS.—Welcome to our family. Address Aileen Pringle, John Gilbert and Norma Shearer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Richard Tallmadge at the F. B. O. Studios, All in Hollywood, Calif. Do you mean Richard Barthelmess? Richard and Mary Hay are not divorced; just separated. There's a difference, you know.

ROSE, HONOLULU, T. H.—Bebe Daniels is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. And I like her myself, so I guess she ought to feel flattered. Bebe is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has black hair and dark brown eyes.

FULLER'S GIRL, N. WARREN, PA.—That's a new one, naming your gym team the "Strong-hearts." And all that praise just for a dog! Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6th, 1890. He was educated at Our Lady of Guadalupe College. Entered pictures in 1917. Ramon is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes. Not married. As for telling you the author of the captions under the rotogravure pictures, the author begs to remain anonymous.

PEGGY.—Well, I don't know whether you'd say Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay are separated for good or not, but they certainly are separated. Marion Davies is not married.

GWENDOLYN, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.—No, Betty Bronson didn't go to your school. She attended the East Orange High School. Lila Lee's mail should be addressed to the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

B. E. G., DETROIT, MICH.—I am glad to hear that you don't give up the old loves for the new. So you still remain loyal to Our Mary? That's right. Eleanor Boardman recently was married to King Vidor, the director. Norma Shearer is one of the most popular girls on the coast. Norma has a number of beaux and I think it will be some time before she narrows her choice to THE ONE. Eleanor Boardman hails from Philadelphia and Norma is an importation from Canada. And your male choice falls to the lot of Ben Lyon—you know how to pick 'em. Ben was born in Atlanta, Ga. Ben is very cagy in handling out information about his loves. But as soon as I find out I'll let you know. I hope you are feeling better when you read this. The best of health to you!

D. S. K., MONTREAL, CANADA.—You're on the right track. Walter Pidgeon was born in Canada. He was recruited from the legitimate stage, having played with Elsie Janis in "Puzzles of 1925." I met him just before he left for the coast. I shall never forget him. It was at a tea that Constance Bennett gave, and Walter was doing everything possible to make the guests feel at home. And I'm telling you he was the most popular fellow present. Then to cap the climax Walter sang "The Rosary," and I am sure if all the fair ladies ever heard him sing, his fan mail would jump into thousands by the day. Since going to the coast he has appeared in "Mannequin" and "The Outsider." He has just signed a contract with Joseph Schenck to play opposite Connie Tallmadge. And I don't think it will be long before he is one of the most popular boys on the screen. Theodore Roberts first saw daylight in San Francisco, Cal. That was on Oct. 6, 1861. You may write him at the Lasky Studio.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 156]



BOBBIE PINS

BOB, BEHAVE

!

Your bob *must* behave when it's held in place by Bobbie Pins.

Out of sight, out of mind. Merely separate the ends of the pin and insert the hair as you want it to stay. Can't slip — Bobbie Pins stay put! Won't tear hair because the ends meet.

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Black, Bronze,
Gold and Silver.**

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MARCUS-LESOINE INC.
130 Turk Street, San Francisco

BOBBIE PINS

*"Keep your bob
at its best"*



Erich did this for the wife and kiddie. Between scenes of "The Wedding March," which Von Stroheim is now in process of filming. Mrs. Von Stroheim and Von, Jr., show a distinct interest in the proceedings

CHOOSE YOUR PIANO AS THE ARTISTS DO

WHEN friends drop in—the Baldwin Welte-Mignon* Reproducing Piano, with its wide variety of artists' recordings, at once becomes the Life of the Party.

Songs, dances, hits from the latest Broadway Revue are played for your guests with the irresistible rhythm of the Master Pianists.

At any time, on any day, the Baldwin Welte-Mignon* Reproducing Piano stands ready to make *your* home the rendezvous and *your* parties a success.

The Baldwin Dealer in your city will be very glad, indeed, to give you a demonstration.

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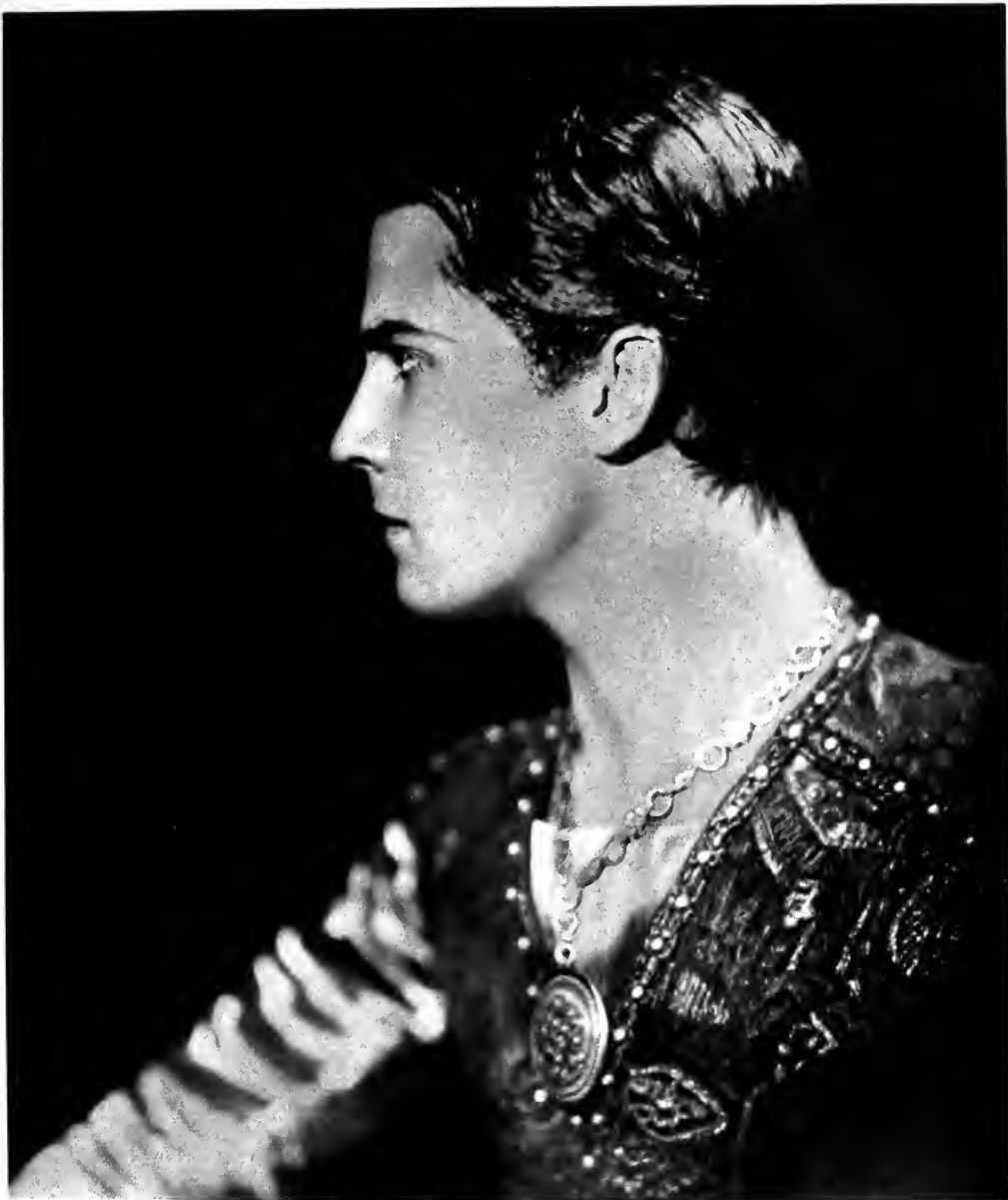
Baldwin

Welte-Mignon

REPRODUCING PIANO



AILEEN PRINGLE wrote on the back of this picture: "Don't you think I look a little too hard-boiled for 'my public'?" No, no, Aileen, because your public knows you are not really hard-boiled. It's easy to see that you are merely posing in a chic, new Paris fashion. And, being an artist, you live your part even in a fashion picture. Hard-boiled, Aileen? You could no more be hard-boiled than you could be upstage.



*R*AMON NOVARRO as the adventurous young hero BEN HUR, in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle of that name.

Writing of Ben Hur Perfume, this great romantic actor says: "Perfume is not for men, but we must admit its seductive sway when combined with the beauty of women. Women have praise for Ben Hur Perfume, as it seems to distill the romance which its name so long has typified."

Ramon Novarro.



CARMEL MYERS, as IRAS, the beautiful Egyptian enchantress, in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wonder spectacle, *Ben Hur*



MAY McAVOY in the appealing role of ESTHER, and RAMON NOVARRO as the spirited young hero of *BEN HUR*

"Ben Hur Perfume seems to distill Romance", says Screen Idol

RAMON NOVARRO, young, gifted, handsome as a prince, idolized by his public, has a fastidious appreciation of all that goes to make a woman charming.

"We must admit the seductive sway of perfume when combined with the beauty of woman," he says. "Ben Hur Perfume . . . seems to distill the romance which its name so long has typified."

The two beautiful women stars who play opposite Ramon Novarro in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen triumph, *Ben Hur*, are equally enthusiastic about the delicate yet individual quality of *Ben Hur* Perfume.

"I have found nothing in perfumes more delightful than *Ben Hur*," declares May McAvoy, the lovely Esther of the play.

It is "so exquisite, so different, so distinctive," says Carmel Myers, who impersonates the beautiful Egyptian princess Iras.

Ben Hur Perfume gives a touch of lingering mystery—of subtle charm to the smart

woman's toilet. It adds the final note to the perfection of her grooming.

Gift packages of *Ben Hur*, handsome within and without, reflect the latest designs and colorings, \$1.00 to \$10.00. They make beautiful gifts for Christmas and other occasions, too. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in purse bottles, flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

You may buy these delightful *Ben Hur* acces-

sories for the toilette at leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of department stores.

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes for Christmas this year.

If you'd like to try *Ben Hur* Perfume and enjoy its seductive fragrance, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BEN HUR POWDER, a clinging, satin-soft face powder in white, flesh and brunette shades

BEN HUR PERFUME—"exquisite, different, distinctive"—in a dainty satin-lined, confetti-covered box



BEN HUR JEWEL CASE (*Le Bijou*), containing a lovely silver-finished vanity case, of Renaissance design, and a bottle of delicious *Ben Hur* extract

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3860 Mission Road.

William Kraft directing "The Arizona Whirlwind" with Bill Cody.
Fred Bain directing "The Rambler Galoot" with Buddy Roosevelt.
Francis Ford directing "Sandrow," the police dog, in "Fangs of Alaska."

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave. Inactive.

CECIL B. DEMILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Alan Hale directing "Rubber Tires" with Bessie Love and Rod La Rocque.
Olaf Nils Christander directing "When the Gods Laugh" with Jetta Goudal and Henry B. Walthall.
Cecil B. De Mille directing "The King of Kings" with Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Cumming, Rudolph Schildkraut, Joseph Schildkraut, Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner, Theodore Kosloff, Bryant Washburn, Sally Hand and So-Jin.
Wm. de Mille completing "Nobody's Widow" with Leatrice Joy and Eugene O'Brien.
Wm. K. Howard directing "The Country Doctor" with Rudolph Schildkraut.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Gower Street.

Bob De Lacy directing "Red Hot Hoofs" with Tom Tyler, Dorothy Dunbar, Frankie Darro and Barney Furey.
Phil Rosen directing "Rose of the Tomcats" with Shirley Mason and Johnny Harnon.
David Kirkland directing "A Regular Sout" with Fred Thomson, T. Roy Barnes, Mary Carr, Olive Hasbrouck, Margaret Seddon and Wm. McKlin.
Del Andrews directing "Hi, Taxi" with George O'Hara and Doris Hill.
Eddie Dillon directing "They're Off" with Viola Dana.
J. P. McGowan directing "Tarzan and the Golden Lion" with James Pierce.

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, Burbank, Calif.

Production will soon start on "McFadden's Row of Flats" with Charles Murray and Chester Conklin.
Al Rogell directing "The Flame of the Border" with Ken Maynard.
Svend Gade directing "The Blonde Saint" with Doris Keayon and Lewis Stone.
Al Samnell directing "Orchids and Ermine" with Colleen Moore and Jack Muhlhall.
Production will soon start on "Here Y' Are, Brother," Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes will have the leads.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 1400 N. Western Ave.

Al Green directing "Is Zat So" with Virginia Valli.
F. W. Murnau directing "Sunrise" with Janet Gaynor, Margaret Livingston and George O'Brien.
Victor Seftinger directing "Mother to Daughter" with Alma Rubens.
Production will soon start on "Seventh Heaven," Frank Borzage will direct.
Raoul Walsh directing "The Monkey Talks" with Olive Borden and Jacques Lerner.

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Gang" working on comedies. Incidentally, "Aroma," "Farina's" little sister, is a new addition to "Our Gang."

LASKY STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Luther Reed directing "With Their Eyes Open" with Adolphe Menjou.
Wm. Wellman completing "Wings" with Clara Bow, Chas. Rogers, Richard Arlen and "Gambutt" Smith.
Arthur Rossen directing "Stranded in Paris" with Gene Daniels and James Hall.
Rowland V. Lee directing "Barbed Wire" with Pola Negri.
Clarence Badger directing "It" with Clara Bow.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Alice Day, Ben Turpin, Ruth Hatt, Raymond McKee, Mary Ann Jackson, Madeline Hurbee, Billy Bevan, Thelma Hill, Vernon Dent, Danny O'Shea, Barney Hellum, Jerry Zier, and Alma Bennett—all working on two-reelers.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIOS, 1845 Glendale Blvd.

Marshall Neilan directing "Everybody's Acting" with Betty Bronson.

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

Edward Sedgwick directing "Slide, Kelly, Slide" with William Hames.
Production will soon start on "The Mad World," Edmund Goulding will direct.
Cliff Smith directing "The Desert Toll" with Frankie McDonald, Kathleen Key and Anna May Wong.
Production will soon start on "Spring Fever," Cast not yet named.
Production will soon start on "The Cossack" with John Gilbert.
Production will soon start on "Rose-Marie," Hence Adore will play the lead.
Tod Browning directing "Alonzo, the Armless" with Lon Chaney.
Production will soon start on "Anna Karenina" with Lillian Gish.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Ave.

Scott Sydney directing "No Control" with Phyllis Haver and Harrison Ford.
Donald Crisp directing "Mousetrap" with Marie Prevost.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 5360 Melrose Ave.

Henry Oleott directing "The White Black Sheep" with Richard Barthelmess and Patsy Ruth Miller.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Alan Crosland directing "Francois Villon" with John Barrymore and Marceline Day.
Edwin Carewe directing "Resurrection" with Dolores del Rio and Rita Carewe.
Fred Niblo directing "Camille" with Norma Talmdage.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Calif.

Lynn Reynolds directing "The Red-Headed Husband" with Hoot Gibson.
Edward Laemmle directing "Held by the Law" with Marguerite de La Motte.
Mel Brown directing "The Four Flushers" with Reginald Denny.
Edward Sloman completing "The Bargain Bride" with Mary Philbin.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO, 5841 Melrose Ave.

Walter Morosco directing "While London Sleeps" with Rin-Tin-Tin, Helene Costello and Walter Miller.
Chas. Reisner directing "The Missing Link" with Syd Chaplin.
Michael Curtis directing "The Third Degree" with Dolores Costello.
Herman Raymaker directing "The Brute" with Monte Blue.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 807 East 175th Street, New York City.

Howard Hieges directing "Not Herbert" with Ben Lyon.
Lothar Mendes directing "The Song of the Dragon" with Dorothy Mackall.
Production will soon start on "The Butler and Egg Man" with Ben Lyon.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 2nd Ave. and 127th St., N. Y. C.

Albert Perker directing "Eyes of Truth" with Gloria Swanson and John Boles.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 10th Ave. and 55th St., N. Y. C.

Irving Cummings directing "Hertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" with Madge Bellamy.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and 6th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Wm. Beaumont directing "The Canadian" with Thomas Meighan, Mona Palmer, Dale Fuller and Billy Butts.
Luther Reed completing "New York" with Lois Wilson, Ricardo Cortez, Mary Alden and Lya de Putti.
Production has started on "Cheer Up, Charlotte" with Margaret Quimby.
D. W. Griffith directing "The White Slave" with Richard Dix, Carol Dempster and George Bancroft.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 332 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

George Walsh will start work on "Striving for Fortune."

ABROAD

BERLIN

Emil Jennings working on "Emil, the Sailor."

AFRICA

Rees Ingram will soon start work on "The Garden of Allah" with Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro.

LONDON

Production will soon start on "Madame Pompadour" with Dorothy Gish.

CHANGE IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL

"The Knickerbocker Kid" with Johnny Hines has been changed to "Stepping Along."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

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, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

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No. 9523 Helbros "Supers" \$30. Fifteen jewels. 14k. solid white gold, three-piece case. Other styles in this series range from \$36 to \$63



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No. 9556 Helbros. \$133. Fifteen jewels. Three-piece case of 14k. solid white gold. Set with four diamonds and six French-cut synthetic sapphires. Other same set \$135 to \$294



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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124]

body. He can make a soul shine through a warped body. His *Quasimodo* was as pathetic and touching as it was hideous.

John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast" makes himself ugly, but he never loses his magnetism.

The women stars are less lucky. The only two who could come through such a test are Norma Talmadge and Pola Negri. Gloria Swanson can't. In "The Coast of Folly," where she made herself look needlessly old and hideous, her acting was nothing but a series of face contortions. My face muscles ached. Mary Philbin was quite swamped by her ugliness in "Stella Maris." She was a ghastly monstrosity without a spark of loveliness in her.

Let's have artistic ugliness, but not just—ugliness!

MISS P. FERGUSON.

Boatmen versus Roses

Salt Lake City, Utah.

The "Volga Boatman"! A beautiful picture. Mr. De Mille idolized the Bolsheviks, with their demoralization of social life, but the horrible realities of the Russian Revolution are forgotten for a time, while we sit entranced with this stirring romance.

The acting of William Boyd and Julia Faye was a delight. Never has Miss Faye been so happily cast. Kosloff was perfect, as always! The most haunting memory of the play is the "Boatman's Song"; the action was wonderfully timed to the lilt of it and carrying the whole audience along on the wave of that strange, sad melody. I have seen but one other picture with this mesmeric influence of music—that was "The Merry-Go-Round." To this day I never hear a strain of that air without a touch of heartbreak.

The worst picture I have seen is "Rose of the World." Warner's program pictures get

poorer and more silly. I don't care for Patsy Ruth Miller anyway, and to see her going through that "he loves me, he loves me not" stuff, with the daisy, made me wonder if, after all, she had gone into burlesque comedy. The first part of this picture might have been written by a ten-year-old, the latter by some one mentally ill. I felt very sorry for splendid Alex Francis, that wonderful old man whom we all hold so dear; he surely must have hated his part.

The whole picture was absurd.

MABEL Y. SANBORN.

Posies and Rocks

Los Angeles, Calif.

My first bouquet goes to Eleanor Boardman. When will M-G-M give her her big opportunity? When will they realize that she is a better actress than Norma Shearer, and just as distinctly individual a personality? She needs good rôles and good photography such as Miss Shearer has been receiving. Comparisons are odious, and I like Norma, but it's time Eleanor was rewarded for her consistently excellent acting.

The second bouquet is Conrad Nagel's. Such versatility of expression as is his, with each expression funnier than the one before! Reginald Denny will have to watch out! Conrad passed him down the line. "Excuse Me" made me Conrad's champion. "Dance Madness" completely converted me.

One brickbat each—to Famous Players-Lasky for their dull production, "Volcano," to Renee Adoree for accepting such negligible rôles as those in "La Boheme" and "The Exquisite Sinner," and to Lillian Gish for her acting in general.

The third bouquet? For PHOTOPLAY, of course.

LAUREL BRINKERHOFF.



Jack Conway, the director, wins one of the F. F. F.'s—meaning First Families of the Films. He met Virginia Bushman, daughter of Francis X., when she was playing in "Brown of Harvard." Conway asked for permission to direct her for the rest of his life. And Virginia said, "Yes"

Thank You

Bismarck, N. Dak.

A bouquet for PHOTOPLAY. Congratulations on the most complete guide to motion pictures published. Your magazine contains everything that a fan could ask for.

Another bouquet for Milton Sills. In "The Sea Hawk" he thrilled you, but in "Puppets" he plays upon your emotions. He is truly the greatest of stars in a great star part. Milton Sills in the most dramatic rôle of his career seems to "put across" better than any other star could that which fills the hearts of the audience with pity and sympathy. Place him upon the throne of moviedom and crown him king.

Now comes my brickbat. Duck your head, Barthelmess, for it is aimed at you. Where, I ask you, is our Dick—our Dick of "Tol'able David" fame? Is he gone forever? I hope not.

RONALD MACINTYRE.

Praising Mr. Hughes

Middleton, New York.

Lloyd Hughes brings us one great pleasure of young Americans—college life!

Lloyd Hughes is one of the ten handsomest men of the screen.

Lloyd Hughes is not a so-called "Sheik."

Lloyd Hughes is handsomer than Richard Dix.

No one could play next to Colleen Moore better than Lloyd Hughes does.

Lloyd Hughes would become famous if he were allowed to act better parts on the screen.

Lloyd Hughes is just as much a typical American as Richard Dix.

JACK PERRINE.

A Rich Lady

New York City.

Whether a queen or a lost lady, the soft womanly personality of Irene Rich blends sensitively with the portrayals she essays. Her presence imparts a radiance to the composition of a scene. She moves with a grace and patrician charm that befits the distinction of her surroundings.

There is an elusive exquisiteness in her expression. Her nuances reflect an emotional depth, a warmth of inspired understanding for her rôles. With her deft sentience for character interpretation, she affects a keen variation of moods; happiness or sorrow is expressed in the bright appeal of her eyes, in the quiver of her lips, in the delicate movement of her hands.

The personal attractiveness of Irene Rich lies in the glad charm of her. There is none of the extravagance of genius in her gestures. Her portrayals reflect the vividness of girlhood in a being of cultured dignity and kindly sophistication.

THEODORE A. BAXT.

A Whole Set of Ideas

Springfield, Mass.

I wish that if Corinne Griffith has a pain in her neck that she would put some Sloane's Liniment on it. If she is just bored I really don't know what to advise her as I never have been as bored as she seems to be.

Ben Lyon is charming and my favorite actor, although I have to admit he can't act much. If he would forget his personal appearance and think more of his acting he would be excellent.

Betty Bronson is "cute," but is entirely too sophisticated. After seeing "Peter Pan" I was sure of her success, but after seeing later pictures I am not positive.

Elaine Hammerstein is the worst actress on the screen. I know that is putting it rather strongly, but I don't feel that she can act at all.

I cannot see too much of Reginald Denny. One actually feels refreshed after seeing him.

Why can't we have more of Alan Forest? He would make good if given a lively part.

EDITH HILDEBRANDT.



The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique therapeutic and prophylactic powers.

The Film Danger

To which authoritative dental opinion ascribes many tooth and gum disorders

To cultivate tooth clearness and firm healthy gums. This way of combating film on teeth is advised by many authorities

THAT many of the commoner tooth and gum troubles, and most cases of so-called "off-color" teeth, are due to a film that forms on teeth which ordinary brushing does not successfully combat, is the consensus of dental opinion.

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel this film—a slippery sort of coating. Film absorbs discolorations and thus makes teeth look dull and dingy. It breeds germs and bacteria and invites tartar, decay and pyorrhea. It is a menace to tooth and gum health that must be constantly combated.

Thus dental authorities now seriously urge that film be removed at least twice every day—in the morning and at bedtime. One can't expect glist-

ening teeth and proper gum protection unless this be done regularly.

To do so obtain Pepsodent—a special, film-removing dentifrice most dentists favor. It circles the film, then removes it and polishes the teeth to high lustre in gentle safety to enamel. It combats the acids of decay. It acts, too, to firm and harden the gums; thus meeting, in many ways, the requirements of modern dental findings.

Old-time dentifrices did not adequately fight film. That is why this modern protective way, as a twice a day habit in your home, and at least twice a year calls on your dentist, are being so widely advised today.

Accept Pepsodent test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go.

Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 825, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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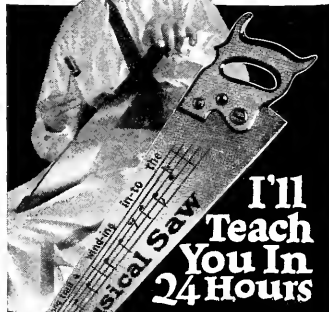
Address.....

Only one tube to a family

2272

Play a Saw

C. J. MUSSEHL,
Famous Musical
Saw Artist—has
taught thousands
successful artists,
Vaudeville stars
and motion picture
entertainers.



FREE!
5-Day-Trial
to Prove It

JUST to prove how quick and easy you can learn to play a saw, I'll send you a genuine, specially tempered Musical Saw for 5 days' trial. I guarantee that in 24 hours you can play tunes like "Old Black Joe" and "Home Sweet Home". Then you quickly learn latest jazz and song hits, operatic and classical music. Amazingly simple—no notes to read, no dreary practice. You don't need to know a thing about music.



Charles Guglielmi, booked to play music in Broadway (New York) motion picture theatre.



Robert S. Alter, broadcasting celebrity, has delighted audiences on six leading stations, including an appearance from WSN "Steamship VICTORIAN".



"Buddy" Gamble is giving his way around the world with the Musical Saw. Is now in Europe.

Phonograph Record

FREE!

Double-disc, demonstration-size Phonograph Record of beautiful saw solo and duet. Two beautiful selections, positively amazing to anyone who has never heard the Musical Saw and its sweet tone. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover handling and postage.

However, if you have already heard the Saw, and do not want the record, ask only for my big FREE TRIAL OFFER with which all my pupils have made their start to fame and money. No charge; sent postpaid. Simply mail me this ad with your name and address printed along the margin.

MUSSEHL & WESTPHAL
246 West Water St. Fort Atkinson, Wis.



Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

I GOT a good laugh when I heard this one. Hope you will too.

A party of screen celebrities, including Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Wally Beery, Lloyd Hughes, Doris Kenyon, Frank Lloyd, John McCormick and Dick Rowland, head of First National, had spent the week-end at Rainbow Lodge trout fishing.

On their way home they stopped at the historic Mission Inn at Riverside for an early dinner and Beery got the idea it would be a lot of sport to drop in and make a personal appearance at one of the picture theaters.

THE first theater they visited was running a Colleen Moore picture. Rowland introduced himself and his party and offered their services for a personal appearance.

The manager declined. His schedule was so close that he couldn't spare the time. It would force him to cut out one of his shows, he said.

Astounded and more than a little peeved, the party called at the rival theater and again made their offer.

"Sorry," said the manager, "but it's against the policy of the house to have personal appearances. The people in this town don't seem to care for 'em."

So Riverside never saw Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, Doris Kenyon, Wally Beery and Lloyd Hughes in person. The stars were willing, but the theater managers wouldn't have them at any price.

THIS bartering of souls. Buying and selling of flesh. It started centuries ago. It is still going on.

Now Warner Brothers have sold Lubitsch. Divided his flesh and blood and undimmed talent between Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Laskys. He will make one more picture for the former company and two pictures for the latter, thus fulfilling his Warner Brothers' contract

which called for three pictures for that company.

Their reason for selling Lubitsch is that in the future they plan to concentrate their efforts, so they say, exclusively on motion picture productions which will lend themselves to the synchronization method of the Vitaphone. This, because of the success of the Vitaphone at the recent New York opening of "Don Juan."

JAMES CRUZE has completed "Old Ironsides" and will start to work on a Raymond Griffith comedy. Cruze always has admired Griffith's work and wanted to have a little fling at a light comedy before starting on another spectacular production. "Old Ironsides" was probably the most arduous undertaking ever attempted by a director—"Ben Hur" excepted.

The Cruze special will be presented on Broadway this winter as will be D. W. Griffith's picture, "The Sorrows of Satan." D. W.'s picture is said to be a knock-out. And Famous Players-Lasky, intent on burning up New York's Main Street, will also schedule the German spectacle, "Metropolis," for a Winter run.

THERE was a bunch of pea-green Hollywood sailors off Point Conception near Santa Barbara while Skipper Rupert Julian was directing William Boyd and Elinor Fair in their latest sea-going picture. Pea-green and sick, for the sea was very rough. But that's what they wanted. "None of your placid Catalina Island swells for us. We want our weather rough—and plenty of it," said Julian when someone suggested using the location that Cruze used for "Old Ironsides."

John Miljan is in the cast of "The Yankee Clipper"—"it's not a barber picture!" John

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



They are all doing it. Hollywood never has had such a season of weddings and engagements. We always thought that Mary Astor would remain aloof from romance. But she has announced her engagement to Irving Ascher, a member of First National's production department. And, take it from Mary, she has never been so happy

Ann, eat your breakfast

HERE'S cream taken from a bottle, and breakfast food got out of a box. I haven't tasted them yet, but I'm not afraid to ask you to eat. And in the bathroom is new tooth-paste to use on your teeth. Here's medicine to take before you start off to school. . . . Don't forget to wash your hands—that's a fresh bar of soap—and maybe dust your face with powder. No, it won't hurt the skin. This list of things I've seen advertised—stop and give it to your father. He'll bring them home tonight. Some of them old, some of them new . . . but what a civilized thing! To buy on faith and use on faith and never be betrayed!

Read the advertisements. Their honesty is as clear as a mirror. You can believe in them as surely as you believe in yourself. You can follow their directions with utmost faith. You can use their products with confidence you'll want to use them again. Theirs are facts proved and accepted. Use their news.



*When guided by advertisements
you can buy with faith*



Let me help you get fit and stay fit

"Babe" Ruth

A YEAR ago I was all shot! You know what the papers said—"Babe Ruth is through."

But I wasn't through, fellows. It was just a matter of physical condition.

When the season opened this year I was right back on my toes. The boys opened their eyes at the way I walloped the old pill. They said I got around the bases faster than ever. They said "Babe" made a real come back.

Everybody wondered how I did it! My mail was jammed with letters asking me the secret.

Get Fit and Stay Fit

There's no secret about it! I did it with a system I worked out myself. I'd tried lots of others, but it took my own ideas to get me back in shape and keep me there.

And I'll tell you this—it will pull you out of the physical junk pile P. D. Q. and get you back in the game with a flashing eye, a springier step and a body full of pep and go.

If you're fat and flabby from sitting at a desk, my system will work wonders for you—take down that bulging waist—harden up those soft, pudgy muscles—put you in beautiful trim, inside and out.

If you're skinny and weak, my system will put on good, healthy flesh and muscle—broaden those narrow shoulders, build up that thin chest.

Makes you more successful

It just can't help being effective. Already, doctors—lawyers—business men—will tell you that.

Don't let yourself go to pot. Don't sit around and wish you were what you used to be. Get busy with my system and make yourself fit.

Send \$1 with coupon for my complete course

The "Babe" Ruth course only costs \$12 in all. \$1 with the coupon will bring it to you—with its simple, easily understood instructions and an autographed "Babe" Ruth hat with which to work. Then pay the remaining \$11 when the course is delivered to you.

Send for it now. Use it this winter—faithfully. See how it gives you the vigor and vim you need to go out and win.

Shoot the coupon along to me with \$1 registered mail or mail order. My course will come right back to you.

Babe Ruth's Health System (D)
1157 Broadway, New York City

Enclosed find \$1. Please ship me your complete course. I will pay the remaining \$11 on delivery.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Did you ever do this? Sure! Who hasn't? There is one of these self-made snapshots in every photograph album. Richard Dix and Esther Ralston play the old camera trick in a scene from Richard's new picture, "The Quarterback"

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

informed me. And so is Walter Long and Clarence Burton. Quite a formidable list of villains for big blond Bill to vanquish, it seems to me.

WHILE Will Rogers was playing in London (and, incidentally, appearing in films opposite Dorothy Gish) he was a guest of the American Club.

A dinner was given in Rogers' honor. The humorist made a speech in which he told a story, possibly suggested by the presence of Lord Dower, the whiskey magnate.

"We get whiskey over in the States in spite of prohibition," drawled Rogers. "However, we always test it. We stick an iron rod into the bottle. If the rod comes out rusty, we drink the stuff. If it comes out bent, we throw it away."

JUST a small idea of how much an impression of fleeting loveliness costs in motion pictures.

There's a scene in "The Wedding March" that takes place in the courtyard of an inn. The background is drowsy with the blossoms of many apple trees. Lights filtering through the curling pink blooms form dancing arabesques on the cobblestones. It is one of those romantic episodes in which the Viennese nobleman, portrayed by Von Stroheim, woos little Fay Wray in the springtime of the year.

Here's an idea of how much romance and beauty cost on the screen.

The blossoms, made by hand in Los Angeles, cost \$5,500. There were nearly half a million of them. It took eighty-seven laborers fourteen days to fasten them to the trees. And each of the eighty-seven laborers received five dollars a day.

The scenes were shot at night, which necessitated the use of a large number of generators to furnish electricity. The generators were used seventeen days at a cost of \$2,000 per day.

Nearly \$50,000 just to get the springtime and young love effect. And it doesn't include the

cost of the set—\$45,000—nor the money paid the extras—\$11,000—nor the salaries of the cast and the director.

IT was very fortunate that I happened to pay a formal call on the new First National Studios at Burbank the other day, for a really elegant party was in progress. I say elegant when I refer to speeches and introductions and a delicious luncheon. And what could be more elegant than these?

It happened that the officials of First National wanted to show their new two million dollar plant to their friends and also to take a peek at it themselves, now that it is completed, so Robert Lieber, the president, and Richard A. Rowland, the vice-president, and John McCormick, the general manager of West Coast production, assembled a few of their friends and followed M. C. Levee, general executive manager, who proved to be a jocular guide, around the seventy-five acres.

THEY can well be proud of the plant. It covers approximately seventy-five acres, has thirty buildings, including four of the largest enclosed stages in the world. There is a school-room for children working in pictures, a swimming pool, tennis courts, greenhouses, a restaurant, and other excellent advantages to make it a practically ideal studio.

Passing one of the sets we discovered Colleen Moore working in "Twinkletoes"—and a blond wig. She paused long enough to let us see that her eyes could twinkle as well as her pedal extremities. And then we went on to meet Lloyd Hughes, Mary Astor, Philo McCullough, Einar Hansen and a few other First National players.

It was a very nice party. And I'm glad I happened in on it.

ANNA Q. NILSSON is in Sweden visiting her relatives in the old home town, and Hollywood doesn't seem the same with Anna

One of the Evidences of Refinement

Q. gone. But she's entitled to the vacation, for this is her first trip to Sweden since she came over to seek her fortune many, many years ago. And with all her success, she's the same Anna Q. who won her first start up the ladder as an artists' model in New York. I know, for she used to pose for Frank Godwin, "who knew her when," and he told me so.

WALTER McGRIL may be one of Hollywood's busiest villains, screenically speaking, but he still has time to pick up a few jokes now and then. While he was villain-ing in "The Pelican" he stopped his dirty work long enough to tell this one to Frank Borzage. And I overheard, so you will get in on it:

One Goof had just returned from California and he met another Goof. The first Goof fell to discussing the misleading names of California towns and their equally misleading pronunciation.

"They've got a town just below the border that is spelled 'T-i-a-j-u-a-n-a.' Now how do you suppose they pronounce that?" queried the first Goof.

"I dunno," hurred the second Goof.

"Well, it sounds like 'Tee-a-wauna!'"

"You don't say!"

"Yeh. And they've got another place spelled 'Y-o-s-e-m-i-t-e.' Can you guess what that is?"

"I should say not."

"San Luis Obispo!" triumphed the first Goof.

ANTS have destroyed cities! A swarm of bees once routed an army! And only the other night a horde of moths put a picture company out of action.

Allan Hale was directing Vera Reynolds in "Risky Business" at the De Mille studios. The set was in the open, with powerful lights burning.

The first scene was scarcely shot when the first moths came, the vanguard of a horde that within five minutes blackened the air, settled upon everything by the thousands and routed actors and staff. Turning off the lights brought temporary relief, but the minute the lights were on again the moths returned.

So work was called off and everyone had a good night's sleep.

NOAH BEERY has been honored by his fellow members of The Maskers, a club which is to Hollywood actors what The Lambs is to those of New York. He was presented with a gold membership card in appreciation for having turned his beautiful San Fernando ranch and home over to the club for the annual Maskers outing.

NOAH BEERY, Mrs. Beery and their young son, Pidge, now live on a ranch in the San Fernando valley, not so far from Anna Q. Nilsson's beautiful little ranch, and of course they keep a few chickens.

Every evening it is Pidge Beery's chore to gather and bring in the eggs.

One evening his mother heard a terrible yowling in the vicinity of the hen house.

It was Pidge.

"What's the matter, son?" called Mrs. Beery.

"Oh, Mom, I've dropped the eggs and busted 'em," wailed Pidge.

"Did you break them all, Pidge?"

"No, Mom, only the shells."

Good taste and good health both demand sound teeth, a clean mouth and sweet breath.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way.

Wrigley's does its work by removing particles of food from between the teeth, by stimulating the flow of digestive juices, and by the antiseptic action of the flavoring extracts for which Wrigley's is famous—"The Flavor Lasts!"

It removes odors of dining or smoking from the breath.

These facts, so freely attested by doctors and dentists alike, are making the use of Wrigley's a thrice daily routine of people of refinement.

after every meal!



Comes to you
fresh and full-flavored
in its sanitary
sealed wax package





A Delightful Way to Footwear Charm



TO be chic and flattering to the costume, shoes must always look new and spick and span. Your smart kid, satin, patent leather, or suede slippers need the tender care of Cinderella Dressings.

The frequent use of Cinderella Dressings will renew and restore the original beauty of your shoes. Women of fashion and discrimination everywhere have long since learned the value of keeping shoes looking their best.

Sold by the
Better Stores Everywhere

Made by
EVERETT & BARRON COMPANY
Providence, R. I.



Restores Loveliness to Footwear



Miramar Brooch

Magnificent! This beautiful reproduction of a Watteau painting on GENUINE TRANSLUCENT CHINA is more gorgeous than a cameo. It is surrounded by forty-six fiery, twinkling Miramar Gems, giving it the splendor of diamonds and platinum. The painted figures in life like colors give it a delicate softened lustre which blends with the vagler diamond like rays of the Miramar Gems. Enhance your beauty today with this alluring, regal brooch, which is equipped with a safety catch preventing loss and comes to you in an exquisite presentation box. Give your postman only \$3.85. If you're not actually thrilled with its beauty send the brooch back for POSITIVE MONEY REFUND. GEM JEWELRY COMPANY
387 E. Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FAST on the heels of Valentino's death comes the report of the passing of Joe Moore, brother of the famous film trio, Tom, Matt and Owen. Joe was swimming off the shore from Santa Monica Canyon, near where Matt Moore has his beach home, when heart failure overtook him and he was drowned.

Although not connected with the acting end of the motion picture business, Joe had many friends in the colony who will mourn his passing.

RONALD COLMAN and Bill Powell arrived in Hollywood at the same time. Ronnie from Nevada, where he had been working in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," and Bill from New York and "Tin Gods." Forthwith Dick Barthelmess invited them to try his new yacht, with the result that Ronnie, Bill, Dick and Charles Lane, who is Ronnie's particular crony (he just finished playing a father rôle in "Barbara Worth"), sailed away on the briny deep.

visiting with her on the set that there were 3954 buttons on the costume—that she had counted them herself and knew. And Colleen would. She's just like that.

The set was a picturesque old Limehouse theater in which Colleen had to do a song and dance number before a large audience of extras. And, can you imagine?—this petite star had a very genuine attack of stage fright—pain in the pit of the stomach and all.

But Colleen is game, and judging from what I saw of her performance she could make a nice living on the stage any time.

COLLEEN decided to have a very novel fan party at the studio. Selecting twenty fan letters with local postmarks—letters which seemed to be from children—she invited them to the studio to see her work and to have tea with her.

On the appointed day they all showed up. Nineteen were between the ages of eleven and sixteen. The other was seventy-two.

Identification of Players on Pages 60 and 61

1. IRENE RICH in "The Honeymoon Express."
2. COLLEEN MOORE in "Twinkletoes."
3. RICARDO CORTEZ in "The Eagle of the Sea."
4. HARRISON FORD in "The Nervous Wreck"
5. MAY McAVOY in "The Fire Brigade."
6. LOUISE FAZENDA in "Ladies at Play."
7. RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "The White Black Sheep."

MARY HAY has gone West to visit her daughter and has announced her intention of occupying Richard Barthelmess' home in Beverly Hills. But there will be no reconciliation, as Richard immediately left for New York when he heard of Mary's impending arrival.

There were rumors, too, of romance between Mary and John Gilbert. But Mr. Gilbert is intensely interested in Beatrice Lillie, as everyone in Hollywood knows.

Dick has plenty of friends in Hollywood and it is going to complicate matters of hostesses when Mary arrives on the scene, even if Dick is not in town. Dick has been very much the bachelor for the past season and the new turn of events gives an unexpected twist to Hollywood's already complicated social life.

PATSY RUTH MILLER emphatically denies that she is engaged to Dick Barthelmess. And so does Dick. Why shouldn't they, when Dick still has a wife?

Apròpos of this latest rumor connecting the much engaged Patsy Ruth with wedding bells for the 'steenth, George Jessel is responsible for what strikes me as the prize line of the month delivered at a dinner just before he returned to New York.

"I am sorry that when I came out I couldn't wait and take advantage of the summer excursion rates of \$146, which provided for a round trip ticket to California with a stop-over at the Grand Canyon and an engagement to Patsy Ruth Miller."

COLLEEN MOORE wears the cutest little coster costume in her new picture, "Twinkletoes." It's covered with buttons, of course, and she confided to me while I was

All seemed to have a great time and enjoyed tea immensely. But Colleen noticed that none of them were eating the delicious cake served. Inquiry developed that her little guests were saving their cake for sou'weters. So Colleen ordered more cake—"eating cake" this time.

I'M mighty happy to tell you confidentially that Bill Hart, always a favorite of mine, is going to make more pictures, at least three. Bill has been idle since "Tumble Weed," but he is soon to start work on a series of three pictures for Feature Productions, the company which made the Valentino pictures and is now making the John Barrymore pictures. They will be for United Artists release. Hart is to have a salary and a cut on the profits.

ELINOR FAIRE was telling me of the sleepest person in the world. It was her colored maid whom she has just discharged. Elinor decided to let her sleep on somebody else's time.

The girl would fall asleep on the set. Fall asleep as she stood holding a broom. Exasperated, Elinor took her to task:

"I've never seen such a sleepy person. I don't see how you do it."

The girl looked at Elinor, yawned, and said: "Why, missy, I can go to sleep walkin' along the street with mah husband."

GLORIA SWANSON has been talking hopefully of a vacation for over a year. "Before I start my first picture for United Artists," she announced triumphantly, "I am going to take a long rest."

Well, the "long rest" was just exactly seven days, spent in Virginia. Gloria and Henry de la Falaise set out with two sets of golf

sticks, bent on conquering the game in a week. Neither of them ever played golf before and I would be willing to bet they are not playing now.

THE nicest thing about Gloria is her unaffected love for her children. And the children reward her with a spontaneous and informal affection that is a pleasure to see. The little girl, Gloria II, is now enjoying the delicious adventure of losing her front teeth. Joseph, the boy, is a husky child.

Gloria dresses the children in plain clothes, designed for rough wear. I wonder if passers-by in Central Park ever suspect that the two healthily, disheveled youngsters are Gloria Swanson's.

ALBERT PARKER is picking a good cast for Gloria's first independent picture, "Crossroads." Andrea de Segurola, the Spanish basso of the Metropolitan Opera, makes his screen debut in this film. Yes, he is going to wear the monck. And another newcomer is John Boles, a musical comedy hero.

Mr. Boles was born in a small town in Texas. When the local newspaper heard that he had been signed as Gloria Swanson's leading man, the editor made over an edition and announced the news in an eight-column headline across the front page.

AL PARKER has a collection of the best jokes on Broadway. Here is one of his new ones:

A Leaping Lizzie was tearing down the street. A traffic cop raised his hand and ordered a quick stop. The Lizzie sped by. The cop started in pursuit and ordered the driver to the side of the road.

"Look here!" bawled the cop, "I am going to arrest you on three counts. First, for ignoring my signal. Second, for driving on the wrong side of the road. Third, for speeding."

Then came a voice from the back seat: "Don't be mean to my husband. He's only been drinking!"

MOST every Sunday finds a flock of Hollywood people at the beach clubs or private homes along the surf edge, but I think that Bebe Daniels' new tuxy plaster house draws the biggest crowd. It's conveniently placed about three leaps from the blue plaster house of the Talmadges, so progressive parties are the vogue.

For instance, Norman Kerry will drop in to call on Bebe and after a chat and a swim the entire party will wend its way to call on "Buster" Keaton, who has taken the Talmadge place while Joe Schenck and Norma are in New York. And, of course, Charlie Paddock, Bebe's fiancé, is seen there regularly, to say nothing of Jack Pickford and Blanche Sweet and many others.

Bebe's front yard—sand pile, it should be called—is fenced with white lattice work, while a steady procession of curious tourists peer in—like so many children at the zoo—to see the screen celebrities.

IT used to be "all roads lead to Rome" but today it seems "all highways lead to Hollywood." And at most any tea you will meet a celebrity of one sort or another, or the wife of a celebrity, or the sister or brother, or divorced wife or most anything like that.

It remained for Mrs. Clarence Brown to give the tea that introduced me to a charming young gentleman whose fame not only rests on the fact that he is a nephew of Tennyson, the famous poet, but that he is a twin brother of Lord D'Encyrcourt of London. Also that he was at one time an officer in the King of England's crack Coldstream Guards. Which should be just about enough for one handsome blond young man to have accomplished. But apparently it isn't. For in addition to being well-



Diana's Ankles Were Nothing Like Those of the Greyhound She Held in Leash

DA ME NATURE didn't exactly CHEAT Diana on ankles. The fact is she was far too generous. Diana measured almost as much at the ankle line as the modern stocking does at the calf. And so, if Diana's fabled charms were weighed in the balance today and judged by 1926 standards of beauty, they would be found more wanting than wanted—UNLESS—unless she wore "Onyx Pointex"!

"Pointex" by virtue of the converging lines at the back of the heel, allows ALL ankles to look their best. "Pointex" slenderizes. "Pointex" accentuates ankle grace. "Pointex" gives ankles the trim, smart lines that fashion decrees and the short skirt demands. "Pointex" ADORNS the ankle, instead of merely CLOTHING it.

It is well to remember, for your ankles' sake, that the "Pointex" heel is made ONLY by "Onyx".

Leading stores everywhere sell "Onyx" Hosiery and especially the "Pointex" styles listed below.

- Silk, with Lisle Top
 - Style 155, Medium weight, \$1.65
 - Style 238, Service weight, \$1.95
 - Style 388, "Sheer silk", \$1.95
 - Style 265, Service weight with new 1/4 inch lisle top, \$2.25

Pure Thread Silk

- Style 450, "Sheer silk", the finest mesh of all silk stockings, \$2.50
- Style 350, Service weight, \$2.75



"Pointex" means perforation and "Pointex" is made only by "Onyx".

"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"

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known on the British stage, he was Lady Diana Manners' leading man in her last London-made picture.

His name is Walter Tennyson and if you will watch very closely when you see "Corporal Kate" you will see him in one of the rôles opposite Vera Reynolds.

LET us have a preamble for the laymen before we tell the latest Neilan wisecrack. A glass shot, in the language of the studios, is photographed through a large pane of glass on which is painted a ceiling, a forest, a background, or whatever is desired. For instance, Ferdinand Earle painted the exquisite glass shots in "Ben Hur"—those of the Valley of the Lepers and the Star of Bethlehem—and through the transparent lower section of the pane the living figures were photographed.

Now go on with the story:

The Carey Wilsons have a new home in Beverly Hills. A very lavish villa. Perfect to the most minute detail. When "Mickey" stepped inside the door he looked about and then said, as only "Mickey" Neilan can:

"Gee! What a marvelous glass shot!"

GILDA GRAY made her first Los Angeles appearance as a motion picture star with a premiere that was her very own and in a gown that was strikingly different from the raffia robe that brought her fame. It was a very long dress of lustreless black silk and over it she wore a gleaming streaming silver cloth shawl that partly obscured many coils of pearls and diamonds.

It was an exuberant audience that greeted the shimmy sheba. Exuberant and celebrated, for it was composed of an equal portion of film fan and film favorite. When Jack Gilbert's name was announced by Toastmaster Wallace Beery, as being among those present, the sigh that surged from flapper lips might have been heard as far as Porto Rico where Gilda's "Aloma of the South Seas" was made.

Others introduced by Wally were Raymond Hatton, Lawrence Gray, Julianne Johnston, Jacqueline Logan, James Hall, Beatrice Lillie, Percy Marmont, George Bancroft, and Arlette Marchal.

ONE of the first persons I met on the Associated lot was Dale Fuller, who was dressed in a new red and white dress and a contented smile. When I questioned the occasion for the dress and the smile, Dale told me she was going to New York to play in Thomas Meighan's new picture, and it was the first time she had been east of the Rockies since she came to California almost ten years ago.

I should think Dale would have enough money to take a vacation on her own bankroll. Dale has worked in every Von Stroheim picture since "Foolish Wives" and when you work in Von's pictures it doesn't mean for just a day or just a week or just a year, but always.

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK is working for William Fox these days. He has a prominent rôle in "The Monkey Talks." Olive Borden and Jacques Lerner are also among those present.

NOW we know why Vilma Banky can look squarely into the Klieg lights without batting an eyelash and why Ronald Colman can't. We also know that Vilma was a good girl in her youth.

I was on the set during the filming of "The Winning of Barbara Worth" when the discussion arose. Vilma and Ronald had just had a scene beneath a battery of lights and Ronnie's

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eyes were very tired. Vilma's had stood the strain better.

"I know why I can look into the lights," said Vilma as if she were about to reveal the secret of the universe of how Mae Murray keeps her stunning figure. "When I was a little girl in Hungary my mother used to let me look at the lamp if I was a good girl. She would hold me in her arms and I would look and look into the flame.

"Now," continued Vilma with a shrug as if it really were all very simple, "I can look into these lights without hurting my eyes."

Thus good behavior in youth is rewarded two-fold in maturity. But how about Ronald? Mother Colman must have had a different reward for virtue.

HE was a newspaper man and he was looking over the new First National studios. He came to a closed-in set. Of course he was used to having the run of all studios and was considerably astonished when a burly lad blocked his entrance to the set.

"You can't come in here," said the burly.

"What do you mean I can't come in?"

"I mean YOU CAN'T COME IN," shouted the burly.

"Can't I come in?"

"NO! You can't come in."

"Who are you?" asked the newspaperman.

"The assistant director," said the burly.

"Don't try to kid me," said the newspaperman. "No assistant director ever said 'NO' in his life. They haven't got that word in their vocabulary."

If you would listen to a tale of wifely devotion and trust, I wish you would hear this one of Dorothy Dwan Semon. Larry's birthday came while Dorothy was locationing with the Tom Mix troupe at the Royal Gorge, so Doro-



Who is this handsome fireman? Ask Ma. She knows. It's none other than—yes, you've guessed it—Maurice Costello in a picture called "The False Alarm." Maurice is now the proud papa of two of the belles of Hollywood—Dolores and Helene Costello



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they wired some of her girl friends to get up a birthday party and surprise Larry.

They did—and surprised a party of men friends who had called to help Larry forget his lonesomeness. But it was rather a nice party at that, with birthday cake which Alice Day served.

WON'T some producer please give ZaSu Pitts a dress-up rôle? Something that will give her a chance to show her really good figure. For ZaSu has a knack of wearing clothes that amounts to a vogue. She looks stunning in those loose smart sports clothes with a carelessly knotted scarf.

On the screen they always give her somebody's 1910 vintage clothes. Even Von Stroheim in "The Wedding March" gives her cast-off clothing—and affection, too, for that matter. But, as usual, ZaSu triumphs over mere trumperies.

WHICH reminds me of the price-less remark ZaSu is alleged to have given to Peggy Hamilton, Hollywood's fashion expert, when Peggy asked ZaSu to pose in some of the new frocks for the fashion page she conducts in a leading local paper. ZaSu gave Peggy the familiar wide-eyed stare and then said:

"Sure. Let me know when you are running a page on what the well-dressed washwoman will wear."

"**C**OULD it be tonsilitis in this warm weather?" I said to Jobyna Ralston when I met her at Montmartre with her neck tightly swathed in bandages.

"It could be, but it isn't," replied Joby, smiling with difficulty. "I fell."

And thereby hangs the tale of how Harold Lloyd's leading lady stumbled over a stake at the edge of Gaylord Lloyd's swimming pool

and how the stake inflicted a severe wound in Joby's neck and how the fall broke the Ralston thumb so she could not use her thumb spoon for a week.

But, of course, there was Fiancé Dick Arlen to console her.

ABOUT the nicest thing that has come to my ears recently is the story of Louise Fazenda's gift to her mother. While her mother was in the East on a protracted visit, Louise summoned the architect, the carpenter, the plasterer, the bricklayer, the cabinetmaker, the painter, the paperer, the plumber, the glazier, the interior decorator, the rug man and what-not, and gave orders to build a three-room addition to the new Fazenda home, for the exclusive use of mother.

She filled the rooms to overflowing with favorite flowers and ushered her mother into her private bow.

THEY were filming "Barbara Worth" in Nevada. In the cool of the evening Ronald Colman and Charlie Lane started for a ride—just to get some fresh air, if they could.

Colman and Lane finally hit the little town of Gurlach not far from their location and some choice oranges on a fruit stand caught the Colman eye.

"I'll have a dozen," said Ronald. "How much?"

"Three dollars," said the man.

He was dumfounded when Colman took the oranges and handed him four crisp one dollar bills.

"Why the extra dollar?" asked the merchant.

"I just stepped on a grape," said Colman.

AWISECRACKER says he understands Jack Gilbert is playing both rôles in "Flesh and the Devil," which Clarence Brown is directing.

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John Gilbert invented this himself. It is a make-up box on a tripod that folds up like a camera and may be taken on location instead of the heavy stands usually carried. Gilbert's friends are begging him to make more like it

Speaking of Jack reminds me that I heard he had completely refurbished his hilltop home four times, each time in a different period . . . Spanish, Moorish, and a few others. And they say wimmen are hard to please!

It's a beautiful place, Jack's home. And he is a charming host.

WE get 'em all. Sooner or later they succumb to the lure of Hollywood.

Now who would have thought that Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the famous Count Leo Tolstoy, could be persuaded to assist in bringing his father's celebrated "Resurrection" to the screen? That is just what Edwin Carewe has succeeded in doing, and the Count and Countess Tolstoy are now in Hollywood consulting with Carewe on the story.

LITTLE Mary Kornman, queen of "Our Gang," and freckled-face Mickey Daniels have deserted Roach's kiddie crowd for the Orpheum, where they are headliners in a sketch called "A Day Off." Daddy Jean Kornman, in case you don't know, is the photographic artist who makes those lovely light and shadow likenesses of Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Baby Mildred Gloria Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston. He has been with Harold for almost six years.

Anyway, as I set out to remark, Kornman told me the kids created a neat-sized sensation in San Francisco, where they made their opening performance. They will next come to Los Angeles, and then tour the country with their act.

WITH the Motion Picture Directors' Association in charge, the film world paid its last tribute to Eddie Lyons, veteran comedian of the team of Lyons and Moran, who died from tumor on the brain after an illness of two years. His old partner, Lee Moran, was with Lyons when he breathed his last. Besides his widow, Lyons is survived by an eighteen-year-old daughter.

LITTLE Loris Niblo, daughter of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo, was asking her father a flock of questions. You know the kind. You need an encyclopedia to answer them. And finally Loris propounded one which topped them all.

Fred was forced to hedge a bit. "What do you think, Loris?" was his evasive answer.

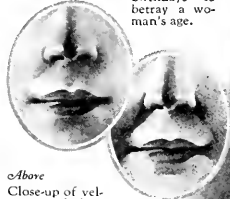
"Well, you see, dad," said Loris, "I'm not very good at thinking. That's why I asked you."

I HAVE always maintained that a name is a name. This thing of name changing in Hollywood has gone a bit too far.

Now in the case of that lovely Frances McCann, I am quite willing and grateful to Paramount for making her Iris Stuart. It has an Arlesque quality. And she has the beauty and charm of an Iris. As for the Stuart, I am sure Mary, Queen of Scots, would be proud to have such a namesake. Besides, I really feel Paramount is entitled to help itself to half of the name of an Arden heroine. They should be compensated some way for all the money they paid him for his stories. Although far be it from me to say anything about it in public.

But this thing of changing defenseless babes' names is tragic. Take, for instance, the baby sister of Mary Kornman. She's with "Our Gang" now, her tiny booties following in the sandals steps of Mary, former Queen of the Roach rascals, who has gone into vaudeville. The baby is eleven months and fat and gurgling. Originally she was called Mildred Jean. Mildred after Mildred Davis Lloyd. But no sooner did she park her perambulator at the Roach studio, than they called her "Vermicelli." "Vermie" for short. Now, wouldn't that give a baby the colic?

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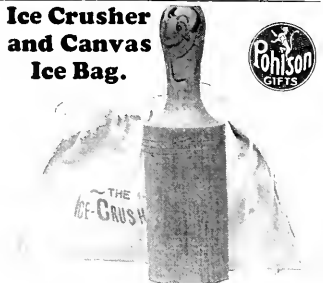
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Another new member of the gang is the two-year-old sister of "Farina." "Aroma" by name. I understand she was christened that way, so nothing can be done about it.

HE ought to be good in it by now. I'm talking about Bob Frazier and the leading male rôle in Clyde Fitch's play, "The City," in which he will appear with May Allison, Walter McGrail, Janet Gaynor and others for Fox. This is the fourth time for Bob. He played it first as a senior in Boston high school. Again in college when it was presented by a dramatic club, and the third time while a member of the famous Cosgrove Stock Company of Boston, after finishing college.

SAW Eddie Sutherland the other day. He was trying to work—directing "I'm in the Navy Now"—but just couldn't seem to keep his mind on it. The reason? His beautiful young bride, Louise Brooks, from whom he was separated by his work two days after their wedding, was making a flying trip from New York to Hollywood just to say "Hello." Eddie hoped to be with him two or three days and then she had to return east to start a picture. It isn't all easy sledding in the picture business, for it certainly forces some tough separations on husbands and wives.

I DON'T see how Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe tore themselves away from Hollywood to go abroad. There were dinners and luncheons and teas and swims for them. And there was Ivy Schilling telling Lil to be sure and go to the small shop on Rue de la Paix. And Lilyan making a mental note to visit the little place in the shadow of l'Opera where she got those stunning things on her last trip.

Anyway, Lilyan and Eddie left, probably tired but undoubtedly happy, on what they called their honeymoon. They had been married a year but had taken no wedding trip. Eddie will make "One Increasing Purpose" for Fox in England and Lil will be merely Mrs. Lowe, wife, and not Lilyan Tashman, actress, on their travels.

LET me quote Harrison Fisher upon the beauty of Julanne Johnston. It is the Julanne of "The Thief of Bagdad" whose exquisite charm was again revealed in that little sketch of color photography called "The Vision." Said Fisher, the nationally known artist, after finishing a drawing of Julanne:

"She has more than mere regularity of features. There is a very definite relation of character to beauty in her face, and a face is an inspiration to an artist in direct proportion to the amount of character it can express without losing beauty."

"Miss Johnston's finely chiseled nostrils, the poise of her head, and the relation of her eyes to her brows, mark her as possessing intelligence—not always found in connection with beauty."

Fine words. And all of Julanne's friends will agree with Fisher.

MANY openings this month, and "Ben Hur" took us to the downtown section of Los Angeles where a legitimate theater was converted into a motion picture house and somebody forgot all about arc lights.

No matter arc lights and lack of prologue, no matter beautiful dresses, unsullied by spot-lights, everyone forgot the pomp of a premiere as they sat, rapt and tense, watching the gradual unfolding of the great picture. Gasps of admiration, breathless silences broken by sporadic applause that grew suddenly deafening murmurs of appreciation.

It was more emotional than fashionably dazzling, that premiere. It was splendid.

I WISH you could have seen the opening of "Don Juan" in Los Angeles.

I wish you could have seen the flares, painting the skies with green and red glory, and the rockets sending forth tiny puffs of clouds, and

the sweeping array of giant arc lights, flaming the heavens, and the police cordon, so impressive, and the great gaping, adoring, admiring crowd.

I wish you could have felt the slow rhythmic whirr of imported cars as they swept up to the entrance. I wish you could have seen the furs and the jewels and the sheen of the silks and satins and scarves and I wish you could have seen the beauty of the women.

Truly it was the ultra in Graumanism. It was so sumptuous that it was pagan. So gorgeous that it almost hurt.

It was a John Barrymore premiere in a Grauman show house. What more can be said? And how proud those Warners.

EVERYONE was there. And when I say everyone I mean the Harold Lloyds, the Charles Rays, the Fred Niblos, the Cecil De Milles, the Clarence Browns, the Harry Rapis. I mean Dolores Costello, May Allison, Irene Rich, Eugene O'Brien, Anita Stewart, Patsy Ruth Miller, Jobyna Ralston, Virginia Valli, Lincoln Stedman, Evelyn Brent, Jack Gilbert, Priscilla Dean, Ronald Colman, Ruth Roland, Helene Costello, Aileen Pringle, Claire Windsor, Richard Barthelmess, William Powell.

Mae Murray in pink chiffon frock and hat with Prince Divani; Patsy Ruth Miller in a satin gown all crystal beaded—accompanied by her father and brother, Winston, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Carmel Myers in a hand-painted gown of white with white satin coat, handpainted, too; Dolores del Rio, enchanting in rare old laces that formed a long-skirted gown with light bodice.

May Allison, in white chiffon, full-skirted and long with silver lace trimming, which set off to advantage her ivory and blonde beauty.

And John Barrymore was there, assuredly, with brother Lionel. Such a distinguished debonaire dear who made such a diabolically clever curtain speech . . . that John!

THE Fred Niblos were there, of course, as Fred directed the picture, and Enid Bennett Niblo, in a pink chiffon gown and handsome coral shawl, made a charming picture of pride and beauty. And there was Carmel Myers, Irene Mayer, Kathleen Key—Kitty wore yellow, frock and scarf, Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor, Bobbie Agnew and May McAvoy—May's dress was of old rose satin. Dorothy Dunbar, Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, Ramon Novarro, Colleen Moore and John McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Johnnie Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno, Norma Shearer, Pauline Starke, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kay, Edmund Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard (Gertrude Olmsted) and many, many others.

THIS thing of beard-growing in Hollywood has reached almost tragic proportions. With De Mille filming "The King of Kings" and Cruze just finishing "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders" being commenced, to say nothing of "The Yankee Clipper" and numerous other pictures requiring hirsute adornment, it has become the fashion for the young motion picture actor to ask his light of love if she objects to a "beavered" escort.

Now take the case of Paul McAllister, the Broadway actor, who, since his advent to pictures, has been forced to go bearded from "Beau Geste" to "The Winning of Barbara Worth" to "The King of Kings" without once letting his old friend and former compatriot of the stage, Charles Lane, see how he looked facially nude.

But I wasn't to write of Paul McAllister when I commenced this skit. It was of Orlo Sheldon who, beard and all, married Josephine Hill just the other day. He wanted to shave so that his bride could see his manly chin, but the director said "No." And that settled it. Josephine, being motion picture brood—she is an actress—took Orlo for beard or for worse and was quite willing to wait weeks before she saw what her new husband really looked like.

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BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

On Account of Monte Cristo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

He turned and swayed from the room and into the lobby of the little hotel. A small group of admirers followed him, eager to finger this glorious trophy; anxious to inspect every minute detail.

But Welford Potts remained on the little stage, and close beside him was his intimate friend, Florian.

Florian draped a sympathetic arm over the shoulder of his friend.

"You has sho' never done dirt, Welford."

"Aint it the truth?"

"Big fat ol' Opus wearin' that medal. Uppity buzzard what he is! Can you 'magine him waddlin' down Eighteenth street with that thing on his buzzard? Can you 'magine—"

"Stop! Fo' Gawssake quit makin' me 'o' miserabler than what I a ready is. Ise gwine die if I don't git to wear that thing half the time. Seems like President Latimer—"

"He's right, Welford. 'Taint his business to mix up in no squabbles. 'Tis a matter 'tween you an' Opus. Opus hisse' I says if you

"Forcep never wrote this story, Welford. Another feller wrote it."

"Flmph! I aint never knowed nothin' like that to bother no scenario writer befo'. I reckon they aint nobody writes better than Forcep Swain. Leastways, tha's what he says."

"Reckon he never thought of it. Forcep aint lovin' Opus Randall much mo' than we does."

"No. Maybe not. But he sho' handed him somethin' 'heab. Opus playin' the leadin' role in a big pitcher. An' me—what does I do? I ask you, Florian, what does I do?"

"I dunne, Welford. I aint seen the scenario."

"Well, I tells you. I gits busted in the eye an' run over by an automobile an'—"

"Shuh! There wa'n't no automobiles in them days."

"There is in Forcep's continuity. Ev'y-thing this feller Edmond Dantes does, he does in an automobile or motorcycle or an airplane or somethin'." They say it's gwine be terrible

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is man enough to git that thing offen him, you is welcome. An' I says I is willin' to he'p."

"You mean that: really an' truly?"

"Heah's my han' on it."

"Brother Slappey!"

"Brother Potts!"

They clasped hands and stared fondly into one another's eyes. Then, by unspoken though mutual consent, they emerged from the hotel and turned down the Boulevard de la Madeleine.

They moved slowly along this exquisite, broad thoroughfare with its center parking and its rows of quaint and tiny shops and came at length to the busier reaches of the Rue Noailles. Here they passed office buildings, huge department stores and smaller shops. They turned into the Rue de Rome and found a sidewalk cafe where they ordered sandwiches of jambon and drinks of amber. There they fell into deep and thoughtful discussion concerning the ways of life in general and Opus Randall in particular.

They despised the portly Opus with a vast and consuming dislike. He was overbearing and obtrusive. "'Taint like I had that medal an' lost it," wailed Welford. "Ev'y time I sees it on that feller's breast Ise gwine start sufferin' all over again." He turned harried eyes down the crowded street. "'Seems like always I gits the short end of this co-starrin' business. Heah we is shootin' one of the funniest pitchers we has ever made, an' who gits the title role? Opus! How come Forcep Swain coul' n't let me play Monte Cristo?"

"Brother Swain said it ought to be played by a big man."

"Well then, why couldn't he write two Monte Cristos? What good is an author if he can't give two stars parts which is equal?"

funny—an' Ise the feller what makes it funny. Ise playin' Opus's enemy which he craves to kill, but he has a hahd time doin' it. All what that big ape don't do to me is hit me on the head with an axe. An' he just stan's around an' says the world is his n'."

Welford stopped. It became evident that Florian was paying him no heed. He spoke petulantly.

"You aint even listenin', Brother Slappey."

"Huh?"

"You wasn't listenin'!"

"No. I was thinkin'."

"'Bout what?"

"Somethin'."

"What sort of somethin'?"

"You an' Opus." He put out an admonitory hand. "Leave me releck a moment, Welford."

Silence fell between them, a silence broken only by the crash and cry of auto traffic and the clangor of street cars. Finally a smile decorated the lips of Mr. Slappey and he turned brightly to his downcast friend.

"You aint got all the dirty work to do in this Monte Cristo film," he announced.

"Foolishment what you talks. Who says—"

"I does. Now listen: Don't they take this guy Dantes an' pitch him in jail on that island we was lookin' at the other day? Don't they?"

"Yeh."

"An' he's s'posed to stay there twenty years, aint he?"

"Uh-huh."

"An' then he escapes?"

"Showly. But—"

Florian rapped triumphantly with his fist. "Now I asks you one mo' question, Mistuh Potts. How does Monsieur Monte Cristo get away from the Chateau d'Iff?"

"How?" Welford wrinkled his forehead. Then his eyes crinkled at the corners. "You mean—?"

"I mean that in the story they takes him fo' a dead man an' ties him up in a sack an' th'ows him into the ocean. Right plumb splash in the middle of the Mediterranean. Kerlump! Jus' like that."

"They don't really th'ow him in, Florian. They th'ows another sack which has got a dummy in it."

Mr. Slappey rose and bowed. "Tha's what you think, Mistuh Potts. An' tha's what Director Julius Caesar Clump thinks. An' that also is what Mistuh Opus Randall thinks! But I begs you to remember who is workin' as property man fo' the Mid-night company. I ask you: Who is?"

"Who?" inquired Welford dutifully. Florian gestured largely—"Mistuh Slappey!" he announced. "Mistuh Florian Slappey, who is very much at yo' service!"

And once again the two slender, dapper little colored men smiled, extended arms and clasped hands.

"Hot dawg!" enthused Welford. "Shuh!" grinned Florian, "you should of said 'Wet dawg!'"

THE next morning the company gathered at the congested and picturesque Quai des Belges at the foot of the Rue Cannebiere. Those actively engaged in the Monte Cristo production were weirdly but interestingly clad. White wigs were present in abundance, accompanied by silk knee breeches and glittery buckles. Opus Randall was very much in evidence in the costume which *M. Dantes* was supposed to have worn during his period of matheppos on the good ship Pharaon, but the most fervid exhortations of president and director could not induce him to remove from his sailor clothes the medal which he had acquired the previous night.

The costumes were burlesqued, of course, and the negroes who wore them were happily conscious of the rapt attention they attracted even after three weeks of hectic labor on comedy pictures throughout the length and breadth of Marseilles.

Today they proceeded in a body along the Quai du Port to the spot where a three masted schooner was moored. This ship had been hired, at a modest rental, for the filming of the scenes aboard the Pharaon—brief comic action not at all as conceived by the estimable *M. Dumas*. The work was simple and interesting. At three in the afternoon the company was dismissed with orders to be ready promptly at seven-thirty in the morning for the first of the shots at the Chateau d'Iff.

The necessity for punctuality was impressed upon all. The Marseilles society, which had presented Opus and Welford with the trouble-making medal, had acted as agents in securing permission for Midnight to use the famous Chateau as a background for comic pictures and their time was limited. But during that time they were assured of active and enthusiastic cooperation on the part of the little garrison of the forbidding island.

That night Florian Slappey drew Director Clump into conference.

"Caesar," he asked, "don't you think Opus has done Welford dirt?"

"Uh-huh. I showly does."

"An' you think Welford is entitled to git even?"

"Yeh . . . pervided it don't interfere with the pitcher."

Florian rubbed his hands together. "Then if I promises you nothin' wont hurt the pitcher, is you willin' to be a li'l mo' blind an' deaf than usual?"

The director looked narrowly at his friend "Meanin' which?"

"Nothin'. I got an idea, tha's all."

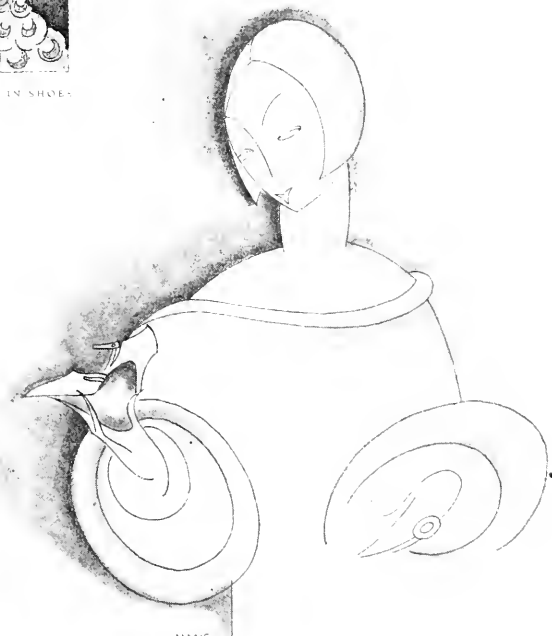
"What kind of an idea?"

"A good one. I promise it aint gwine hurt yo' pitcher. What says you?"

Caesar smiled and nodded. "A'right, Brother Slappey. But, mind you—"



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"I minds, Caesar."

Florian's next confab was with Exotic Hines, head cameraman.

"Tomorrow an' the next day us shoots at Chateau d'If," he announced. "I has talked to Caesar Clump an' he says fo' you to toller my orders."

"Huh?" Exotic was doubtful. "How come?" Florian spoke earnestly and in a low voice. As he talked, Exotic commenced to grin. And when he finished, the chief cameraman laughed aloud: "Golla Moses!" he exclaimed, "I re-ko'n yes. I aint gwine heah nothin', see nothin' or tell nothin'."

Mr. Slappey then joined his friend Welford. They spoke long and earnestly and with expansive enthusiasm. And into their conference a large figure obtruded. Mr. Opus Randall's voice boomed tauntingly.

"What you two shrimps talkin' about?" he inquired.

"Nothin'," snapped Florian. "We was discussin' you."

"Smart with yo' words, aint you, Florian? Reckon you aint got proper respect fo' the best actor in Midnight."

"Who says you is the best actor?"

Opus designated the gleaming medal on his breast. "This heah does."

Welford arose and spluttered. He quivered before the ponderous Opus and shook his thin little fist under the fat, round face.

"You got the medal," he screamed, "but Ise gwine git even. I showly is. Some day Ise gwine fix you good an' plenty. You watch."

"Ise watchin'," came the urbane answer. "But lookin' in yo' direction, I don't see nothin'."

THE company, nobly clad, gathered the following morning at the Quai des Belges where three sizeable motor craft were waiting to conduct them to the Chateau d'If. The day was perfect: a warm bronze sun gleaming from a bowl of sapphire. The waters of the Vieux Port sparkled; long, slim yachts shone whitely; more modest craft danced exultantly around the snug little basin.

There was much laughter and jollification among the members of the Midnight troupe. The day had taken unto itself a picnic spirit: a trip out to the placid waters to the grim and dignified castle which they had admired since arriving in Marseilles. Only J. Caesar Clump, Office Latimer, Forcep Swain and Exotic Hines had visited the historic spot. Now the others were going and they were anticipating two days of considerable pleasure.

The little fleet started slowly through the inner basin. It passed through the narrows separating the old and impressive Fort St. Jean on the right and the ancient Chateau du Pharo on the left. It came now into the open sea, the gently undulating waters faintly reminding of certain ghostly days on the ocean while en route to Naples from America.

To the left stretched the rocky and solidly impressive coastline, a white streak along the top marking the Corniche drive. A ship was steaming slowly toward the African coast, twenty-eight hours distant; far out to the right a thin steamer of smoke betrayed the presence of another steamer. But the eyes of the company were directed ahead toward the grim, bare islet of If.

They stared enraptured at the impressive Sixteenth Century architecture of the Chateau d'If. Forcep Swain, Midnight's author, was full of information. He talked long and passionately of the place they were about to visit; told, with some small degree of accuracy, the story of the Man in the Iron Mask, who had been imprisoned there; and of Philippe Egalite and Mirabeau and of the unfortunate Polish Prince Casimir. Florian Slappey was genuinely impressed.

"Great sufferin' tripe!" he exclaimed, "think of bein' sent there to jail. It show is worse than the Big Rock in Bummingham."

Opus turned sneeringly. "Why shoul'n't it be?" he questioned witheringly. "It's older, aint it?"

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Florian did not deign to answer. As a matter of fact he had been peculiarly indifferent to Mr. Randall's jibes this morning—as though matters of great moment were weighing him down.

He stared at the Chateau with greater than tourist interest. Once he turned and waved a greeting to his friend, Welford Potts, who was in another boat. Welford returned the greeting and both men smiled.

They landed on the rocky island amid much excitement and laughter. The little garrison was there to bid them welcome, and for the first half hour they were guided through dark dungeons and a bewildering maze of passages, where a great deal of explanation was done in French which none save Ethiope Wall could understand.

Then, from above, came the summons of Director Clump's megaphoned voice. He collected his troupe in the sunshine, gave a few terse orders and started rehearsing a scene. Using Opus, Sicily Clump and Enoch Tapp—who was playing the rôle of the Governor—he bade the others keep within earshot.

Florian and Welford detached themselves from the group. They wandered around the rock, talking softly. And finally they came to a ledge where there was a sheer and terrifying drop to the sparkling waters. Florian gazed down in ecstatic speculation.

"Heah's the place they decided on, Welford."

Mr. Potts applauded. "What a splash that thing is gwine make!"

"Aint it the truth?"

Welford looked around cautiously. "Has you boughten that life preserver, Florian?"

"Uh-huh. I got ev'rything. Also Caesar Clump and Exotic Hines an' Enoch Tapp an' Spokane G. Washington is gwine keep their cars stopped up an' their mouths shut. I reckon, Brother Potts, that you is gwine git even enough with Mistuh Opus Randall to keep his fat face shut fo' ten yeas."

All through that day the company worked swiftly and well. Record footage was taken. The trip back to Marsailles was negotiated by a tired and happy company which indulged largely in native song: "Alabamy Bound," "My Alabamy Mammy" and "The Sheik of Alabam." They separated for the night after receiving orders for another early start next morning.

Florian and Welford rambled through broad, tree-lined streets, heads close together, lips occupied with conversation. They stood for a long time in front of the hotel when they returned and were seen by two pairs of official eyes.

"Them two is up to somethin'," postulated President Orifice R. Latimer.

"Reckon so, Chief," agreed Director Clump.

"An' I don't blame 'em."

"Nor neither me. Opus has done Welford dirt." He sighed vastly. "Sometimes I almosh wish Brother Randall wasn't such a comic actor. He makes trouble all the time."

Morning ushered in a day of superlative tranquillity. The Mediterranean was like glass, even the ground swell was not discernible. The company made the journey to the Chateau d'H in languorous ease, basking in the delicious warmth of a perfect winter day. But once they had landed and ascended the narrow, winding stairway, J. Caesar Clump took the reins with forceful insistence.

"We is changin' aroun' the original story, folks," he announced to the assembled troupers. "Way we has it, the Abbe' is sore at Edmond Dantes an' so he busts him in the head an' then ties him in a sack. We shoots that s'ene in the corner yonder where we has got things fixed up like a cell an' the light is good. Next the jailer an' the Governor bring Opus up in his sack an' dump him down on the rock. Then we has one cam'r fix heah, an' Exotic makes a setup down by the water yonder so's he can git the splash when the sack hits the ocean. After that we ca'y the sack which Opus is really in out in a boat an' ease it overboard so's Brother Randall can do the

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stunt of cutting his way out. Then we shifts the cam'ras to that far side yonder, take Opus within about a hundred feet an' leave him swim into the pitcher. We preten's like the side of the castle over yonder is the mainland. Now, folks, I wants action an' speed! This is our las' day at the Chateau an' anybody which bungles this an' forces retakes gits fined. Is that all clear?"

THEY nodded it was—and snapped into action. Florian, as property man, arranged the set where the Abbe' Faria and Monte Cristo staged an elaborate slapstick battle. Even the hard-boiled members of the company laughed at the antics of the combatants. Finally, under Clump's orders, the Abbe' swatted Opus three times with a rubber hatchet and knocked him out. Immediately the guards, headed by Enoch Tapp and Spokane Washington, entered the cell with a large sack.

Under orders from Mr. Slappey they handled this sack carefully, concealing from the others that it contained a cork life preserver. They unceremoniously shoved the body of Mr. Dantes into the bag and proceeded to sew it up. Then the two large gentlemen hoisted it on their shoulders and bore it up the narrow steps to the battlements where one camera was already in position.

Director Clump surveyed the scene. He spoke to Florian Slappey.

"Is that other sack the one with the dummy in it, Florian?"

"Yassuh. Right heah." Mr. Slappey kicked a duplicate bag.

Clump turned away. "Ise gwine down vunder by the water where Exotic lines is. When I shouts the word, you-all dump the dummy over an' bofe cam'ras films it. On yo' toes now—'v'ybody."

All save one cameraman, Spokane, Enoch and Florian followed the efficient little director. Mr. Slappey was grinning hugely and the faces of the others were not entirely bereft of smiles.

Florian moved to the head of the stone steps and watched the others descending. Then, making certain that they were out of earshot, he returned to the vicinity of the two sacks.

"It'd be kind of queer," he remarked casually, "if somebody happened to make a mistake and th'owed Opus overboard, woul'n't it?"

"Showly would," agreed Spokane Washington.

"You reckon you could tell one sack fum t'other?"

"I coul'n't," announced Mr. Washington.

"Nor neither me," said Mr. Tapp.

"Sort of a toss-up, eh?" observed Mr. Slappey lightly.

"Toss-over, you mean."

"Humorist, what you is! Now, as soon as Caesar calls—"

The conversation pierced the walls of the gunnysack. Mr. Randall, thoroughly imprisoned, did not relish the words which came to him. He executed a violent movement.

"You-all tellers out yonder," he called, "Ise in this one!"

Florian cocked his head on one side. "Thought I heard somebody—but I reckon I must be mistaken."

"It was me," howled Edmond Dantes. "In this bag."

"I di'n't heah nothin'," volunteered Enoch.

"Ise habd of hearin' myself," said Spokane.

It was dawning upon Mr. Opus Randall that the life of a star comedian was not all beer and skittles. The jailers had done an excellent job of imprisoning him. He could not escape—but that was due to no lack of effort on his part. The sack jumped around like a live thing.

"Opus is fixin' 't'git hiss' I kill," said Florian.

"That las' wiggle of his'n took him right near the edge of the cliff. 'Twouldn't be our fault was he to happen to an accident."

"Let me out of heah! Ise suffocatin'."

"Fine day fo' a swim, aint it, fellers?" observed Mr. Slappey.

From down below came the stentorian voice of Director J. Caesar Clump.

"All ready up yonder?"

Florian poked his head over the wall. "All set, Caesar."

A muffled voice came from the sack beside him. "I aint ready. An' if you try any junnintment, Florian, Ise gwine—"

Caesar's voice came again: "Cam'ra, up yonder. Start crankin' the minute they grab that sack. Time you git ready to heave, yell out! Action!"

Florian nodded. The assistant cameraman commenced cranking his machine. Florian grabbed the sack containing the dummy and dragged it beside him, out of camera range. Then the two large jailers seized the bag which contained Opus Randall.

Instantly a large howl of terrified protest rent the stilly air. Florian broke at once into a joyous whistling. He watched with huge interest the frantic and futile struggles of the imprisoned Opus.

MR. RANDALL was exerting all his power, but was sadly handicapped. His wildest struggles availed him nothing. He screamed, he vowed vengeance in one breath and swore promise of reward with the next. But evidently neither Mr. Washington nor Mr. Tapp heard him. They hoisted the bag on their shoulders, bore it to the spot where the wall dropped sheer to the sun-drenched waters of the Mediterranean and, holding it between them, swung it as two children might swing a hammock.

Opus's protest—fierce but muffled—did not bother them. Florian leaned over the cliff and called to his chief.

"All set, Caesar. Start grindin'."

"Shoot!" responded Mr. Clump loudly. Then they heard his orders to Exotic Hines—"Cam'ra!"

With a mighty heave—a superb exhibition of coordinated strength—the sack containing the figure of Mr. Opus Randall was pitched far out into the atmosphere. A horrid shriek split the daylight. Then Mr. Randall started down.

He fell straight and he fell fast. He hit the sea with a heart-warming splash—and disappeared from sight. At the same instant Florian emitted a wail of simulated terror.

"Caesar!" he screamed, "somethin' has happened!"

"What?" bawled the director.

"That sack di'n't contain no dummy."

"Nemmin' that. It splashed good."

"It ought to have," yelled Florian. "Opus Randall is in it!"

Consternation gripped the actors grouped along the water's edge. There were shouts and calls and hurrying to and fro. Everybody seemed to be doing something and accomplishing nothing. Caesar had time for a mere word with his president.

"Florian has gone too far," he snapped.

"Three of us thinks that," retorted Latimer. "You an' me an' Opus Randall."

The sack containing the damp and doleful Opus bobbed unaccountably to the surface and agitated itself considerably. And at the same moment a shout broke from the lips of the on-lookers.

From behind a rocky promontory shot a slim craft propelled by two oars in the hands of a small, slender, earnest young actor.

Welford Potts seemed determined upon rescue. He bent to his task, and rowed as he had never rowed before. The little craft danced over the placid waters, sending the Mediterranean purling from the bow in two silver streams.

Mr. Potts was a oarsman of no mean ability. It seemed as though he intended to collide forcibly with the restricted Mr. Randall. Then he backed water with one oar and propelled with the other. The rowboat swung violently and came to a stop close by the twisting, screaming sack.

Welford reached down and grabbed. Then he braced himself and pulled. Holding tight to the sack with one hand, he produced a pen knife with the other and cut the cloth. From the coarse brown lingerie Opus emerged.

"Welford," he gasped gratefully, "you has saved my life."

"You is dawg-gone tootin' I has," grated the conscientious Mr. Potts. "Git you in this boat."

AIDED by Welford, the comedian clambered to safety where he tumbled to the floor of the boat and lay wet and gasping.

Within ten minutes the ponderous actor had completely recovered from his ducking. The shoreline rang with cheers for the hero who had saved from a watery grave Midnight's foremost stout comedian. Then came Clump's voice, all efficient business.

"Is you feelin' all right now, Opus?"

"Yassuh, Brother Clump. Elegant."
 "Good. Le's us not waste no time. You is now *Mistuh Dantes* again. Let Welford keep you out yonder until Exotic makes a set-up aroun' that point. Then you swims 'ords shore an' acts like I tol' you. Understan'?"
 "My comprehension is fine, Mistuh Clump."

The troupe disappeared around the rocky point, Exotic leading the way with tripod and camera. Mr. Potts, disdaining to accept too much gratitude, sculled gently in the same direction. By the time they came within sight of the others the camera was ready and Clump very much on the job with his megaphone.

Florian Slappey and the two jailers had joined the group. Mr. Slappey was explaining how it happened, and while nobody believed his protestations of innocence all pretended, now that Opus had been saved.

A hundred feet off shore Clump announced that everything was set. The *Count of Monte Cristo* doffed his shoes and eased himself into the water. Then Welford rowed out of camera range and started swiftly toward the island of If. He landed simultaneously with the first clickings of the camera.

Opus swam strongly, straight into the lens. He registered comedy and did a few aquatic tricks under Clump's directorial orders. It was an interesting and not unfunny scene.

Opus reached the shore. Meanwhile, Welford had joined the others and was modestly accepting congratulations on his heroism.

Mr. Randall emerged from the water and commenced the difficult task of scaling a large rock. Director Clump shouted instructions and received assurance from Exotic Hines that the camera was recording every detail.

But just as *Edmond Dantes* attained the top of the rock something startling happened. Mr. Welford Potts, diminutive but triumphant, stepped forward and took something from his pocket. His manner, quiet and positive, commanded attention.

But the picture was lagging and Director Clump's voice cut sharply through the air.

"Go ahead, Opus," he commanded. "Say yo' speech!"

The Gargantuan actor struck an attitude.

"The whole dawg-gone world," declaimed

Edmond Dantes, "is mine!"

For an instant the tableau held. Then the smooth voice of Welford Potts came clearly to the ears of all.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Potts agreeably, "it showly is, Opus. But the medal aint!"

There was a gasp of astonishment from the troupsers and a sudden yell of rage from Opus Randall. All eyes were focused upon the late hero.

Welford was an enormously impressive sight as he posed before his friends. He had pinned something on his bosom.

It was a large, gleamy, glittery medal, formed in the shape of a star. It had been given by enthusiastic Marsellians to the two best actors in the Midnight organization.

Mr. Opus Randall gave vent to a bowl of mingled anguish and fury.

"Where at did you git my medal, Welford?"

"Oif you," came the placid response. "You said yo'self that if I was man enough to git it, you woul'n't raise no objections." Mr. Potts smiled with pardonable pride and gestured toward the open sea. "And so I borrowed it off your coat right after you got rescued."

HINDS

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CREAM



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 —he growled

Guesses they were, in the Smithers' box. And there—right out in the white glare of the theatre, with all the world watching—she powdered her nose! Our artist has pictured his feelings.

Now if, at home, she had used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream as a powder base, she woul'dn't have needed repairs. Because—Hinds Cream makes the powder

cling, for hours. Use it—even if powder and puff are left at home the consequences are never serious. For your powder will stay on.

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Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Donald Ogden Stewart begins to wonder what he will write for the fifth chapter of "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood." Finally he decides:

CHAPTER V
"Treatments"

LAST month we began the subject of "Treatments" but only succeeded in getting as far as the preliminary "Conference" or "Story Conference," as it is often called. This month we are to consider that the Conference is over and the Writer is ready for the next step. For many Writers, this "next step" consists in walking thoughtfully to the window of some tall building and jumping out, but for the sake of continuing these articles we will imagine that the Writer really wishes to go on with his career in moving pictures.

To have something else to write about we will therefore withhold our final recommendations until the end of the series.

"Treatments" are, as we explained last month, preliminary drafts for the "Continuity" and are in no way to be confused with other "Treatments," such as, for example, treatments for falling hair or alcoholism. To be sure, the making of moving picture "treatments" does, in many cases, eventually lead to both falling hair and alcoholism, but those are matters which should be discussed in the pages of some other more medical magazine than this and by some one more scientifically removed from a tendency to both. I shall attempt to

confine myself in these articles to matters about which I personally know very little.

In order, therefore, to begin your "Treatment," it will be necessary for you to read and digest the story which they want you to make a treatment of. It is presumed that you can "read" (inasmuch as you are in the "Writing" and not the "Producing" end of motion pictures), and, as far as "digesting" the story goes, that is more or less up to the equipment with which nature has endowed you. A good strong stomach, however, will help you more in Hollywood than in any place in the world that I can think of just at this moment.

After you have "digested" the story, you can begin the "Treatment." Let us suppose that the story is one which the company purchased under the title of "The Life of Christ." As has been explained in preceding chapters, this original story has already been changed by various "adapters" in various executive conferences to conform to the necessary conditions inside the company itself as regards stars, directors, etc., so that by the time the story reaches you it is probably, in addition to being the life of Christ, also the love story of a young American girl and a Roman soldier, with a thrilling climax centering about the almost human intelligence of a German police dog. Your duty to the company is to arrange this story in rough sequences. Your duty to humanity is to shoot the head of the company.

You can take your choice. My personal recommendation is a Colt .44—and don't aim for the heart.

Mary Herself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

an end and Mary became desperate. Here she was, a movie actress, and she had never put on make-up. So she went to Irving Thalberg, then general manager for Universal, and begged for a chance in a picture. There was a small rôle in one of Frank Mayo's films and Mary urged him to give her an opportunity to play it.

Thalberg spoke to the director, but the director took one look at Mary and laughed. Thalberg, fortunately, was insistent and the director agreed to let Mary try one scene.

Just to test the girl, the director started her on the hardest scene in the picture. And Mary played it for dear life. It was the first time in her life she ever had acted, but she played this test scene so well that the director not only accepted her for the part but enlarged the rôle to give her more to do.

And then Von Stroheim started "Merry-Go-Round" and Mary got the chance of her life.

Although the rambunctious Austrian didn't complete the picture, he taught Mary the essentials of acting in a few weeks.

Von Stroheim wrote "The Wedding March" with Mary Philbin in mind. He went to Universal and urged the company to loan young Miss Philbin for the leading rôle. But, if you know your feuds of Hollywood, you will realize that Universal and Von Stroheim are bad friends.

Universal refused to part with its star, although Von Stroheim offered \$6,000 a week for her services. And that's a lot of money, even in film circles.

All this bidding for her services has been flattering to Mary and just a little heart-breaking. And it is small consolation that "Von" selected Fay Wray for the rôle and

made her up to look as much like Mary Philbin as possible.

Universal is rightfully jealous of Miss Philbin. Its youngest and slimmest star is the torch-bearer of Art in the big sprawling city that is given over mostly to comics and westerns.

Mary gets its best director and its biggest specials. And its most pretentious stories. "Whenever they find a story that might suit Nazimova or Pauline Frederick, they give it to me," Miss Philbin explains.

This doesn't annoy her and it doesn't frighten her.

"When I came East," said Mary, "I hoped to find a young-girl story. Or even a child's part. I'd like to play a child's part before I get to be thirty-five. But," and Mary gave an Irish smile, "they gave me a Russian story, I am to be a Russian Jewess—very dramatic." She paused. "I can do it. I don't look the part, but that's unimportant, after all. I can look like a child.

"That's why they won't give me a child's rôle. It would be too easy."

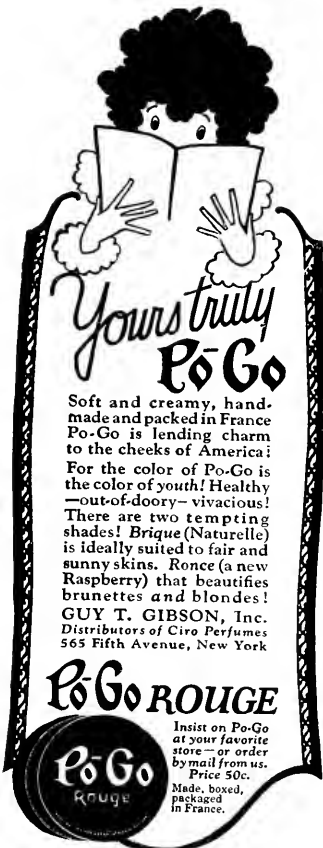
I asked Mary the conventional question—if she ever meant to get married.

And she laughed a cool, impersonal child-like laugh.

"I haven't been in love since I was five years old," she answered. "Of course," she laughed, "I have considered all the eligible men. I don't know many of them and I don't think I care for any of them.

"The studio is my whole life," and she was quite serious now. "I love to act and I am so grateful for all the chances I have had. I love my work so much that it wouldn't be fair to think of anything else."

And, believe it or not, she means it!

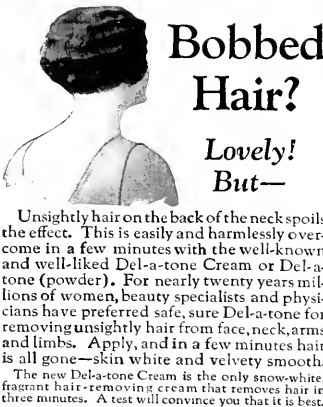


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Just a nice little house pet. Harold Lloyd's Great Dane, Prince Eric, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, and is one of the largest of his breed. Harold couldn't work for several days recently. Three or four of his brood of Danes died and Harold couldn't be funny with his pets gone. Prince Eric is trying to console him

A Monument to Youth and Romance

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

By all means a cheerful, inviting memorial—a place that people would naturally use and enjoy.

A trying place for lovers.

And so, as naturally as a sunrise, there came up in the designer's mind a vision of a graceful half-circle of columns, standing serene and dignified against a dark background, and curving toward you like welcoming arms held out. And within that half-circle, that architect calls an exedra, would stand a great figure of the *Sheik*, the rôle of all Valentino's rôles that typified romance.

A bronze figure on an Arabian horse—larger than life-size—the scale sculptors call "heroic."

This, I believe, would be the only equestrian figure of an actor in the world, but would welcome a correction on this point if I am wrong.

FOLLOWING the curve of the exedra, a broad bench—a secluded spot indeed, in the shadow of the *Sheik*. Benches, too, invite moonlight and starlight meetings under the two pergolas that run across the ends of the terrace. The pergola is a naturalized incident of California architecture, and these two are designed to bring the tall marble exedra into a more intimate relationship with immediate surroundings, as well as with the whole California picture.



Through the eyes of a Man

[[MEN JUDGE BEAUTY SO DIFFERENTLY FROM WOMEN]]

How lovelier than dreams of beauty feminine loveliness has become! Truly, it seems every woman can be beautiful. Most women are!

And yet, my masculine mind insists upon differentiating between the artificial and the real. It seeks some touch of natural beauty to rest upon.

Thus, instinctively, I watch a woman smile.

↑ ↑ ↑

No beauty magic can give the charm of gleaming teeth. Yet, this natural loveliness can be yours at the cost of just four minutes a day. Two minutes in the morning. Two at night.

Thorough brushing with the right brush and in the right way—away from the gums—is the only road to beautiful, unstained teeth.

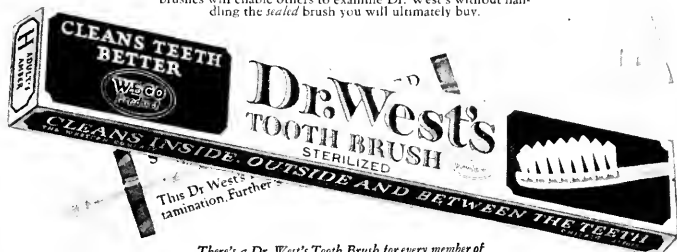
Your dentist will tell you that Dr. West's Tooth Brush is correctly designed for proper brushing. Small enough to slip easily between cheek and teeth with sturdy bristles firmly erect, it polishes as it cleans.

Get a new Dr. West's today. Use it daily—faithfully—for those vital four minutes. Your reward will be white, gleaming teeth of a brilliance you probably never have suspected was possible.

For your protection, Dr. West's Tooth Brush comes in a sealed glassine container inside the usual carton.



THIS CABINET on your dealer's counter will remind you to buy the tooth brush you have been forgetting. Its exposed brushes will enable others to examine Dr. West's without handling the sealed brush you will ultimately buy.



There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Giant Massage, 75c.



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"The Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

Jim Tully



JIM TULLY, whose work recently appeared in five different magazines in the same month, one of them *Liberty*, says: "I recall writing my first short story. . . it was a tale of the ring called 'Battle Galore,' and Clayton Hamilton gave me advice on how to 'build it up.' . . . I am certain that the Palmer Course would have saved me years of labor."

"Think what it would mean to you to have at your elbow as you write, a man who can impart to you that elusive something that makes characters live and stories grip—what most writers spend years to acquire. That, and more, the Palmer Institute can give you. Though you study in your home, in spare time, you find Palmer Courses uniquely personal."

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And that is all—a simple thing, but dignified. It is raised ten feet or so above the street level, as any important monument should be, on a grass embankment, with broad stairs inviting the passer-by up to a terrace of Spanish tile.

In style this simple half-circle of columns is Roman, suitable, perfectly, to a son of Italy, yet it has far less of the pomp and grandeur of Imperial Rome than it has of the charm and grace of the architectural features of the beautiful old villa gardens of Renaissance Italy. Perhaps it has a little of the elegance of Versailles—not a fault, certainly—and in the mind of the designer it successfully achieves an architectural expression of romance.

In detail, the palmette capital on the columns is suggested in place of the conventional Corinthian type—a bit of symbolism of the desert, in memory of the Sheik.

There are eight columns, and at the base of each it is planned to incorporate in the design low-relief panel, six of these to show Rudolph Valentino, in costume, in his six greatest roles: "The Four Horsemen," "The Sheik," "Blood and Sand," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Eagle," and "The Son of the Sheik." And the panels beneath the columns at extreme left and

right bear the ancient tragic and comic masks that symbolize the actor, composed here with a decorative entwinement of motion picture film in place of a conventional ribbon treatment. Preliminary sketches for these panels, as well as for the great equestrian figure of the Sheik, are being prepared by Jerome Brush, son of the celebrated painter, George De Forest Brush.

Monuments, too often, are cold, impersonal, but least of all should it be possible to bring this charge against a monument erected to youth and romance—The Rudolph Valentino Memorial for Hollywood.

The design is to welcome and charm, like youth itself, and to create a setting for living romance.

And to make it belong, still more, to the living, it is proposed to build into the base of the great figure of the Sheik a bronze chest in which is to lie for all time a parchment scroll or book bearing the names of every individual who has contributed an amount, no matter how large or small, toward the building in Hollywood, where Rudolph Valentino won his far-reaching triumphs, of a graceful, dignified, inspiring monument to youth and romance.

The Price They Paid for Stardom

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

at a charity benefit. Thousands of dollars were to be collected on the strength of Harold's presence at the affair.

Harold knew that everyone expected him to be there, that he would be criticized if he didn't show up. He had a high fever and his doctors told him not to go; in fact, they ordered him to stay home.

But Harold went, his illness became worse and died.

IT was John Bunny who was the first martyr to his own popularity. A stage comedian of some reputation, Bunny went into the movies when they were those funny flickers. It wasn't long before Bunny had this new audience at his feet. And Bunny loved these newly found friends.

The illness which resulted in his death was slight and curable, but rather than refuse requests from hundreds of theater managers who wanted him for personal appearances, Bunny went on a long, tiresome tour that aggravated his illness and caused his death.

These sharp tragedies are well known to the public. But the untold tragedies are almost as cruel.

There is, for instance, the story of Gloria Swanson. For all her flair for publicity, Gloria is naturally sensitive.

Unkind criticism, cruel comment, make her cringe and shrink.

For years, Gloria has been the target for sensational stories. Most of the things that have been said about her have been grossly untrue.

No one knows how these silly and sensational stories start. Gloria's exotic personality seems to work on the imagination of the public.

Gloria's greatest fight is for peace and privacy. It costs her a great deal of money to enjoy a protected and peaceful home life—the heritage of any ordinary mortal. If Gloria so much as steps from her own door, a crowd gathers. If she walks down the street, she is mobbed. Her slightest action lands her in the newspapers. A commonplace show of temper or an ill-judged word and she is harshly criticized.

Only recently she told me of an annoying incident. A certain not-too-scrupulous producer bought up some of her own pictures, made back in the Triangle days. The films are worthless as entertainment, although they were fair enough pictures when they were first

made. But the photography is crude, the stories poor, the costumes old-fashioned and the acting jerky.

However, the producer told Gloria that unless she bought back these negatives at a cost of \$725,000, he would release them, in opposition to her first picture made by her independent company.

Persons ignorant of the inside workings of the film business might naturally hold Gloria responsible for the release of these worthless films. And so Gloria is being held up for \$125,000 to protect her artistic and business reputation.

And the sad part of this story is, that when Gloria told me about it, she related it as merely an everyday occurrence!

It seemed to her simply a casual inconvenience and not a gross violation of all decent business ethics.

Every day Gloria pays for her stardom in contentment and in cold cash. No wonder she fights so hard to keep her children away from all public contacts!

THE strangest sacrifice of all is made every day—every hour—by Mae Murray. Mae's sole reasons for stardom are her doll-like face and her slender, graceful figure. These assets Mae must keep at any cost.

The cost is high. Mae never smiles a broad, face-wrinkling smile. She never laughs a hearty laugh. She never allows herself the luxury of a real, deep emotion that might bring wrinkles to her expensive face.

Mae's whole life is spent guarding her beauty. It's the dulllest job a woman can find; the most enslaving career. Keen joys and keen sorrows leave their mark on the face and on the character. All these are denied to Mae Murray.

When Mae goes to a party, she is the first to leave. She must have her beauty sleep. On Sundays, when the more carefree players are playing tennis or swimming at the beach, disregarding sunburn and freckles, Mae is home in bed, drinking milk. No hot dogs and pop for Mae. No parties, no games, no carefree pleasure. Not for Mae the luxury of a broken heart. Not for Mae the joy of a home with children. For all its splendor, hers is an arid life.

Oddly enough, Lillian Gish's regime is like Mae Murray's. Lillian has less real fun than any girl in the world. Although somewhere around the age of thirty, Lillian is constantly

chaperoned. Lillian's public demands a nun-like idol.

And Lillian lives up to this ideal with amazing consistency.

Lillian cannot marry. No one wants to think of her as a domestic little wife. Lillian cannot eat in public; she might spoil the illusion. Lillian cannot wear gay clothes, flirt, dance, or lose her temper.

Lillian's life is divided between the studio and her home. At the studio she works hard and there is seldom any joking or laughing on her set. When she goes home, she rides in a curtained limousine with her chaperon. At home, she reads stories and scripts and sits with her invalid mother. And all around her the lesser players of Hollywood dance, flirt, fall in love, have children and enjoy themselves.

Of course, everyone knows that Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert were happy until the question of stardom loomed up. When they were poor and unknown, Leatrice and John were just the ordinary, scrappily married couple. They loved, fought and made up. For John's sake, Leatrice made some sacrifices. And John deliberately turned down jobs that would separate him from Leatrice.

And then Leatrice heard the call of success. John, too, grew ambitious. Somehow or other, Leatrice and John couldn't stand prosperity as well as they had faced adversity. Whatever the cause of the immediate quarrel that brought about their separation, the little tempests over the question of career brought about the first serious trouble between them.

No star has paid a more bitter price for fame than Belle Bennett. Belle was considered the luckiest woman in pictures when she was given the rôle of *Stella Dallas*. And she scored one of the greatest individual triumphs of last season. It was odd, too, because Belle had shown no signs of greatness in any of her previous pictures.

The story back of her triumph was grim tragedy. Just before work was started on "Stella Dallas," Belle's sixteen-year-old son died.

In the intensity of her grief, Miss Bennett acted as she had never acted before.

Most of the stars are aware that there is a curious little jinx that lies in wait for the famous and prosperous, and most of them do their best to safeguard their health and to find some sort of peace in their homes. But, strangely enough, destiny sometimes takes a hand in the game and checkmates the most carefully laid plans.

Ben Turpin, for instance. Ben doesn't like his funny eyes any better than you would if you had them. Ben put up with cross-eyes for years because he couldn't afford to have an operation to straighten them. When Ben earned enough for the operation, he discovered that his weird eyes were his only claim to fame and fortune.

FATE had a hand in the death of Ormer Locklear. Do you remember the gallant aviator? Locklear was famous for his stunting.

For years he was the winner in a constant game with death. His bravery and skill won him a starring contract in the movies.

Again destiny stepped in. In one of his first stunts as a movie star, Locklear met with disaster and was instantly killed.

If Roscoe Arbuckle had been an ordinary individual, even if he had been an obscure player, life wouldn't have been so hard for him. Poor Arbuckle was a victim of his own foolishness and of the world's intolerance. Expert lawyers say that he would have been acquitted at the preliminary hearing in San Francisco if he had been a broker, a motorman, or a rich man's son.

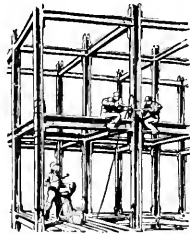
But the movies were blamed for Arbuckle and Arbuckle was blamed for the movies. And a hard-hearted section of the public bluntly told Arbuckle that his services were no longer required in the only profession he knew anything about.

Sometimes the stars are unconsciously to

MASTERS OF ACHIEVEMENT

Andrew Carnegie

The tense, steel silhouette stretching high against the sky; the mighty network bridge that binds two distant shores; glistening, ribbon-like rails stretching across the continent; monster steam-belching steeds whose racing wheels pound out their rhythmic song of achievement; all acclaim the reign of steel, and mark the vision of men whose foresight and enterprise gave it birth and development. Among these, the humble bobbin-boy who fought his way up to "iron-master," captain of industry and benefactor, ever will rank commandingly as a master of achievement.



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He, too, was a man endowed with a great vision. His doctrine of Health for Success, and his well-known preparation ENO, for over half a century have been powerful influences in the promotion of health and happiness, ambition and energy in the civilized world.

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—Sayings by JAMES CROSSLEY ENO

So many people feel just "middlin'"—not bad, but not really "fit." They may never realize how much *better* they might feel, how much *further* in life they might go, how much *easier* achievement might become. The stimulation, born of the internal cleanliness that ENO in a little water or orange juice induces, comes as a revelation to most people.

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blame for the tragedies that overtake them. A brief case of the big-head has been known to blight a life.

A little grasping for money may mean an enormous sacrifice of happiness.

A little, excusable vanity may bring about a disaster.

OFTENER the tragedies are caused by a malicious working of fate. As witness the fact that even the animal stars are not immune. Peter the Great, the gallant police dog, was shot in a quarrel between his master and another man. Strongheart, the original dog star, lost out because Jane Murrin, his owner, couldn't agree with Larry Trimble, his director.

Rin Tin Tin came along and captured his prestige.

As I have said, the wise ones in the business try to ward off the jinx. Mary Pickford would work harder and worry more if Douglas Fairbanks would let her. Doug knows that individual happiness comes first, and Doug insists on some leisure and freedom for Mary. But it's a poignant grief to Mary that she has no children.

Norma Talmadge has enjoyed years of success. Her marriage was a brilliant one. Norma and Joseph Schenck are business partners and friends. Joe Schenck has worked hard ever since he was a small boy. Norma's young girlhood was spent in the studio. Norma and Joe would love to play, if they had the time. But they have almost forgotten how to go about it.

Lon Chaney has reached the age where men, in other walks of life, are going in for golf, for easy working hours and for week-ends that begin on Thursday and end on Tuesday. Chaney is still a slave, not to his desk, but to his make-up box.

Lon's business means the torture of body-racking make-ups and long hours of painful work.

Sometimes the tragedies of stardom are hidden under placid surfaces. As the saying goes, Vilma Banky landed soft when she was brought from Hungary and thrust into instant stardom. Vilma conquered without a visible struggle. Her first close-up won the public.

Hollywood didn't know Vilma very well at first. She was a funny little thing who spoke no English.

It surprised that she was happy because it knew that she was lucky.

And luck and happiness are the same thing—on the surface.

NOW that Hollywood knows the real Vilma Banky, it understands that Vilma made a sacrifice when she came, a stranger, to a foreign, half-hostile land. Vilma left her home and her family. During her first months of stardom, the little Hungarian nearly died of homesickness.

Vilma didn't tell anyone, because she could speak no English. Every night, when she left the studio, she half considered taking the first boat back home.

But Vilma stuck and won out. And the numerous Bankys back in Hungary are enjoying unheard of prosperity.

The star jinx has been so persistent that some of the cautious, younger players are fighting shy of starring contracts. I once heard John Gilbert pray that he might never attain Valentino's frantic popularity. That was before poor Rudie died.

Richard Dix has begged Famous Players-Lasky to make him merely a leading player in special productions. The responsibility of starring is too heavy. Ronald Colman fights shy of electric lights.

As Richard Dix so succinctly puts it, "This business of being a star is too much like being ruler of a Balkan country."

"Lots of glory, but too many personal dangers and revolutions."

Camera Angles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

VILMA BANKY

Let Vilma explain it herself: "It ees not a full face an' not a profile. What you call eet—a tree-quarter face. But every director, he shoot me a different angle, so, an' so, an' so. Meestaire Fitzmaurice like them all. Me, I like the tree-quarter. Why? Eet is simple. I look much better that way."

Now isn't that clear?

RONALD COLMAN

Mr. Colman believes that the full profile has the advantages because it shows the least of his mustache, and everyone knows he doesn't like to wear one. When it comes to still pictures, he never likes any of them. "Do I prefer the right or left profile?" asks Mr. Colman. "Well, I'm rather firmly attached to both of them."

ALMA RUBENS

Alma Rubens gives a totally different appearance in full face and when shot in profile. For spiritual beauty and general charm, the cameraman usually uses Alma's profile, but to express tragedy or tense emotion Alma's full face is best.

MARGARET LIVINGSTON

Margaret Livingston's face is piquant, with the result that it is a fairly easy matter to choose an angle as sheer beauty does not have to be considered. However, Miss Livingston looks most charming when shot at an angle which discloses her right side in three-quarter view.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

Doug Fairbanks is one of those fortunate individuals who has a universal face—sort of

the order of the universal joint of an automobile. It can operate from any angle—and does. Doug's features are effective from any position. It matters nary an iota whether his visage is pictured upside down or to-side foremost. The camera is never particular from what angle it catches him. In fact, at times—when he is doing one of his stunts, for instance—it is lucky to catch his face at all. For this, naturally, there is a reason, the answer being that Doug happens to possess symmetrical features, which state of physiognomy is most unusual. This means that one side of his face is exactly like the other; there is no "good" side or "bad" side. This applies to profile as well as to front elevation. And having said that, "there ain't no more" concerning the deadly "camera angle" as it applies to Fairbanks.

MARY PICKFORD

The old-fashioned photograph galleries, before the days of artificial lighting for pictures, always had a north window. The subject sat facing the east, with the light on the left side of the face.

It is probably from instinct that Mary Pickford usually poses for "still" pictures with the left side of her face to the camera, for K. A. Rahm, who has photographed Mary for several years, declares that she has a perfect "camera face" from any angle.

Miss Pickford certainly has no favorite camera angle in moving picture work, for Charles Rosher, her cameraman for the past eight years, has never found an angle yet that did not do her justice.

Perhaps the most beautiful "shots" of Miss Pickford Rosher ever made were those in her latest picture, "Sparrows," where the latter

baby dies in Mary's arms, and she sees a vision of the Christ taking the baby through green fields. In this sequence Rosher photographed Miss Pickford showing the left profile, then with full face toward the camera.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS

Richard Barthelmess prefers to have the right side of his face photographed. His reason is that the part of his hair, which is on the right, conforms to the contours and gives a better angle to his face and head.

JACQUELINE LOGAN

Let Jackie speak out: "I don't believe in bad camera angles any more. Until the other day I was afraid of half a dozen different angles in close-ups, and was so worried in every close shot that my work undoubtedly suffered. Then came my screen test for the rôle of *Mary Magdalene* in 'The King of Kings.' It seemed as though Mr. Cown, who directed me, planned every bit of 'business' in a deliberate attempt to make me work in the angles I always dodged. When I left the studio I was convinced I didn't have a chance for the rôle. Consequently, when Mr. De Mille told me I had been selected I decided that camera angles would never worry me again."

ROD LA ROCQUE

Rod is "agin" bird's-eye views! During the filming of "Gizelo," William K. Howard, his director, decided upon an angle which called for the camera's shooting practically straight down at Rod from a vantage atop a lofty parallel. Howard's aim was an unusual "shot." He got what he was after, all right. Rod looked most unusual—about as tall as Jackie Coogan, and his height is part of his "stock in trade." The "take" was thrown out and not used in the final picture, but Rod learned this much from the incident: Never again will he let a director or cameraman talk him into a bird's-eye angle.

WILLIAM BOYD

Mr. Boyd tells his own story: "I had never paid much attention to different effects from varying camera angles until about a year ago, when I was called on for a crying close-up. We took the scene over and over without satisfying the director, and after looking at the 'rushes' we made a re-take. In every case I looked as though I was either choking to death or laughing. Finally we decided to shoot it from the opposite side—the right—and the result was so entirely different you'd have thought I had a double.

"Since then I have never played in a crying close-up, but when I do it will take a tough director to make me show the left side of my face."

LEATRICE JOY

It took an enthusiastic bumblebee to convince Leatrice that the left side of her face didn't photograph badly.

In the midst of "For Alimony Only," her most recent De Mille picture, a tremendous bumblebee visited her right eyelid and deposited a stinger about the size of one of grandmother's needles. Of course her eye swelled a-plenty and she told her director she would have to cease work until the swelling went down. He suggested that she continue and play with the left side of her face. Leatrice squawked loudly, for she had always avoided angles which featured prominently her left side. He talked her out of it, however, and the "rushes" the next day convinced her that all the time she had been harboring a false apprehension.

MARIE PREVCST

Marie Prevost experienced the unusual difficulties of most motion picture actresses in overcoming bad camera angles during her early career. Even in the instance of ravishing beauty there is often some particular angle that does not do the player justice.

She found she screened better from a front or



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three-quarter view. Her profile was not so good, according to directors. Test after test was made of her from every conceivable angle. But the directors agreed that front or three-quarter views were the best for her.

PHYLLIS HAVER

Phyllis Haver discovered early in her screen career that her face was a little too round to show her at best from a direct front view. This was easily remedied by using a slightly three-quarter view, which succeeded in eliminating suggestion of pronounced roundness of features.

JACK HOLT

Jack prefers a three-quarters angle to any other. There's no particular reason, except that he believes that he photographs more convincingly at this angle and better lighting effects are obtained.

FLORENCE VIDOR

For each emotion Miss Vidor has a different favorite angle. She prefers full face view when she registers happiness, a three-quarters view for loneliness, and a profile for sorrow or disappointment.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN

Douglas MacLean's best camera angle is a smiling full face shot, with the camera as high as possible, thus shortening the comedian's high forehead.

TOM MIX

Tom Mix is usually shot full face. It is undoubtedly his best angle from the statement of his cameraman, Dan Clark, who has shot over fifty of Tom's pictures. Of course it is often necessary to shoot from a direct profile, but in the case of this star, a three-quarter view is avoided wherever possible.

GEORGE O'BRIEN

Because of the length of his face and prominent chin, George O'Brien is shot, particularly in close-up, with his chin well forward and slightly raised.

OLIVE BORDEN

Olive Borden has to avoid a direct full face. Her best angle is a three-quarters left side face.

BEBE DANIELS

Bebe Daniels is one of the stars who prefers to be photographed full face. Her reason for this preference is because of the eyes. Eyes are the most important medium of expression, the living screen upon which emotions are reflected, and this is Bebe's reason. Therefore, give her a full face shot and let the profiles and three-quarter views go their merry ways.

CLARA BOW

Clara certainly has a favorite angle—but unfortunately it is a tricky one and cannot be used too often in the filming of a picture—the three-quarter view of the face, caught as one looks over one's shoulder, is the most provocative and spontaneous of her many camera angles.

POLA NEGRI

When the lights are properly handled, it really does not matter to her from what angle her face is photographed. However, if she has a preference, it is for profile or three-quarters.

BETTY BRONSON

Betty prefers the three-quarter view. Perhaps this is because in the earliest stills she had taken in screen work, she thought the three-quarter portraits the most attractive.

WALLACE BEERY

"Rubbish," snorts Wallace Beery. "The pretty ones—meaning male and female—may be particular about how they face or don't face the camera, but as for me, I haven't any preference. I've never had a chance to assert it, at least, so I haven't given any

thought to this so-called phase of the profession.

"If I were pretty, maybe I'd be as particular about this sort of thing as some of those who are, appear to be—but so far I haven't been bothered with people hanging around telling me how good-looking I am.

"It's my honest opinion that an actor or 'actorine' who has to keep his or her mind on the exact location of the camera with respect to his or her face is losing a flock of chances to put across some pretty good stuff while the grinding goes on.

"If I were a director I guess I'd be pretty tough on some of these 'artists' who throw up their hands when the 'wrong side'—whatever that is—of their faces is wanted for certain shots."

MARY ASTOR

Mary can be photographed from any angle. She has a camera-proof face. But cameramen like to get her profile—clear-cut as a cameo.

LLOYD HUGHES

Lloyd's favorite pose is profile view, but his face can be photographed any way for the screen.

DORIS KENYON

Doris' face records best in a full face shot. It is rather long and slightly thin, so a front view fills the hollows.

COLLEEN MOCRE

Colleen also has a camera-proof face, although Colleen prefers a front view, and is fortunate in being able to be photographed with a broad smile.

MILTON SILLS

Another perfect camera face. That of Milton Sills. Photograph it from any angle and it's bound to please.

NORMA SHEARER

Ben Reynolds, who has photographed Norma Shearer in five pictures, has tried to improve on each picture. Three-quarter view is one of Miss Shearer's best angles. She has a beautifully moulded face that is just round enough, but not perfectly circular. There are a good many stars who cannot stand a three-quarter shot because their cheeks are not round enough.

CLAIRE WINDSOR

Many of the players believe that they photograph best from certain angles, while the cameramen have other ideas. Claire Windsor, for instance, has a preference for the right side of her face, although cameramen agree that either profile is good.

PAULINE STARKE

Pauline Starke's best angle is absolutely full face.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

Eleanor Boardman has the idea that she is hard to photograph. She is taller than many women on the screen, but her face is ideal from the cameraman's angle.

JOAN CRAWFORD

According to Joan Arnold, the cameraman, when Joan Crawford first came on the M-G-M lot she presented difficulties. Her face looked thinner than it really was. Seemingly there was no reason for this, until she and the cameraman began experimenting with make-up. She had been using a light pink make-up, which gave her face a pasty look. When she changed to a dark make-up, almost red, the difficulty was eradicated.

WILLIAM HAINES

William Haines is angle-proof. His eyes are exactly alike, his face is round and one side of his face is neither better nor worse than the other.

JOHN GILBERT

John Gilbert's best angle is full face.

The Businessman-Comedian

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

gags are not humor, although they might be called comedy. . . .”

Now here we come upon a man who is a salesman of humor. A comedian who knows his comics. A comedian who says all comedy is not humor and that humor and entertainment should be combined to make film comedy—if you follow me closely.

“ . . . Make your audience feel superior to you,” continued Doug, dropping the famous grin for a moment as he purred forth priceless words of picture wisdom, “but don’t let them get derisive. Make them feel a bit superior to the characters in the story, but don’t let them feel superior to the picture. Don’t let them know it is a picture. Make it a bit of human drama—or humor—that is going on before their eyes.”

And then in a different vein, “. . . I don’t try to make my pictures comic. I try to make them entertaining.”

AS he said these things, which smacked of knowledge, the story dawned upon me. Not the story of Douglas MacLean and the Glad-some Smile, or Douglas MacLean, the Minister’s-Son-Who-Made-Good-Out-of-the-Pulpit, or Douglas MacLean who is Trying to Live Down His Virtuous Reputation, but Douglas MacLean, Businessman-Comedian. A man who makes a business of being a comedian. A man who knows about production, distribution, and selling of pictures. But does not know too much for his own good.

Not the nosy kind of person with middle-some fingers in the machinery of industry. But a sane, clear-minded, level-headed young fellow with more than the usual amount of good looks, education and intelligence, who sells his assets as another man might sell a house, a car, a yard of ribbon or two lean pork chops.

A fellow who makes and markets his reels of entertainment with a watchful eye on the ticker. That is Douglas MacLean, who thinks the film business is still an orphanage of infants, precocious and otherwise, and is glad of it; and that two-reels of film, canned and called a “comedy,” are not always as labelled.

“You will find me hard to interview,” said MacLean in a voice that is pleasantly husky like Ronald Colman’s, minus the English accent. “Someone told me once they thought I was too regular,” and he flashed the MacLean grin. “You see I don’t get involved in scandals—” then suddenly as if he might appear too mundane—“that is, those that get in the papers.

“I could tell you something funny that really happened, if you would like. Only it’s not about me. It’s about Lloyd Ingraham, the director. We were fishing for tuna and Lloyd got very sick. He flopped on the deck and laid there undisturbed until a school of small fish fed past the boat. The captain reached over and touched pea-green Ingraham: “See them anchovies out there!”

“Lloyd wavered up on one elbow, squinted with lilyous eyes into the ocean and sank to the deck with a groan and—

“Yes. Delicious, aren’t they?”

Doug grinned the MacLean grin. The infectious grin you see in his pictures. The infectious grin which determined Thomas H. Ince that Doug should be a light comedian instead of leading man to Enid Bennett. But Doug had known it long before Ince found out.

“I like to make people laugh. And it’s much more pleasant to hear laughter in a theater than the sound of nose-blowing on every side.”

He was an actor before he entered pictures ten years ago. Played with Maude Adams in “Rosalind” and then in “Peter Pan” with her.



“You can’t beat a LYON & HEALY for tone or ease of playing” says Douglas MacLean

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Douglas MacLean

DOUGLAS MacLEAN, star of Famous Players “That’s My Baby” and other notable screen successes, is an amateur musician like yourself—but he knows real music when he hears it. He has found, too, the secret which has made him so popular in his own wide circle of friends—knowing how to do things! What special accomplishment have you?

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Came pictures and leads with Alice Brady, Mary Pickford, Enid Bennett, then co-starred with Doris May in those clever light comedies which led off with "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave."

Doug is a minister's son, born in Philadelphia, educated in Washington, D. C., and Chicago. He was a bond salesman and an auto salesman and a reporter. He commenced theatrical work with the idea of owning a stock company in which he would play parts. Just a canny Scotch businessman-artist. Completing his course at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, he was engaged by Maude Adams, but not before he had discovered the three stages of an actor's evolution.

THE first is "acting," which is usually amateurish. The second is "making yourself play the part." And the third is "letting yourself play the part." Fine rules, these—if you apply them. Doug has, perfectly, I think. And so does his wife, Faith Cole MacLean, whom he wooed and won when they were both learning their dramatic A B C's at the Academy. Their marriage has endured through stage and film days. It is one of those hardy marriages that refutes the statement that there are no happy marriages in the theater world.

"Don't make it sweet!" begged Doug, about the story.

So not a word about his eyes, which are brown one moment and hazel the next. The eyes that twinkle out of the tan of his face when he grins in that broad famous MacLean way. Not a word about their intense earnestness, their laughing speculation, their amazing expressiveness.

Nope, not a word. This must not be "sweet."

High Lights of Valentino's Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"My boys," he said, "love your mother, and above all, love your country."

My hand shook and great tears suddenly fell on the trembling crucifix. That moment was engraved on my heart with a solemnity that I had never before known and have never since experienced. It was the first great grief. And always I will carry the words: *Madre e Italia.*

* * *

I tried to be a very good and dutiful son after my father's death. All of us, Maria, Alberto and I, loved our little mother to distraction. We lived jealously to serve her. And I would try to kiss and embrace her exactly as I used to see my father do. My manly attitude was too stern, however, for my eleven years and soon dropped away. It was decided that if I were ever to be a gentleman I must be sent off to school. For a year I struggled through the course at Dante Alighieri college, which corresponds to a grammar school here. I came out of it on my thirteenth birthday and entered a military academy. * * *

Next I was sent off to Perugia, famous as the queen of Italian hill cities. There I attended the Collegio della Sapienza, a military school for doctors' sons. I don't know why they call it a "college of savants." We were not savants, at least I wasn't. I went out as ignorant as I went in. The only thing I accomplished was the football team. While making that I failed all else and was compelled to go another year. By this time I was a gentleman of fifteen and felt I knew all there was to know.

From a child it had been my great ambition to become a cavalry officer. The position of an Italian cavalry officer is a very fine one. Most of the officers are of noble family, the flower of the land. They wear the most beautiful uni-



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forms in the world, part of which is the long, glorious blue cape that all women admire. Indeed, they are the cynosure of all eyes. But it requires money to maintain such a position in life, for the government pay is small. My father had left a comfortable little fortune, but it had been somewhat depleted in the years following his death, and there was not sufficient to enable me to realize my great ambition.

When my mother explained this, we compromised upon the Royal Naval Academy. I did settle down to real study for once and got myself into excellent physical trim. When the fateful day arrived for examinations in the academy at Venice, candidate Guglielmi, proud and confident, was found to be one inch shy in chest expansion. My humiliation was complete. The only thing that saved me from throwing myself into the grand canal was the failure of another boy by a half-inch.

* * *

My mother was really delighted that I had not been accepted. Better far that I go to the Royal Academy of Agriculture and study to be a scientific farmer. Italy needed scientific farmers far more than she needed soldiers or sailors. And hadn't my most distinguished ancestors tilled the soil of their estates? Perhaps I might become a great landed proprietor and re-create the legendary glories of the family. That mother of mine, she knew how to reach my heart and touch the strings of inspiration.

Once again I started forth to school, this time with a high and firm resolve. I would succeed, as my father had commanded for Madre e Italia.

* * *

Fate was cruel in my amours. I was always in love. Young Italians always are. In Italy love thrills everything—it is in the sensuous perfumed breezes, the colors of heaven and sea, in the ruby glances of Chianti, and the moonlight floating downward like a Titian lady's hair.

If the Italian is the most passionate lover in the world it may be because he is the most restrained. Rigid convention denies him all contact with the lovelier girls, who never are free from chaperons. His ardor is inflamed by the imagination, prompted by languishing glances and stealthily exchanged notes. An American may speak love with his lips, the Italian must say it with his eyes. The most passionate lover, perhaps, yet the most formal.

* * *

In such a regard it was little wonder that Paris called. Regardless of obligations to family I rushed off to that courtesan of cities and for several months played among the smiles and jewels of her boulevards. I was a little vain of my social success—until my money was gone. Then vanity was handed the truth. I pleaded for money from home, dashed away to Monte Carlo to retrieve my fortunes and a few weeks later enacted that perennial tragedy, The Return of the Prodigal.

The decision of my family was that I had better be shipped to America. "If he's going to turn out a criminal," observed my uncle, "it is better he do so in America where he will not disgrace us."

The prospect of adventure in America pleased me so much that I didn't bother resenting the aspersions on my character. I agreed that Italy didn't offer much of any opportunity for criminals. And so my mother got together about \$3,000, all that she could spare, and gave it to me.

It was the memorable morning of December 9th, 1913, as they would say in history, that I set sail on a boat of the Hamburg-American line, arriving at New York on December 23rd.

* * *

Through a cold December fog our boat stole down the bay, and I, clinging to the deck rail, strained my eyes for the city of my adventure. Suddenly a shaft of light struck through the mist—and before me, as in a radiant spotlight, arose great luminous silver towers. "The skyscrapers," someone said. I asked an Italian



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to translate the word. When he told me the meaning I thought it very beautiful, as poetic as the picture before me. For New York was like one of those ethereal visions in the paintings of old masters—a white, towering city seated on clouds. A little it resembled the hill cities of Italy, built of white stone, as you see them on misty mornings, the houses arising one above the other with their campaniles and old battlements.

And so with my illusions still bright and my heart very gay I landed in Brooklyn just two days before Christmas, December 23, 1913.

The day before Christmas—Christmas Eve—Christmas. For me, just one terrible loneliness of the heart. I had a small friendless dinner in a little deserted restaurant. The dinner didn't matter, for I could not eat it. I walked the streets all day, alone.

New Year's Eve was different. The streets were crowded with people, surging, sweeping mobs of them. And as I was carried along, I had a peculiar sinking feeling as I imagine a man might have in the middle of the ocean—waves upon waves of strange faces uttering strange sounds, no more to me than the waves of the sea. So I went home to bed and tried to read and couldn't.

I made my first friends in New York. One was George Ragni, whose father was the agent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in France; the other two were Count Alex Salm and his brother Count Otto, of Austria. Alex, who later taught me to dance, was a splendid fellow. He was called home at the outbreak of the war and died fighting, an officer of the sixth Hussars. If it hadn't been for these three noble music-ketters, George and Otto and Alex, I think I might have followed my resolution to return to Italy.

Every night from then on I would go with my friends to some cafe where they would introduce me to the girls they knew, and I would try to dance. The tango and the one-step were then in vogue, but I knew only the old-fashioned waltz, mazurka and lancers. Nevertheless, I was determined to learn and I knew that the only way was by dancing with the best dancers. Many was the time I was turned down. And I deserved to be, for I must have ruined a million dollars' worth of satin slippers. Finally, when it was generally known that I specialized in dancing on other people's feet, I became one of the outstanding wall-flowers of the best cafes. In desperation one Sunday morning as we were walking through the zoo in Bronx park, I halted squarely in front of the monkey cage and declared I'd never move another step until Alex taught me to tango. I had by that time picked up most of the steps, but I had been unable to get the cortes, which is the basic step of the dance. And so Alex patiently taught me while the monkeys bounded up and down against the bars, squealing with glee. From then on I practiced until I could do a tango with some distinction—even to originating some steps of my own.

My brother had sent me a letter of introduction to the Commissioner of Immigration, which I decided to use in an effort to make some business connection. The Commissioner proved to be a splendid fellow, very courteous. When I showed him my diploma from the Italian Academy of Agriculture, he arranged for me to meet Mr. Cornelius Bliss, Jr., who had just built a country place in Jericho, Long Island, and wanted the grounds laid out in Italian gardens. Finding that I had knowledge of landscaping, Mr. Bliss offered me the position of superintendent on the estate, provided me with the necessary equipment and assigned me a nice little apartment over the garage, which had just been completed.

Although I had a serious manner and the appearance of maturity, I was only eighteen years old and very much a kid. As there was very little to do on the estate until the snow had cleared away, I used to spend my time

tearing around the island with Mr. Bliss' Shetland pony.

A few days later Mr. Bliss informed me that he had changed his mind about the Italian gardens. Mrs. Bliss had decided in favor of a golf course, he said. Although I realized that the real cause for this courteous dismissal was my irresponsible attitude, I bowed myself quietly out with expressions of gratitude for my proprietor's kindness.

By this time I had become very tired of the country, so I romped back to town, where one night I spent all I had earned in a month. Again my friend, the Commissioner, came to my rescue, this time with a letter which secured me a position on the estate of a millionaire in New Jersey.

After working two weeks at manual labor, without receiving any pay, I went to the proprietor, who informed me curtly that he intended to pay me fifteen dollars a month with board and room.

"There must be some mistake," I replied irately. "I came here to act as superintendent and all you give me to do is pick buggy leaves." I felt I wasn't cut out for manual labor. Later on I wished I just had a chance at some!

Taking my two weeks' pay of \$7.50 I left the gentleman flat, declaring he was the tightest wad I ever knew. My trunks were to be sent directly after me. Instead of that they were held in storage until I went after them at the station and had to pay ten dollars to get them out. Thus I lost \$2.50 on that job.

I was absolutely broke. And jobless. So I began to get a little sense. I regretted my conduct on Mr. Bliss' estate. In contrast to the New Jersey Shylock, Mr. Bliss shone as a beneficent Samaritan. Deep in remorse I went to his office and was received by him.

He proved to be a real benefactor. He gave me a letter to Mr. Ward, the park commissioner, through whom I was engaged as an apprentice landscape gardener in Central Park until such time as I was able to pass the examination and take a regular position on the park staff. In order that I might have enough to live on during this apprenticeship, Mr. Bliss gave me an allowance. I worked hard for a month, then went to the civil service bureau to take my test and register for a position.

"Are you an American citizen?" was the first question asked.

"No, I am an Italian," I said, sensing an obstacle.

"Sorry, but only American citizens are qualified for a city job."

"How long will it take to become a citizen?" I asked eagerly.

"Five years."

Then started my *via crucis*. Hunger, loneliness, nights without a roof over my head, shame and remorse—these comprised the cross of my humiliation. My false pride was ground mercilessly to bits. Then utterly pulverized.

I was kicked out of one lodging after another. I changed rooms four or five times in the course of two months. Sometimes my clothing was held in lieu of payment. Sometimes I pawned things. Once on a scorching hot day in summer I walked five miles to the City Hall looking for work; and, turned down, walked five miles back to my room. My landlady was holding my trunk because I had not paid her. I asked permission to change my shoes. My feet were bleeding. She refused.

My friends, the Salm, provided me with what clothes they could, but their allowance had been stopped by the war and they could afford little.

My last room—a skylight room near 43rd street and Broadway—cost me two dollars a week. It was a cubby-hole in which brooms and mops were kept. There was an iron sink. I wiped my hands on newspapers. It was too luxurious for me. I couldn't afford to keep it.

I went to the Mills hotel and got a room for twelve cents. For one night only. The next night I didn't have twelve cents.
I slept in Central Park.
I was just a tramp.

I looked for work every day. Usually I did not get it, but sometimes I made fifty cents by shining the brass on cars, by sweeping out, by doing anything that anyone would allow me to do. I was above no work. For bread I would have scrubbed the streets.

On the great days when I was blessed with a job I would go to the place of "The Hungry and Homeless"—the H & H Automat. On other days I partook of free lunches. I reached furtively for the food and quickly walked out. I couldn't bear to have them taunt me, saying, "Why don't you spend a nickel for beer?" I didn't want beer. I wanted just water, and I couldn't get that except by going to public fountains.

Yes, I thought of suicide. Many, many times I thought of it. But each time with that thought would come another: Mother said only a coward commits suicide; the brave man bears his cross, whatever it may be.

I went to a fellow who was playing the piano in the orchestra at Maxim's. He came from an excellent family in Taranto, Italy, and had made history similar to my own.

"Can you help me to get work?" I said. He didn't ask questions, but replied to my question as tersely as I had put it.

"Go to the headwaiter at Maxim's. He used to be at Bustanoly's. He will remember you."

In my shabby clothes I presented myself to the headwaiter who had seen me only in immaculate evening attire and had received many a nice tip from me. He looked at me with a curious smile.

"I guess you have seen plenty like me," I said. "Can you help me to get a job?"

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"I remember you are a good dancer. We need some one here to dance with lady guests. Oftentimes they come with gentlemen who do not dance. We can't pay you anything, but we will give you your meals and a room upstairs with a Victrola where you can give dancing lessons. You will have plenty of chances to make a little money that way."

"All I could say was, "Fine!"
I didn't dare venture the remark that my evening clothes were in a pawn shop.

Fate was certainly being kind to me. Just outside the door I met another old acquaintance. He was surprised at my appearance.

"What's happened, old man?"
"I told him my story over a lunch which he bought me at Jack's. I must have told it touchingly, for he said, "I'll be your first pupil for dancing lessons, and I'll advance thirty dollars, if you'll come up to my studio while I get it."

With this money I redeemed my dress suit, my dinner coat and evening overcoat. I had enough left to take a little room on 36th street near Eighth Avenue at \$5 a week.

* * *

A few weeks later I met a girl whose acquaintance I had made outside the 44th Street Theater, when both of us had been hoping to get a job in a show that the Shuberts were putting on. I invited her to lunch with me at Maxims.

"Why don't you get a partner and do exhibition dances?" she asked. "Surely you are not satisfied with doing this sort of thing. You are a gentleman and you dance well enough to appear on the stage. If you like, I will introduce you to Bonnie Glass. I think she is looking for a partner."

That night I dressed up in my best—I wore a silk high hat, too—and went with my friend to the New York roof where Miss Glass was dancing with Clifton Webb.

After one of the exhibition numbers, Miss Glass came over to our table and I was presented. Excusing myself, I left for a few minutes in order to give my friend an opportunity to explain who I was and what my qualifications were.

"My heavens!" cried Bonnie when she heard. "And here I thought he was a South American millionaire!"

Although she was terribly disappointed to learn that I was a poor broken-down dancer looking for a job instead of the millionaire she'd fancied, she was very nice to me and asked me to call her the next day at the Van Cortlandt Hotel. Mr. Webb was leaving and she needed a new partner.

* * *

When we had tried out a few steps the next afternoon she engaged me at a salary of fifty dollars a week. She confessed afterwards that she was kind of "leary" of me because I wasn't sure-footed.

That night we went over to the horse show at Madison Square Garden, and from there to Delmonico's, where we gave a dance for a hospital charity affair. We then went on at Rector's. I went through the dance the first night without making a mistake, and was astonished by the way I was received.

We later created quite a sensation on the stage of the Winter Garden by reviving the old cake-walk, which had been relegated to the mask and lavender for twenty years. After appearing at the Colonial Theater, the Orpheum in Brooklyn and various Keith houses, Bonnie opened her Montmartre in the basement of the old Boulevard Cafe and raised my salary to one hundred a week. While dancing there we also did turns at the Palace, the Colonial and other vaudeville houses about New York. Perhaps our greatest success was earned during our out-of-town tour. The most memorable night was in Washington, D. C., when President Wilson attended our opening, and we received sixteen curtain calls for the waltz we had created. It was a lovely waltz—a sort of pantomime.

After playing our engagement at the Palace Theater, Bonnie and I made a tour of the larger Eastern cities. Then Bonnie opened the Chez Fisher, on 55th street, a very popular and exclusive place. I danced with her there until she married Ben Ali Haggin and retired. Joan Sawyer then engaged me to dance with her during a vaudeville tour, and afterwards at Woodminster Inn.

I had never liked dancing as a profession, and I was always hoping for an opportunity to fulfill my original ambition, that of becoming a farmer. Hearing that California offered great opportunities, I decided to join a musical comedy, "The Masked Model," which was going to the coast. My salary was seventy-five dollars and traveling expenses. The show failed at Orden, but I received a ticket on to San Francisco, where I took a little apartment in the Windmere at Rush and Powell streets.

In San Francisco I met Mrs. Jack Spreckels, who invited me to her home to meet Jack. Through him I received a letter of introduction to the president of the Italian-American bank, an old gentleman who was the founder of the Asti colony of vine-growers in California.

He discouraged me in my idea of obtaining work in the agricultural line. "There is nothing to be made as superintendent of land," he said. "My advice is that you stick to your profession, save your money, and when the time comes you will be able to start right by investing in land of your own."

* * *

Following this excellent counsel I took a part in the musical comedy, "Nobody Home," with Richard Carle, playing a three weeks' engagement in San Francisco. My part was the one that Quentin Todd played in the original production.

But I realized that I could not remain in the rôle of dancer; I thoroughly disliked the work. It was during this period of dissatisfaction that I received an introduction to the manager of Sargent & Company, fiscal agents for the Commonwealth Corporation of New York, selling gilt edge securities on small payments. They needed salesmen, so I immediately enrolled. After two weeks in their special school of salesmanship, I started forth on my business career. I remember that I made my first sale to the head waiter of the Cliff House. The next day I made another commission of fifty dollars. But on the third day, the draft was declared, the Liberty Loan drive started and you couldn't get a nickel from anybody. It was then that I made an attempt to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps. That failing, I decided to go to Hollywood and try motion pictures.

During the summer I spent at Long Beach, while trying my hand at aviation, I made the friendship of Norman Kerry, who was then a representative for his father's concern, a leather goods house. Norman did not like business, and things were not going very well. I asked him why he did not try motion pictures, for he seemed to have all the qualifications. He acted on my suggestion, and the next time I met him he was leading man for Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess." They were shooting some scenes in San Francisco during the time I was striving to be a bond salesman. It was Norman's turn this time to make a suggestion, and it was the same that I had made him—"Why don't you try pictures?" But no, I was through with the make-believe. Before me stretched the glittering field of Big Business. Well, when Big Business left me flat, I decided to try Norman's suggestion, hoping it might prove as good for me as mine had for him.

As usual, I was out of money. I never could save. So again I had a transportation problem to solve. How would I get to Los Angeles? The question was answered by the late Frank Carter, husband of Marilyn Miller, who was playing in "The Passing Show," with Al Jolson, in San Francisco.

"Join us," he said. "We are doing one night stands to Los Angeles, and there is always an extra berth on our train."

He introduced me to Al Jolson, who was very

friendly and said, "By all means, come with us."

* * *

At Los Angeles I was met by Norman Kerry, who insisted that I put up at the Alexandria hotel, the best in the place.

"You stay here a week or two and make a good impression," he advised shrewdly.

Once again I was in a new world facing a new battle. For Hollywood is a little world in itself. No matter what reputation you may bring with you as an actor or dancer or author you must start over again and prove yourself. That is why so many celebrities of the theater and of literature have failed in the studio world, not realizing that they must learn new things and fight a new fight.

However, I had one asset which I did not have when I started my adventures in New York. I had at least one valuable friend. Norman Kerry not only provided me with funds which I needed so badly, but he introduced me to everyone of importance in the studios.

Although I had been widely advertised in New York as a dancer and had received twenty-five dollars an hour for teaching dancing, I was utterly unknown in Hollywood. I was just a beginner like thousands of others.

* * *

Emmet Flynn was the first director to see anything in me. He was very kind. My first job was as "extra" in a picture he directed called "Alimony," starring Josephine Whittell, then the wife of Robert Warwick. I received five dollars a day, like the other "extras."

By the way, it was while working in that picture that I met another "extra" who was to win success simultaneously with me. Her name was Alice Taffe. She was the same girl whose talents you discovered in "The Four Horsemen"—Miss Alice Terry.

Hayden Talbot was the author of "Alimony." One day Norman Kerry introduced me to him. He hadn't noticed me among the "extras," but upon meeting me he said, "You are a great type for a story I have in mind, and if I ever do get it produced you will get the part."

I thanked him, but thought nothing more about it.

After getting work with Mr. Flynn I was very hopeful. It was the first break after a long attempt. But so often the real despair comes after you make a start. Hope bounds up quickly. You feel so sure that everything has started that it is difficult to understand your inability to get work afterward.

After working in "Alimony," I thought surely I could get work as an "extra" at least. But I tramped from studio to studio without finding a thing. The casting directors were just as indifferent as they had been at the outset. The fact that I had done a few days' work and had been considered favorably by Mr. Flynn, Mr. Talbot and Mr. Kerry, meant nothing to them. Even if it had, they might not have had anything to offer. At that time my type was looked upon as belonging to the "heavy" class. I was so unmistakably foreign that I did not fit into the ordinary "extra" class for American scenes. Thus I had a greater handicap than most beginners.

All this time I was forced to impose on the generosity of Norman. Realizing it was silly to stay any longer at the Alexandria hotel, which was very expensive, I decided to take a small apartment at Grand avenue and Fifth street.

* * *

About that time Baron Long opened the Watts Tavern, a road house near Los Angeles. He offered me thirty-five dollars a week to dance there. As my apartment cost only eight dollars a week, I figured that I could pay my rent and board and wear a clean collar now and then. So I took it. I also thought that I might attract the attention of some director, for the film people were the chief patrons of the place. My partner was Marjorie Tain, who is now working in Christie comedies, I believe.

Nothing came of the engagement except



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that I met some very fine people from Pasadena who suggested that I try for an engagement dancing at the Hotel Maryland, one of the most exclusive hotels in Pasadena. By that time the Watts Tavern had begun to attract an undesirable crowd, and I was disgusted with the place. The Maryland engaged me to dance with Katherine Phelps. Our first exhibition was on Thanksgiving day, when we were received very nicely. A few days later the proprietor, Mr. Leonard, returned from the East and offered me a permanent engagement. But the terms were such that I couldn't accept, and I walked out.

That very day, as I was walking down to the Alexandria, I met Emmet Flynn.

He grabbed me by the arm. "My God, I've been trying to get hold of you for a week," he said.

"Do you remember that story Hayden Talbot said he was going to write?"

I said, "Yes."

"Well, he has done it, and he is going to produce it. Go over and see Mr. Maxwell, the supervisor of production."

The part proved to be that of a "heavy"—an Italian count, and I suited the type in appearance.

"Will you play it for fifty a week?" Mr. Maxwell asked.

"Certainly," I said, greatly elated in the thought that here at last was my big chance.

The part was really the outstanding one of the picture, and I thought surely I would attract enough attention to win me some offers. But just my luck—there was a fight over the negative after its completion. The camera men hadn't received their salaries, and as a result they had tied up the picture. It was released years later and advertised: Rudolph Valentino in "The Married Virgin!"

So I starred in my first part. Of course, there was no intention of conferring such honors upon me when the picture was made.

It only came about because of the prominence I attained during the interim.

After completing that picture there was another lapse of several weeks during which I could get nothing. Such are the vicissitudes of a movie career. You may play a leading role—several leading roles—and then suddenly find yourself back where you started.

Again Emmet Flynn came to my rescue. He hesitated to offer me an "extra" part after I had played a lead; however, he finally ventured the question:

"Will you play an Italian bowery tough in my picture?"

"I will play anything," I said, delighted to get the seven-fifty a day.

Incidentally, Emmet kept me on the payroll for the entire production, even though I didn't work every day. Such are the things a fellow doesn't forget.

From bowery tough I suddenly became a prince charming of the middle ages!

This sudden transition came about through Mae Murray and her husband, Bob Leonard. They had known me in New York. One day as I passed through their "set," I called "hello" to Bob. When I reached home I received a telephone call offering me the rôle of leading man in "The Big Little Person" with Mae.

For the next picture, "The Delicious Little Devil," starring Mae, I again had the leading rôle. I was cast as an Irishman, the son of a contractor. What an Irishman I made!

The following picture offered nothing for me. There was a young American woodsman. It seems I could play Irishmen but not Americans. Ralph Graves had just won a beauty and brains contest somewhere, so he got the part.

While he couldn't see me in this part, Bob Leonard liked me and had approved of my work in the other two pictures. He is a wonderful fellow, and I was crazy to stay with him. When I found it impossible, I asked him to

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give me a recommendation. And this he did.

Thus I met Paul Powell, who was to direct Carmel Myers in "A Society Sensation." He was very nice. "Go and have a talk with the manager," he said, "and tell him I said you were the man for the part."

I landed the part and a salary of \$125 a week. Paul Powell liked me. He was the first one to say, "Stick to it and you will make a name for yourself some day." It was wonderful encouragement that I never forgot.

* * *

Perhaps I was too elated, for I went out and bought a \$750 Mercer, for which I agreed to pay a hundred down and fifty a month. It cost me about twice that much to keep it in repair, so finally, when it was taken away from me because I hadn't kept up my payments, I bade it a fond farewell.

Paul liked me so much in "A Society Sensation" that he engaged me for his next production, "All Night." He also was instrumental in getting me a raise to \$150 a week.

I had finished this picture and was looking around for another chance when the epidemic of Spanish "flu" broke out. All the studios were shut down, and there wasn't a ghost of a chance of getting anything. So I went to San Francisco to visit some friends. Upon my return I came down with the disease. I had to go to bed, but I didn't call a doctor or take medicine. I don't believe much in medicine. When I finally recovered, I found that I had lost thirty pounds.

* * *

At that time I was living in Morgan Place, in Hollywood, directly opposite Wally Reid's home. Wally and I used to have hot battles. He declared that the cut-out of my car woke him up every Sunday morning, and I claimed that his darned saxophone kept me from going to sleep. Our argument developed into a neighborhood joke.

When I had regained my strength after a careful diet of boiled fruits and broth, I started making the rounds of the studios. Not a chance did I have for coming back as a leading man. In desperation I offered to take anything that would pay me enough to live.

Finally, Earle Williams offered me a "bit" doing an Apache dance in "The Kogue's Romance." Earle and his wife had always been very nice to me and we became great friends.

James Young, who directed Williams, was also fine to me—in fact, wonderful. He let me stage the dance just as I wanted and pick the close-ups I considered best. When he was through with me, he said, "Valentino, you ought to be a great actor some day—you have a lot of ability."

I told him I hoped some other people would see it. They didn't for a long time, but, somehow, those few words would bob up in my mind every time I was turned down, and I would say, "I must have the stuff for Mr. Young is an artist who knows ability when he sees it."

My next engagement was with Ince, in support of Dorothy Dalton. When the picture had been finally edited for the market, I found myself in just exactly one scene. But I had earned seventy-five dollars a week, and that was most welcome at the time.

* * *

Consider the thrill that went over me, then, when I received a call from D. W. Griffith.

Not since the day back in Italy when I ran away to see the king had I been so excited.

Previously, I had met Mr. Griffith. After completing "All Night" at Universal, Paul Powell had given me a letter of introduction. Mr. Griffith received me and chatted with me for several minutes. All the time he was looking right straight over my head. When he said, "We haven't anything for you now, but leave your pictures." I wondered how he could know whether he had anything or not since he hadn't even given me a glance. But I found out afterwards that such is his regular manner. He must have a third eye concealed about him somewhere.



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At any rate, he remembered me when he was casting for "Out of Luck," with Dorothy Gish, and I was engaged to play the "heavy." I think Mr. Griffith liked me. Although he made no comment to me directly, I heard later that he predicted a big career for me.

In fact, he considered me for the Spanish part in "Scarlet Days," with little Clarine Seymour. After our discussion, however, he held a conference and it was decided that Richard Barthelmess should play the part.

Mr. Griffith kept me in mind, and when he presented "The Greatest Thing in Life," at the Auditorium, in Los Angeles, I was engaged to dance with Carol Dempster in a prologue. I worked for two or three months, receiving a hundred dollars a week and, when "Scarlet Days" was shown at the Grauman theater, I was engaged to do a dance as a prologue to that film.

* * *

It was at a party at Pauline Frederick's that I met Jean Acker.

I thought her very attractive. But I did not see her again for some time.

While completing work in "Once to Every Woman," starring Dorothy Phillips, I again met Miss Acker.

I fell in love with her. I think you might call it love at first sight.

One day I invited her to go horseback riding with me. A charming California day, with the leaves of the pepper trees, which lined the road, hanging like gold lace in the sunlight.

It was like an Italian day. Romance was shining everywhere, and the world looked beautiful.

That day I proposed to Miss Acker.

It seemed spontaneous and beautiful then. But as I look back, now, it seems more like a scene for a picture with me acting the leading part.

We drew up our horses under the trees, where the sun worked a leafy arabesque upon the ground. I remember how lovely she looked as I helped her to dismount.

And then—I asked her to be my wife. She made me very happy by accepting.

I had been utterly lonely. Above all else I had longed for a friend, a great and real friend. I had longed for the sympathy and understanding which a woman alone can give.

When we returned to the Hollywood hotel, where she was stopping, we met May Allison and Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Karger. We told them we were going to be married the very next day.

The Kargers were giving a farewell party that evening to Richard Rowland, president of Metro, who was returning to New York. Mr. Karger suggested that we procure our license and turn the party into a wedding.

That was the way we rushed through our romance.

After the ceremony, we had supper and danced until two o'clock.

Then my bride left me.

* * *

I had saved a thousand dollars, my first attempt at saving, while working in "Once to Every Woman." This soon disappeared after I had paid various expenses attending the wedding.

Luckily I was engaged for a Katherine MacDonald picture, "Passion's Playground." It was remarkable for the fact that Norman Kerry and I played brothers in the picture.

... We had been brothers off screen right along—brother adventurers in life.

When I completed "Passion's Playground," I had another interview with Miss Acker in the hope that we could reach a sympathetic understanding. I went out to the location where she was working with Patty Arubclie in "The Round-Up." When I arrived, I learned that she had skipped to Los Angeles. I followed to Los Angeles. There she told me that she would never return to me.

* * *

I left at once for New York after that. Soon

after I arrived in New York I read an announcement in the trade papers that Metro had bought the screen rights to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Some one told me that there was a splendid part for me in the story, that of a South American who danced the tango.

I read the book and then went to see Mr. Karger, who had been my best man at the wedding and who was in charge of Metro productions. He promised to keep me in mind when the time came to engage the cast.

After I had done "The Great Moment" and while playing a "heavy" in support of Eugene O'Brien in "The Fog," I decided to make a call on Mr. Karger's brother-in-law, who was casting director for Metro.

"Where have you been?" he asked, when I entered his office. "I have been trying to get hold of you. How would you like to play the lead in 'The Four Horsemen'?"

I was stunned! I couldn't believe my ears, for I had scarcely dared to hope for such an opportunity.

"I would love it," I managed to say.

"What are you getting—\$450?" he asked.

"No," I said, too excited to reason. "Just \$300."

"Miss Mathis wants to see you," he replied.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She has written the scenario," he explained, "and is supervising the production. All the casting is up to her."

Later I learned that Miss Mathis had come to New York with the purpose of engaging me for the rôle of *Julio*. She had seen me only once and in a part so small that I have even neglected to mention the picture. It was as the "heavy" in the third episode of Clara Kimball Young's "Eyes of Youth."

I told Director Archinbald, who was directing "The Fog," of my great luck, and he most kindly rushed production in order that I might leave at once for California. On Saturday night I finished my work and left the next day for Hollywood, arriving on the 16th.

I worked for \$350 a week during "The Four Horsemen." When it was completed I asked for a fifty dollar raise on the strength of the work I did in the part of *Julio*. I was told that Metro couldn't afford it and didn't feel it was worth it, so I kept on at the same salary, playing with Alice Lake in "Uncharted Seas." Then *Irmond* with Madame Nazimova in "Camille," still at the same salary.

* * *

"The Four Horsemen" was released, and I was astonished by the fine reception the critics and public gave me, but no impression was made upon the powers of Hollywood, apparently. No one seemed to believe in me except June Mathis. She had written the scenario for "The Conquering Power," which Rex Ingram was to do, and she wanted me to play the leading rôle. Rex and I had a talk and I asked for a hundred dollar raise. We argued and argued, and finally he gave me a raise of fifty, making my salary \$400.

I left Metro after completing work in that picture. My part, as originally written by Miss Mathis, had been greatly reduced, and the attitude toward me was such that I found it impossible to continue.

In the meantime, Famous Players-Lasky engaged me for "The Sheik," at \$500 a week. That was followed by "Moran of the Lady Letty," at \$700. In order to play in "Beyond the Rocks," at a salary of a thousand, I gave the company an option on my services. The understanding was that "Blood and Sand," my next picture, was to be made in Europe with Fitzmaurice directing. But the contract I signed on January 22nd was not according to that agreement. Instead of making the picture in Spain, with the director designated, it was made in Hollywood with another director. Thus started the trouble that culminated with "The Young Rajah."

I realized that I could not make such pictures as "The Young Rajah" and keep faith with the public. It was a purely ethical matter

which caused me to become involved in litigation.

"The Four Horsemen" was the turning point in my luck, for it not only brought me screen success but also a great deal of happiness. While engaged upon it I met Natacha Rambova.

She was then designing the "sets" and the costumes for Madame Nazimova, who, at that time, was planning to produce Pierre Louys' "Aphrodite."

Miss Rambova interested me the first time I noticed her about the studio. She never looked to right or left. She seemed frozen, like a piece of ice. However, it was not a matter of love at first sight. I merely thought her an unusual type of girl, with a distinction that marked her from all the rest of the studio people.

I didn't meet her until I was working in "Uncharted Seas." It was then that Madame Nazimova called me over to speak about the part of *Armand* in "Camille." Natacha was on the "set," and I was introduced. We chatted together for a few moments, but still she preserved that distant, cold manner that I had noted about her at first.

Just as we were finishing "Uncharted Seas," there was a masked ball at the Ambassador hotel. I intended to go in the costume that I wore during the Argentine dance scene of "The Four Horsemen." I invited Natacha to go with me. The ball started at nine o'clock and ended at eleven, a typical Hollywood affair. Of course, we arrived just as "Home, Sweet Home" was in order. A friend of ours, a Russian doctor, was giving a party on that evening, and he suggested that we come to his house. So a party of us accepted, and it was there that Natacha and I first danced together. At last the ice was broken! And I was strangely happy over the fact. I didn't feel I had made any great hit, but she was no longer so glacial.

Then "Camille" she offered to fix my hair for the first part, when I looked like a country boy. And she used to help me in other ways as I was playing *Armand*. Little by little we became friends.

During the course of the picture, we spent a great many evenings together, riding, walking or reading.

We became tremendously attached to one another. It wasn't any dashing, romantic adventure. Just a sound, wonderful friendship that grew out of our loneliness. We found we were interested in the same things, in literature, in music and in art. She had been almost a recluse, and so had I.

I don't advocate the romantic life I lead on the screen. My own has been too adventurous to be altogether comfortable, and I suppose it always will be. Yet I know that every one of my experiences, tragic or comic, was given me for a reason. You have to know life to be an artist. You have to experience emotions actually in order to give them realistic expression, particularly on the screen. Although I felt little in common with the *Sheik*, there was much in the character and experience of *Julio* and of *El Gallardo* that I understood intimately and sympathetically.

Here ends Rudolph Valentino's life story, as he wrote it for PHOTOPLAY. Valentino finally adjusted his contract difficulties with Famous Players-Lasky and returned to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

He made "The Sainted Devil" and "Cobra" for this firm and next was launched as a United Artists star.

Then began Rudy's real come-back. "The Eagle" attracted wide attention, but it was Valentino's last picture, "The Son of the Sheik," which seemed destined to restore the famous star to his full popularity.

Just as "The Son of the Sheik" was released, Valentino was fatally stricken in New York. Death came on August 23, 1926.



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Why have gas—sour stomach—or bad breath? One or two tablets, and your stomach has the alkaline it needs for smooth, serene digestion.

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Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or a full box free if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 368, Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled! A sweet stomach for twenty-five cents.

STUART'S
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Two Hands and a Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

more I could about her. She was here to go in pictures and surely our paths would cross.

Finally we met at the Paramount studios and I found Frances just as charming as I had imagined she would be.

She is terribly ambitious, and has always wanted a chance at pictures, when she was secretary, when she was posing for New York photographers. And now the dream has come true.

In the early days, when they didn't have so many beauty contests, many of the girls whose names are up in electric lights today were recruited from the same ranks as have given us Frances McCann.

A LICE JOYCE was a model. So was Anna Q. Nilsson, Miriam Cooper, Mabel Normand. May McAvoy, Helene Chadwick and many others of our great.

That's one of the many reasons I feel Iris Stuart, who was born Frances McCann, has prepared herself in a good school for her chosen career.

Iris is rather tall and willowy (she would have to be to wear clothes so wonderfully), has dark brown hair, and such eyes. They're brown, too.

I'll tell you how she got the name "girl with a million faces." By looking so different in so many different portraits. I looked over a lot of her New York pictures—things made for various advertising campaigns—and they looked like pictures of a score of different women.

"I tried and tried to get into movies," Iris, born Frances, explained to me. "I knew I photographed well because for five years I have been one of the highest salaried models in commercial advertising. Yet I couldn't even get a screen test, because everyone said I was too tall. I'm only five feet seven, but every agent and producer said that was about five inches too much.

"To be a model," she said, "is pleasant enough, but it isn't any good for a girl who is ambitious. We girls who are in demand get about \$10 a pose, and some days I have posed for six or seven ads. I've made as much as

\$250 a week for months at a time, but it is stupid work, nevertheless, and the money for women lies in pictures.

"My face is quite different on both sides. One way I look rather like Elsie Ferguson. In another angle I look totally different. Advertisers used to say, 'I'd like a girl who looks like Miss McCann, but I can't use her again. Her face has been used so much. It's too familiar.' Then the photographer would shoot me from another angle and the advertiser would accept it as the picture of another girl.

"Here I was," she said, "knowing I could look as I pleased in any picture. I knew I could wear clothes becomingly. I knew I could express more than a little with my hands.

"And because of a couple of inches I couldn't get anywhere."

Her great brown eyes were very solemn as she stated all this. It meant much to her. To tell her of the light and struggle of other beauties for screen recognition meant nothing in her slim life. For five years she had been too tall.

"The excitements of the model's life is all bosh. We have to get our sleep and rest and live simply, for a wild and wozy evening photographs terribly the next morning. I was bored to death.

"Then about six months ago I met Joe Schenck. 'Tall girls are coming in,' he said. 'Come to Hollywood and I'll give you your chance.'

"I simply flew out there. Mr. Schenck gave me my screen test and showed it to Paramount.

"In less than a month they signed me for featured roles and eventual stardom, if I prove worthy of it."

Iris Stuart lives in a charming little Hollywood bungalow surrounded by big pepper trees and loves it, but she does miss New York and the theaters just a little.

As Texas Guinan would say, "Let's give this little girl a hand." She already has two—the most beautiful I have ever seen—which have landed her in pictures, but another might help her along.

Why I Like Hollywood Better Than the Bronx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

wave a languid hand, but generally they think, well, no, after all, Eddie isn't quite in the pictures yet and one never knows, does one? Not always in Hollywood.

Great place—Hollywood; one lives so much longer on one picture than one used to live on twenty years Bronxing—longer and better. The upkeep and overhead may be a little more, but so is the intake.

Then there is the pulchritudeness of the place; it goes to the head like Pre-War stuff, although I've met face to face none such gargoyle in the glad subtiles of the far west. Where do they all come from, I wonder as I gaze about the Montmartre Cafe and watch them fearfully and awfully munch a half an almond, their menu out on that day's diet schedule. If Titian, Rubens, Gainsborough or Reynolds could only have lived today instead of me! I can't paint them and those poor chaps had poor material to work on. Something should be done about it.

Hollywood is a place where you can correct your own mistakes. In New York if you make one, it follows you around like Hamlet's ghost from one darned theater to another. But out there you can see yourself make it in the pro-

jection room and if you yell loud enough and cry hard enough that you should have looked at the girl there and that the scene is as rotten as a campaign fund they'll let you try it over and look at the girl the next morning whether you want to or not, thus saving paying customers from demanding their money back at the box office and writing letters to themanagement about the poor egg who turned his perfect back on a lady. In the Bronx one such gap of etiquette and your new suit would look like a sennett.

T H E birds in Hollywood have it all over the beasts in the Bronx zoo. They are as free as air and sing on full stomachs. One specie of rare bird in Beverly Hills has four upholstered nests with separate families in each one, while he migrates to the South Sea Islands to study beach-combers and other forms of tropical life.

My daughters owe Jesse Lasky a debt of gratitude which I can never repay. I didn't know what to do about them and their mother, but Mr. Lasky said just bring them to Hollywood—it will be a liberal education for them and there is every accommodation there for large

families on account of nearly everyone having several children. So I moved them out bag and baggage and before we knew what had happened to us we were living under the trees and paying the rent of a Beverly Hills hotel bungalow. Comfortable—say—go on. We were so comfortable, I was late to work three mornings—and my gags were so funny nobody laughed. One week's salary went for stamps and telegrams to the children's New York friends, but I didn't begrudge it to them, especially after reading some of them, telling about the wild Indians and dashing cowboys that kidnapped them at Ocean Park. Besides it kept them from asking me embarrassing questions.

I bought them the Book of Knowledge long ago, but still they stump me. They guess at things I don't know.

Things were better for us though around the hotel after I had produced my Victrola record, "Oh, Boy, What a Girl." The bus boys had never seen me in pictures because I was just making my first and they won't serve a pat of butter to anyone they haven't seen on the screen.

If you aren't famous in your own right, whisper to them that you're Charlie Chaplin in disguise. A Hollywood telephone girl wanted to know if I played the part of the cat in "Puss in Boots," but I told her I didn't dare tell, as someone might steal the idea. After all there isn't much difference between that title and "Kid Boots," the musical comedy that Paramount and I have changed until you won't know it. The difference between the changes we've made and those that most others make is that ours is an improvement on the show. If you want to get up an argument, go and see it. That's all we ask of you—just go and see it for yourselves.

THERE'S one thing not in the Bronx that I could do without in Hollywood—location men. It was some location man that wrote that lovely ditty about climbing the highest mountain. You can't get them too high for those boys.

And cliffs! There are thousands of cliffs far from Hollywood; these birds had them placed there for picture purposes. I know how many there are because I've fallen off every one. Then, too, there are the Santa Monica palisades; don't believe those real estate hounds when they tell you how picturesque they are; they're not; they're steep and they're hard as cast iron. A Bronx alley is Paradise, even if it is the haunt of a clubby group of hijackers and gunmen.

Mr. Lasky gave orders to push me off every high place in Southern California, but I'm the kind of guy that gets used to anything.

Tuttle has already got an idea which will call for the villain throwing me out of a twenty-four story building. He doesn't know it, but I'm safe. The limit height in California is thirteen stories.

It's pictures that make a man blue—black and blue.

In the theater if you don't get a laugh with a quiet piece of business, you think of something else quiet; but in pictures if you don't get a laugh by hanging over a canyon ten thousand feet down, you look one up to hang over that is twenty thousand feet. Not a dull moment in pictures.

Hollywood is a great place, so is Beverly Hills; even the trees are named after picture people.

I have always been a fan, but I'm going to know pretty soon whether I've got any myself or not.

As soon as I know my picture has paid for itself, I'm going to celebrate—not too long, you understand; that's what keeps a lot of talented men down; they have a little success and turn it into a continuous celebration.

If I make some of the money that kicks around loose in Hollywood, I may do a will-rogers mausoleum in Beverly Hills. I may—and again I may not.

One never knows in pictures.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BEAU GESTE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Percival Wren. Screen play by Paul Schofield. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Michael "Beau" Geste*, Ronald Colman; *Digby Geste*, Neil Hamilton; *John Geste*, Ralph Forbes; *Lady Brandon*, Alice Joyce; *Isobel*, Mary Brian; *Sergeant Lejaune*, Noah Beery; *Majior de Beaujolais*, Norman Trevor; *Boldini*, William Powell; *Maris*, George Rigas; *Schwartz*, Bernard Siegel; *Hank*, Victor McLaglan; *Buddy*, Donald Stuart; *St. Andre*, Paul McAllister.

"BARDELSY THE MAGNIFICENT"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Rafael Sabatini. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Bardeleys*, John Gilbert; *Rosalunde Delevedan*, Eleanor Boardman; *Chatterlour*, Roy D'Arcy; *Vicomte Delevedan*, Lionel Belmore; *Vicomtesse Delevedan*, Emily Fitzroy; *Saint Eustache*, George K. Arthur; *King Louis XIII*, Arthur Lubin; *Lespron*, Theodor Von Eltz; *Rodnour*, Karl Dane; *Cardinal Richelieu*, Edward Connelly; *Castelreux*, Fred Malatesta; *La Fosse*, John T. Murray; *Imkeeper*, Joseph Marba; *Sergeant of Dragons*, Daniel G. Tomlinson; *Anatol*, Emile Chautard; *Cocclath*, Max Barwyn.

"TIN GODS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by Paul Dickey and Howard E. Rogers. Screen play by James Shelley Hamilton. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Roger Drake*, Thomas Meighan; *Curia*, Renee Adoree; *Janet Stone*, Aileen Pringle; *Tony Santelli*, William Powell; *Dr. McCoy*, Hale Hamilton; *Dougherty*, John Harrington; *First Foreman*, Joe King; *Second Foreman*, Robert E. O'Connor; *Billy*, Delbert Emory Whitten, Jr.

"NERVOUS WRECK, THE"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the stage play by Owen Davis. Adapted by F. McGrew Willis. Directed by Scott Sidney. The cast: *Henry Williams*, Harrison Ford; *Sally Morgan*, Phyllis Haver; *Mort*, Chester Conklin; *Jerome Underwood*, Mack Swain; *Jed Morgan*, Hobart Bosworth; *Bob O'ells*, Paul Nicholson; *Harriet Underwood*, Vera Steadman; *Reggie DeVere*, Charles Gerrard; *Andy McNab*, Clarence Burton.

"STRONG MAN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Paul Bergel*, Harry Langdon; *Mary Brown*, Priscilla Bonner; *Gold Tooth*, Gertrude Astor; *Purson Brown*, William V. Mong; *Roy McDreith*, Robert McKim; *Zandow the Great*, Arthur Thalasso.

"SUBWAY SADIE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mildred Cram. Directed by Al Santwell. The cast: *Sadie Horwam*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Herb McCarthy*, Jack Mulhall; *Striver*, Charles Murray; *Ethel*, Peggy Shaw; *Fred Perry*, Gaston Glass; *Brown*, Bernard Randall.

"BATTLING BUTLER"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the play by Stanley Brightman and Austin McLeod. Adapted by Paul G. Smith. Albert Boasberg and Charles Smith. Directed by Buster Keaton. Photography by Dev Jennings and Bert Haines. The cast: *Alfred Butler*, Buster Keaton; *The Girl*, Sally O'Neil; *His Valet*, Snitz Edwards; *Alfred "Battling Butler"*, Francis McDonald; *His Wife*, Mary O'Brien; *His Trainer*, Tom Wilson; *His Manager*, Eddie Borden; *The Girl's Father*, Walter James; *The Girl's Brother*, Buddy Fine.

"HER BIG NIGHT"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Peggy Gaddis. Scenario by Melville Brown. Directed by Melville Brown. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: *Frances Norcross*, Laura La Plante; *Johnny Young*, Einar Hansen; *Glady's Smith*, ZaSu Pitts; *J. Q. Adams*, Tully Marshall; *Tom Barrett*, Lee Moran; *Myers*, Mack Swain; *Daphne Dix*, Laura La Plante; *Allan Dix*, John Roche; *Harold Crosby*, William Austin; *Mr. Harmon*, Natt Carr; *Mrs. Harmon*, Cissy Fitzgerald.

"BLUE EAGLE, THE"—WM. FOX.—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *George D'Arcy*, Father O'Brien; *Rose Cooper*, Janet Gagnor; *Gallego Joe*, Robert Edeson; *Big Tim Ryan*, William Russell; *Nick Galvani*, David Butler; *Limp*, Phillip Ford; *Slats Mulligan*, Ralph Sipperly; *Mary Rohan*, Margaret Livingston; *Bascom*, Harry Tembrock; *Captain McCarthy*, Lew Short; *Baby Tom*, Jerry, the Giant.

"HOLD THAT LION"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Rosalie Mulhall. Scenario by Joseph Franklin Poland. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Jack Mackenzie. The cast: *Daniel Hastings*, Douglas MacLean; *Dick Warren*, Walter Hiers; *Marjorie Brand*, Constance Howard; *H. Horace Smythe*, Cyril Chadwick; *Andrew MacTavish*, Wade Boteler; *Professor Brand*, George C. Pearce.

"AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Jeffery Farnol. Scenario by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Sidney Olcott. The cast: *Barnabas Barly*, Richard Barthelmess; *Lady Colce Meredith*, Dorothy Dunbar; *Ronald Barrymaire*, Gardner James; *Sir Mortimer Carnaby*, Nigel Barrie; *Peterby*, Brandon Hurst; *Viscount Devenham*, John Miljan; *John Barly*, Edwards Davis; *Duchess of Camberhurst*, Billie Bennett; *Jasper Gaint*, Herbert Grimwood; *Prince Regent*, Gino Corrado; *Captain Chumley*, Sidney de Gray; *Captain Slingsby*, John Peters.

"IT MUST BE LOVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Brooke Hanlon. Adaptation by Julian Josephson. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Fernie Schmidt*, Colleen Moore; *"Pop" Schmidt*, Jean Hersholt; *Jack Dugan*, Malcolm McGregor; *Robert Holtovsky*, Arthur Stone; *"Mom" Schmidt*, Bodil Kosing; *Mim*, Dorothy Seastrom; *Al*, Cleve Moore; *Lots*, Mary Brian; *Joe*, Ray Haller.

"MICHAEL STROGOFF"—UNIVERSAL.—Adapted and produced by V. Tourjansky. From the novel by Jules Verne. The cast: *Michael Strogoff*, Ivan Mosjoukine; *Nadia Fedor*, Nathalie Kovanko; *Ivan Goureff*, Chakatouny; *Marya Strogoff*, Jeanne Brindeau; *Zangara*, Tuia de Izardus; *Emir Pofar*, M. Debas; *Tar*, E. Gaidaroff; *General Kissoff*, N. Nougoucheff.

"SHOW-OFF, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by George Kelly. Scenario by Pierre Collings. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by Lee Garmes. The cast: *Andy Piper*, Ford Sterling; *Amy Fisher*, Lois Wilson; *Clara*, Louise Brooks; *Joe Fisher*, Gregory Kelly; *Pop Fisher*, C. W. Goodrich; *Mom Fisher*, Claire McDowell; *Railroad Executive*, Joseph Smiley.

"DIPLOMACY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Victorien Sardou. Scenario by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson and Don Keyes. The cast: *Dora*, Blanche Sweet; *Julian Weymouth*, Neil Hamilton; *Countess Zicka*, Arlette Marchal; *Robert Lowry*, Matt

Moore; *Baron Ballin*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Sir Henry Wymouth*, Earle Williams; *Count Orloff*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Marquise de Zares*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Reggie Cowan*, David Mir; *Baron's Secretary*, Charles "Buddy" Post; *John Stramir*, Mario Carillo; *Chinese Diplomat*, Sojin; *Servants*, Edgar Norton and Linda Landi.

"GAY DECEIVER, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the play by Maurice Hennequin and Felix Duquesnel. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John M. Stahl. Photography by Antonio Gaudio and Maximilian Fabian. The cast: *Toto*, Lew Cody; *Robert*, Malcolm McGregor; *Louise*, Marceline Day; *Countess de Sano*, Carmel Myers; *Count de Sano*, Roy D'Arcy; *Claire*, Dorothy Phillips; *Lawyer*, Edward Connelly; *Lawyer's Nephew*, Antonio D'Algy.

"KICK-OFF, THE"—EXCELLENT PICTURES CORP.—From the story by Wesley Ruggles. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Tom Stephens*, George Walsh; *Marilyn Spencer*, Leila Hyams; *Ruth Clark*, Bee Amann; *Frank Preston*, Earle Larimore; "Coach" Connelly, W. L. Thorne; *Zeke Moffatt*, Joe Burke; *Mrs. Stephens*, Jane Jennings.

"TEXAS STREAK, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and scenario by Lynn Reynolds. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. Photography by Edward Neumann. The cast: *Chad Pennington*, Hoot Gibson; *Amy Hollis*, Blanche McHaffey; *Jefferson Powell*, Alan Roscoe; *Col. Hollis*, James Marcus; "Tiggs" Cassidy, Jack Curtis; "Saxie" Sonberg, George Summerville; "Pat" Casey, Les Bates; *Jimmy Hollis*, Jack Murphy; *Charles Logan*, William H. Turner.

"ICE FLOOD, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Johnstone McCulley. Adapted by James O. Spearing. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Lawrence Grostadt. The cast: *Jack DeQuincy*, Kenneth Harlan; *Marie O'Neill*, Viola Dana; *Dum-Dum Pete*, Frank Hagney; "Cougur Kid", Fred Kohler; *James O'Neill*, DeWitt Jennings; *Cook*, Kitty Barlow; *Thomas DeQuincy*, James Gordon.

"RISKY BUSINESS"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the story by Charles Brackett. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Alan Hale. Photography by James Diamond. The cast: *Cecily Sloughlon*, Vera Reynolds; *Mrs. Stoughton*, Ethel Clayton; *Ted Pynchon*, Kenneth Thomson; *Coultis-Browne*, Ward Crane; *Lawrence W'heaton*, Louis Natheaux; *Agnes W'heaton*, ZaSu Pitts; *Schubal Peabody*, George Irving; *Kosalite*, Louis Caho.

"MARRIAGE LICENSE?"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the stage play by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Wanda Heriot*, Alma Rubens; *Marcus Heriot*, Walter McGrail; *General*, Sir John Heriot, Charles Lane; *Lady Heriot*, Emily Fitzroy; *Beadon*, Edgar Norton; *Charles Cheriton*, Langhorne Burton; *Robin*, Richard Walling; *Heriot's Footman*, Lon Poff; *Abercrombie*, George Cowi; *Paul Lauson*, Walter Pidgeon; *Tull Maid*, Billie Latimer; *Short Maid*, Patsy O'Byrne; *Attorney*, Thomas Ricketts; *Judge*, Wilfred North; *Detective*, Olaf Hyttan; *Guy Cheriton*, Arthur Rankin; *Doctor*, Eric Mayne.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

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SANDY—Fox.—A splendid flaming youth story that will appeal to everyone in an audience. Madge Bellamy's performance is excellent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner Bros.—And a very sappy picture. Don't waste your time. (June.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

SAY IT AGAIN—Paramount.—A grand and glorious see-lee-ah at all the mythical kingdom yards. Good stuff. (August.)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as superbly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SEA HORSES—Paramount.—Fair stuff because of the presence of Florence Vidor in the cast. Not as snappy as the usual Allan Dwan production. (May.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.—The war spy system is again served for your entertainment. You won't object because Evelyn Brent is a treat for the optics. (June.)

SENOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SET UP, THE—Universal.—Art Acord does some hard riding and shooting. And that's about all except that he marries the girl in the end. (May.)

SEVENTH BANDIT, THE—Pathé.—A splendid Western that grownups and children should not overlook. Harry Carey and Harriet Hammond head the cast. (June.)

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors.—The more credit to an old, old story. Clara Bow is the only attraction. (May.)

SIAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first chest showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not banter. (July.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Corp.—If you haven't been sleeping lately try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SIBERIA—Fox.—Some more Russian revolutions—that is, if you like 'em. (June.)

SILENCE—The Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama of the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (July.)

SOCIAL CELEBRITY, A—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou as an ambitious young shaver, borrows some clothes and becomes the toast of New York. Another fascinating Menjou picture. (July.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

SON OF THE SHEIK, THE—United Artists.—Rodolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work for it. The first of the Foxes. It's a good month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)

SO THIS IS PARIS—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

SPARROWS—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Priscilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—The night has been waning but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.—A concoction of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it—awful. (September.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—What the Jewfishers and Irishers are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

TESSIE—Arrow.—This would have been utterly impossible if it were not for the wise-cracking subtitles. May McAvoy is out of her class in this. (May.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount.—Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean in the leading rôle. Need more be said? (June.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TORRENT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Introducing the charming new Swedish importation, Greta Garbo—and she's the kind of a girl the men won't forget. A vivid delight for grownups. (May.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National.—The first feature length comedy featuring Harry Langdon—and the boy's good. Worth while. (May.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while. (August.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very grand hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western story. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UNTAMED LADY, THE—Paramount.—An awful disappointment in spite of the fact that it stars Gloria Swanson. A total washout from beginning to end. (May.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. (August.)

VARIETY—UFA-Famous Players.—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

VOLGA BOATMAN, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not Cecil De Mille at his best, but a triumph of the theme in the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks. (June.)

WALTZ DREAM, THE—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

WET PAINT—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a gem film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Well worth seeing. A splendid detective story that the boys will love. Look at the cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilyan Tashman. (May.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist. Corp.—An interesting crook drama with Viola Dana and Bobby Agnew. (June.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

YELLOW FINGERS—Fox.—There is a little beauty in this picture. Olive Borden, that just makes you forget all about the story as you see her filtering across the screen. And we don't mean maybe! (June.)

YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN—Famous Players.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)

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Fighting for the Crown

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

in the long corridor with the Duncan sisters, you can play bridge in perfect quiet in the little drawing room with Joe Schenck and Sam Goldwyn and Harold Lloyd, or you can stroll innocently and romantically in the perfect gardens with Ronald Colman or Dick Barthelmess or Jack Gilbert (if you happen to be a girl), or with Norma Shearer or Marion Davies or May Allison. If you happen to be of the opposite persuasion...

But whatever you may do, you always feel that it is just what your hostess wanted you to do.

I do not believe there is a house or a hostess anywhere in America that can rival Mrs. Moreno and her hilltop home.

BUT I should say that Mrs. Earle Williams, although she was a New York millionairess when Earle wooed and won her, belongs distinctly to Hollywood.

Florine Williams fits into Hollywood. She expresses Hollywood’s idea of a perfect hostess. Her house isn’t very big and it is chock-full of gorgeous and exotic and expensive things from all over the world. When the guests are in it, too, it is actually jammed. But it gives instantly that note of success and hilarity that you find in very expensive and popular cafes. There is always noise, excitement, going on. Everybody is milling around, laughing and talking, and the women are giving little squeals of delight and the men are looking contented and pleased.

Florine keeps everything going. Florine knows everyone who is worth knowing, and she invites them all. She says the most daring and startling and witty things, so that her guests are always going about repeating them. She is small, and very dark, and her clothes are bizarre and chic in the extreme, and she is never still for an instant. You are always conscious of her, no matter how many people are there nor how distinguished her guests. She never seems to care in the least whether anyone has a good time—she treats everybody exactly alike.

Her dinner and supper parties are famous for their marvelous food.

Florine Williams loves to give parties. That is why she does it. She gives an endless round of dinners and luncheons and teas and suppers. I think her luncheons are particularly successful, for she understands the great art of gossip as such great conversationalists as Addison and

Swift understood it. But she is always entertaining, always having something.

Her great friendship with the Talmadges has been one of her biggest assets. She and Constance Talmadge are inseparable chums.

But the real reason for her popularity is that she has that indefinable flair for entertaining. Her parties are always fun. And so many parties aren’t.

The fight for the crown is a subtle one. There is no open warfare. Perhaps there is not even conscious warfare. But all through the past year these two have vied with each other in the gorgeous entertainments they have given—in the lions they have captured.

When Constance Talmadge returned with her new husband, Captain Alastair William McIntosh, Mrs. Williams had a brief triumph. Everyone was crazy to see Constance’s new husband, and Mrs. Williams gave a number of most brilliant affairs for them.

Then Mrs. Moreno inaugurated her “Sundays” swimming parties in the afternoon, supper and dancing in the evening. Perfectly planned and divinely executed and everyone waited and hoped for invitations.

Of course, there are other social successes, other great hostesses in Hollywood. I suppose for single dinners, for distinguished guests assembled, no one has rivaled Marion Davies. But Marion does these things spasmodically. It’s a sideline with her. She has her work. No actress can give the time or thought to such matters to make herself really a social leader.

I THINK Mrs. Tom Mix gives some of the most distinguished dinner parties of anyone in Hollywood. But she chooses always to entertain on a smaller and more intimate scale. And besides, she is always so busy being Mrs. Tom Mix, she is so interested in travel, and art, and study, that she has never taken up society seriously. Florence Vidor, too, has always gone in for small and intimate affairs, and there are long periods when she does no entertaining and goes almost nowhere.

Bebe Daniels goes in for original affairs, and does the nicest things—like her famous horseback breakfasts, and her bridge dinners. And Mrs. Sam Goldwyn has a small and select circle, including the Charlie Chaplins and the Cecil De Mille, who love going to her house.

But in the last analysis, and considering society in its broader sense, it is between Mrs. Moreno and Mrs. Williams that the crown lies.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

BETTY GRANBY, CONN.—I haven’t had my photograph taken since I graduated from the University of Hard Knocks in the year 1852. Betty Bronson was born on November 17, 1906. Sir James Barrie saw her in a test film sent to England for his approval and chose her for the rôle of *Peter Pan*. A great many other actresses had similar tests taken, but Betty won the lucky rôle from the others. Richard Barthelmess was born on May 9, 1897.

M. W. OCALA, FLA.—George O’Hara was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Alberta Vaughn, in Ashland, Ky. Bebe Daniels, in Dallas, Texas. Is Texarkana your native town? It was Corinne Griffith’s birthplace. Don’t worry; I’ll never desert you.

M. S. and GIRL FRIENDS, DECATUR, TEXAS.—Marie Prevost was born in 1868; Ramon Navarro, on February 6, 1860; Gloria Swanson, on March 27, 1868; and Rudy Valentino, on May 6, 1865. Drop in any time; the door is always open.

IRENE A., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—The correct date of Ramon’s birth is February 6, 1869. Don’t let anyone tell you different. I’d like to see Navarro play *Roméo*, too. As for *Hamlet*, I am not so sure; but it is an interesting idea.

GREEN AND GRAY EYES, LONDON, B. C.—“Dear Old thing,” am I? Ha! I never felt so young in my life. Nita Naldi was born on April 1, 1860. Pola gives the year of her birth as 1867. Her real name is Apollonia Chalopez and she was formerly the Countess Dombksi. Address her at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Now making a picture called “Hotel Imperial.”

BLONDIE, HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Am I bright? Listen, I'm so bright everyone calls me "Sonny" in spite of my age. Pola was born in Yanowka, Poland. She is not married now. She is divorced from Count Dombiski. Greta Nissen is the lady who was so beautiful in "The Wanderer." Greta measures five feet, four inches. You're welcome!

C. G. D., TALLADEGA, ALA.—Do you mean to tell me you read the fan magazines faithfully and still you claim you haven't heard anything of Francis X. Bushman in years? How could you? Francis recently had one of the most coveted rôles of the year in the famous "Ben Hur." After that he played opposite Mae Murray in "The Masked Bride." And now he is playing the leading male rôle in "The Star Maker," opposite Billie Dove. That doesn't sound like retirement, does it?

MISS JACKIE, HUGHSON, CALIF.—Your favorite's real name is Enos Edward Canutt. Impressive, isn't it? Black hair and dark brown eyes. Born November 20, 1896. Jack Hoxie is about thirty years old, and Franklyn Farnum was born June 5, 1883. My hair is very blonde—so light you can hardly see it. And my eyes are blue—on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

H. B. H., BATAVIA, N. Y.—Write to Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for the back numbers of the magazines. So you want more about George O'Brien and Robert Frazer in the magazine? I'll use my influence and speak to the authorities about it. And also more about Arthur Edmund Carewe, Charles Mack, Ricardo Cortez, Florence Gilbert, Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Alice Mills and Larry Kent. My, what a lot of favorites!

MRS. H. C.—Well, tastes differ. Ask your theater manager to give you more pictures starring your favorites. Remember that by speaking out and asking for it. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899.

E. D. G., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—If the tall, distinguished looking gentleman with the silvery hair you saw eating at the Algonquin in New York was consuming pie with a knife, that was, indeed, yours truly. The men who run the sight-seeing bureaus have promised to point me out, after this. Carol Dempster is not married. She is so busy working that she doesn't seem to have time to get many photographs taken. You are not apt to see much of Carol in the public restaurants frequented by celebrities. Carol is shy.

LILLIE, TWO HARBORS, MINN.—So Marion and Bill Haines are the best looking actress and actor on the screen. We'll let that pass without argument. Marion was born January 9, 1900. She is five feet, five and one half inches high and weighs 123 pounds. Not married. Bill was born the same day and same year as Marion. Odd, isn't it? They are not twins. He is six feet tall and weighs 172 pounds. Remover engaged to Mary Brian, but you never can tell.

BRIGID, SPOKANE, WASH.—You have a funny name for a Dutch Uncle. However, have it your own way. Norma Shearer's new picture is "The Warning Sex." Some of her recent pictures have been "The Tower of Lies," "His Secretary" and "The Devil's Circus." John Barrymore's wife is Blanche Oelrichs Thomas Barrymore, who writes under the name of Michael Strange. We all have our hopes about Corinne.

GLAD AND JOY, DULUTH, MINN.—It's too good to be true. I can't believe it. Twins and beautiful blondes! Why should I go on the screen? I get as much glory as any star. And money means nothing to me. Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., October 23, 1908. Write again and cheer up an old man.

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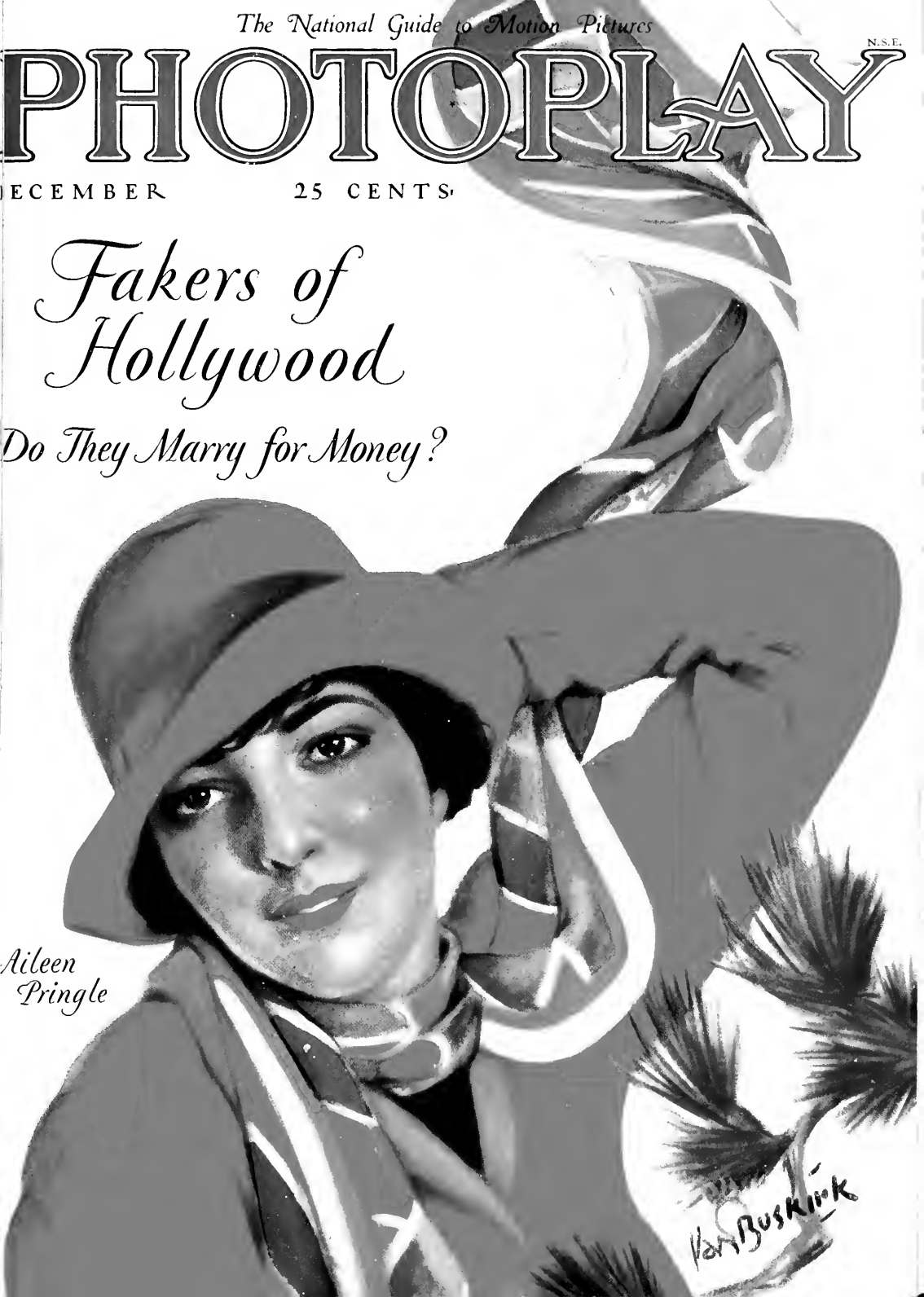
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And, as your dentist would add, all so very harmful to the gums. For our diet of soft, refined foods, the dentists have discovered, is the cause of most of the gum troubles so rampant today.

To prepare these dainty eatables that modern taste demands, our wives, our cooks and caterers have removed the coarse and fibrous elements. And that's what starts trouble for our gums!

Why soft food is an enemy to the health of our gums

For, through the act of mastication, these husks, these peelings, all this roughage that we so complacently discard, were meant to stimulate and stir our gums to health—to keep a plentiful supply of rich, red blood in constant circulation within their walls.

But modern gums lead a stagnant life. From the food we eat they get no work, no exercise. Hence they soften, they weaken, and they slowly lose their tone. "Pink tooth brush" is a call for help from over-coddled and understimulated gums.

Hasty eating, too, contributes to the trouble, for it cheats our teeth and gums of what little work is left for them by this modern diet of ours.



Today, our cooks and chefs prepare a profusion of tasty dishes to delight our palates. But wherever we go, wherever we dine, our food is soft, creamy, over-refined—lacking in the roughage and fibre that was meant to provide the exercise and stimulation which keep our gums in health.

But we could hardly revert to a diet of raw roots and unpeeled fruits. Civilization has settled that almost beyond our control.

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TIN GODS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Aileen Pringle and Renee Adoree. Directed by Allan Dwan.	
VARIETY	Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti. Directed by E. A. Dupont.	
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS. Directed by Clarence Badger.	
HOLD THAT LION	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
Zane Grey's FORLORN RIVER	Jack Holt, Raymond Hatton, Arlette Marchal, Edmund Burns. Directed by John Waters.	
Florenz Ziegfeld's KID BOOTS	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Clara Bow, Billie Dove, and Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle.	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell, Georgia Hale. Directed by Herbert Brenon.	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH. Directed by Arthur Rosson.	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers. Directed by Gregory La Cava.	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. Directed by William Beaudine.	
THE QUARTERBACK	Starring Richard Dix. With Esther Ralston. Directed by Fred Newmeyer.	
THE ACE OF CADS	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Alice Joyce and Norman Trevor. Directed by Luther Reed.	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall, Raymond Hitchcock. Directed by Marshall Neilan.	

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VOL. XXXI

No. 1

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the next Issue*

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awards of the

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will be made
known in the
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount.—The startling beauty of the South Seas coupled with the personality of Gilda Gray and her famous wiggle make this a glorious experience. (July.)

AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—First National.—It's not Dick Barthelmess at his best—but who gives a hoot about story or anything else as long as he has Dick. (Nov.)

BACHELOR'S BRIDES—Producers Dist.—The title has nothing to do with the picture; the story has nothing to do with either comedy or melodrama; in other words it's much ado about nothing. (June.)

BARBELYS THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Your season won't be complete unless you see this picture. It's safe enough for the children. John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman head the cast. (Nov.)

BARRIER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The story of a half-caste told in an interesting manner by a splendid cast—Norman Kerry, Marceline Day, Henry Walthall and Lionel Barrymore. (June.)

BATTLING BUTLER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Here's an amusing number presented by Buster Keaton. Check this a must. (Nov.)

BEAU GESTE—Paramount.—Percival Wren's best seller has been followed with fidelity. The screen's best mystery story. (Nov.)

BETTER MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge with his usual bag of tricks. That's all. (September.)

BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A light, frothy, romantic piece of nonsense this, spiced with the presence of Marion Davies and Antonio Moreno. See it. (July.)

BIGGER THAN BARNUM'S—F. B. O.—Here's the old circus formula again. Not good enough and not bad enough to create a stir. (September.)

BIG SHOW, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Don't waste your time. (July.)

BLIND GODDESS, THE—Paramount.—An excellent murder story by Arthur Train plus Louise Dresser's splendid performance makes this one of the finest pictures of the season. (June.)

BLUE EAGLE, THE—Fox.—A fair picture. (Nov.)

BORN TO THE WEST—Paramount.—Lives up to its name in exciting fashion without a thrill left out. A good Zane Gray Western. (September.)

BRIDE OF THE STORM—Warner Bros.—A gripping melodrama against the background of the sea. Griessome at times. (June.)

BROADWAY GALLANT, THE—F. B. O.—A Richard Talmadge program picture in which his fans will find him at his best. (July.)

BROWN DERRY, THE—First National.—Good light entertainment for those who prefer the sudden loud laugh to the slow smile. (August.)

BROWN OF HARVARD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Collects hits, hip and lively, against the real background of Harvard College. Fine entertainment. (July.)

BUCKING THE TRUTH—Universal.—A story of the great West with quite some riding and excitement. Pete Morrison is the star. (August.)

CAT'S PAJAMAS, THE—Paramount.—Betty Bronson has advanced from a Barry heroine into a bedroom comedy heroine. The result—see it and be convinced. (June.)

CHASING TROUBLE—Universal.—Just Western hokum. (August.)

CLINGING VINE, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A goofy plot, trite and tedious. (September.)

COLLEGE BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn, in a popular college football affair. It will please the youngsters. (October.)

COWBOY COP, THE—F. B. O.—Don't miss the delightful combination of Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro. They're good. (October.)

CROWN OF LIES, THE—Paramount.—Another impressive Pola Negri vehicle. If you have nothing else to do—see this and suffer with Pola. (June.)

DANGEROUS DUB, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Buddy Roosevelt does some hard, fast riding—with little else to recommend. O. K. for the kiddies. (September.)

DEAD LINE, THE—F. B. O.—Stay home. This is terrible. (September.)

DESERT GOLD—Paramount.—A melodrama of the great open spaces adapted from a Zane Gray novel. Fair. (June.)

DEVIL HORSE, THE—Pathe.—A picture that is worth your money. A family picture—one that we recommend. (August.)

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

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

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

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

DEVIL'S ISLAND—Chadwick.—At least we can recommend the performance of Pauline Frederick. The rest of the picture is the bunk. (October.)

DIPLOMACY—Paramount.—Sardou's play had its face lifted by Marshall Neilan—unsuccessfully. (Nov.)

DON JUAN—Warner Bros.—A picture that has great acting, thrilling melodrama and real beauty. With the Vitaphone, a real film event. (October.)

DUCHESS OF BUFFALO, THE—First National.—Connie Talmadge in a brisk, racy and lightly amusing farce. (October.)

EARLY TO WED—Fox.—A light comedy of a young married couple which has been food for thought for many recent comedies. O. K. for the kiddies. (July.)

ELLA CINDERS—First National.—Colleen Moore breaks into the movies in this enjoyable Cinderella story. Take the children. (August.)

EYE'S LEAVES—Producers Dist. Corp.—Terrible! Everyone in the cast makes a desperate attempt to rescue this bad comedy and hectic melodrama. A set of un-funny, wise-cracking sub-titles make matters worse. (July.)

EXQUISITE SINNER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice little comedy if taken in the spirit it is offered to you. (July.)

FAMILY UPSTAIRS, THE—Fox.—Take the whole family to see this enjoyable picture. (October.)

FIGHTING BOOB, THE—F. B. O.—A boring Western. Now don't blame us if it doesn't please. (June.)

FIGHTING BUCKAROO, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones still does all the necessities to keep one amused. It's good stuff. (June.)

FIG LEAVES—Fox.—A slender little story built around a gorgeous fashion show filmed in colors. Olive Borden runs away with the picture. (Sept.)

FINE MANNERS—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson is delightful in one of those roles she does so perfectly—that of a shabby working girl who loves devotedly. (October.)

FLAME OF THE ARGENTINE, THE—F. B. O.—A change of scenery is about the only new thing in Evelyn Brent's latest. (September.)

FLAME OF THE YUKON, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A magnetic story of the adventures of the gold-seekers in the far North. Only for the big folks. (August.)

FLAMING FRONTIER, THE—Universal.—Another absorbing tale of the Old West which carries out the spirit of pioneer America. Good stuff for the children. (June.)

FOOTLOOSE WIDOWS—Warner Bros.—How to win a millionaire husband—according to the movies. This belongs in the "quite interesting" list. (Sept.)

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—Paramount.—For your own sake go see this Harold Lloyd production. Sure, take the kiddies! (June.)

FRONTIER TRAIL, THE—Pathe.—A red-blooded Western with Harry Carey. If you like swift melodrama you are sure to like this one. (August.)

GALLOPING COWBOY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—If you're in the mood for a good Western—see this. (July.)

GAY DECEIVER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Plenty of glitter of the Paris variety in this entertaining piece. (Nov.)

GENTLE CYCLONE, THE—Fox.—Not up to the standard of the usual Buck Jones feature. (August.)

GLENISTER OF THE MOUNTED—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn in an Arthur Guy Empey story of the Mounted Police. The same as the other 6,462. (August.)

GOOD AND NAUGHTY—Paramount.—A flippancy farce comedy with Pola Negri, Ford Sterling and Tom Moore. Sterling steals the picture. (August.)

GREAT DECEPTION, THE—First National.—This is sadly lacking in entertainment value. The secret-service again. (October.)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this an interesting picture. (August.)

HELL BENT FER HEAVEN—Warner Bros.—Another disappointment, especially after the success of the stage play. Gardner James gives an inspired performance. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



OLIVE BORDEN



JANET GAYNOR



GEORGE O'BRIEN



CHARLES FARRELL



MADGE BELLAMY



DOLORES DEL RIO



YOUTH IN FOX PICTURES

NOT content with having secured great successes of the stage and the most popular novels and short stories of the world's leading writers, the makers of Fox Pictures have gathered the greatest array of talent ever assembled by one company to portray the rôles in these notable photoplays.

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Watch for Youth in these Fox Pictures:

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- MOTHER MACHREE
- THE CITY
- SUMMLER BACHELORS
- THE MONKEY TALKS

Among them are these supreme productions:

- WHAT PRICE GLORY
- THE MUSIC MASTER
- 7th HEAVEN
- all made from renowned stage successes
- 3 BAD MEN
- staged by John Ford, who directed "The Iron Horse"
- ONE INCREASING PURPOSE
- by the author of "If Winter Comes"

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

Last Minute News from East and West

As
we go



to Press

UNIVERSAL has purchased Edna Ferber's colorful story of the Mississippi, "Show Boat," for Mary Philbin's use.

RAMON NOVARRO is recovering from an attack of "flu" which held up work on "The Great Galeoto."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford have purchased an estate at Santa Monica with ocean frontage. They are going to build a \$100,000 Venetian beach home, furnishing it with antiques purchased on their recent visit to Italy.

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS has been signed to write original stories for Famous Players.

FOLLOWING the opening of the film, "Kid Boots," in New York, Eddie Cantor announced that he will devote all his time in the future to pictures.

THE community in and about Gloucester, Mass., is making a picture around its fishing industry, modeled after the way New Bedford made "Down to the Sea in Ships" around the old time whalers. John L. E. Pell, who wrote "Down to the Sea," is the author of the Gloucester story, as yet unnamed. F. B. O. will release the film.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS is abroad on a short vacation.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is now cutting 288,000 feet of "The Circus" to 7,000 feet. The comedy will not be released until after New Year's. The Napoleon-Josephine film, co-starring Chaplin and Raquel Meller, is scheduled to be started in March.

WOOF! Woof! Marie Prevost's Cairn terriers won five blue ribbons at the Sesqui-Centennial Dog Show in Philadelphia.

WILLIAM RUSSELL and Helen Ferguson may go to Europe to make a film about the history of the American Red Cross.

UNITED ARTISTS has signed Gilbert Roland.

LAURA LA PLANTE and William Seiter will be married any day now.

"PEACHES" Heenan Browning is said to be "swamped with offers to go into the movies." Is that so?

REUNITED at last! Eddie Sutherland has arrived in New York, where he will make his next picture, "Love's Greatest Mistake." Louise Brooks was at the station to welcome her husband home.

GLORIA SWANSON has definitely decided on a title for her first independent picture. Originally called "Eyes of Youth" it will hereafter be known as "Sunya."

JOHNN GILBERT will play a Budapest sideshow barker in his next film, "Day of Souls." Renee Adoree, his co-star in "The Big Parade," will play opposite.

GRETA GARBO will be Lon Chaney's leading woman in "The Ordeal," in which Lon plays an armless gent, his latest make-up stunt.

SEX appeal notes: Elinor Glyn will make her debut as an actress in "It." The title of Mae Murray's new picture is "Diamond Handcuffs."

WALLACE BEERY and Raymond Hatton, who weren't going to make any more co-starring pictures together, have changed their minds. Their next one will be "Casey at the Bat." It's an adaptation of the famous Mudville tragedy.

BEBE DANIELS has signed a new contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

GRETA NISSEN has gone to Hollywood to play opposite Adolphe Menjou in a comedy tentatively titled "Blondes vs. Brunettes."

WILLIAM BOYD'S new picture is "Jim, the Conqueror." Bill is a full-fledged star now.

KING VIDOR and his bride, Eleanor Boardman, spent their honeymoon in New York.

JAMES CRUZE has finished "Old Ironsides" and started "The Waiter from the Ritz," starring Raymond Griffith.

WILLY FRITSCH, the German leading man of "The Waltz Dream," has been signed by Joseph M. Schenck.

"GETTING Bertie's Garter" is to be filmed with Marie Prevost as Bertie.

CHARLIE CHASE'S name is now Charlie Chase. It was Charles Parrott, but the Los Angeles' courts have legalized Chase in private as well as public life.



In a background of autumn flowers and bright leaves, Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills were married at Miss Kenyon's home in the Adirondacks. They are still being flooded with congratulations



THE FIRE BRIGADE

COMING to amaze the world . . .
THE epic photoplay
OF the heroes of peace
THE fearless fire-fighters
NEVER such a titanic drama
THE true story of today's battle
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ENDORSED and sponsored by
AMERICA'S firemen
IT is truly called
THE Big Parade of Peace Times



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 motion pictures
 or merely look
 at them?

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Rare Prizes

Do you remember what
 you see? I wonder!
 Take my test—Try my
 five questions—You'll
 be surprised how much
 you miss in the movies!

FOR the best answers to
 my questions I have
 chosen rewards that
 you'll be proud to win and
 to own.

The lucky lady will receive
the signet ring I wear in
 "Bardelys the Magnificent."
 The fortunate gentleman
 will win *the handsome rapier*
 John Gilbert uses in the same
 picture and the fifty "next
 best" contestants will receive
 my favorite photograph
 autographed personally by

Yours hopefully,

Eleanor Boardman

Eleanor's Five Questions

- 1 What four nationalities are represented in the cast of Rex Ingram's "The Magician"?
- 2 Name the four pictures in which King Vidor has directed John Gilbert for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer?
- 3 What do you regard as Lon Chaney's greatest screen characterization? Answer this in less than fifty words.
- 4 Name four Metro Goldwyn-Mayer stars whose surnames begin with the letter G?
- 5 By what means was the stroke of the Roman galley slaves regulated in "Ben Hur"?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must reach us by **December 15th.** Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views



Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS from
PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month
for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

The Monthly Barometer

The death of Rudolph Valentino still was the uppermost consideration in the minds of the fans who wrote to Brickbats and Bouquets during the month of September. The tributes, in prose and poetry, numbered in the thousands.

"The Big Parade" continued to be the most widely praised picture, with "Stella Dallas," "Men of Steel," "The Volga Boatman" and "The Merry Widow" also causing furors.

Plenty of brickbats were aimed at local censors who made changes in "Variety" and "The Merry Widow." And "Aloha of the South Seas" inspired more letters than any other program picture of recent release.

Lon Chaney received a great rush of letters. There were more bouquets tossed at Chaney than at any other star, with Richard Dix and Ronald Colman next on the list. Little Bebe Daniels also found an unprecedented number of friends, while Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge and Gloria Swanson give evidence of having the most loyal followings of any of the feminine stars. Greta Garbo continues as the most popular of the recent discoveries.

Thomas Meighan's work in "Tin Gods" was the most widely praised performance of the month. Pola Negri received the most brickbats.

Adela Rogers St. Johns' interview with Pauline Frederick seemed to please the greatest number of fans.

Letters were received from all over the world, with England, Australia and Sweden leading in point of numbers outside the U. S.

THE EDITOR.

\$25.00 Letter

Seattle, Wash.

I should like to offer not a bouquet, but the following florist shop to Richard Barthelmess and "Shore Leave."

When you're in a sanitarium on the Sound fighting a losing battle with the old tubercle bacillus, and desperately lonely; when the waves smash on the shore below, and the wind rushes through the open window and tries to tear the blankets off your bed; when life seems cruel and you're afraid and your philosophy deserts you;

And the Head Nurse bustles in and says there's going to be a movie show downstairs; and you put on your bathrobe and shuffle to the hall; and your heart pounds so loudly you

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters must not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address. Anonymous letters go to the waste basket immediately.

wonder if everyone can hear it; and your cheeks burn with fever;

And the picture flickers on the screen and it's "Shore Leave" and you forget how rotten you feel and how badly the pleurisy is hurting; and you giggle and shout and think, "This is great! A REAL picture about real people. Why aren't they more of 'em?"

And all too soon it's over. And you go back to bed with more faith than you've ever found in a church, and decide there must be a kind God watching over you, because only He could have thought of making such sublimely beautiful and ridiculous creatures as human beings. And words of an old prayer come back, "The Divine arms are all about me."

And, somehow, you feel at peace—all because of a picture about a Tough Gob; and you fall into a deep sleep with a grin on your lips—

Oh, boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling!

(With apologies to Mr. Briggs.)

PHYLLIS XARBO,
9847 Arrowsmith Avenue.

\$10.00 Letter

London, England.

America, I salute you! You can make movies with never a rival to come within miles

of your standard of direction and photography. And yet you can't—or won't—make stories to fit. I know that the stories are designed to keep the box-office gay, and I am aware that the box-office has to be considered as a symbol for all that is beloved of the vulgarian.

Why, oh, why?

This soul-searching cry is not only a criticism; carried with it, is the skeleton of a solution. Listen, now, and I will rattle the bones thereof.

Let us take the world thus:

Apathetic minded	60 per cent
Intelligent	30 per cent
Vulgarian	9 per cent
Clever	1/2 per cent
Brilliant	1/2 per cent

The Intelligents and Apathetics have got, I think. Let the other weird creatures go hang.

The Intelligents among the nations want good stories—and would go to the movies if they thought that there was any chance of their desires being gratified.

The Apathetic go to the movies anyway. They object to anything beautiful, idealistic, subtle or clever—being unequal to the strain thus imposed on their perceptions. They want their colours slapped on with a generously loaded brush, and they want their sentiment poured over the result in homely fashion—as treacle is added to stale bread to suit a proletarian palate.

Whatever is given to this species makes no difference—the box-office will enjoy itself so long as the projector is working.

Now I will make you a wager, America.

I am willing to bet you a pot of good English beer against a Hot Dog that good pictures would put a comfortable percentage on the industry's dividend. They would also create entertainment for a very large section of the public which has been left out of the scenario selector's calculations hitherto.

Finally, England admires you sincerely, with the genuine admiration of an old and tried champion for a young and brilliant fighter. Give us good pictures, and let us see your finer idealistic side as well as your extraordinary business ability.

You've got the material—let it rip. We don't want to see your weaker side.

G. B. SUSSA,
58 Lonsdale Road.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

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is All
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Book**



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I enclose \$1 deposit. Send Bolivia Coat No. C-12F. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my money back. Otherwise I will pay \$4.85 a month until I have paid \$29.95 in all.

(Check Color Black Blue Size.....
Wanted)

Name.....

Address.....

P. O. State.....

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

HELL'S 400—Fox.—It's funny—unintentionally. Groupings may see this if they promise not to laugh too loud. (July.)

HER BIG NIGHT—Universal.—Some inside dope on the movies. Quite interesting. (Nov.)

HER HONOR THE GOVERNOR—F. B. O.—Pauline Frederick and Carroll Nye waste mastery performances on celluloid claptrap. Their work is worth seeing, but the film itself is a disappointment. (October.)

HER SECOND CHANCE—First National.—Not worth seeing. (July.)

HIDDEN WAY, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—Another weepy affair that isn't worth the famous twobits. (October.)

HIGHBINDERS, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—William Tilden stepping out as an actor, but he had better stick to tennis if he wishes to become a success in life. (June.)

HOLD THAT LION—Paramount.—The usual Douglas MacLean farce fare. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON EXPRESS, THE—Warner Bros.—Some more carryings-on of the younger generation. It's not so bad. (October.)

ICE FLOOD, THE—Universal.—Don't waste any precious moments on this. (Nov.)

IMPOSTOR, THE—F. B. O.—A carbon copy of the former Evelyn Arent productions. Fair. (July.)

INTO HER KINGDOM—First National.—Don't waste your money on this atrocity filled with flowery similes, stumpy symbolism, bad photography and commonplace direction. (October.)

ISLE OF RETRIBUTION, THE—F. B. O.—Lillian Rich and Robert Frazer are in the cast—if that means anything. Entertainment value? Fair. (July.)

IT MUST BE LOVE—First National.—A light bit of nonsense. A good cast—Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt and Malcolm MacGregor. (Oct.)

IT'S THE OLD ARMY GAME—Paramount.—W. C. Fields is disappointing as starring material. His comedy—fair. (September.)

JADE CUP, THE—F. B. O.—Do you know your movies? Then you know what to expect from Evelyn Brice. It will pass. (September.)

KICKOFF, THE—Excellent Pictures.—A splendid football picture featuring George Walsh and Lelia Hyams. (Nov.)

KIKI—First National.—Here's Norma Talmadge as a comedienne and she's a WOW. Ronald Colman is the male attraction. Be sure to see it! (June.)

LAST FRONTIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Here is another and feeble version of "The Covered Wagon" plot, with the long trek over the plains, the buffalo stampede, the rascally redskins, the battle and the brave young hero. (October.)

LEW TYLER'S WIVES—Preferred Pictures.—If you're serious minded, this faithful screen version of Wallace Irwin's uncompromising story of a weak man whom three loved will interest you. It's too adult for the children. (September.)

LOVE THIEF, THE—Universal.—The marriage of convenience is dressed up in royal garments with Norman Kerry and Greta Nissen in the royal robes. Passable. (August.)

LOVEY MARY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The famous "Cabbage Patch" does not provide good screen material. It's harmless and we'll guarantee it won't overtax the mentality of The Tired Business Man. (August.)

LUCKY LADY, THE—Paramount.—Could you think of a better way to spend an hour than gazing at the fair Greta Nissen and William Collier, Jr., forming the love interest in this wholly effective melodrama? (September.)

MAN FOUR SQUARE, A—Fox.—A Buck Jones Western—which means it's a good one. (July.)

MAN IN THE SADDLE, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson always proves himself a hero all the time. You can always depend on Hoot if you're in the mood for a Western. (September.)

MANTRAP—Paramount.—Clara Bow's excellent performance makes the film version of Sinclair Lewis' latest novel good entertainment. (September.)

MARRIAGE CLAUSE, THE—Universal.—One of the most appealing stories of the year across the footlights. The little Dove gives a splendid performance. (August.)

MARRIAGE LICENSE?—Fox.—The tear ducts will be let loose in this weepy affair. Alma Rubens' performance is worth seeing. (Nov.)

MEET THE PRINCE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not much of a picture, this. Don't waste your time. (September.)

MEN OF STEEL—First National.—Don't miss this interesting picture that has the sweeping background of a huge steel mill in operation. It is a whole picture of good performances. (September.)

MICHAEL STROGOFF—Universal.—A spectacular Russian importation that cannot be compared with the recent successful foreign pictures. Passable. (Nov.)

MIDNIGHT KISS, THE—Fox.—A nice little movie with a nice little plot well enacted by a nice little cast. (October.)

MIRACLE OF LIFE, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—It will be a miracle if you are able to sit through this. Neither for the children nor grownups. (June.)

MISMATES—First National.—The cast is the only interesting thing. Doris Kenyon, Warner Baxter and May Allison. The story is the bunk. (Oct.)

MISS NOBODY—First National.—Another example of a good story gone wrong. If you can think of anything else to do, pass this up. (August.)

MIKE MODISTE—First National.—Some wincing croaking subtitles and the excellent work of Corinne Griffith and Willard Louis make this one of the most entertaining pictures of the month. (July.)

MONEY TALKS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Slapstick at its best—a la Syd Chaplin style. It's fluffy, but lots of fun. (July.)

MORAN OF THE MOUNTED—Rayart.—The title tells the story. Keed Hewes makes it quite interesting. (October.)

MORE PAY LESS WORK—Fox.—Splendid entertainment. Need more be said? (September.)

MY OLD DUTCH—Universal.—This could have been a knockout, but at present it is missing on all sixes. (June.)

NERVOUS WRECK, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—The easiest way to spend an evening. Thoroughly amusing. (Nov.)

NIGHT CRY, THE—Warner Bros.—Rip-Tin-Tin is just the doggiest dog you've ever seen. This is by far his best picture and will prove a real treat for grown-ups and kiddies. (June.)

NO MAN'S GOLD—Fox.—A good Tom Mix picture—what more could be said? (October.)

NUTCRACKER, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—An attempt to make this a rip-roaring comedy proved that there are few comedians of whom we can be justly proud. Passable. (June.)

OH BABY—Universal.—A lot of fun for everybody. (October.)

OLD LOVES FOR NEW—First National.—Fair entertainment, if you like desert stuff, but nothing to cause a rash of adjectives to the typewriter. (July.)

OLD SOAK, THE—Universal.—Another successful stage play gone wrong—in fact ruined. (July.)

ONE MINUTE TO PLAY—F. B. O.—Red Grange is a real screen personality in this football picture—the very spirit of youth and good sport. It's a gem. (October.)

OTHER WOMEN'S HUSBANDS—Warner Bros.—A thoroughly amusing and clever domestic comedy well directed and well acted. (July.)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—A reissue of a crook drama released many years ago. Splendid plot and cast. Good entertainment. (July.)

PADLOCKED—Paramount.—Superior entertainment. Honest, mature drama, in its presentation of a young girl's life nearly ruined by the severity of hypocritical morality. (August.)

PALS FIRST—First National.—Don't be annoyed. (October.)

PARIS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leave before the last reel and you will find this an absorbing tale of love. Charles Ray, Joan Crawford and Douglas Gilmore are in the cast. (August.)

PARIS AT MIDNIGHT—Producers Distributing Corp.—An unusual theme, some nice acting and gorgeous sets, but the plot suffers from a loose and jerky continuity. Not for the children. (July.)

PHANTOM BULLET, THE—Universal.—A Western that has a sure fire appeal for grownups and children. (July.)

POKER FACES—Universal.—Edward Horton, the director, and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny with a disastrous result. (September.)



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WELL trained artists who can make drawings for advertising earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week, and even more.

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"Les Miserables"

Victor Hugo's immortal epic in moving-pictures



M. GABRIEL GABRO as "Jean Valjean"

The question before the house is settled. The public has decided it.

You will see Victor Hugo's immortal "Les Miserables" in pictures just as you have asked for it.

It will be presented in two pictures of medium length, each a complete story in itself, rather than one picture of excessive length.

The thousands of letters in response to my questions, and the tremendous interest of picture patrons in England were the deciding factors.

The letters said that the writers could not sit through any picture of five hours duration. Yet, they didn't want to lose any of Hugo's supreme story. And I have always paid strict attention to letters.

"Les Miserables" will be presented at two successive showings, the first story under the title, "The Soul of Humanity"—the second story under the title, "The Barricades."

At the British premier showing in Portsmouth, England, the first week's attendance when "The Soul of Humanity" was shown, amounted to a crush. On the second week when "The Barricades" was shown, it was even greater.

I sincerely believe that this Universal Film de France picture has been produced exactly as the great author himself would have liked to see it.

Carle Laemmle

President

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave.

New York City

PRINCE OF PILSEN, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—This is supposed to be a comedy, but if you can laugh you're a better man than I. (June.)

PUPPETS—First National.—You won't go wrong on this. An interesting vehicle because (and we're glad to say it) of the fine performance of Milton Sills. (September.)

RADIO DETECTIVE, THE—Universal.—An excellent serial for the boys. The Boy Scout Movement co-operated in the production of this picture, so the youngsters will find this thoroughly enjoyable. (June.)

RAINMAKER, THE—Paramount.—A Gerald Beaumont story pictured into splendid entertainment. William Collier, Jr., and Georgia Hale give a splendid performance. (July.)

RANSON'S FOLLY—First National.—Richard Barthelmess in just another movie—that's all. (August.)

RAWHIDE—Associated Exhibitors.—All the ingredients of a rip-roaring Western—fast action, a love story and a likeable star—Buffalo Bill, Jr. (July.)

RED DICE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A twisted melodrama of crooks, bootleggers and a desperate soldier, that is swift moving and frequently amusing. (June.)

RISKY BUSINESS—Producers Dist. Corp.—Trite can be marked against this one. (Nov.)

ROAD TO MANDALAY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—It's not the story but Lon Chaney's fine performance that puts the ginger in this cookie. (Sept.)

ROLLING HOME—Universal.—Reginald Denny always manages to make an otherwise dull evening amusing. Lots of fun for the whole family. (July.)

ROMANCE OF A MILLION DOLLARS—Bachman.—You'll like this—if you aren't too fussy. (October.)

RUNAWAY, THE—Paramount.—Love, suspense and hate, plus a good cast—Clara Bow, Eddythe Chapman and Warner Baxter—form this recipe for an evening's entertainment. (June.)

RUNAWAY EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Nothing like the good old-fashioned railroad melodrama. This is worth-while. (October.)

RUSTLER'S RANCH—Universal.—The usual Art Acord stuff that the children like. (August.)

RUSTLING FOR CUPID—Fox.—Cow thieves double for Cupid giving us a new slant on the love question. Good entertainment. (June.)

SANDY—Fox.—A splendid flaming youth story that will appeal to everyone in an audience. Madge Bellamy's performance is excellent. (June.)

SAP, THE—Warner Bros.—And a very sappy picture. Don't waste your time. (June.)

SAVAGE, THE—First National.—An insult to the human intelligence to think such a story is plausible. Ben Lyon and May McAvoy are in the cast. (Oct.)

SAY IT AGAIN—Paramount.—A grand and glorious tee-hee at all the mythical kingdom yards. Good stuff. (August.)

SCARLET LETTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hawthorne's classic and sombre study of the New England conscience has been just as somberly translated to the screen. For the older folks. (October.)

SEA WOLF, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—A thriller—taken from the famous Jack London story. It's rough and ready, as are most sea stories, but darned good. (September.)

SECRET ORDERS—F. B. O.—The war spy system is again served for your entertainment. You won't object because Evelyn Brent is a treat for the optics. (June.)

SENOR DARE-DEVIL—First National.—Introducing Ken Maynard as a First National star. Better than most Westerns. (September.)

SEVENTH BANDIT, THE—Pathé.—A splendid Western that grownups and children should not overlook. Harry Carey and Harriet Hammond head the cast. (June.)

SHAMROCK HANDICAP, THE—Fox.—Trot yourself down to the first theater showing this if you want an evening's fun—and that's not blamey. (July.)

SHIPWRECKED—Prod. Dist. Corp.—If you haven't been sleeping late, try this on your insomnia. Terrible. (August.)

SHOW-OFF, THE—Paramount.—An amusing study of a smart aleck, played broadly but expertly by Ford Sterling. (Nov.)

SIBERIA—Fox.—Some more Russian revolutions—that is, if you like 'em. (June.)

SILENCE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—The finest melodrama that the screen has shown for years. Only for adults. (August.)

SILKEN SHACKLES—Warner Bros.—A splendid cast gone to the four winds because of a poorly developed plot. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]

*Greatest Drama of
the Foreign Legion!*



Death-fights that will hold you
breathless!



**“You have bought me! . . . Now you
must take me! . . . It is the
Desert law!”**



Where
Beauty is
bought on
the Auction
Block

He had bought her Freedom —
But she offered him Herself.
Merchant of Women, he had
paid for three . . . Paid in dis-
grace and exile — in blood and
blows—and now in Gold!

Which should he take? — The
one he loved most — The one
who loved him most — Or the
one he could not forget?

Never a romance so thrill-packed
as this story of a reckless young
lieutenant of the Foreign Legion
who out-sheiks the Sheiks on
the sun-drenched Morocco
sands.

Most brilliant of all Sills roles.
One solid hour of high adven-
ture. Watch for the date at your
leading theatre!

First National Pictures Inc.
presents
MILTON SILLS
in
*“The
Silent Lover”*
Adapted from Lajos Bross play “The Legionary”
Scenario by Carey Wilson
Directed by GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD
Production Management—CAREY WILSON

The whirling charge of the
Desert tribesmen. — A scene
you'll never forget



“Now I
am Your
Woman!”

First National

Limehouse Nights— Limehouse Love!



And now Colleen dances her way to the very heights of Romance!

She's had great parts—wonderful successes . . .

But never have you seen this world-loved Star in such a radiant, flashing, heart-stirring role as "Twinkletoes"—her latest!

Imagine her as a little toe-dancer — all tinsel and ruffles and gay smiles — in the dingiest dance-hall in Limehouse — the world's worst underworld.

An angel of light in the sinister shadows . . . hardly a man, white

or yellow, but would have died to save Twinkletoes from harm. But only one she loved—and he failed her . . .

And the shadows sobbed after Twinkletoes — "Poor Limehouse kid! Poor Limehouse kid! Going the way that the rest of them did!"

You'll vote Twinkletoes the most lovable character you've met on the screen this fall! . . . You MUST see her!



Twinkletoes was big sister to every kid in Limehouse



"Didn't think yer could get off that cassy, did yer, kid?"

Twinkletoes "rehearses" with a lady of the "Quayside Kids" chorus

Twinkletoes' first visit to the notorious Blue Lantern



John McCormick presents


Colleen Moore

in

Thomas Burke's Classic of Limehouse

"TWINKLETOES"

Directed by Charles Brabin



Pictures

In Canada too , ,

at MCGILL and TORONTO universities

this soap is three times
as popular as any other



"College girls, with their youth and charm, their fresh lovely faces" . . .

EVERYWHERE — college girls say they find it "the only soap for their skin!"

At leading women's colleges in America—Smith, Bryn Mawr, Sweet Briar, Barnard, Wellesley,—from half to three-fourths of the girl students we questioned prefer Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin.

At the five great universities of Chicago, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, California—Woodbury's is from 3 to 5 times as popular as any other toilet soap! Over 3,000 girls in these universities wrote praising its beneficial effect.

And in Canada, too—at her leading universities, Toronto and McGill, more than half the girl students replying to our inquiries find Woodbury's "wonderful," "the ideal soap."

"There are five girls in our family, we all use Woodbury's," wrote one Canadian girl . . . "A splendid cleansing soap, and an excellent aid in keeping the skin clear of ugly blemishes" . . . "Keeps my skin in such a wonderfully healthy condition" . . . "I use it because my skin is very delicate, and most soaps irritate it."—

These are characteristic comments.

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soaps.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

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

Your WOODBURY TREATMENT for 10 days
Now—the new large-size trial set

The ANDREW JERGENS Co.,
2223 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c 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." In Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2223 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name

Street

City State



Spurr

*New
Pictures*

ON the screen, the hero marries the heroine. But in real life, the villain often has the luck. As witness this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Sherman. Sherman met Pauline Garon when he was playing bad man to her good girl.



Ball

VERA REYNOLDS has gone to Europe for what is jokingly known as a vacation. But how, we ask you, can a Cecil De Mille star get any real rest on the Rue de la Paix? No, sir, it can't be done.



Jackson

JUST a suggestion for Corinne Griffith: Why not play "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"? For here, surely, is "the face that launched a thousand ships." Corinne is the choicest Work of Art in the whole Movie Museum.



Hartsook

AS the radio announcers would say, this is a request number—Mr. George O'Brien. Ladies, evidently, prefer brunettes. With William Fox's ambitious plans for big pictures, the popular Mr. O'Brien doubtless faces a successful year.



Richee

THE good little bad man—Adolphe Menjou. He brings to the screen a suave urbanity that it had never known before his welcome rise to prominence. In a manner of speaking, Mr. Menjou acts with a slight French accent.



Spurr

THE lady who is tragic even when she smiles—Belle Bennett. In “The Lily” and “Mother Machree” she should have pictures that are worthy of her rare talent. How did we get along without her for so many years?



Ball

LIKE Kipling's cat, Carol Dempster is a star who "walks by her lone." In her remoteness lies much of her charm. In her unconventional beauty lies much of her appeal. She is the heroine of D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan."

The charming Detroit women one sees shopping or riding about in luxurious motors have an air of Fifth Avenue and the Champs Elysees.



In DETROIT shops, too, she was told . . .

"Keep fine garments at their loveliest, this safe way"

A saleswoman's striking test—Recently a young woman lingered in one of Detroit's largest stores, admiring some vivid new silks. "Will they wash?" she asked. The saleswoman, smiling mysteriously, brought out some samples, small patches of brilliant or dark color, sewed to a lighter color—scarlet stitched to cream, brown to tan.

She said: "I washed these samples myself, sewed together just as you see them—in Ivory Soap and lukewarm water. I even rubbed the cake of Ivory right on the material, although we always advise

against rubbing any kind of soap on silk. Here are the samples and here are the bolts of silk. You can see that the colors have not faded in the least, nor have the dark colors run into the light colors."

This incident is just one more indication why salespeople in America's finest shops think there is nothing else quite like Ivory for laundering fine fabrics—silks, wool, rayon. Experience—their own and that of their customers—has proved to them that it is absolutely safe for any color and fabric that water will not harm.

Among the salespeople in nine of Detroit's finest shops, just as in New York, Chicago and other great American shopping and social centers, the universal feeling was: "Use Ivory for delicate fabrics and garments, and they will be safe."

"Never a complaint from an Ivory user"

Here are a few of the reasons given by salespeople in different stores:

"For fine woolens, use Ivory or Ivory Flakes. It is the best thing you can possibly use. I always recommend it, for I have yet to hear a complaint from a customer who used Ivory."

"To launder the sheer hosiery everyone is wearing today, Ivory Soap or Flakes is best. Then your stockings will not streak or fade as they do with stronger soaps."

Of an exquisite nightgown of crepe-backed satin and real lace, the saleswoman said: "Of course, you will want to launder it carefully. Use lukewarm water and Ivory Soap or Flakes and it will be lovely. Ivory is mild and just right for fine things."

For has not Ivory safeguarded lovely complexions nearly fifty years? It is not surprising that it should be safe for delicate colors and fabrics.

Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap

When you want Ivory's suds in a hurry, use Ivory Flakes. The soft little feathers of Ivory mount into rich suds at the touch of hot water.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

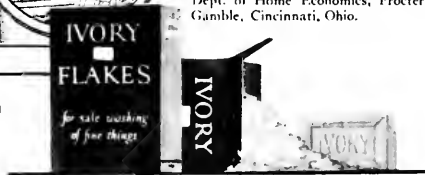


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How to launder colored silks. How to keep white silks from yellowing. How to launder chiffons—to keep sweaters from losing their shape—to keep blankets soft and fluffy. A little book, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, gives tested suggestions on these and many other subjects. May we send you a copy, free? Simply address Section 45-LF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure — It Floats



PHOTOPLAY

December, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

DOUG FAIRBANKS arrived at his studio the other morning, in his usual good health. An hour later, with Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists, I encountered him staggering across a lot, a dazed look in his eyes.

"My God, Doug, what's the matter?" exclaimed Joe. "Has anything happened to Mary? Speak, man, speak!"

Doug said nothing, but handed him a letter.

It was from an exhibitor, enclosing a check, explaining that he had made so much money on a week's engagement of "The Black Pirate" that his conscience troubled him because he had bought the picture too cheap.

WHEN we got out of earshot, Schenck warned me not to go up against Doug in a business deal. He's poison to California real estate men even, and they are tough birds.

Joe told me of an exhibitor who, four years ago, brought his entire family to Los Angeles to spend the winter. He paid all his expenses from the profits he made on showing one of Doug's pictures for two weeks in his theaters.

"That poor exhibitor made the mistake of telling Doug," said Schenck. "The man has never been back to spend another vacation. After that Doug charged him such prices that he couldn't take his family on a trolley ride on profits.

"That Doug is a smart fellow. When he begins to look childlike and prattle about business, Mary yells for everyone to run for cover and Chaplin dashes down town to see that the half million he keeps in the form of cash in a safety deposit vault is safe."

PRODUCTION bouquets this month go to Fred Niblo, for "The Temptress," and to Samuel Goldwyn, for "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Put them both down in your engagement book.

When I say that the former is Niblo's finest accomplishment I am not forgetting "Ben-Hur." For anyone who could spend four million dollars producing the world's greatest natural motion picture story and fail to get a thrilling chariot race out of it, should be expelled from the Directors' Club without a dissenting vote.

IF it were only for one thing in the whole picture, Niblo deserves credit for it. He didn't change the Argentine engineer hero to a blond American. That will do more

to generate good will toward the United States than all the Pan American congresses ever held. For this he should be given the *Croix de Cinema* by our South American sister republic.

It was a direct violation of the accepted standards of bad taste on which so many foreign pictures are patterned.

GRETA GARBO, the slim princess of the Scandinavian colony of Hollywood, put over a new kind of vampire under his subtle direction, even if she had to use artificial eyelashes to do it, and Tony Moreno made the most of the best acting part he has ever had. It was gratifying to see Tony eat up a good rôle when they finally gave him a chance.

Tony, like many other good actors, has been slipped a sour lot of parts for years, and if "The Temptress" serves no other purpose than to make Metro-Goldwyn wake up to what a splendid actor he is and what a lovable screen personality he has, it would have pleased me.

AS for Garbo, the luscious Swedish blonde has had more good breaks in one year than any of our talented American girls ever got. First, "The Torrent," and then this.

They tell me she is complaining because they do not cast her in sympathetic rôles. For the love of Thomas Alva Edison, gal, in "The Temptress" you got the best break since Blanche Sweet got "Anna Christie."

When you learn to speak English, inquire how many beautiful and clever girls have been absolutely ruined by playing good women without ever a chance to show how bad they could be. Some actresses would give a year's salary if they could once be permitted to play a hell-raising, double-crossing, censor-teaser for six reels.

THERE are exceptions, of course. Lillian Gish continues to demonstrate that virtue can be its own reward to the tune of six thousand bucks every week. Even as *Hester Prynne* in "The Scarlet Letter," she proves conclusively that babies are brought by storks. I'd pay triple admission to see her play *Madame Bovary*.

In the last twelve years she has been saved just in the nick of time from the brutal attacks of 4,000 German soldiers, 2,000 border ruffians, and 999 conscienceless men about town. Some day I hope the American hero breaks a leg and fails to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

Fakers of Hollywood

By



Ivan
St. Johns

IN Hollywood there are the actors. And then there are the "bad actors." The actors are out there because it's a town that pays high wages for success. The "bad actors" are out there because wherever you find prosperous, generous and successful people, there also will you find parasites, hangers-on and camp-followers ready to pick up any loose dollars that happen to come their way.

Generally speaking, Hollywood has no crime problem, thanks to an efficient police force, to strict studio regulations and to the reputation of the Will Hays organization. It has no deeply entrenched underworld. But it has a shifting army of tourists—rich and poor, sensation-seekers, fakers and impostors. Most of them are harmless "nuts," but they sometimes cause the film stars a great deal of embarrassment. Others are actually dangerous; and these, of course, are the concern of the police.

James E. Davis, Los Angeles' Chief of Police, calls them "pseudo-actors and vagabond magnates." They are, for the most part, persons suffering from too much imagination and too little inclination to work for an honest living.

Says Chief Davis: "The rumor has spread throughout the world that Hollywood is a place where fortunes are made overnight. In nearly every city or town there are people who believe that any young and fairly good-looking waitress or any agile girl who is tired of selling goods in the Women's Apparel Department may make several million dollars in a few years, if only she saves up enough money to go to Hollywood.

"At the same time there are an equal number of young men in almost every part of the habitable globe who believe that they are 'natural-born actors.' The assumption that they can act is based upon the fact that they have always been averse to work, but believe they would not object to get-



"They have no brothers"

Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess and Ben Lyon all have been victims of "brothers" who are fond of signing bad checks. Charlie and Dick have no real brothers. Ben's brother is a staid business man. If any "relative" of a movie star comes your way, don't sell him anything on credit and don't lend him money!

An exposé of the artful lads and lassies who gyp the stars

ting big money for having themselves screened.

"It naturally follows that Hollywood, each year, is invaded by a rather large number of romantic, vain, foolish and even unprincipled persons who have a vague idea that they are on the road to wealth and fame."

The fakers of Hollywood are divided into three classes, the "nuts," the hangers-on, and the crooks.

The "nuts" are mostly harmless tourists, attracted to Hollywood by the glitter of the "greatest show on earth." Some of them are idle rich people who want to get in on the so-called wild parties, who long to be seen in the company of the great.

Most of them never get within shouting distance of the stars. But when they get back home, they make up wild stories about the gay old times they had in Hollywood. They have to have something to show for their money. And so most of the lurid "inside" stories you hear about the movie stars have their origin in the minds of the sensation seekers.

The poor tourists often spend more money than they possess, just to rent bungalows in the select sections of Hollywood and Beverly Hills, so that they can boast of being "neighbors" to the stars. And they eat in expensive restaurants where they can hope to have a glimpse of their favorites.

From this class of tourists, Hollywood reaps a large number of "bad check" cases. The unfortunates who overdraw their bank accounts aren't swindlers; they are merely loverambitious visitors living beyond their means.

The hangers-on are a more pesky bunch. They are determined to get into the movies at any cost. Most of them have no ability; furthermore, they don't know what it's all about. But they have heard that there is money in it and it looks like a soft snap.

"There's Gold in them thar' Hills!"



And an army of camp followers, hangers-on and parasites, lured by the magic name of Hollywood, flock West to pick up the "easy" coin that is supposed to pave the streets of the richest little community in the country

Brutally speaking, these hangers-on are nothing but high class tramps waiting at the door of a rich industry for a "hand-out." And when one of these men, broke and up against it, runs afoul of the police, he gives his occupation as "motion picture actor."

When one of the girls steps from the gilded to the primrose path, she sobs to the police matron that she is a "movie star."

relative of a star. All three methods are sure-fire—for a few days. After that brief glory, you can tell it to the judge.

The unfortunate part of the whole situation is that the movie stars do not like to press charges against these impostors. Stage and screen people are notoriously kind-hearted and—believe it or not—they hate to damage the "reputations" of the fakers who so wantonly trade on the stars' own reputations.



"Charge account" victims

Claire Windsor and Estelle Taylor have been the victims of luxury-loving ladies who have impersonated the actresses and purchased clothes in department stores. It's a regular trick of petty crooks. And a Polish "relative" of Gilda Gray wanted Gilda to get her a nice job in the movies. It's another standard trick.

It's funny, but it's true; and quite characteristic of the generosity of the film world.

These little stories of Hollywood's classic fakers weren't told to me by the stars themselves, you may be sure of that. But they are typical stories of occurrences that are accepted almost as part of the routine by the stars and the studio workers.

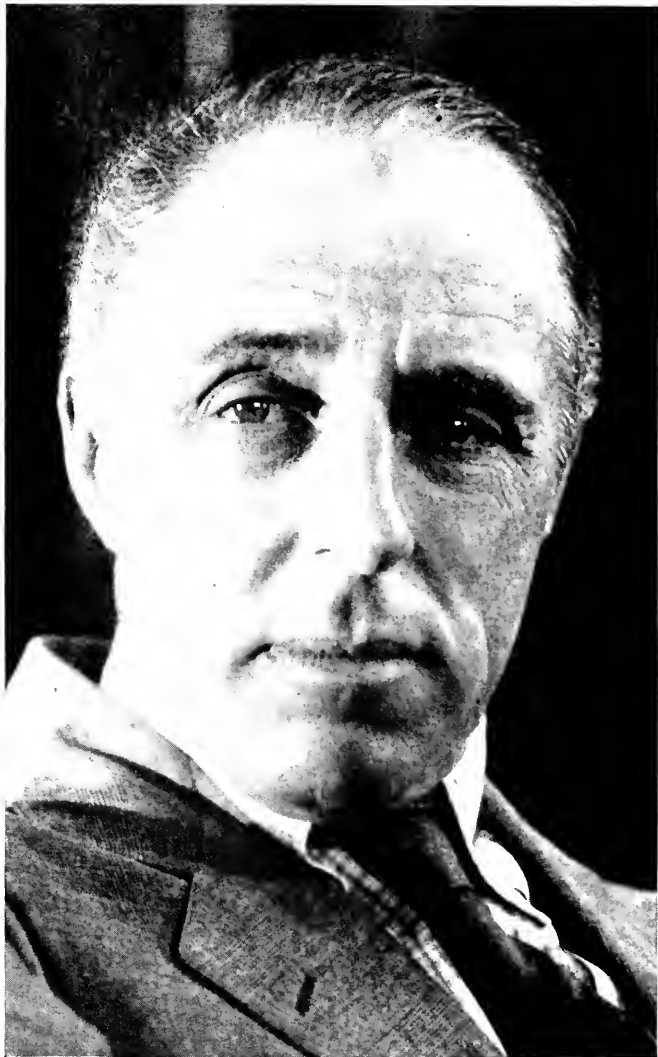
Shortly after the exposé of the fake "Spanish Princess," a Teutonic-looking chap was introduced at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Studios as "Baron Krupp," scion of the German munition millionaire's family, by the manager of one of Los Angeles' largest hotels.

You might think that the "title racket" would lose its punch after all these years, but it is still, apparently, as good as the day it was first invented.

"Baron Krupp" was shown [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

He Might Be *the* Richest



If D. W. Griffith had thought of himself first he would be a millionaire today

By  Frederick
James
Smith

necessary to the smooth telling of a story. Try counting the number of times it is used in a single picture.

"To eliminate it would make necessary the abrupt beginning and ending of scenes. It would jar and distort the whole observation of a film drama.

"Yes, I might have patented it. You can patent anything derived from a mechanical device. I just didn't realize its significance then. We were all pioneers—and I wanted to help the business.

"I might have patented the shooting of scenes through gauze. Sometimes it is called soft focus. They used to call it 'mist photography' in the old times. That is another mechanical device.

"I am not a bad business man," says D. W. Griffith. "Honestly, I'm not. I was never in difficulties until I turned my business over to others. When I both directed and managed, I got along all right"

SUPPOSE the pioneer motion picture devices had been patented as everything has been patented in the more modern field of radio. David Wark Griffith would be one of the richest men in the world, and the empire of films would be turned topsyturvy.

"Suppose I had patented the fade-out," Griffith told me sadly the other day. "I would be drawing at least a million a year in royalties. The dissolve-out is absolutely

Mary Pickford is one of D. W. Griffith's most famous discoveries. She flashed across the screen when Griffith was laying the foundations of pictures at the old Biograph studio



Man in the World

Suppose D. W. Griffith had protected his pioneer screen devices with patents.

Today the whole film business would be paying tribute. The fade-out and the soft focus would be bringing him a million dollars apiece each year.

Suppose he had put his famous film finds under long term contracts. But he didn't.

So today Griffith lives quietly in a Broadway hotel. He hasn't earned a cent for two years because he is paying old debts.

"The revenue from the gauze appliance would have been good for another million easily each year. Only the other day I patented a new application of this device, so I know that I could have protected the original.

"It wouldn't have been possible to patent the flash-back or the close-up," Griffith went on. "Those are ideas of technique. But, with the other two devices under patent, I wouldn't have needed them. I would have my millions, anyway."

The man who laid the foundation of motion pictures looked about his hotel room. He has a little suite of living room and bedroom in a Times Square hotel. Its windows look across the west side tenements to the Hudson and to Fort Lee, the pioneer Jersey Hollywood of the films. The living room is piled high with books and manuscripts. The remainder of the Griffith records repose in the hotel basement.

"I'm not a bad business man," Griffith continued. "Honestly, I'm not. I was never in difficulties until I turned my business over to others. In California in the old days, when I both directed and managed, I got along all right. It was only when I came to Mamaroneck and turned over my business handling to others that I became involved.

"Of course, the collapse of everything at Mamaroneck nearly broke my heart. We missed success so narrowly. Bad management and bad releasing contracts caused the destruction. But, when we failed, I made up my mind that the stockholders would be

paid back. That's why I took the contract at Famous Players—to earn enough to pay back every cent.

"Right at this moment I have earned enough to pay back 4½ of every 12 cents I owe each stockholder. I will have the whole thing paid in another year.

"I'm not earning a cent for myself. Actually, I'm working for nothing. Last year, in fact, I went behind fifteen thousand dollars. But I will be out of servitude in another twelve months."

Another source of a possible fortune came up. Suppose Griffith had signed his various film discoveries to long term contracts, following the custom of today. Griffith found Mary Pickford, the Gishes, Constance Talmadge, Blanche Sweet, Richard Barthelmess and others. Suppose he had tied them up to lengthy contracts.

"It couldn't be done," Griffith told me. "Did you ever try to work with an actor who is unhappy? Did you ever try to direct an actor who thought himself underpaid, who felt that he ought to be a star? I have. It's a horrible experience. I wouldn't have a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

D. W. Griffith believes that Lillian Gish is the great actress of the screen. Even in view of her more recent films and their adverse criticism, he asks: "Who is greater?"



Blanche Sweet



Dorothy Gish



Constance Talmadge



Richard Barthelmess



The Truth About

By
Ruth
Waterbury



The Studio Club, run by the Y. W. C. A., is made possible by the generosity of the wealthy members of the film colony. It is *not* a gospel home or rescue mission

TRUE, many stars made the grade via the extra route in years gone by. But what chance has a girl without experience or influence today? The prevailing odds are ten thousand to one. Read on, little movie aspirant, and you can never say *PHOTOPLAY* did not save you dollars and heart breaks.

JAMES R. QUIRK

IT all started as a bet.

I had been captioning pictures all day, writing of Celia Cinema's simplicity and Harriet Henna's glass galoshes and as I sank wearily into a chair in the private office belonging to the distinguished editor of this thriving publication, I murmured: "Nowadays, anybody can get into the movies."

"I bet you five hundred dollars," said the editor, with subtle flattery, "you couldn't."

I looked at him. So much depended on a snappy come-back. I thought intensely. "I bet you five hundred dollars I could," I returned, brilliantly.

"Be careful," warned the boss. "I'll take you up on that." So, naturally, there wasn't a thing I could do but rush to the Grand Central Station and purchase a yard of green railroad tickets.

Four days later, when he was seeing me off on the Century, while the most efficient secretary in all Manhattan stood near, holding the stakes, he said: "Let's get this straight. You agree to go to Hollywood, where you have never been before, to live under an assumed name, so that your getting into the studio can not be the result of the influence of *PHOTOPLAY*, or what you know about some star and a couple of other fellows.

"You agree to live as extra girls live, spending not more than seventy-five dollars a week, to go to the casting offices, to all of the studios, and to get inside some studio in some capacity by any means that your conscience will permit.

"On my part I agree to pay all expenses and to bail you out of jail, if necessary, and to give you at least six weeks in which to work the miracle. If you do get in and get so much as a single day's work, the cash is yours. Agreed?"

Agreed? Well, rather. It seemed an easy task, and, besides, a trip to California doesn't appear the greatest hardship in the world.

I felt very confident that Sunday afternoon in late summer as the train rushed north and west through New York state.

I thought I knew all about Hollywood. For four years I had been writing of it. Editors had been good to me and I had danced the tango with Rudy, of blessed memory; lunched with Ronald Colman, talked a whole exciting day through with Adolphe Menjou, and dreamed of romance while watching the flashing fire of John Gilbert's eyes.

Thus my confidence as I started my journey, the bland, comfortable confidence of pure ignorance.

There was, for instance, the feeling that I had a perfectly good Grade B face. It is a face my mother has always loved and several others have said kind things about it. As for my being a newspaper woman, it really doesn't show.

Besides, I had a lot of new clothes, which brings a peace that passes all male understandings. The clothes I had selected carefully, according to Paris and the right side of Fifth Avenue, and some \$1,500 was invested in them.

I had four evening dresses, one a period affair of silver green taffeta, straight from Paris; one a simple dance frock of green chiffon, a formal white velvet, and a dinner dress of flame colored crepe.

I had several street dresses, of black satin, of flat crepe, of georgette, and little close hats to go with them, straight off 57th street.

Add to these a tailored suit of tweed, four summer frocks, two of them imports; an evening wrap of black and silver, a dress coat of gold brocade, fur trimmed and lined in scarlet; nine pairs of assorted pumps, size 2 B; seven hats, none of which had cost less than forty dollars; and a complete line of lingerie, stockings, bathing suits and negligees, and you will understand why I felt prepared, sartorially, for all opportunities.

I had heard of posters in the Los Angeles depots warning girls away from the terrors of Hollywood, and of social workers who gathered about you and tried to shoo you back to the little home town and the light grandma had left burning in the window. I looked about, intending to dodge them, but it wasn't necessary, since they weren't there. So I checked my bags and asked directions from a ticket agent.

*Beginning the experiences of a girl reporter
in the "extra" game*

Breaking into the Movies

What chance has a girl, without experience or influence, of obtaining work in the studios? The Editor of PHOTOPLAY wagered Ruth Waterbury that it couldn't be done. Under an assumed name, she went to Hollywood. In her first article, she gives you her impressions of the film city as it looks to a lonely and friendless aspirant to screen fame

"You must be from the East," he drawled. I admitted it. "You'll never want to go back," he said. That is the California credo.

"But what do you want to go to Hollywood for? That's no place for nice people. I've been here twenty years" (he showed his pride), "and I ain't been over there yet."

Hollywood and Los Angeles may be one according to the city boundaries, but they certainly are not in the hearts of their inhabitants.

"But I'm going to get into the movies," I told him. "That's what they all say," he sighed.

The trolley car he had told me to take wound slowly through the Chinese and Mexican slums into the crowded business section of the city. I had to change here and take what is called a subway, though it runs underground for only five or six blocks and then rattles through flat country and drab houses on its way to the city of romance and gold.

A little more than an hour later I stood at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. "Hollywood, I have come," I said to it, but I spoke with more confidence than I really felt.

I was, as a matter of fact, a little dazed.



PHOTOPLAY'S own "extra girl"—Ruth Waterbury—who went out, on her own, to learn the truth about the hardships, opportunities and dangers—if any—of the beginner in the studios



Hollywood is very noisy and very busy. The traffic screams by. Everywhere there is life and activity. Yet it is only a little country town, a little Western country town.

There, on one of its business corners, I gazed at it. Behind me the dust of a vacant lot powdered the pavement yellow. A hamburger stand, next to a bootblack's, was doing a thriving business. Beside me a woman realtor shouted you could make a million dollars by going to Burbank and building near the new First National Studios. Free busses every half hour. Remember what the studios did for Hollywood, she commanded.

Why girls go to Hollywood. At the Studio Club you may have a private room like this, and two wholesome meals, for \$2.75 a day. This room was furnished by Mary Pickford. Not so bad for the working girls!

Our heroine finds gold dust and gold

Across the way, a fat man in movie make-up grimaced for no visible reason into a drug store window. High around the city I could see the hills, so strangely brown and bare to Eastern eyes, scarred with deep canyons and the electric signs the realtors have raised.

Over all the hills, on their crests, down their sides, stucco bungalows of violent colors clung.

Down the streets, in every direction, more bungalows ran in crazy rainbows.

There are few buildings in Hollywood higher than two stories and fewer residences of more than one. Blue stucco, white, pink, orange, yellow, scarlet, slap up against each other, their windows hidden beneath unbelievable awnings, upheld by spears. The bungalows front the streets.

Each has a tiny patch of garden space before it, and elaborate sprinkling arrangements water them constantly, but the lawns are sparse and the brown lines of the irrigation ditches destroy all beauty.

The longer I stayed in Hollywood, the more I was to find that its greater population resents the movies, the movie prosperity and the movie people that have put the city on the world's map. Yet the city is entirely theatric, a city of trick exteriors and mad unreality.

I stood there wondering which way to turn. Peddlers came along with baskets of scarlet roses, a dozen for a quarter. The traffic bells rang continuously above my head and in the heavy stream of motor cars, Rolls Royces stood beside Fords, Italian Lancias beside Chevrolets. A great, low-bodied, high powered roadster drew up and stopped before me.

"Better ride, girlie," whispered a soft male voice. "No need for a nice little girl waiting on a street corner in Hollywood."

I decided it was high time for me to seek the shelter of the Y. W. C. A.

That organization conducts the Hollywood Studio Club, where many girls high in the industry today at one time lived. A

Hollywood full of bricks—mostly bricks

telephone book gave me the address. I walked down Vine Street and suddenly my heart skipped a beat.

"The West Coast Studios of Famous Players-Lasky" the sign read on a ramshackle building before me. I hurried toward it. Then I saw the second sign, "This tract being subdivided by the Blank Realty Company." The old Lasky studio, one of the first in Hollywood, is being torn down, one of the many signs of the passing of the Hollywood that once existed.

Yet around the corner I sighted an active studio, Christie's, and across the street, several small independents. My excitement was rising. I defy anyone to keep calm in that atmosphere. I was in Hollywood, Hollywood where all things were possible. I was going to be an extra girl and who could tell, stranger things had happened. I, even I, might make a bit. Maybe—oh, possibly, I was headed for fame.

Yes, I had already seen the mirage. I was already sniffing the gold dust.

1215 Lodi Place was the address I sought.

Distances are very great in Hollywood. I walked a long while and then I saw it, a beautiful pile of salmon-colored stucco emerging from beneath a guard of pepper trees.

I wondered what I was getting into. Would I have to give my life's history to get in, and be subject to chaperonage and lectures and a charity-tinged kindness?

The girl clerk behind the desk raised her eyes in inquiry, such beautiful eyes that I was startled out of all power of speech. No girl clerk is expected to look like that. "Can I do something for you?" she asked softly.

[CONT'D ON PAGE 92]

This is Miss Marjorie Williams—amused, tolerant and wise—guardian and mother to the lovely young fledglings under her sympathetic wing at the Studio Club



Home was never like this! The attractive main drawing room of the Studio Club, where the girls may entertain their boy friends or stage impromptu shows



The Lark of the Month

LIKE all women, Priscilla Dean prefers to select her own clothes. And how well Alan Hale knows that—now!

Usually Priscilla, exercising the prerogatives of a hand and heartfree young lady, does her own frock buying. But this particular dress did not please Alan Hale, who was directing her in "Forbidden Waters."

"I'm going to get you a dress that will look like something, Priscilla."

The next day Hale came to the studio with Priscilla's new gown. It had a bustle and was cut "V"-shape in front and back. Priscilla took it silently. Shortly she re-appeared.

"That looks great!" congratulated Hale.

Priscilla was still silent, but those brown eyes of hers gleamed.

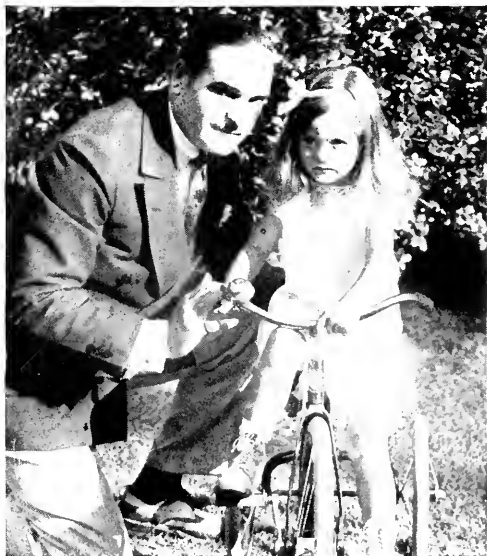
The next morning Walter McGrail came over to Priscilla. She was still wearing the Hale-bought dress.

"That's a pretty dress, Priscilla. But are you sure—er . . . that is, are you sure you have it on correctly? My wife has a dress something like it, but she wears hers so the ruffles are in the back."

Priscilla smiled and then she laughed.

"I've been waiting for someone to find it out. I've been wearing this thing backwards ever since Alan Hale gave it to me. Go over and tell him!"

And Hale, much chagrined, had to re-take a whole day's work after Priscilla had put the dress on properly.



"Be sure," says Earle Williams to Joan Constance, "to slow down at crossings and signal for curves." Joan is two and a half years old. She does not believe in bobbed hair

Nize



James Kirkwood, Jimmy, Jr., and Lila Lee. Jimmy is the life of every kid's party in Hollywood. Just a Man About Town



Movie babies get used to strange beards on familiar faces. Daddy's whiskers don't frighten young Mary Hay Barthelmess. She has Felix to protect her

Proving that no man is a star to his daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Dustin Farnum may be great shakes in the studio, but they're just a couple of slaves to Estelle

Babies

Just a few of the reasons why the stars believe that there's no place like home



Sally Ann Rawlinson inherited her father's winning smile. Sally Ann is hoping for a little brother or sister to play with. And very often those rash wishes come true



Faith Evelyn Brook was born in England and Clive, Jr., in America. "Cheerio," says Faith. "So's your old man," answers Clive, Jr.

Of course, you recognize Reginald Denny. But which is the wife and which is the daughter? The Clara Bow-ish flapper is Mrs. Denny and the slightly smaller child is ten-year-old Barbara

Do

They Marry for Money?

With the pick of the Butter and Egg Market, Louise Brooks staged a small-town elopement with young Eddie Sutherland

Yes, the stage girls do better, when it comes to insuring themselves a well-bonded old age. Consider, if you please, Edna May Lewisohn, Eleanor Robson Belmont, the late Edith Kingdon Gould, Katherine Clements Gould, Ethel Kelly Gould,



By
*Agnes
Smith*

THE answer is: Why should they? And another answer is: Any millionaire would think twice before he offered to support a girl, earning \$2,000 a week, in the style to



Constance Bennett married Phil Plant. It was a love match. By accident, Phil was rich

which she is accustomed.

But neither answer settles the problem. The fact still remains that some of our shrewdest young stars let their hearts rule their heads when it comes to picking their husbands. Their tendency to make romantic but unprofitable marriages is enough to make a Follies girl blush.

Corinne Griffith, born for Fifth Avenue, married, not brilliantly, but for love. Like other movie beauties, her heart ruled her head



Why are the Women less successful as Fortune-Winners than the Men?

Mrs. Samuel Insull, Mrs. Ben-ali Haggin, Lillian Russell Moore and Maybelle Gilman Corey, all of whom stepped from the shifting sands of the stage to the Plymouth Rock of the Social Register.

Fie and shame on the improvident beauties of the movies who fall in love with the first handsome fellow who comes along and lose their hearts to him without first looking up his financial standing!

Alas for the girls who are so romantic that they wrote their own checks for square-cut diamonds and Rolls-Royces!

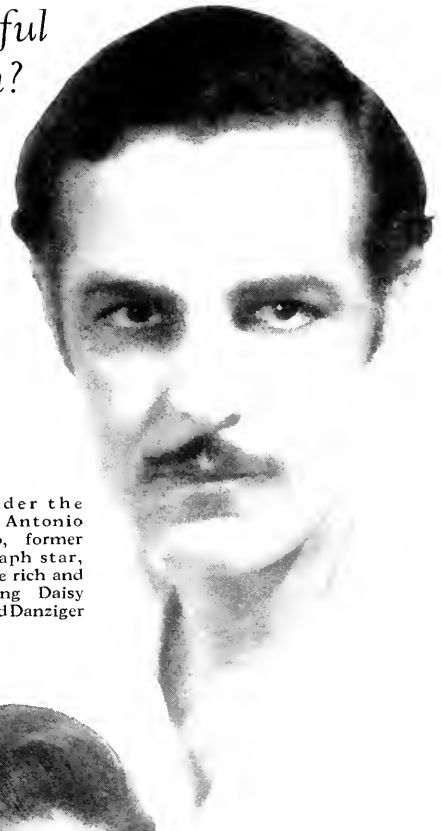
Alas for the girls who marry as recklessly as Yale football stars!

The men of the profession do better for themselves. Antonio Moreno married the enormously rich and attractive Daisy Canfield Danziger. Hugh Dillman, of the stage, married Mrs. Josephine Dodge, and his only worry now is a fire on his yacht. Carlyle Blackwell won Leah Barnato, whose father made a fortune in South African diamonds. Earle Williams married Florine Walz, who inherited money.

Against this array is the solitary, exceptional case of Constance Bennett. And Constance has left the screen, Broadway and the night clubs. Constance married Phil Plant; it was a love match. Accidentally, almost, Phil happened to have a fortune.

While the movie girls are figuring out whether to invest their savings in real estate or oil, the Broadway chorus girls are cinching the future by eloping with the Kings, Princes and Dukes of the cloak-and-suit trade.

There are, unfortunately, no stage-doors to the movie studios. There is no glamour of the footlights. You cannot send a



Consider the men! Antonio Moreno, former Vitagraph star, won the rich and charming Daisy Canfield Danziger



And Carlyle Blackwell went to London when his film popularity waned and is now the husband of Leah Barnato, English heiress

And Earle Williams, also of Vitagraph fame, married Florine Walz, who inherited a fortune. Luck played on the side of romance

movie star a couple of hundred orchids and then expect her to smile at you from the screen as you sit in the front row. The director would cut out the smile and, anyway, you would have to wait five months or so before the picture would be released.

The movie studio, with its deplorable factory atmosphere, is no happy hunting ground for the poor little rich boy on a lark. It carries an unpleasant suggestion of papa's vulgar automobile factory or the hated iron works in the home town.

Any millionaire who might want to "rush" a movie star would have none of the fun of playing Prince to Cinderella. A chorus girl, earning sixty dollars a week, smiles beatifically at the hint of an er-

mine coat. But the rich gentleman, wooing a movie star, would be struck with the uncomfortable suspicion that her bank account might be larger than his.

And there is nothing romantically noble about offering a yacht to a lady who can afford to buy one herself.

There are lots of girls in the movies who have rich husbands, but most of the romances began when both partners had little more than high hopes and a good start.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

"The Big Parade" Wins

"THE Big Parade" wins!

The readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have awarded the gold medal for the best motion picture of 1925 to the now famous epic of the Great War.

In making this annual award—the highest honor in the world of the silent drama—the readers of PHOTOPLAY have steadily shown fine discrimination. For six years the gold medal award has provided the highest encouragement to motion picture producers.

Glancing backward, we find the gold medal awarded in successive years to "Humoresque," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon" and "Abraham Lincoln." Here is a notable array of pictures, actual milestones in the progress of the film. PHOTOPLAY takes especial pride in the judgment of its readers, proven for six years.

In originally announcing the gold medal award, PHOTOPLAY asked that its readers consider each year's products from every angle. Going further than story, direction, photography and technical details, PHOTOPLAY asked its readers to consider the ideals behind each production. The gold medal must be more than a mere surface award. The faith, the hope and the dreams going into each film must be considered.



King Vidor established himself as the leader among the younger American directors by his direction of "The Big Parade," distinguished by brilliance and unusual daring



John Gilbert's splendid playing of the doughboy hero in "The Big Parade" went far toward lifting him to his present high popularity

Previous Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

"HUMORESQUE"

1921

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922

"ROBIN HOOD"

1923

"THE COVERED WAGON"

1924

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"



Tom O'Brien, Jack Gilbert and Carl Dane in the now famous shell-hole scene of "The Big Parade." This is one of the big moments of the film



Photoplay Medal for 1925



Renee Adore scored a brilliant personal success as the peasant girl, *Melisande*, of "The Big Parade." This was a striking performance



Marcus Loew, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Productions, deserves great credit for his faith in staking a huge fortune in making and exploiting "The Big Parade"

How well the readers of PHOTOPLAY have responded is proven by the annual awards, topped now by the selection of "The Big Parade" as the best motion picture of 1925. "The Big Parade" is a big picture from every angle. It is inherently American, of course, telling, without adulteration or glamour, of the boys who fought overseas. "The Big Parade" is the first screen effort to present war without the usual saccharine romantic bunk.

The credit for "The Big Parade" can be distributed between Marcus Loew, head of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation; King Vidor, the brilliant young director who made it, and Irving

Thalberg, the guiding force of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. There is glory enough for all three.

The screen credit for writing "The Big Parade" goes to Laurence Stallings. Stallings was a co-author of "What Price Glory." The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation wanted a war story and Stallings was commissioned to write it. The playwright went to California with the first draft of the motion picture, later destined to be greatly changed in production.

However, to Stallings goes the credit for giving Vidor and Thalberg the enthusiasm to make a picture definitely out of the beaten track. "I owe to Stallings the courage to go ahead and make 'The Big Parade,'" Vidor has said. The picture went into production. However, there was little thought then that it would develop into a big special destined to sweep America.

The story grew in production. Much of the original draft was discarded. Some of the episodes of the original draft remain, as the early soldier shower bath scenes. The thrilling march through Belleau Wood was not in the original draft, however, nor was the cigarette sharing episode. The gum-chewing love scene was suggested by Jack Gilbert,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



The gum-chewing romantic interlude of "The Big Parade" had lyric qualities and was one of the outstanding moments of the big picture

The Little Women



Tony Moreno's acting has gained in subtlety lately. And here is the charming reason, Mrs. Tony, formerly Mrs. Daisy Danziger, very wealthy member of the most exclusive California social set



Her name is Rene Denny, wife of Reggie. She's English, vivacious, small and very pretty and she devotes her time to the pursuit of outdoor sports and ten-year-old Barbara Denny



This is what makes Douglas MacLean a homebody. Men, think of having a girl like this waiting on the steps each night to soothe away your Kleig eyes! Wouldn't life be simple?

Florine Walz promised Earle Williams to follow where he led. So he led her to the altar and thence to Hollywood in the days when it was mostly a place where Japs raised carnations

*Far behind Hubby's spot-
light, they wait and listen.
Just wives, that's all. Best
friends. Severest critics.
But what would their stellar
husbands do without them?*



Here is Charlie Murray's missus. She's been Charlie's for twenty years, and twelve of them in Hollywood, too! And if there's any severer test of true love than that we don't want to hear it



Though Charlie was down for a while, sympathetic Clara Ray saw to it that he was never out. She kept the electric fan cooling until their fortune staged a come-back



Now you see how Conrad Nagel gets that way. How can Conrad show base emotions when back home there's the nicest wife in all filmdom, Ruth Helms Nagel, and small Ruth, aged seven?



Monte Blue calls her "Jimmy" and buys her coats like this. All the other wives on these pages are firsts, but "Jimmy" is a second flight. Now there's a baby Blue

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



Don't scream! This sort of thing was absolutely correct in the eighteenth century. However, for the benefit of the censors, let us explain: This is merely a conference between Mal St. Clair, the director, Florence Vidor, the star, and Monta Bell, the author, of "The Popular Sin." At the studio, of course



Bill Haines came East to take some scenes for "Slide, Kelly, Slide," at the World Series. The gentleman gazing toward outfield is Mr. G. H. (Babe) Ruth

IHATE to say "I told you so." But, somehow, I had a suspicion all along that Constance Talmadge's marriage to Captain Alastair Mackintosh wouldn't weather the years. My suspicions were correct, because Constance herself has announced that she and the Captain are "quits," and that she will return to California and get herself a nice "scandalless" divorce.

When Constance returned from her honeymoon in London, she patched up her differences with "Buster" Collier, and Connie and "Buster" were seen everywhere together. The Captain said that he didn't mind. And Constance said that it was merely a case of a couple of old friends getting together for a reunion. Nevertheless, such little incidents are usually signs that all is not well aboard the ship of matrimony.

ALL Connie's friends and relatives are almost aggressive in their assertions that Captain Mackintosh is a "perfectly charming man." Upon parting with the Captain, Connie wished him all kinds of luck and said that the separation had been caused merely by incompatibility.

Furthermore, Connie said that, above all things, she was interested in her work.

I can't find it in my heart to blame Constance for her shifting affections. She is a generous and charming person. And I admire her for giving her ornamental Captain such a pretty, soft-focus "fade-out."

HAVE you heard the one about the perennial ingenue whose friends gave her a birthday party, with a cake and candles and everything? Anyway, the heat from the candles was so great that six guests were overcome.

WALLACE BEERY is out gunning for Darius, Hollywood's famous Oriental fortune-teller. It seems that, after taking a long look in the crystal globe, Darius told Beery that Dempsey would lick Tunney. So Wally put all his spare money on Jack.

Now if Beery finds Darius, he is going to make lump sugar of his crystal globe.

IT takes a great student of human nature to give a satisfactory definition of love. People have been trying for it for ages and ages. Now one has been given that has received the plaudits of many experts.

Need you ask by whom?

Elinor Glyn is naturally the seeress who has achieved the seemingly impossible.

At a dinner party given recently by Lady Ravensdale, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, Marion Davies, Anita Stewart, John Colton, author of "Rain," and many other celebrities, Charlie and Elinor Glyn fell into a discussion about love.

"Well, then, Madame, what is love?" demanded Charlie Chaplin.

After a brief pause, Madame Glyn replied: "The physical emotions of the soul."

And received a hearty round of applause from everybody, including Charlie.

AFTER three months spent in the wilds of Nevada making the great epic of the reclamation of the desert, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," Vilma Banky returned to Hollywood a few days ago.

"How did you enjoy your long stay up there?" somebody asked the lovely Hungarian.

Miss Banky turned blue eyes heavenward.

"So much west!" she said plaintively.

MARION DAVIES and her trusty sewing machine are camped at the Hotel Ambassador in New York. Marion makes most of her own clothes, but she never brags about it because it sounds too much like a press agent's fable. On the day of her arrival, Marion dashed up a little evening gown for Norma Talmadge. I am not fooling; I saw her do it. It is a white satin affair, trimmed in fringe and rhinestones. And maybe Norma didn't keep her appointments for the fittings! And maybe she didn't stand still while the satin was pinned in place! As for Marion, she says she wants screen credit if Norma wears the dress in a picture

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Those transcontinental newlyweds—Eddie Sutherland and Louise Brooks. Louise traveled across the country just to spend three days with her husband



A Scotch joy-ride—not a joy-ride with Scotch. There's a difference. This is one of the few informal pictures for which Lillian Gish has posed. She is seen here with Josephine Lovett (in private life Mrs. Robertson) who wrote the story of "Annie Laurie," and John Robertson, who is directing the picture

LOTS of the true stories about the stars are better than anything a press agent can invent. While Marion was confessing to her terrible craving for sewing, Norma broke down and admitted that she was a good cook.

Norma and Joseph Schenck are thinking of building a new home at Santa Monica Beach. It will not be a large or pretentious place because Norma is anxious to cut down on the useless complications of living. Instead of an elaborate menage, Norma wants a small, comfortable home with one maid-of-all-work. She wants to be free to go into the kitchen when she likes to fix Joe's favorite dishes for him.

FRED THOMSON, the Western star whose pictures have been cleaning up so recently, may be signed by United Artists when his present F. B. O. contract has expired. Joe Schenck once told Thomson that it could be arranged any time he was free and wanted to join United Artists, and Fred has been in conference with Schenck recently. Maybe they have come to a business agreement. Maybe not. Time will tell. Anyway, Fred, who is Frances Marion's husband, is a much-sought-after young actor these days.

ENGLISH, as spoken by Greta Nissen: "I went to the animal gardens and saw a blue monkey in a prison—or is it a press?"

Translated, that means that Greta went to a zoo and saw a blue monkey in a cage.

How I would love to hear an English conversation between Greta Nissen and Vilma Banky!

THE last word on the Cody-Normand wedding is that Lew says he has been asking Mabel to marry him for years and years. And Mabel had consistently refused. When she finally breathed "Yes," he didn't give her a chance to take another breath, but rushed her to the parson's.

THE Black Bottom has become the rage in Hollywood. The Charleston is displaced, *passé*, old-fashioned. All its onetime exponents have flown over to the Black Bottom.

Mary Hay Barthelmess is a well-known exponent of the new dance and I saw her teaching Bessie Love and Blanche Sweet its most intricate steps at a party the other evening. Elsie Janis also showed some of the girls how it should be done up at Frances Marion's midnight barbecue in her honor.

But Mrs. Tom Mix capped the climax by having a famous exponent and instructor at a cat party she gave the other night. Ruth Roland was practicing assiduously, and the rest of the chorus following the dusky dancing teacher—feminine—included Kathleen Clifford, Carmelita Geraghty, Eileen Percy, and a lot of others.

THE pure, sweet influence of the screen is felt everywhere. If you don't believe it, list to the declaration made by Erich von Stroheim as he frolicked in surfi and slave bracelet with his little son:

"If anyone had told me a couple of years ago that I would ever enjoy this sort of thing, I would have told him he was crazy."

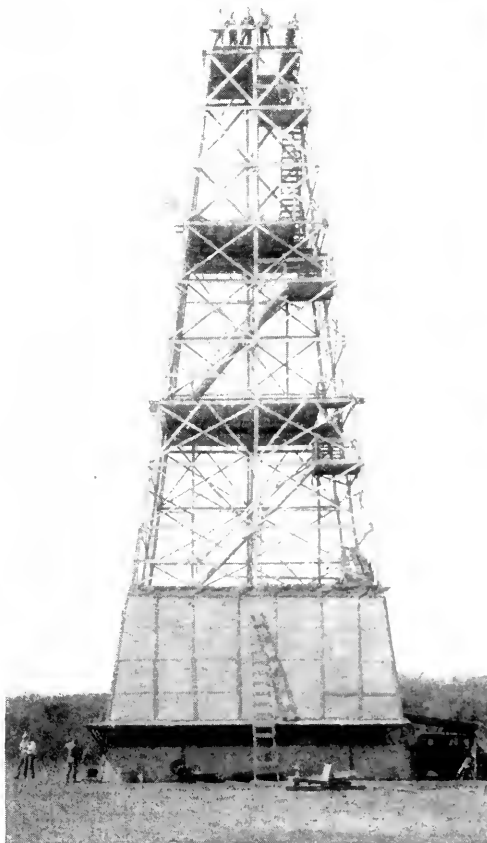
This from the screen's arch-villain, despoiler of womanhood, wrecker of lives. What is happening to our cinema sinners?

WHILE her husband was away on a short yachting trip "between pictures," Mrs. Tom Mix went to spend Sunday with some friends in the country. As she was leaving to go home she opened her big silk bag to find a telephone number in her little book for her hostess, and revealed, to the amazement of all beholders, the contents of the bag. Her sewing and a large revolver, resting amicably side by side.

"Tom always makes me promise to take a gun if I go out alone at night," she explained, "and I brought my sewing because I thought I'd have time to do something on it."

A typical modern woman, that.

HERE'S something new in the way of epics. We've had epics of railroads, old West, steel mills, fast-sailing clippers, covered wagons, gold-diggers (of both sexes), Indians and cow country.



This 100-foot tower is merely a big tripod for the cameras which will get long-shots of the battle scenes in "Wings." It was built near San Antonio, Texas, where five square miles were set aside for a reproduction of the battle of St. Mihiel

Now we're going to have the epic of the auto camp. The lowly roving flivver, which nests at night with a flock of dusty lizzies in the shadow of a hot-dog emporium, is to be immortalized.

It will be called "Rubber Tires," not by an Akron firm, but by Alan Hale, with Bessie Love adding heart throbs to the lyric of lizzies.

THERE is absolutely no truth in the story that Pola Negri is in love with Mac Murray's husband's brother. The younger of the Mdivani boys means nothing in Pola's life. So there! Perhaps you didn't hear the story in the first place, but it had Hollywood agitated for a few days. Pola's friends declare the rumor was started by Pola's enemies. And it only goes to show that this is a cruel world.

Pola is selling her home in Hollywood. It was a nice house, but it had too many memories.

SPEAKING of Mae Murray, Mae and her gardener, one Alfred Wilding, had a little disagreement. Mae owed the gardener a small bill and Wilding wanted a settlement. But the story goes that Mae was angry because the gardener planted lemon trees in her new Santa Monica garden. Never mind, Mae, diluted lemon juice makes a good hair rinse, so all the girls tell me.



Marc McDermott poses for an effigy of himself. The figure will be placed in a coffin in a scene for "The Mysterious Island," and will be used to scare the leading actor, Lionel Barrymore, into a regular frenzy of acting

WILLIAM RUSSELL and Helen Ferguson were in the East for the Dempsey-Tunney fight. Bill is an old friend of Gene's, and so the Russells joined in the Tunney celebration. Bill Russell is a real athlete, and an expert on athletics.

As for Helen, she tells a funny one about her new house in Hollywood. Bill, like other big, strong fellows, is death on furniture. He is great in a gymnasium, but a hurricane in a parlor. So when Helen had her new home built, she hired eight men to jump up and down on the floors, to see if they would be safe enough for Bill's gentle tread.

EVERYONE get set for a long, cold winter! The squirrels are growing extra ear-muffs and Lya de Putti bought three fur coats—ermine, mink and broadtail—all in one afternoon. Any old-fashioned farmer will tell you that this is a sure sign of heavy snow.

THE curse has been removed from Hollywood's haunted house. Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton dispelled it. The haunted house huddles in a deserted curve at the end of a hillside road. Its frame skeleton, pocked with colored-glass windows, has held Mary Miles Minter, William Desmond Taylor, Max Linder; even Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert for a while. Suspicious folk lay their misfortunes to residence in its ivy-covered walls.

The house stood idle until Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes, whom you have seen as *John* in "Beau Geste," came to Hollywood to appear in "The Green Hat." They took the house without knowing its secret, and their ignorance was bliss, for nothing but good fortune befell them. The play received excellent notices and Ralph was signed to a long-term Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. The spook must have relented.

HERE'S one on Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin and the title should be "It's Great to Be Famous!"

The two noted ones were waiting for a motor at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, when up whizzed Doug, Jr., in his swanky little roadster:

"Let me give you a lift," and away the three dashed, with Doug's son at the wheel. Approaching Vine and Hollywood Boulevard they stopped for a traffic signal and two precious flappers sauntered past. Breathed one, pinching the other's arm in emphasis:

"O-o-o-o-o-o! Look!! There's Douglas Fairbanks, Junior!"

Which is the greater? To be famous or have a famous son?



Here he is—little Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. His mother, the former Frances Howard, and his aunt (Constance Howard) think he's the finest baby in the world. And his father, the famous producer, for once is speechless with admiration

DOROTHY GISH arrived from England recently and left immediately for California to see her mother, who is seriously ill. Dorothy announces that she will make no more films in England until her mother gets well. In the meantime, production on "Madame Pompadour" will be held up until Dorothy returns.

THEY are always breaking up great combinations in motion pictures. Richard Dix and his director, Gregory LaCava, were a great team. You will notice I said WERE. They're not together now. So were Mal St. Clair and Adolphe Menjou, but when they split Menjou was lucky because he drew Luther Reid as his director and Luther has made good with a bang.

Guess they have to break up these combinations, but it does seem too bad. You see they become too valuable to keep together as director and star after their pictures have been real hits.

It's rather sad to me to see the parting of the ways between George Fitzmaurice, director, and the two stars he has made famous, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. This is the combination that made "The Dark Angel"—one of the greatest artistic and box office triumphs of the screen.

I couldn't help but shed a tear or two as I sat on the set watching Fitz directing Vilma and Ronald in their last picture as a trio. It is to be called "A Night of Love." With its completion Fitz goes to First National at a huge salary—one of the two or three largest directorial salaries ever paid—and Colman and Banky remain with Sam Goldwyn.

TAMMANY YOUNG, world's champion "gate crasher," slipped over a fast one on First National's efficiency system. Tammany is working in "Not Herbert," which is being produced by Al Rockett.

Missing Tammany from the set, Rockett asked where he was. He was told that Tammany had gone to the barber shop.

"What's the idea of leaving the set and going out to have your hair cut on the company's time?" asked Rockett, when Tammany returned.

"Well," answered Tammany, "the hair grew on the company's time, didn't it?"

LILLIAN GISH is most happy working under the direction of John Robertson. With her mother critically ill, Lillian has been lucky to have a sympathetic director at the studio. She wants to keep Mr. Robertson for another picture, although it was planned to have Mr. Robertson direct Ramon Novarro in



Milton Sills is married now to Doris Kenyon. Milton dashed East for the ceremony upon the completion of his picture. His tennis opponent is John Goodrich, who wrote the scenario of "Men of Steel" from Sills' story

"Old Heidelberg." The Robertsons are immensely fond of Lillian and, for years, Lillian has wanted him for her director. So the combination may remain together for another picture, after the completion of "Annie Laurie."

LILLIAN wants to play Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina." In the phrase of the censors, it is the story of an illicit love affair. And it would be pretty hard to turn the affair of *Anna* and *Wronsky* into a sentimental friendship. Unless the idyllic love story of *Kitty* and *Lexine* is eliminated from the film, it will be pretty hard to throw much sympathy to *Anna*.

I wonder why Lillian doesn't think of "Jane Eyre." The Bronte story was done years ago, but it wasn't much of a success, perhaps because it failed to make the most of the story. But I still think there is a kick, even for ultra-modern audiences, in the old tale of the prim governess, the fascinating *Mr. Rochester* and the mad wife.

MR. ROBERTSON is reversing the order of film types in "Annie Laurie." His villain, Creighton Hale, is pale and blond with blue eyes, while Norman Kerry, the hero, has dark eyes and hair. This is a departure from the conventional blond hero and dark villain, and, incidentally, it is a historical fact that the greatest badmen of the early West were not black-mustached desperadoes with dark

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

Arabian Nights

Illustrated by
J. J. Gould

By



Octavus
Roy
Cohen

J CAESAR CLUMP, director-in-chief for the Midnight Pictures Corporation, Inc., of Birmingham, Alabama, reclined in a hammock and gazed languidly down upon the city of Algiers. He was engaged in the task of whipping his brain into a subjective state, in order that he might more efficiently consider a new story idea suggested that morning by Forceps Swain, Midnight's elegant author.

Physical conditions were ideal. He was surrounded by the vivid vegetation of the hotel gardens. Overhead the sun streamed warmly from an unfiled sky. Through the iron grill of the garden gates he could see the narrow, winding streets of Mustapha Supérieur, fashionable suburb of Algiers; and far below the harbor stretched—all sapphire and burnished gold, studded with small and picturesque ships: fishing boats with queer, triangular sails; decrepit tramp steamers from Gibraltar, Marseilles, Venice, Naples, Genoa and North African ports; one tremendous liner stopping over in Algiers for a day in the course of a world cruise.

He extracted from his pocket a package of American cigarettes, liberally besprinkled with Algerian revenue stamps. He selected one, lighted it, and luxuriously inhaled the rich Virginia tobacco. He raised his putteed legs from the ground, settled them comfortably in the hammock, removed a checkered cap and closed his eyes in order to give his thought processes the benefit of full physical comfort.

And then his superb serenity was shattered by a crashing in the shrubbery and a hoarse voice bellowing his name. Director Clump sat up and stared with ill-concealed hostility toward the sound.

"Mistuh Clump!" came the harsh, masculine call: "Hey, Caesar! Where is you at?"

The director sighed and shook his head. Always when he slipped away for an hour of undisturbed thought, there was something to destroy his tranquillity. And usually it was this same person.



He waited resignedly until the enormous figure of Opus Randall, Midnight's most popular comedian, burst through a hedge of flowers and confronted him.

Mr. Randall was hot, tired and indignant. His massive chest was heaving with exertion, his pudgy face was beaded with perspiration and his fat legs trembled.

One glance at the face of the leading actor, and Director Clump knew that peace had departed for the afternoon. There were times when Opus was trying beyond the point of endurance—and this was one of the times. Caesar Clump assumed a resigned look, waved a languid hand and voiced a question.

"Well, Opus—wha's eatin' you now?"

Mr. Randall came close and hovered over the recumbent figure, upon which he gazed with ill-concealed hostility. His voice quivered with fury.

Opus Randall finds the Sands of the



"Wha's the matter? Huh! That you could lay down there an' ask me such!" He doubled one big fist and spanked it into the palm of the other hand. "I reckon you know as well as me wha's the matter."

"Well, if you know an' I know—then us bofe knows, an' there ain't no need talkin' about it."

"Gitin' sarcastical, is you? Just like you been doin' ever since us just come to Africa. You think you can talk to me like that—an' ride me all the time when us is workin'—an' gimme dirty work to do. I'se good an' sick an' tired of it, an' I ain't gwine stan' it another minute."

"What does you aim to do?" inquired the director. His tone was smooth, but anger was commencing to smoulder within the narrow bosom.

"Goodness, no!" said Sicily, "I ain't been out of this hotel all evenin'!"

A solemn and terrible hush fell upon the trio of slim young men who had lately been locked in deadly combat. With one accord they turned and inspected the cringing Opus Randall

"Plenty!"

"What, f'r instant?"

Opus spluttered. He choked. He knew very well there was nothing he could do—but he hated to be reminded of that fact. Director Clump saw his opportunity and was quick to press the advantage.

"Now listen at me, Fat Boy: Ever since us left Bumminham you has been makin' trouble. Nothin' ever suits you. Always

Desert are too Hot for Comfort



Mrs. Sicily Clump, feminine star of Midnight Productions, surveyed herself in the mirror. The reflection showed an Arab lady of unusual shapeliness, encased in a long, flowing robe of white. The lower half of her face was concealed by a white veil

you is fightin' with Florian Slappey or Welford Potts or Aleck Champagne—or somebody. An' now you comes bustin' in on my solichude yellin' 'cause I has been givin' you some funny scenes—"

"Funny? Great Sufferin' Tripe! Who says they is funny? You reckon it's funny fo' me that you should chuck me overboard fo' some fishermen to pull up in a net . . . an' then a dawg gone octopus gits in that net with me an' I is almost drowned an' besides also scared to death? I guess you think I just laughed myse'f sick, don't you? An' was it funny I should fall down them stone steps in the native quarter this mawnin'? Why di'n't you tell me there was a rope across that street?"

Mr. Clump explained patiently. "I wanted the fall to look nachel."

"Oooooow! So tha's it? An' you takes a chance of bustin' me all up! A lot you care does I crack my neck. Why don't you give Welford Potts some of them terrible things to do? Why is it always me, me, me when it comes to gittin' beat up?"

Mr. Clump rose and his voice crackled. "Stop! You quit kickin' an' listen at me! I craves to make somethin' plain to yo' fat head—once an' fo' all time. You signed up with this comp'ny to play slapstick comedy. You is a comedian an' tha's all what you is. But ev'rythin' you gits tol' to do, you raises a howl. What do you think you is, anyhow—a tragedian? Wantin' to play *Hamlick* or somethin' like that? Now I'se finished, th'oo and done with you. I has exhausted my temper an' next time you do any of this yellin' aroun' you gits lined an' laid off without sal'ry. Git that clear. I has tried to keep fun havin' trouble with you. I has let you buzz aroun' like a crazy

hawssly . . . but I'se finished. You ain't nothin' but a straw an' I is a camel's back. I has done broke! Now—git!"

Opus stared intently at his chief. It was the first time he had ever seen the immaculate little man aroused to a high pitch of ill humor and instinct warned him that Mr. Clump had been exasperated to the absolute limit of his endurance.

Opus was no fool. He swung around with what dignity he could muster and crashed away through the flowers and palms. He assumed a grand manner, but he knew that his bluff had been called—and he boiled with rage.

MR. RANDALL wished to convey the impression that he accepted the dictum of his director. He wished Mr. Clump to lower his guard in order that the force of Opus's retaliating blow might be unimpaired. Mr. Randall vowed vengeance! And, what was more, he knew precisely how he intended wreaking it.

He moved through the luxurious gardens in search of a particular person. He found her in a tiny palm grove, sipping tea and eating little cakes. She was a slender and attractive creature of undoubted strength of character. Opus bowed low.

"Good evenin', Mis' Clump."

"Evenin', Opus. How is you this evenin'?"

"Tol'able, thank you." He seated himself opposite, and yawned. "Algiers suttinly bores me. Nothin' to do an' heaps of time to do it in."

Mrs. Sicily Clump smiled. "Reckon you must be the only bored pusson in the Midnight troupe, Opus."

"How come? Ain't Cæsar bored?"

"My husband?" She gestured in negation. "Nossuh, he showly ain't. He says this is the finest town fo' pitchers we has found since we come abroad. All day he wuks an' at night he goes out an' gathers material."

"Oh! he does?" Opus eyed her speculatively and tried to make his question casual. "Is he goin' out tonight?"

"Showly."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

Photoplay's Honor Roll

For 1926

Twelve Players who win Two or more Credits for "Best Performances"



John Gilbert



Rudolph Valentino



H. B. Warner



Ramon Novarro



Emil Jannings

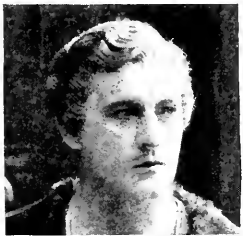


May Allison

John Gilbert gets top place with three "best performances" to his credit: "The Big Parade," "La Boheme," and "Bardelys the Magnificent." Others with two "best performances" are: Rudolph Valentino in "The Eagle" and "Son of the Sheik"; Clara Bow in "Dancing Mothers" and "Mantrap"; John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan"; Adolphe Menjou in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" and "A Social Celebrity"; Lois Moran in "Stella Dallas" and "Padlocked"; May Allison in "The Greater Glory" and "Men of Steel"; and Gloria Swanson in "Stagestruck" and "Fine Manners."



Clara Bow



John Barrymore

Four players who made single hits are included in the Honor Roll because of the high excellence of their work. They are Emil Jannings in "Variety"; Ramon Novarro in "Ben-Hur"; Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas"; and H. B. Warner in "Silence."



Adolphe Menjou

These performances were chosen from the record in Shadow Stage from December, 1925, to November, 1926, inclusive.

It's been a year of a new and high standard of screen acting.



Belle Bennett



Lois Moran



Gloria Swanson



THE BETTER 'OLE—Warner Bros.

BROTHER CHARLIE used to make pictures like this before he got all tangled up in Art. However, we come, not to bury Charlie, but to praise Syd. In this film, Syd picks up the characters of the popular Bairnsfather cartoons, weaves new adventures around *Bill* and *Alf* and makes a picture which is to comedy what "The Big Parade" is to drama.

There is one gag that places Syd right up with the Immortals. *Bill* and *Alf*, playing front and hind legs of a horse, respectively, are left in a French town that is captured by the Germans. The gorgeous adventures of that horse will always be stored in our mind as one of our Beautiful Memories of the Eighth Art. Chuck Reisner, the director, must be credited with an assist. Take the children or they will run away and go by themselves.



THE QUARTERBACK—Paramount

IT'S a real football classic and why shouldn't it be with this lineup? Richard Dix as the star was furnished with a snappy story by W. O. McGeehan and William Slavens McNutt, the famous sport writers. Fred Newmeyer, who directed "The Freshman," fashioned this into one of the smartest and funniest versions of the collegiate life. "Hurry Up" Yost was responsible for the football scenes.

The football sequence—with one minute to play and the ball in Richard's hands—was so exciting that a hard-boiled New York audience, who had paid seventy-five cents to see the picture, screamed and shouted with glee as the hero ran down the gridiron to make the final touchdown.

It's a WOW—if there ever was one. Give the kiddies a treat.

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures



THE TEMPTRESS—M-G-M

WHILE this Vicente Blasco Ibanez story is crammed full of melodramatic action—much of it preposterous—Greta Garbo makes the proceedings not only believable but compelling. Miss Garbo scored in "The Torrent," also a messy Ibanez tale, but it takes "The Temptress" to prove definitely her abilities.

The background switches from Paris to the Argentine. *Elena*, the wife of a weak South American, has the unhappy faculty of making all men her slaves. They all fall: bankers, bandits and heroic bridge builders. Suicide, ruin and disaster follow in her wake. And so she ends, a derelict of the Paris streets. Such a rôle strains at the probabilities, but Miss Garbo makes *Elena* highly effective. She is beautiful, she flashes and scintillates with a singular appeal.

From the moment *Robledo*, fresh from the Argentine, meets *Elena* at a mask ball in Paris, passions simmer and smoulder. Tragedy stalks after *Elena*—but she follows *Robledo* to the Argentine. *Robledo* repulses her, despite his love, but tragedy still follows. The great dam is swept away by the tropical torrents and the villain's TNT.

There is a whip duel, between *Robledo* and the scoundrelly bandit, *Manos Duros*, which is something new in film fights. Director Fred Niblo hits a directorial high spot in *Robledo's* return to the Argentine, galloping across the pampas. Antonio Moreno is effective as *Robledo*, but Roy D'Arcy does entirely too much mugging as the sneering bandit. As *Elena's* wealthy patron, Marc MacDermott provides a neat bit. However, "The Temptress" is all Greta Garbo. Nothing else matters.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE TEMPTRESS

THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH

THE BETTER 'OLE THE QUARTERBACK

SORROWS OF SATAN KID BOOTS

The Best Performances of the Month

Antonio Moreno in "The Temptress"

Wilma Banky in "The Winning of Barbara Worth"

Greta Garbo in "The Temptress"

Syd Chaplin in "The Better 'Ole"

Ricardo Cortez in "Sorrows of Satan"

Adolphe Menjou in "The Ace of Cads"

Richard Dix in "The Quarterback"

Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots"

Rod La Rocque in "Gigolo"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 142



THE WINNING OF BARBARA WORTH—United Artists

HERE is a natural drama so powerful that it completely overshadows every living thing. The desert, cruel, beautiful, unrelenting, eternally struggling against the terrific forces of inventive genius and nature. It is the story of the reclamation of the Imperial Valley, of the harnessing of the Colorado River into a gigantic irrigation project. Even a Duse would be submerged in this conflict of the elements. Sam Goldwyn, with the assistance of Henry King, the director, and Frances Marion, the scenarist, set out to film that great love story of the West, Harold Bell Wright's "The Winning of Barbara Worth," but the simple love tale is swept away by the vastness of the theme. There is still love in it, a strong undercurrent of the poignant feeling incidental to the drama. Wilma Banky is first seen as the pioneer mother, who loses her life in a sand storm. Her performance is fine and true. Later, Wilma is the daughter of that brave mother. She is exquisitely beautiful, a perfect tribute to perfect photography.

The rôle of Willard Holmes offers Colman very little chance for emotional work, although he characterizes the Eastern engineer with typical virility. Gary Cooper, a newcomer, as *Abe Lee*, is worth watching, and the Western characters played by Paul McAllister, Charles Lane, Clyde Cook and E. J. Ratcliffe are perfect to the alkali. But the tremendous theme—the desert, the sand storms, the cloudbursts, the raging flood that sweeps the town of Kington—I doubt whether Sam Goldwyn realized its magnitude until it unrec'd before the eyes of a brilliant Hollywood first night audience at its world premiere at the Forum Theater.



SORROWS OF SATAN—Paramount

SINCE the medieval religious drama, Satan has been presented as a tempter walking the earth with mortals. The fallen *Lucifer* runs through drama and literature. Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," a shocker thirty years ago, is an echo of the legend. The poor *Geoffrey Tempest*, loving *Mavis Claire*, sells his soul to *Satan*. In the end he returns to *Mavis*, whose faith in God drives the devil back to the lower regions. D. W. Griffith's production seems a little old-fashioned. It drags through *Satan's* orgies, because *Lya de Putti* gives very inferior assistance to the devil. Griffith is at his best in the early love scenes.

Ricardo Cortez contributes the performance of the picture, a fine bit of work, and both Carol Dempster and Adolphe Menjou are excellent.



KID BOOTS—Paramount

EDDIE CANTOR, that brash but wistful, fresh but meek, Jewish boy, brings a brand new face to the screen. And such a face! But such smartness back of that face! For Cantor emerges from his first film ordeal with a new reputation as a pantomimist. In fact, Eddie is such a good actor that there are times in the picture when you wish he had a chance for more straight acting and for fewer gags.

Nevertheless, as slapstick, this film is very funny. Its thrilling climax—a variation of the old-fashioned chase—is one of the best things of its kind we have seen. And the picture—a farce of golf and divorce—is smartly and snappily presented. Surely, too, Clara Bow is the best little leading woman Cantor could have had. She adds a lustre of her own to the film. Keep it up, Eddie!

THE ACE OF CADS—
Paramount



SAVE for an extraordinary month, this Michael Arlen story would be among the six best. The cashiered *Chappel Maturin*, officer of the King's Guards, wanders the continent a lonely adventurer, all for love of the woman he would have married had he not been framed by a brother officer. Adolphe Menjou is admirable as the suave *Maturin*. Arlen's swank is fast getting out of date, but this is made interesting by Menjou, Alice Joyce's assistance and Luther Reed's sane direction.



THE CAMPUS FLIRT—
Paramount

WE are in for an avalanche of celluloid college capers, but what of it? The films could do a lot worse. This tale of a wealthy girl snob, who is cured in a fresh water university, is amusing. Bebe Daniels is the regenerate snob who saves dear old Colton by her prowess on the cinder track. Bear in mind that Bebe wins her letter by performances in a snappy running suit. Even so, Joan Standing and El Brendel make small rôles stand out.

THE LILY—
Fox



AFTER her memorable performance in "Stella Dallas," Belle Bennett is doomed to suffer and weep throughout every picture. This story, adapted from the David Belasco stage play, is woven around a woman who sacrificed love because her greedy father would not allow her to marry and leave him. When her sister falls in love she denounces her father for placing the love of her sister in jeopardy. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Just for the older folks.



GIGOLO—
Producers
Dist. Corp.

THE screen translation of Edna Ferber's story of the paid dancing partners in the Paris cafes is nothing to write home about. No doubt the censor shears had something to do with it. However, it does one thing and that is to establish Rod La Rocque. Rod gives a very fine performance, ranking among the best of the month. Louise Dresser is splendid in the mother rôle and Jobyna Ralston is the feminine interest. Rod is worth seeing.

PARADISE—
First National



OUTSIDE of a real exciting fight there is little entertainment value in this. Milton Sills, whose offerings are becoming quite regular here of late, is very Peter Panish in the rôle of a gay wealthy youth who is cut off from the family funds because of his wild pranks. He marries a good little chorus girl (Betty Bronson). After the villains do all the dirty work and our big brave hero proves himself a man—then—the end. And you won't be sorry that it's over.



KOSHER KITTY KELLY—
F. B. O.

TO date, this is the funniest of the carbon copies of "Abie's Irish Rose." Again we have the Irish and Jews fighting it out for your amusement. As old as this tale is, there is something about it that puts every audience in a good humor. This is a grand ha-ha from beginning to end, due to the direction of James Horne and the amusing and wise-cracking sub-titles. You can spend a pleasant evening when this comes to town, for it's good entertainment.

**THE WANING
SEX—M-G-M**



IS woman's place in the home or in business? The young district attorney thinks babies are the thing. The pretty lady lawyer thinks different. Since Norma Shearer is the fair *Portia* the problem became darned acute to us. Particularly as Miss Shearer demonstrates gracefully that the modern woman's place is in the one-piece bathing suit. This is pleasant entertainment, proving again Miss Shearer's cheery aptitude for character comedy. Conrad Nagel is the D. A.



**TAKE IT
FROM ME—
Universal**

A REGINALD DENNY feature is always light comedy. Running a big department store so that it will show a loss is the latest job acquired by this comedian. Taken from the musical comedy, this is filled with a series of farcical situations and gags that will please any audience. Of course there is a pretty little stenographer to help things along, and a beautiful fashion show, which is used as a comedy background. You won't go wrong on this.

**YOU'D BE
SURPRISED
—Paramount**



THERE'S nothing like a good old-fashioned murder for amusement, according to Raymond Griffith, the newest high-hat coroner. Ray and the funny sub-titles by Robert Benchly and Ralph Spence are the whole picture and they're, well—you'd be surprised. The picture is a grand and glorious kid on some of the would-be mystery yarns going the rounds today. You may see this—you have our permission—and we'll bet you'll be surprised.



**ACROSS THE
PACIFIC—
Warner Bros.**

WATCH Myrna Loy! Give the little girl a big hand! She's good. The theme dates back to General Funston's memorable campaign during the Philippine insurrection, which followed the Spanish-American War and resulted in the capture of the rebel Aguinaldo. The heroes of the old days certainly were brave lads—at least it makes good movie-stuff. Monte Blue, Jane Winton and Walter McGrail complete the cast. Don't go out of your way to see this.

**PRINCE OF
TEMPTERS—
First National**



SO much camera artiness in this that the humanness is overlooked. A young chap about to take the vows of priesthood inherits a dukedom. The title turns him loose in British society, where a renegade monk—the prince of tempters—tries to ruin him with the help of a lady vamp. The imported German director, Lothar Mendes, is fearfully concerned with camera angles. The one good performance is Lois Moran's, while Lya de Putti is fearful as the vamp.



**THE GREAT
K. & A. TRAIN
ROBBERY—
Fox**

TOM MIX shoots, rides, lassos and loves in a breezier manner than ever before in this ripping railroad Western. Of course Tony helps Tom do all these things—a Mix picture wouldn't be complete without Tony. The scenery alone in this picture is worth seeing—it was filmed at the Royal Gorge, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. All the children like Tom—yep, the young ones and the old ones. There's a good evening's entertainment here.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



Donald Ogden Stewart's GUIDE to

Perfect

The humorist explains the gentle art of writing rough—but not uncouth—continuities

Here is what Mr. Stewart calls a synopsis of preceding chapters:

LEW CODY and Norman Kerry are twin brothers who are on their way out to Hollywood to seek their fortune. Neither one knows that the other is his brother. Norman can spell better than Lew, but Lew has a peculiar raspberry mark on his left shoulder, a relic of his early days in vaudeville. On their way out to Hollywood they stop off at the Grand Canyon and are greatly impressed. This leads to a discussion of Shakespeare's plays. They are very nearly on the edge of blows when the Conductor calls "All aboard" and the quarrel is momentarily patched up. In the confusion Lew gets the wrong suitcase and when he tries to shave the next morning all he can find is several brassieres and a depilatory outfit. He decides to grow a beard. This infuriates the other passengers and several of them try to open windows. The Conductor becomes confused and forgets the name of the next station. "Los Angeles" he cries, and all the passengers get out. The train moves on and they discover they are in San Bernardino. It begins to rain.

Meanwhile, in far distant London, England, a young man named Charles Chaplin is trying to learn to play the violin. The temptation to play something else is great, especially as flute players are all the rage and are being asked every night to

Buckingham Palace to play for the Queen. Chaplin wavers. A typical London fog comes up and Chaplin takes out his violin and begins to play. A crowd gathers and Chaplin's violin is taken away and thrown into the Thames. Big Ben strikes twelve.

Chaplin is in despair and wanders all night through the streets of London. He thinks of suicide, but a sentence from one of Plato's plays which he can't quite remember keeps him from it. Towards morning the fog lifts and he finds himself on a park bench. A young girl named Mabel Normand comes up and sits down. Another young man named Mack Sennett joins them. The three sit there in silence for some time. A wagon filled with custard pies drives up. The driver speaks. "Pies?" he asks. "No," they reply. The wagon drives off. It begins to rain.

Meanwhile, in far distant New York City a young man named Douglas Fairbanks wants to be an actor. His friends discourage him from this as much as possible and try to get him to become a barber. They point out the fact that 49,628,475



Here is a continuity writer in the act of concentrating. Observe the keen, active mind at work, ingeniously creating big scenes for his boss. No, dear readers, he isn't giving a thought to the cuties

Behavior in Hollywood

men in America need shaves every day, let alone hair cuts and facial massages. Fairbanks is struck with the logic of this and consents to go back to Barber college for another year. He works very hard and becomes the best shaver in his class. On the night before the big game with the Colgate Barber Team the captain of the Williams team is taken sick with a mysterious malady and the Williams supporters are in despair.

Fairbanks sits up all night practising singeing and shampooing and when the last bit of soap has been washed out of the patient's ear the Coach looks at his watch and grins. "How was it?" asks Fairbanks, eagerly. "Not bad," replied the Coach (who is known all over the world as "Silent Butch McCarthy"). "If you do that well this afternoon I won't have any kick coming." "Will you have something on your hair?" Fairbanks asks the patient. "No," replies the patient, so Fairbanks puts something on the patient's hair and goes back to his dormitory to get a little rest before the game. The grandstands begin filling up soon after one o'clock and by two-thirty there is not a vacant place in the whole amphitheater.

The arrival of Governor Smith is a signal for a great ovation, which is quickly drowned out when the Williams team comes on the field. Colgate wins the toss and chooses to begin with a crude oil treatment and mustache trim. Williams has a strong wind at her back. At the crack of the gun the Colgate man gets away to a flying start and although the Williams boy works desperately his opponent is never headed and the score stands Colgate 11; Williams 5 (third place not counting).

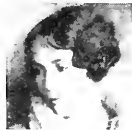
Williams, however, wins the next event (children's hair cut) and it is nip and tuck throughout the afternoon. The sun is just beginning to sink behind the western hills when the last event is announced and a hush falls on the crowd when Fairbanks takes his place—a hush which is quickly changed to a shout of triumph when the young athlete, with all his muscles working in perfect coordination, begins singeing and shampooing in a manner that reminds even the old timers of the famous Tom Buckner. To make a long story short, Fairbanks romps across the line an easy winner, incidentally breaking a world's record, and he is carried off the field on the happy shoulders of his barber schoolmates. Next day he receives many offers to become a professional, but he decides to wait until he has finished his education.

His old longing to become an actor then attacks him with renewed vigor and he wavers, torn between the call of the Stage and the easy life of a Barber. Finally he decides to accept the former; he resigns from college and goes back to New York to go on the Stage. To make a long story short again, three years later his old professor at Barber college is sitting in a theater in New York when a man comes on the stage whom he seems to have seen before and as he looks at his program he discovers that it is his old pupil, Douglas Fairbanks. He watches the young man act, and as the curtain falls he goes sadly out of the theater and throws himself in front of a passing automobile. As he is dying in the hospital he opens his eyes for a minute and tries to speak. The nurse

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

"Hollywood can't exist—but it DOES"

By



Adela
Rogers
St. Johns

Says Jack Barrymore, who is just getting acclimated

THE art of conversation is almost dead.

More than the modesty of women or the mastery of men, its decadence is the great loss of this century.

For what, as Alice once remarked to the white rabbit, is the use of life without conversation?

John Barrymore is the only man in Hollywood, so far as I know, who really understands it.

I would rather spend a couple of hours listening to him talk than to see an O'Neill play, hear Jeritza sing, or read the latest Edna Ferber novel—and that is going a long way. But then, I have always loved "talk." I have always been enamoured of what in the olden days was termed a bit of "witty and elegant conversation."

It is a long time since Addison held the great men of his day utterly bewitched about his coffee table, since Byron enchanted fashionable and famous ladies, since François Villon talked himself onto a throne and off of a gallows.

But I don't think it is too much to compare Jack Barrymore with them, and with his own father, still remembered as the wittiest man who ever dazzled New York.

Certainly John Barrymore is the best we have to offer today, in the way of brilliance and charm and conversational light and shade.

Can't explain him exactly. And a reproduced conversation is in some ways like a reproduced painting—it loses so much of its color. But he has a way of stimulating your imagination. He never wisecracks—and oh, I am so sick of wisecracks—and yet he is amusing. He can talk about anything and make it entertaining. He has sufficient culture to give a richness, sufficient devilry to give a spice.

And of course one must never forget the eyebrows. They give the ultimate charm. One of them is very serious. It comes

down swiftly, blackly, like an exclamation point over the gleaming left eye. And the other is indelicately flippant. It quirks upward in derision, in amusement, in doubt. An ironic eyebrow, the right one.

Nor does it, I suppose, detract from a man's conversation that he has a profile as famous as glorious Apollo's, a voice that charmed London in "Hamlet," which is infinitely more difficult than charming a bird off a tree and a lithe, lean grace of movement. Although it is only fair to say that men like Jack Barrymore's conversation even better than women. They probably understand more of it.

We talked, first, of barbers.

Which was but natural, since it was concerning a barber that we first met, fifteen years ago, and became friends.

Jack was acting in stock in Los Angeles. It was his own personal opinion, expressed frequently, that he was the worst actor on the American stage.

"If my name wasn't Barrymore," he used to say, "nobody would give me a job. Thank heaven it is Barrymore."

As a matter of fact, he was very good. He hadn't discovered his tremendous powers, by any means, but he was clean cut, brilliant, vivid.

About the barber.

He put a hot towel on Jack's face. That, I understand, is common to barbers. And a hot towel should be hot. But not too hot. This one was. Jack

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

John Barrymore loves plain, everyday, slapstick comedy. So, in making "The Beloved Rogue," Mack Swain and Slim Summerville become *François Villon's* pals. Here are "The Three Musketeers"





THE complete conversion of John Barrymore to the movies has been one of the screen's triumphs of the year. On the opposite page, Adela Rogers St. Johns gives you one of the best interviews ever written with this great artist.



One. What two directors appear in this scene as actors? Both gentlemen started out as players of small parts and graduated into the megaphone class. What picture is this scene taken from?



What



Six. What current success was filmed years ago by the old World Company? And what actress—now on the stage—played its tragic heroine?



Four. What picture brought these two favorites together? What director filmed it? What company produced it? In what year was it released?



Two. What star played the heroine of this classic that is now being filmed again? What actress is seen here as the little dark gal?



Three. What director is this? What notorious person of history does he represent? In what picture did he tramp across the screen in this guise? What author wrote the story?

Answers on Page 118



Seven. In what great success did this gentleman play a minor part? What was the name of his character in the story?

Five. What popular star made his first hit in this picture starring Constance Binney? What director discovered him? What was the name of the picture?



Rayhuff-Richter

PATSY RUTH MILLER is furious, simply furious. She's been more "engaged" than Mary Landon Baker or Constance Talmadge. Do you think she likes it? Does any girl like it? Read what she has to say about her "engagements."

Darn Those Engagements

says

Patsy

"And I never have been really engaged," sighs Miss Miller

By



Dorothy
Spensley

"IT'S a curse," said Patsy Ruth Miller, punctuating the statement by shoving a spindle-heeled slipper into a drawer already bulging with other spindle-heeled slippers.

"It's nothing less than a curse. On the man. On me. Now, for instance—" slamming the drawer of the wardrobe trunk and whirling about on her heel like a dancer in the mazes of a Russian folk dance, "for instance, we no sooner dis-



"We no sooner discover that we are perfect partners for tennis than our engagement is announced. It's a curse. On the man. On me." That's Patsy Ruth Miller's sad, sad story



No one would say that Patsy lacks sex appeal. As witness this picture of her in "The White Black Sheep"

cover that we are perfect partners for tennis and dancing and bridge, quite platonic, you know, than some paper comes out with an announcement of our engagement."

Pat smiled. A droll, understanding little smile. Rather inscrutable, yet frank. A Godwin conception of a modern *Mona Lisa*. "But the man always has a sense of humor. . . . I shouldn't like him if he didn't. . . ."

Visions of all the sad young men in deepest crepe casting furtive eyes at the Miller home as they marched past, two abreast, arose. Sounds of revelry and laughter from within. Solemnity has no place in the Miller home.

" . . . and I have a sense of humor, so we laugh it off. But something is lost. Something very fine and intangible. We still play tennis and bridge and we still dance, but it's like living in Mr. Cobb's goldfish bowl. There is no privacy. Then, say, I lunch with someone else and a new engagement is announced."

Pat emerged, hair tumbled, from the chiffon-lined interior of the huge wardrobe trunk. Two other trunks loomed in the background. Sundry bags, satchels, grips, valises, suitcases and hat boxes stood expectant. Pat was going traveling. With Pat was going the family—mother, father and brother Winston. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]



The Big Boy from Berlin is Here

Emil Jannings at last decides
to take his chances with
prohibition

By Frederick James Smith

Jannings speaks very little English, although he has been studying hard. At a meeting with the New York motion picture writers, he had an interpreter. But when the Manhattan journalists started to wisecrack—in Broadwayese—he exclaimed, haltingly, but imperatively:

"I—am—not—stupid—I—am—intelligent!"

Pressed then for further English words, he admitted he could say:

"Cash on the table!"

Jannings, too, protested to the writers who had been referring to him as fat.

"I am not fat," he remonstrated. "See," and he pounded his chest. "No fat—fine physique."

Jannings is one of the few screen players who looks as commanding in real life as in the films. He is six feet one. His eye is a roving one, with a glitter of humor. He dresses in unactory fashion. Just a loose fitting suit, minus vest, and an old-fashioned knit tie.

I saw Jannings late on the day of his arrival. He had met the reviewers en masse and he had visited Adolph Zukor. He was visibly tired but his interest was unabated.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

Emil Jannings has arrived in America and is now in Hollywood about to start his first American picture. Mrs. Jannings accompanied her famous husband



Before embarking for New York, Emil Jannings and his wife, known on the German stage as Gussy Holl, spent a vacation in Switzerland, where this picture was taken

THE same day that Marie, Queen of Roumania, arrived in New York harbor with a glare of publicity, a king steamed quietly up the bay. In contrast, however, His Majesty arrived unostentatiously on the Hamburg-American liner Albert Ballin.

The king was Emil Jannings, the familiar Louis XV and Henry VIII of the films. Jannings was coming to America after many postponements. He is to stay a year. After that? The future alone can say.



Gifts that You Like Best

will please others most

Do Your Christmas Buying Through Photoplay's Shopping Service

On this page and the two following you will find a variety of attractive gifts to suit every taste and pocketbook. Our Shopping Service is open to all our readers, subscribers or not. You can do your Christmas shopping comfortably and economically at home.

IMPORTANT. Please help us give prompt service by following these simple instructions. All orders must be accompanied by money order or check. **STAMPS WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED. NO ARTICLES SENT C. O. D.** Postage is prepaid on all articles. Purchases of more than one dollar may be returned, if unsatisfactory, for credit or exchange, provided they are sent, in good condition, direct to **PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.**



A smart Pullman set is a delightful gift for the college girl or traveller. This one is of natural color pongee, with a dashing black Chinese monogram, and consists of pajamas, robe and a convenient case to keep them in.

34-44. \$11.95



At left, above, smart garters of plaited moire ribbon; in two tones of rose, orchid, jade or tan, also black with French blue; with tiny rhinestone buckles. \$1.50. Centre, very new flexible three-strand gilt necklace, price \$3.95. Matching bracelet \$3.50. Right, slave bracelet with "jade," "Carnehan" or "lapis" stones. \$2.95

Charming neotigee of soft chenille velvet, with contrasting crepe de chine trimming. Black with jade, flame or tangerine; also all coral; orchid; or blue. 34-44. \$7.95



The glove silk Chorleston set at left above, of lace trimmed step-ins or bloomers with matching bandeau, in pink, peach, Nile, orchid and roseleaf, 32-40. \$4.95. Glove silk chemise, right, two tones of pink, orchid, peach, roseleaf, Nile or maize, 32-40. \$2.95



Exquisite, large size oval or round handkerchief case of dainty lace and "petit-point" centre over satin foundation in pastel tints. \$1.95

Left, on the arm, tailored nightgown of quality crepe de chine in pink, orchid, peach or Nile. \$3.95. All sizes



Luxurious quilted coat of changeable satin in copen, rose, orchid, wistaria, French or Royal blue. 34-44. \$10.95. Mules of satin in copen, pink, orchid and turquoise, also black with pink, orchid or turquoise linings. 3-5. \$5.00

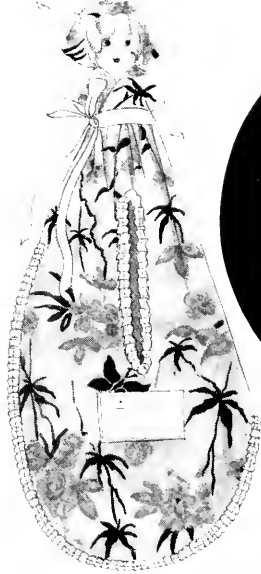


A charming gift to please capricious feminine fancy is this little enamel house-door clock, in rose, blue, peach or yellow, only \$3.50

A feather fan is a sure way to a young lady's heart. This graceful two-stick model comes in all evening shades, also black and white. Shell colored sticks. Price \$5.00



Gold finished, "jeweled" compact of attractive design is set with colored stones and contains a large cake of medium powder. Price \$1.50



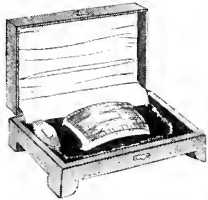
A chubby doll, with a gay and voluminous cretonne skirt, is really a laundry bag—for handkerchiefs only. Price \$3.95



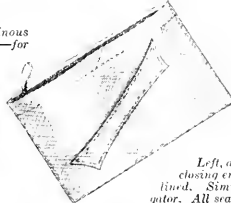
Crepe de chine nightgown, ecru lace trimmed, flesh, orchid, peach, Nile, all sizes \$3.95. New and smart nightgown of silk broadcloth, white ground with rose or gold stripes and Chinese monogram. \$4.95. Chemise to match. \$2.95. All sizes



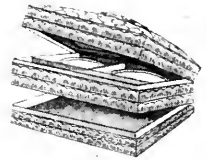
This saucy "Find-your-car" doll, lends a double life. She conceals a convenient hot brush under her full skirt. Price \$2.50



Above, sterling silver belt buckle, guard and chain in genuine redwood case. \$3.95. Below, stunning antique brass finish jar, containing ball of twine. \$2.50



Left, above, "zipper" clasp envelope purse, silk lined. Simulated lizard or alligator. All seasonable colors. \$2.95. Right, new shape pouch bag with finger strap handle, silk lined, calf with simulated lizard trim. Tan, brown, green, Chamois red, black, grey. \$4.95



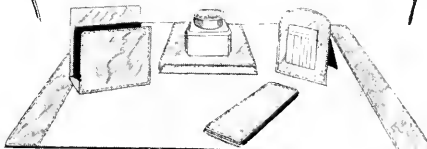
Satin and gold lace covered vanity box, containing large powder and rouge and two lipsticks in medium shades, and tray for pins. Pink, peach, orchid and Nile. \$3.00



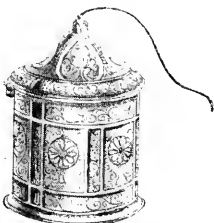
Left, the carnation makes a smart shoulder flower. Rose, white, pink, red. \$6.5. Right, the gardenia is always in favor as a boutonniere. White, pink or yellow. \$6.00



This new, curved, self-fitting safety razor is a feminine necessity. \$1.00. Below, "smoked pearl" studs and links. \$5.50. With vest buttons complete. \$9.00

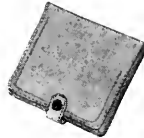
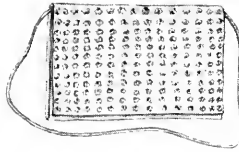


The attractive desk set above consists of five pieces: Desk blotter, inkstand, calendar, letter holder and small blotter. It is made of moire cloth covered with transparent cellophane, and comes in rose, orchid, blue, green or yellow. Very reasonably priced at \$4.95



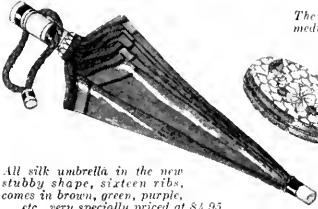


Above, a gay silk handkerchief, in futurist and novelty check designs, conceals a powder puff in its centre, and comes in a smart imported box. \$1.75



The leather match box cover, tooled in gold; in brown, green, red, blue or purple, \$1.75. Charming evening purse of silk, studded with rhinestones, envelope shape, white, rose, blue, lapis and black, \$2.95. Golf cigarette case of brown ogee leather at \$1.00

The small handkerchief case above makes a charming gift. Beautifully made of lace over satin, pastel tints, with "pointpoint" center. \$1.00



All silk umbrella in the new stubby shape, sixteen ribs, comes in brown, green, purple, etc., very specially priced at \$4.95

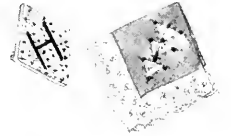
The double compact, left, covered with satin and gold lace, containing medium tone of powder, rouge and lipstick, \$1.00. Traveller's shaving set at right is safety-razor, blades, brush and soap, in a metal case with leather cover. \$1.95



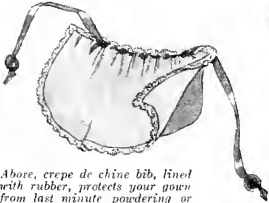
Set of silk quarters with ruffled matching powder puff case. Comes in carnation, orchid, willow, ebon or jade, complete at \$1.50



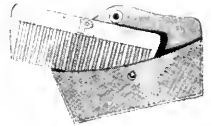
The practical gift that everyone can find use for, is this pair of novelty light weight shoe trees. \$1.50 the pair



Smart pin above, rhinestone background with cut-out initial, \$2.25. Also georgette evening handkerchief, hand embroidered corner, lace edge, pastel shades. \$1.00



Above, crepe de chine bib, lined with rubber, protects your gown from last minute powdering or hair combing. Pastel shades. \$1.50



The newest bobbed hair comb wears a rhinestone initial for smartness, and comes in a leather case. In jade, amber or shell. Price \$1.95

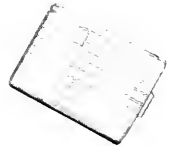


If she wears earrings, she will appreciate those of "pearl" above. They come in either medium or large size and have solid gold backs. \$1.00

Left in oval, heavy glove silk vest and bloomers, trimmed with printed silk and hand finishing, pink, orchid, peach, Nile, rassel. Vest \$2.40. Bloomers 5, 6, 7. Set \$5.00



Right in oval, crepe de chine pajamas, with flattering bateau neckline, trimmed with dainty laces. In pink, orchid, peach or Nile. Sizes 34-44. \$5.95



This sterling silver thin cigarette case in engine turned design is suitable for either man or woman. \$7.50. Three-letter monogram 25c extra

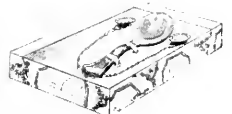
The smart leather writing case below contains paper and an address book. In blue, rose, green, purple or brown, it is specially priced at \$2.95



Any living room will welcome the stunning book ends above, in a cut-out ship design. Antique-bronze finish metal. Very elegant at \$3.75, which includes postage



Left, above, rhinestone evening bracelet, leaf design set in sterling. \$3.95. Right, sterling chain, 50-inch length, set with large "pearls" at intervals. \$1.95



The most fastidious infant will appreciate the set sketched below, of sterling spoon and pink or blue enamel bib clasps. The set complete only \$2.25

PHOTOPLAY'S 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 description of article desired. No articles sent C. O. D. Because of the rush during Christmas holidays we urge that you order promptly. No exchanges or refunds can be made unless articles are returned to PHOTOPLAY Magazine and not to the store.



Illustrated by
Edward Ryan

There was the perfume
of mystery about Alla
Alvarez. She reincarnated
for Nicholas the mysteri-
ous women of times long
past, of poets long dead



The Synthetic Star

By Faith Service

NICHOLAS NAST graduated from High School when he was seventeen. He won first prize in the essay contest, his theme being "The Movies of Tomorrow."

The essay was reprinted in the town paper, the *New England Clarion*, and was instrumental in getting him a job on that paper. His title was that of star reporter. He wrote up all the news of the town, factual and fictional. He reported social functions with a wealth of detail. He reported political activities, births, deaths, engagements, marriages, christenings. When the Burnhams had a new baby or when one of the old residents succumbed to longevity Nicholas put a sob, a heart-beat into these commonplace of life and death.

His real interest was in his movie column. He called it "The Critical Cinema" and he made it very readable and snappy. He reviewed pictures. He wrote little thumb-nail impressions of the reigning reel favorites. He got the publicity departments in New York and in Hollywood to cooperate with him and he was thus enabled to dish up the biographies of the stars with timely frills and furbelows. Folks said that it was more fun to go to the movies since Nicky Nast started his column. It was fun to compare your impressions with those of Nicholas. The town of Summerton, Mass., began to look upon Nicholas with respect. They recalled that he had always been "bright—sorter diff'runt—" He was as impervious to their respect as he had

once been to their ridicule.

As a small boy Nicholas had been more interested in the movies than in anything else. He had spent all his spare time and money in the theater. His parents had objected strenuously and scientifically. Their family physician had advised them that a child's emotional life should be kept in abeyance for as long a time as possible. The good doctor, interested in psychology, said further that the movies were a very hot-house for forcing the emotions. The movies should be taboo for children.

Nicholas explained patiently that he did not go for the purpose of pleasure only. He said that some boys like to take watches and engines and things apart while he, Nicholas, liked to take the movies apart. He didn't say, "I am developing my critical faculty," but that is what he meant. His parents' protests had been in vain. They, too, thought that Nicholas was "diff'runt." He hadn't been popular with the boys in school. He hadn't gone in for baseball or football. He had gone in for movies.

The Prices' little girl always stuck up for him, though, Penny Price—Penelope. She yelled, "Meanies, Meanies, Meanies!" at the boys when they teased him. She dared them to slap her face if they didn't like it. She was brave in his behalf where she

Nicholas saw her now as a maiden very fair. How did Larry dare? An interloper. He, Nicholas, had been in love with Penelope. Why, he had always been in love with her!

Romance, like Charity, begins at Home



Nicholas tore her to bits and examined her with ruthless eyes. He reassembled the bits into first one shape and then another. Out of the glittering fragments that were Alla Alvarez he strove to create a new image

would never have been brave in her own. She was, really, a timid little thing. Of course she didn't matter. Sometimes, when he was tired of reading or when he couldn't manage an escape to the movies, Nicholas played with her. She was right next door and everything. He usually ended up by teasing her. He told her that her face was dirty or that her petticoat was coming down and then, of course, she cried. But he really thought she was all right—for a girl.

When Nicholas was twenty he had rather a better time of it. The town grew and several new families moved in. One family from New York. There was a youth in the family of Nicholas' own age—and taste. Larry Winter. Larry had been everywhere. College, Greenwich Village, Niagara Falls, Atlantic City, Hollywood. He had Seen Life. He and Nicholas struck up one of those violent friendships. They were gods on their own Parnassus. They looked down from illimitable heights upon the village of Summerton. One of these days . . .

When Nicky and Larry were twenty-one Larry fell in love with Penelope Price. Larry compared Penelope to a modest violet, a spray of lilac, the sonata in F or something and went about tragically. He was very interesting. So, suddenly, was Penelope.

Nicholas began to remember Penny's long partisanship of him. The way she had stood up for him when they were kids

together. He had been seeing her all this while as the Prices' kid, in faded pink-checked gingham, with tight little braids and a spangle of freckles across her nose. He saw her now as a maiden very fair, with gowns of moony white and bands of shimmering hair, a crown of gold. How did Larry dare? An interloper. He, Nicholas, had been in love with Penelope. Why, he had always been in love with her. His was the prior right.

The Nicholas and Larry had it out. They were superior souls or the situation might well have ended their friendship. But they solemnly decided that they would strive fairly and that to the victor would go the loyal hand of the vanquished. Subsequent suffering to be nobly concealed. They strove and Nicholas won. It didn't, really, take much strife. For Penny confessed shyly, "I have always loved you, Nicky . . ." She had a spray of lilac in her gown.

True to their pact Larry proffered his congratulatory hand and went home to "die within," as he put it. He got considerable satisfaction out of his rôle and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

Merit Alone Is His Claim to Fame

Here's an Actor

By Cal York



The Danish government sent Jean Hersholt to the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 to stage a national play. Afterwards, Hersholt used the return passage money to try Hollywood and the films

MARY PICKFORD was looking for a "dirty heavy" for "Tess of the Storm Country." John Robertson, who was directing, brought Jean Hersholt up for her inspection. Jean was then playing parts in small pictures—the "Bush Leagues" you might say.

"But he isn't the type at all," protested Mary.

"He doesn't have to be," said John Robertson. "He's an actor."

Hersholt got the part, and that was the way he broke into the "big time."

That's quite a few years ago, but John Robertson's definition still stands, and whenever a gang of Hollywood folk get to discussing acting as an art—it doesn't happen often, but when they do—they usually wind up by mentioning Jean Hersholt's name and let it go at that.

And it is solely and entirely as an actor that Jean Hersholt is now being starred by Universal.

He isn't handsome. He hasn't "IT." He is almost forty. He's never swum the English Channel [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Jean Hersholt is a master of make-up. Once he was make-up inspector at old Triangle. At the left, in the star part of the "Old Soak" and, at the right, as "The Wrong Mr. Wright"

A Primer for

Why join the marines? Do publicity instead. No education necessary. Live in Hollywood. Ride on fast trains. Go places. Eat in swell hotels. Slap the stars on the back



Since the earliest days the fan mail photo has been sure-fire. Take a perfectly nice girl like Bebe Daniels, stuff her arms full of prop letters and lead her out to be shot



Theda Bara had a swell press agent. According to that guy a man might be down but he was never too far out to resist the great siren's lure, in those early Fox days. All her victims ended this way. She picked them clean, did Theda, according to her p. a.

Next, the star and her book. It was a lovely day for the press agents when they thought about having their fair employers go highbrow. They worked it on beautiful Corinne Griffith 'way back in the old Vitagraph days



The he-man figure can always be depended upon to get in somewhere between the ads and the notice of the Brick church's strawberry festival. Francis Bushman obliged frequently

The stars with their pets is always good. But to make it three times as good the Talmadge press agent had the three girls photographed with three pets. And what cunning names the pets had—Polly, the parrot, Peter, the terrier, and Dinky, the pom. The girls, of course, are Constance, Norma and Natalie



Press Agents

All you have to do is think up things like these below. And who couldn't? They've been thinking of these stunts since P. T. Barnum was a baby



Welcoming the stars back to the home town. What a space grabber that was. Remember the old Keystone cops? Here they are foregathered to welcome Pauline Starke, Douglas Fairbanks and Mildred Harris to the City of the Angels



No star is complete without a mamma, and Gloria's p. a., in her less glorious days, had mamma and herself photographed



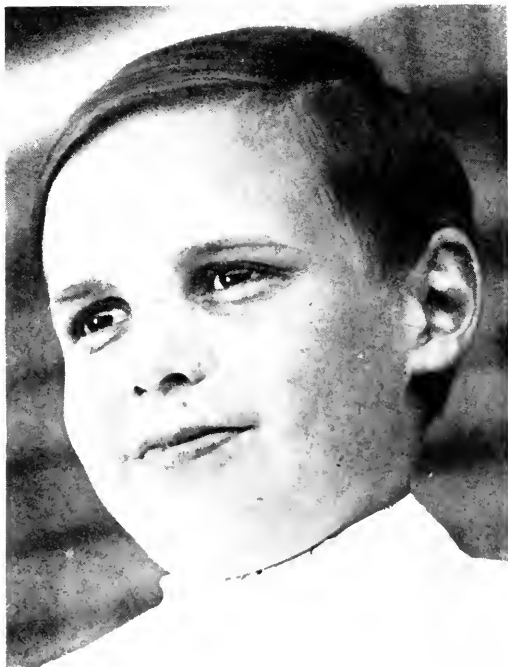
It was, and is, the posed pictures of home life that were so thrilling, though. Here, for instance, some time since, are the Gish girls garnishing their garden. The fact that the hose Lillian is holding has no water in it is just one of those things



No matter how critics roasted an actress, she could rely on getting her picture published by roasting something herself, as Priscilla Dean with a leg of lamb illustrates. Why it should be an asset for a good actress to be a good cook no press agent has ever explained



And to show how the art of publicity has advanced look at this brand new photograph of Lois Wilson at work in the little kitchenette. The big advance is indicated by the fact that Lois is so happy preparing a big dinner of nothing at all



Good-bye "Kid"

JACKIE'S had his hair cut. "The Kid" of the Dutch bob, the rumpled cap, the baggy pants, the tattered shoes, is no more.

But John Leslie Coogan, of the real man's haircut and big brown eyes, is here to stay.

It took one barber, one pale mother, one agitated father, one perturbed press agent, one gurgling brother and eleven news photographers to witness the event.

"Snip, snip," went the scissors. "Click, click," went the cameras, and Jackie's million-dollar crown of glory fell to the tune of "Good-bye, little bangs, good-bye."

But the result! Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro had better watch out. There's four feet six inches of potential screen sheikhdom growing from a twelve year old boy into a handsome man.

The shearing took place two weeks before Jackie's—pardon! John Leslie Coogan's twelfth birthday. A week later John Leslie Coogan was enrolled as a cadet in the Urban Military Academy, in Los Angeles, where he will train until someone comes along with a fine idea for a story, centered about a twelve year old lad with mannish bob.

He's too valuable, that million-dollar boy, to be idle, even if he is in rigid training, and the school has promised to release Jackie whenever he wants to make a picture, provided he returns to them immediately it is completed.

So the Rolls-Royce is parked in the garage and the restless publicity man twiddles his fingers, while Jackie shines his own shoes and makes his own bed with all the other uniformed cadets, just as if he were an ordinary kid, and not the most famous small boy in the world.



Meet John Leslie Coogan. Oh, yes, he used to be known as Jackie. But not since he had his hair cut

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

whose dark beauty and creamy skin have an exquisite setting in this white taffeta Lanvin robe de style, is as prominent in exclusive circles abroad as at home. She says: "Pond's Two Creams are wonderful."



Mrs. William E. Borah wife of the United States Senator from Idaho, and a leader in Washington Society, is an enthusiastic user of Pond's. She may be seen receiving friends in her charming Washington apartment.



Just these Two delicate Creams—fragrantly cleansing and softly protecting—keep every normal skin in the pink of perfect health.

The crowding of the Social Calendar calls for clear fresh skins

THE Social Calendar scribbled full! The shining hours of every day fitted together like gay mosaics in a brilliant pattern of pleasure.

It takes its toll of beauty—this life without rest from morning to midnight—smooth round cheeks begin to droop, little lines of weariness appear, unless the right care is given the skin.

Certain of the beautiful women of the Social World have learned it, however—how to keep daz- zlingly fresh and unwearied despite this merry round. Wherever you see them you marvel at their clear smooth cheeks, snow white shoulders, firm round throats. This is how they do it:—

"Before dressing for the evening

and again before retiring, they pat over faces, shoulders, throats and hands, Pond's Cold Cream. They let it stay on until its fine oils sink down into the skin's deep cells and bring to the surface all dust and powder. With a soft cloth they wipe off cream and pore-deep dirt—and repeat, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice. If their skin is dry, at night

they apply more Pond's Cold Cream and leave until morning to smooth out unlovely lines.

AFTER every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bedtime one, they smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives their shoulders, throats and cheeks a lovely even finish, a soft glowing tone. And how white it

keeps their hands. Powder and rouge blend beautifully and last long over this Cream as a foundation. Pond's Vanishing Cream also protects the skin perfectly from city soot and dust, winter winds and the strain of long, late hours.

Try this method used by the lovely women of Society. See how fresh and soft Pond's Two Creams will keep your delicate skin.



At the opera, at formal functions everywhere, you always see them looking their loveliest—skin as fresh and delicate as roses, satin in texture, youthful, firm.

POND'S TWO CREAMS are highly praised by these beautiful and distinguished women:—

- H. M. the Queen of Spain
- H. M. the Queen of Roumania
- The Princesse Marie de Bourbon
- Mrs. Livingston Fairbank
- Mrs. Nicholas Longworth
- Miss Anne Morgan
- Mrs. Felix D. Doubleday

FREE OFFER: If you'd like to try, free, these Two Famous Creams made by Pond's, mail this coupon.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. M,
147 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Please send me free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Yes, Sir!—that's their Baby

Here is the very first photograph ever taken of Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr. It was made on the grounds of the comedian's estate



Photographers stalked the Chaplin home for five months before obtaining this picture of Charlie, Jr. The comedian had refused all requests to have his son's picture taken. And there's another boy in the Chaplin family—little Earl—born last Spring. Chaplin is devoted to his two sturdy sons and Mrs. Chaplin apparently has definitely renounced all ambitions for a screen career

Charles Chaplin's marriage to Lita Grey, a vivid young Mexican beauty, surprised all the film colony. And Chaplin further astonished the colony by becoming a domesticated husband. How long will it last?

Getting on in Health!



Free yourself from constipation,
from stomach and skin disorders—
with the help of this simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—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, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 24, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I WAS RUN DOWN and being a fancy dancer and in need of all the strength possible I started a year ago to eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Since then I have had a splendid appetite and the best of health. I heartily recommend Fleischmann's Yeast."

ESTELLE (MISKOVA) DOYEN,
Chicago, Ill.

"FOR SEVERAL YEARS I HAD BEEN TROUBLED WITH INDIGESTION. I decided to add three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day to my diet in an attempt to rid myself of this ailment. In a month the results were astonishing. My indigestion had practically disappeared and the former sluggish feeling was gone."

EDWARD C. MOORE, JR.,
Dallas, Tex.



"I HAD SEVERE INTESTINAL PAINS. I have been a chauffeur for twenty years and sitting in a car for ten or twelve hours a day without getting any exercise finally told on my system. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months the pains were gone. I was absolutely a different person. I feel entirely well."

R. S. BURNWOOD, Venice, Calif.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Friendly
Advice on

Girls'

Problems

from Carolyn Van Wyck



MY Dear Carolyn Van Wyck:
I suppose you receive so many complaints like mine that you are growing tired of reading them. I am a girl of eighteen, living at home, and I am considered fairly good-looking. That is to say, while I am not a beauty, I am not downright homely. But here is my problem: I haven't any real interest in life and I haven't any niche in which I seem to fit.

Everyone tells me that I am too shy to make friends readily. I have a few girl friends, with whom I went to school, and I know a great many boys, but only in a casual way. Sometimes they come to see me, but they never invite me anywhere. I do not dance and somehow I never seem to have anything to talk about. Or when I have something to say, I can't get up nerve to come out with it.

Now what shall I do? I'd like to be popular and go around with a lively set. And I'd like to feel at ease when I am with the boys. They say that the boys like girls who are a little "wild." But I have too much respect for myself to drink, smoke and pet.

Am I doomed to stay "on the shelf" until I turn into an old maid? Am I to blame for my loneliness?

M. J. K.

No, M. J. K., you are not entirely to blame. And no girl who feels "out of it" is entirely to blame. When I read the hundreds of letters from shy and unsocial girls that come to me every month, I sometimes wonder why parents ignore the problem in their own homes. The average girl with vitality and a social disposition is able to make her own friends and to create her own social circle. The shy, retiring girl must have some one to cultivate friendships for her.

How to make friends! That's a problem confronting thousands of girls. Fortunately, it is not as difficult as it seems. There are certain simple qualities that friendship demands; once you meet these demands, the problem is solved.

Friendship demands, above all things, unselfishness. The self-centered, the introspective, seldom make or keep friends. Friendship

requires sympathy and understanding. You must be a good audience and a good listener. You must be generous of your time and your sympathy.

Now for some practical advice to the girl who can't make friends. If I felt lonely and neglected, I would sit down and analyze myself. I would find out the reasons for my isolation. I would ask myself a few simple questions.

Am I ungracious when I meet people? Am I chary of doing favors? Have I any interests outside of myself and my home? Am I more concerned with impressing others than I am about making a good impression? Do I enjoy making unkind and unsympathetic remarks? Am I jealous of the good fortune of others?

What social qualifications have I? Can I dance? Can I play games? Do I enjoy outdoor sports? What, in short, have I to offer my friends?

The Shy Girl

Is This Month's Problem

THERE is one on the fringe of every social set. She is the girl who is too diffident or self-conscious to make friends. So, this month, I am giving some advice and suggestions to the girl who thinks she is "out of it."

With the coming of winter, you will want to look your prettiest. If you will send me your name and address, I will forward to you my helpful pamphlet on the care of the skin. And if you will enclose ten cents, you may have the invaluable little book on saxe reducing. CAROLYN VAN WYCK

If I were M. J. K., I would ask myself these questions frankly. And set about immediately correcting my shortcomings. I would, for instance, learn to dance. I would go in for tennis and golf. I would learn to play bridge. If I couldn't learn tennis, golf or bridge, I would learn hearts and croquet.

I have mentioned the responsibility of the parents of lonely girls. Why are mothers so neglectful about entertaining for their daughters? Young people adore parties. For all this talk of wild motor rides, dances in roadhouses, and petting expeditions, an old-fashioned home party is still deeply appreciated. I am thoroughly convinced that young people seek their fun in roadhouses because their mothers are too lazy and too selfish to make the homes attractive.

It is neither difficult nor expensive to entertain at home. Give several small parties to congenial groups of boys and girls, rather than one large one. Young people aren't exacting; all they want is good dance music, perhaps a few games and some simple refreshments. If you use discrimination in selecting your guests they will amuse themselves.

If I were M. J. K., I would give a party for some of these "casual" school-friends. Just a small one, perhaps, at first. I would make a point of inviting the prettiest and most attractive girls I know. I wouldn't be afraid of rivalry. The boys will come, if you invite the right girls.

And once you make a reputation as a good hostess, by one successful party, you will see how quickly your circle of friends increases!

LILLIAN G.:

Clean the skin every night with a good cold cream. After removing the cream, wash your face with good, pure soap and hot water. Rinse, when thoroughly clean, with warm water, followed by cold water. Do you take plenty of outdoor exercise? And do you eat plenty of green vegetables and salads? Remember, diet is most important if you want a clear skin. And drink plenty of water between meals.

You are only about three pounds overweight, so you have nothing to worry about.



The Christmas Favorite

"If you want to make your own Christmas a merrier one, buy a whole box of 24 delicious bars of **Baby Ruth**. Trim your tree with it, fill up the children's stockings, and keep the rest on the table for an all-day treat.

Sparkling eyes, happy faces

and thankful hearts will reward your thoughtfulness.

America's Favorite Candy will make every home merry on Christmas morn!

Buy **Baby Ruth** by the box for Christmas Gifts."

Otto Y. Schnering,
President

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO



5c

When the Thanksgiving feast is spread—and gay friends gather—when you're joyously thankful for another year of health and plenty—have a Camel!



WHEN it's Thanksgiving. And your chosen friends are enjoying the good things of earth—have a Camel!

For no other cigarette ever gave so much added enjoyment to a Thanksgiving feast. No other was ever so welcome to your friends. Millions of experienced smokers are thankful each day for Camels. This distinctive cigarette brought the world a new measure of smoking satisfaction and contentment, for Camels never tire the taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste. Before Camel it was impossible to get every good feature in one cigarette.

So this festive day, with thanks for the good year that is gone—send up the fragrant smoke that is loved by millions. On Thanksgiving Day have the best.

Have a Camel!



Camels represent the utmost in cigarette quality. The choicest of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended into Camels by master blenders and the finest of French cigarette paper is made especially for them. No other cigarette is like Camels. They are the overwhelming choice of experienced smokers.

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
Winston-Salem, N. C.



The Blond Boy from Bond Street

A Portrait of Ralph Forbes

By Jean Millet

THESE English boys have something—Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Percy Marmont and now Ralph Forbes. "When I was very young," Ralph Forbes began our conversation, "I was operated upon. This red mark," he pointed to an infinitesimal spot between his fair eyebrows, "is where they opened me up. They sliced me horizontally and vertically and, while inside, cut corners off my brain. My family have been making rude remarks about the result ever since."

One thing, these English boys have a sense of timing. They give their lines time to get over. Furthermore, the English accent gives them a trick of making the most trivial sound important, and the most important sound trivial.

Then, too, it is very pleasant to drink tea with a young man in Hollywood who does not take himself seriously. And further, the nicest time to interview any actor is just after he has signed his first important contract. He likes himself quite well at such a time, but distant stardom has not yet frozen him into permanent self worship. And over and above all that, Ralph Forbes, who has just signed his first important contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for five years, a contract that came as a reward of his perfect work as the youngest brother in "Beau Geste," has blue eyes and yellow hair and a profile similar to, and devastating as, the Prince of Wales'.

Mr. Forbes isn't in the least unused to having ladies like him.

"I got to acting," he said, "after I had worked my way out of everything else.

"When I was very young, about nine, it was decided I was to go into the navy."

He has sun glasses he fiddles with constantly. He gave the line time by pushing the glasses up on his forehead.

"I had very little to do with it. One has so little to do with anything when one is nine. Later my mother confessed her decision was influenced by how well I, an ash-blond child, looked in a cap with a visor." He shoved the left lens down over his left eye and beamed out.

"I wasn't at all keen on the idea. I fought and fought against it, so eloquently, in fact, that it was decided I should become a barrister, a lawyer. 'Listen to him plead for himself,' the family said. 'Yes, he must become a barrister, and plead for others.'

"I was eleven then and I didn't like that destiny, either. But the decision was made, of course, before they began trifling with my brain. Quite on my own, I decided to become a priest."

He pushed the glasses down on the end of his nose. "Do not smile," he said; "once I had that fatal malady, idealism. I was to become a priest and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



The youngest of the Geste boys—Ralph Forbes. After a depressing series of Broadway stage failures, Forbes made a hit in his first American movie. Yes, yes, old dear, we know he does look like the Prince of Wales

Noah Beery—the big cattle and fruit man

A Villainous Farmer

By Ivan St. Johns

Thirteen years ago there were a couple of young stage folks in New York, who had been married just a little while and who were so much in love that they wouldn't work in separate shows. Things weren't too good for them, but they managed and they were very happy.

They were happier after little Noah Beery, Jr., was born. And they went on getting a living out of the desperate theatrical business in New York, and trying all the time to make a home and live like "other people."

When he was two years old, the boy, idol of their hearts, was suddenly taken ill. Panic-stricken, they watched him grow weaker, thinner, whiter. They mortgaged their future, would have mortgaged their souls, for specialists, for a room in the finest baby hospital, for private nurses. They begged, borrowed, did everything but steal.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



It takes persuasion to make Noah Beery get dressed up for a photograph. And what better proof is needed that he's an honest-to-gosh farmer at heart?

NOAH BEERY is the only man I know who can make me take seriously that much kiddled line about "out in the great open spaces, where men are men."

I'm a Westerner myself, but as long as they produce gentlemen like Cal Coolidge, "Red" Grange and Gene Tunney east of the Rockies, we can't claim exclusive rights to the he-man variety.

But there was a time not so long ago when a great race of men battled their way west against the greatest odds in the world, and against those same odds fought and conquered this great land. Pioneers, we call them. The men who came west in covered wagons.

Noah Beery is that kind of a man.

He didn't come west in a covered wagon, but he made as hard a journey before he got to the golden land of Hollywood. A more tragic, desperate journey.

Let me tell you about it.



It was to save the life of young Pidge that the Beerys went to California years ago. Pidge grew strong and healthy. Now he's his father's pal on fishing and hunting trips

WATCH YOUR THROAT!



The warning signal

MORE serious illnesses than you can count on the fingers of both hands start with the warning signal, an irritated throat.

A tickle in your throat is nature's way of saying "Look out—Danger ahead: the bacteria are getting the upper hand!" Naturally, too, because the throat is the open door for infection. It is the ideal breeding place for disease germs.

And in spite of this, so many of us neglect throat protection! A good, healthy body will be able to throw off the attacks of many bacteria, but very often the human system is not in the proper condition to fight them back.

Well — it worked!
For quite a while we
challenged people to try
Listerine Tooth Paste.
Sales now show that
when they try, it they
stick to it!
LARGETUBE—5CENTS

When you think of your throat in this way, it seems amazing that more people do not take the proper precaution against illnesses that start with throat infection. Particularly, when the safe antiseptic, Listerine, is as near at hand as any corner drug store.

Be on the safe side these winter days. Use Listerine regularly as a mouth wash and gargle.

Also, then, you will be on the polite side with regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath). — Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

LISTERINE

—the safe antiseptic

eyes, as usually depicted on stage and screen, but cool-shooting blonds with pale grey or blue eyes.

The only other time that I recall a similar combination was in "The Covered Wagon," when Jim Cruze chose as hero brunette Jack Kerrigan and blond Alan Hale for villain.

THERE were sixty extras in kilted plaids on the stage at M-G-M where Creighton Hale is playing the childhood lover of Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie."

"Just five cases of Scotch," commented Hale as he looked the kilted extras over.

"Nay, lad, fifteen," objected a Highland piper standing near. "Every Scotsman who wears kilts is a three-bottle man."

IN the second presentation of the Vitaphone stars, Al Jolson romped away with the honors of the evening at the Colony Theater. The funny part of Jolson's appearance was that, only a week before, he had been earnestly trying to convince a jury that he was a poor film subject. Several years ago, Griffith tried to anchor Jolson with a contract, but Jolson slipped away, claiming he had no camera possibilities.

But the Vitaphone proves that Jolson is, most decidedly, a film bet. Even with indifferent photography, the black-face comedian is very much there.

And when he sings—Mammy!

REINOLD WERRENATH made a little flop, which was a surprise to me. But the Vitaphone producers made the mistake of dressing up Reinold in an illustrated song costume and then having little birdies twitter in the background.

It was all wrong, *Gunga Din*.

GEORGE JESSEL made such a bit with his Vitaphone monologue that Warner Brothers have signed him up for another picture. He will appear in a film version of "The Jazz Singer," and the film will have several interpolated songs.

This is the first important break-away and it may mark the beginning of the end of silence in the silent drama.

The importance of the Vitaphone grows daily. Here is one branch of the movies that is really in its infancy. Famous Players-Lasky is acquiring the Vitaphone for its Public Theaters and I predict that it won't be long now before we are looking at entire musical comedies on the screen.

AT the Carthy Circle Theater opening of "Bardelys the Magnificent," Jack, with the grace that is Gilbert's, sent a deft dart at King Vidor, the director, when he introduced him as "the man who made me the world's greatest parachute jumper."

The scene where Jack does a cloud-jumping act with the aid of the old family bedspread from the building's top to the King's coach is a bit hard to swallow.

However, it seems the custom this season for our amorous actors, turned athletes, to go in for self-abasement. John Barrymore, for instance. At the premiere of "Don Juan" Jack arose to remark that if he had been billed as "the world's greatest acrobat" there would have been no reason for argument. But being hailed as "the greatest living actor" gave too much food for intermission discussion.

FOR an appreciation of that marvelous comedy, "The Better 'Ole," you must look in the Shadow Stage Department. Nevertheless,



Do you remember little Richard Headrick, the child actor? He has turned evangelist and he is now busy saving souls in the middle west. A small town in Indiana reports forty-one conversions as the result of Richard's eloquence. He's one of the youngest preachers in the world

I must have my little say. Ever since the days of "The Submarine Pirate," I have contended that Syd is just as funny as Charlie Chaplin. Moreover, I am one of those persons who believe that Charlie got a lot of his stuff from Syd.

Anyway, Charlie never invented a gag as funny as Syd's episode of the trick horse. This one sequence runs about three reels without a break in the laughs. And that almost establishes a record.

THE New York critics were kind to "The Better 'Ole," although it contained no UFA camera angles. Moreover, although the film concerned itself exclusively with the doings of the British Army, none of our American reviewers complained about the absence of the A. E. F. The London newspapers bewailed the lack of appreciation for the British in "The Big Parade."

But over here we are broad-minded and we let Syd Chaplin and his Britishers win the war all by themselves in "The Better 'Ole," without even the shadow of a kick.

THE loss of a championship doesn't worry Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. Jack may have "forgotten to duck," but Estelle is still very much in the ring.

She is playing a prominent rôle in Luther

Reed's production, "New York." This is the picture based on the Elin Mackay-Irving Berlin romance.

And, after her hit in "Don Juan," Estelle has been offered any number of big rôles to choose from.

THIS reducing thing. It has come to a pretty fix. It's driving beautiful women to the mop, the vacuum and the duster. For example, Dorothy Dwan Semon decided to clean the living room herself the other morning, just to keep slim. Head swathed in white bandana, sleeves rolled high, the room was soon a cloud of dust. But her housekeeping venture brought more than dust and slimmness.

When Larry got home that night, he gave another look at Mandy, the broad, buxom brunette who rules the cook-stove.

"What about this pretty new maid that Don, the prop boy, saw here this morning when he called to get my smoked goggles?"

Then Dorothy realized it was mistaken identity rather than presumption that evoked the fervid look from Don when she handed him Larry's goggles eleven hours earlier.

IDON'T see how any chauffeur could be so heartless in view of the green-eyed, titian-haired loveliness of the lady. But the Filipino chauffeur of Jocelyn Lee's new \$5,000 car was lacking in chivalry, honesty and charity when he left that lady waiting at the portals of the Universal Studio while he and the car eloped for parts unknown.

BUSTER KEATON is tired of listening to the wild ocean waves of Santa Monica and will soon move into a modest little Beverly Hills cottage, costing in the neighborhood of \$200,000.

It rests on a small three-acre plot, is Italian in style and has twenty rooms.

If Buster, the arc-fired actor, doesn't get a broad, complacent, satisfied grin out of that he's a better man than I.

CORPULENT Curd and Whey Man: "It used to be the woman who paid. Now it's the man who pays—and pays—and pays."

Beautiful Platinum Prospector: "You haven't known me long. You've only paid and paid."

THE most beautiful gown of the Hollywood social season to date—acknowledged as such by all beholders—was worn by Blanche Sweet at a recent dinner party given by Mrs. Antonio Moreno.

Blanche always has lovely frocks, but in this one she surpassed herself.

Of the most glorious shade of rose-pink taffeta, the gown was made with a tight bodice and a very full soft skirt, reaching clear to the ground.

This was ornamented with wide points of wine red taffeta, coming up from the bottom of the skirt, and slender points coming down from the shoulders.

Very low in the neck, it had tiny, puff sleeves, and with it was worn a soft, full cape of the rose-pink taffeta with a tiny, shirred hood covering the hair.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

COMMUNITY[®] PLATE



THE TEA-SET SHOWN IS \$45.00 FOR THREE PIECES •• THE SALAD FORKS, \$7.50 FOR SIX •• IN THE FINEST PLATE

Luminous, lovely, flawlessly shaped...now
you can have complete silver services of Community
Plate, from teaspoons to tea-sets~

SILVER SERVICES FOR SMART TABLES

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Mary Philbin is said to have a camera-perfect face. Note the divisions of Mary's face and compare them with your own

How to Make Your Own Screen Test

Try this out on yourself. Maybe you have picture possibilities and don't know it

MAKE your own screen test. All you need is a string and a face.

Try it in your mirror before you decide to come to Hollywood.

Ernest Smythe, official painter for the British War Office, now a motion picture art supervisor, says Mary Philbin has a camera-perfect face.

See if your features measure up to his standards.

Mr. Smythe divides the face into three equal parts which he numbers from 1 to 8. 1 to 2 is the distance from forehead to eyebrow; 2 to 4 is from the eyebrow to the base of the nose; and 4 to 8 is from the base of the nose to the bottom of the chin.

Consider the left view. From the eyebrow to the bottom of the eye (2 to 3); from the base of the nose to the upper lip (4 to 5); and from the upper to the lower lip (5 to 7) should be of equal measurement. Also the upper lip (5 to 6) and the lower lip (6 to 7) should be an equal depth.

The length of the nose (3 to 4)

should be two-thirds of the distance from 1 to 3, and twice the length of the upper lip (4 to 6). The chin (7 to 8) should be twice the depth of the mouth (4 to 6).

Turn to the right face. The mouth should be slightly longer than the distance between 7 and 8 on the left picture.

The space between the eyes should equal the length of an eye. The width of the nose should equal one-half the width of the chin.

The length of the face should be the diagonal of the square of the width, as shown by lines "A" in the illustration.

And the face should be regularly oval with the eyebrows curved in conformation.

After you have made your measurements and compared them with those of Mary Philbin, you may understand why directors have such great difficulty in finding screen types. Or will you? Perhaps you, too, may be one of the elect.

Anyway, see how your looks stand up before the lens.

HERE'S a small snicker for you.

A bunch of delegates from somewhere or other did not recognize Charles Ray, quietly sitting in the shade of a palm tree at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, but quaked with glee when they saw Bill Haines cavorting about the set.

"There's Charlie Ray now!" stage-whispered one of the visitors, pointing at Bill. And Haines obliged with a very good imitation of the famous Ray heel-twirl.

"Looks just like he does on the screen. I'd recognize Charlie anywhere," one of them said.

And Bill smiled sheepishly, a la Ray.

Such is fame.

Throwing the Light of Scientific Frankness on Woman's Oldest Problem has changed, in this way, the hygienic habits of the world



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Registered Nurse

BECAUSE one woman told another, because doctors advised and authorities urged, and because the frankness of scientific fact was used in dealing with a trying subject, the hygienic habits of the world have been changed.

Almost 80% of American women in the better walks of life employ this new way. A way that banishes the doubtful efficiency of old-time methods with a protection that is absolute.

If you are one of the 20% who cling to old ways, ask your doctor, please, about Kotex. What he tells you will make a great difference in your life.

No uncertainty, no doubts. You live every day unhandicapped. You wear the sheerest and gayest of frocks without a moment's thought. The most exacting social demands hold no terror, no matter how ill-timed.

These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times

as absorbent as cotton. Kotex also deodorizes by a new disinfectant. And thus solves another trying problem.

Kotex will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace of mind—and in your health. Many ills, according to leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe or unsanitary makeshift methods.

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way. Obtain a package today.

Only Kotex is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the only pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

On sale everywhere

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

This new way, by supplanting the uncertainty of old hygienic methods with certain and positive protection, provides charm, immaculacy, exquisiteness under all circumstances ... and adds the convenience of disposability



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:
65¢ per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90¢ per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



Prettier Lips among college girls

Dear Nan:

Just arrived in New York on the Century accompanied by many beautiful college girls home for the Thanksgiving holiday.

It was very intriguing to see the pretty dears whisk out their little Lip Sticks to "look pretty" just before meeting their family and friends. And I noticed that about two out of every three girls used the Pompeian Lip Stick. You know what a wonderfully natural color it gives!

*Jeannette
de Cordet*



"Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, rosy tint—protects lips—pure and harmless—has desired chisel point for easy application."

Pompeian
Lip Stick



Aileen Pringle—the screen's foremost exception to the Cinderella legend

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

WILL some scenario writer please write a true-to-life, straight-from-the-shoulder story of a modern girl? And will some director please cast Aileen Pringle in the leading rôle?

Miss Pringle's story might have come from the pen of a novelist. It has all the elements of a charming narrative. It's a very modern story because it is the reverse of the old Cinderella legend.

For Miss Pringle did *not* struggle to fame from poverty and obscurity. Miss Pringle was born to money and social position in San Francisco.

She was educated at Miss Murison's School in California; and at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Paris, and at Miss McKenzie's School in London.

And then she met and married Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, former governor of Jamaica.

In spite of all this glamour, the movie stars who left school when the scholastic demands of the sixth grade proved too much for them, treat Miss Pringle as an equal. For, after all,

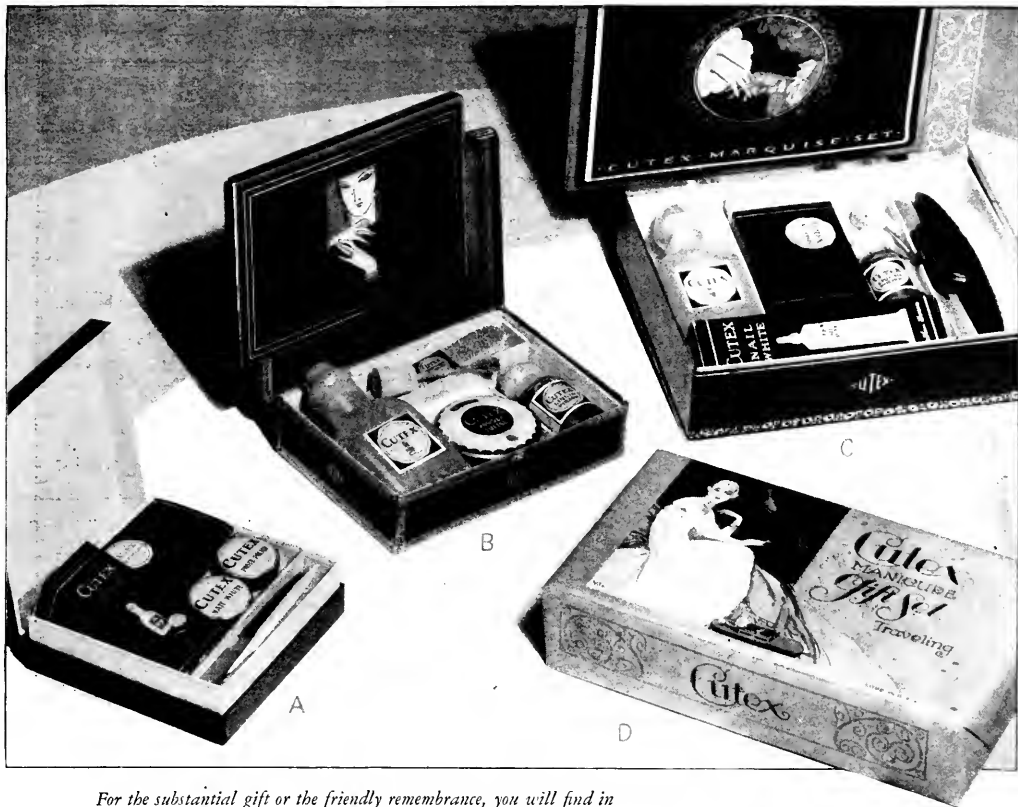
when Miss Pringle went out for movie success, she stood on her own feet and never used her social position as a bait for getting jobs. Her very first rôles were inconspicuous ones in inauspicious pictures. Her early story in pictures is simply that of any other green beginner.

That shrewd casting director, Elinor Glyn, gave Aileen her first push to fame. Aileen was awarded the rôle of the *Tiger Queen* in "Three Weeks."

Whether you liked the film or not, it established Miss Pringle as a screen personality. In fact, it established her as an exotic type, almost too firmly for her own good.

Off the screen, Miss Pringle is more interesting than any character she ever has been called upon to play. You feel that the screen has not, as yet, captured the complete color of her personality. The camera catches her beauty, at the expense of failing to catch her intelligence.

Miss Pringle still has unexpected gifts to give to the screen; she is, as the saying goes, waiting for her "big picture."



For the substantial gift or the friendly remembrance, you will find in these decorative sets an appropriate choice for every type of friend

In black *and* gold metal cases or special holiday wraps

AS decorative as they are lasting, each of these attractive sets contains everything for the smart Cutex manicure.

Two are in lovely decorated metal cases. The adorable Five Minute Set wears an enchanting design in black and gold drawn by a well-known French artist. It is so trim for week-end or dressing table use.

The luxurious Marquise Set, charmingly decorated with a romance illustration, is as sophisticated as its name implies.

Then there is the Traveling Set—

complete and practical as can be—with every preparation snugly done up in its own box. And the dainty Compact Set is just the thing for the last minute gift or the friendly remembrance. Both are Christmasy as can be in their gay French wrappers—specially designed in Paris to give a holiday air to those of the sets that are not in the decorated cases.

You will find these at all drug and department stores, or wherever toilet goods are sold.

Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

A CUTEX COMPACT SET—Contains nail file, emery boards, orange stick, cotton and small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish and Nail White. It comes in smart French wrapping described in Caption D. Only 60c.

B CUTEX FIVE MINUTE SET—In smart metal case, contains emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton, Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish and Liquid Polish. \$1.00.

C CUTEX MARQUISE SET—Contains Cuticle Remover, Liquid Polish, Cake Polish, Nail White, an excellent buffer, orange stick, cotton, nail file and emery boards. In metal case. In the United States \$2.50. In Canada \$3.00.

D. CUTEX TRAVELING SET—In smart Christmas wrapping, especially designed in Paris to give a holiday air to the familiar black and pink cases. It contains nail file, emery boards, orange stick, cotton and full sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish and Nail White. \$1.50.

C U T E X M A N I C U R E G I F T S E T S

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



WE WERE IN THE MIDST OF AN HOUR OF ROMANCE

(Letters from Lovers: III)

"I found myself listening for the silver splashing of a fountain—the sound of a far faint voice from a minaret. I found myself looking for a lattice, patterned in the purple of the night—for a swaying lamp wrought in arabesques of orange—for we were in the midst of an hour out of romance—with you at the heart of its beauty."

IN HER DIARY

"His mood was so dreamy and tender. He had never been like that before. And yet—could it have been—the temple incense?"

To gain a richer loveliness from the very air about them, the exquisite women of other centuries used the mysterious spell of temple incense. That spell still exists, to exert its subtle power for women of today, in Vantine's Temple Incense. Exquisite odors, six of them, await you at all drug and department stores.

Learn the subtle power of incense. Send ten cents for six sample fragrances.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Do They Marry for Money?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Norma Talmadge, for instance, is one of the richest women in Hollywood—or anywhere else, for that matter. Joseph Schenk was a fairly rich man when Norma met and married him.

But, even at that time, Norma was making a good salary and the returns on her pictures were getting bigger all the time. Norma and Joe are partners. Joe has made money on sister Constance's successes and on Brother Buster's comedies.

Norma, guided by Joe, has made some profitable investments.

Norma and Joe have grown rich together—a fifty-fifty affair. Two heads were better than one.

Mildred Davis Lloyd is also enormously rich. Harold's salary is the largest of any star. But Mildred fell in love with Harold long before his salary went into Big Money.

And Mildred pouts longingly for a career of her own.

Money means little to the Lloyds.

OTHER actresses have married high-salaried directors and actors. Love matches, all of them, that happened to turn out well. And Frances Howard married the affluent Samuel Gwynn.

But with very few exceptions, the richer producers—the business men of the industry—still have the same wives they married in the days of their poverty.

But what about the beauties who, by all the laws of nature and precedent, should be besieged by millionaires?

There is Corinne Griffith. Corinne belongs on Fifth Avenue or Mayfair. Not only is she a beauty, but she is well-mannered, well-bred and free from the breath of scandal. Corinne could step right into a smart drawing room and no questions asked.

Corinne's first marriage was to Webster Campbell, a so-so director. Corinne was a faithful and loving wife but the marriage flopped.

Then she married Walter Morosco, son of a theatrical manager who has lost a great deal of money.

Corinne's husband also works as a director and probably gets a nice salary.

And they are very happy.

But, from the point of view of gathering unto herself the worldly goods, any snub-nosed, long-necked debutante can do better for herself than the prettiest girl on the screen.

The worldly-wise ones of the movies seem to do no better for themselves. Mae Murray is no despiser of luxury.

You would never pick out Mae as being romantic at the expense of the practical things of life.

And yet for many years, Mae has been self-supporting. None of her many marriages have been brilliant financial successes. Robert Leonard, her ex-husband, gets a lot of money for directing. But not as much as Mae earns for acting—or whatever she calls what she does on the screen.

Mae's newest husband, Prince David Divani, has gone to work. He shows a gallant spirit in making a name and salary for himself. He probably buys his own ties and spats.

But I'll wager that it is Mae who pays the dressmaker's bills.

Mae had plenty of chances to learn better; she was in the Follies. But the girls who are most hard-hearted about getting big contracts are sometimes the most impractical when a nice-looking fellow comes along.

Gloria Swanson's husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, is not the poverty-stricken nobleman of musical comedy. Henry's family has money; Henry has an office where he conducts business and writes short stories. But Gloria

is the cashier of the family; it is Gloria who brings in the big bacon.

It isn't Henry's fault; few men or women earn what Gloria does.

Nevertheless, although she likes to spend it, Gloria didn't marry money. I have a sneaking suspicion that Gloria would delight in ease, in idleness and in society. But I also have more than a suspicion that she would prefer Henry to any man who might give her these things.

In the great game of getting a meal ticket, any chorus girl with half her beauty, can do better than Gloria. Gloria learned many things in pictures, but she never picked up the genteel art of gold-digging.

Constance Talmadge's marriage to Captain Alastair Mackintosh was heralded as a brilliant one. The Captain has a social position in London, so it is said, and ancestral castles in Scotland. Constance has returned to go back to work. The marriage has gone on the rocks. Maybe there was Mackintosh money for a rainy day but Constance took no chances. And the Captain could not match shillings with Brother Joe Schenk.

When Anna Q. Nilsson married John Gunneron, the newspapers gracefully described him as a "wealthy shoe merchant." Pretty soon, the "wealthy shoe merchant" entered a studio to "learn the business." And right after that, Anna Q. left the "wealthy shoe merchant" because, somehow or other, the movies had just naturally spoiled his taste for work.

And pretty Anita Stewart married Rudolph Cameron. Rudolph was an actor and his family had money. But although Anita was very much in love, she finally decided that one could live more cheaply than two and parted from Cameron.

THERE isn't a girl on Broadway who can match Esther Kallston for sheer beauty. If Esther were on the stage, where her beauty might be appreciated by men who pay \$20 a piece for their seats, her loveliness would land her some lucrative and some highly respectable opportunities, to put it crudely.

Esther is happily married to her manager, George Webb. Not a brilliant match, for a girl who has something of the glamorous quality of the young Lillian Russell; but a very happy one.

Perhaps it's just as well.

The prosaic creed of "Marry one of your own kind" hits even the stage girls, once they go into the movies. Louise Brooks, one of the most famous chorus girls on Broadway, certainly knew all the market quotations of the Butter and Egg Business. But the movies got Louise.

Once Louise began earning a real salary of her own, she married for love. Eddie Sutherland was the lucky one.

Eddie gets a large salary, but Louise had the pick of a large field. And everyone had predicted that the snapping, black-eyed girl would land something big from Wall Street. No one ever thought that she would pull a romantic and impulsive elopement with a nice-looking young man, just like the silliest small-town girl.

So there you are! And what's the reason back of all these impractical and romantic marriages? Why don't they marry money, after the established fashion of the stage beauties?

Does the very atmosphere of the movie studios kill off Cinderella romances? Is California too far from Long Island and Park Avenue? Would millionaires rather pick their wives from \$20 revues than from \$10 movie theaters?

Or is it because the movie stars, independent and self-supporting, simply can't be bothered with rich suitors?

“Makes Perfect Hands”

says beautiful

ELEANOR BOARDMAN



Beautiful hands! Hands with character! Expressive hands! The mark of the gentlewoman.

“What wonders are worked by JERGENS LOTION in making and keeping your hands always perfect! I simply couldn't do without it,” declares beautiful Eleanor Boardman, one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's most fascinating stars.

TODAY women everywhere are keeping their hands soft and white and flexible by means of a new preparation which heals and revivifies the skin, giving it a fresh, smooth, youthful texture.

This new preparation is Jergens Lotion, a fragrant, silvery liquid containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known.

Jergens Lotion instantly soothes and softens a dry, irritated skin. It leaves no disagreeable stickiness—your skin absorbs it at once, drinking it up as if it were thirsty for it.

Every time you have had your hands in water—use Jergens Lotion, and see how quickly redness, roughness, chapping will disappear! Within a week, your hands will be lovely to look at and touch.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Or send today for the new, large-size trial bottle!



A fragrant, silvery liquid containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, who plays the beautiful spoiled heroine of “BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT,” a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production. Miss Boardman is celebrated for her delicate, aristocratic hands

Keep your hands soft, smooth, young-looking, with this wonderful new preparation, which thousands of women today are using to preserve the lovely texture of their hands

Now—the new large-size trial bottle

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
3423 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 6 cents—please send me the new, large-size, trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, “Your Skin and its Care.”

Name

Street

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

If you live in Canada, send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3423 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Artistic Make-up

by HELENA RUBINSTEIN
(Internationally Renowned Beauty Scientist)

A PPLIED with artistry, make-up flatters and magnifies your beauty a hundred-fold. It is important, however, to select the precise tones for your coloring under day or night light—to use cosmetics that harmonize with the intricate organism of the skin—and to commence your finishing touches with a protective cream.

The Basis of Beauty

VALAZE PASTEURIZED FACE CREAM—ideal cleansing, molding and protective cream—soothes, refreshes, molds out "tired look." Unsurpassed for all normal skins, also the only cream that benefits an oily, pimpled or acne-blemished skin. Excellent as a foundation for make-up. 4 oz. 1.00, 1/2 lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50.

Following are my recommendations for the four predominant colorings:

Blondes

VALAZE POWDER (blush or natural for day—mauve for evening)
VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE
VALAZE RED GERANIUM LIPSTICK

Brunettes

VALAZE POWDER (mauresque for both day and evening)
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK

Medium

(between blonde and brunette)
VALAZE POWDER (rachel or blush for day, mauve for evening)
VALAZE CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES ROUGE
VALAZE RED RASPBERRY LIPSTICK (medium)
For evening, **VALAZE RED GERANIUM ROUGE** and **LIPSTICK** are exceedingly becoming

Auburn

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Order VALAZE NOVENA POWDER if your skin is very dry, or **VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER** if it is normal or oily. The powders are 1.00, 1.50, or 3.00. **Rouge-compact** 1.00, **Rouge-en-Creme** 1.00, 2.00. **Crushed Rose Leaves**, only in compacts 1.00. **Lipsticks** 1.00, 50c. **CUPIDSBOW**—the new self-shaping lipstick—in Red Geranium and Red Raspberry shades 1.50.

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LONDON

BOSTON

DETROIT

PHILADELPHIA

The Truth About Breaking Into the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]

"I wanted to get a room, to see if I could stay here," I stammered and tried to keep from staring at her.

"Are you in the movies?" she questioned. "We aren't supposed to take in any girl who isn't and Miss Williams isn't here just now." "I'm trying to get in," I told her.

"She meditated a moment. "We can put you up for the night anyway," she decided. "The transient rate on a single room is \$1.85 a day. You can get meals if you wish. We serve breakfast for twenty-five cents and dinner for sixty-five. Wait just a moment and I'll have one of the girls show you what rooms are free and you can choose the one you like best."

A girl with hair like midnight and a perfect profile came in answer to the bell. We walked through a charmingly decorated drawing room, through the library and the tiny writing rooms, out to a patio.

EVERYWHERE we passed girl residents, and each of them seemed to my dazzled eyes prettier than any girl I had ever seen before. My nice guide showed me six rooms. I chose one blindly. It was impossible for me to see chairs and dressing tables. I could only see my own face. I had rated that face a good Grade B in New York. In Hollywood it wasn't even a T minus.

I returned to Los Angeles and got my bags, then taxi back to the Club. Taxis are for the rich only in the West. The meter showed \$4.00.

I bathed and dressed. I did the best I could with powder and rouge and lipstick. I put on the smartest dress I own and went down to dinner at six-fifteen.

The youth and beauty of those girls! It was there again, facing me. At a large center table were four older women, eating. I crept over there. Everyone smiled politely and paid no attention to me. The youth and beauty of those girls! The fact of it beat against my brain.

It was evening. The moment the sun goes down in Hollywood the dark comes. I understood that if Miss Williams, the head of the Club, had been there, she would have welcomed me. But she was out. I had been four days and nights on a train with no one to talk to. I had been in town all day long. I wished somebody would come and question me. I wished someone would come and lecture me. I wished anyone would talk to me about anything in the world.

Lights went on in the various rooms about the house. Phonographs played and young laughter floated down. I sat down, for a few moments, in the drawing room. Slender-legged girls rushed out to meet handsome young men, parked outside in low cars. I walked slowly to my room. Nobody noticed. The five hundred dollars. I saw it glimmering.

For the first time I knew what I was up against.

For the first time I knew what any girl is up against when she comes to Hollywood and tries to break into the movies.

There is an emotional quality in the city. Imagination becomes the only reality. There I was, a newspaper woman who had written of everything from crime to bonfires. Yet what

woman has common sense enough to withstand the deep hurt of realizing she is the least attractive person in a group of her own sex?

I was so tired and lonely and homesick and my face—oh, that face of mine. I buried it tight down into the pillow, so that all sound was muffled.

The next morning, however, I snapped out of the blues. Gathering my courage I asked advice of the girls at the Club. To which studio should I go first? Which casting agents were kindest? Where were the most opportunities?

Brilliant-eyed Betty Egan, who is the dancing double for many stars, spoke. "You'll have to go to Central Casting first," she told me. "You can't get in anywhere unless you are registered there. The old days are gone. Will Hays organized the Central as a casting agency and put the others out of business, as far as extras are concerned. You must get on their lists. Otherwise you simply can't break in."

THERE are separate casting days for men and women at Central, and it was my bad luck to arrive on men's day. The girl at the door was courteous, however, and told me to see Marion Mel, that slender, keen-eyed woman every girl trying to break into the movies today must go up against.

Miss Mel was polite and as kindly as efficiency permitted. But she flatly refused to register me.

"We have more women on our books now than we can possibly place." Her tone was final. "We are taking no new registrations whatsoever."

"But I understand I can't get into the movies unless I'm registered here," I argued.

"You can't, unless you have direct influence with some studio that orders us to register you."

"I haven't," I confessed. "I've come a long way." I must get into pictures. What can I do?"

"Listen, my dear," she said. "Think over your life and recall the thing you do best. Then go back home and do it. Hollywood doesn't need or want you. Go home. If you stay here, you will only suffer and possibly starve."

"Can't you, your organization, help me?" I begged.

"I can't," she said, "and for your own sake, I won't."

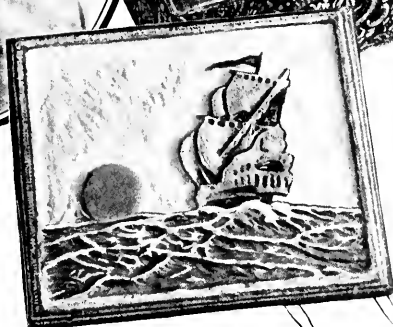
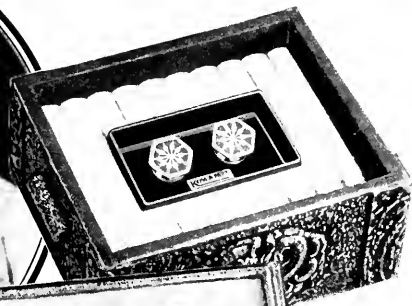
Plainly there was no use arguing further. I went back to Hollywood Boulevard. Licked. I couldn't get in. I kissed my five hundred dollars good-bye.

Then I got mad. After all, I wasn't a little girl looking for work. I was a newspaper woman. I had faced interviews I couldn't get—and got them. I had faced morgues, suicide homes, fire lines and been told to keep out—and had got in.

Now I was told I couldn't break into the movies.

By heaven, I was going to break in. I rushed for the nearest telegraph office. "Hays office says I can't break into movies," I wired my editor. "Refuse to believe it. Don't expect to see me again till I make the movie grade."

Next month Ruth Waterbury will describe her experiences in the casting offices of the studios, tell how the Chamber of Commerce of Hollywood regards the extra girl and reveal some hitherto unpublished statistics. In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands December 10.



—a gift within a gift—a pair of Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons in hand decorated, antique gold chest with modeled cover beautifully colored. A smart, decorative container. Gift complete as illustrated

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If your dealer cannot show you the Kum-a-part in this new gift chest, send his name and \$5.00 to the Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass., and you will be supplied quickly.

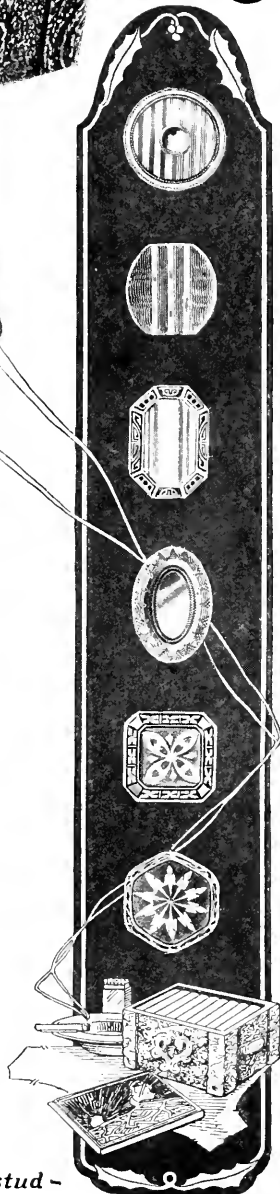
Jewelers' and smart men's shops are showing Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons in a number of other handsome designs suitably boxed for giving. Priced up to \$25 the pair, according to quality.

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CUFF BUTTON

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



See the new Kum-a-part Dress Set with patented easy-to-insert stud -

Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

get there before the German soldier smashes in the door.

AND while I have my hammer out, I want to register an emphatic protest to the similarity of Roy D'Arcy's villainies. That same leer, and crooked smile, and dental exhibition, will some day send me out of the theater stark mad. Please, Mr. Metro-Goldwyn, make him stop teasing me. He's such a good actor, if he wouldn't grin his malice so much. John Barrymore can express hate, viciousness, anger, or anything else without advertising that he uses Pepsodent or Ipana tooth paste.

LAYING down the hammer, I will now prove my boy scout training by saying a kind word for a poor producer, although there will be gossip among the press agents that I devote all the kind words this month to non-advertisers.

With all due respect to the genius of Harry Reichenback, who, for the sake of exploiting a picture, would, over night, move the White House out into the center of Pennsylvania

Avenue and talk the police into helping him do it, I hand the palm for the best stunt of years to the aforesaid Sam Goldwyn.

He inspired the recent "Winning of the West" convention in Los Angeles, attended by ten governors of Western states and hundreds of engineers and others directly interested in reclamation problems.

THESE men got together to settle the deadlock on the question of conflicting state rights to the flow of the Colorado River and other disputed claims, and brought national attention to their accomplishments in transforming deserts into gardens. It was a genuine service to the West, and they are duly grateful to Sam and gave him public credit.

It didn't matter to them that the opening of the convention synchronized perfectly with the premiere of his "Winning of Barbara Worth," and that the delegates attended in a body to view his really worth-while production based on Wright's novel on the irrigation development of the Imperial Valley.

Here's an Actor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

run seventy yards to a touchdown, nor been a collar ad man. But he can act.

I don't think of any other star in the industry, past or present, who has dared to rest his laurels upon the mere basis of acting.

Of course, there is Lon Chaney. But Chaney's work has run in bizarre channels, and his characterizations have often been to a very large extent a matter of make-up. Jean Hersholt never uses anything but plain No. 2 grease paint and sometimes a little crepe hair.

Lots of people have arrived in Hollywood broke. I suppose they figure they might as well come that way as get that way. However, nobody that I've met up with ever hit the town in any more straitened circumstances than this young Danish actor.

He had been sent to San Francisco by the Danish government to put on the Danish national play at the San Francisco Fair of 1915. They paid his expenses and gave him money enough to get back to Denmark.

Anyway, instead of going back to Denmark, he came to Hollywood with a very swell wardrobe, his wife, a six-months-old baby, and eleven dollars. They walked the streets from nine to four and finally found an apartment for five dollars a week.

The remaining six dollars vanished before a job appeared, and after stalling the landlady for two weeks the little family moved into a sort of woodshed in the rear. It was furnished with one bed, at least they called it a bed, and a table with only three legs.

Jean went out to see Tom Ince, at Inceville, one hot summer afternoon. He walked two miles through the dust from the end of the car line to the studio, and tried to keep his clothes clean.

"That's a pretty doggy suit you've got on," said Mr. Ince.

"Yes," said Hersholt.

"You got any more like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Hersholt.

"Got a cutaway, and dinner clothes, and a riding outfit?"

"Yes."

"You can go to work for fifteen dollars a week next week," said Mr. Ince.

So you see Denmark did well by her favorite son after all, because it was the wardrobe and not Jean that Tom Ince hired. Well, Jean dashed home and bought another leg for the table, and from that time all went well.

He was in stock at Inceville, at Universal, and at Triangle. At Triangle, he was given the post of make-up inspector. No principal could go on the set until Hersholt had okayed the make-up.

He has finished his first starring picture, "The Old Soak," for Universal, and is making "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

And I am not a prophet and never pretended to be, but I have a hunch that the public is going to be crazy about Jean Hersholt, and that his stardom will be built solidly and firmly upon their affection and regard.

Because he is an actor.



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both Inside and Out

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Outside, used full strength, it breaks up congestion and relaxes the tension of the muscles.

Used regularly as a gargle and mouthwash, it is not only cleansing and refreshing, but a preventive of sore throat and the more dangerous infections which often follow.

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Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



Miss Dorothy Mackaill, now being starred in the First National Picture, "Just Another Blonde," admires her beige cape gloves with petit point embroidered cuff.

Both Blondes and Brunettes Prefer the Glove-Robe Gift

The Glove-Robe consists of three or more pairs of gloves—a pair appropriate for each costume and occasion. Both "blondes and brunettes" would welcome a Glove-Robe of—afternoon gloves like Miss Mackaill's, tailored gloves of washable doeskin, chamois, cape or mocha, and lined sport gloves of cape or mocha trimmed with fur. Gloves always make a welcome gift when selected to harmonize with your friends' costumes.

Ask your dealer to show you gloves for gifts or write us for Glove-Robe suggestions.

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New York, N. Y.



What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, 3500 Mission Road

Inactive.

CHADWICK PICTURES, 1440 Gower Street.

Production has been started on "Sunshine of Paradise Alley." Cast not announced.

Production will soon start on "Shamrock and the Rose." Cast not announced.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Cecil B. De Mille directing "The King of Kings," with Jacqueline Logan, Dorothy Cumming, Rudolph Schildkrant, Joseph Schildkrant, Victor Varconi, H. B. Warner, Charles Ray, Theodore Kosloff, Bryant Washburn, Sally Rand and 80-100.

George B. Seitz directing "Jim, the Conqueror," with William Boyd and Elinor Fair.

Olaf Nils Christander directing "Fighting Love," with Jetta Gonda and Victor Varconi.

Production will soon start on "The Little Adventurers," with Vera Reynolds.

Production will soon start on "Pals in Paradise," with Marguerite de la Motte and Rudolph Schildkrant.

COLUMBIA PICTURES, 1435 Gower Street.

Production will soon start on "Wandering Girls," with Mildred Harris, Dorothy Revier and Armand Kallz.

David Felman directing "The Better Way," with Dorothy Phillips and Earl Metcalf.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Gower Street.

Production will soon start on "The Salvation Jane" with Viola Dana.

Sam Wood directing "Her Father Said No," with Mary Brian, Al Cook and Bud Guard.

Ralph Ince directing and playing the lead in "Hello Bill."

FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS, Burbank, Calif.

Production will soon start on "The Runaway Enchantress," with Milton Sills and Mary Astor.

Al Santoll directing "The Patent Leather Kid" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackall. Production will soon start on "Purple and Fine Linen," with Corinne Griffith. James Flood will direct.

Harry Landon working on "Long Pants" with Betty Baker.

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 1400 N. Western Ave.

Howard Hawks will direct "The Green Hat," with Virginia Valli.

Alfred E. Green directing "The Auctioneer," with Marion Nixon, Ward Crane, Doree Lloyd and Garth Buehler.

Production will soon start on "Loves O' Women," with Blanche Sweet. John Griffith Wray will direct.

Scott Dunlap directing "Desert Valley," with Buck Jones.

Production will soon start on "Ankles Preferred," with Virginia Valli. William Schetzinger will direct.

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

"Our Gang" working on comedies.

Charlie Chase, Bill Nuntana, Eugenia Gilbert, Eugene Talbot, Edith Carvin, Amber Normand, Valentine Zimmerman, Mabel Normand, Ethel Clayton, Agnes Ayres, Theda Bara and Helene Chadwick—all working on two-reelers.

LASKY STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Eric von Stroheim directing "Glorifying the American Girl," with Gilda Gray.

Ernst Lubitsch directing "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor.

Monta Bell directing "The Greatest Show on Earth," with Wallace Beery.

Production will soon start on "Fashions for Women," with Esther Ralston.

James Cruze directing "The Waiter at the Ritz," with Raymond Griffith and Alice Day.

Production will soon start on "The Man Who Forgot God," with Emil Jannings and Estelle Taylor.

Frank Tuttle will direct "Skin-Deer," with Florence Vidor.

Production will soon start on "Let It Rain," with Douglas MacLean.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Ben Turpin, Ruth Platt, Raymond McKee, Mary Ann Jackson, Madeline Hurlock, Billy Bevon, Thelma Hill, Vernon Dent, Danny O'Shea, Barney Hellum, Jerry Zier and Alma Bennett—all working on two-reelers.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIOS, 1845 Cleodale Blvd.

Inactive.

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

John Robertson directing "Old Heidelberg," with Ramon Novarro.

Tom Browning directing "Polly of the Circus," with Norma Shearer.

Production will soon start on "The Cook of the Walk," with Ronee Adoree and John Gilbert.

Edmund Goulding directing "Diamond Handcuffs," with Mae Murray.

William Nigh directing "The Wicked Mr. Wu," with Lon Chaney.

Production will soon start on "War Birds." Cast not announced.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 Las Palmas Ave.

Production will soon start on "The Sand Man," with Jack Hoxie.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

George Fitzmaurice will direct "A Night of Love," with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Production will soon start on "Carolina," with Constance Talmadge. (First National Prod.)

Fred Nibbe directing "Camille," with Norma Talmadge. (First National Prod.)

Alan Crosland has completed "The Beloved Rogue," with John Barrymore and Marceline Day.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Calif.

Wesley Ruggles directing "The Last Lap," with George Lewis, Dorothy Gulliver and Eddie Phillips.

Tod Sloman directing "Alias the Deacon," with Jean Hersholt.

"Too Many Women" will be the title of Norman Kerry's next picture.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO, 5841 Melrose Ave.

Roy del Ruth directing "Wolf's Clothing," with Fatsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue.

Production has been completed on "Millionaires," with Vera Gordon, George Sydney and Jane Winton.

Michael Curtiz directing "Noah's Ark." Cast not announced.

Lloyd Bacon directing "Finger Prints," with Jerry Miley, Helene Costello and Myrna Loy.

EAST COAST

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 2nd Ave. and 127th Street, N. Y. C.

Albert Parker directing "Sunya," with Gloria Swanson and John Boles. (United Artists Prod.)

WILLIAM FOX STUDIOS, 55th Street and 10th Avenue, N. Y. C.

Alan Dwan directing "The Music Master." Cast not announced.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Avenue and 6th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon directing "Sorel and Son," with Lois Moran.

Gregory La Cava directing "Paradise for Two," with Richard Dix.

Production will soon start on "A Sweetheart in Every Port," with W. C. Fields.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 332 West 44th Street, N. Y. C.

Production will soon start on "The Broadway Drifter," with George Walsh.

ABROAD

AFRICA

Rex Ingram directing "The Garden of Allah," with Alice Terry.

LONDON

Production will soon start on "Madame Pompadour," with Dorothy Gish.

CHANGING IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL

"Men of the Dawn," with Milton Sills has been changed to "The Silent Lover."

"The Blonde Saint," with Doris Kenyon and Lewis Stone, has been changed to "Beauty Preferred."

"The Charleston Kid," featuring Dorothy Mackall, Jack Mulhall, Louise Brooks and Buster Collier, has been changed to "Just Another Blonde."

UNITED ARTISTS

"Eyes of Youth," with Gloria Swanson and John Boles, has been changed to "Sunya."

"The Vacation Lover," with John Barrymore and Marceline Day, has been changed to "The Beloved Rogue."

UNIVERSAL

"Beware of Widows," with Laura La Plante, has been changed to "The Love Thrill."

FAMOUS PLAYERS

"An Angel Passes," with Adolphe Menjou and Grete Nissen, has been changed to "Blonde or Brunette."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Chadwick Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, 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, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

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

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rathacker Film Mfg. Company, 1329 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists' Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 37th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



MAY MCAVOY, who plays the lovely and appealing role of "Esther" in the great picture spectacle, Ben Hur



CARMEL MYERS, in the part of Iras, the seductive and beautiful Egyptian princess



RAMON NOVARRO, as the young hero, Ben Hur, in the breath-taking scene of the chariot-race

THREE GREAT STARS

appearing in Ben Hur tell why
they admire BEN HUR PERFUME

TO Ramon Novarro, the great romantic actor, it seems to distill the romance its name typifies — this delicious new perfume, Ben Hur.

"I have found nothing in perfumes more delightful than Ben Hur," writes May McAvoy, who plays the role of Esther in the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen spectacle of that name.

"Exquisite"—Carmel Myers says of its seductive fragrance—"Delightfully different—distinctive."

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and

a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without.

Gift packages of Ben Hur, handsome within and without, reflect the latest designs and colorings, \$1.00 to \$10.00. They make beautiful gifts for Christmas and other occasions, too. The extract also comes in bulk, in miniature bottles and in purse bottles, flat little vials just the size and shape to tuck conveniently into your purse.

You may buy these delightful Ben Hur accessories for the toilette at leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of department stores

The smart young girl, the chic older woman, both will welcome these lovely gift boxes for Christmas this year. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.



THE CHARIOT RACE—the great dramatic climax of Ben Hur, and one of the most thrilling scenes ever staged for the silver screen



Ben Hur Combination Box, CARRE—an exquisite gold and violet case containing the seductive Ben Hur Perfume, Ben Hur Toilet Water, and a silver-finish Double Compact, in the new Renaissance design. A beautiful gift package

A rich looking gift package, LE CADEAU, satin-lined and confetti-covered, containing a bottle of delicately refreshing Ben Hur Toilet Water and a box of Ben Hur Face Powder (in three shades, white, flesh and brunette)

This dainty one-ounce bottle of Ben Hur Perfume, LE COUCHER DU SOLEIL, brings you the fragrance so highly praised by three great movie stars, Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, and Carmel Myers

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *Photoplay* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *Photoplay Magazine*, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

S. R., MARBLE FALLS, TEX.—Yes, Malcolm MacGregor is married. But Rod La Rocque isn't, if that'll make you feel better. Rod's name is his own, believe it or not. Malcolm was born Oct. 13, 1896, and Rod Nov. 20, 1888. Rod's newest picture is "Gigolo." Clara Bow is engaged to her director, Victor Fleming. Hope she doesn't change her mind. Clara has brown eyes and reddish brown hair.

E. M. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—William Haines—there's that boy again—was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1902. Will all you girls please take notice of where and when Bill was born? And here is Richard Dix again. Confidentially, no! Get what I mean? Louise Brooks is married to Eddie Sutherland. She's nineteen years old. Gloria Swanson has an adopted daughter, six years old, and an adopted son, a little younger.

VAN, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Richard and I thank you. His next picture is "The Quarterback." And after that, he'll play in a D. W. Griffith special, "The White Slave." I answer my own questions. The red-haired secretary is a blonde now.

A CONSTANCE BENNETT ADMIRER, LOWELL, MASS.—Little Constance is in Europe. She went abroad to attend the wedding of her sister. She's very much married to Phil Plant and is leading a quiet, domestic life. You know her husband is extremely rich and he and Constance are very devoted. I am afraid Constance is too happy to return to the movies.

E. S.—I don't know Silver King's age. He won't let me count his teeth. Fred Thomson's next picture is "The American Scout." Address him at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. The two bits is sufficient. Fred was born April 20, 1890. Yes, it's true; he was once a preacher.

F. S., MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—Ben Lyon was born Feb. 6, 1901. That's his real name. Corinne Griffith has light brown hair and blue eyes. Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow and Corinne are all Americans.

JULE, CHESTER, PA.—The name of the man who played in "New Lives for Old" was Jack Joyce. He is now appearing in vaudeville. He doesn't play in pictures regularly.

L. H., ORLANDO, FLA.—Natacha Rambova was the professional name of Winifred Hudnut. So, you see, they are one and the same woman. Does that clear up the misunderstanding? I talked with Valentino often. He had a slight and charming accent and a fascinating Italian smile. You may still obtain a picture of him by writing to United Artists, 720 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Enclose a quarter with your request.

FRANCES D. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Bebe Daniels' mother is of Spanish descent. That's her real name. Her next picture is "Stranded in Paris." James Hall is her leading man. If Cortez is going to play opposite her, nobody has told me about it. Like Bebe, don't you?

D. W., HAGERSTOWN, MD.—Victor Varconi's hair is "honest-to-goodness wavy." You didn't think he had it curled, did you? *Fie, Fie!* Victor was born in Kisvarda, Hungary. Now look that up on your map. He's married. Born March 31, 1896. Six feet tall and dark brown eyes.

CURLY-LOCKS, YOUNGSTOWN, O.—Bashful! Your two favorites are married—and to each other. Isn't that nice? Elinor Fairie is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She was born Dec. 21, 1904. She has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Bill Boyd is twenty-six years old.

IDA LA MOTTE, ELIZABETH, N. J.—Marguerite's name is the same as yours. She was born in Duluth, Minn., June 22, 1904. Conway Tearle was born in 1882. His first wife was Josephine Park; his second, Mrs. Roberta Menges Corwin-Hill; his third and present wife is Adele Rowland.

RUTH A., CLEVELAND, O.—Ramon Novarro changed his name from Ramon Samonigos. His real name was too hard to pronounce. Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico. Not married.

DOROTHY J., AUBURN, N. Y.—Florence Vidor's daughter, Suzanne, is six years old. They do say that Miss Vidor is engaged to marry George Fitzmaurice. Colleen Moore was born Aug. 10, 1902. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897.

"JUST BETTY," MONCLAIR, N. J.—Mustn't argue with sister! However, to bring peace to the family, I'll tell you that Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Coast of Folly" was Anthony Jowitt.

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 your 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.

H. R. J., WOODHAVEN, L. I.—Mercy, Virginia Lee Corbin is too young to marry! Virginia was born Dec. 5, 1900. She is just five feet tall. Address her in care of First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

A LAWRENCE GRAY ADMIRER, MT. PLEASANT, MICH.—Please accept my apologies for my neglect of Mr. Gray. Honestly, I'll never do it again. The gentleman was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 27, 1898. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Gloria Swanson does not find her "fan" mail troublesome; Gloria is too nice to say anything like that. Walter Morosoff is a director for Warner Brothers. He and Corinne have no children.

K. L., SPRING LAKE, N. Y.—Lon Chaney is an American. Don't be deceived by the make-up.

E. B. B., CLEVELAND, O.—A photograph of yours truly would be no treat to anyone. I look like Santa Claus' twin brother. Yes, ma'am, Ramon Novarro is very, very fascinating. Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Va.

LOUISE B., ALBANY, N. Y.—Not a bit of trouble. Harrison Ford is divorced. He was born in 1892. Alice Terry is married to Rex Ingram. She is about twenty-eight years old. Norma Talnaage was born May 2, 1897. Married to Joseph Schenck. Ben Lyon is not married—as yet. He was born Feb. 6, 1901. By the time this appears in print, Doris Kenyon will be Mrs. Milton Sills. Doris was born Sept. 5, 1898. Ronald Colman is separated from his wife. Ronald was born Feb. 9, 1891.

MARY, SWEET SPRINGS, MO.—I'll never do it again. I never intentionally ignore anyone. But sometimes there are so many answers, that all of them don't get in the magazine. And that makes delays before they can reach print. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., Nov. 15, 1879. He is married and has two daughters. Mr. Stone played on the stage for a number of years before going into pictures. He was a captain in the army during the World War and is now a major in the U. S. Reserve Corps. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas, in 1908. She is five feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. The late Rudolph Valentino wasn't married before he went into pictures. Ricardo Cortez is the husband of Alma Rubens.

GRACE AND HELEN, NEW YORK CITY.—That handsome young man, Lloyd Hughes, is a featured player. Which means that he is more than a leading man, but not quite a star. However, that's a fine and rather ambiguous distinction.

Another Tangee Beauty!



MISS MARJORIE MAY MARTYN

Its astonishing property of changing color to blend with each type of complexion distinguishes Tangee from other make-up — and likewise distinguishes the woman who uses it from those who envy her beauty!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1; Crème Rouge, \$1; Rouge Compact, 75c; Face Powder in Peach-bloss, Rose, Cream, Rachel and White, \$1.

Note: The most recent development in face creams has been accredited to Tangee DAY Cream and Tangee NIGHT Cream. These effectively improve the texture of the skin, and give the true basis for lovely color. \$1 each.

TANGEE



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THE GEORGE W. LUTT CO.
417 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial "Tangee Beauty Set," including Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Day Cream, Night Cream, and Face Powder. I enclose 20 cents to cover cost of mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

"Hollywood Can't Exist—But It Does"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

remonstrated with him, swiftly, and as I remember it, to the extent of several teeth—the barber's.

Where I came into the matter was that my father was a famous criminal lawyer and he discovered some ancient statute which made it a matter of self-defense for an actor to defend himself against a barber armed with hot towels.

Barrymore has changed his opinion about barbers now.

"One shaved me this morning," he told me, "who had actually known Hinky-Dink. Imagine being shaved by a barber in the California sun-shine, who had actually been part of the famous Chicago Hinky-Dink gang. You can't ask for more than that. Those old days are gone, but they were full of drama and color."

I said I was delighted that he was going to play *François Villon*. There is no man in history more fascinating and I have always wanted to see him played properly.

"If I could only see *Joan the Maid* played properly now, I'd be histrionically happy," I said.

"If some of these producers have their way I'll probably play that for you yet," he said, with that flashing smile. "They wanted me to play nothing but sweet-scented jacksasses, because my nose is straight. In 'Don Juan' there are moments when I look like a male impersonation of Lilyan Tashman. I rebelled when I made them let me play 'The Sea-Beast.' I'm going to keep on rebelling. So you like the idea of my doing *François Villon*? You like him?"

"I've always adored him," I said.

"That's because you have no sentimentality. Newspaper women never have. They know too much. I should like some time to have a love affair with a newspaper woman."

"Stevenson—R. L.—didn't like Villon. Write a funny little essay about him once. Ever read it?"

I said I had.

"Well—why didn't he like him? Too much alike. They were both arrant sentimentalists. Therefore they knew all there was to know about evil—like all sentimentalists. Look at the way Stevenson's villains flow—like rippling steel. Can you remember any of his heroes? Not much—but dozens of his villains. Mr. Hyde. The Master of Ballantrae. Sentimentalists understand evil because they want things so much they can understand doing anything to get them. Your philosopher knows that if you can't have a thing the easiest way is to stop wanting it."

"WHO'S going to play *Katherine*?" I asked, once having seen Cissy Loftus play this great lady whom the French poet Villon adored, and wondering if anyone on the screen today could approach the matchless beauty of her performance.

"Marcelline Day," said Jack, arranging three whiskers with minute care on the right side of his upper lip.

"U—mm," said I, "very pretty. They are all pretty. Hollywood is positively stuffed with beautiful girls. But what do you do about their acting?"

"All women can act," said Jack darkly, sardonically. "They're a histrionic race. They've had to act for centuries. It's man to whom acting comes hard. That's why we're all a bit mad. I daresay."

"Booth Tarkington hates actors, y'know. He hates the theater, plays, everything connected with the stage. One day we met in the Lambs. We got to talking. You know he's got the biggest nose I ever saw—like Cyrano's."

"We got into a row—oh, sitting down. We were both too intelligent in the beginning to do anything else. But after about two hours I got

belligerent. I got up. I said, 'I guess I'll punch you. I guess I'll punch you in the nose. I couldn't very well punch you anywhere else.'

"Whereupon, that speech having delighted us both, we spent the next three days together in a hansom cab—seeing New York. That was in pre-prohibition days, and we were very young."

"Years later I was playing 'Justice' in a city near his home.

"AND I was on the wagon. I was very much on the wagon. I wanted to tell him I was there, but I didn't know what he'd think of me. I was afraid he might consider I'd become almost effeminate."

"Finally I got the courage to write and explain everything. And I got a letter back saying he'd been on the wagon twelve years himself and he'd forgive me if I'd forgive him. Which we did, in person."

I asked him if he remembered a curtain speech he once made in Chicago, in the days when he was not yet come into his own. He was doing a play called 'A Thief for a Night,' but the really serious business of his life was baseball. I have attended ball games with a lot of fans, but never one like Jack Barrymore in those days. He played all positions all afternoon.

And matinee days were an agony to him. So when on a Saturday, when Grover Cleveland Alexander was pitching and they called on Barrymore for a curtain speech, he said,

"It's very nice of you and all that, but I think we're all wasting our time being indoors on such a nice afternoon, and I'm going to call it a day if you are and we'll all go out and see the ball game."

He looked sheepish and remarked, "A man can't be held responsible for what he says in a curtain speech."

"You haven't changed a bit," I said. "Some folks get—high hat, you know. I'd heard you were—more serious. In fact I'd heard you'd gotten darn serious."

"I was never serious," said Jack, indignantly. "Only married."

Then, changing the subject swiftly, "Here's a telegram I got from Jack Dempsey this morning. 'Dear Jack. Thanks for your wire. I forgot to duck. Jack.' Isn't that great? What a guy that Jack Dempsey is! Never knew one like him. Why is it that all these men who make their livings with their bodies—I am not referring now to us movie actors—I think so straight? I never knew one of them that didn't have a fine, clear, sweet-tempered vision of life. No intrusion to emit their mind, I guess."

"You like Hollywood, don't you?" I asked, a little maliciously, remembering how he once hated it.

"I'm crazy about it. It's the fountain of youth."

"Hollywood—is—is a gorgeous preposterousity. It can't exist and yet here it is. Everyone here is purely objective. They don't believe anything because somebody says it's true. They don't take any textbook's word for a darn thing. They want to find out about everything for themselves. It's amazing, magnificent. They're so alive. They live in a different world. They live a hundred per cent more fully than any other people I've ever met. I've been subjective all my life. At last, in Hollywood, I've become objective."

"The people here are all lovable, irresistible, because they've got courage. They live. They take the good and the bad with a grin. They've created the philosophy of today. 'Try anything once' and 'They can't kill you if you've got a sense of humor.' That's Hollywood."

"I've lived about a bit, met a few people, but the most interesting people in the world are in Hollywood."

REAL LIFE EPISODES IN THE HISTORY OF MARLBORO'S SENSATIONAL FLIGHT TO UNIVERSAL POPULARITY IN ONE SHORT YEAR



They Lend an Added Charm to Smoking

MARLBORO CIGARETTES' tremendous popularity was predicted a year ago by those who first discovered their inimitable flavor ... their exquisite mildness.

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*Mild as May
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MARLBORO

CIGARETTES

Created by PHILIP MORRIS & CO., Ltd., Inc.



Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

\$5.00 Letter

Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. B., together with their small daughter, Pearl, reside opposite us. Their religious principles will not allow them to countenance cards or dancing. In fact, practically all forms of modern amusement are looked upon as sinful. And Pearl, aged nine, has never seen a movie.

In the apartment above ours, live Mr. and Mrs. T., with eight-year-old Mary who, on several afternoons, takes in the matinee at the neighborhood movie theater.

Consequently, Pearl, being forbidden the privilege of attending, is actually a victim of her well-meaning parents' narrow views. While

Mary, having had an opportunity to witness life, as depicted to her through the medium of the movie, has mentally broadened.

I have studied the little girls. Mary is appealing, with an interesting individuality, still retaining the childishness and sweetness of Pearl.

Pearl, although naturally as clever as Mary, may only be described as a "dull little good girl."

Because imagination must play an important rôle in each person's life, and since stories, whether in book form or pictured, are a large factor in its growth, then why should parents deliberately hinder the development of imagination, by prohibiting the constructive enjoyment of a movie?

H. G. S.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

FOREVER AFTER—First National

REMEMBER the stage play years ago with Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel? Well, here's the movie version filled with all the ingredients to make it a box-office bet. It's a slow-moving affair sprinkled with sweet girl and boy romance, football and war.

BREED OF THE SEA—F. B. O.

A ROMANTIC and adventurous tale, which rarely fails to fascinate, be it in novel or screen version. The bad men of the West are tame in comparison to the bold pirate and his crew who roamed the Java seas as visualized by Ralph Ince from Peter B. Kyne's story. Ince had quite a job on his hands—besides directing he played the lead and we can readily say he is a master of both arts.

A MAN OF QUALITY— Excellent Pictures

THIS is the second of the series of Excellent Pictures in which the athletic George Walsh is starred. It maintains the standard set by "The Kickoff." The plot has to do with the thwarting of an arch-villain and master smuggler by George, who is introduced as a Secret Service operative.

THE UNKNOWN CAVALIER— First National

KEN MAYNARD will have to show us some better trick riding or we're off him for life. Ken can ride with speed, but on the trick stuff—well you watch and see if we're not right. O. K. for those who don't take their movies seriously.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—Fox

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S story of the great North is good screen material. Then there's pretty Olive Borden to help matters along and Ralph Graves, who is an acceptable hero. It's a nice little picture—one you can safely take the whole family to.

BLARNEY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THERE is something about that vivacious personality, Renee Adoree, that gets under one's skin. Here is a story that doesn't mean a thing, but Renee's appearance peps things up. It's all about the champion of Ireland who comes to America to make his fortune. Bad companions and "likker" are his downfall, but through his love for Renee he stages a successful comeback.

FOR ALIMONY ONLY— Producers Dist. Corp.

IT just goes to show that an interesting leading lady will make a picture. Leatrice Joy proves that sometimes stories aren't everything. We're not saying that the story isn't good, but if Leatrice weren't there the picture would be the bunk. It's a bit too sophisticated for the children.

MY OFFICIAL WIFE—Warner Bros.

IRENE RICH recently balked at playing a mother rôle. If she had refused to play this part we would give her credit for good sense. This is the worst piece of cheap sex stuff—we don't even recommend it for grownups.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT— Universal

IN case you've slipped up on your bible it's "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother." Emory Johnson produce! This piece of about nine reels. He could easily have made it in six and carry the same parchment.

THE MYSTERY CLUB—Universal

IF you like your movies thrilling and chilling don't overlook this. It's a mystery story of the descendants of pirates who believe criminals are not intelligent. It was adapted from Arthur Somers Roche's story "The Armchair Club"—and you know how baffling Mr. Roche can be.

BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD— Warner Bros.

IT'S just as weepy and draggy as it sounds. This depicts the ups and downs of a gal breaking into pictures—and if any little girl wants to be a movie-star after she sees this, she has an awful amount of courage. Patsy Ruth Miller is the girl who just must be a success in pictures. Louise Dresser is her mother and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is the boy-friend.

WHISPERING WIRES—Fox

IF you have to borrow the money—be sure to see this. You'll shiver and shake at this mystery story and the next minute you'll scream laughing. Two men are murdered. Lights dash on and off. Secret trap-doors and hidden passageways are all through the house. Cluck detectives try to solve the mystery. You won't go wrong on our advice.



BOBBIE PINS

SMART BOBS need Bobbie Pins

Smart hair-cuts must always be smooth and trim.

Bobbie Pins make bobbed hair behave. Dance, ride, golf, motor . . . Bobbie Pins stay put—they can't slip.

Simply separate the ends of the pin, insert the hair where you want it to stay . . . and dismiss from your mind. Won't tear the hair because the ends meet.

Four shades—Black, Bronze, Gold and Silver

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BOBBIE PINS

"Keep your bob at its best"

DOROTHY GRAY'S SCIENTIFIC PREPARATIONS

For Facial Rejuvenation



The Dorothy Gray Treatment Box for Reducing a Double Chin and Restoring a Youthful Chin Line—5 precious and exclusive preparations, her patented Patter and her new-type Chin Strap. With complete illustrated directions.

Price \$10.85.



The Dorothy Gray Treatment Box for Erasing Lines and Wrinkles. Included are 5 special preparations. Also complete, illustrated directions for home application.

Price \$5.85.

DOROTHY GRAY

COMING to New York eleven years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Miss Gray, by the application of new methods of scientifically restoring a youthful chin line, 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.

Now her long-proved treatments, hitherto restricted to those visiting her Fifth Avenue Salon, are available for home application, wherever you live. Dorothy Gray preparations with explicit, illustrated instructions, may be purchased at leading department stores and quality drug stores throughout the country, or at Miss Gray's own establishments in New York City (753 Fifth Avenue) or at Atlantic City (1637 Boardwalk), San Francisco (The White House) or Washington, D. C. (1009 Connecticut Avenue).



The Dorothy Gray Treatment Box for Correcting Flabby Muscles, Crêpy Throat and Drooping Under Chin. Six special preparations and the Dorothy Gray Patter. Complete, illustrated directions.

Price \$11.60.

Write for a complete booklet descriptive of Dorothy Gray's preparations and methods.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dept. 75
753 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



For enlarged pores and coarse skin Dorothy Gray's Pore Lotion (for oily skin) (\$2.00) and Pore Paste (for dry skin) (\$1.00) are a delightful relief, restoring the skin to satin smoothness.



As a daytime protection for the skin and a long-lasting foundation for make-up, use Dorothy Gray's Russian Astringent Lotion (for oily skin) (\$1.50) and Russian Astringent Cream (for dry skin) (each \$1.50 in the new small sizes).



Lately improved, here is the finest, most effective, yet comfortable Chin Strap to be found. A most remarkable easy way to reduce a double chin.

Price \$2.50.



To guard against wintery blasts which chab and roughen the hands, use Dorothy Gray's Strawberry Lotion (\$1.25). It keeps hands beautiful and enchanting.



The famous patented Patter devised by Miss Gray to duplicate the hand patting used at her Studio. Accompanied by an illustrated method of patting.

Price \$2.50.



To stimulate the circulation and strengthen sagging muscles, Dorothy Gray's Circulation Ointment (\$3.25) and Muscle Oil (\$1.00) are extremely efficient.



Before retiring, Dorothy Gray's Special Skin Food (\$1.00) should be applied, especially to the thin face, crêpy throat and droopy chin. It makes the face round and plump.



In place of soap and water, Dorothy Gray recommends for cleansing the skin safely, her liquefying Cleansing Cream (\$1.00) and her Orange Flower Skin Tonic (\$3.85).



No cream is so famous for a dry skin as Dorothy Gray's Special Mixture (\$1.50). Made from rare Russian oils, it gives new youth to dried, flaky skin, new bloom.



For the plump face, inclined to wrinkles and relaxed muscles, Dorothy Gray's Tissue Cream (\$1.00) is recommended because it is non-fattening, yet makes the face smooth and youthful.



*This Christmas—
Start an
Add-a-pearl
necklace for her*

(GENUINE ORIENTAL PEARLS)

PICTURE your little girl's delight this Christmas—when you present her with a small strand of beautiful genuine pearls. Then look farther ahead and see her in young womanhood—the proud possessor of a magnificent pearl necklace. This is the Add-a-Pearl idea. Each year, on gift occasions, you or others add new pearls to the string. It grows more precious with time. Make your little girl happy—at Christmas.



Buy additional pearls for your Add-a-Pearl necklace on this card. It guarantees perfection.

Ask your Jeweler

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
108 North State Street - Chicago
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Your Hair
always
beautifully waved.

Knapp-Kapp

Slip on a dainty Knapp-Kapp before retiring, or in the house in the mornings. Save yourself many dollars and hours of time. Knapp-Kapp is a high grade, form fitting, non-binding net cap, with dainty ribbon tie-backs. It holds each wave gently in place, unrumpled, as fresh as when first made, and for a surprising length of time. If your department store cannot supply you, send us 50c. We will forward cap immediately. Postage prepaid. Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back. A. S. Knapp & Co., Inc., 1415 Pine St., St. Louis



A Villainous Farmer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

At last the little fellow began to get better. But the big baby specialists shook their heads.

"He'll never do in New York. Have to take him to a milder climate. Better try California, if you expect him to be really well and strong," they said.

The father and mother looked at each other across this verdict with deeply troubled eyes.

They owed eight thousand dollars and that eight thousand dollars looked bigger to them than the national debt. They didn't have enough money to buy one ticket to Chicago, let alone two to California. And their credit had been strained to the breaking point during the long months of illness.

BUT they started. They went as far as their money would take them. Then Noah Beery worked. He worked at anything. He'd help a farmer, he'd sling freight—anything to get money enough for tickets westward. Then they'd make another trek, stop and he'd work awhile, and go on.

And that's the way Noah Beery and his wife and son made the journey from New York to California.

That's why, maybe, Noah Beery suggests to me the pioneer, why he has a strength and kindness and depth of feeling that set him a little apart from most men.

There can be no question that the early years have much to do with the way a man faces the big things of life.

Noah Beery was born and brought up on a farm in western Missouri. He and his brother, Wallace, lived the life of farm boys, worked hard, had little, were hardened for the battle of life by contact with nature.

And in many ways, though he is now a screen star with a big Paramount contract and a large public, Noah Beery has reverted to the soil. He loves it and all the things that go with it. He may be a great actor, but he is also a natural-born farmer, and I mean that as a high-powered compliment. There must have been a great inner urge that drew Beery away from the farm in Missouri to the footlights of Broadway. And, as you know him and talk with him, it isn't always easy to understand that urge—isn't always easy to figure it as part of the man.

It is that love of the soil that makes the Beery ranch, in the San Fernando valley about half an hour from Hollywood, so different from the homes of other screen stars. It is going to be quite as beautiful, quite as modern.

But the Beerys are doing there what to me is a rather fine thing. They are establishing a permanent, American home. One of the kind of homes you used to read about. I expect the Beerys will live there for fifty years, and then pass it on to young Pidge Beery and his family, and it will go on down through generations. There isn't any other home in the film colony about which I have that feeling and it is rather a fetish with me.

The great need of America today is for a swing back to that feeling about home. Most people nowadays build with shoestring, chewing gum and a little plaster. They build to sell. They never have any idea of living in one spot for generations. They move continually. Children don't grow up with that wonderful, warm, happy feeling about "home." They don't long to come back to the scenes where they played as kids, because by that time the

scenes have completely disappeared and the old folks are living in an apartment.

The Beerys have done something for this country in building their ranch up toward a permanent home. It isn't completed yet. They are building slowly, as a man must build if he builds permanently.

But to go out to that ranch in the late afternoon, to see the peach and apricot orchards green and golden in the sun, and the corn and the grapevines bearing their fruit, to see the great barns and the live stock all about, is a darned happy experience.

The house is to stand on the top of a little knoll, overlooking the orchards and the fields. It is productive land, supporting itself, not just a vast burden of upkeep like so many estates. It has a reason for being. Horses, cows, chickens, dogs, cats—all the things that belong to ranch life—exist there in abundance.

So you see, in a way, Noah Beery is pioneering.

Noah Beery has made a lot of people hate him on the screen. All I can say is that the man is a great actor or he couldn't possibly do it. For he is the soul of kindness.

THE boys at the studio where he works tell me that Beery is endlessly giving of the abundance that the years have so miraculously brought him, since the days when he didn't have the price of a ticket to California. He always has two or three people out on his ranch, taking care of them, giving them a chance to work or rest as the need may be. He does it quietly, unostentatiously, but his charity is widely known in Hollywood.

And I think it is a very good thing that the public can't meet him face to face, because they would never be able to believe in his villainy again.

Young Noah Beery, Jr., better known to the boys around Hollywood as Pidge, is still the center of the Beery family. But I have a sneaking hunch that they try to conceal it from him, try not to spoil him. He weighs a hundred and twenty pounds now and is his father's pal and companion on innumerable fishing and hunting trips. They ride together, too.

I have always made it a rule in writing about people to tell the bad with the good. If you tell only good, nine cases out of ten people don't believe you. They think you are putting something over on them. You have to make people human. Because they are human.

So now comes the bad about Noah Beery, because I wouldn't for the world want you to think of him as a sort of stuffed shirt model of perfection when he is so essentially a man.

He is the worst-dressed man in Hollywood and nothing but tears on the part of his adored wife can get him into dinner clothes. He rides like a demon, but he rides a western saddle and will have nothing to do with these new-fangled riding breeches. He is a remarkable rifle and revolver shot, but he keeps it under cover and most people know nothing about it, which makes him doubly dangerous.

He has a vocabulary second to none when occasion demands, so I have been told. And he is an exceedingly shrewd real estate dealer.

So now you have both sides of the picture, and having seen him in "North of 36," "Beau Geste" and "The Rough Riders," you will have to judge for yourselves.

In the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, on the newsstands on or about December 10, you will find the complete announcements of the winners of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest.

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn \$18 to \$30 a week RETOUCHING photos. No exp or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, and furnish WORKING QUILTS FREE. Limited offer. Write today. ARTCRAFT STUDIOS Dept. B3, 3900 Sherman Road, CHICAGO



Left to right: "Pidge" Beery, Noah Beery (with the beard from his part in "Paradise") and Billy Reid, son of famed Wally Reid

**"A Lyon & Healy Sax
is easy to learn to play!"**

**My son gets one
Christmas—
says Noah Beery**

"Give me the clear, mellow tones of a Lyon & Healy Saxophone. I like the looks of the instrument, its simplicity, its strong construction. And it's easy to learn to play! The sax is great for boys, too! Every boy wants a real, man-size saxophone. My son 'Pidge' gets a Lyon & Healy Sax for Christmas."

Noah Beery.

Noah Beery, the swashbuckler Sergeant in Famous Players "Beau Geste" and other feature films, is an enthusiast about Lyon & Healy Saxophones. He is giving his lucky son, "Pidge" Beery, a regular Lyon & Healy Sax this Christmas. His hearty endorsement of our *simplified* instrument is convincing assurance that you, too, can easily learn to play the Lyon & Healy Saxophone.

**For Popularity or Profit
The "Sax" Player Wins**

"Can I play a saxophone?" No matter what your age we can teach you quickly, easily. Your friends multiply as soon as you learn to play the saxophone. You begin to pick and choose your invitations. You never have a dull evening with nothing to do. But if you want to stay home, what is more delightful than an hour or two with your "sax," working up your own moans and "blues" for a popular foxtrot to surprise your crowd?

**You Learn Quickly on a
Lyon & Healy**

The simplicity of this popular instrument will amaze you! You will be playing tunes soon after you first put your lips to a Lyon & Healy mouthpiece. That's because—with over sixty years' experience—we have sim-

plified the fingering, made it second nature for you. The keys are at your finger tips.

Movie stars like Richard Dix, William Haines and Noah Beery, famous actors, athletes—fellows like yourself, without any special musical ability—these men select the Lyon & Healy because of its extremely accurate adjustment, improvements in key-action for hair-trigger finger work, perfection in pitch and resonant and mellow tones.

**Amazing Beauty of
Tone**

Experts are astonished at the tone of this newest saxophone. Warm and sonorous as the human voice, it is also crystal-clear and absolutely true to pitch. No stuttering, blurred tones or harsh blares—just rich, golden melody of a musical quality never before attained in a saxophone. You will be delighted. And remember—it is *made and guaranteed by the most famous music house in the world!*

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Easy to Pay \$60

This exquisite diamond ring is considered extremely handsome. The best quality genuine blue white diamond is full of fiery brilliance and sparkling colors. It makes a wonderful engagement ring or friendship ring. Your friends will think you paid \$100 for it. Everyone will admire it. The gift case is free.

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Every article in this sale was selected first for quality, because we sell only the finest grades of diamonds, watches and jewelry. Prices were reduced, thus giving our customers the greatest possible value for their money. You can take a year to pay—weekly or monthly as you prefer.

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The quality and value of everything we sell is fully guaranteed. We allow 10 days free trial. If you return the purchase, we return your deposit. When you return a diamond in exchange for a larger diamond, we allow you 8% more than you paid for it.

No. 74 **\$89**



\$5 Down and \$7 a Month

This great big cluster of seven best grade white diamonds set in SOLID PLATINUM in this 18 karat solid white gold ring. The cluster of 7 diamonds sparkle and flash like 2 carat solitaire and look like one big diamond. Notice the 2 excellent fine diamonds set in the sides of this ring.

No. 3 **\$38, Pay \$2 Deposit and \$3 a Month**



Fine sparkling diamond with two sapphires set in 18 kt. white gold.

No. 38 **\$42**



\$2 Deposit \$3.33 a Month

Ladies small, fashionable wrist watch, 14 karat solid gold case, with 15 jeweled movement, set with 4 diamonds and 4 sapphires. It makes a splendid Christmas present.

No. 78 **\$69**



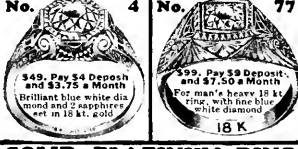
Larger cluster of seven best blue white diamonds set in platinum. The 18 kt. ring has two blue sapphires.

No. 79 **\$79**



Extra brilliant cluster of seven best diamonds set in platinum in 18 kt. gold ring.

No. 4 **\$49, Pay \$4 Deposit and \$3.75 a Month**



Brilliant blue white diamond and two sapphires set in 18 kt. gold.

14 Karat Solid Gold \$1.00 Deposit \$1.50 a Month



No. 11—\$19

Stylish 14 Kt. solid gold wrist watch with 15 jeweled movement. Worth \$30. Extra sterling silver bracelet free.

No. 80 **\$59**



Pay \$4.00 a month for cluster of seven diamonds set in platinum. The 18 kt. ring is set with blue sapphires.

No. 81 **\$69**



Men's cluster of seven diamonds 18K

SOLID PLATINUM RING

Perfect Diamond **\$98**



\$8 Deposit — \$7.50 A Month

The sparkling, blue white diamond set in this ring is guaranteed the finest quality—perfect and flawless. It has no imperfections of any kind. All the colors of the rainbow flash from this diamond. The ring is genuine solid platinum. It makes a wonderful engagement ring.

Choice of Elgin or Waltham Watch \$21

\$1.00 Deposit \$1.75 a Month

Latest style, handsomely engraved, 12 size watch, octagon shaped, white gold filled case, fitted with your choice of high grade movements. It comes in an expensive gift case, has a valuable chain and knife attached.

No. 82—\$25



\$1 Deposit \$1 a Month

Men's wristwatch, 15 jeweled, high grade movement, in choice of white or rose gold filled case. Fitted with strong leather strap.

No. 71 **\$27.50 \$1.50 Down \$2 a Month**



Ladies' Diamond Onyx ring of very latest style, set with sparkling blue white genuine diamond. The handsome engraved ring is 18 karat solid white gold. The long oval onyx is the most popular style.

No. 72—\$20



\$2 Deposit \$1.50 a Month

Rectangular shaped onyx ring set with sparkling blue white diamond. The 18 karat ring is richly engraved.

3 Large Diamonds 4 Smaller Diamonds 8 Sapphires

No. 73—\$109



\$9.35 a Month


Dinner rings like this are the style today. The exquisite design of this popular ring pleases every one who sees it. The mounting is 18 kt. solid white gold, hand pierced and engraved. The sparkling blue white diamonds are full of brilliancy, and are beautifully set off by the dark blue sapphires.

WRITE FOR CATALOG

If you want something not shown in this advertisement, it is in our catalog. Thousands of bargains in diamonds, watches, wrist watches, jewelry of all kinds, silverware, toilet sets, etc.

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We are the only credit jeweler who also operate a strictly cash jewelry store, famous for its values. Nationally advertised jewelry is sold on credit at the cash store prices. Just mail the coupon.



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GENTLEMEN: I HAVE SELECTED NUMBER.....

Please mail it to me by parcel post, C. O. D. the small deposit and I will pay the postman when he hands the package to me. Send size.....

I enclose \$..... as a deposit to show my good faith. Please send the article size.....direct to my home for me to wear on free trial.

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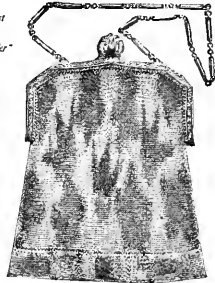
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Made of Whiting Soldered Mesh. Frame finished in 24 Karat gold. Bag "Dresden" cur-ameled in beautiful Blue-bird pattern.

BEAUTY

The effect of proper color-harmony is true beauty. Fashion rules careful color-matching of costume and accessories.

The skill and care of half a century are producing the new Whiting Costume Bags—the accessory par excellence.

Whiting Costume Bags, made expressly to blend with all the newest color shades, have become a necessity for every costume, and their reasonable cost enables Milady to provide one for each ensemble.

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At leading jewelers and jewelry departments.

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Hand in Hand with Fashion



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below the surface of the skin with De Miracle, the original LIQUID. Ready for instant use, no mixing, will not coarsen hair. Used by beautiful women for more than 20 years.

60c, \$1, \$2—Everywhere, or direct from De Miracle, 138 West 14th St., New York

De Miracle

Makes 12 A Day Easy

Sell Amazing New Device That Waves Hair Beautifully

Just demonstrate the sensational new **Maison Marcellet**. Gives hair a perfect wave in 30 minutes. Soft or coarse, long or short—Maison Marcellets give the hair a wave that withstands all climatic weather. No hot irons. Ours are come like wild hair. \$4.95 for only \$3 a set and you make \$1 profit on each sale.

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You need no experience. Flora Gordon, Ohio, took \$15 orders in two hours, exceeding \$100. Mrs. J. W. Jones, Chicago, secured \$115 in three days of Georgia.

Write immediately for full details. **Maison de Beauté, Dept. S-19, 711 Quincy Street, Chicago**

FREE Sample Write for Details.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, he of the classic profile, is now an ex-benedict. But it is very confusing. No sooner was the final decree granted from Beverly Bayne, than Francis X. made the announcement that he hoped to make Beverly his wife again. The silence is very thick on Miss Bayne's part. So thick it cannot even be cut or broken with Bushman's pleas.

It looks like the sad ending of a glorious romance.

FATHER'S unhappy marital experiences did not deter Virginia Bushman from marrying Jack Conway, the director. Virginia, beautiful and twenty, met Conway when he was directing "Brown of Harvard." It was a case of meeting, marveling and marrying. They did, and left immediately for Pebble Beach, as perfect a spot as I have ever seen for honeymooners.

HE: "My number's Rexford 7161. What's yours?"

She: "Rexford 6417."

He: "Ho, ho! So you live in Beverly Hills too! And how do you live in Beverly!"

THEY say a small bonfire placed beneath an obdurate burro has a tendency to speed his steps.

Which reminds me of the wager that Joe Schenck made last January with Charlie Chaplin just before the comedian commenced his

circus picture. Five thousand dollars was laid that Charlie, who takes one or two years to make a film, would not complete the picture within six months.

Came June, the month of roses, and Charlie paid his loss. But that didn't help Joe to get "The Circus" on his program, and Joe was waiting to release it. Months passed and then came a small, but sufficiently exciting, fire at the Chaplin Studios.

Do you suppose Joe, profiting by the lesson of the slow-moving burro, was trying to smoke Charlie out?

FIRST SHEIK: "There's de guy what's going to marry Bebe Daniels. He's Charlie Paddock, de world's fastest human."

Second Sheik: "Yeh (thinking of Bebe's sojourn at the Santa Ana hoosegow for speeding). Gotta be fast to keep up with her."

KATHERINE McDONALD is now a grass widow. From golf widow to grass widow she went, silently, with very few of her friends knowing that the "K. M. Johnson" who was seeking freedom from C. S. Johnson was the woman who was known to the screen and the world as "the American beauty." They have one small son, Britt, aged two, who is to remain with his mother.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



The only photograph of Rudolph Valentino with Mrs. Teresa Werner, aunt of Natacha Rambova, who was made one of the chief beneficiaries in the actor's will. Mrs. Werner is wearing the light cloak. The woman in the center is Marie Guglielmi, Valentino's sister, who also shares in his estate. This photograph was made in Italy several years ago

She's 19 now...

AND life's a Sazerac cocktail—a
coin in the air.

She's nineteen today . . . she'll
never be again.

She'll never know again the
glamour of star-powdered nights
. . . the drifting laughter of young
crowds . . . the insouciance of love
. . . the keen edge of life . . .

not quite as Nineteen knows
them!

Fragile, fleeting—the hours of
youth. Yet, we flatter ourselves, we
have caught for you some of their
marvelous, mutable spirit.

In the pages of College Humor
we bring you Youth—straight from
the campuses, warm from the pens
of men who know it best.

Such writers as F. Scott
Fitzgerald, Cyril Hume,
Katharine Brush, O. O.
McIntyre, Royal Brown,
George Jean Nathan,



Lucian Cary, Donald Ogden
Stewart, Percy Marks, Thyra Sam-
ter Winslow, Arnold Bennett . . .

with illustrations by America's
cleverest draughtsmen . . .

and, of course, the latest wise-
cracks, the richest satire, the keen-
est wit the campuses of America
are producing in word and picture
these chromatic days.

The December issue is now out.
Thomas Boyd, Lois Mon-
tross, Holworthy Hall,
Don Herold, James Mont-
gomery Flagg, Roland
Krebs, Nancy Hoyt are all
between its covers.



College Humor

AT ALL NEWS STANDS

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108]

It has been rumored, particularly in the pages of a magazine of a certain type, that "big brothers," "uncles" and plain "sugar daddies" figure prominently in the lives of extra girls. Whether or not they do is still a question, but the girls need worry no more about their relatives. They are now to be endowed with "sisters."

Mrs. Clarence Brown, whose social activities have won her a particular position in the film colony, is the president of the Screen Sisters, which has Marjorie Williams, director of the Hollywood Studio Club, as vice-president; Dr. Sonia Poushkaroff, second vice-president; Baroness Rhyner Morrill, auditor; Mrs. Ben Carré, treasurer, and Mrs. George Gilmore, secretary.

The Screen Sisters will establish a wardrobe for the use of twenty girls. When these twenty girls have been aided to "bigger and better pictures," twenty more will be aided by the organization.

THE new Fox Film Studios, in Fox Hills, about five miles from Hollywood, had an At Home the other day and the callers numbered something like thirty thousand. It's a rare treat to get inside a studio, so when the papers published the invitation *hot polloi* did a Nurmi to get there.

Tom Mix and his bronchobusters offered a bit of fancy riding and roping; Earle Fox was master of ceremonies and Margaret Livingston raised a flag, accompanied by a willing band. They even had a pioneer attorney, who commenced his speech with "Los Angeles is proud of its motion picture industry . . ."

A Charleston contest between the secretary of the Fox casting office and a champion cowboy dancer sent the thirty thousand home with varied thoughts about the joys of a picture career.

NOW Charlie had a pipe organ and Lita had an ear drum, but somehow they didn't harmonize, and Lita Grey Chaplin was taken to the hospital suffering from a severe earache. Of course it may have been coincidental and undoubtedly it was, but it is common gossip that one of Charlie's pet hobbies is to play upon the pipe organ of an evening.

If it really was the pipe organ that gave Lita the earache, Charlie will have to buy an organ muller, or give up those deep melodious pieces. Anyway, Lita is quite recovered.

WINFIELD SHEEHAN, second in command of the Fox organization, testifies that this thing of writing stories to suit the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



\$2

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Buy a worth-while xmas gift on the same basis as 25% of the automobiles are bought. Pay \$2.00 to this ad, indicate selection and mail to-day. Your choice will come for a 15 day trial. Try to duplicate elsewhere for less money. If satisfied, pay balance in 20 equal monthly payments. Otherwise, return and your \$2.00 will be refunded. NO RED TAPE - PROMPT DELIVERY - DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL.

S10 - 14K white gold wrist watch; 2 blue-white diamonds; a blue sapphire. Is jewel movement with expanding bracelet complete, in gift case \$45.00 \$4.30 a month.

S11 - Beautiful Floral design ladies 18K white gold wrist watch, A1 blue-white diamonds \$42.50 \$4.05 a month.

S12 - Ladies 18K white gold ring, 2 diamonds in slants, larger A1 blue-white diamond in center. \$39.50 \$3.75 a month.

S13 - Ladies 18K white gold men's A1 blue-white diamond \$50.00 \$4.80 a month.

S14 - 18K white gold face-work design, with 2 blue-white diamonds \$29.50 \$2.75 a month.

S15 - Gents 18K white gold ring, extra heavy, blue sapphire center; 2 Blue-White diamonds \$57.50 \$5.55 a month.

S16 - Birthstone Dinner ring, 18K White Gold face work design. White birthstone in center. A1 blue-white diamond in heart. Form our own birthstone in heart. Birth month. \$45.00 \$4.30 a month.

S17 - 12 size, 7 jewel Elgin watch; 14K gold-filled case; with chain and 14K gold, filled foot chain, men's complete \$23.50 \$2.15 a month.



S20 - A 12 piece Pearlloid on-Amberstone Boudoir Set Complete in silk-lined presentation box. \$29.50

An Ideal Gift

S18 - Famous BULOVA Gents Strap Watch 14K gold-filled case; 1.5 jewel movement. \$28.50 \$2.65 a month.



S20 - A 12 piece Pearlloid on-Amberstone Boudoir Set Complete in silk-lined presentation box. \$29.50

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This is a picture of Norma Talmadge's dressmaker, known on the screen as Marion Davies. Norma admired a white satin dinner dress, worn by Marion, and Marion sat down and made her one just like it. Marion designs and makes many of her own clothes. In fact, she made the frock that she's wearing in this photograph

Every-day magic

CHAIRS that flop into beds . . . bags that suck up dirt . . . tiny ticking things that count all day long for you. Daylight any night just by pushing a button. A stream that never stops till you turn off a faucet. Any voice you want, talking to you from a cage on your desk or wall. Actions of yesterday, of people miles away, going on on a curtain before you. Stilled throats singing to you from discs; distant throats singing to you from nothing!

Uncanny, daily magic—this, due to national advertising. Advertisements have given you flashlights, telephones, typewriters, automobiles, cold creams, motion pictures. They have given you new eyes, new ears, new hands, new feet, new faces, new emotions. They have urged such wide use, so lowered prices, that almost wishes are autos, almost beggars can ride. Through advertisements you've laid down the shovel and the hoe. You can buy a whole harvest ready-to-eat in cans. There's little old-time work left in this age of amazing short-cuts.



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HERE are several reasons why a subscription to Photoplay Magazine is such an ideal Christmas gift. Not only does it continue its presence month after month—long after the holly and mistletoe are forgotten—but its welcome is absolute. You *know* it will please the recipient.

In these days when everyone is interested in motion pictures, the gift of a magazine that reveals the inside of the art and industry—*every month*—is assured the keenest welcome. Photoplay has the brightest personality stories, the most appealing illustrations and the most reliable information about the stars and their pictures.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

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Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

location or the star didn't start with motion pictures.

At a dinner party the other evening he was moved to the following reminiscence:

"In the old days on the *New York World*, my desk was right next to Irvin Cobb's. One day a theatrical producer named Riley, who had put on the revival of 'Floradora,' came in and told Cobb he wanted a show written. He wanted Cobb to write it. Irvin asked him what he wanted it about and Riley said, 'You come with me and I'll show you.' He took him over to a theatrical warehouse and showed him a beautiful set of scenery representing a Mexican vista. 'Now,' he said, 'I'd like the first act laid in Mexico.' Then he took him over to another warehouse and showed him some more lovely scenery, only this time it was of Japan. He'd had a Japanese play that year that was a failure. 'I'd like the next act laid in Japan,' he said. They went to a final warehouse and he showed him a beautiful set of the Swiss Alps. 'And the last act ought to be in Switzerland,' he said. The funny part of it is Cobb wrote the show.

"It had the long run of one week on Broadway, and Cobb wrote an article about it for *Everybody's* magazine, and that's the way he broke into the magazine game."

MR. WILLIAM WRIGLEY, the man who discovered the profitable way to exercise the great American jaw, has offered a neat sum to the successful swimmer who will navigate the channel between California and Catalina Island.

Reggy Denny, an expert swimmer in addition to being a movie star, decided to cover himself with aquatic glory. Forthwith he telephoned Henry MacRae, general manager of Universal City:

"I'm sick this morning. Can't come to work."

Then Reggy 'phoned a friend at the studio to get him some goggles and a permit to attempt the swim. MacRae got wind of the request and Denny's telephone buzzed:

"What's this about swimming the channel? Thought you were sick," barked MacRae.

"Yes," answered the shameless Reggy. "I thought it would make me feel better to take some exercise."

"If you feel that good, you can come to work."

And Reggy worked.

RUCTIONS, apparently, among the Thalians, that nice little club of screen young people. Lincoln Stedman has been elected president to fill the executive shoes of Raymond Keane; George Lewis is now vice-president and Marjorie Bonner is treasurer. But whatever the ructions were, they have been amiably smoothed and numerous illustrious young folk have been initiated.

Dolores and Helene Costello are among the new members, and Harold Goodwin, Shannon Day, Arthur Lake, Charles Farrell, Alice and Marcelline Day.

Claire MacDowell was patroness the other day and supplied some very old Griffith pictures for showing.

TWO rather elderly ladies sitting in a dentist's outer office were heard discussing motion pictures.

"Well," said one, "I guess John

Barrymore can act all right. But I think he's sort of effeminate. I thought the costumes he wore in 'Bardelys the Magnificent' were sort of effeminate."

"Maybe," said the other, tartly, "but he certainly wasn't effeminate in 'The Copperhead.'"

To the wise fan who knows that John Gilbert starred in "Bardelys," and that it was Brother Lionel Barrymore who played in "The Copperhead," this would seem to be an excellent example of "such is fame."

MADELINE BRANDEIS, the woman who makes wholesome pictures with good children and grown-ups for nice people, has an idea. The idea is so good that it is amazing that no one has thought of it before.

Mrs. Brandeis is going to make a series of six two-reel pictures and she is going to use the offspring of the stars as the axis on which the stories will revolve.

The dramatic action will be carried by professionals, but the interest will be centered on the kids.

For instance, a little two-reel Western with Tim Holt and his sister, Jack's children; or the Harry Carey kids. A bit of drama with Ruth Nagel or Jack and Mary Ford's babies, or, maybe, Carey Wilson's two. Barbara Denny, daughter of handsome, humorous Reggy, will be seen in comedy. Winston Miller, Patsy Ruth's brother, and Mary Carr's daughter, know their greasepaint well enough to be entrusted with real parts.

MARION NIXON, looking very small and very determined and very earnest, as she stood before the judge, had to promise that she would never take Joe Benjamin, her prize-fighter husband, back to her.

This she readily pledged, and the judge handed her a decree.

Thus the little boxer, who brought love and sorrow to Marion's heart, passed from her. They were married last year. Non-support, frequent week-end trips to Tia Juana and finally an alleged threat against her life, made married life a bit too bectic for Marion and she sued for divorce.

I DON'T suppose I should tell you this one and that's just the reason why I can't help it. For it's really a bit brutal even if not true.

It happened on Director Clarence Brown's set. I was chatting with his assistant, Charles Dorian. A certain very charming foreign actress (name deleted by the big editor)—a recent importation—was before the camera at the time. I couldn't help noticing the size of her feet, they were so in contrast with the piquancy of her dainty features.

"Gosh, aren't they whoppers, Charlie?"

I just couldn't help it.

"Sure, kid, sure! Her countrymen are noted for the size of their feet.

"Why, kid, if I had her feet and the feet of (he named another great female star of the same nationality), I could make a thousand dollars a week stamping out forest fires."

IT looks as though we were to lose a beautiful sunny day. That is, if the reports of wires, cables, and long distance telephone calls can be

true. Alice Day, the only Sennett girl without a bathing suit (don't get me wrong, Archie, she goes in for domestic comedy), has kept the wireless operators busy receiving messages from Carl Laemmle Jr., who has been summering on the continent with his father.

Alice says nothing, but smiles prettily, which she does very well, so perhaps it is but one of those youthful crushes. They're both nothing but kids.

THERE are ideals and ideals, says Derelys Perdue. And the ideals of her husband, Louis Feldman, were not hers, so what was there to do but separate? This they are doing, after their marriage last year. Derelys has gone back home to mother, and divorce papers are soon to be filed.

NORMAN TREVOR tells about the engaging wisdom of the colored chauffeur he employed while he was in Hollywood to play *Major Beaujolais* in "Beau Geste." He was motoring one day and stopped before a new public building. The inscription on the cornerstone read: "1926, A. D."

"Do you know what 'A. D.' means, George?" questioned Trevor.

"Ah should say Ah does!"

"Yes?"

"It means 'All Done!'"

WHILE the Crown Prince of Sweden was visiting Hollywood, Hollywood sent a very important visitor to Sweden.

Anna Q. Nilsson has just returned from a two months' visit to her home and birthplace in Sweden—the first since she became a screen favorite.

"I had a gorgeous time and everybody was glad to see me and they were all so pleased at the wonderful reception Hollywood gave Sweden's future ruler," said Anna Q.

She didn't add that she is one of Sweden's most famous daughters, and that they did very well in the way of receiving her. Anna Q. is one of those modest people.

THE Joseph Schildkrauts are starting all over again—for the seventh or eighth time. Which is it? I've lost count. Anyway, Elise



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly for one's teeth. That is why Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic properties, is also universally placed by experts, these days, near the top of the list of modern beauty aids.

When Teeth are Film Free SMILES ARE CHARMING

The Stubborn Film on Teeth to Which Science Ascribes Many Tooth and Gum Disorders. What Numbers of Authorities Suggest Doing for It

BY running your tongue across your teeth, a film will be felt—a slippery sort of coating. Recent dental research proves that film a chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums—the source of most dull teeth, a chief cause of many gum disturbances. Because old ways of brushing failed to remove film successfully, a new way in tooth and gum care is being widely suggested by dental authorities—a way embodied in the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

authority, and embodied in the film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Curdles and Removes Film.

Firms the Gums

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today.

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form. It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

Please Accept Pepsodent Test

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

Now an Effective Film-Removing Tooth Paste

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clean teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay.

Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective.

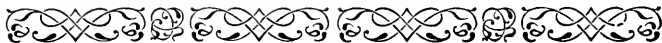
Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental

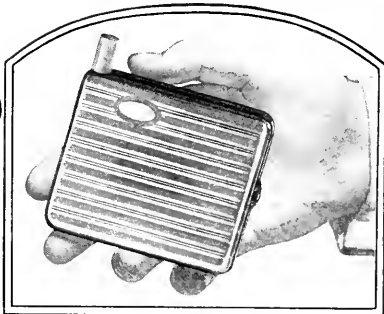


Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne, is a regular cut-up. This is part of her make-up for "Exit Smiling," her first movie. We hope that Beatrice will be as funny on the screen as she is on the stage

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 845, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

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A Real Gift for him!

Something he will use every day and cherish for years to come.

When he wants a smoke, he just presses the lever and up jumps a cigarette ready to light. No trouble, no fumbling, no shaking. Great for auto drivers—one hand does the trick.

Astonishes friends, interests everybody.

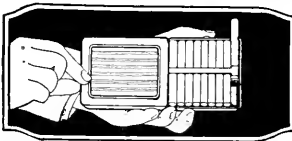
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Write for free Sample.

Bartlett stepped off the train into the arms of Joseph and a long, lingering, loving kiss ensued which lasted until at least three news pictures were taken. One thing can be said for the kiss. It was far more poignant and true than the one Joseph as Judas is to give H. B. Warner as the Christ in "King of Kings."

Mrs. Schildkraut insisted that she wanted a Spanish home with a patio; Joseph murmured something about their now being "mother and father"; and they finally compromised by leaving the station with Mr. and Mrs. C. B. DeMille. It seems "C. B." declared a holiday for the Schildkraut reunion.

I hope he is not establishing a bad precedent.

DOUG hopped off the train at Pasadena and handed Mary into a group of friends who had come to welcome the globe-trotting two. Mary was happy and smiling, anxious to commence work on her shop girl story, but Doug, who, with Mary, traveled from England to France to Spain to Italy to Russia in search of an idea, was quite disconsolate, for he returned without one idea.

It had been in Fairbanks' mind to film a picture of the Crusades with Mary, a long-heralded undertaking, but inability to find the proper backgrounds forced temporary abandonment. Mary is to make three or four pictures and Doug will film several before they have another six months' vacation.

HERE it is again—the best, or the worst, press agent yarn of the month:

"Isn't it odd that the two heaviest featured names with 'Mare Nostrum' are the names of the two most famous horses of the screen—Rex and Tony?"

Don't shoot him, he's really a good kid at heart, with a lot of extra girls depending on him! And besides he buys my lunch occasionally.

HAL ROACH'S energetic press agent must have run out of gags. Here's the one he tells on the young magician who converts laughs into gold. And, incidentally, it's the great-grandchild, in golf knickers, of the story of the gateman, or the dog, or the wife, or the children, who didn't recognize the star in make-up.

Anyway it might be a snicker.

Hal had just returned from two months in New York. He stopped at the studio cafeteria for breakfast. Assembling his eggs and coffee, he stopped at the cashier's desk only to find he didn't have a cent in his golf knickers.

The cashier, very new and unacquainted with the personnel of the studio, was heartless:

"Who are you?"

"I'm Hal Roach."

"Don't try to kid me. Come across with the money. I've got orders to trust no one."

Then up ankled Charlie Chase and the cashier was introduced to her boss.

WHILE on a hunting and yachting trip to Old Mexico, Tom Mix put in at Ensenada for a few days.

They went into the back country each day—packed in—looking for game. They sort of got their signals crossed, for when they went out with their shotguns they saw nothing but deer. And the next day, armed with rifles, they would see nothing but quail. Don't know why they didn't take both kinds of guns at the same time, but seems they didn't. Anyway they had rotten hunting.

"Got one real kick out of the trip, though," said Tom. "Met some fella who was a Mexican war hero or somethin'. Seems he was the first guy to get some certain kind of medal for bravery from the Mexican government. The nation's greatest honor, y' know.

"Pulled it outa his pocket and showed it to me. A great big gold badge all jeweled 'n' everything.

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Be a Beauty Specialist
Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week
Learn while you learn to spare time. 9 great easy lessons make you expert. Marcel, French, Wave, Dryer, Back, Diet, Face, Manicure, Massage, Formulas, etc. Authorized Diploma—Money Back Guarantee. No experience necessary. GET FREE BOOK. Oriental System of Beauty Culture Dept. 212, 1546 Belmont Ave., Chicago



Who wouldn't wear a slave chain of platinum and diamonds? Bert Lytell gave this wedding ring to Claire Windsor, just by way of taking the curse off matrimony. Claire will think twice before she takes off this ring

"Why don't you wear it, fella?" I asks him. "I'm goin' to soon as I can get a vest to pin it on," he up an' says.

"Then I takes another look and decides that his pants an' shirt don't look like Fifth Avenue. An' I felt real sorry for him. That big jeweled medal an' no place to put it but in his britches pocket.

"So, as soon as I gets home I sends him a vest—ten of 'em, to be honest—'cause I ain't got much use for vests myself and I did want him to have the proper background fer his joolery."

VIRGINIA VALLI swept into the Assistance League cafe in all the orchid and pink glory of an Adrian costume. Orchid was the shade of her large hat, orchid was the tulle of the skirt, which fell from a tight bodice to the jeweled French heels of her slim slippers.

Huge flowers of yarn in crocus yellow, gentian blue and rose pink gamboled over the skirt, which swept to the floor and brushed, I must admit, bits of paper, small clouds of dust and a few stray matches with it. Save for its beauty, it was really a very unsanitary skirt.

The apparition was escorted by a military and exceedingly debonair William Powell in a gold and white uniform. Together they made a picture that might have emerged from Godey's Lady Book or the newest musical comedy.

But Jack Ford couldn't see it that way. Out of the corner of his eye, that depicter of virile men and steam engines saw the vision approach. Out of the corner of his mouth he yelled:

"Hey, Virginia! Sweep out that other corner before you sit down!"

THE Wednesday night opening of "Bardels the Magnificent" was a night for newlyweds. They walked gaily, confidently and gracefully past the microphone hidden in the tan and gold King's coach at the entrance of the Carthay Circle Theater. They walked splendidly past the admiring crowds, lining the entrance, and past the arc-light, modestly



Galatea's Beauty Tamed the Dreaded Cyclops

—But He Probably Never
Looked at Her Ankles

At leading stores everywhere:

Silk, with Lisle Top and Sole

Style 145—Sheer weight } \$1.65

Style 155—Medium weight }

Style 255—Service weight } \$1.95

Style 355—"Sheresilk" }

Silk, with New Four-Inch

Lisle Welt and Sole

Style 265—Service weight } \$1.95

Style 365—"Sheresilk" }

All Pure Thread Silk

Style 450—"Sheresilk" } \$2.50

Style 350—Service weight } \$2.75



"Pointex" means perfection and
"Pointex" is made only by "Onyx"

NATURE was generous in the way she chiseled Galatea's classic features. But, she was more than generous in the girth she bestowed on Galatea's ankles. Even her fabled facial beauty could hardly compensate for her ankles—unless, of course, she wore "Onyx Pointex."

"Pointex" has a quality that can't be purchased in any other stocking in the world. It emphasizes every iota of charm that a shapely ankle possesses. The lines of the "Pointex" heel SUGGEST trim slenderness for the same reason that vertical lines in a dress fabric suggest it. You may be sure that your ankles are correct if they are "Pointex" clad. And, remember, if a stocking isn't marked "Onyx", it CAN'T be "Pointex."

"Onyx"  Hosiery
"Pointex"

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"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers

New York



Blondes! Shampoo hair this new way

Keeps light hair from darkening—
Brightens faded Blonde hair

NOW every blonde can have charming attractive hair. This is through a new method of shampooing—which not only prevents blonde hair from darkening, but which actually brings back the true golden beauty even to the most faded and lustreless blonde hair. This new method, called BLONDEX, makes hair wonderfully fluffy, silky, lustrous. Highly beneficial to both hair and scalp. It is not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over one half million users. Money instantly refunded if not delighted. Get Blondex today at all good drug and department stores.

BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo



Jacqueline Logan, lovely-eyed motion picture star

The Instant Appeal of Lovely, Luring Eyes

Dark, gypsy eyes—starry eyes—eyes hauntingly lovely—how instantly they lure when fringed by mysterious, half-concealed lashes! What thrilling love messages are concealed with every bewitching glance!

Intensify the fascination in your own eyes by darkening your lashes with WINX, a harmless liquid dressing which makes the lashes appear thick, heavy, luxurious. WINX dries instantly, clings smoothly, and neither rubs nor smears. Besides, it's waterproof—in rain, in snow, and it's harmless. 75c. U. S. and Canada. Black or brown.

WINKETTE, to outline the brows after powdering, comes in cake form with a one tow brush and mirror, 50c. Black or brown.

Offer! Mail 12c at once for a generous sample of WINX
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WINX
Waterproof

billed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as "the largest in the world."

It was a night of newlyweds. Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor, the very new bride, Eleanor Boardman, in the trailing garments she usually affects, with a wine-colored cape mantling her shoulders; Mr. and Mrs. Lew Cody, Mabel Norman in the white chiffon that belits a bride; Mr. and Mrs. David Milvani, Mac Murray, a soft blush of pink; and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard, Gertrude Olmsted as a bride of at least some months in black lace and silver shawl.

Strolling in the lobby during the intermission

I saw Billie Dove and Irvin Willat, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix—Victoria Mix wearing the white and gold that becomes her so well; Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo in the King Vidor's party; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown, John T. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Roy D'Arcy, Dolores Costello, earning her title of "exquisite" in cornflower blue, John Roche, the Lubitsches, the Charles Rays.

I can't name everyone who was there, but it was the first premiere of what is destined to be a busy fall season, and that means no one missed it.

Fakers of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

through the studio, dined and accorded the honors such a title would demand, which usually means being photographed in friendly attitude with such immortals as Ramon Novarro, Antonio Moreno, Lew Cody, or, if the title is big enough, with Greta Garbo.

"The 'Baron'" stayed in Los Angeles for some weeks, during which time he cashed a number of checks. Then he left town. It was discovered the checks were as good—or as bad—as his title. And that was absolutely worthless.

"Baron Krupp"—the Big Bertha man from Essen—tried to commit suicide when apprehended by officers in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A BEAUTIFUL blonde who greatly resembled Claire Windsor had great sport leading on Claire's fame. She confined her tobogganing on the royal runners of picture fame to the Middle West, where she incurred large hotel bills at principal hostesses and bought numerous gowns, charging them all to Claire. Chicago was the center of activity for the beautiful, but so dumb, lady.

When Claire arrived in Chicago on her first visit to the city, there was some consternation among the officials at a large hotel where she stopped.

"We are sorry, Miss Windsor, but you will have to settle your previous account before we can accept your registration."

Claire proved that she had never been in Chicago before and officers were set on the trail of the bogus "Claire."

Conrad Nagel is another victim of impersonators. About a year ago he began receiving letters from England which usually commenced with:

"Dear Mr. Nagel: You will recall when we met in London . . ." And ended: "I would greatly appreciate the return of the loan I made you."

At the time these loans were made, Nagel was hard at work on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and the closest touch he had with Britain was the English-made suit he wore.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer exchange in England was asked to help, with the result that Conrad's impersonator was soon tracked down.

Another love and a desire that her three-year-old boy have his chance to become a second Jackie Coogan prompted an unknown woman to take the name of Mrs. John Hicks, Jr., wife of Paramount's Australian Sales Manager.

It happened that Mr. and Mrs. Hicks, Jr., had been visiting in Los Angeles, but had left for San Francisco the night before the fake Mrs. Hicks, Jr., phoned.

"I am Mrs. John Hicks, Jr.," the woman said over the telephone. "My husband has returned to Australia, but I am staying in Hollywood to give my child his chance at a screen career." She then asked for a screen test for the child.

The Lasky employee answering the phone knew that the real Mrs. Hicks, Jr., and her husband had left town the preceding night.

"We will be glad to make a screen test of the boy. Will you write us a letter, repeating what you have said over the phone?"

The letter arrived signed "Mrs. Anne Hicks, Jr.," but when the Paramount people tried to reach the woman they were unable to locate her.

They still have the letter.

Movie-struck girls are among the impostors who use false credentials to gain admittance to the studios. One girl who posed as a staff writer on the *Boston Post* presented herself at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

She claimed to have been sent west by the paper to do a column a day on the extra people of Hollywood.

Pictures were taken of the girl, she was registered at the Central Casting Agency; then a telegram was sent to the paper to verify her statements. Word was received that they had never heard of her at the *Boston Post*. However, the girl never returned to claim her pictures and all traces of her were lost.

LAST May a beautiful and dashing red-haired girl landed in Los Angeles claiming to be Lady Diana Bathurst, daughter of the Earl of Athol, who was the seventh Earl of Bathurst. She stated she was commissioned to sell a half dozen paintings, done by the late Ivan Kalynkoss, court painter to the Czar of Russia.

Lady Diana, a clever conversationalist and an extremely decorative guest, was honored by several organizations. She circulated in the film colony. And she acquitted herself charmingly. Then storm clouds brewed. It seemed that the British Consulate in San Francisco doubted her title. Lady Diana was righteously indignant. She insisted that papers from England were due any day. They would prove the authenticity of her title. Then the British consul in Los Angeles arose to remark that there was no Lady Diana Bathurst listed in the peerage.

Rumor had it she was simply Virginia Geraldine Hurst of Texas or points south.

Lady Diana was photographed for the papers, less crossed with vast expanse of attractive silken limb showing. Then she dropped from sight.

The British consul still insists there is no Lady Diana Bathurst in the peerage.

About eighteen months ago a young man of nineteen arrived in New York City in search of fame. Things did not break well for him and a chance remark decided the youth on a course of action. A remark that he resembled Ben Lyon was his clue. He registered at one of New York's finest hotels. Ben Lyon and then began a series of happenings. Bills began to arrive at the Biograph studios where Ben works nine months out of twelve—from a fashionable tailor—two or three hotels—a Fifth Avenue shoe shop—all came to Ben, who stared open-mouthed at the bad news. He could not recall patronizing any of these concerns and told each one so. A visit made to the shops persuaded the managers that they had been duped.

Ben finally found the youth and brought him before his lawyer, where he swore to his false impersonation, and then Ben sent him home to the great West without pressing any charges against him. The youth, however, could not take his lesson and returned to New York, where next time he was caught by a hotel and sent to Sing Sing.

Only recently another boy came to New York to seek his fame and fortune. Things again did not break, and another chance remark that he resembled Ben Lyon decided him in a course of action.

Only this youth did not say that he was Ben Lyon, but told several that he was Ben's brother.

One day a well known actress in the motion picture field told a friend of Ben that she thought it was an awful thing for a man in Ben's affluent position to permit a brother to go about town busted and down and out. The friend went to Ben.

Ben's only brother was in Florida, a married man, prosperous and the father of two lovely kiddies.

Then Ben and his manager became detectives. They sought his pseudo-brother and after a series of adventures located him through a landlady who, because he was the brother of Ben, had let him run board and room rent *ad lib.*, so to speak. Then he was sent to The Tombs. Ben then learned that he had a wife and child and no criminal record, and did not press the charges. He gave him some money and advice and the youth, on last accounts, was making good.

Film stars are often afflicted with bogus brothers, sisters and cousins. It's either the glory or a pecuniary gain that prompts these impersonations. Richard Barthelmess, for instance, was forced to call on the law in the case of a man who posed as "Robert Barthelmess" and succeeded in cashing several checks, saying he was Dick's brother.

When Gilda Gray made her Los Angeles appearance with "Aloma of the South Seas," she was guest of the Edgewater Beach Club one evening.

A girl approached her table and claimed to be a relative from Poland. Said she wanted Gilda to help her get into pictures. Gilda questioned her, asked her intimate questions about the family, and the girl failed miserably to answer them.

She finally left after Gilda had routed her with questions.

This was simply the case of a movie-mad girl who wanted a screen chance.

VALENTINO'S death brought another impostor to Hollywood. He claimed he had heard the call to take Rudy's place in the film world. On the very day of Valentino's burial, a young man requested an interview with Fred Datig, casting director for Famous Players-Lasky.

He made the application in person, well-laden with luggage.

He admitted having arrived that day on the two o'clock train from the East, it then being three in the afternoon.

He claimed to be the son of a wealthy Cincinnati family and presented letters of introduction from three important New York motion picture men.

Investigation revealed that the letters were forged and that he was not a scion of wealth. He folded his tent like the Arab he never was to be on the screen and silently stole away.

Probably the most ambitious and inventive impostor is the one who has been posing as Charles Ray's brother, and lately, his cousin. He is a rangy lad, very tall, and a person not very well acquainted with the real Charles Ray might discover a family resemblance.

He calls himself Albert Ray and is thought to come from Boston, although he claims to have been born in Jacksonville, Illinois, Charles' birthplace. He first made his appearance two and a half years ago, when his activities consisted of frequenting the studios trying to get extra work.



Iridio-platinum, jeweled with 20 diamonds



Specially posed by Viola Dana, popular screen star

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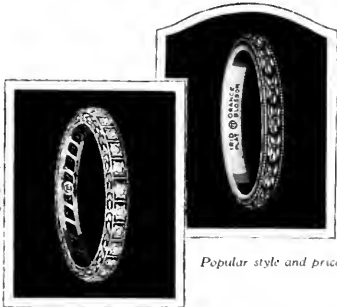
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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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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Calcium clears away *every* impurity that keeps the skin sallow or dull. It keeps pores purged, and the cuticle clean. You'll feel and see the difference from the very first day you take a tiny, sugar-coated Stuart calcium wafer!

The most marvelous, and gentlest regulator in the whole world, and your druggist has the same purse or pocket size—for a dime!

FREE: A full box, and valuable book, if you write the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. C47, Marshall, Mich.

STUART'S

CALCIUM WAFERS

When he got low in funds, he solicited magazine subscriptions from Hollywood celebrities, informing them that he was Charlie's brother.

Charlie has a bona fide cousin by the name of Albert Ray who is, and has been, a Fox comedy director for six years. Al became aware of the impostor when clothing ordered by the fake Ray was charged to him. Later, the fake Albert Ray phoned the real Al Ray, stating that he had a large sum of money to invest in the production of pictures and that he would like the director, Al Ray, to direct the actor "Albert Ray" in a series.

The boy posed, not only as Charlie's brother, but as a war hero knighted by the King of Belgium and later decorated by General Pershing. He often affixed a "Sir" to his name.

a document, purporting to be signed before a notary by Charles Ray, giving him the right to appear with the showing of Charlie's personally produced picture, "The Girl I Loved." At one time the press carried a story that "Sir Albert Ray" was to go into vaudeville in a sketch taken from "The Girl I Loved," and adapted by James W. Riley.

He was arrested in a Middle Western town recently and held for five days at the instigation of the American Legion Post, who investigated the validity of his medals. He could not produce the actual medals, although he had talked continuously of them, and was finally released, as the Legion could press the charge no farther, "Sir Albert" never having served in the army.

Identification of Pictures on Pages 60 and 61

1. RAUL WALSH and JOSEPH HENABERRY, now directors, appeared as actors in "The Birth of a Nation." WALSH played *John Wilkes Booth* and HENABERRY appeared as *Lincoln*. And this, of course, is the scene from the Griffith classic showing the assassination of Lincoln at Ford's Theater in Washington.

2. The star is MARGUERITE CLARK, who played *Little Eva* in an early version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Universal is now making another version of Harriet Beecher Stowe's history-making story. And the little dark gal is also MARGUERITE CLARK, who played both *Eva* and *Topsy*.

3. This director is RUPERT JULIAN. And you know as well as we do that he's made up to look like the ex-Kaiser. MR. JULIAN did this bit of royal villainy in "The Beast of Berlin." June Mathis wrote the story.

4. GERALDINE FARRAR and WALLACE REID appeared together in "Joan, the Woman." It was Miss FARRAR's screen debut and WALLY's first big rôle. Famous Players-Lasky filmed the picture and Cecil B. De Mille directed it. It was released in 1916.

5. REGINALD DENNY made one of his earliest hits with CONSTANCE BINNEY in "39 East." John Robertson, the director, gave him the job.

6. "La Boheme," now filmed with LILLIAN GISH and JOHN GILBERT in the leading rôles, was made years ago by World Film. ALICE BRADY played *Mimi*.

7. ADOLPHE MENJOU played a minor rôle with RUDOLPH VALENTINO in "The Sheik." AGNES AYRES, of course, is the lady shown with him in this scene. He played the rôle of *Raoul de St. Hubert*.

"Sir Albert Ray's" activities are sporadic. Months will pass without word of his doings, but he seems to have sufficient money to travel the country. He paid a visit to Seattle, Washington, where he met Bryant Washburn, motion picture actor, and introduced himself as Charlie's brother. Washburn wired Charlie, discovered the hoax and "Sir Albert" was invited to leave town. Shreveport, La., had "Charlie Ray's brother" in the prologue to Charles Ray's "Paris." The bogus brother danced with a local beauty and later the girl's parents wrote Charlie in Hollywood that his brother was very clumsy and as a result the girl was sadly lamed for several weeks. He was billed in the papers as "Charlie Ray's brother—author, director and star."

One of the most daring exploits was to forge

One day "Sir Albert's" nerve reached colossal proportion and he approached Charles Ray's mother with the query that "he wondered if Charlie objected to having him say he was his brother."

Arthur Rosson, Paramount director, said that while coming up from the South Seas, some three years ago, he met on board ship a young man who introduced himself as John Haldane, eldest son of the Earl of Haldane, then living in Australia.

He was a good-looking chap with a singularly great charm of manner, with Oxford written all over him.

Some three weeks after he returned to Hollywood, Rosson said he received a telephone call from Haldane, who visited him and wound up by becoming a house guest at Rosson's home,

where he then remained for some six weeks.

During this time, Rosson introduced him to his friends and he was accepted everywhere. Haldane made no attempt to crash into the movies, but spoke from time to time of launching an independent production company with the backing of his father.

He received rather large sums of money at regular intervals, which he said were remittances, and spent it freely.

Then one night there was a big raid staged by the Hollywood police on a Highland Avenue garage, which turned out to be a huge bootlegging headquarters.

Simultaneously, Haldane disappeared, and investigation developed that, far from being an earl, he was the go-between for a gang of run runners operating between Australia and Southern California. He's never been seen since.

LAST year Pat O'Malley received a very encouraging letter from a girl who signed herself Margaret J. Selwyn, 126 Hyde Street, San Francisco.

It referred to the wholly delightful and rather hectic courtship that had ensued when Pat was in San Francisco.

It went on to ask why he had not written her, as he had promised, and spoke of their chance meeting which had preceded the romance. It seems the acquaintance had been made in a picture theater during the run of "The Eternal Struggle," Pat's current film.

Apparently the unknown Lothario had introduced himself as Pat O'Malley, star of the production.

The San Francisco police department was notified; the girl was found, but proved to be very reticent when questioned; later, when the police tried to find her to query her further, she had disappeared.

O'Malley thinks it might have been an incipient blackmail plot, or some impostor trying to make a hit with the girl.

When Estelle Taylor made some purchases at Marshall Field's in Chicago last season and ordered them sent to the Blackstone Hotel, there was no small amount of eyebrow raising on the part of the clerks. A girl, representing herself to be Miss Taylor, had preceded Estelle's shopping tour by several hours, had made many purchases throughout the store and ordered them sent to the Blackstone Hotel.

When Estelle arrived at the hotel, after ironing out the difficulty at Field's, she found awaiting her dresses, hats, shoes, lingerie from Field's and Mandel's.

The bogus Estelle had gone on a grand shopping orgy with no thought of gain other than the glory of posing as Estelle Taylor. The morning papers had carried accounts of Estelle's arrival and where she was stopping, and from them the girl had gleaned her information.

A number of years ago, when Creighton Hale was better acquainted in the motion picture circles of New York than those of Hollywood, he kept hearing of a man who posed as his brother.

They went in the same set, Creighton and this fellow, but never had met. There was nothing vicious about the man. He merely posed as blood brother to Hale.

Finally they met, and to Creighton's face the fellow claimed to be his brother.

Creighton denied it and commenced questioning the chap:

"What is your mother's name?"

"Virginia Hale," said the man.

"And your father's name?"

"James Hale."

"I mean your real father's name," insisted Hale.

The fellow reddened at the implied insult.

"James Hale, of course!"

"Well, that's not my father's name nor my mother's name.

"Hale is a professional name that I took when I went on the stage."

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Below

The lines and coarse pores—worse than bird-days to betray a woman's age.



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There is a radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satin-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 complexions! Only the girl who suffers, knows.

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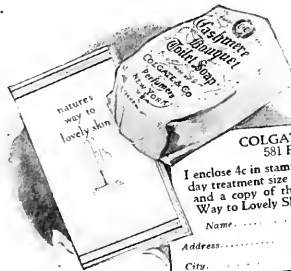
All up-to-date, scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

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 squdgy. 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.

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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 refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel.

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ACTUAL SIZE

Arabian Knights

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

"Where?"

"Down to the waterfront to watch the ships an' git ideas. Him an' Florian Slappey is goin'."

Mr. Randall emitted a large and raucous laugh, and Mrs. Clump leaned forward.

"What at is you laughin', Brother Randall?" "Nothin', Mis' Clump. Nothin' at all—'cept that a lady which has been maided to a man as long as you has, should b'lieve such fumadiddles."

"You mean my husban' ain't gwine to no waterfront? You mean you know where him an' Florian is really goin'?"

"Uh-huh." Mr. Randall drummed on the table-top. "Now you mind, Sicily—I ain't tryin' to start somethin'. But I happen to know that where Cesar an' Florian really is goin' is down to a Arab dancin'-girl place on a l'il alley right off that Rue de la Kasba we seen the other day."

Sicily smiled. "Tha's where you is wrong, Opus. The place what you mention, Florian an' my husban' went to las' night with my permission."

"Aaah! An' they had such a good time with them cullud dancin' ladies that tonight they goes back without tellin' you they is doin' such." Opus rose ponderously. "Sicily, what you ain't got in you' hair is no brains."

He retired in excellent order, leaving Sicily Clump sitting straight up in her chair, eyes focused upon a tangerine. She knew instinctively that Opus had spoken the truth, and her wifely wrath was beginning to mount.

REVIEWING the events of the past week, it seemed as though her husband and Florian had been unnaturally zealous in their hunt for filmable material. Last night Cesar had told her frankly that he wished to visit a hall where Algerian girls performed Arab dances. His frankness disarmed her, and she gave her permission. But if, tonight, he was returning to the dance hall and concealing his intention of doing so—then she felt that it behooved her, as a lawfully wedded spouse, to do something.

Mr. Randall was thoroughly satisfied with the start he had made. He knew Sicily was no bungler. He realized that she would proceed carefully—and to the complete eventual discomfiture of the dapper director who persisted in making Opus's life one misery after another. Meanwhile he seated himself on the ground with his back against an orange tree and lost himself in thought. A peaceful smile played about his lips and until a voice broke upon his ears he was unaware of another's presence in the vicinity.

"What is you so happy about, Opus?"

Mr. Randall looked up at the trim little figure of Edwin Boscoe Fizz, Midnight's second director. Mr. Randall frowned. He resented the imputation that he was happy.

"I see mis'able!" he snapped. "Entirely an' completely unhappy."

"How come you is smilin', then?"

"Just got to fool people. 'Fraid if I don't smile, folks will stop thinkin' I see a comedijn. But my heart ain't smilin', Eddie—it's bustin'."

Mr. Fizz seated himself beside the portly actor. "Shuh! Opus, that ain't no way to talk. S'pose you tell me what's wrong?"

Mr. Randall was quite willing to unburden himself. "I showly wisht you was my director, Eddie—instead of that uppity, struttin' Cesar Clump. What I think of that feller—"

Eddie Fizz stiffened. "Quit talkin' that away, Opus. Cesar Clump is the fondest man I is of."

"Well, I ain't gwine be yo' rival. You is a better man than him an' a better director. Was you handlin' me, you woul'n't be doin' me the dirty tricks he is."

"Like what, f'rinstance?"

Opus unfolded his worries and laid them out before the eyes of Eddie Fizz. But somehow, Eddie failed to agree with him, even though he was sympathetic. Soft-heartedness was one of Eddie's greatest shortcomings. "I think you takes things all wrong, Opus," he volunteered. "Wasn't you such a good actor, you woul'n't git so much rough stuff to do. An' you is lucky to have such a swell director as Cesar—"

"Piffles! That slice of tripe! That—"

"You ain't call him out of his name befo' me!" Eddie had risen and was confronting the infuriated Opus with aggressive loyalty.

"I reckon I can. I ain't quarrelin' with you, Eddie. I like you fine. But I has got my 'pinion of Mustuh Julius Cesar Clump an' there ain't nobody gwine change me. N'r neither I ain't no pusion to sit back idle an' git stepped on. Cesar has insulted me, an' when I see insulted I fights! I see gwine make that feller wish he hadn't never been bawn. I see gwine—"

"Is you threatenin' him?"

"Tha's the one thing I ain't doin' nothin' else but!"

Mr. Fizz turned away. "I ain't listen to you no mo' then, Opus. Us is friends, but Cesar is mo' friendlier with me than you, so I bids you a respective good evenin'."

Opus stared after the slim figure. He liked Eddie—couldn't help liking the modest, inoffensive little man whose genius for comedy had elevated him to his present important post over the handicap of a shy, sensitive disposition. But he resented Eddie's loyalty to Cesar Clump.

What if Clump had worked with Eddie and taught him all he knew? What if Eddie had attained directorship through handling Sicily Clump when her husband failed? Gratitude was one thing, but Opus felt that Mr. Fizz carried it to the point of insanity.

AS for Eddie Fizz, he was considerably worried. He discounted Opus's threats, of course. Opus was always threatening somebody. He was an inveterate trouble-maker, the single member of the Midnight troupe possessing a violent case of temperament. But, just the same, it was well for him to know—as Cesar's staunch friend—that there was somebody in the organization who bore him ill-will.

A low whistle was wafted to his ears. He traced it with his eyes and saw that it came from the lips of the elegant Mr. Florian Slappey. Florian leaned out of the window and called softly.

"Hey, Eddie—come up to my room a minute."

Mr. Fizz obeyed. He mounted the stairway and entered the bare little cubicle which Mr. Slappey occupied in solitary state. Then his eyes fell upon the other occupant of the room.

"Hello, Cesar."

"Howdy, Eddie."

Florian dropped an affectionate hand on Eddie's shoulder and spoke beatifically. "Man! where Cesar an' I was las' night!"

"That dancin' girl place?"

"Uh-huh!" Florian rolled his eyes. "Hot diggity dawg!"

J. Cesar Clump chuckled. "How 'bout you goin' back there with us tonight, Eddie?"

Mr. Fizz frowned. "You goin' back there?"

"Tha's the most thing we is aimin' to do."

"But Cesar—how come Sicily lets you return to a place like that?"

Mr. Clump laughed loudly. "Shub! Eddie, she don't know nothin' 'bout it. She thinks I an' Florian is gwine be gallyvintin' aroun' the waterfront lookin' fo' litry material."

"No?"

"Yea. Golla! she woul'n't dream of leavin' me go to see no Algiers dancin' girls a secon'

time. Once was had enough. So I an' Florian framed this story an' right away she says all right we can go. Now we was thinkin' that you would have the time of yo' life. . . . Boy! until you has visited that place, you ain't been nowhere an' you ain't seen nothin'. How 'bout it?"

Eddie shook his head. "Nothin' stirrin', Caesar. Glorious woul'n't never say yes."
"You ain't got to 'splain ev'rythin' to yo' wife, has you?"

"Uh-huh. Us promised each other that."
Florian grimaced. "What good is a wife if you cain't break promises to her? C'mon, Eddie—be a good sport."

"Cain't make it, boys." He stared at Caesar thoughtfully. "Anybody but me know where you-all is goin'?"

"I don't reckon so."
"Well, don't tell nobody then."
Caesar smiled affectionately. "Ol' Sad Face! Why not?"

"Cause ev'body in this comp'ny ain't yo' friend, Caesar. An' was Sicily to find out where you was at—"

Both men whistled expressively. Eddie wished them luck and went his way. Once out of the room Florian and Caesar looked apprehensively at each other.

"What you reckon he meant, Florian?"
"Talkin' 'bout Opus Randall, mos' probly. He's hatin' you plenty in the las' few days."
"He don't know nothin' 'bout this trip to-night, does he?"

"Showly not." There was the faintest quiver of doubt in Florian's voice. "Co'se I guess there's some in the comp'ny suspects where we is gwine. We done a heap of talkin' this mawnin' an' Opus might of heard."

Mr. Clump's eyes narrowed hostilely. "If that fat slab of side-meat ever tol' my wife on me. . . . But shuh! we ain't doin' nothin' but borryin' trouble. Sicily don't suspek nothin' an' us is gwine have the time of our lives."

Mr. Slappy grinned hugely. "Chief, when you said that you show spoke a parabola!"

At three o'clock that afternoon a party of three, consisting of Director Clump, Camera-man Exotic Hines and Author Fortep Swain, left the hotel on a tour of inspection. They were seeking locations for certain important comedy shots and were intent on business.

Mrs. Sicily Clump stood at her window and watched them go. They moved off down the Rue Michelet and passed from sight. Immediately Sicily swung into action.

She descended to the hotel gardens and gusted for the company's official Algiers guide. She found him chatting amiably with two taxi drivers.

M. FERNAND BOUTIERRE was a decidedly estimable gentleman. His credentials were unimpeachable, as President Orifice R. Latimer had taken very good care to see after a certain thoroughly disastrous experience in Biskra.

Fernand was of medium height and modest structure. In complexion he was of that doubtful mahogany tinge which marks the native Algerian. Born and reared within the corporate limits of the sprawling, hilly city on the north African coast, Fernand had learned to speak French fluently. Later he had picked up bits of English from tourists and then had seriously studied the language until now it was his proud boast that he spoke it as good as a native.

A large tourist bureau had recommended Fernand without qualification. He was licensed by the police and they asserted that he was familiar with everything in Algiers from palace to pest-hole. He spoke on terms of respectful intimacy with officials and wharf-rats. Proprietors of two large halls where boule and baccarat flourished knew him well, and there was no iniquitous establishment in the city which was not eager to welcome him and his clients.

His chief recommendation was that wherever he chose to guide a person—there that person was safe. Being a native Algerian, he

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held high social rank among his kind. French shopkeepers and entertainment purveyors catered to the man.

Sicily Clump knew Fernand well, and liked him. She opened the interview by pressing in his hand a crisp, new hundred-franc note, realizing that this made of Fernand her staunch ally—unless somebody happened to come along with more than a hundred francs.

She spoke earnestly and lengthily with M. Boutierre. At first he raised his hands in horror and shook his head violently. Once he offered to return her hundred francs. But Mrs. Clump was insistent. He spoke of risks and she volunteered to assume them. He told her he dared not jeopardize his very excellent position with Midnight, and she promised protection: she gave her word that he was to be merely an innocent bystander. And at the crucial instant of his indecision, she produced a second hundred-franc note.

FERNAND was converted. Much against his better judgment he consented to put himself at her disposal. She then proceeded to speak more specifically and a half hour later the somewhat doubtful M. Boutierre boarded a tram for downtown, there to seek the native clothing shop of a very good friend. Frankly, Fernand regarded it as a very silly proceeding—entirely too much ado about nothing at all. What if this woman's husband cared to visit—for the second time in two nights—an irrefragable dancing establishment? Fernand shrugged. The mental ways of these American women were quite beyond him. Why, the place was so respectable that he frequently took tourist ladies to watch the dancing. . . . invariably to their disappointment. Native Algerian dances lack considerable of the paprika which seasons the famous French Can-Can.

Shortly before the dinner hour Fernand returned from the native quarter with a large bundle and a suggestion. He had surveyed the situation from every angle and finally made it quite clear to Sicily that he would take her to the dancing place only on condition that some colored gentleman in the company should accompany them. This, Fernand felt, would leave him in the clear should things go wrong.

Much to his amazement, Sicily did not protest. In fact, she instantly and heartily endorsed the idea and immediately went in search of Opus, whom she found staring down miserably upon the Mediterranean sea.

Opus demurred. It was one thing to start the ball rolling, and quite another to trot along with it. Sicily used powerful argument, and

eventually Opus consented to accompany them to the dance palace.

"But," said he, in qualification of his agreement, "I ain't gwine in. I goes downtown in the taxi with you-all, but when we gets to that place, I waits outside."

"Why?"
"You is gwine be disguised. I ain't. Minute I go in, Casar an' Florian reckernizes me . . . then the whole scheme goes blooie. Ain't that the truth?"

"Yeh . . . seems so."
"Tis so. You don't want yo' husban' to know you is there. An' with me waitin' outside, he won' know nothin'."

"Good enough. Now, you keep yo' eyes open this evenin', Brother Randall, an' as soon as Casar an' Florian starts downtown you hunt me up."

DINNER that evening was a gala affair. There was unusual jocularly and good nature, most of the laughter emanating from J. Casar Clump, Florian Slappey, Sicily Clump and Opus Randall. The first two stood upon the threshold of a glorious evening, Sicily was determined that any lurking suspicion on the part of her husband should be allayed and Opus was chuckling inwardly at the thought of the revenge he was about to take.

Mr. Randall was, as a matter of fact, in fine fettle. His deep voice boomed across the room. He fairly oozed high spirits. Personally unpopular as he was, the others were laughing with him—all save Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz, whose mild little eyes turned inquiringly upon the fat comedian. Mr. Fizz felt that there must be something sinister behind Opus's abrupt climb from the nadir of unhappiness to the zenith of jocularly.

By the time dinner ended, night had settled over Algiers in a rich, purple mantle. The sky was cloudless and spangled with stars. From the hotel veranda one could look down upon the sprawling city; the wide, tree-sentinelled streets of the French quarter, the white houses and mosques in the native section. The panorama was weirdly beautiful in the moonlight. . . . Casar and Florian took their leave and, as long as they remained within earshot, discussed loudly the sort of pictorial material they hoped to discover on the proposed tour of the congested and malodorous waterfront.

Less than fifteen minutes after their departure, Sicily Clump answered a tap on her door. She took from M. Boutierre a sizeable bundle, and talked with him briefly in subdued tones. She closed the door and started to dress.



Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton follow the advice of the poster, only to discover that the girls in Waikiki are wearing Mother Hubbards this season. Beery and Hatton make their last appearance together in "We're in the Navy Now"

Less than twenty minutes after that, Mrs. Sicily Clump, feminine star of Midnight productions, surveyed herself in the mirror. The reflection showed an Arab lady of unusual shapeliness, encased in a long, flowing robe of white. The head was completely covered and the lower half of her face was concealed by a white veil. Only the eyes shone forth . . . and they were twinkling with a mixture of excitement and anger.

Sicily was well content. "Cesar woul'n' never know me," she observed to her reflection. "In fact, I ain't so sure I'd recognize myself."

She tapped on the door as a signal to Fernand, who was waiting in the hall. He entered and exclaimed rapturously, declaring that even an Algerian would mistake her for a native. He then bade her wait, while he inspected the narrow hall leading to the side door.

He returned in a few moments. Sicily took his arm, gathered her Arabian robe about her, and they slipped down the stairway, along the dark hall and thence into a taxi which was waiting outside. Opus was already there. He was enthusiastic. "Golla! Sicily—how moslemmed up you is!"

She smiled. "You is sure that they ain't nobody saw'n us?"

"Positively not. I been standin' heah waitin' an' nobody but the taxi driver ain't been near heah."

Mrs. Clump was satisfied. But neither she nor Opus knew of the loyalty which had aroused the suspicions of Eddie Fizz, nor of the determination with which he had shadowed Opus Randall since dinner.

Eddie had missed no move of Opus's since the conclusion of that meal. He felt that something was brewing—and when Mr. Randall posted himself by the side door of the hotel, Mr. Fizz scrooched himself in the shadow of a nearby palm tree—and watched.

What he had just seen appeared to more than justify such pains as he had taken. First there had been Opus standing alone—expectantly. Then the figure of Fernand Boutierre appearing briefly, speaking a few words with the large actor; then beckoning with his right hand. At once, as though he had been waiting for this particular signal, a taxicab rolled out of line, and came to a halt near where Mr. Randall was standing. Opus immediately entered.

FERNAND re-entered the hotel. He appeared again a few seconds later accompanied by a modestly veiled Arab woman. This couple joined Opus in the taxi and the vehicle rolled down the driveway toward the gate of the hotel grounds.

Eddie Fizz stepped out of the shadow of the palm tree. The Arab woman puzzled him. Then his mind flashed back over the episodes and apprehensions of the afternoon, and a great light broke upon him. He clapped his hands together and his eyes blazed.

"Ow!" he murmured, "what a dirty trick!" His legs twinkled upstairs to his room, where he found his wife, Glorious. He spoke jerkily. "Don' ast me no questions, honey; an' don' say nothin' to nobody no time. But Cesar Clump is in trouble, an' I has got to git him out."

Mrs. Fizz patted his hand. "Go ahead, Eddie. I ain't gwine to say nothin', an' I won't repeat myse'f."

He was gone as abruptly as he entered. He shot out of the front door like a slender, black arrow and pitched himself into a taxi. He motioned the driver into the Rue Michelet and gestured toward the town below. Wild contortions indicated to his driver that he desired speed and plenty of it.

They started toward the lower town at a break-neck rate, twisting this way and that, coming now within sight of the harbor, and again being hemmed in by high walls surrounding handsome homes. Eventually there appeared far ahead of them another car in the rear of which Eddie could discern the veiled and hooded figure of the woman he believed was Sicily Clump. In his very worst and most painstaking French he explained to the driver

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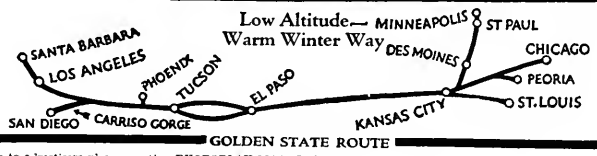
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that he wished the other taxi trailed—but not too closely.

Their way led through the French quarter; a section of wide streets and imposing shops—very much like any city of France. Then they turned to the left and progress was slower. The streets narrowed, seeming to close in upon them. They rose sharply, buildings lost individuality . . . they found themselves in a twisting, tortuous maze of narrow cobblestoned alleys. The native quarter was picturesque, but not prepossessing. Lights glowed palely—intensifying the outer darkness; the streets were crowded with burmooed Algerians moving with slow indifference, or merely squatting against the stucco walls and gazing with some hostility and considerable distaste toward the taxi. It was a silent section of the city; sinisterly quiet; narrow; treacherous. . . .

MEANWHILE, in the leading taxi, Sicily Clump was wondering whether she had allowed wifely indignation to vanquish common sense. In broad daylight the native quarter had attracted her. Now, she felt herself oppressed by vague fears. She fancied that she detected criticism in certain native eyes—as though they were asking what a veiled Algerian lady was doing in a taxicab with an American negro and a native guide.

Even the bazaars, so intriguing in the daytime, were pale and uninteresting tonight. The ineffective lights glowed weirdly on the white walls . . . and there were blocks where there was no light at all; merely scores of ghostlike figures moving soundlessly in the night.

Sicily regretted the trip, but now that she had come this far she had no intention of turning back. Her resentment against her husband was flaming. It was all his fault! What right had he to force her to trail him down here!

"Is we near the place, Fernand?"
 "Ver' near quite, Madame. Almost are there."

She sighed. "Remember, Fernand—if I

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should be reckernized we is just gwine say that I was studyin' for a part I se gwine play in a Arab pitcher, an' that I made you bring me heah."

"Madame is correct. For Arab part she desire to see Arab dance so Fernand is delight 'to escort, n' est-ce pas?"

"Oui—oui!" broke in Opus; "we gotcha, Fernand."

Their taxi moved with difficulty along the Rue Babel Oued, a populous street urgent with color, odor and life. In the center, and flanking both sides, were tiny shops displaying odds and ends: nondescript garments, bits of glassware, pieces of filmy silk, ragged and worthless rugs, squares of gaudy, imitation tapestry. Halfway along this narrow, pulsing thoroughfare they came to the corner of the Rue de la Kasba, where the Eglise Notre Dame des Victoires gleamed whitely in the moonlight. An ancient mosque of impressive dimensions and architecture, it affected Sicily Clump with a bad case of creeps.

But even more impressive was the narrow street they swung into after proceeding a few squares upgrade along the Rue de la Kasba. This was indeed the narrowest street they had yet traversed, and just as Sicily was on the point of reconsidering, the taxi stopped and Fernand announced that they had arrived.

The house before which they stood was more impressive than its somewhat squalid neighbors. It was of strictly Moorish design with an ornate entrance. Fernand instructed the taxi driver to keep his headlights burning until after he and Sicily had entered the house. Opus settled himself comfortably in the rear of the car and wished the others much luck.

Obviously Mr. Fernand Boutierre was well known in this particular establishment. The girl at the door smiled a greeting and gazed with casual curiosity at the figure of the veiled woman. Fernand walked ahead and Sicily followed, her heart thumping.

They came into a large room, perhaps twenty feet wide by forty in depth, across the width of which benches had been placed. But the second floor of the building did not form a ceiling to the room. Instead, a balcony circled the hall about sixteen feet above the first story, and leading off from this balcony were several ornately carved doorways.

At the lower end of the hall was the stage: a simple platform raised perhaps two feet from the floor. On this stage were dancers and orchestra.

AS Sicily and Fernand seated themselves in a dark, obscure corner where they could not be recognized the orchestra sounded off. It performed this feat without undue formality. One portly Algerian lady yanked deftly on an instrument resembling a flageolet, another scraped earnestly at a sort of fiddle. And the drummer drummed.

The drummer fascinated Mrs. Clump. For one thing, he seemed to be the only man connected with the enterprise; for another, he was a man of striking proportions. Probably six feet in height and correspondingly broad; with a vast chest and huge, muscular arms, he sat cross-legged in the middle of the stage and thumped with the fingers of both hands on the end of a huge kettle covered with tightly-stretched hide. The effect was inspiring; thumpy-thump-thump-thump! Thumpy-thump-thump-thump! Thumpy-thump-thump-thump-thump!

over and over again, marking time for the flageolet and fiddle.

The drummer seemed disinterested. His black eyes were unseeing, his dark-complexioned face inscrutable. He did not even look around when a young Arab lady, introduced in French as an Ouled Nail dancer from Biskra, arose and commenced to strut her stuff.

The dance, as such, was vastly disappointing, even to Sicily. This particular young woman was as fully dressed as her dozen sister performers who sat stolidly on the floor of the stage awaiting their turn. She wore an ornate blouse, baggy trousers, a few beads and a sort



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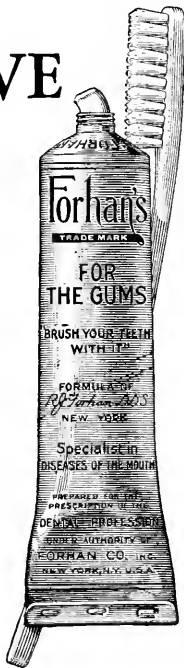
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of veil. As she moved, the others clapped languidly, keeping time to the thumping of the gargantuan drummer.

The dancer moved slowly and indifferently. If there was any intricacy in the steps, Sicily could not detect it. To her untutored eyes the lady seemed to be performing about one-quarter of a desultory daily dozen. She walked up and down the stage a few times, smiled, bowed—and seated herself. At which signal another lady—equally bored and languid—arose.

But now Sicily turned her gaze from the stage, and her eyes came to rest on the figures of her truant husband and his friend.

"Well, I crave to have you take me up yonder on the balcony. Then when him an' that wretched Florian Slappety return back hean, I can watch what they does, an' they won't see me."

Fernand shrugged. He was under orders and receiving excellent pay. If a wife chose to act this way. . . . He escorted Sicily up the twisting stairway leading to the balcony. Once there, Mrs. Clump took matters in her own hands.

She arranged two chairs where she and the guide might sit and gaze down onto the first floor without themselves being observed. To make assurance doubly sure, she borrowed an ornate Moorish screen from an adjoining room and placed this in front of the chairs. Then, firm-lipped and bright-eyed, she settled herself to wait until such time as Julius Caesar Clump paid his return visit.

Meanwhile, another chapter in the drama was being enacted in the terrifyingly dark street on which the dance house was located.

Mr. Edwin Boscoe Fizz was loyally on the job.

It was obvious that J. Caesar Clump and Florian Slappety were enjoying themselves hugely. They were sitting straight up in their chairs paying rapt attention to the modest undulations of the dancer then holding the boards. Once or twice they broke into spontaneous applause. . . . and it was then that Mrs. Sicily Clump commenced to become angry in earnest.

She eyed them balefully through her veil. Once Caesar looked straight at her. For an instant she feared detection, but he turned away disinterestedly. What mattered it to him that an Arab woman desired to see the dancers?

Two or three more numbers were performed, the giant thumper thumping steadily. Then Sicily saw her husband and Florian rise. They beckoned to the overlarge and overdark woman who seemed to be the proprietress and there ensued a difficult but evidently satisfactory conversation in French. Florian and Caesar started for the door.

Sicily half rose from her seat, intending to confront her husband. But just as she would have started forward, Caesar turned back toward the stage. The smile which he flung at the girls seemed to include them all, and he waved a cheery hand toward the fat duenna.

"So long, girls," called Caesar gaily. "See you—all a li'l later!"

Sicily sank back in fury. So he was coming back later, was he? She was quivering with righteous wrath as she watched them disappear through the front door. Once they had gone she swung violently on her guide.

"Fernand," she hissed, "you heard my husband say just now he was comin' back, didn't you?"

"Oui, Madame."

THE task of trailing Sicily's taxi had not been simple, but eventually Eddie's chauffeur parked a block away from the spot where the other taxi was standing. Eddie commanded the man to extinguish his lights. Then the little director stepped to the ground and pussy-footed up the alley toward the waiting car.

He was unobserved. The stygian gloom of the alley afforded excellent protection and he came quite close to Sicily's car. There, in the glow of a light over the doorway, he saw the figure of the large and smug Opus Randall perched comfortably in a corner, a large cigar in his teeth.

Eddie stood motionless, observing Opus—and thinking. Sicily and Fernand were inside, he knew. If Caesar was already there, then the rescue was too late. If not. . . . Eddie took up his place in the shadows of a building and waited, prepared to intercept Caesar in case he had not already arrived.

The door of the big Moorish house opened and in the pale yellow light of the entry, two masculine figures stood revealed. At the same instant a bit of melancholy music spurted into the street; the thump of drum and wail of *derbuka*. Eddie frowned in puzzlement. Sicily was inside, and Caesar was leaving. Obviously he had not been confronted by the irate wife.

Caesar and Florian started down the street.

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Opus Randall made himself as inconspicuous as possible. And Eddie Fizz—hesitating to accost his friends in full view of Opus—slunk along in the shadows until they turned a corner. He accelerated his pace and whistled softly. They turned in surprise.

"Well if it ain't ol' Eddie Fizz! Coul'n't stan' the gas! Dawg-gone yo' ol' hide—" "Cease!" commanded the mild little man.

"Caesar—you is up to yo' neck in trouble." Mr. Clump chuckled. "Boy! You says words but they don't convey no inflammation. I asks you: How come?"

Eddie stepped close. "Was there a Arab lady sittin' in the dance place back yonder?" "Uh-huh."

"Well," snapped Eddie, "there wasn't!" "Huh? Be yo' age, Boy. I seen the Arab lady—"

"You didn't do no such of a thing. The lady you seen which you thought was Arab, was Sicily Clump!"

THERE was an instant of hushed and bleak terror. Then doubt gripped the husbandly heart of Mr. Clump and questions cascaded from his lips. Briefly and graphically Eddie explained the situation and the sinister rôle in which Opus had cast himself. The eyes of Mr. Clump blazed with homicidal fury and he suggested that they immediately repair to the alley and start the evening right by completely exterminating Mr. Randall—a suggestion which Florian enthusiastically seconded.

Eddie restrained them. "When time comes fo' beatin' up that no-good' ol' buzzard," he said, "I se gwine he'p, an' he'p a-plenty. Any man which would do what he has done ain't wuth plaintin' lilies on. But meanwhile, Caesar, you got mo' impawtant things to consider. In the fust place, you got to convince Sicily that you ain't gallivantin'."

"Hmph!" mourned Clump, "is that all?" "Tain't hard! Where yo' brains is at, Feller? Now listen: Sicily seen you in there an' you was behavin' proper. You says yo'se'f that you tot' the lady you-all was comin' back. Undoubtlessly, Sicily is waitin' fo' you to do same. All right: You an' Florian goes back an' I goes with you. You go in an' talk loud about how bored you is an' how you wish you was home with yo' wif. An' you makes loud spechments about you got to go on down to the waterfront an' git material. Sicily heahs all that, an' she don't know you know she's there an' right away she sees she's done you injustice an' gits sorry. Maybe she don't evn leave you know she is there, but goes back to the hotel instead. Then you comes in about an hour tum now an' goes right to her an' says, 'Honey, I an' Florian had to go back to that dance place fo' a few minutes, but it was awful.' That puts you all clear an' makes things happy."

Director J. Caesar Clump was staring popy-eyed at his friend.

"Eddie," he declared solemnly, "you ain't no man! You is simply a genius!"

The trio marked time for perhaps ten minutes. Then, filled with high purpose, they returned to the dance house. Clump rapped on the door and they were admitted. They moved through the ill-lighted hallway into the large room. At sight of them the music of drum and flageolet and *derbuka* immediately commenced and one of the Algerian ladies rose and commenced to undulate.

Wearing masks of innocence, the three gentlemen strode down the aisle. Caesar surveyed the room out of the corners of his eyes. Then he stopped short and whispered uncertainly to Eddie Fizz.

"Eddie—where Sicily is at?"

From her post of vantage on the balcony, Mrs. Clump saw the three men glance frightfully about the hall. But she did not hear the conversation.

"I dunno, Caesar."

"She coul'n't of gone out, could she?"

"No. Nobody come out of heah, an' besides, wasn't Opus still sittin' outside in his taxi?"

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"Then what—"

Florian Slappey had been gazing about with increasing fright. He clutched Mr. Clump's arm. "Caesar—s'pose they 'scovered she wasn't no Arab lady an' done somethin' terrible to her?"

GENUINE terror smote Mr. Clump. It was one thing for him to come down with his friend and enjoy a bit of dancing—and quite another to have his wife abducted.

And so—in this hour of danger—Mr. Clump became a very grim and determined man. He was convinced that Sicily was somewhere in the house, and he determined to know where—and to know promptly. His manner as he advanced to the stage was charged with hostility which those on the stage sensed.

Mr. Clump and his associates found themselves in a quandary. No one in the place could speak a word of English, and he knew practically no French. But a mere discrepancy in language could not affect his determination to save the fair Sicily from whatever trouble might have befallen her.

"Madame," he rasped, "*Ou est mon femme?*" The stout woman shook her head. On the balcony Sicily inquired of Fernand what Caesar had said.

"I cannot comprehend you up here," answered M. Boutierre. "Also I do not know whether Mr. Clump speaks the French or the English."

"That's French," snapped Sicily. Fernand shrugged. "I do not say. To me it sounds like English."

Caesar was trying again. His voice barely carried to the balcony. "*Mon femme est ici,*" he asserted with a decidedly American accent. "*Je demande ou est elle a!*"

The stout lady gestured hopelessly. Sicily again inquired of her guide what Caesar was saying.

"I do not know, Madame. The words they may be French but the sound is English and the meaning is absent."

Caesar turned helplessly to Florian Slappey. "You is smart, Florian—you try. An' tell her us ain't to be fooled with."

Mr. Slappey spoke without hesitation. "*Femme!*" he announced. "*Tres bon femme! Vous cacher ou? Vous repondez or we est going to stahst somethin' Comprez?*"

The woman did not comprehenz. Neither did the bewildered Fernand on the balcony. "If they would not talk French!" he wailed. "I can't speak French and therefore I cannot understand what they say."

Caesar was glaring hostilely at the proprietress. To his way of thinking, both he and Mr. Slappey had spoken clearly and perfectly in French. It was inconceivable that they should not be readily understood. Therefore he believed that her look of blankness was affected to trick him.

Mr. Clump tried again. He raised his fists and shook them in the startled face of the fat Algerian lady. French verbs and nouns and adjectives tumbled all over the room. Nobody understood what he was saying, but it was obvious that he was exceedingly wrathful and on the verge of precipitating trouble.

From the back of the stage a large gentleman uncoiled himself and ostentatiously placed his drum on the floor. Standing, he seemed even more formidable than when seated. His more-than-two-hundred pounds of sinew moved forward and hovered over the irate Caesar.

He spoke in his native tongue. The words fell softly as snowflakes, but the eyes were level and cold. Ordinarily, the three colored gentlemen from Birmingham would have retreated in more or less good order, but now—confronted by the possibility of genuine danger to Sicily—no such thought entered their heads. Caesar returned stare for stare.

"You long-drawed-out cracklin'!" he observed scathingly. "Thinkin' you can scare us!"

He stepped away and motioned the others into a conference. His voice dropped to a whisper.

"They is prob'ly holdin' Sicily prisoner," he announced. "I 'se gwine find her, an' it'll take the whole Algiers army to stop me—let alone that tall boy. Is you-all with me, or does you crave to beat it befo' the action stahts?"

Florian hitched his belt tighter. "Reckon if you is bou'n' to git kilt, you could use a li'l comp'y."

Mr. Fizz was equally ready, but his brain continued to function. "Befo' the row commences," he suggested, "let's go drag Opus Kandall in heat. He's got plenty beef an' we can use him."

Caesar grimaced. "He won't fight." "Then," suggested Eddie, calmly, "let's manslaughter him out yonder."

While whispering they moved into the alley. From the balcony Sicily and Fernand saw them go—apparently permanently. Sicily rose.

"Let's travel back to the hotel, Fernand." M. Boutierre was quite willing. He started toward the stairway. Mrs. Clump restrained him.

"Ain't there another way out? My husband will mos' likely be hangin' around that alley an' I don't 'rave fo' him to see me."

Fernand admitted that there was another exit, and through this he escorted Sicily from the house. But while they were reaching their decision and making their departure, much was happening in the alley.

THE door of the taxi was flung violently open and the terrified Mr. Kandall found himself staring into the frigid eyes of Director J. Caesar Clump. Over Mr. Clump's shoulder he could glimpse the hostile countenances of Florian Slappey and Eddie Fizz. Caesar spoke. "Git out of that car, Wuthless."

"Wuthless?"

"Cause you stahted all this. It was you tol' Sicily where I was gwine be at tonight. If you hadn't of been suggestive, she never would of come. Now they has kidnappd her, an' is holdin' her prisoner. Us four goes in an' compts a rescue."

Opus alighted, but exhibited marked reluctance. "I—I ain't yearnin' fo' no trouble."

"Boy! yo' yearns don't afflict me none whatsoever. You is in the middle of a whole mess of trouble right now. Inside that house there's libel to be a roughhouse, an' you does yo' share. Otherwise us 'be step on you right heah an' now an' makes you into a pancake."

Opus considered flight and abandoned the idea. He stared at the three men and saw that they were determined and desperate. He tried to appear cheerful. "Well, if you really needs me, he'p . . ."

"Come along. Keep yo' mouf an' yo' fists shut!"

They barged through the front door. The dancing girls were cowering on the stage. The proprietress of the place rushed forward, chattering hysterically in French. And immediately behind her towered the warlike figure of the monster drummer. Caesar acted as spokesman.

"You got *mon femme en haute* somewhere," he grated. "Us is gwine fetch her down. An' if this big hunk of cheese here tries to stop me, I'll—"

The Algerian gentleman and lady understood nothing of the situation. They did not connect the dark-skinned tourists with the veiled woman who had recently visited the place. All they could see was that these four men were obviously looking for trouble. Therefore the large man placed himself squarely across the path of J. Caesar Clump.

To Mr. Clump this was a sinister maneuver. His voice came harshly.

"Out of my way, Big Boy! I 'se gwine en haute—"

He put his foot on the first step. Iron fingers closed about his arm and he was jerked roughly aside.

Caesar struck. He struck straight and hard and his fist spanked against the face of the Algerian. That individual let loose a howl of rage and astonishment and leaped toward Mr. Clump.



When Conrad Veidt, German actor, arrived in Los Angeles, he was met at the station by John Barrymore who had sent for him to play in "Francois Villon." Veidt was so grateful to Barrymore that he fell on his knees and kissed the American actor's hand. We bet Conrad has a job for life

Florian Slappey swung into action. Swiftly and with genuine skill, he executed a flying tackle. Algerian and Birminghamite struck the floor together. At the same instant two flailing figures landed on top of the native. Caesar and Eddie were small but enthusiastic.

It was then that the fight really started. The girls were shrieking. The fat proprietress flew howling into the street. On the floor four figures milled viciously.

Three against one, but the three were small and the one was a giant. Time after time he staggered to his feet with one or two men hanging to his arms and another punching viciously at his face. And in the background stood the terrified Opus Randall, too cowed to fight and entirely too scared to run. Once, from the midst, came Florian's voice—

"Git in heah, Opus. Us needs you!"

And Opus's honest answer, "I—I'se scared, Florian. You-all is doin' fine without me."

THE voice of Mr. Fizz came back, expressing his opinion of Mr. Randall. Mr. Fizz was doing himself proud. He and his two friends were taking a fine beating, but they were inflicting more than a bit of punishment at the same time. They were now up, now down; benches and tables were knocked over; the native was roaring with rage. . . . the three slender Birmingham negroes fought silently and desperately.

The tide of battle ebbed and flowed. It was an epic encounter; numbers against might—a trio of Lilliputians at grips with a dark-skinned Gulliver. And just when the battle was at its fiercest, when it was anybody's victory—or nobody's—the door was lung open and a weeping proprietress entered in the wake of two businesslike gendarmes.

The voice of authority rang through the room. The two efficient figures surged into the middle of the battle and dragged the contestants apart. Then words began to fly.

The four men presented a sorry spectacle. Caesar, Florian and Eddie were clad in rags, their faces resembled a boy's nightmare of a trip through an abattoir. The Algerian was scarcely any better. His clothing, too, was torn; his face pounded out of shape and his whole body bruised. Only Opus Randall showed no scars of battle. . . . and even in their rage Florian and Eddie found time to express their opinion of him.

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The woman and the drummer explained that they knew no reason for the disturbance. J. Caesar struggled in his best French to explain that his wife was being held prisoner in the house. But they could not understand him, and so—struggling and protesting—he and Eddie and Florian and Opus . . . the latter screaming his innocence . . . were dragged to the police station.

It was a sadly bedraggled trio which confronted the sergeant at headquarters. But fortunately an interpreter was on duty and through him Caesar explained what it was all about. The interpreter had heard of the movie company and had no reason to doubt the story told, although he made it quite clear that the Americans were laboring under a misapprehension. The house, he affirmed, was eminently respectable and safe.

The quartet was dismissed from custody. Then the interpreter and a gendarme went with them to the dancing establishment. They searched the place and when the interpreter explained whom they were seeking, the fat woman told them she had long since departed. Caesar assuaged her grief with two one-hundred franc notes and profound apologies. Then he caused the interpreter to question her. The result was somewhat startling.

"She say," explained the interpreter, "that the lady who was here is Arab lady and not no American."

Florian, Caesar and Eddie exchanged significant glances. Opus caught their meaning and hastened to speak.

"That was Sicily," he announced. "I see sure of it."

"How come you is so sure?"
Mr. Randall found himself between the devil and the deep sea. "I just got a hunch," he affirmed. "I don't know nothin' fo' certain, but I see positive anyhow."

They took Opus with them into the alley and bundled him into the taxi. The machine bumped and rolled down the narrow, ill-lighted, cobblestoned thoroughfare and the three participants in the recent battle groaned with each agonizing jerk of the antiquated machine.

Opus cowered in the corner. He felt that all was not as it should be. Instinct informed him that the end was not yet, and that he had erred in attempting to wreak revenge on Caesar.

During the ride through the French quarter and thence toward the upper reaches of the city where their hotel was located, the three batters spoke little and groaned much, but such words as dropped from their lips were fraught with unpleasant promise for Mr. Randall.

Eventually they swung in through the big iron gates, rolled under the trees that lined the hotel garden and came to a stop before the front door.

The trio of battered figures dragged themselves up the steps, completely surrounding the harried Opus. They moved into the lobby—where a picture of utter serenity presented itself.

SEATED in an easy chair, immersed in a London magazine, was Sicily Clump. She was calm and quiet and untroubled as she swept the newcomers with a curious gaze.

Caesar started forward, his tone indicative of relief.

"Honeybunch!" he exulted, "you is safe!"
"What you mean, Caesar? Safe?"
"Nothin' happened to you, did it?"

A slow smile creased Sicily's lips. She had determined to torture her husband with uncertainty.

"How come anythin' should occur to me, Mistuh Clump?"

Caesar frowned. "Has you been out anywhere?"

And Sicily, mistress of the situation, shook her head.

"Goodness, no! I ain't been out of this hotel all evenin'."

A solemn and terrible hush fell upon the trio of slim young men who had lately been locked in deadly combat with a large and muscular drum-beater.

With one accord they turned and inspected the cowering Opus Randall. He started to speak, but before the words came, the others acted.

They acted efficiently, positively and immediately. Two arms hooked into Opus's and he found himself propelled into the darkness of the hotel gardens. An awful thought occurred to him—there swept over him the knowledge that no matter what developed he was in a horrid predicament.

They escorted him outside and surrounded him. Then, with ghastly ostentation, Caesar,



Forty thousand dollars went into the making of this scene for Buster Keaton's comedy, "The General." A locomotive of the Civil War period dashed onto a burning trestle and plunged into the river below. A dozen cameras filmed the scene, while Buster stood nearby without cracking a smile

Eddie and Florian shed their torn coats and rolled up their sleeves.

Their eyes blazed with a fine and righteous light.

"Us is about to puffom a sweet duty," remarked Mr. Slappey casually.

Mr. Clump's voice carried slightly more bitterness. "An' all on account of this fellar," he grated. "It was bad enough when us thought we was rescuin' Sicily. But to find out she never lef' this hotel, an' that we got beat up over some woman we don't even know . . ."

OPUS stared wild-eyed from one to the other. He felt that it were better that the truth be known—far better than that they should think he had invented the entire story.

He knew he must convince them that Sicily had actually left the hotel to visit the dancing establishment.

His eye lighted on the bruised figure of Director Edwin Boscoe Fizz. Mr. Fizz could prove his case.

"Eddie!" he wailed, "you know good an' well Sicily lef' this hotel tonight. You seen her go! Please, suh, tell these fellars that you know I is speakin' the truth."

Mr. Fizz caressed his biceps. Terror still sat largely upon him and he burned with indignation. The others moved closer. It became terribly apparent to Mr. Randall that his only hope for mercy lay with Mr. Fizz. If Eddie chose to testify that he spoke the truth about Sicily's absence . . .

"Eddie! Please . . . Don't you remember seein' Sicily Clump leave the hotel in the taxi?"

Eddie stared thoughtfully.

Then he doubled his fists and nodded to Cesar and Florian.

He addressed the cringing Mr. Randall—and his words shattered that gentleman's last forlorn hope.

"When that big drummer walloped me on the jaw," announced Mr. Fizz, "he knocked my memory plumb loose!"



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The Blond Boy From Bond Street

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

save the world. Strange, isn't it, how many actors once aspired to the priesthood and how many priests . . . but then, let us leave that there.

"I began to grow up and life beckoned.

"I started an education. You know how one gets an education. One learns a lot of sports and studies things so that one may play more sports. After I had learned some thousand games an instructor came to me and suggested, with the greatest politeness, that the school could struggle on without me. "Why should you stay in school," he asked me, "when you never can be a scholar and when you are now more interested in friends in Oxford than the dead masters in Greece?"

The eyeglasses moved up to the top of his head. "I couldn't refute that excellent logic. I only asked that since my mother was sailing for America in three days, she be allowed to depart in peace, and that then I would go up to London, like Dick Whittington.

"So there I was, suddenly, out of school, neither naval, legal nor saintly. The theater. I decided on that." He pushed the glasses down on his chin. "I said, grandly, never dreaming anyone would bother to listen to me. "I do not wish to go on the stage, but I am willing to make a movie."

"But lo and behold, a movie company sent for me.

"They were making a school movie, an English 'Brown of Harvard' only this was called 'At St. Dominic's.' I knew absolutely nothing about acting and so I got away with it.



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The picture was reissued twice and the producers made scads of money on it. I made enough to pay my carfare back and forth to the studio.

"They hired me for a second. I had seen my first effort and grown enthusiastic about myself. I thought of myself as *Hamlet*. I was going to do great things in that second movie.

"I did them, and when it was finished, it was quite impossible to sell it to anyone."

The glasses came back to their original resting place. "After that," he said, "I decided I might just as well try the speaking stage. I got a juvenile rôle in 'Three Wise Fools' and spent a year touring nice little English villages and drinking good English beer. Then I felt equipped to come to America.

"I got my opportunity to come over with the play 'Havoc.' Only it was no Havoc on Broadway, but a cold failure. My mother all this while had left me flat in England and was living here in Los Angeles. She knew Mr. Louis B. Mayer and told him of me. Mr. Mayer must have been very impressed, for he said, 'How nice you have a son' and 'Yes, yes, isn't he blond?' and there the matter rested.

The day I came to America, my mother begged me to go back with her to England. 'If you go alone, you'll know how terribly I've missed you,' I said.

"AFTER 'Havoc,' I drew several other failures on Broadway and then a manager proposed I do a musical comedy. 'But I know nothing of singing or dancing,' I protested. 'That's excellent,' said the manager, 'the star has never been in musical comedy, either, and she wants a leading man in the same boat.'

"I had no intention of doing it, but I did agree to go have tea with the star. It was late one afternoon when I called on her. She was Miss Ruth Chatterton. Five days later she was Mrs. Ralph Forbes."

For the first time he wasn't mocking. "Be careful, now," he said, "or I shall become serious and when I'm serious I get offensively

sentimental. But the fact is that today the stage is heartbreak. My wife and I love it. But the managers; the great old showmen are gone and the new people coming up—well, the traditions, the feeling for the theater, the love and appreciation of fine acting, isn't in them. The speaking stage actor today must take direction from former captains of tugs and industries. Anyone who has gathered together money today can become a producer and tell actors how to act. No actor is good enough to know how well he is doing his performance from the audience's viewpoint, but when the criticism of his performance, and the direction of it comes from someone who doesn't know the theater—well, one gets discouraged.

"BUT that isn't what I came to talk about."

"He got up and paced across the room, his long legs flashing back and forth in their white flannels. 'My wife and I did several plays together, all of them quite awful. We did, for instance, 'The Little Minister,' but I won't linger on that.

"We decided to come to California for a trip. As we were about to start, Mr. Edward Smith asked us if we wouldn't do 'The Green Hat' under his management in Los Angeles.

"A few nights after we opened, a card was sent to me. Mr. Louis B. Mayer. 'Do you know who I am?' I asked him. 'I'm Mary Forbes' son.'

"And that, my children," said Mr. Forbes, "explains why I purchased a new home this afternoon, though really I need new shirts. And it explains why I feel that the great directors, who have left the theater, have really gone into the movies. And it furthermore explains why I must leave at once and go to my wife who is sleeping outside in our car. But it doesn't explain," he said, standing in the doorway, "why you, a literary lady, haven't three chins and more inhibitions." And then he was gone.

"Yes, these English boys have something. Which may explain why an Englishwoman isolated and named the germ "IT."



The Charleston? No. The Black Bottom? No. Just a couple of old-fashioned girls, doing a buck-and-wing dance. The two athletes are Julia Faye and Vera Reynolds, appearing together in "Corporal Kate"

The Synthetic Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

the only harm that befell any of them was Penny's discomfiture when they were all three together and Larry would betake himself to a corner, there to brood in brave and smiling sweetness.

It was lilac time in New England and Penny and Nicky had an idyllic Spring. They drifted and dreamed.

The one thing that bothered Nicky was the fact that there didn't seem to be anything very flaming and bizarre about it. He felt ashamed of himself for such thoughts, but they would persist in heckling him. The thought would come to him, recurrently, that Penny was, after all, only the Prices' kid. The kid he remembered, try as he would to forget, with two front teeth missing and her petticoat coming down. A Summerton girl.

And in New York and elsewhere there were women with Mona Lisa smiles and sultry passions.

Gloria Swansons and Pola Negris. Women like pallid poems. Negring he had missed something.

In the Fall it became apparent that Nicholas must make more money. He decided to go to New York and get a job. A job connected with the movies, if possible. He would take a year wherein to make good and then he would return victorious and carry Penny off to Paradise.

Penny, of course, didn't want him to go. She thought he could do well enough on the *Clarion*. She was willing to wait . . . they could get along nicely on very little . . . she was afraid for Nicky in New York . . . Nicky said:

"Nonsense, darling, a man must try his mettle . . ."
And he went.

LARRY and Nicky went to New York together. On the way down they decided that Nicky should try to get a job writing for the movies. A reviewer. An interviewer. A press agent. Larry thought that Nicky would do fine at any of these things. After all, he had some slight entree. The press departments knew his name. They had been sending him their stuff for over two years. And it would be a darned good opening wedge. Nicky had always been interested in the movies. Had ideas about 'em. Ideas were always needed.

Nicky wrote a few articles, submitted a few ideas, poked about a bit and finally, with less difficulty than usually attends a young man's sack of the city, landed a job on a motion picture trade paper writing reviews. It didn't pay much, but it was a start. Nicky wrote the reviews rather better than some. His reading had given him a vocabulary. His simple life had given him clarity of opinion and a fresh viewpoint.

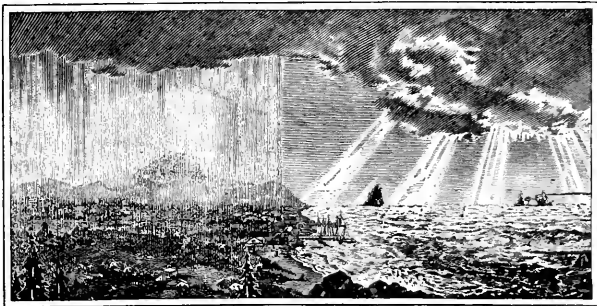
His belief in himself enabled him to put these qualifications over.

He really took hold amazingly. In two months he knew more about pictures than those veterans who had attended the infant industry's birth. From reviews he began to write interviews for magazines. He began to meet the people of the screen and everyone liked him.

This was because he had a gust of red hair and blue sapphiric eyes.

He believed in them, too, the screen people. They were wonderful to him. He saw their faults, but he saw them, as he said himself, constructively. He thought their glitter potential gold and he transmuted his discerning faith into words that picturized personalities and publicized pictures. The fans began to write in about him. They liked his stuff.

"Have Nicholas Nast interview so-and-so," they wrote, "he tells us the things we want to know."



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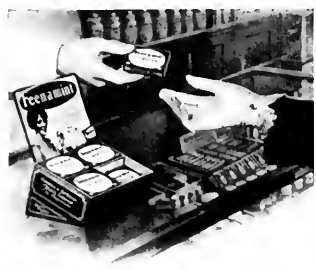
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He began to be in demand. Fan magazines competed for his services. He wrote a movie syndicate for the papers. One or two of the stars wanted him to be their press agent. He went to all the premieres, trade luncheons and press teas.

He was so very busy that he didn't write regularly to Penny, but Penny wrote regularly to him.

She said that she thought he was wonderful and added, wistfully, that Mary Trucart must be "very pretty."

Nicholas happened to answer this letter. He said yes, Mary Trucart was a knock-out, but no prettier than Lilith Flame or Folly Temple or some others. It wasn't a very reassuring letter to Penny, being for the most part a panegyric on the collective pulchritude of the screen.

But Penny bethought herself philosophically that this was Nicky's business now, that it was all for her and that she must be patient and understanding.

She had fun making things for her Hope Chest.

NICKY had been in New York eight months when he decided to take on Alla Alvarez as an "account."

This was the way press agents spoke of the stars they were specifically paid to publicize, run errands for and advise.

Alla Alvarez had made a great many pictures. Programme pictures. She had considerable ability, but she was just short of being a star. She had been short of this desirable state for some time now and it worried her. She felt that she was not getting on. That was why she sent for Nicholas Nast. Nicholas had said some very pertinent things to her when he had interviewed her. People all said that he was so clever.

He could place stuff, too, as well as write it. She knew that if she didn't get him someone else would.

Nicholas Nast took the account, and, tragically enough for Penny Price, he fell in love with Alla Alvarez!

Romance!

It was Romance to be with Alla in her apartment on Riverside Drive. Her apartment shrouded in sombre silks, lighted with bulbous orange eyes, scented with odours of Araby. Romance to watch her through the spiralling smoke of their cigarettes, fragrant with amber, labeled "Cairo." Romance to sip the heady drinks served them by Muchu, the slant-eyed Oriental. Romance to be seen at luncheon with her, at the Ritz or the Algonquin and to know that people were saying, "Look, there's Alla Alvarez. . . did you see her in 'The Kingdom of the Flesh'?" And to assume that they were adding, "Yes, and that's Nicholas Nast with her." He writes for Film Fantasies, you know. He's 'in' with all of the producers, directors and stars. They say she takes his advice about everything, won't make a move without him."

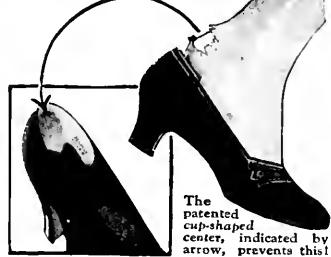
Romance to advise Alla about her talk to interviewers, places where she could and could not "afford" to be seen, to arrange her sittings with photographers, her appointments with newspaper people and to say when she was late, as she always was:

"I'll have to give Alla a straight-from-the-shoulder talk for this."

There was the perfume of mystery about Alla Alvarez. She reincarnated for Nicholas the mysterious woman of times long past, of poets long dead—Swinburne, Baudelaire, Pierre Loti, Poe. She had written of women like Alla. Her mascaraed lashes swept her pale cheeks like the ghosts of fugitive shadows. Her vermilion lips accented commonplace words and made them provocative, tiny golden snares to trap the heart. She was the kind of a woman Nicholas had dreamed about up in the attic in Summerton when he had read his grandfather's forbidden books and had foreseen himself as a flaming figure with a great and terrible passion for another Cleopatra.

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He contemplated telling Larry about his change of heart. It would be the fair thing to do. Larry still loved Penny Price. And Penny might come to mend her broken heart in time and care for Larry. Not, of course, as she had cared for Nicky, but sanely, substantially, as one cares when one has bade farewell to dreams.

Larry was studying textiles. He wanted to go back to Summerton and get a job in the woolen mills. Penny would like that, too. She loved Summerton. Yes, Larry could go to Penny and in time everything would be pleasant.

But it was difficult to open the subject with Larry. Larry was simply profane about the screen stars. He called them "the beautiful bunk." He didn't take them seriously at all. It's awful when a man has no imagination. To mention Alla Alvarez as the usurper of Penny would mean a definite rupture in their friendship.

Nicholas wanted to avoid that for as long as possible.

He contemplated telling Penny, too. But he didn't have the heart. Penny was so trusting. These trusting women were the very deuce! It was brutal, hurting Penny. She hadn't anyone but him and no dream save the dream he had given her. He wrote her fewer and fewer letters. Better, he thought, to let it die down gradually.

It would be less of a shock that way. Penny was young . . . she would forget . . . she might be all the bigger woman for having walked with *Tragedy* . . .

Penny, of course, was not forgetting.

ALLA ALVAREZ got plenty of publicity. She had never had so much before. But somehow she remained on the other side of stardom. Nicholas Nast's silver-tongued pen to the contrary.

Many a candlelit hour was eaten by the locusts while Alla and Nicholas pondered the *impasse* that confronted them. Alla wrung her hands and Nicky's heart as she paced the floor blaming her screen status on producers, directors, cameramen, scenarioists, exhibitors, other players, everyone and anyone but herself.

One thing Nicholas was sure of and that was that Alla had been too long before the public—as she was. What she needed, he said, was some sort of a radical change. Some way should be contrived whereby she could burst anew upon the cinema horizon, a discovery, a "find." The thing to do, the only thing to do, was to re-create Alla Alvarez. This, he said, had come to him in slow and painful stages. Very painful. For was not Alla Alvarez *Romance* as she was?

Even the fact, of necessity confided to him, that her real name was Bertha Taylor, caused no dimming of the glamour, no lessening of the enchantment.

Nicholas gave the problem his best thought. He performed the painful operation of dissecting the very essentials of his charmer. He took her personality and did a drastic vivisection. He tore her to bits and examined her with ruthless eyes. He reassembled the bits into first one shape and then another. Out of the glittering fragments that were Alla Alvarez he strove to create a new image. He was Pygmalion dabbling his hands in the loose clay of his potential Galatea.

Nicholas came finally, smashingly to his great solution. Alla was by way of being a vamp . . . a temptress, at any rate . . . The American Public, he knew, will stand for the vamp for so long and no longer. Nicholas pondered the psychology of this and concluded that it was fundamentally healthy. He recalled several deadly nightshades who had wrecked homes and husbands galore upon the silversheet and were now without these commodities themselves. Yes, there were too many screen temptresses . . . it was the sweet-faced, simple soulful ingenue who went better and stayed longer. The clinging vine with the ringlet curls is the *Eternal Feminine* whom men cannot forget.

Alla . . . well, but there was, really, nothing

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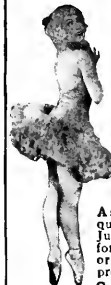


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either very sinister or incurably vampish about Alla. Only her make-up and her accent, one of which could be remade and the other of which could not be heard.

The thing to do was to create a sort of super-ingenue out of Alla. To burn the phoenix and out of the ashes to evoke a new and radiant creature, simple, soulful, bearing armsful of Spring. Yes, the thing to do was to rename Alla, give her a new personality, trust to her native cleverness and let her begin again, a star.

The first difficulty was with Alla. She was hard to convince. She had been born Bertha Taylor, a medium blonde, and she cherished her raven locks, her vermilion lips and her accent. To blonde her hair, to lisp instead of hiss, to gambol rather than undulate, to have a soul instead of a body . . . dear, she didn't know.

Nicholas Nast was vehement, and, eventually, convincing. He burned with the zeal of the creator. He knew what he was talking about, he said. Alla remained a vamp and she died—or she became an ingenue and she lived.

She could take her choice.

Not unnaturally Alla decided to live.

HER contract expired and Alla went into a period of retirement. It was announced that the screen would know her no more.

Penny wrote Nicholas just about this time and suggested that he come home for a "little visit." His mother, she wrote, had had an awful chest cold all winter and didn't look so well. She didn't want to worry Nicky, but it was almost a year . . . and Penny was going to have a birthday party . . . she would be nineteen . . . and it wouldn't be fun at all without Nicky.

It was May again . . . the lilacs were heavenly this year . . .

Nicholas was in the habit of sending wires as answers to letters he didn't have the time or didn't feel the necessity of answering in like kind.

He sent a wire to Penny. He said that he was sorry, but he was up to his ears in work and couldn't spare a day, an hour . . .

Penny went out under the lilac trees and cried when she got the wire. Telegrams usually meant deaths in Summertown. Nick's wire was a little yellow death to Penny. A simple soul, Penny, but she had her pride. She locked up her Hope Chest and didn't write to Nicholas again.

Alla Alvarez went down to Atlantic City to be reborn. Nicholas Nast went, too. He used the mallet and the chisel deftly and completely and when they returned to New York Alla Alvarez was left behind and Pansy Pell came home in the Alvarez limousine, likewise reborn to a new coat of paint and a new monogram.

Pansy Pell was a triumph if Nicholas did say so himself. Her hair had taken the hue of honey as if born to it. Her face was tinted with the paint rose of the morning and being, as she was, a good actress the personality of a fair girl with yearnings was not difficult for her to live up to. Nicholas added the sopsouns of a wistful mouth and a paradoxical twinkle in the eyes.

Pansy Pell, he felt, could be relied upon to pipe the hearts out of the most seasoned film goers.

Nicholas hunted up a director he knew. A Big Gun. The director had made a name for himself by way of "discoveries." He was, happily, on the verge of casting a new picture. He needed a new star and he needed publicity. For the former Nicholas boldly suggested Miss Pansy Pell and for the latter he modestly suggested himself. The director was admitted into confidence and heard the story with excitement. They could stage a great campaign . . . he knew that Alvarez had been a good trouper . . . he was for it providing Nicholas would allow him to take the credit for the new "find." Nicholas would.

He had created and the joy of creation was sufficient unto itself.



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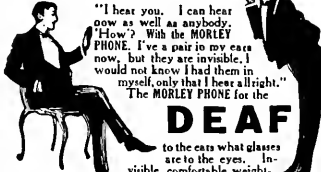
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Pansy came wistfully down and a contract was signed forthwith. Nicholas got to work on the publicity campaign. And he outdid himself. "The public, agog, demanded to know when they could see this Pansy Pell. The fans, of whom one is born every instant, bombarded the fan magazines with letters of inquiry . . . the picture was begun.

Nicholas determined that at the picture's end he would ask Pansy Pell to marry him. He didn't know whether she was in love with him or not. She had let him kiss her once or twice when she had been tired and discouraged. He couldn't quite fathom what those kisses had meant.

He was not experienced enough to be able to gauge the degree of reciprocity in the tender passion unless it came to him immediately, unequivocally, as Penny's had come.

The picture was finished and lavishly launched and there happened "one of those things."

Pansy Pell became a star "overnight."

A FEW weeks after the release of her picture she had to engage a secretary to attend to her fan mail. She was interviewed, photographed, feted in double ratio to what had been her lot as Alla Alvarez. Nicholas was kept busy supplying the omnivorous fan magazines with stories and new photographs. . . . He sent out reams of stuff to the general effect that Pansy was from New England, a village girl . . . He drew beautiful little word pastels of New England in the spring time . . . the lilacs and the hawthorne . . . the little, silver streams . . . straight from so fair a frame had this fair creature stepped, he wrote, young blossoms in her hair, to make the old remember and the young forget.

Sometimes, now, Nicholas was short of fresh copy. He had to make most of the stories up out of his head. It wasn't as easy to have time with Pansy Pell, as it had been Alla Alvarez. She was being wined and dined. She gave exclusive little dinner parties. Great writers, famed poets, society folk, came to her dinners. You couldn't always include your press agent in your social activities.

Nicholas was besieged with would-be clients. He took on another account, a man. He took a room and bath at the Hotel Ambassina and was unwontedly luxurious. He learned to dress very well. He hobnobbed with his conferees and with some of the dramatic critics and the lesser litterateurs. He was invited to every movie party in New York and Great Neck.

Everyone liked him because he had a gust of red hair and blue sapphiric eyes.

He found out, too, just at this time, that he was lonely. Which was absurd, of course. Lonely in New York. Lonely in a larger and more articulate circle than he had ever dared to hope for. It suddenly occurred to him that Penny never wrote to him any more and that Larry never looked him up. He looked up Larry and asked him if he still heard from Penny.

Larry said, "Oh, yes, I hear from her every week. I went up home for her birthday party."

He said it quietly and looked at Nicholas as though he pitied him.

Nicholas felt furious and aggrieved. All very well for Penny to cry thumb's down on him. Fair enough. He had been neglectful—worse. Far worse. But damn small of her to turn right off and fall for Larry Winter. Women . . .

Nicholas wrote Penny a lofty letter in which he philosophized in his best manner on women and love and men and frailty and understanding.

Penny answered with a brief note and said that Nicholas had written all that much more beautifully in his last interview with Lillian Gish.

Nicholas wrote back again in a weary key. He asked Penny to be so kind as to explain herself. Wasn't she his friend any longer? Was she so small as to withdraw the always precious alchemy of friendship just because—

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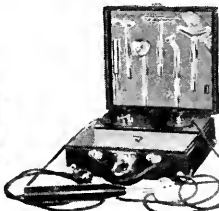
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well, could he help it that men are men and life fluid?

Penny replied and said that she thought she was his friend . . . she couldn't quite say and be honest . . . and that she knew he couldn't help men being men because he wasn't God, as she knew, though it was a sacrilegious thing to say and she didn't mean it that way. She was teaching kindergarten in the summer school and the children were darlings and she didn't have much time.

IT was while he was reading that letter from saucy Penny that the vast and overwhelming truth broke in upon Nicholas Nast. The stunning, revealing truth. The truth that sent him spinning into space. The truth that made him gasp, literally and aloud.

It came to him first in the throes of his loneliness. Lonely—nobody cared—really. Not even Penny now. He was writing a lot of tinsel words about a lot of tinsel people. All the lilacs of spring were back of plate glass. You bought them at so much the bunch . . . and with these thoughts, increasingly bitter, with Penny's letter in his hand, came the great revelation—he had made Alla Alvarez over, yes . . . he had made her over . . . in the living image of Penny Price.

Pygmalion had fashioned his Galatea and his Galatea was Penny, the Prices' kid.

He could have made Alla over into anybody, anything. Why anybody at all. He had ransacked his brain, his soul, his memories, for the sweetest image he could think of and his subconscious had yielded him Penny. He had recreated Alla in the image of Penny. It was because he had been, all along, homesick for Penny. It was because he had wanted Penny, needed Penny all of the time. Deep down underneath he had loved Penny and he had striven to create an image in her delicate dear likeness.

It was because he loved her . . . Nicholas Nast jammed on his hat and went out to walk. He traipsed up Park Avenue. He stalked down Fifth. He roamed into a florist's and bought a bunch of lilacs. Their fragrance closed his eyes and shut his teeth. Well, no use now. Penny didn't love him any longer. Penny wrote every week to Larry . . . when she was so busy. Larry had been home for her birthday. He hadn't been too busy.

It must have happened then . . . Penny under the lilac trees . . .

Nicholas Nast telephoned to the apartment in the East 50s. It struck him as suddenly funny that Bertha Taylor had lived in Bogota, N. J.

Miss Pell was in . . . oh, just a moment . . . then . . . yes, Miss Pell would see Mr. Nast for half an hour if Mr. Nast would come at once.

He would ask Pansy to marry him. Many a man had to take the shadow in lieu of the substance. Pansy was not the real thing, but she was very good to look at . . . she was provocative . . . he would have the envy of a great many men . . . yes, he would marry Pansy.

Why, he had even named her as near to Penny Price as possible.

Pansy received him in negligee. Chiffon. Baby-blue. She had bobbed her blond hair and managed to look effete despite the personality he had given her. He thought of silk ears and sows purses and wondered just what he was thinking about.

He gave her the lilacs and they looked ridiculous wabbling about in a Lialigue vase next to a cluster of Peruvian orchids.

"Pansy," he said, headlong, "I . . . I don't want to startle you, but I've got to say it right out or I won't be able to say it at all. I want you to marry me . . . soon . . . will you?"

Pansy Pellaughed at him. Theystoodfacing one another and she threw back her blond head and gurgled. "Oh, Nicky, you might at least speak like a movie subtitle and say that you love me to desperation . . . only you don't, you know . . . oh, Nicky, you funny sweetie!"

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Nicholas Nast was enraged. He had come a long way since the kids in Summerton had called him names and laughed at him. No woman could laugh at him. He grabbed Pansy's wrist and a diamond bracelet cut into her soft flesh.

She squealed, but Nicholas paid no attention. He was wondering where the new diamond bracelet had come from.

He held onto her wrists and shook her a little. Pansy became angry. "Stop this at once, Nicholas Nast," she said. "Don't make a fool of yourself and me . . . stop it, I say . . . this . . . this isn't what I hire you for."

"Oh!" Nicholas dropped her wrists, retreated several steps. The odor of lilacs smote him.

"Oh . . ." he said again, unbelievably.

"And besides," said Pansy Pell, angrily rubbing her wrists, "besides, Samuel Bernstein is interested in me. He's going to produce for me . . . my own company . . . he . . . well, I couldn't marry anyone, don't you see?"

"Oh," Nicholas said again, "oh, yes, I see." And he did see. He saw Samuel Bernstein with his paunch and his millions. He saw orchids and the bracelet. He saw the columns and columns of words he had written . . . New England . . . Spring . . . blossoms . . . *her image* . . . He felt ill and he said, "Of course I see, Pansy. Please forgive me. Let's get down to what you are to say tomorrow to that interviewer from *Screen Scoops*. You'll have to be careful. That girl is out for all the dirt she can get. She's a wisecracker and a dangerous one . . ."

The odor of lilacs smote him. "Meannies, meannies, meannies!" Penny Price had yelled at his long-ago tormentors.

She would yell "Meanie!" now at Pansy Pell. Nicholas Nast left as Samuel Bernstein came in.

HE wrote Penny a letter that night. A long, long letter.

Penny was clear and cool like a New England dawn. She was warm and sweet like the breaths of the lilacs in May. Best to tell Penny the truth, all of it. Nothing less would do.

Nicholas wrote the truth. He winced, but he wrote on. He wrote all about Pansy Pell, *see Alla Alvarez*. He described honestly and minutely how he had felt about her, how he had fashioned her in Penny's image and had never known that he was doing it. He asked Penny if she could possibly understand. He didn't ask anything more of her than just that . . . "Oh Penny, if you can only understand . . ."

The next day but one he heard from Penny. Saucy Penny; she wired him.

"I don't understand a word you wrote in your letter," she said, "but I love you."

Nicholas took the next train for Summerton. He would arrive at twilight.

Darn Those Engagements

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

The Miller family always does things together. "I never have been really engaged." One marvels. "Never! Of course, I've been in love. Every girl falls in love—usually it's just infatuation. I have had boys about me all my life. There's my brother, you know, and girls with brothers usually meet lots of boys. And I started going to parties with boys when I was fifteen."

Seven long years. Years which have carried Pat from St. Louis boys in knickerbockers to Hollywood men in—knickerbockers. Years that have brought to her feet men of all manner and variety. World-known authors, actors,

The health and beauty of the hair



depend chiefly upon the condition of the scalp. Normal capillary circulation and nerve tone mean well-nourished roots—strong, vigorous hair shafts—lively, lustrous hair. Important also, of course, that the scalp be kept really clean. Excellent for these purposes is Liquid Silmerine. Rubbed into the scalp it has a wholesome tonic effect, invigorating tissues, improving circulation. And it effectually eliminates dandruff, dirt, excess oiliness. Always use before shampooing.



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They all had humor.

"Don Stewart was a dear. We used to have more fun. Then the papers came out with an announcement of our engagement. I don't know where they got it." And she didn't. There is no coy subterfuge about Pat. "It was all wrong, for Don and I were nothing more than very good friends. But it made good copy. . . ." Pat looked for a place to pack a leathery lingerie and finally shoved it into dad's trunk.

"You know the kind of stuff. 'Donald Ogden Stewart, Famous Humorist, to Wed Actress.' When Don really did become engaged to Beatrice Ames he sent me a wire. It said: 'Don't try suicide. That would be silly.' And I wired back: 'Be good to the little woman or I will tell all.'"

PAT smiled reminiscently. Then she grinned broadly. By that time, the conversation growing more intimate, we had reached the cosy privacy of Pat's bedroom. Beneath the long mirror of her dressing table was a picture. A beautiful miniature.

It was of Harrison Post, a boy to whom Pat has been reported engaged on more than one occasion.

The only other picture in the room, besides a gorgeous likeness of Pat, was another picture of Harrison Post. A larger portrait, this, placed on the wall above a cabinet. The first thing Pat sees in the morning from her green canopied bed is a picture of this very handsome boy. And the last thing at night, before she snaps off the glow in the Chinese lamp at her bedside, is a glimpse of the society youth with whom her name has been linked.

But, no, Pat is not in love, she says; nor is she engaged. . . .

"My first engagement was reported in 'Whiz Bang.'" A fugitive smile crossed her face. "Ralph Forbes and I got the publicity that time. I was making a picture in New York. That was before Ralph married Ruth Chatterton."

The smile was captured by a sterner expression.

Pat was aggrieved. More than that, she was incensed.

"But what makes me utterly speechless is to be reported engaged to a man who is already married. It is rotten. Rotten. That's all. And it isn't fair. . . . not to the man, his wife, nor me. But what can you do with these people who start unfounded rumors? What can you do when they do not even take the trouble to find out if the man or the girl is married? It not only happens to me. It happens to others."

It seems that Pat, in the matter of engagement reports, is a victim of circumstantial evidence. It may be a curse, as she insists. But, more than anything, it is circumstantial evidence. Pat is popular. One of the most popular girls I have ever met. People may wage arguments as to whether or not Pat is a beauty, but they all agree that Pat is one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. They may say her head is too large for perfect symmetry, and that her chin is too firm, too resolute, too determined, for feminine perfection. No one would say that Pat lacks sex appeal.

More than sex appeal, Pat understands the psychology of comradeship. The exquisite thrill of being in complete sympathy with a companion is hers. Pat's secret is that of being a perfect pal.

And not more than twenty-four hours before a man had told me just that about Pat. He had eulogized her.

"She's such a real girl. Nothing artificial about her. Always glad to do what you want to do. The littlest thing amuses Pat. She's the kind of girl you are always glad to have with you. She's just as happy at the beach as she is at a cafe or on the tennis court. She is the most adaptable girl I know."

Perhaps that is the secret of Pat's popularity.

The wall of the reading room downstairs is lined with autographed pictures of men. Men to whom Pat has been reported engaged. Men with whom you have never heard her name mentioned. They are all men who have accomplished things in one line or another. No failures—no humorless men are there. There is Matt Moore, Harry Crocker, Donald Ogden Stewart, Jason Robards, Rupert Hughes, George Jessel, John Gilbert, Ralph Forbes, Charles Ray, Lloyd Pantages, Norman Kerry, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

There was Matt Moore. Pat went on to react how the engagement rumors started. Matt and she played in three consecutive pictures. There were lunches and parties together. The natural result of four or five months of daily association.

It was merely propinquity. But an engagement was rumored nevertheless.

After Matt, who is still a dear and good friend, there was the Pasadena society set and two engagements, tumbling one on the heels of the other. Harry Crocker and Wilbur May, wealthy youths and socially prominent. Then Donald Ogden Stewart, when he came to Hollywood. And that's the way it has been right along. Engagements coming and going. Even George Jessel, arriving from Broadway, made a wisecrack about his round-trip ticket which included stop-over privileges at the Grand Canyon and an engagement to Patsy Ruth Miller.

"Just the other day," said Pat, scrutinizing the dagger-like points of her glistening nails, "I was doing some shopping and I met Kenneth Hawks in front of Montmartre. I hadn't seen Kenneth for ages. 'Won't you come with me for lunch?' he asked. Of course I went and next Sunday came the report that Kenneth and I were reunited after many months.

"Can you imagine! Just a casual luncheon, but with those results."

THEN there was that other time long ago when Pat was rumored engaged to a charming young actor. A reporter haunted the set where Pat was working, waiting to ask her when the marriage was to take place. In the meantime a contract was hanging fire which would place the young folks in the same picture. Pat was anxious to play the part and the actor wanted her to have it. He came on the set to talk it over with Pat. The reporter hovered in the background. Finally, when the actor left, he had an opportunity to talk to Pat.

"Well, I suppose it is all set," said the reporter, thinking of the wedding date.

"Not quite. But we'll know soon," replied Pat, thinking of the contract and the new rôle.

"I suppose you'll be very happy," opined the press.

"Oh, very! It's something I've always wanted to do!" breathed Pat.

"Shouldn't think you'd want to put it off," remarked the reporter, being at heart very romantic.

"Neither does he," smiled Pat.

"What's to prevent it?"

"There's the producer. We have to think of him, of course, because he has me under contract."

"What has the producer to do with your getting married! Have you a marriage clause in your contract?" questioned the member of the press.

"Married! Who said anything about getting married?" gasped Pat.

"Why! That's what I was talking about all the time."

"I'm talking about my next picture," answered Pat.

But the reporter printed the marriage story anyway.

What can you do in a case like that? That's what Pat wants to know.

Numerous friends have suggested marriage. Many have personally volunteered.

But Pat says she isn't ready . . . yet.

Perfect Behavior in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

bends over to catch his last words. "He would have made a great barber," says the old man and dies. It begins to rain.

Meanwhile, in far distant Paris, France, Donald Oden Stewart returns from his honeymoon and writes Chapter Six of "Perfect Behavior in Hollywood." It begins to rain.

CHAPTER VI "Continuity"

Last month we went into the subject of "treatments" by means of which your story is prepared for "continuity." This month we shall take up the writing of the "continuity" itself.

Before you write the final continuity it is always necessary to write what is known in Hollywood as a "rough" continuity. This does not mean that your continuity must be full of dirty jokes or uncouth sayings, but it simply means that the work you do at this time is "rough" compared to what it will be when you are finished.

To write a "rough" continuity you take your story and set it down in scenes. For example, if you are telling a story of a boy named John who loves a girl named Alice you pick up a pencil and sharpen it very carefully. Then you take out a piece of paper and place it on the desk in front of you. Then you write the name of the story, such as, for this case, let us say, "War and Peace." Then you write "Rough Continuity—Page 1." Then you write your name. Then, after a minute, you write "Scene One." Then you pause.

During this pause there are several things that you can do. In the first place, you can look out of the window. If you are lucky, you will see somebody you know and you can get up and talk to them for a while. If you don't see anybody you know, you can always watch the man cut the grass. This will take at least half an hour.

Then you can return to your manuscript and underline the words "Scene One."

After that you should pause again.

In this intermission you will probably have time enough to walk over to the mirror and see if you need a shave. This requires a careful examination and fifteen minutes is not too much to spend on this subject, unless of course you are a lady continuity writer. Lady continuity writers do not shave, which takes away almost their only possible excuse for ever looking in a mirror, and if you are intending to become a lady continuity writer you can omit this paragraph altogether.

However, when you have returned to your desk, you should once more take up your pencil and this time you should not only underline the words "Scene One" but also the title of the story, your own name and the phrase "Rough Continuity—Page 1." In the course of doing this, you will probably notice that by putting two little dots and a mustache in the "O" it looks just like a face and when you have done this to all the possible "O's" on the page you will be suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Wally Young who has the office next to yours.

"Busy?" asks Wally.
"Oh—just preparing a rough continuity," you reply.

"How about a little lunch?" asks Wally.
"Well," you say, doubtfully, "well, I don't know."

"Oh, come on," says Wally.
"All right," you say.

You then put the paper and pencil carefully away in the upper right hand drawer and lock it securely. Then you take your hat and go to lunch.

So much for the writing of "rough" continuity.



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"SORROWS OF SATAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Marie Corlli. Adapted by John Russell and George Hull. Screen play by Forrest Halsey. Directed by D. W. Griffith. Photography by Harry Fischbeck. The cast: *Prince Lucia de Rimance*, Adolphe Menjou; *Geoffrey Tempest*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mavis Clark*, Carol Dempster; *Lady Sybil*, Lya de Putti; *Amiel*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Mother Rex*, Marcia Harris; *Earl of Elton*, Lawrance D'Orsay.

"TEMPRESS, THE"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Elena*, Greta Garbo; *Manuel Robledo*, Antonio Moreno; *M. Fontenoy*, Marc MacDermott; *Caterac*, Lionel Barrymore; *Marquis De Torre Blanca*, Armand Kaliz; *Alanos Duos*, Roy D'Arcy; *Josephine*, Alys Murrell; *Sabodora*, Steve Clement; *Trinidad*, Roy Coulson; *Pierovani*, Robert Anderson; *Timoteo*, Francis McDonald; *Rojas*, Hector V. Sarno; *Celinda*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Sebastiana*, Inez Gomez.

"QUARTERBACK, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Wm. Slavens McEwen and Wm. O. McGehean. Adapted by Ray Harris. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *Jack Stone*, Richard Dix; *Louise Mason*, Esther Ralston; *Elmer Stone*, Harry Beresford; *Lumpy*, J. Goggin; *David Butler*; *Donny Walters*, Robert W. Craig; *Nellie Hatcher*, Mena Palma.

"KID BOOTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Wm. A. McGuire and Otto Harbach. Screen play by Tom Gibson. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Kid Boots*, Eddie Cantor; *June Martin*, Clara Bow; *Polly Pendleton*, Billie Dove; *Tom Sterling*, Lawrence Gray; *Carmen Mendoza*, Natalia Kingston; *George Filch*, Malcolm Waite; *Polly's Father*, William J. Worthington; *Carmen's Lawyer*, Harry Von Meter; *Tom's Lawyer*, Fred Esmelton.

"ACE OF CADS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Michael Arlen. Adapted by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: *Chappel Maturin*, Adolphe Menjou; *Nleanor*, Alice Joyce; *Sir Guy de Gramercy*, Norman Trevor; *Basil de Gramercy*, Philip Strange; *Jean*, Suzanne Fleming.

"BETTER 'OLE, THE"—WARNER BROS.—Based on the play by Bruce Bairfsather and Arthur Eliot. Adapted by Chas. Reisner and D. F. Zauuck. Directed by Chas. Reisner. The cast: *Old Bill*, Syd Chaplin; *Jean*, Doris Hill; *Bert*, Harold Goodwin; *Guspad*, Theodore Lorch; *Corporal Quinl*, Ed Kennedy; *The Major*, Charles Gerrard; *The English General*, Tom McGuire; *Alf*, Jack Acroyd; *The Blacksmith*, Tom Kennedy; *Gen. Von Hinden*, Kewpie Morgan; *The Colonel*, Arthur Clayton.

"YOU'D BE SURPRISED"—PARAMOUNT.—Story and screen play by Jules Furthman. Directed by Arthur Rosson. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *The Conqueror*, Raymond Griffith; *Ruth Whitman*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Deputy Dist. Atty.*, Earle Williams; *Distriet Attorney*, Edward Martindel.

"ACROSS THE PACIFIC"—WARNER BROS.—From the play by Charles E. Blaney. Adapted by Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Monte*, Monte Blue; *Claire Marsh*, Jane Winton; *Roma*, Myrna Loy; *Aguinaldo*, Charles Stevens; *Tom (Monte's colored servant)*, Tom Wilson; *Captain Grover*, Walter McGrail; *Colonel*, Herbert Pryor; *Corporal Kyon*, Ed Kennedy; *Aguinaldo Agents*, Theodore Lorch, Sojin.

"WANING SEX"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Adapted by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Nina Duane*, Norma Shearer; *Philip Barry*, Conrad Nagel; *Hamilton Day*, George K. Arthur; *Mary Booth*, Mary MacAlister; *J. J. Flannigan*, Charles McClugh; *J. J. Murphy*, Tiny Ward; *Ellen B. Armstrong*, Martha Mattox.

"GIGOLO"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Directed by W. K. Howard. The cast: *Gideon Gory*, Rod La Rocque; *Mory Hubbel*, Jobyna Ralston; *Judith Gory*, Louise Dresser; *Doctor Gröld Blagden*, Cyril Chadwick; *Pa Hubbel*, George Nichols.

"PARADISE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Cosmo Hamilton. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Tony*, Milton Sills; *Christie*, Betty Bronson; *Quey*, Noah Beery; *Teddy*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Lady George*, Kate Price; *Lord Lumley*, Charlie Murray.

"FOREVER AFTER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Owen Davis. Directed by F. Harmon Weight. The cast: *Theodore Wayne*, Lloyd Hughes; *Jennie Clayton*, Mary Astor; *Jack Randall*, Hallam Cooley; *Clayton*, David Torrence; *Mrs. Clayton*, Eulalie Jensen; *Wayne*, Alce Francis; *Mrs. Wayne*, Lila Leslie.

"LILY, THE"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the drama by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux. Screen play by Eve Unsell. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Odette*, Belle Bennett; *Georges Arnaud*, Ian Keith; *Christiane*, Reata Hoyt; *Max de Maigny*, Barry Norton; *Comte de Maigry*, John Sainpolic; *Juror*, Richard Tucker; *Lucie Ploch*, Gertrude Short; *Emile Ploch*, James Marcus; *Jean*, Thomas Ricketts; *Mrs. Arnaud*, Sr., Vera Lewis; *Mrs. Arnaud*, Jr., Betty Francisco; *Mlle. Chambray*, Rosa Rudami; *Housekeeper*, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"CAMPUS FLIRT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story and adaptation by Louise Long and Lloyd Corrigan. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by H. Kinley Martin. The cast: *Patricia Mansfield*, Bebe Daniels; *Denis Adams*, James Hall; *Knute Knudson*, El Brendel; *Charlie Paddock*, Himself; *Harriet Port*, Joan Standing; *Graham Stearns*, Gilbert Roland; *Mac*, Irma Kornelia; *Gwen*, Jocelyn Lee.

"KOSHER KITTY KELLY"—F. B. O.—From the play by Leon De Costa. Directed by James Home. The cast: *Kitty Kelly*, Viola Dana; *Officer Pat Sullivan*, Tom Forman; *Mrs. Feinbaum*, Vera Gordon; *Rosie Feinbaum*, Kathleen Myers; *Moses Finsburg*, Nat Carr; *Morris Rozen*, Stanley Taylor; *Barney Kelly*, Carroll Nye; *Mrs. Kelly*, Aggie Herring.

"TAKE IT FROM ME"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Will B. Johnson. Scenario by Harvey Thew. Directed by W. A. Seiter. The cast: *Tom Eggert*, Reginald Denay; *Grace Gordon*, Blanche McHaffey; *Dick*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Van Lee Moran*; *Cyrus Crabb*, Lucien Littlefield; *Miss Abbott*, Ethel Wales; *Percy*, Bertram Johns; *Gwen Forsythe*, Jean Tolley; *Taxi Driver*, Tom O'Brien.

“GREAT K & A ROBBERY, THE”—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Paul Leicester Ford. Directed by Lew Seiler. The cast: *Tom Gordon*, Tom Mix; *Midge Cullen*, Dorothy Dwan; *Eugene Culligan*, William Walling; *DeLuxe Harry*, Harry Grippe; *Burton*, Carl Miller; *Bandit Leader*, Edward Piel, Sr.

“PRINCE OF TEMPTERS, THE”—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Directed by Lothar Mendes. The cast: *Monica*, Lois Moran; *Francis*, Ben Lyon; *Dolores*, Lya de Putti; *Kath*, Helen Byron; *Humberto Giordano*, Ian Keith; *Mary*, Mary Brian; *Duchess of Chatsfield*, Olive Tell; *Apollo Benevanta*, Sam Hardy; *Duke of Chatsfield*, Henry Vibart; *Signora Wembley*, Judith Vasselli; *Lady*, Frazier Coulter; *Francis*, Bert Wales; *Papal Secretary*, J. Barney Sherry.

“BREED OF THE SEA”—F. B. O.—Story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by J. G. Hawks. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Tod Penbrooke*, Tom Penbrooke, Ralph Ince; *Maricla*, *Karaden*, Margaret Livingston; *Lije Marsh*, Pat Harmon; *Bully Rowden*, Alphonz Ethier; *Ruth Featherstone*, Dorothy Dunbar; *Martha Winston*, Shannon Day.

“BLARNEY”—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the story by Donn Byrne. Adapted by Albert Lewin. Directed by Marcel De Sano. The cast: *Peggy Nolan*, Renee Aodere; *James Carabine*, Ralph Graves; *Marcolina*, Paulette Goddard; *Blanco Johnson*, Malcolm Waite; *Peggy's Aunt*, Margaret Seddon.

“MY OFFICIAL WIFE”—WARNER BROS.—From the play by A. C. Gunter. Adapted by Graham Baker. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Countess Orloff*, Irene Rich; *Alexander (Suscha)*, Conway Tearle; *Demi-Mondaine*, Jane Winton; *Grand Duke*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Inart*, Stuart Holmes; *Nicholas*, John Miljan; *Count Orloff*, Emile Chautard; *Valet*, Sidney Bracey; *Commandant*, N. Vavitch; *Sascha's four companions*, Tom Ford, Russel Ritchie, Tom Costello, Igor Presnikoff.

“FOR ALIMONY ONLY”—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story and continuity by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Wm. de Mille. The cast: *Mary Martin Williams*, Leatrice Joy; *Peter Williams*, Clive Brook; *Narcissa Williams*, Lilyan Tashman; *Bertie Wareing*, Casson Ferguson; *The Maid*, Toby Claude.

“UNKNOWN CAVALIER, THE”—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Kenneth Perkins. Adapted by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Tom Drury*, Ken Maynard; *Ruth Gaunt*, Kathleen Collins; *Peter Gaunt*, David Torrence; *Clout Peltingill*, T. Roy Barnes; *Henry Stiggs*, James Mason; *Judge Blodgett Jones*, Otis Harlan; *Lingo*, Josef Swickard; *Three Bad Men*, Pat Harmon, Frank Lackteen, Raymond Wells; *Bob Webb*, Bruce Webb; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns; *Billy Gaunt*, Jimsey Boudwin; *Tarzan*, As Himself.

“COUNTRY BEYOND, THE”—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Valencia*, Olive Borden; *Roger Mackay*, Ralph Graves; *Joe Hawkins*, Fred Kohler; *Henry Harland*, Lawford Davidson; *Mrs. Hawkins*, Evelyn Selbie; *Sergeant Cassidy*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Father John*, Alfred Fisher; *Mrs. Andrews*, Gertrude Astor.

“BROKEN HEARTS OF HOLLYWOOD”—WARNER BROS.—From the story by R. L. Schrock and Ed. Clark. Scenario by Graham Baker. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Betty Ann Bolton*, Fatsy Ruth Miller; *Douglas Perry*, Louise Dresser; *Hal Terwilliger*, Virginia Fairbanks, Jr.; *Wop*, Marshall, Jerry Miley; *McLain*, Stuart Holmes; *Molly*, Barbara Worth; *Sheriff*, Dick Sutherland; *Director*, Emile Chautard; *District Attorney*, Anders Randolph; *Chief of Detectives*, George Nichols; *Defense Attorney*, Sam De Grasse.

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"MYSTERY CLUB, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by A. S. Roche. Scenario by Helen Broderick. Directed by Herbert Blache. The cast: Dick Bernard, Matt Moore; Nancy Durrell, Edith Roberts; Mrs. Kate Vandever, Mildred Harris; John Cranahan, Charles Lane; Eli Sinsbaugh, Warner Oland; Scott Glensening, Henry Herbert; Alonzo, Charles Puffy; Singh, Alphonse Martell; If'ikins, Finlay Smith; Red, Far Metcalfe; Eric Hudson, Nat Carr; Amos Harriman, Jed Prouty; Inspector Burke, Alfred Allen; Detective, Sidney Bracey, Snyke, Monte Montague.

"FOURTH COMMANDMENT, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Emile Johnson. Adapted and directed by Emory Johnson. Photography by Arthur Todd. The cast: Gordon Graham, Henry Victor; Marjorie Miller, June Marlowe; Virginia, Belle Bennett; Edmund Graham, Leigh Willard; Mrs. Graham, Mary Carr; Ray Miller, Brady Clay; Mrs. Miller, Catherine Wallace; Frederick Stoneman, Frank Elliott; John Malloy, Knute Erickson; Mrs. Smith, Kathleen Myers; Sonny, Robert Agnew; Sonny (as a little boy), Wendell Phillips Franklin; Marjorie (as a little girl), Lorraine Rivers; Gordon (as little boy), Malcolm Jones; Count Douglas Von Rosen, Stanley Taylor.

"MAN OF QUALITY, A"—EXCELLENT PICTURES.—Story by H. V. Han Loan. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: George Walsh, Ruth Dwyer, Laura di Cardi, Lucian Prival, Brian Donlevy.

"WHISPERING WIRES"—FOX.—From the stage play by Kate McLaughlin. Story by Henry Leverage. Scenario by L. G. Rigby. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: Doris Stockbridge, Anita Stewart; Barry McGill, Edmund Burns; Montgomery Stockbridge, Charles Clary; Bert Norton, Otto Matieson; Triggy Drew, Scott Wells; Cassidy, Mack Swan; McCarthy, Arthur Housman; Jasper, "Heine" Conklin; Jeanette, Cecile Evans; Ann Cartwright, Maym Kelso; Tracy Bennett, Charles Selson; Andrew Morphy, Frank Campeau.

"The Big Parade" Wins PhotoPlay Medal for 1925

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

the doughboy hero, while the picture was being filmed.

When "The Big Parade" was in the making, Irving Thalberg became convinced of its greatness. The company was sent to Texas and many of the battle scenes were re-constructed on a huge scale. Thalberg felt that "The Big Parade" was a big thing—and he gambled on his theory.

In this way "The Big Parade" came into being. Thus the honors can be distributed between Loew, the man who courageously tossed his millions into the scale, Thalberg, who believed in the picture from the beginning, and Vidor, who actually made it.

Vidor is generous in paying tribute to Jack Gilbert and Renée Adoree, who played the principal roles. This not only for their fine acting but for their directorial assistance. Gilbert, who has directed himself, helped a lot with suggestions. His creation of the gum-chewing episode has been noted. Miss Adoree, being French and knowing French life, aided with many suggestions. The scenes in the little French family were built with her aid.

A word should be added or credit should be given Harry Behn for the working script and John Arnold for his camera work.

"The Big Parade" is a notable achievement and PHOTOPLAY is proud of its readers in awarding it the gold medal of 1925. Indeed, "The Big Parade" is one of the really great films of the American screen.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SOCIAL CELEBRITY, A—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou as an ambitious young shaver, borrows some clothes and becomes the toast of New York. Another fascinating Menjou picture. (July.)

SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN, THE—Warner Bros.—This purports to be a comedy but it's a tragedy and vice versa. Don't be annoyed. (August.)

SON OF THE SHEIK, THE—United Artists.—Rudolph Valentino's last effort before the silver screen. He was the old Rudy again and his work ranked at the top of the best performances of the month. Long will this picture remain in the memory of those fortunate enough to see it. (October.)

SO THIS IS PARIS—Warner Bros.—Another variation of the domestic infidelity theme presented by the sophisticated Ernst Lubitsch. The weakest of the famous director's efforts to date. (September.)

SPARROWS—United Artists.—Watching the antics of Mary Pickford and a bunch of other kids is a safe bet for an enjoyable evening. (August.)

SPEEDING VENUS, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not so good. Priscilla Dean is the feminine interest. (September.)

SPORTING LOVER, THE—First National.—This might have been worse, but it doesn't seem possible. Just another movie. (September.)

STRONG MAN, THE—First National.—A grand and glorious laugh from start to finish. If your sides ache, don't blame us, blame Harry Langdon. (Nov.)

SUBWAY SADIE—First National.—A true and humorous New York's underground army. Dorothy Mackall is splendid. (Nov.)

SUNNY SIDE UP—Producers Dist. Corp.—A concealing of a Cinderella yarn and a Pollyanna-ish character. You guessed it awful. (September.)

SWEET DADDIES—First National.—The Jewishness and Irishness are at it again—and what a sweet comedy this is. It's worth while. (September.)

TEXAS STREAK, THE—Universal.—A fairly interesting Western with Hoot Gibson. (Nov.)

THAT'S MY BABY—Paramount.—Sixty minutes of farce comedy fairly dances across the screen with Douglas MacLean in the leading role. Need more be said? (June.)

THREE BAD MEN—Fox.—Real good entertainment—the kind the whole family can enjoy. (Oct.)

THREE WEEKS IN PARIS—Warner Bros.—Matt Moore is again the sap with the result that you sit through a sappy picture. (August.)

TIN GODS—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan needed a good story, director and cast to prove he's still a good actor. Of course Renee Adoree helps to make this interesting. (Nov.)

TONY RUNS WILD—Fox.—Tom Mix in an average Western. (July.)

TRIP TO CHINATOWN, A—Fox.—Two reels of this would have been sufficient. Not worth while. (August.)

TWISTED TRIGGERS—Associated Exhibitors.—There is no reason why you should waste a perfectly good hour on this silly nonsense. (October.)

TWO-GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Go see this very grand hero, Fred Thomson, and his famous horse, Silver King. They are a delight. (September.)

UNDER WESTERN SKIES—Universal.—A story as old as the hills where it is laid. Yep, the good old Western stuff. Fair. (September.)

UNKNOWN SOLDIER, THE—Prod. Dist. Corp.—A sad attempt at being another "Big Parade." It's funny—unintentionally. (August.)

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM—Prod. Dist. Corp.—Laughter for all. The players—Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford. (August.)

VARIETY—UFA-Famous Players.—This absorbing story of vaudeville life has more popular qualities than any German production imported to America since "Passion." Emil Jannings' work is superb. (September.)

VOLGA BOATMAN, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Not Cecil De Mille at his best, but the march of the theme and the beautiful composition and photography lift it above the ranks. (June.)

WALTZ DREAM, THE—UFA-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A gay comedy of old Vienna. If you have any prejudice against foreign films, make an exception of this one. (October.)

WET PAINT—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith in a great film for those to whom fun is fun. (July.)

WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING, THE—Universal.—Feel like laughing tonight? See this interesting version of the John Emerson and Anita Loos stage play. (October.)

WILD HORSE STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—Pass this up. It's stupid. (October.)

WILDERNESS WOMAN, THE—First National.—Mild entertainment. Chester Conklin gives an excellent performance as a rough miner with a million. (July.)

WILD OATS LANE—Producers Dist. Corp.—An interesting crook drama with Viola Dana and Bobby Agnew. (June.)

WILD TO GO—F. B. O.—Tom Tyler and Frankie Darro prove to be a splendid combination in Westerns. It's worth seeing. (July.)

WISE GUY, THE—First National.—Just for grownups. All about crooks who preach religion to cover their shady connections. Fair. (August.)

YELLOW FINGERS—Fox.—There is a little beauty in this picture, Olive Borden, that just makes you forget all about the story as you see her flittering across the screen. And we don't mean may! (June.)

YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN—Famous Players.—Florence Vidor's first starring vehicle will go over big with any audience. (October.)



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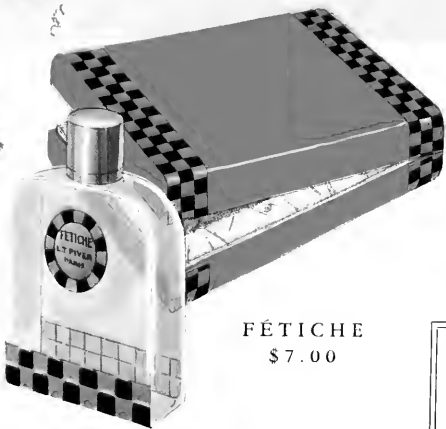
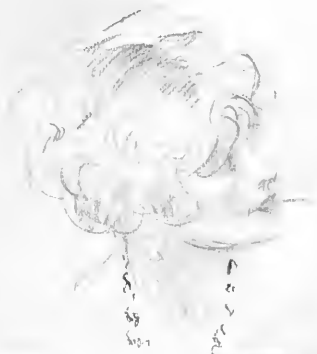
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