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An Open Letter
By Rodolph Valentino

Hollywood
By Frank Condon
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H. H. Van Loan isn’t a miner. He is the master scenario writer in the world of photoplays. He is the author of many of the most notable screen classics. His genius has brought him wealth and fame. Most of his scenarios are sold before they are written. Producers pay him thousands of dollars. Why? Because he is H. H. Van Loan? No! It is because he discovered that elusive little twist of something that spells fame and fortune in screen writing—because he knows how to write.

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This fascinating volume is just off the press. It is Van Loan’s answer to where he got his ideas—how he developed them to bring him fame and fortune — where and how he sold them, and all other twists and turns that were necessary before he came to the surface as the foremost screen author of the day.

Read, study and analyze “How I Did It.” Then YOU can tell WHY producers want Van Loan stories — why they pay him thousands of dollars for a single photoplay—why they want stories of the same kind that OTHERS can write—WHY they will pay thousands of dollars to ANYONE who can write them.

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Mr. Van Loan has consented to autograph a limited number of copies of his book, for the holiday season. Your copy, or the one you want to send to a friend for a present, will be autographed by the author, providing you mail the attached coupon before Xmas or New Year.

“How I Did It” is not in any sense a text book or a course in scenario writing. Many already successful photoplaywrights use it as a “stabilizer.” It is a straightforward, fearless and interestingly written guide for men and women who want to master the business of writing for the movies.

This remarkable book will carry you deeper into the photoplay industry than you ever hoped to go. Van Loan leads you through a short cut—the final, successful, wealth-producing route which he found for the creation of “Vive La France,” “The Virgin of Stamboul,” “The New Moon,” “Fightin’ Mad,” “The Wonderful Chance,” and other classics that spread the fame of Dorothy Dalton, Priscilla Dean, Norma Talmadge, Earl Williams, House Peters, Tom Mix and numerous other cinema stars.

Remember, “How I Did It” is issued only in a RESERVED and limited de luxe edition. Reservations for copies must be made immediately. Your copy will be mailed direct from the printer for $3.50. Fill out the coupon and mail today. If not satisfied, we will refund your money if the book is returned in three days.
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This idea of shopping for their photoplays is gradually and surely taking hold of people.

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Go "shopping" and get Paramount.

Paramount Pictures

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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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Be a Master of JAZZ and RAGTIME

Anyone who can remember a tune can easily and quickly learn to play Jazz, Ragtime and Popular Songs by ear, at a very small cost. New Niagara Method makes piano playing wonderfully simple.

No matter how little you know about music—even though you “have never touched a piano”—if you can just remember a tune, you can learn to play by ear. I have perfected an entirely new system. It is so simple, so easy, and shows you so many little tricks of playing that it just comes natural to pick out on the piano any piece that is running through your mind. Even those who could not learn by the old-fashioned method grasp the Niagara idea readily, and follow through the entire course of twenty lessons quickly in spare time, at home.

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No need to devote years to study, in order to learn piano nowadays. Neither is special talent necessary. Every lesson is so easy, so interesting and fascinating that you “can’t keep your hands off the piano.” Just devote a part of your spare time to it for ninety days and you will be playing and entertaining your friends almost before you realize how this wonderful new accomplishment has been acquired. No tiresome scales, no arpeggios to learn—no do-re-mi, no tiresome practice and meaningless exercises. You learn a bass accompaniment that applies to ANY SONG you play by ear. Once learned you have it for all time and become master of the piano.

Experienced and talented musicians are amazed at the rapid progress of Niagara School students and say they cannot understand why this method was not thought of years ago. Yet it has never been used before and is not used by any other teacher or school today.

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You, like thousands of others, have perhaps given up trying to learn to play the piano. You can pick out the tunes to popular songs with the right hand, but you cannot get the bass accompaniment with the left—you fail to produce harmony. That’s been the stumbling block of thousands—yet this course shows you all this very clearly—so you can do it yourself. The Niagara Method does not give you the bass accompaniment as written in the music, but gives you a simple accompaniment which applies to any song you play by ear. Once learned you can have it for all time and your difficulties are over. It is simple, easy and readily developed into ragtime and jazz. It has been the secret behind the Niagara Method.

Be The Popular One In Your Crowd

One who can sit down any time without notes or music, reel off the latest jazz and ragtime song hits that entertain folks—always being the popular one in the crowd, the center of attraction, the life of the party, sought and invited everywhere. As easily as hundreds of others have learned, so you, too, can learn and profit by it—not only through the pleasure it provides but also by playing at dances, movies and other entertainments.

Decide to begin now. Just spend a little part of your time with my easy, fascinating lessons, and see how quickly you “catch on” and learn to play. You will be amazed, whether you are a beginner or an advanced student.

Write for my book, “The Niagara Method,” describing this wonderful new method of playing by ear. It is sent to you FREE.

RONALD G. WRIGHT, Director, Niagara School of Music, Dept. 498, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

"Chant the Beauties of the Good"

Angleton, Texas.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading "Brickbats and Bouquets." There seem to be more brickbats. Some people are so perfect (?) that they must hunt out the other fellow's faults. I saw a statement recently, which said that when one person finds fault with another, that the fault exists first in his own mind.

Would it not do more good to express our appreciation of the good in pictures instead of filling our own and other people's minds with the unpleasant things? Emerson says: "Do not bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good." We find what we look for: why not let them know that we see the beautiful?

The woman who said she would not go to see Mae Murray, was talking like the censor. When will we be clean-minded enough not to be ashamed of the human body? Art declares it the most beautiful thing in the world! It is our "temple not made with hands;" the temple of our soul. The Greeks 2,000 years ago knew more than we, of beauty.

MRS. W. T. S.

A School Girl's Sentiments

Baltimore, Maryland.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I am a fifteen year old high school girl. I am quite sure that what I am going to say will be agreed to by nearly every boy and girl.

When we come from school in the evenings after having worked out different problems in mathematics and tried to remember outlandish names in ancient history, what pleasure do you think we get in looking at a pictured classic that we probably already know by heart? Or worse still, seeing some heartrending drama that makes you want to cry or that is played with such horrible realism as to keep you awake all night?

As we, the school children, represent a great percentage of the movie audience, will the reformers please consider our likes and dislikes?

MILDRED TAYLOR.

A Boost for Eugene

N. Y. C.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I wonder why producers fail to see the gold mine there would be in a man like Eugene O'Brien if he were given half a chance with a decent story.

There has been much talk about Mr. O'Brien deserting the screen. I sincerely hope this is not so. He was the first one to be called the "Perfect Lover," and surely he has not become any less an artist now, after quite a little practice on the screen.

There can be no one before the public who can give any more satisfactory results as a screen star than Eugene.

MRS. DOL. O'RYAN.

She Doesn't Like Norma and Connie!

Toronto, Canada.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Will you please answer a question which puzzles me? Why do they always praise the Talmdge sisters? Norma, I will admit, works hard to make her pictures successful but she needs a lesson in graceful deportment.

Who mentioned her gracious beauty and her nice nose? In reality the only time she approaches even ordinary good looks is when the blinding lights play on her countenance, brightening her naturally dark appearance.

Mr. Schenck gets good plays for Norma but they are mutilated to star her. As for Constance, she has plays built especially for her, making her the only attractive girl in the cast. I know these sisters are popular, but I can't "see" them!

MARY MOORE.

A Litany

Boston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Good Lord, deliver us from—

Any more "Foolish Wives."

Fatty Arbuckle's critics.

Walt Rogers' grin.

Gloria Swanson as a child.

More photos of handsome Rodolph.

Tom Mix's pictures (they're all alike).

Mildred Harris in any picture.

Gladys Brockwell and her coy smiles.

Bebe Daniels in western garb.

But, Good Lord, give us plenty of—

Harold Lloyd pictures.

Mae Murray's dancing.

Norma Talmadge.

Lon Chaney's clever acting.

Nazimova's technique.

Pauline Frederick's efforts.

Corinne Griffith.

J. BRITTON BASTABLE.

Picture Politicians

Olympia, Washington.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

We went to see Tom Meighan in "Our Leading Citizen." Tom was good, as he always is. But I have worked for seven years in the State Capitol here and have attended the legislative sessions and met all kinds of politicians, but never have I seen one dressed as Theodore Roberts and James Neill were, in "Our Leading Citizen." There is no question about some politicians being inwardly as they were portrayed by those sterling actors, but not in their outward appearance. It took all the good out of the picture for me, though the acting was splendid.

We pick our pictures carefully, for after I have happened to see one that leaves a bad taste in my mouth I vow I'll never go again; and oh, how I regret the $350 I spent, and maybe it was $500, for so often in our town when a picture comes that is credited with being wonderful, the price is raised, and we feel cheated. For example, "Foolish Wives." Regardless of what the papers say, I think that was one of the worst pictures I ever saw. What good are beautiful scenes when the thought of the story is bad?

MRS. MARY ANDERSON.

Scenes of Cruelty

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

May I voice my sentiments through your valuable column on a film I viewed recently? It was sandwiched in on an otherwise perfect program.

The picture in question is a release by Pathé, a series of films showing two boys in the woods trapping wild animals.

The film was in progress as I entered the theater and I do not know the title, but it depicted the snaring, by means of two snares, rope, and other contraptions, of a mountain lion.

One showing of such a picture to a crowd of small boys, is sufficient to undo years of work of our humane societies, and they would leave that theater, and proceed to try just such a stunt on some poor defenseless cat.

I talked with the manager of the theater about this film and he said he was sorry he had booked the series and as there were only two more, he would cut them from the program. May I enlist the aid of PHOTOPLAY to drive such scenes off the screen?

ELIZABETH M. LUNDgren.

By Any Other Name?

Oklahoma City, Okla.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir:

I don't blame Valentino a bit for changing his name. I don't blame any actor or actress for changing his original name to something more suitable for publicity purposes.

Why, imagine Mary Pickford being known as Mary Smith! Probably it wouldn't make any difference in her acting, but just the same it's hard to imagine. And Lila Lee suits that lovely young lady more than Augusta Appel, or whatever it was. And Valentino is more suited to Rudolph than Guglielmi, even if we could pronounce it.

OUT OF THE WEST.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)
Permanent Wave Effect
Now Quick, Cheap and Easy

New Liquid Discovery Makes Straight Hair Wavy, Soft and Wonderfully Curly

Y OU have always longed for soft, fluffy, curly hair. And now—at last—you can have it! For Science has perfected a wonderful new liquid, which when applied to the most stubborn hair, gives it a beautiful permanent wave effect, making it wonderfully curly, delightfully soft, gloriously wavy.

It is called Domino Curling Fluid. Nothing just like it has ever been known before. No occasion to do away with your tried and tested method of kids or silk curlers. But Domino Curling Fluid is something more, something different, something entirely unique. Use the same old kids or silk curlers if you wish, but before doing so moisten your hair with just a few drops of Domino Curling Fluid—and, behold! A miracle of beauty will have been performed. Not only you, but your friends, will be astonished at the sudden, beautiful transformation in your hair.

A so-called "permanent wave" costs about $25 and sometimes lasts four months, often less. But now you can have what we consider a more beautiful wave—full of life and fluff—and you can have it now for only $1.45! Moreover, a single $1.45 bottle contains enough Curling Fluid to last you for a long time.

Just think what this means! No more costly fees to hairdressers. No more setting for hours and hours undergoing the tortures of permanent wave methods. For in just a short time, in your own home, you can now acquire charming wavy hair that your friends will always envy. Domino Curling Fluid is just what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

Natural—Not Artificial—Waves

No matter how straight, dull or unmanageable your hair may have been, just one application of this wonderful discovery will make it fall in soft, glittering waves and natural silky curls. It will give even the mos' lifeless hair a new entrancing luster. Only one application will keep your hair wavy and in curl usually for a week or more!

If you have experimented with new-fangled "permanent wave" methods, you undoubtedly know how injurious they are to the hair. Not only do they often kill the natural luster and life of the hair, but they produce curls and waves too artificial looking to be beautiful.

Watch the Amazing Transformation!

No matter how straight or dull your hair may be you will be simply astonished at how Domino Curling Fluid makes it soft, wavy and charming. No more torturous electric treatments. For just one application of Domino Curling Fluid will make your hair delightfully fluffy and curvyl—and keep it so for a week or more.

But how different is Domino Curling Fluid! This remarkable preparation contains the very elements needed to make your hair naturally wavy and naturally curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to one's appearance. Don't let your beauty be spoiled by straight dull hair. No matter how you want your hair, Domino Curling Fluid will beautifully it immeasurably. No more straight wavy strands—no more straggly ends. For with Domino Curling Fluid your hair will always look neat, well dressed, dainty and charming. Try it once—and you will be amazed and delighted with the results.

Special Offer

So that every one may try this wonderful new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a penny in advance. Simply mail the coupon below and a full size bottle of Domino Curling Fluid will be sent you by return mail. Although the regular price is $3.00, you may pay the postman the special reduced price of only $1.45 (plus a few cents postage in full payment).

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Only $1.45

Already Domino Curling Fluid is bringing new beauty and charm to thousands of others—and it will do the same for you. Mail the coupon now—today. Remember, on this special offer you get Domino Curling Fluid at a greatly reduced price. This offer may never appear again—so mail the coupon at once.

Send No Money—

DOMINO HOUSE
269 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me one $3.00 bottle of Domino Curling Fluid. When the postman hands it to me, I will pay him $1.45 (plus few cents postage) in full payment. If for any reason I am not satisfied, I will return it in five days and you agree to promptly refund my money.

Name

Address

City

State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
You Can Now Have Beautiful Ankles

Science Has Found a Sure, Easy Way to Slenderize and Beautify Even the Thinnest Ankles. No Exercise or Discomfort. Try it for Five Days.

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The scientifically designed Vanitek rubber Ankle-Reducing Band can be worn under the hose without any one's seeing it. It exerts a constant pressure so gentle you cannot feel it, yet it loosens up the fatty globules just as effectively as hours of daily massage would. With these wonderful rubber ankle reducers you get a jar of special Vanitek Ankle-Reducing Cream, which causes the fat to be dissolved and carried away by the blood. This treatment need only be used at night. It will work while you sleep. But since the rubber is so fine as to be unseen, many prefer to use it during the entire 24 hours. This, of course, speeds up the reducing process.

This treatment worked such marvels in the Beauty Parlors where it was first sold that it is now being made available to everybody. There is no hardship, no danger, no discomfort whatever. Yet the fat around your ankles melts away and the most delightful, new, graceful lines make their appearance.

Five Days’ Trial—Send No Money

Just mail the coupon today. A full supply of this treatment will be sent in plain container. Pay the postman only 2.95 (plus the few cents postage) on arrival. There are no further charges. Try this simple, easy method for 5 days. Then, if you are not thoroughly satisfied, simply return the bands and what is left of the cream and your money will be refunded without question. You run no risk whatever. But act today. Mail the coupon now. MODERN RESEARCH SOCIETY, Dept. A-241, 45 West 16th Street, New York City.

MODERN RESEARCH SOCIETY Dept. A-241, 45 West 16th Street New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me for FIVE DAYS’ TRIAL, a pair of “Vanitek Ankle-Reducers” and a large jar of your VANITEK ANKLE-REDUCING CREAM. On arrival, I will pay the postman only $2.95 plus postage, you notifying me of the exact rate. But if at the end of 5 days I am not satisfied with results I am at liberty to return everything, and you will refund my money at once.

Name ........................................
Local Address ...................................
City and State ..................................

[continued from page 8]

A French Fan Speaks
Paris, France.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor:

Though living in Paris, so far away from the U. S. A., I am a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY.

First let me begin with three cheers for my three favorite players: the three great dramatic actors: Sessue Hayakawa and his wife Tsuru Aoki; and the great comedian, Charlie Chaplin. I should be pleased to state what a large following all of your greatest stars have right here in Paris. And, of course, we pay a sincere tribute of admiration to your great D. W. Griffith, deMille, and Rex Ingram.

The Parisians have many friends too and I think the American girls are really lucky to have had such a fine opportunity as the “New Faces Contest.” All of us French girls are envious.

HELEN ROMPEL.

Old Plots for New

Tucson, Arizona.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I have been following the progress of the motion picture since its infancy. I have watched it with ever increasing delight, since its first crude scenes—and crude comedies were thrown upon a faulty sheet. And I have found only small things, during all of its rapid growth, to complain about.

And yet I am coming to you, today, with a question about something that is not small.

Something, in fact, that troubles me—just as it must trouble every one who wishes only good things for our youngest art.

Why are the stories so bad? Why are the situations, in which really fine actors and actresses are placed, so illogical—so often really absurd? And what have been, sots and angles and solutions used over and over until they are so threadbare that even a child must be aware of their shabby appearance?

There must be some solution.

AGNES KENNERLY.

A Brickbat for D. W.

Beverly, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Here is a little contribution for your magazine which you hope you will print, entitled “A Brickbat for D. W. Griffith.” In my opinion, and many others, this man has reached the height of egoism. When folk go to see a photographic play they are not interested in the life history of the man who directed it—as D. W. Griffith seems to think they should be—to the extent of buying a booklet containing it. One would suppose he was the only person who had ever produced a picture.

Pictures have got to have a little snap and some pep to bring out the public, and as for the “personal appearances” being given lately, well, the least said, the better it will look or rather, read.

The only one I ever saw who knew how to “appear” was Bert Lytell; he is my idea of a fine actor.

ANNA GARDNER.

“Star Kathryn Williams”

Dallas, Texas.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I want to endorse the idea of C. L. Kraus, a contributor to "Brickbats and Bouquets." He has put into words a thought which I, and many others, have had for years—"Star Kathryn Williams." One of our earliest actresses, she has, by her rare ability, time and again safely carried a picture out of that class called mediocre; and there have been many times when she has walked away with the action. "(Often times) have I, in the back of my mind, thought of Kathryn in the famous line, "Don't forget her in "The Adventures of Kathlyn," "The Spoliars," and "The Rosary." Why not give her parts such as those assumed by Pauline Frederick? Surely after you all have done such excellent service one so deserving should be given a fitting reward.

W. L. WORSHAM.

“The New American Beauty”

Dallas, Texas.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

I read that “Myrtle Bryden,” in your October issue, resented the fact that Griffith was responsible for making the small type of woman popular (on the screen). But, did he? Isn’t the small type far more appealing, even when less beautiful? And, doesn’t she win the sympathy of an audience far more completely than a large woman? The big woman may be intensely admired, but does she touch your heart to the same extent? Betty Blythe looks too good to take care of herself to work an audience up very greatly over her trouble. Priscilla Dean is an attractive dynamic actress, and Katherine MacDonald a real beauty—but they seem to stir at the door. Mary Pickfords, Norma Talmades and Lillian Gish? I put it up to your corner, and would like to hear from anyone interested in taking up cudgels in defense of the big woman or the small one.

POLLY LAIRD.

Mary and Others

Seattle, Washington

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

My favorite actress is, and for the past ten years has been, Mary Pickford. Mary has had many stories that were poor material for her, but she has always been, to my mind, the sweetest girl of pictures. I feel towards Mary Pickford, as I feel towards a dear friend, and I always love to see her. She has given me a great deal of comfort, and at times, has surely needed cheering up. The movies in general have contributed no small part to my pleasure; in fact they have been for all I could afford. I have paid the line of registration. When Mary or Thomas Meighan, or Norma or Constance or Lillian Gish, or Theodore Roberts or Charles Ogle or Will Rogers is in a picture I want to see it. Raymond Hatton is in my estimation a splendid actor, and it does seem a shame that such as he are not given the prominence they have merited.

MRS. J. R.

We’ve Already Obliged

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

Why is it you do not devote more space to Tom Meighan?

Every month I purchase PHOTOPLAY with the hope of getting news and pictures of Mr. Meighan’s life, both public and private; and am generally disappointed. I am sure there are many others as well who would be interested in anything you would print about him. Tom has a large number of fans as you would realize if you attended the theaters where his pictures are shown.

Why is it we never see any pictures of Mrs. Meighan? Come to the front with some information about Tom and Frances in your forthcoming issue.

GEORGE CARROLL.

[continued on page 16]
“Good-Bye—
I'm Very Glad
To Have Met You”

But he isn’t glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment he had just experienced. Every day people are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?


couldn’t know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister’s best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy bore he must seem to be and how incorrect things he must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one’s guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

“Good-bye, I’m very glad to have met you,” he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn’t realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

What Was His Blunder?

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say “Good-bye, I’m very glad to have met you”? What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what to do and say, write and wear on all occasions, are constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder if we should take the salt cellar, or whether the fingers or not, as asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Are You Sure of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make “good mixers.” If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and good manners what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel “alone” at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

Famous Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes, Sent Free for 5 Days’ Examination

You have heard of the Book of Etiquette, of course. Perhaps you have been wishing that you could see it, examine it, read one or two of the chapters. Perhaps, even, you have had a secret desire to have your very own little problems solved for you by such famous, authoritative work.

Here is your opportunity to study, read, and examine the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette absolutely without cost. For 5 days you may keep the set and examine it at your expense. Read the complete text on etiquette written for the bride’s trousseau, on speech, on dancing. Don’t miss the chapter called “Games and Sports” and be sure to read about the origin of our social customs—why rice is thrown after the bride, why the color of mourning, why a tea-cup is given to the engaged girl.

You be the judge. If you are not thoroughly delighted with the Book of Etiquette, if you do not feel that a set should be in your home—in every home—just return it to us and the examination will not have cost you anything.

Surely you are not going to miss this opportunity to examine the Book of Etiquette free? We know you are going to clip and mail the coupon at once.

Send No Money—Coupon Brings Books

When the Book of Etiquette arrives, glance at the illustrations, read the introduction, read a page here and there through the books. Look up and solve the little problems that have been puzzling you. Within the 5-day free period decide whether you are going to return the books without obligation, or keep them and send us only $3.50 in full payment. Remember this is not an offer—it is merely a request for free examination.

Clip and mail this coupon at once, before it slips your memory. There is no time like NOW to do it. Get it into the mailbox today.

NELSON DOUBLE-DAY, Inc., Dept. 771, Garden City, N. Y.

Free Examination Coupon

NELSON DOUBLE-DAY, Inc., Dept. 771
Garden City, New York

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, and not the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette, within 5 days I will either return these books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obligated to keep the books if I am not satisfied with them.

Name

(please write plainly)

Address

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyk

Peggy R., Denver, Colo.

If you are a blonde you should use a light lip-stick—but not too light. I have the new mandarin shade of rouge. As you are tall and very slim you may wear fluidly dresses for afternoons and evening parties and two-piece Brumleys for school. A broken line will make you seem shorter. The sixteen-year-old girl will not wear the extremely long skirts—just a modest, girlish length, half way between the knee and ankle. But the girl of eighteen may have her frocks as trailing as Paris dictates.


Have you ever thought of a permanent wave? The new oil method is splendid; it is so soft and pretty! With your mop of hair it should be especially successful. I agree with you that curling irons, however skillfully handled, do much to harm the texture and beauty of a woman’s crowning glory.

Irene B., Chicago, Ill.

Use a cold cream powder in the naturel shade. Flesh color may be too pinkish for you. Some of the complexion clays advertised in this magazine will help to clear your skin of blackheads.

V. D., Washington, D. C.

A permanent wave, if it is done by a reliable hairdresser, will undoubtedly be successful. Have a loose wave put in—not the kinky sort. Your new evening dress? I suggest jade green with silver lace and wreath of yellow roses with. With a fairly tight basque waist and a full, long, skirt, using a soft taffeta as the material. Pollyanna cloth and poet-wilt will be much used for winter suits. And twined for sports will, of course.

I like the tone of your letter. It is sweet and modest.

T. R. C., Beaune, Texas.

It is indeed unpleasant to feel acute embarrassment while in conversation with members of the opposite sex. To know that you are blushing and stammering adds to your natural shy-ness and discomfort. But this habit, for it is a habit, may be conquered.

Practice talking, and reading aloud, in front of your mirror. Do this daily. Not in a joking way, but with all seriousness. Study your face, as you speak, and concentrate upon your mirror eyes. This will, in time, make it easy for you to meet other eyes, and to speak casually. After a week or two of practice you will begin to notice a real improvement in your manner while in company. You will begin to acquire poise.

H. L., Washington, D. C.

Have you ever tried bathing your face regularly with a good astringent lotion? This, I am sure, would be a relief. It helps, but it is a relief. You should be used to it, and certainly, you will be used to it. The X-ray treatment left upon your cheeks. Electric massage and a fine tissue building cream would also help. And, if there is no facial specialist in your city, I will send you the name of one in New York—on receipt of a stamped envelope. I do not like to give names and addresses through these columns.

"BROWN EYES," Ga.

Walking from Georgia to Hollywood would undoubtedly give a certain amount of publicity to you and your girl friends, although cross-country hikers, even young women, are not as much of a sensation as they were a few short years ago. Whether this sort of publicity would help you to break into the motion picture game I cannot say. Publicity helps, but it must be a specialized sort of publicity. And it must be backed up by brains, beauty, and a desire to work hard. If you really enjoy your work as a stenographer, and are making good at it, I should advise that you think twice before starting on your long walk.

D. D., San Diego, Cal.

You will find any of the complexion clays advertised in Photoplay Magazine absolutely reliable. A complexion clay acts as a strenuous cleanser to the skin—it penetrates surface blemishes, and purges clogged pores of every impurity.

M. B., Colorado.

It is easy to reduce without taking medicine—you may lose many pounds through diet and systematized exercise. Walter Camp’s daily dozen—which may now be purchased upon a phonograph record. If you prefer your exercises with music—will make your figure generally slimmer. And a diet from which you have eliminated fats, starch and sugars, will take care of the actual plumpness that you so dislike.

[Continued on Page 15]
Louis B. Mayer presents a
John M. Stahl
production of matrimonial mates and mis-mates

When does a man reach the dangerous age?

### Coming to the Following Theatres

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<tr>
<th>THEATRE</th>
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<td>Mary Anderson</td>
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A First National Picture

Louis B. Mayer Productions, Inc.
ATTENTION—SEVERAL HUNDRED of our men are earning $56 to $50 a week taking orders for our large wood tailed to order suits which sell at the low price of $20.00. Some higher. They also wonderful value, $2 to 50 cents less than our prices. Rear, good assortment of styles and complete clothing outfits. Request the house experience. Reliable men write, State territory. J.B. Martin, Eugene, Ore.

AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE OUR GOODS and machinery throughout the country. We are an honest, prosperous concern, write for full particulars. American Products Co., 7233 American Building, Chicago.

MAKE $5 TO $5 A WEEK REPRESENTING CHICAGO MANUFACTURERS. Open direct from factories for men, women, children. Full protection. Send $5 to the store. George Crown Company, Dept. 54, Philadelphia.

AGENTS, $60 TO $25 A WEEK, FREE samples. Gold Sign Letters for Store and Office windows. Only a few left in stock. Large, bold, bright, beautiful, bright, letters, every color, 24, 36, 48, 72-point. Works, Dept. 51, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS—BECOME INDEPENDENT, own your business. Experience unnecessary, selling our $2,500 annual income, $300 weekly, $500 weekly. $125.00 yearly, other amounts proportionate. Guaranteed salary from regular; $30,000 deposit insurance. Department, Dept. 1, New Era Mfg., Dept. 51, Madison, Mo., Dept. 1, New Era Mfg., Dept. 51, Madison, Mo.

"$5 A DAY AND MORE." Our NEW BOOK shows clearly how you may gain more success and earn more money with less work and without any experience. At only $1.50, it is a must for every young man and woman who desires to earn more money and save. We deliver and collect. Pay daily. New Era Mfg., Dept. 51, Madison, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR, SOAP, or any other capital. World’s largest sales agency. Carnation Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis.

MAKE MANUFACTURER OF YOUR OWN SELL advertising hand suits store direct to weaver. Madison Mills, 360 Broadway, New York.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, TURNING money over the counter. We pay 25 cents to 25 cents, operating our "New System Specially Candy Factories" for you. Pay 5 cents, 75 cents, to $5 for handsome, fashionable, and practical hand suits. W. H. HILLYER RAGGOLSK, Drawer 90, East Orange, N. J.

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MAKE MONEY WITH YOUR CAMERA, write us at once for one of the largest branches on the market. We pay $125.00 immediate cash for good negatives.


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CRYSTAL GLAZING. MAKE CRYSTAL GLAZING. GOOD CASH CIRCULATING BUSINESS. CRYSTAL GLAZING BIBS SOLD DIRECT, STAMP RIBBON, thrashing on this amazing product. West Chicago Co., 3601 West Chicago Ave., Chicago.

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"WRITERS’ ATTENTION!"—HAVE YOUR MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, QUICKLY, QUIETLY, service references given. D. V. Anderson, Tampa, Florida.


ATTENTION—WRITERS! YOU CAN COLLECT rejection slips or you can let McCullum see and analyze your work. Write for the latest. Thousands of dollars for one story. Fees vary. Craig McCall, 175 Winding St., New Haven, Conn.

PHOTOPLAYS, MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, 10c PAGE, Wherever you may be. Margaret Jones, 3162 West 11th, Cleveland, Ohio.


MANUSCRIPTS PROPERLY TYPED. RATES 60C PER THOUSAND. Will write for you. Also typing, book binding, letterheads, free plot building help, Writers’ Workshop, 9434 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AUTHORS & WRITERS TYPING SERVICE Bureau 1833 Conway Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 4396.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office of a studio; in some cases both are at one address.


Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Charles Ray Productions, 1245 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. Buster Keaton Comedies, 1025 Lilian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

BALL, BILL, DUGGAN PRODUCTIONS, 356 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORP., 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PAR-MOUNT), 483 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(a) Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island C. I., N. Y.
(b) Lakesy, Hollywood, Cal.


FOX FILM CORPORATION, (a) 16th Ave. and 50th St., New York City. (b) 1401 Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (c) Culver City, Cal. (d) Manhattan and Maurice Tournier Productions.

HART, W. S., PRODUCTIONS, (a) 1215 Bates St., Hollywood, Cal.

INCE, THOMAS H. (a) Culver City, Cal.

INTERNATIONAL FILMS, INC. (Comedians), (a) F. W. Woolworth Building, New York City; (b) Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; (a) Romaine and Calhoun Ave., New York City; (b) Max Murray Productions, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Blvd., 35 West 45th St., New York City; (a) Associated Exhibitors. (b) George B. Seitz Productions, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.

R.C. PICTURES CORP., 720 Seventh Ave., New York City; (c) corner Glover and Melrose Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1230 Devens Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

SEZVICK PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; (a) United studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Charlie Chan Studios, 1416 Lafler Ave., Hollywood, Cal.


D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Nassauco, N. Y.

Nashvill Productions, United Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive New York, Cal.

Whitacker-Dennett Productions, 357 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; (c) Universal City, Cal.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City; (a) East 15th St. and Locsta Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; (b) 1788 Talmadge St., Hollywood, Cal.

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

LOIS C. SPOKANE, Wash.

Bob your hair by all means. You are not too tall—the fee is proportionate, that of a quarter inch is an ideal height for bobbed hair. And twelve is an ideal age. If your hair is curly, or has a slight wave in it, wear it parted on the side. If it is straight have it cut very short, and with a bang.

H. B. S., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Your description of yourself sounds very attractive. Surely you have the physical qualifications that spell success to the girl who is ambitious for a screen career. Aside from that there is little that I can say. I know that it is hard to just go on, being an extra, in the studios. But the only recipe that I know of for getting out of the background, is to work so hard, and so faithfully, with such cleverness, that you will light your way to the attention of a director. It has been done. And you may do it again. But the road is all uphill.

S. D. L. READING, PA.

It is foolish to cry, and to worry until you are ill, over the neglect of a girl who is such a careless and thoughtless friend. If her friendship were worth having she would not hurt your feelings, and would not be willing to leave you for the company of others.

You have not told me your age, but you sound as if you are in the threes of a schoolgirl "crush." Make other friends, do not concentrate your love upon one woman. You will be happier if she is one of many—instead of the only one.

"BACKWARD," ALBERTA, CANADA.

Vitamines will certainly improve your health. But I think that plain, old-fashioned milk will do more for your weight than anything else. Two or three quarts of it, every day. And, if possible, a half pint of cream.

Moles can only be removed by a specialist in facial treatment. They can be taken away by electricity, in a practically painless manner that requires only a few minutes.

With grey eyes and brown hair you will look your best in an auburn and brown, in flesh color, silver grey, nice green and periwinkle. And—if you have a rosy skin—black and ivory.

L. G., NEW HAMPSHIRE.

If you really and sincerely desire to be an actress—and if you are willing to undertake the hard work: the first steps upon the stage—I should suggest that you go to a school for dramatic art. With your parents' consent, of course. You are very young, and a few years of preparation and study will be decidedly helpful.

BETE W., SPOKANE, WASH.

French and Spanish heels will be exceedingly popular this season, although low heeled oxfords will continue to be smart for street and sports wear.

I saw a charming dance and dinner frock in a Fifth Avenue shop a few days ago. It was made of periwinkle and pale pink georgette crepe, in combination. The skirt was long and the two colors were mingled cleverly by means of graceful, filmy panels. The waist was made in a slightly surplice manner, and was sleeveless. At the waist, and hanging to within a foot of the hem, was a long spag of flowers in a warm rose color.

"WORRIED HELEN," GALVESTON, TEXAS.

You are only a trifle over weight. Walter Camp's Daily Dozen and the elimination of sugar and potatoes from your diet will bring you to a correct weight, in a very short time. A few applications of complexion clay, and vanishing cream before you apply powder will solve your complexion problems.

Could You Write a Story Like This?

Could you recognize the vital dramatic situation in this scene—and write a scenario about it?

It is a scene from the Rex Ingram Production (Metro Pictures Corporation), "The Conquering Power." A great drama built up from a commonplace story. Situations like this are taking place around you every day. Right in your own street, in the house next door, in your home, a great drama is being lived.

Why can't you build a plot around it? The successful photodramatists use the simplest themes; the biggest pictures are built around trivial incidents of everyday life. The successful screen writers are men and women who see the dramatic value of everyday occurrences. A few years ago these men and women were receiving ordinary salaries for doing humble tasks. Now their incomes are thousands and tens of thousands of dollars yearly.

Not Skilled Writers—Just Ordinary Men and Women

You do not need writing ability. It is not hard to write a photoplay synopsis when you understand the principles of dramatic construction and photoplay composition. If you want to write stories—if in your day dreams you make up tales about yourself—you are creating. And remember, it does not take fine writing, but just the instinct to create and a knowledge of photoplay composition.

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Dear Sirs:

[MAILING ADDRESS]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Value of the "Costume" Picture

Riderwood, Md.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir:

I have long wanted to express my opinion on "costume" pictures. They are spiced with history, and I hope we will continue to have them. I like them a great deal better than the modern pictures; the latter seem to me to have too much "sameness" in them, while the former have not only the same variety, but also the excuse of history. I have seen Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" and liked it even better than "The Four Horsemen."

I want to say a few words in praise of Joseph Schildkraut while I am mentioning the picture. He is one of the finest young actors I have ever seen on the screen. Besides being very handsome, he has great ability and a charming personality. But I think that, like Rudolph Valentino, unless he continues to play roles in "costume" pictures, he will not be as popular as he probably will be, otherwise, after "Orphans of the Storm." I am positive that Mr. Schildkraut would not be very popular in a modern play. It wouldn't suit his type at all.

Edith B. Meanly.

"Nonsensorship"

New York City.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir:

I have been an ardent reader of Photoplay for several years, and one of the most interesting departments in the book is "Brickbats and Bouquets." These people who are always preaching censure, and condemning certain pictures they see, are the very ones who support such pictures, and I shall explain why. Just let a picture come to town, and be advertised thusly: "No one under 21 admitted," "One of the most startling pictures ever produced," "A picture that has never dared to be shown before," and see who are the first ones buying tickets. It will be your old friend who thinks such things so silly, and who will sit in the ethical synagogues and churches, and tell you to see such things. They are just as busy as the churchmen, who understand; just the general public which always has so much to say about the immoralities and indecencies of pictures. Yet, I guess the poor dear just must have food for scandal.

Eva G. Austin.

Beauty Hunger

Omaha, Neb.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir:

I like pictures. I go to them every Saturday night, after the dishes are washed. My husband goes with me. There is a theater on the corner of our street, where the Palace Cafe once stood. It is finished in red plush and gold—outside it is grey stucco.

Some of the plays are fine. But some of them are really awful—about all stories and dull things, and people who were strapped dresses.

There are some of us women who aren't so young any more. And our hair is grey and the children are getting on, and our husbands ask, "What are you going to do about it?"

"Is there going to be someone here tomorrow who doesn't kiss me? And we like to see love plays. Mr. Editor, where the hero is handsome and has dark eyes and takes the girl in his arms and presses her—hard—when he is one puts his finger to his nose or mouth. And we like to see her stolen away from her family, sometimes. And sometimes we like to see shooting, and fast riding, and things like that. Tell the producers these things when you get a chance. But don't bother if you're too busy.

Rose N. Jenkins.

Applause for "Smilin' Through"


Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir:

May I through the medium of your magazine, present a large bouquet to Miss Norma Talmadge for her superb acting in "Smilin' Through"? I know it is rather late in the day, but my excuse is that this film was not released over here until the eleventh of September.

While her whole performance was absolutely flawless, the special mention I wish to make is the portrayal of the death of Moonwyn. There was no writhing of limbs, or clinching of hands, or rolling of eyes; just one spasm of pain and then she sinks into oblivion. I do not think I have ever seen a death scene more beautifully or naturally played.

To my mind, her performance deserves to rank with Miss Lillian Gish's "Harralice," and Miss Mae Marsh's "Dear One" as the best acting ever seen on the screen.

Hy C. Bingee.
The Personal Experience of a Woman Who Reduced a Found a Day Without Exercise, Starving, Drugs, or Other Discomforts and Feels Like a New Woman.

A few months before, she was a plump, middle-aged woman, with a waistline that was a half-inch wider than she liked. Her doctor had prescribed a strict diet and exercise regimen, but she found it difficult to adhere to. She decided to try a new method of weight loss that she read about in a magazine.

The method was called "CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY," and it promised to help women lose weight without exercise or restrictive diets. The woman was skeptical but decided to try it anyway.

The first week was difficult, but by the second week, she was feeling better and had lost 15 pounds. She felt more energetic and had more confidence. Her clothes fit better, and she even received compliments from her friends and family.

The woman continued with the CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY for two weeks, and by the end of the second week, she had lost a total of 25 pounds. She felt slimmer and more healthy than she had in years.

The woman was so pleased with the results of the CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY that she recommended it to her friends and family. She even started a new magazine called "PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE" to promote the method and help other women achieve similar results.

The CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY is a success story that demonstrates the power of positive thinking and the importance of finding a method that works for you.

The Secret Behind the New Method

This new scientific method of weight control is based on a simple fact in physiological chemistry. That simple fact is that certain foods, when eaten in combination with certain other foods, are fattening—but when taken by themselves, or in correct combination, they are non-fatting.

And so there is no such thing as a "diet." Healthy eating is the key to weight loss, and the CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY provides a scientifically proven approach to achieving your weight loss goals.

This is your chance to try the CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY for yourself. Visit your local CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY office or order your free trial pack today.

The CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY is proud to offer a 100% satisfaction guarantee. If you are not completely satisfied with the results of the CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, simply return the unused portion for a full refund.
Is your skin exceptionally sensitive?

Is your skin especially hard to take care of?

Wind, dust, exposure: do they continually irritate and roughen it?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. By giving your skin the special treatment it needs, you can overcome its tendency to become painful, irritated, on the least occasion.

Use this special treatment for a very sensitive skin:

Each night before retiring, dip a soft wash-cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse, first with warm, then with clear cool water, and dry carefully.

Modern authorities have discarded the old idea that washing the face with soap was bad for a delicate skin. Skin specialists now agree that the layer of dirt and oil accumulated on the skin when soap is not used, is a constant invitation to various disorders.

Why the skin of your face is exceptionally sensitive

It is a well known scientific fact that the nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and that consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap which you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin now to give your skin the special care that will keep it normally resistant to dust and exposure; soft, smooth, and fine as you want it to be.

In the booklet around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap you will find special treatments for each different type of skin. The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for regular toilet use. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Send 25 cents for these special Woodbury preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Cold Cream, and Facial Powder, with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP
AGNES AYRES as a ballerina of nerve and piquancy rather intrigues our fancy. For Agnes has always seemed the bored and cold young thing of the films. It all goes to show that you never can tell. Consider the proverb—and Agnes
PAULINE STARK is a sort of Mae Marsh and Pauline Frederick condensed into one ingenue. Not that Miss Stark isn't individual. She is. Tears come to her as easily as puttees and a megaphone to a director—or freckles to Wes' Barry
OUR sense of optical loss since Marie Prevost has deserted bathing girl comedies has never been overcome. Marie may become the supreme emotional actress and--yet we'll never forget that the photoplay has paid a terrible price to art.
JAMES KIRKWOOD is one of those regular film "troopers" who never fall down. Kirkwood, House Peters and Louis Stone comprise our idea of three highly competent movie musketeers. Kirkwood is now trying a footlight return.
RICHARD BARTHELMESS has several unforgettable cinema contributions to his credit: the sensitive and poetic Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms" and the mountain boy of "Tol'able David." Portrayals of which to be proud.
LEATRICE JOY has jumped to the very forefront of our younger actresses by her playing of the thoughtless young flapper waster of Cecil de Mille's newest cineopulence, "Manslaughter." Here is a player of fine variety and promise.
OUR own Mabel Normand, having upset Paris, Monte Carlo, Ostend and points East, not to mention an Egyptian prince, is back again. What would films be without this adroit comedienne? Mabel has a niche all her own
Crepe Meteor will wash—
but first consider this test for washing safety

It is not always easy to tell whether or not a soap is perfectly safe for laundering the very finest garments you own.

How many women have built up confidence in a soap while using it for the hardest of their dainty garments? Then comes the day for washing a costly, delicate-hued silk blouse, or dress. What a sinking of the heart when the garment comes out—only a little faded, perhaps; only a little streaked—but really ruined.

Is there no way to avoid such disasters?

Yes. There is a soap-test, as simple, yet as conclusive, as choosing between black and white. Here it is:

Would you be willing to apply the soap to your face?

Apply this thought to the soap, whatever its form, which you are planning to use for your finest silks. If this soap is Ivory Flakes, your confidence in it will be redoubled.

For Ivory Flakes is simply the flaked form of Ivory Soap, and Ivory Soap has been the gentle friend of women’s complexions for 43 years.

You may use Ivory Flakes economically for ordinary laundry work, of course; but it has a reassuring margin of safety for the most precious things you possess.

PURE, MILD, SAFE—within the butterfly’s wing—Ivory Flakes comes from its dainty blue-and-white box ready for instant suds and the luxury of washbowl laundering without worry or fear.

May we send you a small package of Ivory Flakes with our compliments and a useful booklet of washing and ironing suggestions? You will find the proper address in the lower left-hand corner.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes is for sale by grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes dainty clothes last longer

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THE ERA OF THE INDEPENDENT

PAUSE to consider the artistically noteworthy films of the past two or three years in screendom and you will have a list of photoplays made under essentially independent auspices.

Consider "Tol'able David." Or "The Kid." Or "Robin Hood." "Broken Blossoms," "The Three Musketeers" and a dozen or so others. Now and then a production breaks through the surface of a big organization—"The Miracle Man," "Blood and Sand" or "Humoresque"—but essentially the independent is the maker of the pathfinding pictures.

All this is easy to understand. Organization—in a big modern business way—makes for standardization. Its products must necessarily be of an average merit. Indeed, a big hit may upset the orderly regularity of an organization's level of product. It throws the business off its stride.

PHOTOPLAY believes that the future of the photoplay lies in the hands of the independent adventurer. It believes that the big people of film creation must inevitably turn from being a cog in a huge machine to unhampered freedom of movement. Just as today the photoplay banner is carried by the Pickfords, the Fairbankses, the Griffiths and the Chaplins, just so must the photoplay of the next generation rest with the daring independents of tomorrow.

There are but four sure fire stars of today: Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. Their pictures can always be depended upon. Each is an independent in spirit and intent. Each has won the confidence of the great public and lives up to it. Each is in a position to insist—and to achieve.

A great organization can not pause for personality or art. It must grind out its monthly quota of film drama. Its mind must be on overhead rather than on artistic experiments.

PHOTOPLAY foresees the ultimate future of the silent drama as a vast field dominated by independent producers. Great organizations there will be—to distribute, to finance, or both.

PHOTOPLAY does not mean to encourage all stars to try to become independents, nor all directors to essay the difficult roles of playing their own business managers. Very few are capable of filling the double roles of business manager and actor or director. When the time comes for independent creation, the great public itself will point the way by a touch of its magic wand.

Either now or some time soon, the photoplay must make up its mind as to which path it is to take for the future. It must go the way of business and mediocrity—or the way of art and greatness. And the photoplay is too mighty an institution to stumble and fail.

Make way, then, for the film independent!
Some Christmas Gifts for the Good

To those little friends who have been nice boys and girls for a whole year, who have obeyed their parents and been kind to their public and who have worked very hard and done their very best, Photoplay Magazine, carefully disguised with the pillows from the spare room as Santa Claus, has decided to give a few presents. Nothing foolish, you understand, that will be broken the day after Christmas and forgotten, but some little remembrance that will be truly useful during the coming year.

Let us go around the tree. There is Willie Hays, you can tell by his ears. We will give him a nice big megaphone, like those the directors use, so that he can make speeches to more people at once and have it over with.

Next, with the old fashioned pantalettes, is Lillian Gish. She is getting a return ticket from Italy. The old home place don't seem the same with her gone.

Charlie Chaplin, next, is going to receive a brand-new derby hat. It will be old enough for him to use in 1975 when we hope he will still be making pictures.

Sammy Goldwyn ought to have a job in the moving picture business and we would like to give him one.
Children of the Infant Industry

David Griffith (don't mind his nose—it really isn't that bad, but you know what these flashlight pictures of parties always do to those on the outer edges?) has had so much trouble with the suspense in his pictures that we are giving him a fine pair of suspenders.

Nobody ever writes to little Rudy Valentino, so we are getting up a fan-letter for him—it will be from a girl, too.

Rex Ingram is getting a copy of Joe Miller's Joke Book so that he won't have to use Mack Sennett's cast-off pies for his comedy.

Doug Fairbanks is getting a safety razor. That mustache—well, do you like it?

Alla Nazimova will be presented with a ticket to a Mary Pickford picture and—

Mary Pickford is getting one to a Nazimova picture. It will do them both good.

Cecil de Mille is getting two gifts: a copy of the Book of Etiquette to help him with his society scenes, and a gaudy shirt for himself—he might like them if he ever wore one.

Nita Naldi is being given a bottle of our best flesh-reducer. It sounds a bit cruel, we know, but you will have to admit yourself, Nita, that a hundred and, say, thirty pounds is every ounce those eyebrows will bear.
Leatrice Joy has the coveted role of Taou Yuen, the heroine of Joseph Heresheimer's picturesque "Java Head," translated to the celluloid by George Melford, under the author's personal guidance. Miss Joy has made the transition from Occidental to Oriental with amazing ease. Her make-up for the Chinese character has been accomplished without the usual aid of tape for elongating the eyes. The orbs of Leatrice were always mysterious and more eastern than western, anyway.

Do you know the story of "Java Head"? It is of the high-born Oriental who marries a New Englander and leaves her luxurious existence to return with him to Salem, Massachusetts. There she finds herself an alien. Her ways are not their ways. She is a perplexing element in the life of Amidton, her husband, and there is another girl—a American. So Taou Yuen makes the supreme sacrifice. She kills herself. It is a vivid and moving tale, and the screen will make the most of it.
Four Kings
From Brooklyn

Also an American Who Can't
Speak English

By Herbert Howe

"I'm an Americano who can't speak English," he bellowed in German.

I grinned at the pleasantry. For I knew Emil Jannings, the German character actor. I had seen him as Louis XVI in "Passion," as Henry VIII in "Deception," as Pharaoh Amenes in "The Loves of Pharaoh," and as Danton in "All For A Woman."

At the moment of his declaration of Americanism he was Peter the Great, ruling over a realm of elaborate "sets" on a studio lot in Berlin.

"Ya, Americano," he roared again, hurling me a defiant glance out of the corner of his eye. I no longer grinned.

His majesty fumbled furiously in the royal waistcoat and finally brought forth a passport, one of those snoop documents that get your age, color, religion, place of birth, size of feet, and number of times in prison. . . .

Emil Jannings: Citizen of America.

But that was not the worst of it—

Born in Brooklyn.

Some day some one is going to discover a star who was not born in Brooklyn and that's going to be a sensation.

It jolted me not a little to learn that Louis of France, the Bluff King Hal, Peter the Great and a Pharaoh of Egypt all started out in life via the subway.

Wynn drew his impression of Emil Jannings as Peter the Great in Berlin a few months ago. Peter ought to add new laurels to Jannings' gallery of celluloid kings. Upper right, Jannings as himself.
Emil Jannings, whom we have regarded as the supreme character actor of Germany, if not of the world, was bundled up kicking at the age of one year and taken by his parents to Germany.

His father was an American, his mother of German birth. The intention was to visit Mrs. Jannings' relatives in Germany for a few months, but shortly after arrival, Mr. Jannings died, and the mother decided to remain with her people. So Emil just missed being a Vitagraph player, starting his film career with the Talmadges, Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh—you know the old family album.

Thus we have the Americano who can't speak English, the star from Brooklyn who didn't start with Vitagraph. A phenomenon.

When I met Jannings he was without his crown and scepter.

He appeared much taller and a great deal younger than I had measured him from his Louis Quinze and Henry Eighth portraits.

He's as tall as Wally Reid, which is to say the conventional more-than-six-feet. The passport revealed his age as thirty-eight—and passports don't press agent. A lionine head, with light brown hair worn a trifle scant by the numerous crowns, firm brown eyes, and a physique constructed especially for carrying royal robes, he's commanding even in a baggy suit of civies.

In person he is the humorously bluff King Hal. That is why his character in "Deception" is superb realism, the best of all the long line in his gallery. He, also, considers it his finest work.

Another famous character of drama is immediately suggested when you meet him. He should create a cinema Falstaff.

I wonder just how Jannings would be received if he came job-hunting to Hollywood. With his royal reputation he might be turned down on the ground that "the public is tired of kinks." Once a kink, always a kink is the law of most casting directors.

But I'm sure he could get a job at the William Fox studio. Mr. Fox would see possibilities in him at once.

He would be starred as big Emil Jannings in "The King of the Sagebrush," or "The Demon Swamproot."

With Big Bill Russell and Big Bill Farnum and Big Buck Jones he'd be at home. Bluff, direct, one of those two-fisted, red-blooded wonders of God's great outdoors. Very soon he would achieve such success that Nuxated Iron would want his endorsement.

There is some resemblance between him and Wally Beery, the shape of the head, perhaps, the bulky physique, the solemn countenance and the voice from the robust regions of the chest.

Like Lubitsch, the king maker, Jannings, the king-masker, is tired of court life. He's lived in just about every century from a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98
Enter the de Mille Blonde

Pauline Garon departs from the traditions of Gloria, Bebe and Leatrice

By Mary Winship

A Canadian by birth, Pauline Garon ran away to go on the stage about four years ago with a dollar and eighty cents in her pocket. She danced a year or two in the chorus before she got a small speaking part. The leading role in "Sonny" with Dick Barthelmess really placed her on the screen map.

The name of Pauline Garon isn’t well known as yet to picture fans. She is one of the "new faces" whose great possibilities are being whispered along the Boulevard.

Rather like a large French doll. A little, round face. Big, wide-open brown eyes. A mop of golden bobbed curls. A dimple or two.

So that you expect her to talk baby talk and tell you how beautiful she thinks California and how much she loves ice cream sodas and chocolate eclairs. You wouldn’t even be surprised if she whispered coyly that she still keeps her favorite doll.

But—she does none of those things. Pauline Garon has one quality which I think may lead her to greatness.

I think I should call it "the common touch."

Her mind naturally runs with the mind of the public, the mind of the audience.

Kipling and O. Henry and Bernhardt all had it.

Being one of the people, she understands and respects hard work.

Likes it.

The strangest thing about this youngster is her voice.

Once I met a great World Series Pitcher. He was so enormous that I got a crick in my neck talking to him. But I almost disgraced myself when he first spoke. For he had a little, tiny, thin voice and it didn’t belong to him. He was over six feet and a mighty fine fellow. He was a celebrity.

Well, Pauline Garon has a deep, husky, big voice. And it adds immeasurably to the impression of strength and vitality and naturalness that she gives.

Nothing frightens her. Everyone expected her to follow the local tradition and be completely overawed by the fact that she came to Hollywood—sent for from New York—to play the lead in a Cecil de Mille production, "Adam’s Rib," De Mille’s first blonde heroine, by the way.

Canadian by birth, she ran away from home to go on the stage about four years ago, and landed in New York with a dollar and eighty cents in her pocket. But she went to one of the best hotels, danced away to an agency, and "Well, the chorus saved my life," she said with her pert grin.

She danced and twirled for Broadway audiences for a year or two, before she got a small speaking part. Last year she was in "Lilies of the Field," with Marie Doro. Her first picture was when she was called upon to double for Dorothy Gish in a sequence of scenes.

They tell an interesting story of how she got the part in "Sonny," which opened the door of filmdom to her.

She was "being considered" for it. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]
An Open Letter from Valentino

To the American Public

To My Dear Friends:

In the past few months, I have received many thousands of letters from my friends in the motion picture audiences of America, asking me why I had ceased to make pictures and what I intended to do in the future.

The newspaper reports of the court proceedings were for the most part unfair and ridiculous. I was pictured as highly temperamental, as grasping for money; and they made much out of certain little incidents brought out at the trial to prove that I had been unjustly treated.

It is a great privilege, therefore, to be able to talk to you through the pages of PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE, for which I have a great admiration because it has always been fair and impartial to producers, actors (whether they are stars or not), authors, and directors.

It was you, the fans, who made me. When I played "Julio" in "The Four Horsemen" no one in the industry expected me to become a star. I did not dare hope for such a thing.

But you discovered me and created me. Your kindness came to me at a time when it seemed that things could not be more desolate. You made theater managers know me and you caused film magazines and newspapers to be conscious of me. I am more grateful than you will ever know.

It is a great honor but a greater responsibility.

Idols are created to be shattered. My pedestal is at present a little too high to be entirely comfortable.

I feel too humble for such an altitude. In the very nature of things, I know that I cannot occupy such a position very long. But before I fall I hope to bring you my little best, as my gesture of thanks, for all that you have brought to me.

You write and tell me that I bring romance into your lives. You say I give you color and beauty and dreams. I wish that I had more English words at my command to express to you what such a faith in me means.

It is so difficult for me to show you that this has not made me proud of myself but rather very humble and eager to serve you. Please do believe that!

Perhaps I can best explain it by saying that it makes me feel that personally I do not matter. I feel as though I were simply a medium through which these things were being given to you. It is that I feel quite unreal. The Rodolph Valentino you have brought forth is very different from the Rodolph Valentino who actually is.

I assure you he is quite a commonplace fellow.

But this other Valentino, this shadow personality, must dedicate himself to the work you expect of him. For him there is only work, constant, creative work. He must strive to be that character whom you want to see. He must try to show to you the beauty and joy of love, the radiance of life and the tragedy of death. He must try to live for you those dreams that you may not have been able to work out for yourself. He can no longer belong entirely to himself.
An Immigrant Boy Who Became the Idol of America

On the screens Rodolph Valentino is applauded. When he appears on the streets he is cheered. He stops traffic on Fifth Avenue. His life story, written by himself—not by his press agent, for he hasn’t any—will begin in the next issue of Photoplay Magazine. It is the story of a career, from boyhood on through his early struggles, that is unique in dramatic history. In all fiction there is not a more thrilling tale. Don’t miss it.
And now Pola Negri has her house in Hollywood and drives her own car and conforms to the American moving picture customs. What will happen to her artistically over here?
Negri's first American photoplay is "Bella Donna." According to the studio efficiency man, the imported star works harder than any member of her company. She throws herself into her rôle and is consumed by it. But when she leaves the studio for the day she leaves work behind. Interviews; photographs; appointments—she is quite charming about them, but she wisely saves her strength and refuses to become a publicity puppet.
Angela had suitors but they were frowned upon, with the exception of Lemuel Leffert. He didn't drink, dance, swear or go on mysterious trips to the city, and his notion of courting was to take Angela on his knee and read her interesting bits from Universal Mechanics or the Garage Gazette.
HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOPLAY believes Frank Condon has here created the funniest short story ever written of Hollywood and the strange folk who are lured to the land of the purring camera

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

ANGELA, fresh from Main street, Auburndale, Ohio, goes to Hollywood to seek her film fortune. Joel Whitaker, her father and chairman of the Auburndale Men's Welfare League, goes along to guard his daughter from the iniquities of the modern Babylon.

Hollywood works amazing wonders upon Angela and Joel—wonders that later leave the Ohio town gasping.

IN THIS instance, the sole and only offspring was Miss Angela Hueston Whitaker, who was so young and pretty it took two men to look at her. One of them looked, and the other caught him as he fell over in a paroxysm of gibbering ecstacy.

It sounds like laying it on a bit, but facts are facts. Angela was like a brand new government bill—beautiful, good and a trifle green.

However, the domestic embroglio did not begin in Hollywood, lovely and abused city of the rolling hills, with its pink taffy houses and its notorious three "C's"—celluloid, cafeterias and calves. It sprang into being in the prosaic, ultra-orthodox town of Auburndale, Ohio, which sleeps on the left bank of the muddy Maumee, and is twice as prim as a nun's parrot.

Auburndale has nine non-competing factories, seven conning councils, six temperance, a red fire engine and a Helping Hand Society, along with many modern improvements—such as the man who keeps the ants away. There has never been a scandal in Auburndale since the principal of the high school was asked to resign for stating in public that George Washington drank gin, and consequently lost his teeth at an early age.

When the short skirts epidemic burst upon a startled commonwealth, the town maintained its historic calm, and the village council promptly passed an eight-inch law, which is still in force. In brief, this peaceful hamlet, dozing in the Buckeye sunshine, is as proper and righteous as a community can be, in these immoral days of free thought, air, verse and speech.

By all standards, the most respected family in Auburndale was, until the catastrophe, that of Mr. Joel Atterbridge Whitaker, ex-notary public, part owner of the sawmill, and chairman of the Men's Welfare League. The Whitaker house was a dignified structure of red brick, with leaded windows and a wide porch, and it had sheltered many generations of Whitakers. Those who now remained were Jool, his daughter Angela and his two maiden sisters, Margaret and Ellen, who were serenely advancing upon the mid forties, and had consistently avoided matrimony because of their conviction that the male animal is Nature's quackest blunder.

Joel was leaning against fifty. He was a calm-spoken man, with a mild blue eye, rolls of fat under his chin, a round stomach and a bald spot that had long since won its fight for a place in the sun. He was the squatty type and inclined to grow plumper with each added year. He had large, prominent ears that seemed impudently determined to take up more room than ears should have. A heavyish sort of man was Joel, slow in his speech, and with the portentous dignity that comes from years of being a notary public.

His family was referred to with deference by the townspeople. They had always been proud of their intimate connection with church affairs, and one of the beauty spots was Whitaker Square, an old-time gift to the community. The head of the house of Whitaker had lived an orderly, economical life, and had retired from active affairs, retaining only his interest in the sawmill. Ellen and Margaret managed the home, the sewing and the proper. Books that entered were scrutinized, some of them to the final page, before reaching the innocent eyes of Angela.

The child's associates were selected for her with loving care and her entertainment was painstakingly censored. She was not permitted to sit on the front porch with young persons after ten o'clock, or to go automobile riding with casual admirers. She had suitors, but they were frowned upon, with the sole exception of Lemuel Leftert. Lemuel, who owned the Auburndale Garage, and was building two other motor liverys in the adjacent hamlet of Norbury and Westover, had been officially sanctioned by Margaret and Ellen. Already a solid young business man, he was Angela's recognized beau, and there was mighty little nonsense about him. He was serious in his habits, and troubled with dyspepsia. He didn't drink, dance, swear or go on mysterious trips to the city, and his notion of courtship was to take Angela on his knee and read her interesting bits from Universal Mechanics or the Garage Gazette.

FOR years this decent family had carried on the fair traditions of the Whitakers, with never a disordered hour. Out of a clear sky, one morning at the breakfast table, Angela hurled a bomb.

"I am going," she said, putting down a letter, and looking at her father, "to California and be a movie actress."

Ten seconds of perfect quiet followed. Aunt Ellen drew in her breath audibly and Aunt Margaret froze rigid with astonishment. Mr. Whitaker laid the Auburndale Herald beside his plate, stirred his coffee and said:

"Are you joking, Angela?"

She shook her brown curls vigorously.

"I want to be somebody and do something. I'm fairly good-looking and I certainly have ambition."

Her father smiled in his kindly way, shook his head several times and continued to stir his coffee.

"Absurd!" announced Aunt Ellen. "That's what comes of her refusing to take her sulphur and medicines this spring."

"The child has left her senses," said Aunt Margaret.

"The child has done nothing of the sort," Angela declared.

"The child is simply going to California and get a job, like any other girl. So far, my whole life had been wasted. You three elderly people have commanded me and guided me and protected me until I'm sick of it. Now I'm going to start out for myself."

"Heavens!" said Ellen, shuddering.

Mr. Whitaker sipped his coffee speculatively and said nothing. For many months he had been conscious of a vague unrest within his own bosom. Life had lost some of its erstwhile zest and tossing horses behind the Auburndale Livery no longer was the keen joy it once had been. He had noticed, too, that of late, Margaret and Ellen seemed to disapprove of everything that interested Angela.

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"Daughter," he said at length, "I can understand your enthusiasm, but your judgment is faulty. There is no need for discussion about the movies. I fancy we all know what they are."

MARGARET sniffed audibly.

"However," Joel continued thoughtfully, "it may be that we older persons fail sometimes to appreciate how dull your life must be in a place like Auburndale. Ambition is a fine thing, and I want you to know that your daddy is not out of sympathy with you. California is a long way off. I should never let you go unattended to Hollywood, where, if I am correct, all the motion pictures are manufactured."

"Why?" demanded Angela. "I am twenty years old, I have been to Toledo. Nobody has ever tried to steal me."

"Tut!" said her father. "I could not permit it. Your sainted mother, gone these many years, would never forgive me. My instinct is to tell you at once that the whole subject is ridiculous and to forget it. On the other hand, I recognize that you are at the threshold of life, and if you continue to feel that you wish to have a try at this new business—if you still desire, after calm thought and discussion, to go to California—I'll have to accompany you. It would be my duty."

Having made this lengthy speech, Mr. Whitaker cleared his throat, glanced at his sisters and broke into a faint smile.

"My child," said Joel, "this is an important step. Think it over seriously before you decide. The motion picture business is, no doubt, full of pitfalls for the unwary. Motion picture people are loose in their habits. Their conduct is, as we have seen in the paper, a national disgrace. I read about one party where the guests went in bathing at midnight and drank champagne from silk slippers. Another thing—they never go to church. They stay out all night, carousing. They get divorced and remarried so fast that nobody knows where he lives."

"Stuff!" said Angela briefly. "You don't believe that, father."

"I certainly do," said Joel. "I warn you. The motion picture is a fiery dragon, sinking its ruthless claws into the innocent young womanhood of America. However, I shall be with you myself, and, in spite of the dangers and the traps laid for your youthful feet, I shall permit you to go to California and see whether you have talent, or whether it's just your liver turning over for the spring season."

"Nice father!" said Angela, kissing him on the middle of his scalp where the hair was merely a faint fuzz.

They arrived at the Hollywood hotel with Joel still expectant, but disappointed over the scarcity of visible debauchery. But the register of their hotel blazed with the names of famous ones.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Angela joyfully. "How nice! I'd love to have you come, but I never thought you'd leave Auburndale."

"What—" asked Aunt Ellen discouragingly, with all her finger tips touching, "about Lemuel? What does he think of this tomfoolery?"

"Lemuel will wait," replied the child, "we talked it over, and of course, he said it was foolish, but he consented—and, anyhow, why should I sit by idly, while he builds garages?"

"It is too nonsensical for serious discussion," declared Aunt Ellen. "In the first place, Hollywood, as everyone knows, is a morass of iniquity: as Mr. Pepper said, 'the devil's playground.'"

"It certainly is," agreed Margaret. "It is not the place for an innocent young girl, and Joel is an utter idiot if he even thinks of letting you go!"

"You shouldn't believe the silly things you read," Angela retorted. "They're mostly all exaggerated. Johnny Sylvester, who has just come back, told me that Hollywood is really a dandy place."

"Maybe, and maybe not," her father declared. "But if you continue to feel the urge of ambition, I shall accompany you. Never let it be said that I sent my only daughter to Hollywood, un guarded."

"It will be rather embarrassing to explain this to the Reverend Ingleby Pepper," sniffed Ellen, "and the neighbors—the Gossip Club. Heavens! I never expected to live to see the day when such a thing could happen to Whitakers."

"For one hundred years," said Margaret, bitterly, "we have lived in this town; and now—now this happens!"

She rose and left the breakfast table, her morning egg still amusingly unbroken in its blue-painted cup. She was disturbed and too full for further utterance. Ellen followed her, stolidly brushing past Angela, whose eyes were sparkling.
metropolis of the sun-down coast, and the passengers emerged blinkingly and remarked to each other that this certainly looked like a hell of a town. Joel Whitaker and his excited daughter stretched themselves after four days of Pullman paralysis, gazed about with deep interest and took a taxicab for Hollywood.

"Don't seem very wild and devilish," said Joel. "Looks to me a good deal like Salem, Massachusetts."

They arrived at their hotel, with Joel still expectant, but disappointed over the scarcity of visible debauchery. The only obvious crime was the taxi driver's financial report at the end of the trip. Their telegraphed demand for quarters had been heeded, and, for a week following their appearance in the land of the purring camera, father and daughter strolled hither and yon, looked about them with keen interest and decided, mutually, that the reports had been colored.

The register of their hotel blazed with the names of famous ones. Standing in the lobby, as Angela loved to do—with wide eyes and a timid dab of powder on her ornamental nose—she beheld the notabilities whom we have all seen many a time in long-shot and close-up.

She watched a celebrated comedian enter and walk quietly across to the room clerk, without betraying the slightest desire to leap over the leather divans in his usual exuberant way. When he left, he went through the doorway and not the window. She observed a middle-aged actress, who is known wherever gelatine clutters from reel to reel, emerge from her gloomy limousine and discuss battery trouble with her driver in a most commonplace manner. She saw a sprightly and renowned bathing girl, seated on the hotel veranda, surrounded by her three children. It was all quite fascinating to Angela. When she suggested, as she did soon after their arrival, that she had better do something about beginning her career, Joel dissuaded her.

"Wait until we find a house to live in," said he. "There's no hurry about this, and we ought to get settled before you start acting."

To his intense delight, Mr. Whitaker found that the change was doing him good. He encountered many brisk, tanned gentlemen of his own age and he saw that they were all of a livelier stamp than himself. They sauntered in and out of the hotel, usually clad in knickerbockers. Their faces were lean, and they had about them the look of the outdoors. Some of them carried golf bags. Others were tennis enthusiasts. Inquiring about them, Mr. Whitaker learned from the friendly clerks that most of these men were actors in the silent drama. Joel presently became acquainted with one of these, and found him a human being in many respects. This man, veteran of both stage and screen, introduced the ex-notary public to others, and Joel's circle of acquaintances began to expand. They asked him if he played golf. Joel shook his head and grinned. They invited him to the club for lunch. He sat on the veranda in a cheerful frame of mind, his principal impression being that congress gaiters with an elastic instep were no longer in vogue. That afternoon he decided upon some minor changes in his sartorial presentation to the world.

Before the end of the week, Mr. Whitaker, once a leading spirit in the Auburndale Morals Efficiency Association, had let the contract for an expensive leather golf bag and ten Abernathy clubs. He likewise had a talk with a tailor, who began forthwith upon a modern wardrobe, including a pair of the baggy knickerbockers, and British golf hose with bright green tassels. Father and daughter moved from
the hotel to the bungalow, which had been discovered by Angela after a long, determined hunt. Hotel life, Joel said, was all right, but give him home cooking, with a lawn to sprinkle.

The bungalow was a six-room masterpiece in tan stucco, with a Spanish wall. Angela was delighted with it. There was a sun-room in one corner, with a green cupid squiring water into a jolly little fish-pond, filled with ferns and miscellaneous flora. The only child immediately invented a thousand minor improvements, including a hall lamp and an awning for the back-yard which produced an Arabian effect and caused the neighbors to wonder.

There were rugs to be bought, silverware to be added to the bungalow equipment, curtains to be hung, floors to be polished, and so on. Angela was indeed a busy little lady, and pleased pink, too.

In the midst of this jolly confusion, Joel came home at supper time, walked in briskly, and when he greeted his child, she saw that there was an unusual sparkle in his eye.

"Angela," he said, "I've got some very interesting news. I have a position. By heck, the old man's going back to work again!"

Angela stared at the author of her being, incredulously.

"A sort of job," he continued cheerfully. "This afternoon, when we finished playing golf, George Waller and myself—you met George at the hotel—I returned with him to the motion picture studio where he works, and was introduced accidentally to a person they call the 'casting director.' This man looked at me—I saw him looking, mind you—and inquired if I would be doing anything tomorrow. I said, 'No.' He said he could use me, and when I asked what he meant by that, he replied that if I would appear at the studio tomorrow, they would take a few pictures of me, paying me therefor the sum of twelve dollars."

"Father!" gleefully exclaimed Angela. "You're a movie actor!"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to say that," Joel murmured modestly. "I am merely to do what they call 'a bit.' The casting man said I looked like a butler, which is no compliment to a man of my social standing. At any rate, twelve dollars is excellent pay for such a slight effort."

Angela manifested her delight by hugging her parent several times and doing a mild war dance about the kitchen. They sat down afterwards to a pleasant supper—as they still designated the evening repast—and it was a jolly meal, with the only child asking frantic questions, none of which Joel could answer.

"Won't Aunt Ellen be surprised?" she cried.

"I shouldn't say anything about it," Joel said uneasily. "It is such a trifle, that, if I were you, I wouldn't even mention it in my letters."

"Ho!" said Angela—meaning very definitely to mention it.

Bright and early the next morning, Joel shaved himself with extra care and slicked down the fuzz on his shining pate. George Waller called for him in a cut-down automobile, and they trundled gaily off to the studio, where Joel did his first bit. It was, as Joel suspected, a job of casual butlering; and Mr. Whitaker presumably did it well enough, for he was given his twelve dollars and requested to come back to the studio in four days, when another bit would require doing.

This time it was a cook, instead of a butler. Joel put on his first white apron and cheese-box hat; and he was immediately re-employed to come back and be a juror—in fact,
not a mere juror, but the prominent foreman juror, who stands up and says, "Guilty, as charged." Having been a notary public, Joel did this job very neatly.

"Were you excited?" Angela demanded that night.

"Not a bit," said Joel placidly. "All you have to do is to be natural. I'm not an actor, and that's what they like."

For the next ten days, the only child buzzed busily about the bungalow, putting it to rights, and deferring from day to day her entry into the third largest industry (see statistics by the L. A. C. of C.), and her father bounded blithely from bit to bit, reducing the working capital of the corporation by twelve dollars every time he appeared.

Once, in the midst of her household activities, Angela paused to write Lemuel Leffert that she would soon take the plunge, but that so far she had been too unbelievably busy to step out and find a job.

"But," she wrote down towards the postscript, "father is doing splendidly. You would never know him, Lemuel, if you met him coming down Main Street."

Eventually it dawned upon the daughter that she seemed to be letting Opportunity stand out in the rain. She sat at breakfast one morning and stared at a frown at her parent; who was hurrying through the bacon and eggs, on his way to a fresh task.

"I must say," she began plaintively, "that things have turned out very funny. I came to Hollywood to go into the movies, and you tagged along to protect me. Now you've gone into the movies and look at me!"

"Have patience, my dear," said Joel, "I'm just doing bits of extra work. I am also making valuable friends. Any time you say so, I'll take you along and introduce you. Of course, Angela, you must remember there are shoals of pretty girls looking for a chance to get in. What the movies want is types. I happen to be a type—that's all there is to it."

"I'm glad you are, father. But we mustn't forget me. It's been a heap of fun to fix up a real bungalow and I've enjoyed it, but in a few more days I shall begin looking for work. We mustn't let it go any longer."

"No, indeed," Joel assented. "We must get right at it. Any time you say, Angela—any time."

He then finished his coffee and disappeared for the day.

Already, Joel Whitaker was a changed man, both inwardly and without. When Hollywood first saw him, it beheld a stubby little gentleman in a frock coat, wearing a faded green derby of the early Grover Cleveland era. His necktie was a discouraged wisp of color and his collars lay so far down that they were almost invisible. He combed what remained of his hair according to the style mandate of the head barber in the Auburndale Shopping Emporium, and whether his socks stayed up or came down was to Joel, at that time, a matter of mere luck.

This care-free attitude collapsed before the march of progress. Accompanied by George Waller, who knew something about clothes, Joel visited the shops and came forth arrayed like unto Solomon. Angela saw him, in his new sport shoes, with his rakish Panama on the back of his head, and was stunned. Gone were the baggy pants of notary public times, and, in their stead, striped flannels, a silk shirt, silk stockings with designs on them and a knitted scarf of real quality.

"My goodness!" said the daughter, after a prolonged stare. "Aren't you elegant?"

"One must brush up out here," he explained. "There are certain things demanded of a man in my position. You've seen my friends—look at George Waller! A man has to keep up with the procession."

On afternoons when there were no bits to be done, Joel played golf with the boys, and his Auburndale pallor gave way to the rich, leathery hue of the outdoor enthusiast. He returned from a golfing afternoon; and Angela, just ahead of him, with bundles in her arms from the grocery, stopped at the break in the hedge and stared down the street. A chummy roadster was approaching—a light blue affair, with red wheels. In it sat her father, and a stranger, who apparently was teaching him to drive. Joel stepped briskly over the side without bothering to open the door.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"It's very nice looking," said Angela, somewhat puzzled.

"Just bought it," Joel continued. "Five hundred down and forty a month—and a good [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]"
An Open Letter to Harold Lloyd's Mother

We think your son is just about the nicest boy we know. Although acclaimed a great comedian, he remains sincere and unspoiled. And we know you have a lot to do with it. That's why we persuaded you to share this close-up with Harold.

Yours,

Photoplay
LILA—
Now and Then

That beautifully slim, lithe young thing over there—can she be Lila Lee? The same Lila who, not so long ago, was a chubby little girl called “Cuddles”? The—er—almost plump Tweeny of “Male and Female”? It is. And you may be interested to know just how she did it. Isn’t her new silhouette much more becoming? You see Tweeny below—and Lila at the right.

Here are Lila Lee’s Rules. They are such nice, easy Rules that we hereby elect Lila to the presidency of the S. P. E.—Society Prevention of Embonpoint. Walk. Ride. Dance all you can. Always leave the table just a little hungry; resist the urge for the second cream-puff or ice-cream soda. Set aside one day each week as Diet Day. On this day drink orange juice; or eat apples. Nothing else. If you follow this pleasant plan, you’ll be able to wear the longest and slimmest of the new gowns—and look like Lila in them.
Even though he is a star and owns a house and everything, Jackie Coogan does not neglect the literary side of his life. We find him absorbed in the thrilling adventures of our Raggedy Anne—a real little boy, for a' that! Seriously, he studies—and studies. He works just as diligently at his lessons as your little boy or mine. Between scenes at the studio and at home—and he's in the fourth reader already.

This is the house "The Kid" built. Of red brick and white plaster, it is—a mansion situated in the fashionable Wilshire district of Hollywood. Since his memorable window-smashing in Chaplin's great comedy classic, Jackie's earnings have increased until, today, he's one of the richest small boys in the world. And he earned it all himself.
The most important corner of the great house, Jackie's playroom. Like a bit of the toy department of any large shop, just before Christmas. A child's wildest dream come true. Just because Jackie works very hard all day and earns a great deal of money and is famous all over the world, doesn't mean he fails to get the same enjoyment out of toys that other children do. He spends all his spare time here.

His bed. Designed especially for Himself. Jackie calls your attention particularly to the birds sewed on the pillow and canopy and the white porcelain elephant—which contains a night light. Real little royalties may have slept in more gorgeous affairs than this; but none have dreamed more comfortably than the small star.

Sometimes, when small boys fall in the mud and soil their white linen sailor suits, they are made to do menial work as punishment. But even punishments are fun, in the Kid's house. Because Jackie never takes anything too seriously, not even himself.
CHAPTER X

It was the dark hour just before dawn in motion picture history in the days around 1900. The motion picture had come to the end of the line, apparently.

The future held little promise.

Men who were before long to become masters of millions were then running tent shows, furriers' shops, haberdasheries, peep shows and phonograph parlors, furniture stores, pants pressing shops and loan offices.

Women who were to rise to greater shares of fame than Helen of Troy and Cleopatra were school girls in braids and gingham in remote villages, or perhaps beginning to dare the life of the cities as shop girls, cloak models, telephone operators and the like. The world's greatest comedian was a child laborer making lead soldiers in a dingy London toy factory, playthings for happier children. The world's greatest director was a book agent dodging the watch dogs in small town front yards.

The motion picture was a dying novelty. The public had seen the waves dash, the locomotives run, the leaves flutter. It had seen magic illusions on the screen, trickeries, mysterious but monotonously alike, bits of stale news, prize fights and snatches of scenes from stage plays and vaudeville turns. That was all. It had been firmly established that motion pictures moved. This was sufficient, and no one cared much about it.

To appreciate this situation it is necessary to realize the dual character of the motion picture. It is an art. It is also an industry, mostly an industry. Commercial development pushes out with every successive development of the art, reaching a maximum development under the art possibilities, then waiting with watchful eye for the "lunatic fringe" of

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COMPRESSED into this revealing chapter of the annals of the motion picture are enough romantic adventures of early screen days to make a half dozen novels.

With this chapter the history of the motion picture becomes the romantic story of the careers of the men and women whose names are familiar to your own screen memories.

—THE EDITOR

Told in This Chapter

THE BIRTH OF THE PHOTOPLAY—How the screen first tried to tell dramatic stories—"The Great Train Robbery," "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" and "Personal."

HOW THE FIRST STARS STARTED—The first appearances of Broncho Billy Anderson and J. Barney Sherry in the thrillers of 1904-5.

THE GREAT LONDON CHEESE SCANDAL—When Charles Urban’s pictures of "The Unseen World" exposed the bugs that make Stilton cheese taste good and upset the market.

WHEN ADOLPH ZUKOR CAME TO NEW YORK trying to salvage a three thousand dollar loan and got started on the road to millions.

A MAE MURRAY THE SCREEN HAS FORGOTTEN—Her name was really Marie and she had a part in the first film effort at a photoplay.

THE FIRST FILM EXCHANGE, opened in the parlor floor of a boarding house in San Francisco.

THE RISE OF THE PICTURE THEATER—When Thomas L. Tally opened the "Electric Theater," presenting "a vaudeville of motion pictures for ladies and children."

experimenters and inventors to pioneer a new frontier. In this period of twenty odd years ago the camera and the projection machine had reached a fairly practical degree of technical perfection. Things could be photographed and put on the screen nearly as well as today. But the motion picture, having acquired a voice, found itself with little to say. The screen could record but it could not express. The screen presented things but no ideas.

But the power and the possibilities were there. The liberating next step, the opening of the door of imagination into the unexplored kingdom of the photodrama, was inevitable. The destiny of the screen fumbled about a great deal, trying to be born. The human agency was yet to be selected.

The little episodic bits that had been made, such as Cecil Hepworth’s "Rescued by Rover" and the Blackton-Smith
activities in these days of two decades ago was Edwin S. Porter, who had come to be a mechanic and remained to be a cameraman.

Porter, it will be remembered, had made a momentous decision between the motor car industry and the new motion pictures some years before. He saw the waning of the films now and gave grave attention to the subject. If the motion picture should go down to oblivion he had made a mistaken choice and wasted the investment of some years of effort.

With this driving idea behind him Porter determined to make an effort to redeem the situation. He was casting about for a novelty that should give the business a new lease of life.

"I had seen," relates Mr. Porter, "how motion picture audiences in even those primitive days were always interested by babies on the screen, how animal life appealed to them, and how they enjoyed the thrills of rushing train and galloping fire teams. It occurred to me that if we could thread together a sort of a plot to string along a series of such incidents, giving them an excuse, it might help the pictures."

The first Edison effort under this Porter idea was "The Life of an American Fireman." It was a proper vehicle for the employment of the stock thriller of the fire department in action. Porter worked out a simple plot that portrayed the routine duties of a fire chief. The audience was taken round the rounds of the firehouse and inspection with the chief. Then cutting in with an inspirational beginning of a new technique, came a scene showing a simple cottage with a baby asleep in a crib, by a window with curtains fluttering close to the burning gas jet turned low. The curtains flicked into the flame and the fire crept up the window and licked along the window casings. The mother awakened in the smoke-filled room. Then the picture cut back to the fire house where the alarm tapped out a signal.

The firemen leaped to action, sliding down the brass poles from their dormitory into the engine house. The horses were hooked up in a flash, and with smoke and sparks flying the outfit thundered down the street.

Then the long arm of old John R. Coincidence, the perennial first aid to scenario writers ever since, reached out and got into the first motion picture drama. It was the fire chief's house.

The picture cut back to the baby's crib again, back to the frenzied mother in the swirling smoke. Then again to the rushing fire engine.

Mark this: it was the grand staple situation of dire peril, with relief on the way, the formula that has made Griffith famous, or that Griffith has made [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]
She Knocks

Polly Moran

Polly Moran.
If you could hunt up an old "Sheriff Nell" comedy you would find out as much about her as I can tell you—almost.

Because she's just like that. The spirit of slapstick. Either she isn't an actress at all, or she's always doing her act. It's always new and it's always funny.

I watched her in vaudeville the other day. She wears a wig that everybody knows is a wig. She strides on the stage and sings a terrible song called "I'm Polly With a Fractured Past." And then proceeds to kid her audience, her pictures, the film industry in general, and herself in particular. And the audience? It howls. It loves her. She knocks 'em dead.

"They tell a lot of stuff about us movie stars," she says. "Yeh. About Miss Swanson's lovely house and Miss Daniels' beautiful car. Some of it is true. But the other day when I picked up a magazine I saw a picture of myself taken outside a big house and it said, 'Polly Moran's new Hollywood home.' Say, you should have seen the lovely little place I had out there. It was over a garage, and that's the closest I ever came to a limousine."

If you have ever wept at your favorite star's "personal appearance," you should see Polly Moran's. It's a classic of burlesque. The tripping walk on the stage; the shy, sweet smile; the appealingly outstretched hands; the quaver in the voice—it's all there. And the speech: "I cawn't tell you all how happy I am to be here with you this evening. I wish I could meet and shake hands with each and every one of you—yes, and with every dead little kiddie out there, too. I cawn't tell you all how much my abt means to me; and how happy your deah letters make me—"

The other acts on the hill always stop in the wings to listen to her monologue. It always makes them laugh. There is no higher praise.

She has never been and never will be called Pauline.

She's Sheriff Nell in a fur coat and a smart hat and French shoes; but she's

'Em Dead

Sheriff Nell just the same: Louise Fazenda. Moran's only rival in the field of film burlesque, is really a quiet and intellectual young woman. Polly Moran, every day, uses her screen smile and her screen humor—modified occasionally, for she is keen, and her own sternest censor.

She's called English but she was born in Death Valley, California. The chamber of commerce of the home town has seriously considered changing its name since Polly has brought it immortality. She has played in vaudeville and musical comedy in every civilized country—and some that aren't so civilized. She went to Africa once with a comedy company. Then came her Keystone career. I don't know whether Polly or Mack Sennett thought of Sheriff Nell first, but I feel sure Polly had a lot to do with it. The blustering, eccentric Nell, who went through the wildest series of adventures ever recorded by a comedy camera, brought fame to her creator and added to Sennett's luster.

After three years in slapstick she went into vaudeville and has been there ever since. Just as she was leaving pictures Cecil de Mille called her back for "The Affairs of Anatole," and her cabaret scene was one of the bright bits of that stellar festival.

"Since I've been touring in the two-a-day," remarked Miss Moran, "I've met 6,793 embryo Jackie Coogans. Their fond mothers bring them to see me and expect me to tell them they're geniuses in disguise. They want me to get 'em jobs in the movies. If I knew how to do that, I'd get myself one first."

She has a family. There's her mother and father and the three-year-old John Michael Moran. How she loves that kid! He isn't really hers. Just a little wop, explains Polly, that she found in Hollywood and thought she'd adopt. He's part Irish. John Michael has played in pictures with Baby Peggy and other juveniles.

She's what you call well liked in the industry. And while she's playing in New York she renewes old friendships and—oh yes, she made a few personal appearances herself. But she keeps right on kidding them just the same.

"They tell a lot of stuff about us movie stars," says Sheriff Nell. "You should have seen the lovely little place I had in Hollywood. It was over a garage and that's the closest I ever came to a limousine."
How They Hated Him!

Perhaps the screen's best villain is lost. Wallace Beery—the meanest, most despicable and wretched wrecker of homes and hearts and even lives, has disappeared, maybe for good. Oh, surely for good. Because Wallace Beery has forsaken his evil ways, and reformed. It all began when Douglas Fairbanks offered him the juicy role of Richard the Lion-Hearted in "Robin Hood." Beery played that part for all it was worth, took the acting honors away from his boss; and the morning after it was released to the world, awke to find himself loved, not hated.

It may all be for the best; because Beery is even better good than bad, if you follow us. His villains were wonderful; his human beings are more. If there is a greater portrait in the shadow gallery than his Richard we have yet to see it.

You may have had a great deal of pleasure hating Mr. Beery as the brutal German submarine captain in "Behind the Door"; as the lieutenant colonel in "The Four Horsemen"; as the mate in "Hurricane's Gal," hounding poor Dorothy Phillips. But you'll get a lot more enjoyment liking him as Richard.

It may not be exactly dignified to call attention to the fact that Beery has always been popular on the silversheet and that his name may have had something to do with it. He began his screen career in the "Sweedie" comedies for Essanay; and if you think Ben Turpin makes slapstick comedies, you should have seen these, all about a Swedish servant girl and her misadventures. Beery's feet were, next to Chaplin's, the funniest feet in the world. It was while he was starring at Essanay's in Chicago that he met Gloria Swanson, then an humble extra girl, and married her.

It wasn't until he went to California that Beery really developed into a character actor of the highest order. He began his villainous existence and pursued it from studio to studio. There was nothing in his past on the musical comedy stage to make him act like that.

Nowood, Wyoming, is his home town. He ran away from there to join a circus. He was not a trapezist or a clown. He trained elephants! Always, even when he was a very small child, he wanted to be an elephant trainer.

Of course you know he is no longer married to Gloria. But there's a rumor he's going to marry someone else soon.

The Grand Old—No!

You may be bored by the rest of the program. The overture isn't as musical as it might be; the scene has too much beautiful cloud effects; the comedy may turn out a tragedy. And the feature itself isn't at all promising. The star has developed cute tricks, the hero is arching his eyebrows overtime; the sub-titles are overdoing the dawn stuff. But—just as you're trying to make up your mind to leave the place, on walks a gentleman, sometimes not so important to the plot, who makes it worth your while to stay and get your money's worth. George Fawcett. As an irascible lovable father. As a temperamental "steel man." As a whiskered Russian. But George Fawcett, a fine actor; a past master of all the shades of expression the camera requires.

He has saved so many photoplays we can't begin to enumerate them. He has converted many skeptics to the screen. And in all his celluloid career he has never given an uninteresting performance. His name in the cast is enough.

With Theodore Roberts he shares the trite title, "The grand old man of the screen." But he vigorously objects to being called a veteran. And his robust presence counteracts any impression you may have had as to his definite middle-age.

Fawcett is now a member of Paramount's stock company. He has worked in almost every one of the larger studios in the east and in California. You will remember him as Dorothy Gish's dad in "The Hope Chest" and one of Dorothy's comedies. He has fathered Lillian Gish and Bobby Harron. He was in "Hearts of the World." His later performances have included the old skiflhint in "The Old Home- stead"; a great characterization in "Ebb Tide," and now a role in "Java Head."

When you consider he had his dramatic education in Salvini's company; and that he used to play with the great Italian in "Othello" and other classics, you are not puzzled.

But Fawcett's greatest film interest is directing. He would much rather direct than act. And he will, if he gets a chance, forsake acting entirely. He has never yet been intrusted with a really important story; but he has done wonders with those handed him. Corinne Griffith's "Deadline at Eleven" was one of his; and he has guided Constance Binney and Dorothy Gish through the mazes of inconsistent scenarios.
But Character Men Go On Forever

He Gave Up Smoking

THERE was a rumor floating around in film circles some time ago that, while Theodore Roberts was a great actor so long as the director permitted him to use a black cigar as an aid to emotion, without this prop he could do nothing. The rumor never reached Roberts; but, as rumors do, it came to the ears of one of the executives of the company where Roberts is employed. He saw that the artistic reputation of his stellar character man was, as the saying goes, at stake; and he at once sent out millions of memos to his production forces telling them to see that Mr. Roberts was never given a cigar on the set.

And Theodore Roberts acquitted himself—magnificently. He played a part where wasn't a single cigar-chewing scene; and he never did finer work. And since then he has had a variety of roles in which he stands alone and unaided. There's "The Old Homestead," in which he was starred as Josiah Whitcomb. And Thomas Meighan's "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow," in which he plays a sea captain. Which reminds us that Roberts himself was a sea captain for two years.

He likes Hollywood just about as well as Hollywood likes him. He wouldn't, he says, go back to the "legitimate" for anything. He has a house with kennels and chickens and several gardens; the truth of the matter is that this sterling actor is very happily married, and leaves pictures behind when he locks his dressing room door for the day.

There is said to be a character role which he can't play as if he's lived it; but so far no one has been able to find out what it is. There was his brutal father in "Hail the Woman." And you remember him in "Old Wives for New" and Mary Pickford's "M'Liss." The "oh's" and "ah's" from the audience which greet his shadow are more heartfelt than the exclamations which greet our best ingenues.

He was born in San Francisco in 1861. He made his first stage appearance with James Neil in "Cardinal Richelieu." In 1881 he was Fanny Davenport's leading man. He was Scrooge; Simón Legrée; and one of his greatest stage roles was Joe Portugal in "The Right of Way."

Roberts was one of the first actors to leave the stage for the screen. He became a member of the Lasky company soon after its inception. He has been there ever since.

A Chronicle of Surprises

TO his complete astonishment, Warner Oland was born in Sweden. How on earth a fellow was to become noted for portrayals of sinister orientals in American moving pictures, and be born in the obscure town of Umea, must have worried him considerably for the first few months of his life. But the Oland life has been a life of surprises, and his future took shape without action on his part. His family moved to America.

His boyhood was passed in New England, and when bicycle racing came in he surprised his family by competing in various events, but rather more by winning prizes. Just when they had reconciled themselves to the idea of his chosen career as an athlete, the youthful adventurer decided, much to the surprise of everyone, to go in for grand opera.

This took him to Boston, introduced him to stage circles, and in almost no time at all he was a regular actor—name on the program and everything. In New York he happened to have a part in a one-act play by Miss Edith Shearn, and astonished himself, his family and her family by marrying her.

The youthful Oland couple dreamed of a triumph of art in the theater and began translating the plays of Strindberg. Unable to interest producers in these tragedies, they staked everything they owned upon a production of "The Father" at the old Berkeley Lyceum. It was years and years ahead of its time.

After various successful stage engagements the surprising advent of moving pictures and the still more amazing popularity of serials lured Warner Oland into a line of villain roles from which he has never been able to extricate himself, much to his profit. But now he has foresworn the chapter films.

The Olands have practically no private life, for whatever time Mr. Oland is not busy facing the celluloid firing squad, they are making the rounds of the most convenient golf links. Several years ago Mr. Oland bought a small farm near Boston and began planting fruit trees and beautifying the grounds. A year ago he went to California, and what with one thing and another, despairing of ever getting back to Massachusetts, and still desiring a country estate, he bought a huge segment of a little island known as Palmito del Verde, off the coast of Mexico, where he proposes to raise cocoanuts.
Like a Lady on a Fan

Slim and dainty and with a quality at once exotic and unreal, Alice Brady, in her new fur-trimmed coats, follows the silhouette of old Japan.

(Photographs copyright Otto Kahn)

The coat in the picture at the top of the page is quaintly suggestive of a bygone age. Almost long enough to be bizarre, and yet not too long to be very charming. Fashioned slenderly of soft black velour, with collar, cuffs and a deep circular border of seal. The small mushroom hat is of black, lustreless silk.

The metallic evening wrap shades from a warm silver—moonlight on the petals of a tea rose—to an icy steel. The banded trimmings are of fitch, and manage to lend an effect of softness to the glittering fabric. Upon her hair, done in an oriental manner, Miss Brady wears a jeweled band.
Hearts Aflame

A story of the Pine Woods—
of a girl who dared to fight, and
of a man who found his soul

By Harold Titus

John Taylor was tired. It seemed to him that never in
his life had he been quite so tired. But sleepy—? No. He
wasn't sleepy. He lay, listening to the wind among the
trees, going over the crowding happenings of the day—and
night. It was still night, in theory, at least. Actually, prob-
ably, it was nearly morning. And still he could not sleep.

It seemed to him once or twice, though, that he must be
asleep—must be dreaming. How, save in a nightmare, could
one live through such a kaleidoscope of adventure and change
as he had known since the night he had said good-bye to
Marcia in Florida?

Marcia! The thought of her stirred him with an odd dis-
comfort. Marcia—whom he had begged to come with him, to
marry him without waiting to see how he should meet this test.
She had refused; wisely. He could see that. He had been
crazy, selfish. How should Marcia bloom in this wilderness of
starved, cleared land—land which, now that the pine was gone,
was useless. No crop would grow upon it; it could not become
pasture for cattle; it was doomed to lie, waste and desolate,
until the end of time.

He made an impatient gesture, as he lay alone in the dark-
ness. Pine! It stood at the end of every vista his mind
explored. But, after all—why not? He was Luke Taylor's
son, and pine had made old Luke—greatest of the last genera-
tion of the great lumbermen of Michigan. Old Luke had
worked his way up from the bottom; been frozen in Michigan
rivers; been hardened and toughened in Michigan forests. And
now, with age advancing upon him, the first chill breath of
winter banished him from Detroit, sent him to seek the warmth
of Florida.

John could remember his father, sighing for the days of his
youth.

"The pine that made me dream dreams when I was drivin'
the Saginaw's gone," he'd said. "No Michigan white pine
left, which was the only white pine worth the name!"

But that—that wasn't so. He lay tonight in a house that
was in the center of a forest of white pine—a forest that would
start the blood pounding in his father's temples, if he could see
it. Foraker's Folly! Folly? Perhaps. Perhaps not. In the
dark John Taylor knitted his brows.

He had had a savage scene with his father. Out of the army
a year, he had had his fling. He wanted to settle down—
with Marcia, the incomparable Marcia. He had sought what
was, it seemed to him, his birthright—a stake fit for the son of
a millionaire. And his father had turned upon him scornfully;
upbraided him for seeking a flying start, as he had called it;
cited his own youth, his start from nowhere and nothing.

He could remember every detail of that scene. Phil Rowe,
his father's secretary, whom old Luke took a perverse delight,
always, in calling his bookkeeper, had lurked in the back-
ground; had heard everything. Had heard, in the end, old
Luke's grudging concession—his gift, to his son, of three hundred thousand feet of hardwood logs on the Blueberry, that stream which, even now, he could hear purling through the stillness of the night.

He had wanted Marcia to come with him while he looked into this business. It was nothing, compared to what he wanted, but he thought he understood. His father was testing him. If he made good now he might well look for greater things in the future. So he had come to Pancake, with no more than a week of dallying in Detroit with Dick Mason, and run into the first hints of something queer about his logs. There was some mystery. Pride kept him from asking questions, but he had soon connected the hints that were dropped with a curious look about Rowe's mouth, a malignant gleam in his father's eyes.

Jim Harris, the big man of Chief Pontiac Power in the district, had been at Pancake; he had known the mystery of the logs. A big man indeed, this Harris; a power in the country; a coming man, on his way to be rich. Driving across country, in a crazy Ford, with Lucius Kildare, the drunken livery driver, he had heard of Harris; of his sale of land to eager city folk, anxious to get back to the soil—land that would not, could not, be farmed; land that, in the end, they abandoned again to Harris, that he might sell it again.

"Hard on the suckers," Lucius had said. "But you can't blame Jim! Money's all that counts—and making it."

John had nodded absently to that. It was a fair enough statement of his own creed. And Marcia's.

Lucius had been full of gossip. From him John had heard of Foraker's Folly—that great tract of white pine that stood as the sole monument of a crazy man who had believed in growing timber like any other crop.

"D'jever hear of such a nut?" Lucius had jeered. "Talked about reforestation. Started this tract out nigh fifty years ago. Now he's dead. Lot of good it done him! And this gal of his—this Helen—she's just like him. Aims to begin cuttin' two hundred acres a year purty soon, maybe. And seedin'. Says that way there'll always be pine—a cut every year. By the time they've used up what's there now the first of the new lot'll be ready. Haw-haw-haw—"

"But—look here—that doesn't sound so crazy—"

"You take it from me it is! Think a gal and these professors can teach lumberin' to men that was here afore Paul Bunyon?"

Foraker's Folly! Well—he had seen it. Thanks to the confusion of Lucius's so-called mind, befuddled by his drinking, they had taken a wrong turn; come to Foraker's instead of White's, his destination. Pauguk, the great wolf dog, had nearly caught Lucius, recklessly standing within her reach; a swift kick from John's heel had saved the drones and made the dog his mortal enemy. And Helen Foraker, cool, calm, swiftly receptive of his explanation of the kick, had disposed of Lucius; insisted that, with the weather and the hour what they were, he must spend the night.

He hadn't liked her. She cut through his conceit; he, who was supposed to have a way with women. And that episode after dinner! He flushed a burning red as he recalled it. Sim Burns, bullying her, threatened her with oppressive taxes, renewing what was obviously an old and unwelcome suit. His own dramatic entrance, his row with Burns, culminating in the bully's forcible ejection. And his own clumsy attempt to—

The sting of her words, cutting as a lash:

"Please don't. There is no one here to throw you out, Mr. Taylor. Besides—I didn't think you were quite that sort."

He had slunk up to his room, hating her. And then, within ten minutes, had come that call to her for help—and her appeal to him to go with her, out into the storm, through the woods. There might be need to drive for a doctor, she had said—and there was no one else who could drive a car. He had gone; had been at that wretched house when the woman, Thad Parker's wife, had died—died because she had lost hope.

She and her husband, city dwellers, city workers, had saved their money for years. They had been lured by one of Jim Harris's agents; by the pictures of the show farm, on to which Harris, each year, dumped trainloads of costly fertilizer. They had realized, too late, the extent of their disaster.

"When you don't make a fool of yourself with your questions," said old Luke, "this young woman whores one of you with her answers."
Remembering everything, John was not quite so sure that making money was all that mattered.

**JOHN TAYLOR** knew now, the story of his logs. Helen Foraker had told him, shown him how things were. His father had been tricked; that was all. He, old Luke, had contracted with one White to cut a forty. He had made the cut late; the snow had gone before he could finish hauling. And, taking a chance, he had dumped the logs into a deep ravine; pointed to clear woods—and been paid. And here were the logs, doomed to rot before snow fell again, thirteen miles from a railway. To haul them out by tractor would eat up their value. A dead loss.

He faced Helen, a friendlier Helen than the one of the evening before, had been, hot with rage.

"So!" he said. "He can have his logs."

"Going to quit?"

Contempt was in her voice.

"What can I do?"

She hesitated.

"Go back to Pancake," she said. "Find the best posted man on lumber there. Ask him for advice. If he can't give it—I may have an idea."

Oddly driven by some quality in her, he had done as she said. He had found Humphrey Bryant, state senator, editor of the local paper. And the old man, sympathetic, eager to help, had acknowledged himself stumped. Then Helen came in. She nodded to John.

"I knew they'd send you to him," she said. "Give up?"

Hump Bryant nodded.

"Float the logs to my mill," she said.

"I'll saw them."

"You can't float hardwood!" Little as John knew of lumber he knew that. But she shook her head.

"Ash, basswood, hemlock will—except butt logs," she said. "And two years ago I cut a lot of cedar poles and left them banked, right at the foot of that ravine, when the water went down. We can dog the maple and birch and beech to the cedar and hemlock, and raft it all to my mill. Then if I saw it you can ship at once—and turn a dead loss into real money."

"By George!" Hump Bryant slapped his knee; John smiled. His father had never thought of this!

**All** the time, while his logs were being salvaged, John stayed with Helen Foraker's outfit, slept in her bunk house. Milt Goddard, her foreman, who would have liked to be more, eyed him jealously. But Bobby and Bessie Kildare, his uncle, Julius, he had to thank for his first meeting with Helen, adored him; Helen herself passed from an attitude of somewhat like scorn to a real friendliness. She had to like him; he was so engagingly complete in his surrender. He had asked her, in effect, to take him in hand; to make him see and understand her feelings about reforestation and all the work that she so hated to hear called "conservation."

"I thought I knew most things," he said. "I thought that making money was all that counted. You've shown me I was wrong—both ways. Teach me, now—"

They had struck hands on that. He was disturbed, sometimes, when he thought of Helen—and Marcia. He was changing, had changed, in his feeling about Marcia. He knew that. Even now she was at Dick Mason's place, at the prolonging house party Dick was giving. He was supposed to go over for week ends. And—he hadn't gone. Hadn't wanted to go. Marcia—she belonged, somehow, to another life, a life he had stopped living.

He was fired by the desire to see Helen win through to success in her fight. He knew, now, something of the nature of that fight. Her father had begun it, nearly fifty years before, when he had undertaken to plant a forest on this waste land that was known now as Foraker's Folly. She had been born while his enterprise was represented still by a scrubby growth of pine. She had taken up the fight at his death. Now there was a real forest.

But it had cost money to raise it. To protect it from fire there were forest roads, fire lines; in dry seasons, patrolsmen, going back and forth constantly. Scientific forestry was not cheap; much money had been borrowed. And now greedy eyes were upon the Folly. Men saw in it an opportunity for logging. They would have fallen upon the forest ruthlessly; destroyed it in a season or two of savage cutting; left the land waste again.

"I won't cut—yet!" Helen insisted. "It isn't time. It's all been worked out. When the return from the cut of two hundred acres will yield enough to pay all charges—that then much can be cut, and that much every year afterward. Every year, John—for all time! If we'd done that—if we'd do it now, in the Northwest—we could save our national wealth of timber!"

But Sim Burns, hating her, was supervisor—and meant to raise her taxes. He could summon public opinion to his aid; the Folly could be taxed enough to pay for schools and roads, public improvements that would please the people. They would please Jim Harris, too, for they would make it easier to sell land to gullible ones from the cities.

John knew all this. Knowing, he had an idea. He knew his father was pleased, gruff though his letter had been, by his success in disposing of the white elephant of logs. Why shouldn't his father back Helen, make it possible for her to defeat her enemies? He knew his father's weakness, too; spoke, artfully; in the letter he wrote, of his discovery of a forest of Michigan white pine. And never dreamed of the disaster he was inviting!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]
Women Dress to Charm Men—Why

Clothes should not cover—they should veil, should hint, should whisper secrets, says the siren of “Blood and Sand,” in an interview

For an afternoon gown particularly suited to the soft tint of her complexion, Miss Naldi selected a fawn crepe in modish Pheasant color. No trimming or embellishment of any kind is used on this model—which pins its sole beauty on its uniquely attractive lines and the beauty of its fabric. Note how the skirt is lifted at the left side and folds back in jabot effect at the hip line where it is held with a buttoned tab continuing from the back of the skirt. The plain body blouses slightly and the set-in sleeve repeats the tab effect at lower part. The tout ensemble is quite unusual and has a decided amount of distinction. The materials used total but about $24.50. It requires but

4 yds. Fawn Crepe (40 inches wide) @ $5.75
Extras should be about........ 1.50

$24.50

By Carolyn Van Wyck

As vivid as a scarlet poinsettia against the somberness of black velvet. As splendid as the first flame of sunset on the jade water of an oriental sea. As graceful, as arresting, as a slender peacock feather in a vase of deeply sapphire crystal. All woman— and of an intense allure, of a surprising loveliness. Nita Naldi!

I first saw her—off the screen—in a slim wrap of some dark, heavy material. Her oddly charming face was framed in an equally dark hat of velvet. It was a large hat, for Nita Naldi likes the sort of head gear that makes a frame for the features. “And then, too,” she adds, “all tall women should wear large hats, whenever possible. Large hats give a certain poise, a sense of complete balance, to tall women.”

She had just come in from the street. She had been walking briskly, and the crisp freshness of the early winter wind clung about her. As she threw aside her coat I felt as though I had stepped from the out of doors into a hot house filled with bizarre and beautiful flowers. Tropical, full blown, fragrant flowers. For she was gowned in a printed silk that held the warm colors of a jungle, that reflected the market places of India. A printed silk that was draped to accentuate the supple lines of her body, that fell in soft folds about her wrists

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]
Not Be Frank About It? Says Nita Naldi

Send for These Patterns
Designed by Le Bon Ton

These patterns, especially created for Miss Naldi by Le Bon Ton, may be obtained by sending a coupon (which will be found on page 114 of this issue) and twelve cents in coins or stamps, to cover mailing and handling expenses, to the Department of Fashions, Photoplay Magazine, New York City.

Nita Naldi's distinctive personality seems more marked than ever when she dons this lovely evening gown which is developed in black chiffon velvet. The softness and suppleness of the fabric lends itself admirably to the slightly lifted effect in front and the soft wrinkles around the waist line. The long side panels widen gradually toward the bottom where they finish in pointed effect, achieving an attractive irregular hem line. The long lines of the gown are accentuated by the jet and rhinestone bands which outline the panels, and effectively finish the low neck and sleeveless arm holes. The cost of the necessary materials is as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4½ yards Chiffon velvet</td>
<td>$37.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 yards Beaded Banding</td>
<td>$3.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extras amount to about</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total: $42.65
"Merton of the—"

Footlights

HARRY LEON WILSON'S supreme inspiration, "Merton of the Movies," has come to life in the person of Glenn Hunter, who has managed very marvelously to retain the spirit and personality of the part. The co-authors—Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman—have shown utter wisdom in following as closely as possible Mr. Wilson's text and idea. And, in so doing, they have given the world of the screen the kidding of its life.

Who, having seen the play, will ever forget the emotional director—played by A. Romaine Callendar? Or the character of Harold Parmalee, a caricature of the composite matinee idol of the films? Or of Beulah Baxter, to whom Merton refers as "a high grade Mormon"? And the Montague Girl of Florence Nash is a delight—a gamine of the studios with a touch of the eternal mother in her snub-nosed make up.

Merton, on the eve of a journey to Hollywood, his promised land. He is praying, "Oh, God, make me a good movie actor. One of the best. Amen."

Merton has just seen the Montague girl double for Beulah Baxter who, according to her own statement, "has never used a double because she must keep faith with her public." His ideal is shattered, and he has no money, and he is very hungry.
Just outside of the Holden lot Merton has his first meeting with the Montague girl. She calls him "trooper" but she fails to impress him.

The "head of the movies," once Secretary of Agriculture, visits Merton on the morning after his success. Merton, though stripped of his illusions, is beginning to realize that life may still hold something worth while. Isn't the Montague Girl about to become his wife, as well as his best pal and, we might also add, his severest critic?

Graduate of a correspondence school course in movie emotions, Merton, after hours in Gashwiler's general store, is practicing to be a star. He, who plans to give the world "something better and finer," is forced to work with dummies! He is now in the character of Buck Benson, hero of the west, and he is avenging an insult done a lady. By the way, "Merton of the Movies" finds time to spoof a certain type of motion picture magazine. Doesn't Merton look through one of them to exclaim, "My, isn't Corliss Palmer beautiful?"
WE MAKE THE MOVIES
(With sincere apologies to Cock Robin!)

I make the movies!
From my desk I produce 'em,
Like fairies unknown 'em,
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
My typewriter rattles
Through death, love and battles—
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
My megaphone made me
(Directing has paid me!)
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
The heroine lightly
In bed, bathroom, nightie!
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
Well tailored and bored,
I'm the hero—My goal!
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
The stars groan and mutter
At me and my shutter!
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
I've my honor and rouge,
Just like all ingenues—
I make the movies!

I make the movies!
The press-agent, I—
How my adjectives fly!
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
I make them artistic
And foolish and mystic.
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
Without no fine grammar
My titles—they stammer ...
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
With hammer and nails
When each soft method fails,
I make the movies.

I make the movies!
Endurance and dimes
I buy lemons and limes—
I make the movies.

I am the PUBLIC ...

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A Review of the New Pictures

Photoplay's Selection of the Seven Best Pictures of the Month

Tess of the Storm Country
Robin Hood
To Have and To Hold
The Flirt
Oliver Twist
Clarence
Enter Madame

Photoplay's Selection of the Six Best Performances of the Month

Mary Pickford's Tess in "Tess of the Storm Country"
Wallace Beery's Richard in "Robin Hood"
Betty Compson's Jocelyn in "To Have and To Hold"
George Nichols' Pa Madison in "The Flirt"
Jackie Coogan's Oliver in "Oliver Twist"
Helen Jerome Eddy's Laura in "The Flirt"

rather swallowed up in the massiveness. A Lion's share of the credit should go to Allan Dwan, the director behind the gigantic mechanics of so vast a spectacle.

Take our word for it, you will genuinely enjoy "Robin Hood." There are numerous striking effects. One is the first appearance of Robin Hood's merry men in a forest glade. (Should the wise reader guess the man who plays these merry men all leap in exact duplicate of Doug!) Another moment—the departure of Richard and his knights upon their crusade—is shot with fine imagination. But the real moment of the spectacle is the exciting scene between Fairbanks and Maid Marian, played colorlessly but gracefully by Emid Bennett.

The surprise picture of the month was George Fitzmaurice's version of the old Mary Johnston novel, "To Have and To Hold." Here is a costume opus, of King James I's court and the Virginia Colony, with fine spirit and movement, admirable direction and a very pretty performance by Betty Compson. We recommend this highly. It is a romantic tale with more than cardboard figures in action. And, if the screen has ever had more glorious animated pictures, we want to know where.

Little Jackie Coogan's "Oliver Twist" will entertain you in direct ratio to the love you have for Jackie. In the process of making a vehicle for Jackie, Mr. Dickens has suffered considerably. For they had to keep Oliver a child and they failed to make real beings of the vivid folk who fought, murdered and stole their way through life about the little workhouse walls.

William de Mille's adaptation of the Booth Tarkington comedy, "Clarence," naturally lacks the crisp conversation of the footlight piece and puts the wrong emphasis here and there, but it accomplishes all that it is out of the beaten cinema rut. And it has something of a different Wallie Reid.

Clara Kimball Young's "Enter Madame" wins a place among the honor pictures because it has excellent basic material. The Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne stage play, of a temperamental singer and her emotional restlessness, was of unusual timber.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Tarkington figures as the author of two of the month's seven best. Mr. Tarkington's "The Flirt" was admirably transferred to the screen by Hobart Henley, who will be remembered for that celluloid gem, "The Gay Old Dog." "The Flirt" is a story of a small town family told with truth.

For the first time, PHOTOPHAY has increased its list of monthly honor pictures to seven. The usual honor roll will continue at six. But, in all fairness this month, it was necessary to add an additional distinguished photoplay.
Enter Madame—Metro

FOLLOWING so closely the stage success of the same name that watchers are both amazed and delighted, this picture is entertaining, splendidly directed and has an amazing subtlety. Though Clara Kimball Young is not a Varesi she has an exotic charm that fits her very well indeed for the rôle of the tempestuous diva, Madame Lisa Della Robbia. And Elliott Dexter, as her disatisfied husband, is suave and complacent and quite in keeping with the part he plays. In fact the cast, as a whole, has been chosen with real care.

The plot deals with a charming prima donna who has put her career before her home, and who—because of it—nearly loses her husband, who longs vainly for the peace and comfort of a commonplace middle age. The clash between romance and conventionality is the basis of a charming story.

To Have and To Hold—Paramount

THIS is a surprisingly satisfying photoplay—a romantic play with color and spirit, a star at once appealing and charming, and lighting and camera work of unusual beauty.

The tale of King James I's ward, who runs away to Virginia Colony as one of a shipload of women to be sold as wives to the hardy pioneers, has been put on the screen with fine cinematic skill. Mary Johnston's original novel—with all its popularity of fifteen years or so ago—is full of adroit contrivances for stimulating excitement. The film "To Have and To Hold" moves swiftly over these, affords Betty Compson an opportunity to be meltingly lovely as the beautiful Jocelyn Leigh and provides Director George Fitzmaurice with many rare moments for screen pictures. It is Miss Compson's best rôle since "The Miracle Man."

Robin Hood—United Artists

MORE than anything else, "Robin Hood" is a show. It seems to be stretching the word photoplay to classify it under that name. In fact it's the last thing in spectacles. We doubt if the silversheet will go much further along this expensive road. Indeed, we sense a movement along the way of intimate domestic type of play.

Doug Fairbanks must be given credit for making his version of "Robin Hood" with a prodigal hand. He seized upon the half mythical character of the knight of Sherwood Forest—who went about righting the wrongs of the commoners—and developed it into a sweeping pageant of the stirring, romantic era of Richard the Lion Hearted and the Crusades.

Outside of a tender—and almost lyric—love scene between Fairbanks and Maid Marian in the first half, the whole acting honors of this section go to Wallace Beery, who seems literally to have stepped back eight centuries. He is Richard.

At no time does Doug seem Robin Hood. He is always a twentieth century Fairbanks, although he puts such a sense of enjoying himself into the proceedings that one almost forgets this fact. Director Allan Dwan must be given great credit for his masterly handling of the massive and seemingly insurmountable difficulties of "Robin Hood." The spectacle is his triumph.

The Flirt—

B OOTH TARKINGTON novels always seem to make satisfactory plays and pictures. And "The Flirt," sometimes called his finest book, is no exception. For the director, Hobart Henley, has chosen his cast with infinite patience and an uncanny intuition. And has led that cast with a fine sense of truth and vigor.

The story is one of home life in an Indiana town. All of the commonplace ingredients are present—the patient mother, the hard toiling father, the bad little brother and the spoiled daughter. And—most splendid character of all—the second daughter who is a drudge, who suffers and gives and sacrifices in silence. These people are ordinary, everyday folk. But the fabric of fact, woven so cleverly about them, is not ordinary—except as life, itself, is ordinary.

Simplicity is the keynote of the theme. The Flirt, schooled in selfishness, exploits her family until she has involved the
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

Tess of the Storm Country—United Artists

Back in the old days—before we talked of technique, of film depression and of winning back the jaded fan—Mary Pickford did her first "Tess of the Storm Country." In all the dear, delightful plays that followed, audiences never quite forgot this fiery tempered daughter of Elias Skurner, the squatter.

Then Miss Pickford decided to dare a revival—completely new—of the old story. She might well have trembled. One can not lightly toss aside the years. Yet this new "Tess" is superbly moving. The direct and compelling pantomime of Mary Pickford goes direct to you. It plays upon your heart-strings. It sends smiles trembling after the tears.

This story of a squatter, unjustly accused of murder, and his daughter's faith in his ultimate vindication, is really pretty old fashioned stuff. "Tess" is full of things both obvious and dull. There are the stern churchman's daughter who loves not wisely but too well, the scoundrel who pursues the heroine around the lonely cabin and the half-wit who holds the secret to the murder. They're all here. But you never realize it until long after. There is too much in Miss Pickford's art to permit it; her performance is too full of human touches spanning the gap between mere acting and genius.

Universal

father in a great calamity. And then she plans to leave him to his fate. Only the unexpectedly fiery interference of her sister—made heartbreaking real by Helen Jerome Eddy—keeps her from leaving town. Of course there is a happy ending, and—as it would have been in real life, The Flirt is not punished.

A word must be said, in passing, about the work of George Nichols in his role of Pa Madison. He gives a performance that stands at the very head of this year's characterizations. He is true, always—never an actor. The pathos of his bent head, his sagging shoulders; his wistful love toward his children, his rare moments of happiness are amazingly perfect. One feels that he is living in his part—there is never a feeling of let down or a false note of emotion.

Of a family, for a family. It might be the slogan of this picture. For every family, in fact!

Clarence—Paramount

If you saw Booth Tarkington's original comedy of the out-of-work butterfly professor, fresh from war service as a mule driver for Uncle Sam, who finds employment in a domestically disturbed family, thereby curiously solving the various problems of its members, you will be disappointed. The film version naturally misses the Tarkington dialogue. But, if you didn't, you will highly enjoy the celluloid "Clarence." For it isn't in the usual silversheet rut. Mr. de Mille has seen fit to put the emphasis on the melodramatic vein, soft-pedaled in by Mr. Tarkington—a fault common to the adaptation of light comedy to films.

Wallie Reid is Clarence until he loses his spectacles and then he reverts to Wallie.

Oliver Twist—First National

The performance of little Jackie Coogan in the name part of this new film version of the Charles Dickens' novel is highly sensitive and well sustained. Otherwise, the version strikes us as being more careful than inspired.

The present "Oliver Twist" traces the wail from Mr. Bumble's workhouse roof to the sheltering library of Mr. Brownlow and—since Jackie couldn't grow up for one film—ends right there. The brutal Bill Sykes, the arch scoundrel Fagin, Monks, "The Artful Dodger," Nancy Sykes, and all the other folk of the London slums are there but they are pretty pale reflections of Dickens' imagination.

We fear Jackie's Oliver Twist will fall somewhere between the Dickens' lovers and his own fans, missing both of them. The first half will consider that Dickens has suffered and the other half will want more of Jackie.
The Headless Horseman—Hodkinson

HIGHLY disappointing, this Will Rogers' version of Washington Irving's celebrated tale of the superstitious Yankee school teacher Ichabod Crane, his love for Katrinka Van Tassel and her father's well filled larders and the unscrupulous "Brom' Bones. Entirely too long. And the weight of the rôle weighs heavily upon Rogers. Indeed, he doesn't get under the lanky New Englander's skin.

One Exciting Night—D. W. Griffith Prod.

D W. has attempted to tear a leaf from "The Bat," "The Cat and the Canary" and other popular footlight melodrama of mystery. All sorts of weird things happen in a lonely Southern ancestral home. But the result is jumbled and pointless. Irma Harrison as a lively mulatto maid, a newcomer, walks away with the hit of the film despite the footage given Carol Dempster.

Brawn of the North—First National

SUCCESS hasn't spoiled one actor, anyway. Strongheart here surpasses his previous performances. Many contend that Teddy is a more finished actor; but when you consider that Strongheart has only been acting a little more than a year you must admit his genius. This time the remarkable star rescues a baby and makes Irene Rich happy—and what more can a dog do? A good honest drama.

Man Who Saw Tomorrow—Paramount

A weak feature as had been allotted to Thomas Meighan in a long time. The star plays a chap torn between two loves, one of a society girl and the other an eccentric skipper's daughter. The fellow goes to a hypnotist and learns exactly what would happen with marriage in both cases. That's all, except that he decides on the sea gal. Ridiculous and enough to make the hardened titter.

Another Man’s Shoes—Universal

HERBERT RAWLINSON grins apeishly through six long reels and makes one hope that vice will triumph for once, and that Herbert will get his. Unfortunately he foils plots, keeps his screen honor intact, wins the lady and emerges—scarcely rumpled—from many vicious fights. All of which makes the picture hard for a discriminating audience to watch. Barbara Bedford is the leading lady.

Impossible Mrs. Bellew—Paramount

AGAIN Gloria Swanson in dire emotional difficulties and bizarre frocks. An affecting combination. This time she is a divorcée under the ban of society and, broken-hearted, a player with fire. Not much of a story but, if you like Gloria, this will have optical interest. Then there's a glimpse of the Deauville bathing beach and of a gay fête. And many, many gowns.
The Secrets of Paris—Whitman Bennett Productions

It's an open secret. But if you're honest you'll enjoy yourself watching Lew Cody as a young king rescue Gladys Hulette from the clutches of the crooks of the Parisian underworld. Good, old-fashioned melodrama, based on Eugene Sue's popular novel. And if William Collier, Jr., is not careful he'll grow up to be as famous as his father.

The Young Rajah—Paramount

The glamorous Rudolph Valentino's latest—and worst—vehicle. Evidently pounced out in a hurry. Based upon a story—of an Indian prince raised through the forces of fate upon a New England farm—with real screenic possibilities. Curiously this doesn't transfer to the screen with any sense of actual reality. The thing collapses between mysticism and realism.

The Lavender Bath Lady—Universal

Glady's Walton flaps harder than ever in her latest adventure. As a tough little shop girl, suddenly transplanted to a hot house environment, she makes able use of her eyes, her clever hands, and her spit-curls. She foils thieves and gets herself involved in a chain of circumstances that leads, at last, to love. Not much of a story, for all the plot, but it's family stuff!

The Tailor Made Man—United

Charlie Ray needs a clear perspective upon himself. Once—not so long ago—he was fresh and likeable and expectantly youthful. Now he is false and actory. Ray has rare material in this fantasy of the tailor's assistant who appropriates a dress suit and successfully invades the worlds of society and business. The film starts off amusingly enough but then lapses into the veriest melodrama.

Shadows—Preferred Pictures

An idea of delicacy and charm has been translated with great care to the screen; and the result is a good picture. Tom Forman's direction of Wilbur Daniel Steele's prize story, "Ching Ching Chinaman," is as inspired as possible in view of the fact that there are censors. The central figure, the oriental laundry man remarkably acted by Lon Chaney, is a fine and true conception.

The Town That Forgot God—Fox

The latest "greatest storm scene ever screened" really is. It's a terrific flood that sweeps away a whole village, and seems about to drown the audience too when a child hero prays for peace. Here is hokum, frank and unashamed; but director Harry Miller knows so well how to manipulate his home and mothers and storm scenes that you are carried right along in spite of yourself. [CONT'D ON PAGE 118]
It isn't every beautiful leading lady who can have a hair-dress invented to match her name.

But that's what happened to Anna Q. Nilsson when she played mother of a flapper in Cecil de Mille's "Adam's Rib."

Hattie of Hollywood, the dusky hairdresser who has helped to make Gloria Swanson and Bebe Daniels famous, studied Miss Nilsson carefully and then designed for her the unique coiffure which has become famous overnight in Hollywood as Anna's Queue.

It is a particularly effective head dress for bobbed hair in the evening.

Wave the hair softly and fluff it gently about the head, pinning the ends in a flat knot at the nape of the neck.

Then band it close to the head with six tightly braided, smooth queues.

Hattie made the queues used in Anna Q.'s coiffure from the long, blonde tresses that Anna Q. saved when she bobbed her hair, so that they match perfectly.
JUDGING from publicity material, Mack Sennett is the author of "Suzanna," in which Mabel Normand starred. Anyway, "Suzanna" has been developed into a novel by H. M. Barnaby, who originally wrote the story for the Macauley Company of New York. We had known of Sennett's versatility but the news stuns us. Indeed, we can only whisper, very feebly, "author. Author."

George Beban tossed a bomb into placid Hollywood when he declared, during an interview, that the motion picture actresses may be described as "the beautiful and the dumb." Someone must have loaned George a copy of "Merton of the Movies."

Time was when every well considered photoplay had its cabaret scene. But the jazz interlude seems to have given way to the storm—and wind machines have succeeded saxophone players as production necessities. "The Storm" had an avalanche and a forest fire. "The Sin Flood" had water plus. "The Old Homestead" had a hurricane (despite its New England locale), that literally blew the old mortgage away. "One Exciting Night" has a rip snorting gale that tears up trees bodily. And, "The Town That Forgot God" has a still of a bulldozer. It's certainly the era of the wind machine!

A recent advertisement for a film drama reads: "In this production the actual burning of a forest tract is one of the features. Ten acres of forest land were planted and destroyed in the scene." You have to hand it to these directors.

The superintendent of the New York Schools wants to take mental measurements of all pupils so that they may be grouped effectively. He thinks it is easy. If it is why not make estimates of the mental measurements required to group all pictures and add the measurement (on the basis of 100) to all announcements—thus:

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BYE-FAWM

Mental measurement............................................6
WINDS OF PASSION
Mental measurement...........................................8
FIVE HORSEMAN
Mental measurement.........................................100
TOL'ABLE DAVID
Mental measurement.........................................100
BLESSED COMEDY
Mental measurement...........................................2
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Mary Miles Minter is making her last picture for Paramount, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." And then will it be the trials of a lonesome star? Or will the producers just fall on each other in an effort to tie Mary up in another million dollar contract?

We went to the opening of Fox's "The Town That Forgot God!" at the Astor theatre the other night. It seemed to us pretty bad. But when we came out we beheld Will Hays in the lobby with his arm entwined about William Fox's neck, congratulating him on a fine picture.

"So we presume we were all wrong."

Cecil De Mille has long revealed feminine vertebrae, ankles and knees but he seems to be going to a step further in his newest forthcoming production. The film is going to be called "Adam's Rib."

By These Presents Shall We Know Them

By John Hubbard

Herbert Rawlinson's cap
Mae Murray's pout
Lew Cody's upturned coat collar
Conway Tearle's scowl
Wally Reid's right eyebrow
Lewis Stone's frown
Marie Prevost's legs
John Barrymore's nose
Bull Montana's ears
Betty Compson's ankles
Lillian Walker's dimples
Viola Davis' eyelashes
Ben Turpin's eyes
Earle Williams' walk
Mary Pickford's curls
Wally Reid's left eye brow
Harriet Hammond's arms
Larry Semon's shoulders
Theodore Roberts' clear
dough Fairbanks' handspring
Will Rogers' smile
Wallace Beery's pug
Charlie Chaplin's trousers
Gloria Swanson's coilur
Stewart Holmes' overcoat
Robert McKenna's temples
Harry Carey's thickl
Lansell mould's collar
Sim Bernard's collar
Warl Cummings' voice
bebe Daniels' mouth
Phyllis Haver's knees
Kid McCoy's derby
Antonio Moreno's chin
Bill Hart's shirt
Eugene O'Brien's brow
Lowell Sherman's cigarette
Stuart Holmes' cigarette case
Jack Hoxie's sombrero
Buster Keaton's necktie
Harold Lloyd's spectacles
Hank McCull's greatcoat
Weley Barry's freckles
Betty Blythe's back
Ralph Valentino's sideburns
Mack Swain's forelock
Charlie Chaplin's feet
Mae Murray's thighs
Mary Carr's tears
Bill Farnum's fist
Jack Holt's moustache
Marion Davies' electric sign
Lillian Gish's hands
Louis Wolheim's chest
Doug Fairbanks' somersault
Gloria Swanson's stockings
Louise Fazenda's stare
Tom M'el's horses
Bill Hart's pinto pony
Hoot Gibson's grin
Agnes Ayres' profile
Nanook's ears
Mildred Harris' husband
Lev Cody's spats
Lon Chaney's crutches
Charlie Chaplin's shoes
Clyde Cook's toes
Warl Oland's sneer
Dorothy Gish's wig
Strongbow's mask
Joe Martin's publicity agent
Minniehaha's pipe

Julia Hout, the New York society beauty, who made a brief excursion into the movies in "The Wonderful Thing" in which Norma Talmadge starred, is now reappearing in Booth Tarkington's new comedy, "Rose Forfair."

In the play, it is said, Billie Burke gets all the men away from the beautiful Julia. Now we wonder if in real life——

Censors and would be moralists keep referring to the immorality of the films. Thus we find William Chase in the newspapers demanding a federal censorship because "the controlling producers" now "have power to compel their employees to act indecent parts in obscene photoplays." We challenge the canon to name the obscene film drama of Canon Chase, by the way, that wants federal censorship, because American films are "are demoralizing Asia, Indo-China, the Straits Settlements and other parts of the world." Imagine the destruction wrought among the Malay pirates, for instance, by such wicked films as "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Old West."

The producer of Constance Talmadge's "East is West" has decided recently that the picture, which cost him a total of some $500,000, must earn $1,200,000. The same producer decided recently that Norma's "Smilin' Through" must earn $1,200,000. All of which means that the exhibitor must pay more to get the pictures and that that theater profit must remain in the same place—where they are—on the roof. And the magnates still talk of the temperamental stars whose salary demands cause the high admission prices.

Film censorship came staggering out of the November elections, rather the worse for wear. Governor Nathan L. Miller, under whose administration censorship came into being in New York state, was repudiated with a smash, Alfred E. Smith coming into office on a veritable Democratic landslide. Here's hoping that New York's censorship will speedily end. In Massachusetts the recommendation of film censorship was submitted to a referendum and was snubbed under by an estimated vote of four to one. All of which will be good news to film devotees.

Before we depart from the discussion of censorship, let us quote Mrs. Ela Hosmer, one of New York's esteemed censors:

"Some foreign countries that are rehabilitating and want their women to work will not permit our motion pictures to be shown there."

"Too many women are screened reclining on a couch or otherwise reading a book and munching chocolates or waiting for a chauffeur for an automobile ride."

"This is misrepresenting the American people, for we are a working nation. Such scenes should be censored."

Lord and Lady Mountbatten are great film enthusiasts. They were entertained in and guided about Hollywood by Charles Chaplin. They failed to report any instance of immorality in Hollywood; in fact, Lord Louis said there was nothing "even risque."

Hollywood disappoints so many people, apparently.
Plays and Players

If you keep up with these columns you will know more about film folks than they know themselves.

By
Cal York

Would, caught in the act of "coming back." After his breakdown several months ago, he went off to the mountains accompanied only by Dorothy Davenport Reid and his trainer, Teddy Hayes, and there he rested and devoted his days to getting himself into condition.

Irene Castle fell from her horse and fractured her shoulder.
Irene Castle refused to dance her butterfly and other dances when the censors of Providence, Rhode Island, objected to her appearing without tights. Tights, says Irene, are—or is?
—not art.
Irene Castle narrowly escaped serious injury when her motor collided with a steam roller between Syracuse and Ithaca.
Irene Castle is now dancing in Shubert vaudeville on Broadway.
Of course it is perfectly horrid of them to say so; but we have heard people comment that the lovely Irene is not so much in demand professionally as she used to be. That, in fact, she is seeking engagements instead of engagements seeking her. But we don't know how true it is.

Charles Chaplin, director.
You knew he directed his own pictures. But now he is doing something different—a drama. And he's not directing himself, but his former leading woman, Edna Purviance.
As a reward for her faithful services as his blonde foil in all his comedies, Charlie let Edna make her own pictures; and volunteered his services as director for the first of the series.
Edna Purviance's first starring story is said to be based on the life of Peggy Hopkins. The international beauty visited Hollywood and was seen much with Charles Chaplin, who is directing Edna's picture, and is reported to have related to the comedian the story of her eventful career.

It seems a shame to tell this one on Betty Blythe; but it's really too good to keep.
Betty went to a party with her husband, Paul Scardon. It was given in an Italian restaurant in New York; and Betty was, as

A new way of fooling the public has been discovered by director Henaberry and cameraman Miller. Not wishing to have half of Manhattan follow them around Central Park while they were shooting scenes for Jack Holt's "Making a Man," they concealed the camera. It might be a custom-built push cart, or a hurdy-gurdy, or almost any old thing.

70
usual, the life of it. In the middle of a box seat, the beautiful statueque star took a bite of bread. Suddenly a minute object shot across the table. Betty groaned, "My tooth!"

She'd been having some dental work done, you see, and should never have tried to eat any hard bread that evening. And to make matters worse, she saw the humor of it and had to laugh. She tried to stop and only laughed harder. Lovely Betty in her gorgeous evening gown, with a front tooth missing? Not to quote Savoy and Brennan at all, but—you should have been there!

WILL ROGERS said once after wearing the tights that helped to make perfect his part in "Doubling for Romeo," that he's always known that Flo Ziegfeld hadn't put him in the Follies on account of his face. That classic remark has had its effect on other heroes of the screen—for everybody's doing it, nowadays. The Talmadges and be-ribboned panties. Harry Myers in "Robinson Crusoe," Bert Lytell in "To Have and To Hold." Doug in "Robin Hood" and Guy Bates Post in "Omar, the Tentmaker." To say nothing of Rudolph Valentino in "The Young Rajah."

THEY do say, speaking of tights, that Doug was especially "fussy" about his. While filming "Robin Hood" he had reels and reels made of his legs. Hundreds and thousands of celluloid feet—jumping legs and running legs and walking legs and leaping legs and just legs. And whenever a wrinkle showed it meant a new job for the tight-maker. Until, at last, a perfect pair was achieved. We wonder if the shoes of The Talmadges—who didn't even care, in his seceded Greenwood, whether he wore them or went without—stood on the side lines and laughed.

HAVE you noticed how much Barbara La Marr looks like everybody else? Well, we've until two observing flappers watching "Tillings Women"? and Barbara, commented thus: "There; now doesn't she look exactly like Betty Blythe?" "Why, in that scene her nose is more like Gloria Swanson's." "There's something about her that reminds me of Bebe Daniels." "But just then she looked like Norma Talmadge."

WHILE press agents are usually enthusiastic in regard to the new born children of stars, friends are apt to be brutally frank. At least a certain lady friend of the Keaton family was when she was presented, for the first time, to Buster's and her. Small Joseph was crying, with his face screwed up into a terrible pucker. And the lady friend took just one look. "Sure it's alive, Buster," she said, as she retreated from the room, "but I ask you—what is it?"

IS Constance Talmadge to wed Irving Berlin, the famous song writer and author of a hundred or so million-copy hits since "Alexander's Rag Time Band"? So rumor goes, although the thing is denied in the Talmadge offices. Berlin was a suitor for Connie's hand way back in the days when his rival was Dick Barthelmess, then unwed. But Connie rejected them both to wed John Plagou. Berlin is said to be very wealthy. For one thing he is the guiding spirit of Irving Berlin's Music Box Theater in New York, which last season broke all records for box office receipts. The revue there averaged around $30,000 a week all season.

RECENT changes within the ranks of First National Pictures, Inc., are likely to affect the future distribution of the Talmadge and Keaton pictures. J. D. Williams has resigned as general manager and has been succeeded by Richard A. Rowland, former president of Metro. Williams is organizing his own company and it is said will handle the distribution of the Joseph Schenck productions, including the Talmadge and Keaton films, after the expiration of present arrangements with First National. With Rowland at its head, First National is said to be planning to make its own productions. Heretofore, it has been merely a releasing organization for products from various studios.

IF rumors may be believed, there is considerable wanting to the popularity of Constance Talmadge and some slight drop in Norma's vogue. Norma's last, "The Eternal Flame," has not been doing very well, it is said. Maybe, Mamma Talmadge, known to her friends as "Peg," has chosen an auspicious moment to write a story of her daughters. The story is to appear in book form as "The Talmadge Sisters." Mrs. Talmadge in her foreword says: "Perhaps it would have been more appropriate if someone other than I, the mother, had undertaken to write a book of this kind, yet I do not believe that it is possible for anyone, no matter how closely associated with my daughters, to present the subject with the deep knowledge and understanding that I have gained in the many years of careful observation of every
DOUGLAS MacLEAN has signed a long term contract to make pictures for the Associated Exhibitors.

"When do we start shooting?" asked Lloyd Ingraham, who is to be the comedian's director.

"In about thirty days," said Doug, carelessly.

"H—mm," said Ingraham, "well, by that time I'll have been buried about nine days. I should think. I've been waiting for you to start this picture for six months, and I've got just six dollars and ninety cents left, so I should say the funeral would be in about twenty-one days, shouldn't you?"

Whereupon we naturally suppose Mr. MacLean told the director his salary would start at once.

Bogart Rogers is to be general manager of the MacLean productions. Mr. and Mrs. MacLean are occupying their spare time with the construction of a beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

CONRAD NAGEL electrifies Hollywood. And won a tremendous vote of esteem and admiration when one Sunday morning recently, he delivered a lecture in the Ambassador Theater on the subject, "What Religion has Done for Me."

The theater was packed and the large and cosmopolitan audience listened enraptured to the hour's talk which Conrad gave.

"It was perfectly marvelous," said someone who attended, "I never heard such manly sincerity and such convincing arguments in my life."

"ADAM'S RIB."

Can you imagine that?

It is—it really is—the title for the new Cecil deMille production which is nearing completion.

It came as a terrible jolt to Hollywood, that title. All the women are terrifically annoyed and all the men are quietly chuckling. And everyone is talking about it. Which, of course, is exactly what C. B. intended when he chose it.

MAE BUSCH won her divorce from Francis MacDonald recently on the grounds of desertion.

And now the open and ardent devotion of Rod La Roque, who is in Hollywood as Mac Murray's leading man, is leading to much discussion as to whether Miss Busch will continue to enjoy her freedom or will again become a bride as soon as her year is up.

HAVE you heard Will Rogers' latest?

"I see where Goldwyn is doing 'The Christian,'" he remarked. "Well, it won't be the first time.

And referring to the blaze of Broadway electricities heralding "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—"Looks more like 'When Electricity Is in Power' to me," says Will.

"Every time Griffith makes a picture he puts the industry ahead five years," he went on, "and every time I make a picture I put it back five years, so it evens things up."

ELLIOTT DEXTER is to be married soon to Nina Untermeyer, if a current report is to be believed. Rumors that they are already married have been denied. Mrs. Untermeyer is the ex-wife of Alvin Untermeyer, son of the noted lawyer of New York. She obtained her interlocutory decree of divorce a year ago. Dexter is making pictures in California and Mrs. Untermeyer is also living in the west.

WHERE has J. Warren Kerrigan been for the last years? Worry over his whereabouts can no be dismissed, however, for he is one of the players in the Famous Players-Lasky production of "The Covered Wagon," directed by James Cruze. Once the center of a big legal combat for his services, J. Warren is now merely an unfeatured film actor. The movies do move in wondrous ways their wonders to perform.

THERE had Kitty Gordon was, you might say, turned her priceless back on the stage and, as Lady Beresford, had opened a Fifth Avenue beauty shop. With her in the new venture is her pretty blonde daughter, Vera. Of late Kitty has not been what you'd call a sensation in vaudeville; but when she took the august name of Beresford into trade she won all the attention any beauty craves. The stately Kitty is a genial soul if a little temperamental; and her beauty shop looks as if it might be a success.

MARTHA MANSFIELD was the heroine of a big scene the other day that the camera didn't catch.

She was working in a New Rochelle studio.

As soon as he learns to ride this, he'll be mounted on a more energetic animal. And that will suit 'Dobe Carey down, in a manner of speaking, to the ground. Of course his name is really Harry Jr., but dad christened him 'Dobe despite Mrs. Carey's strenuous objections.
D O U G L A S F A I R B A N K S got a lot of rather disagreeable publicity by attempting to demonstrate his skill at archery or rather his lack of it, on the roof of the Ritz-Carlton, where the Fairbankses stay when they are in New York. A misdirected arrow hit a tailor standing in the window of his shop on Second Avenue.

The arrow incident gave Will Rogers a chance for a little gentle spoiling. "If it was me," he told his audiences at the Folies, "they'd call it bow and arrow shootin' but when Doug does it, it's archery," said Will. "On account of salary, y'know. Anyway, Doug fired at the Ritz and hit a man on Second Avenue. I suggest that he stand on the roof of Gimbel's and try to hit the Pennsylvania station."


The only man in Hollywood who seems to have won a place in Pola's affections is the great comedian. They met in Berlin some time ago and since Pola's arrival in Hollywood they have cemented their friendship.

To a screen star she said, wistfully, "All these girls in your Hollywood—they all love Charlie, is it so?"

The other star laughed, "Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that. Charlie's a wonderful fellow, but he isn't exactly a heartbreaker."

"Oh?" said Miss Negri, "Oh, yes, but he is. He is grand. All these girls, they must love him much."

BILL HART, after a serious illness that kept him confined to his bed for several weeks, is up and around again. The doctor has allowed him to stroll around the grounds of his Hollywood home and Bill says he is beginning to feel like himself again.

As yet Mrs. Winifred Westover Hart hasn't filed suit for divorce but her attorneys declare that as soon as she is a little stronger the proceedings will begin.

Bill expects to start making pictures again before very long and is busy looking up stories and writing a few of his own.

Bill the First is said to have settled $100 a week on Mrs. Sue Westover, as well as the hundred thousand apiece on Winifred and the baby. The child is a well and plump and happy infant.

By the way, we haven't met a soul yet who believes those tales about Bill being a cave-man husband.

THERE was an odd flash of temperament at the opening of "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood," a flash that seemingly went unnoticed by the big audience. Mme. Nazimova and her husband, Charles Bryant, were among the early arrivals. They went to an upper box on the right hand side of the Lyric theater. A little later the Valention party, including Natasha Rambova, arrived and took seats in a box directly below that of Mme. Nazimova. Ten seconds later Mme. Nazimova was seen coming rapidly down stairs with Monsieur Bryant. Alla led the way to a lower box directly opposite that of Valention, where she took seats. Right here it might be noted that Mme. Rambova-Valention must have felt the chill of Alla's gaze across the theater.

[Continued on page 80]
The Man Who Spent a Million

By Delight Evans

The program tells you that over a million was spent on the production; how many extras appeared in the pageant, and how many yards of gold cloth were used to make Mary's gowns. But the program can't tell you the actual story of the filming of "Knighthood." Only Vignola can do that.

He has just one thought, he says, about directing. It is, "Before a director can learn to control thousands of people and big stars and big scenes, he must first learn to control himself."

Vignola is known, in the studios, as the sanest and least temperamental of all celluloid creators. He has infinite patience. He has one quality which makes actors want to work for him: consideration.

"Knighthood" took three months and a half actual shooting. If you have a mind which revels in statistics, the fact that the expenses ran from six to eight hundred dollars an hour may interest you. If it doesn't interest us.

Now, he has gone away. Away from it all. He's left for a tour of the world. He will be gone for some months; and he will visit Venice and his home-town in Italy, and China and India and Hawaii. It's a vacation, but being a good director he is taking a cameraman along. He wants to get scenes in every country he visits, for future use. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

Herr Lubitsch has a rival. There is, in America, a director who knows as much about the private lives of kings and princesses, who can reincarnate royalty well nigh as ably and accurately as the creator of "Passion."

Robert G. Vignola. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" ranks with the most entertaining photoplays ever made. As a record of historical happenings it equals anything the Continentals have done.

As humanizers of history American directors are not so very apt. They can give us gorgeousness, but they can't convince us we are really in Rome—or Paris—or London—wherever. And they persist in tangled themselves up with causes. All American historical films have had causes. They interfere with the romance, they have a way of interrupting precious moments; they make it all very grand, and very gloomy. But there have to be causes. There isn't any moral in "Knighthood," unless it is that good little princesses always get their own way. Consequently "Knighthood" entertains. And for this you'll agree, perhaps, that director Vignola should be permanently pedestal.

In case you are uneasy about awarding the laurels to an American, we hasten to reassure you. Vignola is not an American at all. He was born in Italy.
Deep Sea Drama

Here is Lulu McGrath, who risked her life diving again and again into the gardens of the sea—all for a picture. As far as we know she is the only bathing beauty on record to get her swimsuit wet. Below—a close-up of the villain of the piece—for more terrifying than any you ever saw of Walter Long.

One of the most thrilling photo-plays ever made has no plot, no storm scene, and no moral—unless it be that good little divers always come up again. J. E. Williamson’s “Wonders of the Sea” is a two-reel record of the adventures of two intrepid divers and one fair swimmer under sea. Williamson, originator of deep sea photography, perfected the invention sketched at the right—a collapsible shaft which moves slightly with the water, with a bell at the bottom, protected by heavy glass, in which the cameraman sits; and he employs slow motion photography for the first time in submarine screen history. A shark plays a leading rôle.
The films have contributed the two big personal hits of the stage year. One was scored by Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies," the other by James Kirkwood in "The Fool." This last served to prove just how sterling an actor is Kirkwood. He has been so long in films that we had forgotten his golden voice. Surely there is no one in "the speakies" who has the mellow and finely modulated voice of Kirkwood.

In "The Fool" Kirkwood plays a dreamer who sets out to live as Christ would live if He were alive in 1923. The Christ-life loses the young dreamer his position as rector of a smart church but, in the end, he finds satisfaction and comfort in the happiness he has brought into the world.

Here are two views of Kirkwood as Daniel Gilchrist in "The Fool." The little cripple in the adjoining picture is played by Sara Sothern.
The Mexican town of Buango was the birthplace—on February 6, 1899, to be exact—of Ramon Navarro. He was Ramon Samaniegos then. His parents were Spanish. Samaniegos was an excellent name, you understand. But people didn’t take to it somehow. The few who could pronounce it didn’t have time. It was clearly up to Ramon to do something. He changed it to Navarro.

Like Valentino, his predecessor, Navarro was a dancer—one of the Marion Morgan company—before he came to Ingram’s attention. “The Prisoner of Zenda” established him as the latest and most graceful exponent of the gentle art of screen amour; and you will recognize in the picture above his Ivan de Maupin of “Trifling Women.” His next will be “The Passion Vine,” also for Ingram.

Now, the sub-debs of America speak his name softly—for they can pronounce it with ease; and as for his birthplace, they mention it in awed accents. “Buango!” they thrill; “he was born there!”

And look up Buango. Never heard of it? Neither did we. But it’s destined for immortality.
How Film Is Made

The annual production of film would wrap around Mother Earth six times. This represents 150,000 miles of celluloid, most of which goes into the making of the world's photoplays. The above scene, with its huge globe, was built to visualize these facts in a short motion picture, entitled "A Trip Through Filmland."

At the top of the page is the battery of enclosed coating machines at the George Eastman plant, Kodak Park, in Rochester, where most of the world's film is made. This battery of machines coats the base sheets with sensitive solution. At Kodak Park cotton is first cleaned and made soluble by nitrating machines and then passed into vats to be thoroughly washed. After that a thick honey-like substance, called "dope," is added. This solution is then transformed into transparent sheets 3½ feet wide and 3-1000ths of an inch thick. This is the film base. It is then a simple matter to coat the sheets with light sensitive emulsion, slit into standard widths, perforate, and reel the film for photoplay making. The 150,000 miles of film manufactured annually at Kodak Park requires three tons of pure silver bullion a week. Note the bullion awaiting its turn in the Kodak Park, safe below. Kodak Park is the world's second largest user of pure silver bullion. Uncle Sam and his Treasury come first.
Pretty, well-kept hands
How you can have them

Not every woman has that flawless beauty of face which artists long to paint. But every woman can have attractive hands—hands that are pleasant to look at, and touch. The kind of hands that fastidious men love to watch among the tea things, or fluttering about in other dainty feminine tasks.

You can have hands like this, even though you have not developed their full beauty in the past. Just a few Cutex manicures, and you will note an amazing change.

That is because Cutex manicuring keeps your hands so perfectly groomed—your nails beautifully shaped and polished, the cuticle free from ragged edges, hangnails, and all discoloration.

And it is so magically quick! You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle. Every trace of stain will be gone from the nails, the cuticle will be prettily curved, smooth, lovely and unbroken.

Then—for the Polish

In the Cutex Polishes, you have choice of five—the cake, stick, paste, powder and liquid forms, all giving a brilliant and lasting lustre. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm give you a dazzling finish which is as quickly renewed. The new Cutex Liquid Polish dries instantly and leaves a delicately tinted lustre that lasts a week.

Cutex
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Don’t Cut the Cuticle

Never trim the cuticle. Infections often come from the little cuts made by scissors that penetrate to living tissue. The Cutex way of manicuring is the safe way. Cutex Cuticle Remover loosens adhering cuticle from the nails, frees them from hangnails, and surplus cuticle. Endorsed by doctors and nurses. Recommended by beauty experts. Price 35¢.

Send for Miniature Set

—only 12 cents

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12c in coins or stamps for attractive Miniature Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Powder Polish, Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Cuticle Cream, emery board, and manicure stick. Address Northham Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-1, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Five-minute Set, $1.00

This new Cutex Set brings you the manicuring essentials, all together in the handiest form—Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, in full size package, with orange stick and packet of emery boards.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
George Melford isn’t an actor, any more, but when he is considering the “big part” of a picture that he is to direct he’s apt to resort to the grease paint and the false whiskers. Just so he can get the spirit of the thing!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

FIRST nights of photoplays on Broadway are becoming the only thing, my dears. No matter what kind of a picture it is, it simply has to have a Broadway premier.

Griffith’s “One Exciting Night” attracted Theda Bara, Lois Weber, Mabel Normand, Signor Rodolpho and, strangely enough, Mr. Griffith himself. He made his fifth annual speech about “our little picture.” He ended it by saying that, as the members of his cast were scattered about, one in California, another somewhere else, and so on, he would thank the audience in their behalf. There was Carol Dempster, the heroine, sitting in the right stage box, too.

And she looked very lovely.

Mr. Fox believes in special theaters and to prove it he has presented the following pictures on Broadway: “The Town that Forgot God,” “Monte Cristo,” “A Little Child Shall Lead Them”—a little child that didn’t lead them very long; and “The Village Blacksmith.”

Mr. Selznick sent out handsome engraved cards inviting friends to come and see “One Week of Love” with dancing at the Ritz Carlton grand ballroom.

They begin at the Ritz and end on Second Avenue, as some heartless person put it.

Victor Potel and Louise Fazenda in an unconventional scene from Metro’s coming production “Quincy Adams Sawyer.” Something tricky in open plumbing, we might say.
The kind of cream for a thorough cleansing

No skin can be always lovely unless it is kept really clean.

To have skin with lovely transparency, softness and smoothness, you must give it a thorough cleansing every night.

Ordinary washing is not enough. It cannot reach the fine particles of dirt that bore deep into the pores. If this dirt is allowed to remain your skin becomes dull looking—it loses its lovely transparency. For a thorough cleansing your face needs a cream; and its choice is all important.

Only a cream made with oil can reach the deepest dirt. There must be just enough oil to remove every particle of dirt—not a drop more because creams with too much oil overload the pores and make the skin greasy. It must not be stiff because stiff creams are difficult to work in, and when once in the pores have a tendency to remain and stretch them. The cream that meets all the requirements for a thorough cleansing is Pond's Cold Cream.

Start using this cream tonight

Wash your face first. Then smooth in Pond's Cold Cream. In a minute it works its way deep into your pores and out again bringing every bit of dirt and powder with it. Wipe it off on a soft towel or bit of cloth. The grime will astonish you.

For daytime uses your skin needs another cream—a very different one—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is perfect as a foundation for powder.

Both these creams are so delicate in texture they cannot clog the pores. Neither contains anything that can promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

POND'S
Cold Cream for cleansing
Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

Generous Tubes—Mail Coupon Today

Pond's Extract Co.,
127 Hudson St., New York.

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

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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Martin Johnson not only photographed the picturesque South Sea Islanders; he brought back the films for the subjects to see. Something like adding insult to injury. Wonder what they said; wonder if they were shocked at their own savagery; wonder if they laughed—wish they'd turn around!

On the heels of this, other coveted invitations didn't flutter to her as she had hoped—so, Paris called and Peggy left us all flat.

Things have certainly perked up a lot on the Hawaiian Isles since Betty Compson went over there.

They say the social life of Honolulu was a veritable dash from the moment of her arrival. Everyone wanted to entertain her and party followed party with the lovely star as the guest of honor.

But the real climax occurred when young Walter Morosco, to whom Betty's engagement has been variously rumored and denied, arrived. Betty went down to meet the boat, climbed the gangplank, after much excited waiting, and rushed into young Morosco's arms.

"There's a mighty good friend of mine coming on this boat," Betty told the group of admiring friends who attended her, "I can hardly wait to see him."

Which all goes to prove that Walter may know more about it than anyone else when he calmly says, "I'd rather not say anything about marriage—yet."

A letter from Betty Compson, postmarked Honolulu, reveals the following tragic facts:

"The greatest difficulty we have," writes the star who is making "The White Flower" on the Beach at Waikiki, "is getting the natives to undress. Naturally we wanted them all in native costume, or rather lack of it, but they consider making a picture a festival and they insist on putting on all their wardrobe, including such details as derby hats and mother-hubbards. The men are easier to persuade than the women, but when you tell them you want them merely in a loin cloth they insist on leaving a suit of knit underwear on. It isn't so good. One old chap who sells newspapers in front of our hotel finally consented to disrobe and then came over and nearly knocked me down by admitting that for ten dollars more he would dispense with the loin cloth."

Speaking of Honolulu reminds us of one on Bull Montana.

Bull went over to the beautiful Pearl of the Pacific.

As the boat drew up to the dock at Honolulu, Bull leaned over the side and observed the enormous crowd of natives, in gala array, showering flowers and cheering wildly, who always come down to meet the steamers.

"What do you think of that," said Bull, with a broad grin, "I didn't think they knew old Bull so well over here. I guess they know me everywhere, eh?"

One of the interesting men in motion pictures is the director who makes the most conspicuous "home and mother" pictures. He is known for directing only the sweet, clean, wholesome home stuff. He has never made an immoral picture. He produces good American family films and—

He is the most cordially detested person about the studio where he works.

His actors hate him. He is petty and picking and mean. His staff walks out at least once a week, and his long suffering assistant has to go and get them back again.

He will present for your screen inspection a touching close-up of a little child crying its little heart out. The child is so scared of the director that she's in hysteries. He isn't a bad man. No one knows anything against him; his morals are immaculate. But he has a small soul.

A comedy director on the Harold Lloyd lot was having a dreadful morning.

He had a mob of extras and everything that could possibly go wrong with lights, cameras, people and sets had gone wrong.

After about the tenth mishap, a very old colored woman who was in the gang of extras turned to her neighbor and said seriously, "I should think that young
MOTION picture producers pay as high as $2000 and rarely offer less than $500 for original screen stories. And yet their demands for acceptable stories cannot be supplied.

In the last few months newspapers and film companies have offered more than $50,000 in scenario contest prizes, all to secure new stories and encourage new screen writers.

And your life probably holds many incidents which would form the basis for stories worth telling—and selling.

These People Did

A CALIFORNIA school teacher; a Chicago society matron; a Pennsylvania newspaper reporter; an underpaid office man in Utah; a prisoner in the Arizona State Penitentiary are a few of the many who have sold their stories at handsome prices, become studio staff writers, or won big sums on scenario contests.

They studied screen writing to get away from routine work. Not one was a recognized author. Not one was a master of literary skill.

All were discovered by a photoplay corporation which searched for undeveloped screen writing talent through a novel questionnaire test. You have the same opportunity that they had, and grasped.

The Palmer Questionnaire No Cost—No Obligation

H. VAN LOAN, the well-known scenarist, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has and is uncovering hidden photodramatists in all walks of life.

With Malcolm McLean, formerly instructor in short-story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the idea of adapting tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

Phenomenal results have been obtained. The first prize of $10,000 and eight others in the Chicago Daily News contest, and all three prizes, amounting to $5,000, in the J. Parker Read, Jr. competition were awarded to new writers trained by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Palmer Questionnaire.

These facts have been conclusively proved: (1) Many people who do not at all suspect their ability, can write Scenarios, and (2) this free Questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

Highly useful, this self-examination is intensely interesting as well. You apply it in your own home. We hold your record absolutely confidential, tell you frankly what your test shows and give reasons for our opinion.

We Offer

$1000 and Royalties

THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation now produces photoplays as well as instructs through a thoroughly tested home-study course, in the writing of them.

And under our new plan we offer to new writers trained in our Educational Department whose stories are acceptable for our productions a minimum of $1000 cash and royalties on the profits of the pictures.

So, for the first time, photoplaywrights will share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

In addition, one hundred sixty producers in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories for which they will pay generously. We act as the greatest sales outlet for screen stories of all kinds.

Is It You?

IT is for you to answer whether or not you will fit yourself for these rewards, providing, of course, you have the inherent ability.

And money rewards are not all, for hundreds of Palmer students are using this stimulating course, not with a view to becoming professional screen writers, but to develop that invaluable asset, Creative Imagination.

For Creative Imagination, properly developed by those endowed with it, lifts men and women to lofty heights, whatever their fields may be.

Surely it is worth a two-cent stamp to know these vital facts about yourself. There's no other cost and no obligation.

Send the coupon for the Palmer Questionnaire. Answer now, to your own satisfaction, this question which relates so vitally to your future course in life. Undreamed success may lie beyond the discoveries this Questionnaire will make.


Please send me the Palmer Questionnaire, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge.

Name...........................................
Street...........................................
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All correspondence strictly confidential.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Everybody feels privileged to put his nose into motion picture affairs. Even the wild bears of Canada are doing it. This picture shows a swelling committee of cinnamon cubs sent down by the wild animals' league of the Canadian Rockies to see what Terry Ramsay's film expedition was doing in the Emerald Lake region of British Columbia recently. The cubs, after satisfying themselves that the camera was harmless, agreed to play a part in "Trophies of a Screen Chase," a picture devoted to the creatures of the mountain wilderness.

man'd see he's missed his vocation somehow. It's surely apparent the Lord don't want him in pictures."

WILFACE REID is in a footlight sanitarium near Los Angeles, suffering from a combination of severe Klieg eyes and a serious nervous breakdown.

For several months Wally's health has been causing his family and friends a lot of anxiety, but he managed to keep up with his production schedule until the collapse came following an eye attack which left him blind for several days. Wally has been subject to this screen difficulty for years and has long done all his rehearsing under lights protected by a pair of large colored glasses.

Wally has turned out more pictures in the last two years than any other male star. And overwork aided in bringing about a really serious condition.

Mrs. Reid obtained a leave of absence from the studio for him and took him into a rest sanitarium in the mountains. He was confined to a dark room for about a week, while Mrs. Reid sat at his bedside day and night, but his condition is much improved and the specialist-attending him declare that he will return to work in better condition than he has been for a long time. Teddy Hayes, former trainer for Jack Dempsey, is now Mrs. Reid's chief aid, and Wally is building himself up with a physical culture routine, regular hours and absolute quiet. He has seen no one but his wife, and the attendant physicians during his stay there.

"It's been a real rest cure," says Mrs. Reid, "and Wally's improvement is remarkable. He had us pretty well worried when we took him there—he will never take care of himself until it's just forced on him—but I am so pleased and happy over the way he is getting along. He is putting on weight, climbing mountains, sleeping twelve hours a night and beginning to look like himself again."

HOLLYWOOD has come to Manhattan. There have never been so many popular and prosperous film people in the eastern studios as there are right now. "Hollywood's most popular girl"—three guesses—is here for the winter. So are Lila Lee; Mr. and Mrs. Meighan; Raymond and Mrs. Hatton; George Fawcett; Dorothy Dalton; Albert Rascoe; Jacqueline Logan; George Mellord; Polly Moran; Valentino and Douglas Gerrard; James Kirkwood—who dances with Lila Lee almost every evening after his coming performance in "The Fool." Leatrice Joy has been joined by Jack, now John, Gilbert, her husband and a newly appointed Fox star. Jack is also Leatrice's leading man for keeps now, if you can believe all you hear. Harold Lloyd came east for a visit—of course the fact that Bebe Daniels is in New York had nothing whatever to do with it.

Before Mabel Normand left for California she and Lila Lee and Bebe and Ruby de Remer often got together for luncheon and dinner. Ruby gave some charming parties in her studio home.

A S PHOTOPLAY goes to Press, Rudolph Valentino is still idle in New York, awaiting the final outcome of his legal tilt with Famous Players-Lasky. There are rumors that Famous may arrange a shift of contract to Goldwyn, retaining a large slice in the proceeds. Which would give Rudolph a new background—solve the problem and help to put Goldwyn somewhere on the map. The present status of Goldwyn as a producer seems to be on a curiously insecure foundation. In the meantime, read the story of his life which Rudolph is writing for PHOTOPLAY, and which begins in the next issue.

HUSKY athletic looking chap walked up to Charles Bryant, husband of Mme. Nazimova, at the Fairbanks premiere and shook his hand. Bryant looked puzzled. "My dear chap, you've got the best of me," he said. "I'm Francis X. Bushman," quietly explained the stranger. Bryant could easily be forgiven, for no one else in the big—and essentially screen—audience knew the erstwhile film idol. As Bushman and Bryant talked, a burst of cheering welcomed the arrival of Rudolph Valentino.

"The king is dead, long live the king," said Bushman whimsically.

MINERVA RAWLINSON, known on the speaking stage as Roberta Arnold, and Herbert Rawlinson, the screen player, were divorced in Los Angeles recently. Incompatibility. The suit was uncontested.

MARY MILES MINTER, as you probably have heard, hailed originally from the south. Still, we think southern spirit can be carried just a little too far. Anyway, at a dinner party the other evening, Mary made the sad little statement. "You know, it's only in the last two years that I've become reconciled to Abraham Lincoln." Certainly the worshippers of the Great Liberator will be mighty relieved to hear that.

By the way, there are continual rumors of internal strife in the Minter household. Mary and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelly, have long been known to disagree on matters. But now we hear that Mary, on becoming twenty-one, has a lot of ideas about her own independence which she is going to assert. Some of them even going so far, friends say, as any necessary steps to bring her enormous fortune, properly accounted for, into her own hands entirely.

Being a minor evidently has other disadvantages than playing with dolls as an intellectual pastime.

If one is good two is better, seems to be Selznick's motto.

Rex Ingram's "Prisoner of Zenda" just got through receiving a rather lukewarm reception, so Mr. Selznick decided to try his hand at...

The production has just started and we must admit the cast is impressive—Bert Lytell, Antonio Moreno, Adolphe Menjou, and Elaine Hammerstein.

POLA NEGRI is occupying the dressing room that was Mary Pickford's before Mary left Lasky's. Of course it is "done over" to suit the Polish star's tastes.

TONY MORENO has had a tooth pulled! After all these years, in which we have so generously admired Tony's flashing smile, we discover that our hero had what is technically known as an "extra tooth." Tony and I were sitting on the backblush stand at Lasky's backlot last week, his shoes shined when he broke the great news.

"Look at me," he said. I looked.

"Do you notice anything?" he demanded earnestly.

"Not a thing," said I.

Whereupon he almost wept, because he had suffered the anguish of having said tooth withdrawn and nobody—not a soul—had ever noticed it was gone.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
"No other woman is half so lovely"

At the beginning of Jack's and Sally's engagement, all their friends rejoiced, while the envious others wondered, "How long will it last?" For Jack was a man of rare magnetism, whom all women liked.

Tonight they had been married five years, and his every glance, his every thought, was for her alone.

"There's no one like you, Sally," he said. "You're as pretty now as the day I met you!" She only smiled at him out of tender eyes, while he watched a little dimple deepen.

"No other woman is half so lovely," he thought. "It's her complexion that is her greatest charm. And she belongs to me!"

Quite true, she was his; but then, too, you see, she still belonged to her.

The way to make mere prettiness bloom into beauty

The Pompeian Instant Beauty Trio, consisting of Pompeian Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom, gives the magic touch.

The Day Cream is truly a vanishing cream; it does not reappear after application in the form of tiny beads. It gives a perfect foundation for powder.

The Beauty Powder has the property of adhering to the skin despite the perspiration attendant upon mild exercise, such as dancing. It makes frequent disappearances for repowdering unnecessary.

The Bloom is a rouge that will not break nor crumble, and is absolutely harmless to the skin, no matter how often used. In all needed shades, the medium is wonderfully popular.

Use these three Pompeian preparations—Day Cream, Beauty Powder, and Bloom—together, for Instant Beauty. The effect is better if they are used in combination—not indiscriminately mixed with preparations of other brands—for great care has been taken that all Pompeian preparations blend perfectly, to give the most natural effect.

"Don't Use Beauty—Use Pompeian"

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing) 60c per jar
Pompeian Beauty Powder 60c per box
Pompeian Bloom (the rouge) 60c per box
Pompeian Night Cream 50c per jar
Pompeian Lip Stick 25c each

The MARY PICKFORD Panel

and five Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 7½.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:
1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50c to 75c in any store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.
6. Sample of Pompeian Fragrance (a talc).

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
POMPEIAN Day Cream Beauty Powder Bloom

Using Rouge Rightly

By Mlle. Jeannette

The correct use of rouge is not so generally understood as it should be. Rouge, like perfume, is something to be employed with restraint and moderation, lest it defeat its own ends.

Judicious tinting of the skin with rouge delicately heightens the color and imparts sparkle to the eyes.

Rouge should be used as a "high light" upon the cheekbones, the tip of the chin, and the tips of the ears. If your cheeks are very full the shade should be near the centre. In any case, blend the rouge outward with chamois or the tips of the fingers. This fine shading prevents the abrupt line which is often the only way that tinting can be detected. So applied, and well blended with powder, it produces a soft, natural flush.

Pompeian Bloom is a rouge for gentlewomen. The medium shade, especially, is very popular with girls and young matrons of daintiness and refinement.

The lip stick, like rouge, must be used with discrimination. It should be applied to the inside of the lip and then worked out with the tip of the tongue to the natural lip-edge. Pompeian Lip Stick is harmless, prevents chapping, and gives a most realistic effect when correctly applied.

Each night cleanse the pores by bathing the face in warm water with a baby sponge or softest possible wash cloth, and dry with an unstarched towel. Then a coat of Pompeian Night Cream (a cold cream) patted on delicately with the tips of the fingers, just enough so that the pores, opened by the warm water, may be thoroughly cleansed. Do not rub. Just cover the face with the cream and remove with absorbent cotton. Rinse the face again with warm water to take away all traces of the cream; then bathe with cold water to close the pores, using gentle strokes with the same fine sponge. It is very important not to roughen or irritate the skin by hard rubbing.

If your skin is of the oily type, you should not use a greasy cream by day, confining your use of such preparation to retiring time.

In the daytime use Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, almost greaseless. This will serve to counteract the excess of oil in your skin and to prevent shine, giving a perfect foundation for powder.

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The Most Talked of Man in America!

PHOTOPLAY announces that, beginning in its next issue, it will publish the most amazing of modern autobiographies. The life story of Rodolph Valentino, by himself. The Mirrors of Downing Street and Washington; Clare Sheridan’s Diary; Margot Asquith’s impressions—all these revelations of modern celebrities have not contained the human interest, the frank self-analysis, the record of real achievement that this story of Valentino, by Valentino, reveals.

Today this young man—he is barely thirty—has become a person of national importance. He has already exerted a tremendous influence; he has already been acclaimed great—not only as a personality, but as an actor. His career is absolutely unique in dramatic history. He has the power to hold and sway his audiences which the great histrions of every age have had. Valentino is the outstanding example of what America has to offer the ambitious young foreigner. He came to this country unknown; an immigrant boy. Today, he has America’s applause. His autobiography will be in three instalments. The first is his account of his boyhood and education in Italy. He is of good family; his father is a doctor. His parents and brother and sister play important parts in this period of his life. The first spanking of the future idol came because he robbed a fruit tree! You are told of his development to young manhood and his decision to leave the land of his birth and come to America—to him, as to so many others, the place of golden dreams.

The Life Story of Rodolph Valentino

By Himself

Instalment second is even more enthralling. Perhaps as a record of the colorful life of Manhattan—the Manhattan of Broadway and bright lights and smart cafes—it has never been equalled in interest. Valentino knew little English. His struggles to find a foothold involved him in curious encounters. He worked; and chance—combined with unusual grace—brought him into the limelight. He become known as a dancer. He tells you of his experiences among the smart and wealthy frequenters of the supper clubs of New York; of the overwhelming craze for the tango, which he helped to introduce in North America, and which he later performed with such success in “The Four Horsemen.” Here is life; color; romance; adventure.

No fiction story was ever more absorbing. No tale of adventure more thrilling. It reveals the real Valentino, and serves to explain fully his present position as a national favorite. You will be alternately startled, amused, absorbed and thrilled at Rodolph Valentino’s autobiography.

Begins in the Next—the February Issue
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

FAY C.—Mary Fuller is living, according to what information I am able to gather, in Washington, D. C. She has a considerable fortune, I believe, and is not contemplating a return to the screen. Louise Orth was on the stage the last I heard. Try to reach her at the Hotel Monterey, Manhattan. William E. Shea was with Herbert Brenon in 1918. Marc McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt have come to the parting of the domestic ways; she is suing him for separation. I have lost track of Augustus Phillips.

M. D., RALEIGH.—Don't blame me because Rodolph married. He didn't consult me and even if he had, I'd have said, "Do just as you please, old man," or words to that effect; I wouldn't have thought of your feelings at all. Valeska Suratt is on the stage so I can't have a picture of her in the Magazine. I couldn't anyway. Tell the Editor about it.


L. M., UTICA, N. Y.—You say I told you Irene Castle lived in Utica and you have been looking for her ever since and you never saw her and why don't I tell the truth. Irene lives in Itchica, not Utica; and I never said she lived in Utica and—anyway, she is Mrs. Robert Treman in private life; and divides her time between screen and stage and dancing and acting and Ithaca and Manhattan.

FRED, CALIFORNIA.—Charles Ruggles is on the stage in the east, not in pictures. I have no information concerning him; am not even aware of his matrimonial status. I saw him in "Up in Mabel's Room," I think it was; one of those boudoir and Keystone comedies. Margaret Lawrence has never been on the screen. She is abroad right now. Her latest stage play was "The Endless Chain."

PATRIA.—I am always accommodating. At times I am more accommodating than at others; I admit that. But can anyone ever tell me one instance when I was not obliging? Chorus of "Yes, that time I asked you—? and "Rather. Remember when—?" You see I am not really appreciated. Mary Anderson is five feet two and weighs 100 pounds; Ann May is the same height and three pounds plumper. Viola Dana is four feet eleven and weighs 94 and her sister Shirley Mason is five feet high and one pound lighter than Viola.

OLD TIMER.—Lillian Walker hasn't made many pictures lately. She opened not so many weeks ago in New York in a new comedy called "Sweet Petunia." She's the leading woman. Lillian had a part in "The Woman God Forgot" for the films. Dolores Costello, the daughter of Maurice, erstwhile matinee idol of the movies, is a member of the George White "Scandals of 1922" company. You might address her at the Globe Theater, Broadway, New York. I don't know what her sister is doing.

ANONYMOUS, NEW YORK.—As a rule I pay no attention to unsigned communications, but your card was so kind I hope you will see and know that I greatly appreciate your good wishes. It is thoughtfulness such as yours that makes this work of mine worth while. Camera!

L. R., ST. LOUIS.—I met Martha Mansfield on Fifth Avenue the other day and—what? Well, I didn't meet her; exactly; I passed her and looked at her and I may be mistaken but I think she looked at me. Anyway, she looked very well. The Queen of the Moulin Rouge is one of her latest pictures. Marguerite Snow, not Martha, was Lady Barbara O'Day with H. B. Warner in "Felix O'Day."

MAGGIE OF THE ORIENT.—So Mary Pickford isn't so popular in Shanghai. Well, there is, as some awfully clever chap said before me, no accounting for peculiarities. I have met Messrs. Barths, Welsh, and Reid; and they are all fine fellows. Mary was born in Toronto, Canada, April 8, 1893. She and Mr. Fairbanks are in New York just now.

THOMAS L. BUTCH, HANOVER, N. H.—I want to thank you so much for sending that box of chocolate to me. My stenographer enjoyed every one so much, even to the last little chocolate. Again I thank you. It kept her in good humor half a day.

LORRAINE.—Valentino has written his autobiography for Photoplay. Watch for the first installment in the next issue. I saw him on the street when I was out for lunch today; yes, they let me eat lunch now—and noted the frank admiration of the passersby. Directed, I should say; to Rodolph, not to me. It didn't seem to annoy Valentino; in fact, he seemed not to notice their acclaims. I'm that way, myself. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]
REPORTED BY EVERYBODY THIS MONTH

IN the altar scene in "Blood and Sand," just before Gallardo enters the arena, Valentino as the bull fighter genuflects with the left knee.

VINCENT T. EDWARDS.

PLAINLY, A CASE FOR THE ROYAL MOUNTED

I'D like the mystery solved of the quick changes of sweaters by Lew Cody in "The Valley of Silent Men." After Marette helps Kent to escape from the guard house and takes him to the Inspector's quarters, she hides him in a spare room on the second floor when she hears the Inspector enter below. Kent dons a sweater which he finds in his hiding place and begins his all night vigil by the half-open door. Next morning he goes downstairs and discovers Marette and the murdered Inspector—but a close-up of Kent shows that he is now wearing an entirely different sweater than the one he had on when he started downstairs. He then follows Marette upstairs and another close-up reveals the fact that he is again wearing the original sweater. When he and Marette are making their perilous way across the glacier he is seen sometimes with the original sweater and again with the other. In some scenes the sweater is torn—and when he is reunited with Marette it's as good as new.

J. S. PORTERFIELD.

IMPROVING ON HISTORY?

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM" was interesting; but did they have automobiles at the time of the French revolution? In the scene where Monte Blue as Danton is racing on horseback to save Lillian Gish as Henriette, the marks of tires could be plainly seen in the foreground.

In "Nero," Tulius is seen with some of his soldiers, seizing Poppea, wife of Otho, in front of the great Fontaine of Trevi which was constructed by Pius IV and finished by Clement XII in 1758.

THOMAS TARTAGLIA, Newark, N. J.

MORE SPEED, MR. BARNES!

"MR. BARNES of New York," with Tom Moore, is admirable in its adherence to the story and its exact detail in the costumes of the time. But at Nice, when Mr. Barnes is talking to Emil Auerswalter at the open-air tables of the hotel, the chairs shown are the machine-made, bent-iron type of many years later. At Ajaccio, when the hero arrives in haste to prevent the Corsican bride from slaying her husband, he hastily selects a horse to speed to the Villa Paoli. Unfortunately, this exquisite setting with its vista through the archway has an immense sign across the building that stands behind the action being played. The sign advertises a certain brand of automobile, one of the swiftest in Europe. In another words, Tom Moore selects a horse in front of the local agency of a motor company when it is a matter of life and death for him to be at the Villa Paoli. There were no motors at the time of the story.

LOUIS DUNCAN RAY.

WE WERE TOO EXCITED TO NOTICE

DURING a duel in "The Prisoner of Zenda" Rudolph Rassendyl hurl's his sword through space and pins Duke Michael to a door. He then turns to confront Rupert of Hentzau with another sword. Where did he get this weapon?

SHERIDAN BLOOM, Baltimore, Md.

AN ACCOMMODATING CLOCK

IN "One Glorious Day," Oza's spirit is to leave him at ten o'clock. At quarter of the hour, Molly comes in with a suitor. A long conversation ensues, and then Oza sits down and begins to write a letter. The clock is still at a quarter of ten.

CHARLES B. HOGAN, St. Albans, Vermont.

OF INTEREST TO BOBBIES

I HAVE bobbed hair and I'd like to know how Bessie Love, in "Penny of Top-Hill Trail," could have bobbed hair in one scene and in another, announced by a sub-title to be only a week later, have it beautifully done up in an evening coiffure? It wasn't a "transformation" either; for a few days later there she was, ready for a ride, with her hair down her back.

BETSY FRANK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DON'T BLAME BEBE!

I'D like to ask Bebe Daniels to account for some of the incongruities which occur in "Nice People." Why did she wear a fur coat and then, a few days later, appear in overalls in the garden? Also when she was at the "Lotus Blossom" she was not wearing a hat; yet when she appeared the next day she was wearing one—and as she had already run away from home how did she get it?

E. S. N., Cincinnati, Ohio.

IMPATIENT, WASN'T SHE?

MARIE PREVOST in "Her Night of Nights" told her companion she was to meet Jerry at the bank at five o'clock. When she looks at the clock in the bank it is one-forty-five; and she grows discouraged when the clock shows two-fifteen and Jerry hasn't turned up.

JUNE DAVE, McCook, Nebraska.

CULTURED CANNIBALS

IN an episode of Eddie Polo's "Captain Kidd" the scene is on a cannibal island. Marie is captured by a band of crooks and a cannibal is left to guard her. She needn't have been afraid of him; he was a nice quiet cannibal—had a vaccination mark on his left arm.

RAYMOND L. MINISH, Huntsville, Alabama.

SMART GAL

GENERALLY when I go to a moving picture I am prepared to use my imagination; but in watching "Hurricane's Gal" I used it overtime. The stowaway in this picture withheld his name from Dorothy Phillips all during the voyage, but when they met in this country, she addressed him by name. When Hurricane's Gal is at the stowaway's home where she had gone to have revenge for the supposed killing of her foster-father, she weakens and falls in love with the stowaway when his better-half-to-be arrives on the scene. The Gal later becomes enraged at the thought of her sweetheart being engaged to another woman, and rushes to the telephone. She picks up the directory which is at least the size of a mail order catalogue and with less than three turns of the pages she finds the number she wants. How did she know the fiancée's name when she had only seen her once?

JIM STEWART, Tampa, Florida
With eager fingers she let down her hair and said . . . . "I owe this all to you"

If I could only reveal her name you would know her at once for one of the most famous beauties of the day. Her face, it is a sculptor's dream, her complexion a rose petal; but it is the flaming magic of her wondrous hair that makes men catch their breath in her presence.

Soft and lustrous with the sheen of burnished copper, her hair is the boast of two continents. Once a king... but I may not reveal her name.

Women sigh when they see her radiant tresses and say "truly she was born beneath a lucky star."

Foolish creatures—if they only knew!
For she whom they envy was not always so fortunate. Science, not luck, is responsible for her good fortune.

Some time ago she came to me, nervous and agitated, asking for a private interview. When we were closeted alone she told me her secret: her hair was in danger.

When she had removed her hat I saw at a glance that what she told me was true. The sheen was gone from that copper coil and her hair was dull and lifeless, flecked with the telltale grayish white of dandruff.

She said her hair was falling rapidly—it came out easily on the brush and comb. She had gone to specialists, tried treatments and shampoos of all kinds, and all in vain.

I heard her story patiently and smiled. It was an old, old tale to me. In my six institutes, both in this country and abroad, we administer more than 1,000 scalp treatments every day. And her case was neither more nor less difficult than dozens of others I had known.

So I told her not to worry, that I would promise to restore her hair to its normal condition—say, make it even more beautiful than it had ever been. This I promised to do quickly—in less than one month's time.

I knew the trouble lay not with her hair but with her scalp. So I bade her take down her hair, rang for an attendant, and there in my own office I personally administered the first Frances Fox treatment she had ever had.

Because she was leaving the city it was impossible for her to come regularly to the institute for further scalp treatments so I instructed her briefly in the few simple operations, gave her my Home Treatment Packet and sent her away.

Three weeks later she returned, radiant with success. With quick, eager fingers she undid her hair and spread it fan-wise in the warm sunshine that was pouring in at my window.

Accustomed as I am to startling results, my eyes were hardly prepared for the miracle they beheld.

Her hair flowed down over her snowy shoulders like molten gold. It danced and glittered in the sunlight. It sparkled and glowed with life. Reaching forth my hand I touched those wonderful tresses and found them soft as a caress.

Then the famous beauty looked up at me and said simply, "Miss Fox, I owe this all to you."

You too can have the famous Frances Fox scalp treatments at home.

Speaking from years of experience I say without hesitation that beautiful hair is only a matter of intelligent treatment.

I can teach anyone, man or woman, in a few minutes' time to care for his hair at home so he can obtain the marvelous results regularly gained at my institutes.

My course of home treatment is identical in every way with the treatment given at my various institutes, whether in London or Paris, New York or San Francisco.

It is the same treatment we administer to the Queen of Spain, to Lillian Gish, to Rodolph Valentino and countless other famous personalities.

The cost of this home treatment is ridiculously low, due to my special introductory offer. In fact, it is very little more than you would pay for a single treatment at any Frances Fox Institute.

Special Trial Offer

$5 Home Treatment Packet for $2.50

The Frances Fox Home Treatment Packet contains everything you need for the scientific care of your hair. Each Packet contains:

- Tube of Analeptic Herbal Ointment
- Bar of Frances Fox Shampoo Soap
- Frances Fox Shampoo Sponge
- Six Sachets of Analeptic Herbs for shampooing
- Manual of Instructions: "Your Hair and Its Care."

Send No Money

Sit right down now and fill out the coupon below. Mail it today. You don't have to send any money with your order. Simply pay the woman $2.50 when he brings the Packet.

If you expect to be away when the postman calls, you may send your check or money-order with order.

You will be really amazed to see how quickly your hair responds to my course of treatment and you will see in an instant the mistakes you have made before.

Don't put off sending the coupon another day. Mail it today and a month from now you will write to thank me, as thousands have, for getting you started on the right method.

Yours for beautiful hair,  

Frances Fox

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Dear Miss Fox: I want to take advantage of your introductory offer in Photoplay to send you my regular $5 Home Treatment Packet, together with complete course of instructions for caring for my hair and scalp at home. I understand that I am to pay the postman only $2.50 when he delivers my order and that my money will be refunded if I am not satisfied in every way.

Name: ____________________________  
Address: ____________________________

City: ____________________________  

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He thought he knew her well

No matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid. You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

Unless halitosis is a symptom of some serious organic disorder which a physician or dentist should correct, you may easily put yourself upon the safe and polite side by using Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic.

Meet halitosis in this scientific way—by using Listerine systematically as a mouth-wash and gargle. It is the ideally effective breath deodorant.

Fastidious people everywhere make Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. It acts quickly and pleasantly. It hails food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Your druggist has handled Listerine for years and regards it as a safe, effective antiseptic of great merit. It has now been on the market for half a century, and has dozens of other uses as well.

Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

Corinne Griffith has been seized with the malady known as radio-itis. The beautiful star is rather seriously affected, for she has had her car equipped and listens to lectures on her way to work. Her recovery is hoped for, however.

Plays and Players

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

OCCASIONALLY these things happen.

The mother of one of the child screen stars was discussing said starlet's career with a newspaper woman.

"You know," said the devoted mother, "you know, my little girl really should have been in 'Oliver Twist' with Jackie Coogan. She really should. Mr. Dickens, the author, was out here at the Hollywood Hotel all last summer and he wanted her very much."

"Mr. Charles Dickens?" asked the newspaper woman blankly.

"Oh, yes, the author of 'Oliver Twist'—such a nice man, too," said the mother sweetly.

FREDERICA GERTRUDE BINNEY became Mrs. David Carleton Sloane at the home of her mother, Mrs. Gray, in New York. In case this means little in your life, suppose we say that Frederica is better known as Faire. Yes—Constance's little sister is married now, and is one of the smart young matrons of Philadelphia. She met Mr. Sloane, scion of one of the Quaker City's first families, while she was playing in "Sally" there. The romance was only a few months old when Faire became Mrs. Sloane. She went back to "Sally" but will soon retire from stage and screen to "settle down."

Evelyn Gookey is another well known bride.

She married John Smiley, a wealthy steel man and went to Europe on her honeymoon.

The Valentinos aren't the only ones. Now Frank Mayo's and Dagmar Godovsky's domestic happiness has been rudely disturbed. Joyce Mayo, the first wife of the film star, has attempted to have the decree of divorce set aside; and has come all the way from Paris, where she appeared in a revue, to do it.

Frank married Dagmar, daughter of Leopold Godovsky, famous pianist, in Tia Juana three days after Frank's interlocutory decree. Mrs. Mayo the first says she was not notified of the divorce proceedings. Frank says she was. Meanwhile the world is waiting to hear who is the legal Mrs. Mayo.

EVERYONE in the world does not have screen ambitions.

We have discovered the two who haven't. One is a beautiful Cuban girl of good family whom Rex Ingram tried to persuade to act in his "Passion Vine." She hadn't the slightest desire to do so. The other is Chief Barnet of Muskogee, Oklahoma, said to be America's richest Indian. Thomas Ince tried to get him to take part in a picture but he wouldn't listen.
THEY say, in Hollywood, that the line must be drawn somewhere. But what good are lines when the Powers that Be insist upon putting football stars into the pictures? Stars—at that—who are nationally known as line breakers. They say that a certain ex-captain of "All-American" fame has broken more lines—to say nothing of conventions and hearts—than any other male person in California's most thriving little city.

WHEN a certain clever little star shook the dust of New York from her slim Louis heels and boarded the train for Hollywood, this verse was discovered in her deserted hotel apartment. It was quite crumpled and was found lying on the floor, not far from the waste basket:

"And so you say you'll go your way,
And I'll go mine.
That to life's end you'll be my friend,
In Auld Lang Sync. . . ."

We must forget, though we regret
With all our mights,
Love's perfect ways, and golden days,
And silver nights."

Who wrote it? And what does it mean?

Do you wash your hair in gasoline?
If you admire the soft smooth coiffures of some of your film favorites you'd better indulge in gasoline shampoos. That's what they're all doing. And if you're brunette, get some of that dark tinted face powder. Then you'll look like Gloria and Bebe—well, almost.

JAMES KIRKWOOD made his return to the stage in the leading rôle of Channing Pollock's new play, "The Fool" and scored an immense personal success. He deserves it.

THERE is a spy system in motion picture studios. Or at least in some of them.

This system becomes particularly annoying when the general manager of the studio sends a spy to accompany a company on location. Said spy watches closely all the movements of the director and the actors and goes back home to report. Sometimes there is something to report; sometimes there isn't. But the spy is something every motion picture actor and actress feel they could get along without. Doubtless the system has a very noble motive. But it seems rather childish, doesn't it?

WILLIAM NORRIS' portrayal of the old King in "When Knighthood was in Flower" has elicited much favorable comment. But Norris values the opinion of one small boy more than all the critics on earth. He took his son to see the picture and afterwards waited in fear and trembling for the verdict. It came.

"Oh, you were all right, dad, I suppose," said Norris junior. "But it seems to me you could have done more. Why, all you did anyway was to get married, play tag, and die."

ONE of the biggest stage hits of the season is "The Last Warning," a mystery play written by a scenario writer, Thomas Fallon. "The Last Warning" is one of these surprise hits of a year. It was produced by a theatrical press department office boy, one Michael Goldreyer, who managed to get enough backing for the venture. The play came into New York "on rubber shoes," as they say, and became the season's sensation over night. One day Goldreyer was broke. The next he refused $250,000 for his production. Broadway beats the gold fields—at times.

PESSIMISTS must give way before the official report of November activities at Famous Players-Lasky. Fourteen companies active at once, the largest in the history of the organization! Six were busy in the East alone, these including the George Melford ("Java Head"), Thomas Meighan, Dorothy Dalton, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson and Allan

PRISCILLA DEAN draws a sharp distinction between her hazardous experiences in the "movies" and the daily risks which motorists encounter in street traffic.

So here you see Miss Dean inspecting her new Biflex and supervising its installation.

Biflex, the original, makes its strongest appeal to those who fully appreciate the danger involved in taking chances. Biflex double bars of great strength provide maximum protection. And where distinctive bumper beauty is desired Biflex is certain to be chosen.

The genuine Biflex may be identified by the Biflex mark on the clamp. Sold everywhere.

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D.ICK BARTHELMESS' first screen play with John Robertson as director is to be Joseph Heresheimer's "The Bright Shawl," a story of picturesque Havana before the quick-"stays of the Spanish-American war. Barthelmess has the role of a young American, while the principal feminine part is a Spanish lady. Following out the method of making "Tol'able David," Mr. Heresheimer has been in daily conferences with Mr. Barthelmess, and Mr. Robertson, the director.

M.R. HERESHEIMER, we note, recently re-sold his novel, "Java Head," to Famous Players. "Java Head" was originally sold by its author to D. W. Griffith, who allowed it to lay in his files for about two years. Then Heresheimer bought it back for its original price and re-sold it to Famous, it is said, at a profit of $7,500. Who says authors are bad business men? "Java Head" is now being made into a film by Director George Melford with Lottie Joy as the Manchu woman.

CRITICS have been wondering over the identity of Elton Thomas, credited as the author of "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" on the programmes and billing. Let us whisper a secret. Elton Thomas is Doug's middle name. Doug, however, didn't do "Robin Hood" alone. The story was worked out at daily conferences with Allan Dwan, his director, and whipped into shape as the big spectacle progressed. There was no written detail script during the whole making of the picture.

W.E have heard that Lenore Ulric may return to the screen after the road run of the stage success "Kiki," to do a film version of "The Bird of Paradise," with Richard Walton Tully as producer. David Belasco, the producer of "Kiki," recently sold one of his stage plays, name unmentioned, for $7,500. Can this be Willard Mack's "Tiger Rose," which it is said, D. W. Griffith plans to do soon?

M.R. and Mrs. Tom Mix really could be presented to the American public as an ideal marriage. Surely nowhere is there a more devoted, attentive and altogether admiring husband than the big western star, and Mrs. Mix is famed for her beautiful gown, her splendid home and her home-making ability. There is never a Hollywood function, a football game, nor a first night that you don't see them together, and they always seem to have such a good time.

Little "Tommie" Mix, their baby daughter, is also beginning to play a large part in the Mix household.

PROBABLY a printer is to blame. It was funny. On the morning of the big motion picture production for the Actors' Fund appeared the following line, "And the greatest of these is charity—Shakespeare," which the shower deserves credit for a lot of things and he did write "Midsummer Night's Dream," the offering for the evening, but we must be fair to all, and St. Paul's famous sayings refer to the love of the great pieces of literature of all times and in it appears the quoted line.

HOLLYWOOD looks like a deserted village these days. So many of its pet celebrities are in New York that it is hard to recognize the old place and it has slowed things up considerably.

What with Rudy Valentino, Doug and...
Mary, Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Lila Lee, Tommie Meighan, Leatrice Joy, and Jack Gilburt in the east, Betty Compson in Honolulu, Charlie Chaplin in San Francisco, Wally Reid ill in a sanitarium and Alice Terry and Rex Ingram in Florida, it starts out like a hard winter.

Only the advent of Pola Negri saved the Boulevardites from complete despair.

If you think film stars are different from the other people in the world, you should see Bebe Daniels and her chum, Lila Lee. If flappers weren't passé, we'd call them that. Only very nice, well-bred, charming flappers. They're just kids, and take their mothers to the theaters like any other girls; and have their beaux—well, that's one point in which they differ. They have more beaux than any other girls in the world. They are having the time of their life in Manhattan—it's Bebe's first visit and she's as much thrilled as you would be.

The baby brunettes are both working at the Long Island City studios, Bebe in Edith Wharton's "Glimpses of the Moon," under Allan Dwan's direction; and Lila opposite Thomas Meighan in his new picture.

Tom McNamara, who draws cartoons that everybody loves and also works for Harold Lloyd, and George Landy, press agent of Guy Baten Post, found themselves in adjoining chairs in the barber shop.

Looking over at George he said, "Say, hello. I've always wanted to meet you. Wait for me—will you?"

George, always ready to oblige, said "Sure. Sure. I'll wait for you."

Several times as the tonsorial treatments progressed, Tom reiterated his desire to meet his neighbor. "Now you wait for me."

George waited and Tom came out and put his arm affectionately around him. "I'm Tom McNamara, the cartoonist," he said, "I've always wanted to meet you. Waited to meet you for a long time."

"I'm George Landy, and I'm a press agent," said the other. "It's mighty nice of you. But why, if you don't mind, were you so anxious to meet me?"

"Because," said Tom, admiringly, "I think you got the funniest face I ever saw on any man in my life."

Namesakes don't always follow in the footsteps of their godmothers, but little Priscilla Dean Moran bids fair to prove an exception to the rule.

The young lady is three years old and already she is making a name for herself on the screen, quite as anyone named Priscilla Dean anything should.

And the way she happened to be christened in such fashion was this. Her father owned a small theater in an Oklahoma town—a fairly rough and ready town it was, too. The only female star who could get over with his hard-rolled audiences was Priscilla Dean. So when his small daughter arrived, he decided that was the proper handle to give her.

In succession the godmother, sent presents and autographed pictures. And a year ago Miss Priscilla Dean Moran came to Hollywood and went into pictures.

You'll see her later with the Talmadges.

Harryett Hammond, once the pulse-christening premiere bathing girl at the Mack Sennett lot, has been visiting in New York. Incidentally, she looks more beautiful than ever. Miss Hammond motored across country with her mother and brother. They made the trip in eighteen days and were back just once, somewhere in Missouri. We can imagine the riot Harryett must have caused in that state.

Nita Nald's apartment was visited, a few days ago, by a burglar. According to Nita he missed the cellar completely, but he did manage to annex three fur coats and several thousand dollars' worth of jewelry—Including

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Good News
That millions of women tell

Millions of women, all the world over, have found a way to protect their teeth. Some by dental advice, some by this ten-day test.

They have spread the news to others. Now wherever you look you see glistening teeth, and more smiles to show them.

We urge you again to accept this test and prove to yourself what they know.

Must combat film

That viscous film you feel on teeth must be combated daily. Otherwise it clings, enters crevices and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats, including tartar.

It also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the tooth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Why it remains

The tooth brush and the ordinary tooth paste cannot effectively combat it. So nearly everybody, however careful, had teeth discolor and decay.

Dental science has for years tried to combat this condition. Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them, and leading dentists now urge their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, called Pepsodent. It corrects some old mistakes. These two great film combatants are embodied in it for daily application.

It does far more

Pepsodent does more than that. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

It omits soap and chalk, which now are known to bring undesired effects.

You'll know at once

Pepsodent brings quick results. A week will make them conspicuous. Once you see them you will never go without them, or let your children miss them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the delights of Pepsodent, with the added protection and beauty it brings.

Do this without delay. Cut out the coupon now. This is most important.

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some pretty tricky ear-rings. Nita was forced to run right out and buy some cheap ones to fill in the gap—until she could have some designed especially to suit her dark beauty. For what is a vamp without ear-rings? So far only one stolen article has been recovered—a gold vanity case that was located in a pawn shop. It was easily identified because it was engraved with Nita's most personal nick name—"Nisi."

Edward Burns, late leading man to Connie Talmadge, has graduated. In fact he's now dancing-partner-in-chief to Mae Murray. In her newest picture, not yet released, Eddie has always made a point of going in for those virile sports, and of being photographed while in action. Is he shipping—or isn't he?

The day of the character man is here. Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, George Arliss, Tully Marshall, the Beerys and Lon Chaney have scored decided successes in their late releases. And now, playing the father in Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt," George Nichols has come to the fore from the shadows of the Universal stock company. His performance is one of the perfect things of the screen year. The slope of his shoulders, the way he has of standing with drooping head, the tenseness of his clasped hands show the depths—and heights—of emotion. And as for his back—well, that man can do more with his back than anyone else in the world—except Gilda Gray!

In "The Stag Cook Book," newly published by George Doran, it is noted that many of our most accomplished actors are equally accomplished chefs. For the author of the book, C. MacSahain, has collected the favorite recipes of famous men—and the screen is very well represented. We learn, with pleasure, that Charlie Chaplin advocates Beefsteak and Kidney Pie—in large doses. That Douglas Fairbanks goes in for a mysterious desert known as Bread Tart, and Macklyn Arbuckle recommends Chicken Gumbo. Otis Skinner gives a formula for preparing artichokes. Eddie Cantor says that he loves Boiled Beef with Horseradish Sauce better than anything else in the world, and De Wot Hopper dotes upon Raspberry Shortcake. Ray McKeel tells how to broy rabbit, Harold Lloyd initiates the reading of the mysteries of Lemon Drop Cake, and Richard Barthesel Dewes New England for Spiced Grapes. Guy Bates Post gives the real Persian way of making Lamb Curry. And to cap the climax old Flo Ziegfeld himself, confesses naively that he likes nothing better than Little Chicken Tarts!

If it is reported, in certain film circles, that Mr. Sidney Drew is soon to leave this country—and that she is going to take up a permanent residence in Italy. As soon as her present vaudeville contract is fulfilled she is going to leave for London, there to play for two months in the city's greatest variety theater. And then she will retire to her villa on Lake Como and listen to the details of a proposition that has been made her by an important firm of Italian producers. Mr. Drew has quietly given up her country home and her two city apartments—and has sold her furniture at auction.

One of the producing companies has been getting on the cutting edge. On charges of literary piracy. Authors have claimed that they submit scenarios and novels and such like and then—with no notice and nothing but a rejection slip in the way of evidence—see those stories and novels re-produced upon the silver sheet. It is claimed that the company is anxious to settle such cases out of court.

And still they come. Douglas is not the only Fairbanks in films; there's a William, too. Richard Talmadge made his bow some time ago; and now there's a Buck Mix.
FRANK MAYO, like many another good man before him, is to have his own company. After three long years on the Universal lot, he said, he wanted to get decent stories. Mayo is shaking the dust of Universal City from his feet forever.

It is understood that his wife, Dagmar Godowsky, is to play opposite him either as leading woman or heavy in most of his pictures. One of the reasons Frank wanted his own company is in order that he and his beautiful wife might be together more. Teamwork, they declare, is to be their motto.

TWO of our best people are thinking seriously of the screen as a medium of artistic expression. That's the truth. Medium of artistic expression. Because Miss Mary Cass Canfield has more than her share of worldly goods; what she wants now is, apparently, glory.

One of the more serious minded of New York's smart young women, Miss Canfield, some say, is angling for great active participation in society. This is the Marchioness of Queensberry, formerly Irene Richards of New York. She is said to be rehearsing in a British picture now and contemplating coming over here for more screen work.

IT'S all right if you live in Manhattan or Hollywood, and can see them flitting about the theaters and restaurants. But how do these stars who spend most of their time going abroad and shopping and otherwise enjoying existence expect to hold their publics? Holland, Bolland and Bolland.

There's Mabel Normand. We have taken great delight in watching her at first nights and smart shops and in her public, we believe even have the opportunity to talk to her occasionally. But how about the public? It hasn't seen her since "Molly O." Her pictures recently have been so few that the once-beloved name of Mabel Normand has ceased to enthrall. People want to see her and ask when her next picture is to be shown. But when she doesn't appear on the screen they are apt to turn their attentions to some other star. And Mabel is the greatest comedienne in pictures when she wants to be.

THE producers who believe it pays to advertise, in a big way, would be somewhat disgruntled if they knew the custom by which their best publicity is greeted by the passer by.

For "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" a float was rigged up with a huge windmill and a queen in ermine and an apache dancer and all the trimmings supposedly Parisian. The stunt floated down Broadway and two girls saw it. "What's that?" asked one.

"Why, don't you know?" replied the other scornfully. "That's to advertise. When Knighthood was in Flower."

"BEN HUR" is being crammed into continuity by June Mathis. It will soon be produced on the west coast.

The Ben Hur of the films has not yet been cast. But if it is not allowed to go back to work for another company, he will probably play the part. (Don't ask why.) Fox will see the Ben Hur producers for the charter race from "The Queen of Sheba."

"IF Winter Comes" is still being made. The Harry Millarde company, including Percy Marmont and Ann Forrest, returned from England with only a few scenes, because of the unlimited strike. This strike is for directors proper atmosphere may be commendable but the studio Englands and Italy seem as effective as the real thing. Certainly Robertson's "Spanish Jade" which went all the way to Spain to make, was lovely scenically but it was not to be compared with "Sentimental Tommy," with a Scotch Thruhs built in Long Island. "Oliver Twist" is correctly English; made in Hollywood. J. Gordon Edwards journeyed to the Eternal City for "Nero" and then got all mixed up historically and used modern and medieval fountains for backgrounds. Will Henry King and Lilian Gish fare better with the Italian settings for "The White Sister?"

THE wife of Erinshaw Shaw, screen character actor, has obtained a divorce. She named as co-respondent Marie Mosquini, the little brunette who plays opposite Snub Pollard in Hal Roach comedies.

Skiin Summerville's wife says that while he may be a comedian on the screen he's a caveman in real life; and that's why she was granted a divorce from him.

And on the other hand—Audrey Chapman, screen actress, has just become the bride of Richard Evan Roberts, a banker.

"SALOME" will be released through United Artists. There has been some discussion about Nazimova's newest picture. Strongly enough, the censors passed it with scarcely a protest. But Hiram Abrams, president of United Artists, evidently didn't believe it was as good as the censors seemed to think; because he is reported to have objected strongly to releasing it. Mary and Doug saw the picture and declared themselves for it in every way.

And so—"Salome" will be released through United Artists.

LILLIAN GISH is such a frail, spirituelle creature on the screen you can't visualize her, very well, as a healthy human being.

But before she went to Italy we were lunching with her. She ordered a substantial salad and ate it with great relish while glancing at the scenario for "The White Sister." Surely she became absorbed in her art and forgot all about food? She did not. She ate the rest of our ice cream soda.

With Henry King and his staff she is abroad for the atmospheric scenes of her first stellar film. Sister Dorothy is working with Dick Barthelmess in his newest picture while John Robertson, creator of "Sentimental Tommy," is directing. King and Robertson will alternate as directors of the Gish girls and Barthelmess.

Dorothy and James Rennie are lunching together every day. Both are working at the same studios, although in different productions. They bring their lunch boxes and sneak off their respective sets to empty them. Don't say now that there's no domestic life in motion pictures!

HOW would you like to see Rudolph Valentino dance the tango? And with his wife, the brunette Natacha Rambova? Mrs. Valentino, by the way, has a curious colurite on occasion. A sort of Psyche, ending over one ear.

The Valentinos, to the delight of the debutantes, often tango at the Club Royale; and they danced together a special "Four Horsemen" version for the Equity Annual Ball.

SHE'S never been in pictures; but right now he is the New York sensation, so you should know about her. The dusky damsel named Florence Mills, who danced her way to fame in "Shuffle Along," the negro musical show, and is now the bright shining star of "The Plantation" revue on Broadway. She's a little, slight creature with short shining black hair. And she is said to own two Rolls Royce automobiles and a Park Avenue apartment house.

THE high-browed gentlemen who lie in wait for such things grew more than usually heated over the changing of the title, "Ching Ching Chinaman," to "Shadows" for screen purposes. Of course they blamed the producers.

But it wasn't the producers' fault at all. The producers in this case are B. P. Schulberg and...
Al Lichtman. Both have long wanted to make William Daniel Steele's prize story into a photoplay. When Preferred Pictures was formed by them, one of the first things they did was to buy "Ching Ching Chinaman." They liked the title almost as much as the story. But to be on the safe side they sent out letters asking the exhibiting what they thought of it. Two thirds of the answers were that "Ching Ching Chinaman" was an awful title. It didn't mean anything; or if it did it meant something oriental that the public wouldn't like right now. So it became "Shadows."

BUCK JONES isn't what you'd call a Shakespearean actor or anything like that. But you can't imagine him in Sennett comedy, can you? Yet Mr. Jones, now Charles, used to be a member of Mr. Sennett's famous fun company, when it was called Keystone.

REMEMBER Betty Hilsburn? Everyone predicted for her a great future in the films; then Betty married the son of a wealthy Manhattan merchant. Now she has a baby and is domestic and happy and all that sort of thing.

It is said that the jealousy of a certain young woman of the celluloid put the crimp in Betty's career. This young woman couldn't see that Betty's part in a picture was at all necessary, and so it was cut. But Betty, with a home on Riverside Drive and a husband and everything she wants, has probably forgotten all about that.

ROBERT VIGNOLA has gone off on a trip around the world. During his absence Sidney Olcott will direct Marion Davies, whom Vignola has piloted through her most conspicuous successes, including "When Knighthood Was In Flower." Bob has worked conscientiously for twelve years and wants a rest. To take it he is putting aside offers of $2,500 a week.

MARJORY GRANT is now Mrs. Vincent Coleman. The young leading man who has made love to Madge Kennedy and Mae Murray and Constance Binney signed his new contract in Chicago, where Marjory was dancing in Ed Wynn's "The Perfect Fool." The Coleman's have come to New York and are domiciled in a new home in Long Island. She's given up the stage for good.

AROLD LLOYD hadn't visited New York since his great success, "Grandma's Boy," was shown here. And there were some around the Pathé office who wondered if Harold would be any different, all that more articulate. He came in one day and followed his usual custom of stopping to talk with the telephone operator and the stenographers before going into the private offices of bosses. And now they'll tell you that he's nicer than ever; that you couldn't spoil Harold—not if you applauded "Doctor Jack" harder than you did "Grandma's Boy."

WHEN you see the new Larry Trimble-Jane Murfin production, "Brawn of the North," with Strangerey on the Bath, note particularly the girl programmed as Jean Mctalf, who plays the missionary's wife. She is none other than the co-producer and author of the picture, Mae Murray. And any time Mr. Trimble wants to fire her he has only to fire him as a writer he can hire her right back again as an actress.

THE fact that there has been a directors' meeting at First National which caused the resignation of J. D. Williams as general manager and the appointment of Richard Rowland as his successor, may not interest you. But this move will make an impression upon the picture industry which will sooner or later affect you. Because Williams is forming his own company to produce on a very large scale and First National may also enter the production field. For the present, however, it will continue to release the product of independent producers.

EVER know a producer can sell the film rights to a play—several times? They bought "Within the Law" and "Kick In" to picture producers five years ago. And the other day he sold them again! After this period of years the rights revert to the original. They just keep selling them and selling them. Thus Watch and World, received for "Within the Law" from Joseph Talmadge Schenck the tidy sum of $45,000; and for "Kick In" which Paramount made with Betty Compton and Bert Lytell, $20,000, this would seem to be easy money.

YOU'LL think that on her first visit to New York Bebe Daniels would be greeted at the station with a band and the key to the city. But she wasn't. There wasn't a single, solitary soul there to meet Bebe and her mother. The big station looked bare and New York looked cold and uninviting; and she wanted to take the very next train back home.

It all happened because a telegram failed to arrive; and the wild welcome which had been planned for the little brunette was spoiled. She likes it now; and will probably remain in the east for several months. So will Lila Lee and Thomas Meighan.

LILA LEE also told us about Leatrice Joy playing opposite her in the Manchu girl in Hergeheimer's "Java Head."

"There wasn't a brunette in Hollywood who wouldn't have given everything to play that part," confessed Lila. "That Leatrice was the lucky one who got it. She's such a darling, though, that no one could be jealous of her."

"We liked Lila. Everyone she mentioned she praised and she refused to talk of herself except in one particular."

"I'm so stupid," she admitted. "I don't do any of the things I ought to do. The other evening my mother took me to the cinema to see a new drama to hear Rita Ruffo and I was so a-toned when he began to sing—I had always thought he was a violinist."

It's another one of her stories—-a story like that on yourself, but Lila Lee has previously demonstrated her fine courage. A sweet, unspoiled little girl, she is, and tremendously human.

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ was of great assistance to the Cosmopolitan company which went abroad to make his story, "Enemies of Women." The noted author, who was on the radio dramas, had been to Europe, and the problem was to get equipment. The Cosmopolitan, which had been the home of his "Dinasty," played by Alma Rubens and Lionel Barrymore, at Monte Carlo; and through his influence scenes were made in the Casino and the palace in Monte Carlo, and the camera has never before penetrated. Ibanez kept company hours, too; he rose at five and worked till night.

FRANK BACON, the grand old man of the American stage, is dead. The creator of "Lightnin" had a breakdown while performing his famous role in Chicago, and died a week later. He was "just tired," he said. Overwork was not the cause of his death: he lived only for his acting. His last play, "Time for a Change," was his best. "Lightnin" played 1,207 times in New York City alone and had been running over a year in Chicago.

Bacon, who was fifty-eight years old, is survived by his wife, who shared his years of struggle as well as his prosperity; a daughter, and a son. Loyd, a motion picture actor. One of the most beloved figures in the theater, he is mourned by the thousands he entertained.

DOROTHY DEVORE, who ravages so charmingly in the Christie comedies, is no longer married. In case you don't know she ever was, we divulge the additional information that Miss Devore was personally known as Mrs. Benjamin Sohn, Jr., of Hollywood. The late Mr. Devore is wealthy. They had been estranged for some time.

The Wilderness Girl of The Country Beyond—a great new novel of a fighter's redemption through a woman's faith—by an author whose name is a guarantee: JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Over 2,000,000 people have bought his books. Each of his novels has outsold its predecessor. And now he has beaten them all of his previous work with a wonderful tale of wilderness love.

Whatever else you read or give for Christmas this year don't let yourself miss: "The Country Beyond."

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

GEORGE H., IDAHO—Jack Holt was a clergyman's son. He used to sing in the choir. Holt was born in Winchester, Virginia, May 1, 1888, but he came to New York at an early age when his father became the pastor of a church in the Bronx. He has three children. Mrs. Holt has never appeared on the stage or screen. The Holts are fond of riding and don't go in much for publicity.

HARRIETTA—I'm happy to meet your charming family. I take off my chapeau to your mother, who must be a wise woman. Glad the whole family reads Photoplay. You say you take turns reading it first. I am awaiting your photographs and would send you mine in return except—I haven't any. And it is against the rules. I am not a person. I am a department. But write to me again.

BELLA—You win. May Allison has been married twice. Once to William Stevenson, and now to Robert Ellis. She was the wife of Stevenson but a short time. Collen Landis played Jim at the age of twenty-two in "The Old Nest." Buddy Messenger was the boy Jim. Monte Blue is married to a non-professional.

M. C., FROSTBURG, MD.—Bet that's a hard town for actors. I wouldn't want to play there. So your father owns two theaters and you get to meet all the stars who appear personally. What a lucky girl you are. How many other girls would love to change places with you? That's not a question; that's an assertion. House Peters is married to Mae King, a non-professional.

WALLY'S FAN, GROVE CITY, PA.—More correctly, one of them. Information about your idol is given elsewhere in these columns. Following is the cast of "Way Down East": Anna Moore, Lillian Gish; her mother, Mrs. David Landau; Miss Tremont, Josephine Bernard; Diana Tremont, Mrs. Morgan Belmont; her sister, Patricia Fruen; the eccentric aunt, Florence Short; Lenox Sanderson, Lovell Sherman; square Bartlett, Burr McIntosh; Mrs. Bartlett, Kate Bruce; David Bartlett, Richard Barthelmess; Martha Perkins, Vivia Ogden; Seth Holcomb, Porter Strong; Reuben Whipple, George Neville; Hil Holter, Edgar Nelson; Kate Brewster, Mary Hay; Professor Sterling, Creighton Hale; Maria Poole, Emily Fitzroy.

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The Man Who Spent a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

in the films. He'll shoot a policeman here, a waiter there—wholesale murder, later to be incorporated in his pictures. He'll have a library of foreign scenes. Good idea, isn't it?

Before "Knighthood," and "Enchantment," and "The Woman God Forgot," he was with Famous Players for five years. There he directed several of Pauline Frederick's best pictures, among them "The Spider" and "The Moment Before." He came to the screen with the old Kalem company, as an actor, trained by the stage. Before long they gave him a script. He sold him to go ahead. He has been directing ever since. Alice Joyce, Alice Hollister, Anna Q. Nilsson, Tom Moore, Marguerite Courtot all called him director. He has a clearcut with its first two-reeler—"The Vampire." He was slightly skeptical, and considerably startled when it proved a success. When he returns he may direct Marion Davis in "La Belle Marseillaise.

Save the Enamel of Your Teeth

Nature will not restore it

The familiar theory that everyone becomes a new person every seven years is supported by scientific authority. An injury to the flesh, the bones, the eyes or other organs may be healed by Nature, but the thin coating of enamel upon your teeth never is renewed, once it is broken or otherwise damaged. Then tooth trouble is almost sure to begin. So select your dentifrice carefully. Choose a safe one which will wash and polish the enamel, not one which will scour with harsh grit. Colgate's is safe—based on fine precipitated chalk and pure vegetable oil soap. The chalk loosens clinging particles from the enamel, the pure vegetable oil soap washes them away.

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"Washes"—and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

Protect the enamel of your teeth and be fair to your future self by using Colgate's regularly. For each meal and just before bedtime.

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I think a compromise was finally effected whereby Jannings agreed to do one more picture in Germany after finishing “Peter the Great.” At the time of my audience Jannings was preparing to attend the Gerhart Hauptmann festival, held to honor the sixtieth anniversary of the dramatist. He has appeared in more Hauptmann roles than any other role, hence was an honor guest at the celebration.

In Germany, Jannings is quite as celebrated for his stage work as for his cinematic achievements. Twice a year he plays Danton for Max Reinhardt, the German master of stagecraft. Most of the leading characters of Shakespeare have been envisaged by him at one time or another. Very soon America will see a screen version of “Othello,” with Jannings as The Moor.

But it is in the Lubitsch productions—“Passion,” “Devotion,” and “The Loves of Pharaoh”—that the star has won his decisive triumphs.

Although I dare-say Jannings has never indulged in Battle Creek breakfast foods he has what they guarantee—both Brain and Brawn.

Whereas the normal American actor takes greatest pride in his personal appearance, Jannings invites you to inspect his library. To be sure, there is a cellor also, but the library ranks higher. From it he has drawn the first material for most of the historical characters depicted in celluloid.

For physical make-up he studies portraits. But the external is a trivial matter in his opinion. He first gets the life of the character from history and fiction and biography—the whiskers, wigs and facial idiosyncrasies can then be assembled quickly. So thoroughly did he absorb the imaginary being of Pharaoh Amneris that for days after the completion of “The Loves of Pharaoh” he was striding about in his best Egyptian manner.

Jannings believes the actor is in his role a thousand years before Christ on up to the French revolution. Now he wants to stem into the twentieth century. So don’t be surprised if you happen to dine at sunset or falling dead of heart trouble over a stock ticker. Royalty is being forced into business these days.

“I’m going to be a juvenile,” he announced solemnly.

“Go on, you’re too fat!” jeered Art A. Kaufmann, the general manager of foreign productions for Paramount, who is the world’s greatest diplomat next to Lloyd George, having lasted two years among the foreign temperaments.

“Not fat!” roared Jannings, bounding up and spilling his chair, “Look!” He unbuckled his coat to show there was no bulge in him.

“Uh-huh, you’ve been dieting,” accused Kaufmann. “Why? Come on, tell us the reason.”

Jannings did one of his polar bear lurche around the room and then swung about to a defiant stand.

“My girl said I was too fat.” He gloved his arm as he spoke, daring us to laugh, which we did. Then he slumped down in his chair again.

But only for a second.

“I’m going to America,” he proclaimed with the finality and stentorian tones of a king.

“Now, what do you want to go to America for?” parried diplomat Kaufmann, whose principal task is to keep the players from diving into the Atlantic in the general direction of Liberty and Dollars. But Jannings is after one any one of them is free of work for a second he comes charging into the managerial sanctity with the ultimatum of No America, No Work.

“You can’t get a drink in America,” I reminded, endeavoring to tide over the crisis.

Jannings shot me his characteristic corner-of-the-eye glance.

“Famous Players will get it for me,” he retorted positively.

“Oh, may be you know Jim Quirk,” suggested Kaufmann.

But the situation was not for levity.

“Why can’t I go to America if Lubitsch can?” bawled Brooklyn Emil, swinging up and around the room again.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[Continued from page 36]

famous, as you choose to view it. It was and is yet the greatest screen situation, of un-failing power. It may be the innocent man on the gallows with the pardon on the way; it may be the pursuing vengeance of the K. K. K.; it may be the maid in desperate conflict with the villain as the hero speeds toward the scene; but the bleached abstract boneforms of the scene live on.

In this ancient drama, “The Life of an American Fireman,” the chief arrived at last and leaping down rushed into the fire, emerging with his wife and child in his arms. Saved at last. The breathless race was over and the happy ending came in the closing close-up.

All this was crudely done measured in the lights of our day. It was a gripping masterpiece then. It swept the motion picture industry then, but it was not so much to sweep as pour over. Some incidents of the making of the picture are of an amusing passing interest. James H. White, the manager of the “kinetoscope department” of the Edison establishment, elected for himself the leading role. The West Orange fire department was pressed into service for the fire house and exterior scenes, while the little Edison studio at 41 West Twenty-first street supplied the interiors. The picture was taking up considerably more time than usual and W. E. Gilmore, the blunt, vigorously spoken general manager of the Edison enterprises, took a look at the film in the making. There was an explosion and a shouting, but he discovered that the department manager, James H. White, on the screen as the fire chief.

“Out with that stuff,” he roared. “I don’t want White to be an actor. He’s supposed to be a manager.”

So there was a retake. Mr. White’s brother, Arthur, also connected with the department and of previous experience as a volunteer fireman, was cast in his place for the stellar role.

Meanwhile, in the same period came out subjects that seem too close for comfort. One was “The Dream of a Rarebit Fiend,” in which Mr. Porter evolved some trick photography which showed a torn man in bed sailing over New York City. At something near this same time came what
seems to have been the first stop motion photography with the Edison pictures of the Buffalo Exposition illuminations at night. The camera was not specially equipped for such work, as now. Making careful calculations Mr. Porter decided that an exposure of eight seconds for each little frame of the film was required. He set up his camera and for hours he stood counting seconds as he gingerly moved the crank to expose a frame at a time. The spectacle was a curious one to the exposition crowds that passed by, and for a maddening four hours the cameraman stood counting seconds and trying to explain to interfering policemen and spectators in the throng that clicked about. Incidentally this picture was made the night before President McKinley was shot.

From the stop motion experience gained that night Porter evolved a special camera device that made the work simpler and presently found many other uses for it.

"Goldy Locks and the Teddy Bears," a playlet in which the actors were a brown-haired doll and the then new Teddy bear toy, was among the earliest of Porter's utilization of the trick possibilities of the stop motion camera. The dolls were arranged, a frame or single picture of the film exposed, then the doll and Teddy bears were moved ever so little in the gestures of the action to be portrayed, and again the camera clicked one frame. Sixteen times the dolls had to be adjusted for every foot of film. Eight hours a day for a whole week Porter labored with this subject. It was the first animated doll picture, and the progenitor of a long line of curious camera products. Much later the same type of camera action came into use for the making of animated cartoons.

WITH this same stop motion camera, Porter made wildly animated pictures of "How Juns Lost His Roll," a pickpocket film. The letters of the titles danced and spun about and after jumbling over the screen arranged themselves magically into the words at last. This was one of the earliest films to utilize the film makers, and there was a deal of speculating and covert inquiry at the Edison plant to find out how the thing was done. Within a year the competitors had the trick and there was a deluge of leapfrog titles. It gave the making of titles an impetus. More titles were put into pictures than ever had been deemed necessary, merely so that they could be made to leap magically about.

A fantasy picture which showed something of the influence here of the Melies magic pictures from France was "Jack and the Beanstalk," also made at the Edison plant in this period. Among the films of classic memory that came from the Melies establishment in Paris in those days were "Cinderella," "A Trip to the Moon," and "The Kingdom of the Fairies." They were all bizarre subjects in the realm of the miraculous. It had not occurred to Europe's master producer to consider subjects of realism. He was a magician and his domain was the world of the unreal. "The Kingdom of the Fairies" was a prime example of this. In his plant, with a special musical score and a large printed herald for general distribution. These were ideas that were lost to be discovered again years after in picture exploitation. It was given three premier presentations September 7, 1902, in Paris, London and New York. In the cast of that twenty-year old picture one finds the names of the stellar figures of the light opera and variety stages of Europe, and most interestingly of all M. Paul Brunet in the role of the Fairy Prince. M. Brunet has been known in a screen executive these many years, and few who know him suspect him of an actor past.

In the general and accepted piracy of those days, practically all of the American film makers made duplicated or "dupe" copies of these pictures from France and sold them widely.

In 1902 George Melies became so annoyed

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**Warner's WRAP-AROUND**

**Invisible Corseting**

Obtained only by the WRAP-AROUND

It produces flat, smooth backs, close-fitting thighs, and assures success for the new type of closely draped gowns. No lacing annoyances and no incorrect fittings.

The Wrap-Around Invisible Corset is produced by closing the back of the corset and inserting firm sections of surgical rubber, which will expand to the requirements of fitting and will contract closely to the figure when adjusted.

The Wrap-Around Invisible Corset is made in all sizes and in all types, from the slender figure to the heavy, full figures.

Price of style shown is $4.00.

Other models $1.50 up.

A Bandeau especially designed to wear with this type of Wrap-around. It extends well down below the waist-line and stays down securely over the Lines of the Wrap-around. Prices: $1.00 to $5.00.

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**California Bungalow Books**

"Home Kraft" and "Draughtsman" each contain Bungalows and Two Stories. "Plan Kraft" Two Stories, "Kozy Homes" Bungalows. $1.00 each—all four for $5.00. De Luxe Plats $1.00.

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**RELIEF FOR YOUR TROUBLE ZONE**

- the nose and throat

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—Elizabeth Arden

CLEANSE the skin deeply and thoroughly with Venetian Cleansing Cream. $1, $2.

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EXERCISE the body for health and suppleness. Elizabeth Arden has developed a splendid program of exercise, fully described in a free booklet "Your Masterpiece Yourself."

You should have "The Quest of the Beautiful," a booklet which is on the drawing tables of thousands of attractive women throughout the country.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
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by the flattering attention of the American film men. But it had been bought by Gaston Melies, a shoemaker, to New York to set up an office and protect his interests. A catalogue was issued on this occasion announcing "Star Films" for sale at the Melies establishment at 204 East 38th Street. It contained a foreword saying:

CAUTION

GEORGE MELIES, proprietor and manager of the Theater Robert Houdin, Paris, is the original source of cinematic and dramatic films which are made from artificially arranged scenes, the creation of which has given new life to the trade at a time when it was thought to be dying out. He conceived the idea of portraying magical and mystical views, and his creations have been imitated without success ever since. A great number of English and American manufacturers of films who are searching for novelties, but lack the ingenuity to produce them, have found it easier and safer to copy the "Star Films" and to advertise their poor copies as their own original conceptions. This accounts for the simultaneous appearance of new films so well known as "The Life of an American Fireman" and "The Life of an American Fireman," by another manufacturer, under the same title that became world famous as Broncho Billy, which is another story.

"Can you ride, Mr. Anderson?"

"I was born on a farm in Missouri," Anderson snapped back, in just that dashing western way. He had just come on from St. Louis.

"Bonded," Porter decided. "You're a train robber in this picture."

Then Porter prevailed on the Lackawanna to loan him a special train. The cost then was high, but they had made the picture impossible to the company if the train had to be obtained by charter. The train scenes were made near Paterson in New Jersey. As one of the thrills the fireman, doubled by a dummy, was tossed from the caboose and fell into the river on the Passaic River. The dummy fell on a trolley track below in front of a speeding car.

The emergency brakes were snatched and the car came to a violent stop, filled with fainting and screaming passengers. A riot followed when the unintentional victims of the scene discovered the deception.

The riding scenes were made in the wilds of Essex County park in New Jersey. Porter with his cast started from a lively stable in Whippany, but when the company arrived Max Anderson was missing. It was too late and too expensive to trouble about a missing star then. Porter doubled the role of the girl.

Essex park resounded with rough riding and loud shooting. A policeman dashed into the scene. "You can't use that smoke screen and it's against the law to use firearms on Sunday—you're all arrested."

Just then a squad of actors representing the Thieves' Gang was coming into the scene pursuing the robbers. They were firing as they came.

The policeman disappeared in the adjacent tall grass. He had never heard of motion pictures.

In the evening when the horses were returned to the stable, Porter made inquiry about the missing Anderson.

"Lost a man somewhere along the line—did you see anything of him?"

"Oh, that guy—yes, the hoss threw him about a block down the street and he led him.
back and took the next train back to New York.

So the legend runs of the first horse exploit of Broncho Billy. Anderson returned to appear in the train scenes only.

Marie Mitchell of Phoebe Snow fame and a friend, Lou Payne, also a photographer’s model, appeared in the dance hall scenes. Billy Martinetti was the fiddler.

“The Great Train Robbery” vibrated with inserts and cutbacks in true photoplay fashion and closed with a punch, consisting of a close-up of George Barnes as the leading robber pointing a revolver into the eye of the audience. The picture was, for its day, the sort that the picture makers now would advertise to the public as “an epoch making achievement of the art of the motion picture” and to the exhibitors as “a box office knockout.”

“The Great Train Robbery” went on its first runs at Huber’s Museum, at the Eden Museum and at Hammerstein’s. With the picture as their principal property, numerous exhibitors started with temporary store shows and traveling picture outfits. There was a new invasion of the back country with this thriller.

The indefatigable Sigmund Lubin in Philadelphia rushed into production a competitive attraction, humorously like producers of today in their copy cat pursuit of all outstanding success. “Pop” Lubin’s picture pleased him considerably and he made it the local subject of selling campaigns. The first motion picture advertisement to appear in “Billboard,” for many years after an important picture medium, was published by Lubin in the issue dated October 15, 1904.

**BOLD BANK ROBBERY**
The Greatest Production in 30 Motion Pictures

**Tableaux**

Length 200 feet

Price $66

Send for Illustrated Catalogue, which contains 30 half-tones and full description.

Lubin’s 1905 Exposition Model Cinematographe and Subchronograph combined, together with Electric Lamp, Adjustable Theostat and Calcium Light... $75.00

Two Cinematographe Films (100 feet each), 200 ft. films at $1.00 per 100 feet... 22.00

Two Monarch records, playing the music for the above Cinematographe films... $1 each... 2.00

Total... $90.00

With this outfit complete for $90.00 we will give FREE OF CHARGE Victor Talking Machine Complete, including horn and sounding box. This Victor Outfit is the latest improved model and could not be purchased at retail for less than $37.50.

S. LUBIN
23 South Eighth Street

“Pop” Lubin’s advertisement offers several points of special interest. It shows how a motion picture exhibitor could begin his career on nine-nine dollars. It points to the primitive conditions of the time when calcium lights had to be carried for communities that had no electric service. And there, too, was one of the several early day synchronizations of film and phonograph with the “cinematographe” pictures and the little Victor talking machine.

IN tracing the development of the screen drama it is significant to note the use in this advertisement of the term tableaux for scenes. The very words used then show the reluctance with which the screen story idea developed.

The Vitagraph, the triumvirate of Blackton, Smith and Rock, in the same years was following a course of screen development hazily parallel to the evolution that we have seen sharply outlined in the efforts of Porter at the Edison studio. About contemporary with “The Life of an American Fireman” made by

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**Will Santa Bring Them?**

*No* disappointment this Christmas if Santa brings Wilbur Buds; there is nothing the kiddies like better than this delicious solid vanilla chocolate. Let them eat as much as they please—wholesome and nourishing.

Made by the makers of Wilbur's Cocoa

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The Only Chocolate Buds

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W. L. Douglas shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

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**W. L. DOUGLAS** shoes are always worth the price paid for them. Wear them and save money. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

**W. L. DOUGLAS** shoes are sold in 110 of our own stores in the large cities and by shoe dealers everywhere. Ask your shoe dealer to show you W. L. Douglas shoes. Only by examining them can you appreciate their value. Refuse substitutes. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the retail price and the name stamped on the sole. The retail prices are the same everywhere.

If not for sale in your vicinity, write for catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

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**W. L. DOUGLAS** name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price are plainly stamped on the sole.

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**Boys Shoes** $4.00 & $4.50

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Three Sizes: 60¢, $1.00, $2.00
At all toilet counters or direct from us in plain wrappers, on receipt of price.

DeMiracle
Dept. Q-23, Park Ave. and 12th St.
New York

Porter ofEdison, was Vitagraph's tabloid version of "A Gentleman of France" with Kyrie Bellew. It was something between the play and a mere photograpic reproduction of an excerpt from the stage play, in which Bellew was appearing under the auspices of Theodore Liebler & Company. This film was really an excuse for the topical function of picturing the famous sword combats, the high point of the play. But it was in such indirect and incidental incidents that the play was beginning to creep fugitively into the motion picture.

The sword scene made a considerable impression on J. Stuart Blackton and those in those later Vitagraph days. Twenty years later we find Mr. Blackton using the same "hacking" in "The Glorious Adventure," The Lady Diana Manners picture in Prizma color. In 1900, the sword fight was a picture of 300 feet of film. In 1922 it had become an incidental element of a picture and required 7,000 feet of film. In 1900 the motion picture was learning to identify its alphabet building blocks. In 1922, it had learned to master them.

The next milestone in the development of the screen drama as exemplified by Vitagraph was a most pretentious effort in one whole reel, a thousand feet, titled "The Amateur Cracksman," made in 1905 in the little studio among the steam clumps atop the Morse building. This was also a Liebler stage play. Vitagraph paid for the movie picture rights by giving Liebler & Company credit on the main title. Stage plays cost the screen more now. In 1920, D. W. Griffith paid $175,000 for "Way Down East."

"Raffles" in a thousand feet was produced about a year later than "The Great Train Robbery" in its eight hundred feet.

It is interesting to note that both of these pictures, so significant as indices of the development, should each have brought to the films two names destined to a wide fame in the years that followed Anderson in "The Great Train Robbery," and Jimmy Sherry, now J. Barney Sherry, in the title role of "Raffles." Mr. Sherry is still a star appearing in current productions. He played the only figure on the screen of 1923 whose career before the camera extends back so early as 1905.

By this time G. M. Anderson had entered the service of Vitagraph, collaborating with Blackton and Smith in the making of "Raffles" and a number of pictures which followed.

PORTER wrote the scenario for "The Great Train Robbery." Vitagraph took a ready made stage play, but the original script and the borrowing from the media of the stage and printed page began, we see, at the very birth of the photoplay.

Tracing the development of photoplay technique we find Porter following "The Great Train Robbery" with "Kleptomania," a picture play of about equal length. It presented the parallel stories of a rich woman caught shoplifting, simply as a means of treating her as a victim of kleptomania, and of a poor woman arrested on the same charge and ruthlessly rushed to jail. The two stories ran through the famous neck-and-neck treatment and theme there is something about it that suggests an early conception of the thing that D. W. Griffith tried to do in Intolerance."

Porter was tireless in pursuit of new effects, trying to see what the camera could do as an instrument of expression. Taking a notion from Henry E. Dixey's current stage success with "Seven Ages," Porter made a symbolic subject under the same title. It was hardly more than a series of tableaux experiments in lighting. "Seven Ages" in the screen version opened with Young swinging in the fleshed shade and sunshine of the old apple tree and concluded with Old Age seated in the glow of the fireplace. It is interesting to the student of the motion picture as probably the first screen subject that consciously sought shadows in pictorial composition.

There is a temptation in examining the cast of Dixey's "Seven Ages" to find that Master Thomas Ince had a juvenile part in the play. Little Tommy Ince was Fudging_y close to the middle age which in after years gave him fame and fortune.

While these developments were taking place at the film and Vitagraph's studios, Biograph was proceeding in the same direction, mayhap a trifle laggardly. The Biograph's activities were confused not a little by the cartoon and peep show phase of the business. It was at that time high-handed because of the limitations of the peep show machine, no longer a contributor to motion picture progress. Biograph pictures had two functions, one to support the thundering old Biograph projector used in the theaters, the other to supply subjects for the card wheels of the peep show parlor machines. The efficiency of this dual purpose tended to interest Biograph in short novelty subjects. It will be remembered that Biograph was using the motion picture devices that Herman Casler and H. N. Marvin had created to enable them to compete with Edison machines that handled a great wide film eight times the size of the Edison standard and requiring a special projector.

This physical condition for a time held Biograph apart from the rest of the field. Meanwhile, Biograph in the 1900 period held the cream of the market both in its domestic and its considerable foreign connections. The greater part of the motion picture business was then the service of films, projection and operation direct to vaudeville houses. In this Biograph was dominant. Drama meant long pictures. The vaudeville house, just like the peep show, called for brief novelties.

TURNING back into Biograph archives of the time we discover the present Prince of Wales posed for the British Biograph & Mutoscope Company in 1901. A mutoscope peep show machine with this picture and others was installed on the royal train when the present King of England went on his cruise around the world. A special showing on the Biograph screen was given for King Edward and Queen Alexandra at the palace that year. Joseph Mason, still an expert technician in motion pictures, was the cameraman and operator, E. B. Koopman, the prominent member of Mr. M. E. D. syndicate, Biograph's foreign representative, was in charge of the showing. With them was William Van Doren Kelley, just Will Kelley then, who had come to London from New Jersey to help Koopman in the installation of mutoscope parlors in Europe. Kelley set up the machines and painted the frescoes on the walls. This was the beginning of a significant connection in motion picture annals, unapparent then. In 1902 Kelley left the Biograph company, convinced that it was on its last legs and that the motion picture was the future.

Ten years elapse before Kelley appears in motion picture history again as the inventor of the Prizma process. Some top stage names are to be found in the old records of the British Biograph, which made much of photographing bits from the legitimate and vaudeville stages. Miss Julia Kell, Nell Gwyn and Terry as Charles II in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," posed for a 125 foot Biograph subject in London in 1900. Biograph also made a 135 foot specimen "English Literature" with Miss Marie Tempest as Nell Gwyn, Frank Cooper in the role of King Charles and Fuller Mellish as Lord Carew.

The impulse of making motion pictures on the great wide film was a commercial handicap in several directions. All practical considerations tended toward the elimination of the ponderous biograph machine in favor of the smaller cameras and smaller
film of the Edison system. This was pointedly demonstrated at the Palace theater in London in 1903. Biograph had been holding forth successfully for a long period at a weekly fee of £200. Charles Urban, who had his eye on this highly desirable booking, waited an opportune time and arrived with Biograph's presentation of the glorification of Carnarvon Castle.

"I can give you as a good picture of the castle as that and do it for £40 a week," Urban told the manager.

"Impossible."

"I'll show you," Urban replied. He installed his small projector with its Edison size film and proceeded to throw a picture on the Palace screen as large and perfect as if presented by the ponderous and expensive Biograph. The business was his.

At the Alhambra theater Urban's pictures held the 9:30 o'clock turn of the evening entertainment for five years. It was here that he presented the first consistent line of scientific motion pictures under the general title of "The Unseen World." These were largely microscopic subjects made by Martin Duncan. One memorable subject, entitled "Stilton Cheese," caused something of a sensation in staid Britain, which takes its cheese right seriously. The picture showed the industries of wars, loves and excitements of the joyous micro-organisms that produce the flavor of Stilton. The microscope and the motion picture camera combined exposed more of the secrets than anybody wanted to know. A delegation of cheese makers called on Charles Urban to demand of him that he desist. If it happened today the cheese makers would probably band together and employ a Will Hays to tell the public the cheese miles were really all right in spite of the evidence.

Delegations and protests about the motion picture were common then. In 1902 Urban presented pictures of the coronation of King Edward VII. The exterior scenes were genuine. The actual coronation in Westminster Abbey was from a motion picture reconstruction of the event staged in Paris by George Méliès. The thing was done in an imposing way, but the pretentious set had yet been constructed for the purposes of the films. Everything was excellent but the one little detail of the crown. It was too small for the actor who sat in the role of Edward VII. In the course of the ceremonies the crown skidded a trifle and created an impression that his Royal Highness was slightly jingled. There were violent denunciations of the picture and it seemed discreet not to persist in the showings.

The Urban exploit in supplementing Biograph at the Palace in London, plus the pressure of a growing market for Edison size films in the United States, led Biograph to acquire for use in its New York plant an Urban-Warwick camera made in London. For a considerable time Biograph made its pictures with both the old type Biograph machine and the Warwick camera. This further complicated the legal affairs of the motion picture with prosecutions by Edison for the infringement. It could not, because of his failure to take out foreign patents, move against the Urban-Warwick camera abroad, but he tried to suppress it in the United States.

Biograph was now making three kinds of motion pictures, Biograph standard, mutoscope and peep show pictures and Edison standard films. Biograph was progressing slowly on the screen, but it had the peep show business all alone. By 1905 Edison had made and sold 676 of his peep show kinetoscopes and Biograph had sold nearly 12,000 machines. At this time there were probably not more than 1,500 motion picture projection machines in the world. The projected motion picture had been in existence five years then. The peep show still dominated.

Following in the wake of Porter's "The Great Train Robbery" came Biograph's first effort at telling a story on the screen. In 1902, the year after Porter's picture, Wallace McCutcheon, directing for Biograph, set out to

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A Harmless-Sure-Clean External Liquid

IN PRIVATE USE SIXTEEN YEARS

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED TO REDUCE ANY DESIRED PARTS OF THE BODY

You actually feel the fatty parts melt away.

**LEGs - ARMS - NECK - ANKLE - BUST - HIPS - ABDOMEN - BACK - DOUBLE CHIN**

"Just lay it on and put it in. And you can watch yourself grow thin!"

Results noted from first application

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Mrs. Betty Best—Modiste
61 West 66th St., New York

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For quick relief try **PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and safe for young and old. Pleasant—no opiate—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere.**

**PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds**

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Women—Girls—15 or over, can easily learn Dress and Costume Designing during their spare moments.

**Dress and Costume Designers Frequently Earn $45 to $100 a Week**

**In Ten Weeks**

**Many Start Parlor's in Their Own Homes**

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Thus the Christmas spirit will not wither along with the holly and mistletoe. Such a gift, repeating itself month after month, defies the legend of wintertime to snuff it out.

Photoplay Magazine reveals Filmland to the recipient—and who isn’t interested in motion pictures? Contributed to by a staff of photographers and writers to whom every corner of filmland is ever open, Photoplay affords the most interesting illustrations, cleverest paragraphs, truest personality sketches and breeziest information about the magic land and fascinating celebrities behind the Screen.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or the recipient of the gift.

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CHRISTMAS SUBSCRIPTION COUPON

Year, $2.50. Six months, $1.25. Canada, $3.00 per year. Foreign Countries, $3.50 per year.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $ for subscription.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The morning of April 16, 1902, a reader of the theater advertising column on page one of the Los Angeles Times would have discovered a modest announcement:

"Electric Theater, 262 S. Main, corner 3rd St. New Place of Amusement. Up-to-date high class moving picture entertainment, especially for ladies and children. See the Capture of the Biddle Bros., New York in a Blizzard, and many other interesting and exciting scenes. An hour's amusement and genuine fun for $1.00. "

Evenings: 7:30 to 10:30

This was the way that Thomas L. Tally informed his mother city in Los Angeles that the motion picture was making its debut as an independent entertainer. He saw that its destiny was not locked up in the peep show machines in his phonograph parlor.

The advertisement of the next day indicates that the business of the opening night was so encouraging that Mr. Tally had decided to open his house in the afternoon with "matinees for children, five cents admission." By April 27 Mr. Tally had discovered an improvement in nomenclature calculated to make the new enterprise more acceptable to the general public.

He called the Electric Theater's program "A vaudeville of motion pictures lasting one hour." The bill had also been improved by adding the names of Mrs. Herbert and of W. D. Graham, who had just been visiting the United States. This show continued through May, and on June 1 there was a complete change of program to make the new enterprise more acceptable to the general public. Mr. Tally fought his way to the White House to see President Diaz and his entire cabinet in the City of Mexico, Feb. 2, 1902. Melies' "Trip to the Moon," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Knight's "Rides," and similar subjects appeared on the Electric's screen.

When Edison's "The Great Train Robbery" arrived, Mr. Tally was filled with enthusiasm and at his own expense he bought the machine and the rights to the show. He went to the Grand Theatre and took the road, showing the exciting one reel super feature of 1903 all over the west. He presently returned to Los Angeles and resumed the operation of motion picture theaters for here he had been an exhibitor continuously for twenty years.

CLOSELY contemporary with Tally were David Grauman of San Francisco, father of the Sid Grauman who now exhibits motion pictures in Los Angeles, and Tony Lubelski of Chicago. All of these first theaters alike had to purchase their films outright from the makers in the east or their agents, concerns like the Klein Optical Company of Chicago, or Richard Nehl's film department at Montgomery Ward's. The standard price for motion pictures then was ten or eleven cents a foot, making it quite an expensive proposition. This was a heavy burden of expense upon such modest enterprises as the first screen theaters. The film exhausted its entertainment value in any community long before it was worn out. The remaining value in it was a dead asset on the hands of the theater man. A change in the system of distribution had to come before any considerable growth of the industry was possible.

Harry J. Miles, who had returned from his adventures with the motion picture camera in Alaska, came to Los Angeles. The idea had more gold in it than was ever taken out of Alaska. There was Grauman buying a reel a week for a hundred dollars to show it in San Francisco and there was Lubelski doing the same thing in Oakland across the bay. It was the summer of 1902. Herbert Miles, brother and partner on the Alaskan expedition, had gone to the East and bought the films and had connected with that concern as an independent sales agent.

"If you will send me some films," Harry J. wrote to Herbert Miles, "I can rent a reel from Grauman for a week for $50 and then get another $50 from Lubelski. After that whatever we get is profit." So the first motion picture exchange in the world was born.

This first exchange was the parlor floor of the boarding house where Harry Miles was staying in the 1200 block of Tipton street, San Francisco.

It seemed an interesting but unimportant venture then. But it was the most important development in the motion picture since the invention of the camera and the optical printing machine.

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The earliest motion picture was so given to picturing the fire engine or its peculiar dashes through city streets that there seems a sort of fitness in the fact that a fireman came to discover a new screen opportunity and give a name to the phase of the show that was least in demand. In 1900, George C. Hale, chief of the Kansas City, Mo., fire department and inventor of most of the modern fire fighting apparatus, made a trip to California with a friend in order to make a picture of a parade of fire fighters held before President Diaz and his entire Cabinet in the City of Mexico, Feb. 2, 1902. Melies' "Trip to the Moon," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Knight's "Rides," and similar subjects appeared on the Electric's screen.

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It starts in February PHOTOplay
Hollywood
[continued from page 43]

At last she found out

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"I did. Do you think I am going to stand by and watch you turn into a swell old movie man? You are my father, and it is my duty to keep you respectable. The idea of you, Joel Whitaker, riding around in broad daylight with a make-up box! I'd think you'd be ashamed of yourself."

"Miss Higgins is not a husky," Joel said stiffly. "She is only twenty years younger than I am, and very intelligent. She commented, only today, upon the youthfulness of both my manner and my appearance."

"Great Jehovah!" said Angela. "Is this my father?"

The effect of Angela's letter in Auburndale was the same as that of an earthquake. Margaret read it aloud to Ellen. Then Ellen read it aloud to Auburndale. Margaret was in a low voice, and she felt that nothing would reach the Millers next door.

"This," said Ellen, hunting for her smelling salts, "is a frightful thing to happen to a Whitaker."

"Did I say it was a mistake, or not?" demanded Margaret. "Joel Whitaker is simply in his second childhood."

THE maiden ladies received the cry for help on Monday,—on Thursday they were moving towards the town which the Auburndale paper had held for months as the place of moral lepers. Four days later, they arrived among the lepers, and the only child greeted them. They studied her anxiously, but Angela was as sweet a child as usual. A taxicab carried them to Hollywood, and it was Ellen's suggestion that they draw down the shades so as to avoid the shocking spectacles that everywhere must meet the eye. Angela laughed.

"It isn't as frightful as you think," she said.

They drove to the Whitaker residence, but Joel was nowhere in sight. He was that morning, as Angela explained, a police judge, which is one of the easiest bits in pictures, demanding only that the character sit motionless, look grave and drink an occasional glass of water. The sisters walked sternly and the bungalow, examined the décor and ventured lightly within.

"I fixed up everything myself," the child informed them, "and so I haven't had a chance to begin my career."

"When will Joel be home?" Ellen asked.

"For lunch, maybe—and maybe not. There's nothing telling about father any more."

Mr. Whitaker did appear for lunch, and walked squarely into a cold wave. Margaret and Ellen were seated on the front porch, with Angela between them. The police judge said,

"I strolled up the walk, wearing an uneasy grin. His sisters stared at him in cold scrutiny. His silk shirt was open at the neck, disclosing his Adam's apple, which was in need of a clip. It was a bright red by California's famous sun. They glanced down at his English golf hose and his large knickerbockers. The sport shoes and silk trousers were of course, and the knickers hinted at the bright brightness in Joel's eyes, which they had never noticed in Auburndale."

"Welcome to Hollywood," he said, with an assumed gravity that was the very soul of his uncles. "You're going to like this town."

"Joel Archibald Whitaker," said Margaret, in a quiet, tones voice.

"What's the matter?"

Ellen simply looked at her brother, unable for the moment to find suitable language. "You look," said Margaret, "like a raving lunatic. Why are you wearing boys' pants?"

"Oh, come now!" Joel protested. "I know Angela sent for you, but it wasn't necessary."

"It wasn't," declared Angela. "I can do anything with him. He reads trashy newspapers and he smokes cigarettes. Look at his nails—manicured!"

"Christ Almighty!" said Ellen.

"And this," added Margaret, "is the man they elected moderator of the Auburndale Foreign Aid Guild—Good Peter!"

They ended a noisy discussion, which began on the veranda and followed Joel wherever he moved. It continued during dinner, and would have gone on all afternoon, except that Joel had to return to the studio. The tenor of it was that Joel should immediately go back to Auburndale, with Angela, and take a vacancy. As he started off, the sisters promised grimly to renew the discussion that evening.

"Better put it off till tomorrow," Joel advised. "I've only just fringed in for dinner tonight. Angela, you see that we have something nice to eat."

He then departed in his blue roadster. The afternoon passed, and, when dinner time arrived, Joel came home, followed by two automobiles containing movie ladies and gentlemen. Ellen and Margaret announced that they had been most fulfilled, and Joel was informed of the escape contamination, but Angela urged them to join the dinner guests, so that they might study the strange creatures with whom Joel was mingling. They reluctantly consented to do so.

During the meal, they observed nothing either sinful or extraordinary. The talk was meaningless to the Auburndale ladies, but Angela thought it fascinating. One of the feminine guests asked Ellen, in a joking way, what she was made up for, and the query was answered with a usual plain green dress, reaching from neck to heels, and she had worn the same for many years without hearing comment about it. But the dinner lasted too long, and Joel went into a prize fight with the men. The women rode home by themselves, as though accustomed to it. Margaret and Ellen postponed their visit to Auburndale, for morning and Joel slipped away early and started for the golf course. That evening, they cornered the miscreant on the veranda, and he listened again to a long, sisterly lecture.

"And so," concluded Margaret. "You've got to pack up and go back home where you belong."

"To my dear sisters," Joel answered, unmoved, "you're wrong. Back there, I was an elderly man in an easy chair, with my job ended. I was on the shelf, with no one interested in me, and to the undertaker. Here, I am starting upon a fresh career. I may even achieve a bit of success and become the best butler in the movies before I get through."

Ellen sniffed.

"All you can see," Joel continued, "is a respectable notch public gone to the dogs. I assure you, my morals are about the same as they were back home, though my habits have changed."

"Besides," accused Ellen, "it was Angela who came out here to go into the movies—not you."

"And Angela has been busy with the house," Joel explained. "Now that you two are here, I shall arrange an interview for her at the studio. I have, in fact, already spoken about her."

ON the following Monday morning, Angela fixed her hair in the latest mode, put on her sport suit and declared, "As soon as I am ready, she was ready to burst into motion pictures. Her father had prepared the studio for her advent, and had promised to accompany her, but the telephone summoned him to duty at an early hour.

"Doesn't make any difference," she said firmly. "I'm going anyway."

"You can't do that," Joel declared.

"I can, and I shall. I've waited too long now."

"You mean that you would actually walk along in one of those degraded places?" asked Margaret.

"Certainly. They won't bite me. Girls do it every day." The reply was given with a note of grim desperation in her voice. "I shall have to go with you. Your father has abandoned you, but you still have me."

There was a debate over this decision. Margaret suggested, timidly, that as she was
the older sister, perhaps she should be the one to take this risk. Ellen said “No,” very firmly. She would go, no matter what the consequences.

“Come along then,” the child said, without any great enthusiasm.

They arrived at the barn-like studio where Joel Whitaker did most of his extra work, con- ferred with a gloomy gate boy, and were shown into a small side office, which was the lair of the particular movie man who employed people. A stolid crowd of seekers after jobs, young and old alike, and near-by roomers. Those who were already there stared at the new arrivals with visible annoyance.

The movie man who hired people was a stout red-faced individual, with bushy eyebrows and a tired expression. He never seemed to look directly at anyone, yet his job was to see everything, and for years, Angela’s buoyant young beauty left him uninterested, and he apparently did not notice her new sport shoes or the little Alpine hat.

“Elevation,” he said, motioning Angela to a chair. “He said you were pretty, and I believe him. You really are quite pretty.

He suddenly stopped talking and stared out of a window, as though bored with everything.

“Do you think I would photograph well?” Angela asked.

“I think you would. No doubt about it.”

Angela glanced proudly at Aunt Ellen, who had remained standing near the door, no one having asked her to be seated, or, in fact, paid any attention to her. Ellen wore her Auburndale green dress, with the ruching around the neck and the buttons up the front. On her hat was a bird, attached to the rear edge, and obviously about to leap off into space. During the interview, Ellen stared fixedly at the man who hired people, as if to let him understand that he would be held to account.

“It happens,” the man continued, in his absent manner, “that Hollywood just now is filled up with young girls. I’m sorry that I can’t give you, you lovely Miss Whitaker, but if anything should turn up, I can notify you.”

Angela turned away, grievously disappointed. The hiring man again looked out of the window at a boy climbing a pole.

“However, I can use your mother.”

Angela swung suddenly around, wondering if she heard, indeed. The man was looking at Ellen and apparently meant her.

“We’re short a spinner type. I’ve had some trouble finding what I want, and your mother looked about it.”

“Oh,” said Angela, “she isn’t my mother. She’s my Aunt Ellen. And you have a part for her? How wonderful!”

Her voice ascended into a little squeak of delight. The sad-eyed man nodded gloomily.

“There’s nothing much to it—no acting. Wear those same clothes, and don’t make up. Just as you are.”

He seemed to be addressing Aunt Ellen.

“Are you speaking to me?” Ellen asked, unable to believe her ears.

“Of course you are. It will take a couple of hours, after they begin shooting. Report tomorrow if you want the job.”

Ellen Whitaker shivered inwardly and sought about for suitable language with which to wither the man. The insult was still warm, when a group of gay young things in queer costumes rushed in upon the hiring man, and behind them swung Ellen Whitaker, determined to make herself heard above the din. Angela took her by the arm and led her into the street, with the older lady still bristling and half-mighty; she had, and told the impudent fellow of his mistake.

“Isn’t it astonishing?” Angela demanded, her delight still unimpaired.

“If you mean me, it’sarrant nonsense,” snapped Aunt Ellen. “I have no intention of accepting this low person’s offer.”

“But think of earning twelve dollars so easily! It really isn’t like work at all.”

“It’s too absurd for words,” said her aunt. “Let’s go home.”

Angela bounded in upon Aunt Margaret and, in the blithest excitement, forgot all about herself and her disappointment. Margaret was washing napkins in the kitchen, with her hair coiled in a knot. She listened in silent stupification, while Angela danced about and explained explosively what had happened.

“The man is a fool,” said Ellen, following into the hall and near-by room. Those who were already there stared at the new arrivals with visible annoyance.

“She’s to wear her own clothes, just as they are,” boasted the child. “And they’re going to give her twelve dollars.”

Ellen looked at her sister, in a dead, story voice, “have you gone out of your mind? You—forty-five, a president of the Auburndale Helping Hand—a movie woman! Good Peter!”

“Will you both still be?” cried Ellen. “I have not the slightest intention of taking this silly offer.”

“Yes, she has,” cried Angela. “Wait till tomorrow. You’ll see!”

Joel drifted in at supper time and was greeted with the news before he could remove his cap. Aunt Ellen had fallen, or was about to fall. Her brother admitted that it was surprising, but nothing more than one would expect. They needed queer-looking people in the films, and certainly a queer-looking person, Joel said.

“This Whitaker family,” announced Margaret, who had come out indignantly, “is something astounding to never be able to face our friends in Auburndale.”

“I have no intention of facing them,” Joel chuckled. “For all I care, Auburndale can dry up and blow away.”

Once again, meal-time in the household was stormy with discussion. Angela, a bit cast down from her own immediate failings, was garrulous about the dramatic talent that seemed to be innate in the others.

“You are all silly and mistaken,” insisted Ellen. “The more you do for work, the more sure, but that doesn’t mean I am going to take it.”

“Why not?” Joel asked. “Twelve dollars is twelve dollars, and this family isn’t famous for its wealth. You and Margaret have always yowled about the shortage of salary. Here’s a chance to earn an honest penny.”

On the last words of the hour, Margaret, walked into the room, carrying a new screen for the window, and discovered her sister in the act of dressing, ably attended by the only child. Ellen was adjusting the hat with the leaping bird.

“You are going!” Margaret said, dropping the screen.

“Well,” said Ellen faintly, “I’ve been thinking about what Joel said last night. We’ve been under heavy expenses and, as you know, our railway shares haven’t paid anything lately. Besides that, I’d like some new clothes.”

“Ellen Whitaker,” said her sister, “of all things!” She sat down heavily on the edge of the bed, her face reddened, Angela calmly continued to fasten her aunt’s dress.

“There’s nothing sinful about it,” Ellen said defensively. Besides, Margaret, I am a younger woman than you are, and I require things.”

“You are one year younger than me,” snorted Margaret. “The idea!”

“At any rate.”


Margaret slowly removed the towel from her head and shoulders. She arose and started with the bitter reflection that “when depravity enters a family, it generally gets everybody.”

At surprisingly early hour in the morning. Ellen returned from the studio. Joel had met her at the gate, she said, and had taken her in charge. She had done no work of any kind, except to sit in a chair. No one bothered to

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**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

This was a swell Toronto, but one morning Angela was in town, and Margaret, who had gone with her sister to a strange studio. She declared she would not step foot in one of the low places, but she would sit outside in the rented car. Thus it was that Angela, hurrying to her car, paused to cast an interested eye upon the two sisters. Ellen was stepping into the automobile and the man she spoke to was:

"Is this your sister?" he asked.

Ellen said it was. Margaret shrunk back on the seat. She wore a brown dress that buttressed the impression Ellen, while she buttoned up the front. Her hat bore no bird, but it was a unique thing without a bird. Her hair, as always, was arranged on a rat on the front of her head and waslicked back in a back in a style that had been standard in Auburn and half a century. On her prim hands were white cotton gloves.

"This is Mr. Carmichael. Margaret," Ellen continued, seeing there was no way to avoid an introduction.

Margaret turned a steely gaze upon Mr. Carmichael.

"I can just about give Margaret a swell job," he said genially, with a palpable effort to make Margaret feel at ease. "They're going to need a dozen Amazons next week, and your sister looks to the goods to me. Old Man Hopper will be pleased to death with your sister.

Ellen uttered a word of polite thanks and stumbled into the car. Margaret disposed of the incident briefly. Leaning forward in the automobile, she pointed a cotton glove at Carmichael and informed him acutely that she was not well pleased that, owing to the ignorance of his species, he had made a mistake.

Carmichael simply laughed.

"Suit yourself, lady," he said, with undiminished joviality. "In case you change your mind, let me know. I can pay fifteen a day for this because it's special."

Margaret might have gazed away from the fellow, and Ellen told the driver to take them home. On the way, she sought to talk of the offer, but Margaret sniffed and shortened. "Great heavens!" said Angela, when she heard the news. "Are you all types? Is my whole family just what they want—all but me? I think it's a trifle." "I agree with you," said Margaret.

**JOEL** came in from his golf match and snickered in the bathroom for half an hour. Margaret, passing the door, heard the slapping of his razor against leather and the chuckles whenever he blushed. "Really," Ellen said during dinner, "It’s amazing, isn’t it? Yet there is nothing sinful about this business. I have had three positions, and not a single wrong thing has happened,"

"And if it did happen," Joel remarked solemnly, "It wouldn’t happen to you. I think it’s pretty nice to be paid fifteen dollars a day for the Margaret can do."

"Well, I get twelve, and I’m experienced. Margaret, of course, will object to work because it is work. I know she’s never earned a dollar."

Before the time limit arrived, she was plain to her relatives that Margaret Whicker was likely to weaken, as Ellen had weakened before her. In the protection of her room, it was pleasantly exciting to think of earning money, and amusing to reflect that she had been offered fifteen a day, as compared with Joel’s twelve. She determinedly drove the thought from her mind, but it persisted. Ellen came home from a beauty parlor, with her hair in a perfectly startling style. It was not precisely 'bubbled, but it was deal shorter than it had been. The hair curler had given Ellen a vastly different look and the export agent had added touches to the improvement.

Ellen stood in the center of the living room, an emarrased figure. Angela gaue and whispering:

"Ne too!" she said. "I’m going to have mine bobbed tomorrow."

"It isn’t bubbled," protested her aunt. "It’s just 'bubbled this way. I have combed it for forty years, and I’m going to keep it. This way, I’ll never have to touch it again—just put on my hat and go." Joel Whicker commented with a grin, "I wish Inglesobe Pepper would say if he could look in on us tonight."

It was the hair-bubbling incident that seemed to settle matters for Margaret. She requested Angela to telephone Mr. Carmichael and ask him certain questions. That was the initial step for the older Miss Whicker. In fear and trembling, she did her first bit, and within a week she had been an old maid once and a mother too.

The family now employed a Japanese cook, but Angela still retained her place as general manager. Day by day she seemed to fit more permanently into the position of superintendent of the home, for what shabby labelled. The rank injustice of the thing suddenly smote her.

At the end of a wear-and-tear time, the working members of the family returned and demanded their dinner.

"All right," Angela said dismally. "Only seems to me that I’m getting the worst of it. Back in Auburn and I said I was coming out here and be a movie actress, you threw up your hands in horror. Now look at you."

"We are earning an honest living," retorted Aunt Ellen.

"That’s not the point," sniffed Angela. "You folk has no complaint, but what about me? I’m here, but I’m not in the movies, and I can’t get in! I simply turned out to be the housekeeper for three busy extra people, and I’m not going to stand it."

"My child," said Joel, "be patient. Look at Margaret and Ellen. They’re working for the first time since I knew them."

"I’m looking at them," replied Angela. "That’s what makes me angry."

And in this, Lemuel Leffert studied the letter which had just arrived from Hollywood. It was from Angela and it said:

"Things have come out all wrong. My family would have remained in Auburn and, but instead they came out here, and what a change! They’re all working for the movies—even Margaret. Aunt Ellen wears pink gowns and has just been in the bungalow. She is wearing sport shoes and threatens to shorten her skirts. Father acts like a gay young blade and drives a blue roadster. Not one of us has a room around the bungalow. So do I all. I came out to a career for myself, and the only career in sight is to be the world’s champion housekeeper. They make us earn more than we do, they want types and there are only three types in my family, and they are working. Lemuel, please sit down and tell me what to do. I am beginning to feel实在 agony."

Your loving

Angela"

Naturally, Lemuel Leffert folded up the let and put it into his pocket, and took the next train for California.

He telegraphed abroad and Angela met him joyfully at the station. They drove out to the bungalow, and Angela talked while Lem sat back and listened.

The bungalow was deserted when they arrived. Joel and his sisters were doing something or other at the studio, and so Angela
hurried up a bit of food and some hot coffee for the traveler.  
"They’ll be home for lunch," said she.  
"Don’t you like the bungalow, Lem?"  
"The bungalow is all right," Lem answered,  
"but I don’t think much of your relations,  
Seems to me they must have changed a bit."

"They have," Angela agreed.  
"That’s what I told you."

Lemuel drank his coffee and looked solemnly at Angela.  
"You’re not too crazy as you were about this movie business, are you?" he asked after a time.  
"No," said Angela, "but still, I thought if I ever had a chance—"

"And you did enjoy fixing up this bungalow and making it pretty to live in," he interrupted,  
"you sort of liked being a little housekeeper at last."

"Yes, I did."

"All right," said Lem.  "If you’re going to be a housekeeper, you’d better be my housekeeper instead of working for a bunch of actors.  
We’re going back to Auburndale, and you can try your hand on the big brick house.  
It looks sort of run down since all of you left."

"But—Lemuel—" Angela began.

"No bats," he said.  "This is no life for you.  
I’m going back home this afternoon and you’re going with me.  
We’ll take hold of that old Whitaker house and make it look right."

"He married right away?" Angela gasped.

"Today," said Lem.  "This afternoon."

"What—what about father and Margaret—  
and Dale?"

"Nothing about them.  If they come home for lunch, I’ll give them a piece of my mind.  
The idea of those old people coming out here to protect you and then pushing you aside—makes me sick!"

ANGELA considered, as Lemuel talked on and on.  
It would be rather jolly to fix up the old house.  After all, Auburndale was a little nice place.

The movie extras did not return for lunch, and so, after waiting what he considered a suitable time, Lemuel wrote a note and attahed it to the door knob.

It said:

"Angela and I are being married this afternoon and are starting for home on the night train.  Being so occupied with your movie careers, you probably will not miss her.  
As she has been side-tracked in California by her own people, Angela now goes back to Auburndale to start her real career in the old brick house on Maple Street."

Yours,  
Lemuel."

"Better be getting your hat on," said Lem glancing at his watch.  "I’ve read where you can be divorced in this town in ten minutes,  
but I don’t know how long it takes to get married."

A little later, they drove away from the bungalow.

Joel Whitaker arrived home before his sisters, found the note and read it solemnly,  
at first, and with a grin at the finish.  He handed it with a chuckle to Ellen and Margaret when they came.

"I think this works out fine," said Joel, with a slow smile.  "Angela isn’t exactly suited to the picture business, like us, and it makes me feel good to know that there will be at least one branch of the family back home holding on to the old traditions.  Yes, the longer I think of it, the more I say it’s all right.  
And if we hurry, we can just about make that train and wish them good luck."

"Happy Christmas Night!" exclaimed Aunt Ellen, sinking into a chair.  "I’ll bet that child hasn’t even an extra nightgown."

"Get up," said Margaret sharply, "you’re sitting there making up box."

The three of them hurried out to Joel’s automobile, and started, while their tame Japanese cook ran the dinner gong in vain,  
as so many dinner gongs are vainly rung in wicked Hollywood.

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even and permanent, and permanent.  There is no greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash off or rub off.  
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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

“ENTER MADAME”—Metro—A Harry Garson Production. Adapted by Frank Barse.

“TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY”—United Artists. Starring Mary Pickford. From the novel by Grace Miller White by arrangement with Adolph Zukor. Directed by John S. Robertson. Photo by Charles Rosher. The cast: Testfeld Skinner, Mary Pickford; Frederick Graves, Lloyd Hughes; Traula Graves, Gloria Hope; Elas Graves, David Torrence; Doctors, Ben Lesl, Jean Hersholt; Era Longman, Danny Hoy; Dan Jardan, Robert Russell; Old Man Longman, Gus Saville; Miss Longman, Mme. de Bodemere.

“CLARENCE”—Paramount—Story by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Clara Beranger. Photography by Guy L. Wilky. Directed by William deMille. The cast: Clarence, Woolsey Reid, Violet Pinney, Agnes Ayres; Cora Wheeler, May McAvoy; Mrs. Chiltern, Grace Hix; Miss Milligan, Adolphe Menjou; Henry Wheeler, Edward Martindoe; Inwood, Bertram John; Bobby Wheeler, Robert Agnew; Miss Ally, Dorothy Gordon; Mrs. Martin, Maym Kelso.


“ONE EXCITING NIGHT”—D. W. Griffith Production—Directed by D. W. Griffith. Story of an actual event. Photography by Hendrik Sarkov. The cast: Agnes Harrington, Carol Dempster; John Farley, Henry Hall; Romeo Washington, Porter Stone; Julia Hass, Wallace; The Neighbor, C. H. Crocker-King; Mrs. Harrington, Margaret Dale; The Detective, Frank Sheridan; Samuel Jones, Frank Wunderke; Annie Fairfax, Grace Griswold; The Maid, Irma Harrison; Cary Johnson, Herbert Sutcli; The Butler, Peder Carr; A Guest, Edward Mack.


“THE MAN WHO SAW TOMORROW”—Paramount—By Perley Poore Sheahan and Frank Condon. Directed by Alfred Green. Photographed by Nick Gravanis. The cast: Burke Hammond, Thomas Meighan; Capt. Morgan Pring, Theodore Roberts; Rita Pring, Leatrice Joy; Jim McLeod, Albert Roscoe; Sir William De Fries, William Hall; Helen Dervis, June Eldridge; Vanita, Eva Novak; Larry Camden, Laurnance Ware; Prof. Jansen, John Milter; Bishop; Robert Brower; Batum, Edward Patrick; Mayu, Jacqueline Dyris.

“ANOTHER MAN’S SHOES”—Universal—Directed by Victor Bridges. Story by Arthur Statter. Photography by Ben Reynolds. The cast: Steve Granger, Jack Burton, Herbert Railwson; Mark Seller, Grace Todd, James Tracy; Grace Unraven, Evelyn; Rowan, Nick De Ruiz; Garet, Joseph Swickard; John Alvar, De Brac; Lawrence, Harry Carter; Milford, Nelson McDowell; Mrs. Chetwood, Lillian Langdon; Duane, Jessie Depienne.

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“THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW”

Paramount—Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: Cameraman, Al Gils. The cast: Baby Bellew, Gloria Swanson; Lance Bellew, Robert Cain; John Holsten, Conrad Nagel; Jerry Woodruff, Richard Wayne; Count Kadistoff, Frank Ellerton; Naomi Templeton, June Elvidge; Rev. Dr. Holsten, Herbert Standing; Lance Bellew, Jr. (age 4), Mickey Moore; Lance Bellew, Jr. (age 6), Pat Morin; Aunt Augusta, Helen Dunbar; Attorney Potter, Arthur Hall; Detective, Clarice Burton.

“A TAILOR MADE MAN”

United Artists—By Harry James Smith. Adapted by Albert Ray. Direction of Joseph De Grasse. Photography by George Kriar and George Meehan. The cast: John Paul Hart, Charles Ray; Anton Iber, Thomas Rickeets; Tanya Hubel, Ethel Grandin; Peter, Victor Patel; Abraham Nathan, Stanton Heek; Mrs. Nathan, Edith Chapman; Miss Nathan, Irene Lentz; Mr. Stanlaw, Frederick Thomson; Mrs. Stanlaw, Kate Lester; Corinne Stanlaw, Jacqueline Logan; Theodore Jefcoff, Frank Butler; Gladys Haddick, Dorothy Gerard; Kitty Dupuy, Nellie Peck Saunders; Bessie Dupuy, Charlotte Pierce; Gerald Whitcomb, Thomas Jefferson; Robert Sears, Henry Barrows; Russell, Eddie Grilston. [continued on page 117]

Enter the de Mille Blonde

[continued from page 35]

And she got very tired of “being considered.”

One day she strolled into the Algonquin for lunch and she saw Dick Barthelmess and his director, Henry King, sitting in the lobby. Like a flash she went into a telephone booth directly behind them, left the door half open, and in a loud voice began to discuss a contract that she “was considering.”

“I think I’ll be in this afternoon about four o’clock,” she said, “I’m in business as like tone—just as business-like as though there had been someone at the other end of the phone and she hadn’t had her hand on the receiver all the time, “I can leave for California at once.”

When she walked out of the booth, Mr. King stopped her. “She got the part in ‘Sonny.’”

That’s what it was, as Pauline Garon. Equally typical that she played it with everything in her.

Women Dress to Charm Men.

[continued from page 50]

and ankles. A dress that was a part of her, that matched her spirit and personality.

Nita Naldi is an unusual woman. Her frankness is astounding, her honesty of views, point is delightful. And her radiant beauty is different from the ordinary type of good looks. Her slanting eyes, her olive skin, the un-masked vigor of her body, might fit into a page from the “Arabian Nights.” And yet she is naive, almost childlike, in her pleasure over the simplest of things.

“Clothes,” she said, “are important only as a decoration. They should never be a covering, in the first sense of the word. Clothes should not cover—they should veil, should hide and whisper secrets! A natural curve, an especially good line—clothes should make the most of them. A wonderful back, a sloping pair of shoulders, a suggestion of a little leg (only your mid-victorian leg, the existence of legs)—why attempt to disguise them?

Women dress to impress other women. They dress to charm men. What do men admire? Because of other women they insist on luxuriant materials, on costly trimmings, on those

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trappings that spell expense. Because every normal feminine person claims the admiration of the opposite sex, clothes that are typically women clothes should be clothes that have a lure, a sop, intriguing about them. Why not admit it?

"For myself—I have a good figure. I know that I have—else I would not have been cast to play the role that I have appeared in. In this day of figures that are kindly called 'boyish,' and that are really patterned after the ironing board, I stand out from the rest. People must say that I belonged to the Juno type. And they wouldn't be far from truth.

"However, despite of the Vogue of the flapper, which is passing rapidly, there are many large ones in this country. And their clothes problems are the ones that I have encountered. And so I am going to them a set of rules, for dressing properly—rules that I have made my own.

"FIRST of all a tall woman should never try to be cute. That is usually nauseating. A big woman is never attractive. She is foolish instead. Large women should make the most of dignity, of stateliness. Their frocks should reflect a queenly graciousness. Loosely made frocks which are too short or skimpy—a large woman will never make a mistake if she follows this general idea.

"Secondly, let us advocate the present fashion for the light colored stockings that are being worn with dark shoes. If stockings must be worn, they should match the shoes. Of chignon, their cheer effect is desired. But not of some wax wash women.

"I have said—if stockings must be worn. For, personally, I think it smart to go stocking-less to evening functions. I have done this for a number of years, before ever it became the mode in Paris."

"If a woman wants to attract attention—and most women do—they must not follow this fashion of stock less. They must go for a leader. She must go for things that have a subtle difference. Originality—it is the breath of life to women who attain clothes success! I like best the woman of small frame. It is a usual style that catches, and holds, the eye of the observer.

"It is the same in the matter of hair dressing. Because you are not be marcelled and tortured into grotesque imitations of style. Beautiful hair should be arranged simply, but its loveliness should be made definite—should be pointed out. Almost, by the clever use of combs and shell pins and, for evening, glittering ornaments. One of my most successful evening coiffures was attained by the use of bracelets, through which my hair was coiled.

"I love having frocks designed for me," she said, in farewell, "and I love knowing that other women will enjoy wearing the gown that I have sponsored. But I hope that they will remember one important detail. Clothes should never be regarded as a screen, behind which beauty must hide. Clothes should be thought of as the case, in which a jewel is set for display!"

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Hearts Aflame

He was a singularly innocent chap, in many ways, this John Taylor, who had believed himself so astute, so distinctly, for one man who understood and could conquer women. He had neglected Marcia; he had not thought she might demand an accounting. Yet she did—and, oh! what a shock to choose for it, she hit upon Foraker's Folly! Helen herself, by chance, brought her to the house; banned the flames of Marcia's jealousy by her mere appearance, strengthened suspicions based upon John's few letters, which had dealt to a maddening extent upon lumber, rather than upon love.

No, he had no weapon but sincerity. He had changed, he told Marcia, with utter frankness; life had assumed a different aspect; he was sure, now, that he could never make her happy. She did not love him; rage mounting; tried, desperately, to woo her by softness and gentleness; turned upon him like a fury when she failed. But he stood his

old cruiser, he had immediately sent into the folly, confirmed the tale he had heard of her real lover. It looked like a burning dog upon a fresh trial. He must have it at all costs; Rowe had orders to get it for him. And Rowe, consulting with Harris, was not without a little zeal.

Helen wouldn't sell—willingly. But her hand might be forced. And Harris, suave, smooth, soft of speech, was a past master in such tactics. It was he who had stood the move to raise taxes on her property. It was he who induced Chief Pontiac Power to buy the Pancake bank—which held mortgages, now falling due—by throwing his own bank; mortgages which, unless they were renewed, he would find it difficult, if not impossible, to satisfy.

Humphry Bryant was a mighty fighter on Helen's side, but he was only one man. Given time, he might, for he had great influence in Lansing, bring about changes in the state taxation law—but not before Helen had been crushed.

But Rowe, although he did, in a way, despise John Taylor, was still more afraid of him than he liked to admit. And it was he who, with Harris's help, and the unwitting convincement of the jealous Mild Goddard, thought up a situation in which it appeared that John had betrayed Helen—stood with his father against her.

For the first time, after his talk with Marcia, John had felt free really to let himself think of Helen. And when he did he thought that he must have loved her from the first. She saw the change in him; fought down her impulse to fly from love; met him, frank and unaltered; knew the bliss of surrender, after years of lonely fighting. Only to have Mild Goddard, raging, reveal what Rowe had tricked him into believing to be the truth. He had proofs that seemed to him to show that there had been a conversation between John and Rowe—and thought nothing of the way that Harris had hurried him away; never dreamed, certainly, that he had stayed he would have heard plain evidence that between these two there was war, and not alliance, connivance in treachery and dispoilation.

Helen sent him away. Bruised, hurt beyond speaking, she listened while Goddard upbraided him; shook her head when he pleaded for a chance to explain. But this was really a new John Taylor who had been shipwrecked in a disheartening disaster. It was he who, by a clever trick, made the opportunity for which Humphry Bryant had waited in vain; kept Jim Harris away from a meeting of the legislators called to revise the tax assessments just long enough for Bryant to put the fear of jail into their hearts, and so, for the time, avert one of the blows that had been threatening to fall.

And it was he, too, who, later on, when chance gave him knowledge of a plan of Harris's to discredit Bryant, saved the day. The drunken sailor's story of his court hearing had brought on Bryant's discharge as guardian of his niece and nephew, Bessie and Bobby; on the ground that he had misused part of their money by lending it to Harris in the building of some of his own lands. Lucius had boasted, thinking John was on Rowe's side; John put him on a train for Detroit, and, outing Dick Mason by long distance, promised to keep Lucius in Detroit until the case should drop for lack of a complaining witness.

Some blows he could not avert. Black hawk was up, and the mugger of the Lansing minor acts of destruction were aimed at her property almost every day. Spikes were found in logs, that ruined the saw's in her mill; moles were turned loose in her seed nurseries; at last her dam was dynamited, and her water power, for the time being, put out of commission. Try as he would Humphry Bryant had no fortune in seeking some

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Cast of Current Photoplays

[Continued on page 113]

[Photo Credits]
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A few months ago, if you had asked what I would do to get thin I should have replied without a second thought, "Everything I possess. I had tried so many times to reduce, and tried so hard! Fortunately, my mother made me try the music method—and I have never been over 100 lbs. ever afterwards."

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THE BROADWAY MADONNA—R-C
—Film Booking—Directed by Harry Revier. The cast: Vivian Collins, Dorothy Revier, Tom Bradshaw, Jack Connolly; Doctor Kramer, Harry Van Meter, Eugene Matt; Gloria Thomas, Juanita Hansen; Judge Bradshaw, Lee Willard.

WOLF LAW—Universal—Directed by Stuart Paton. Story by Hugh Pendexter. Scenario by Charles Sarver. Photography by Benjamin Kline. The cast: Jackson De Croo, Frank Mayo; Francine Reddy, Sylvia Breamer; Etienne De Croo, Tom Guise; Enoch Lascar, Dick Cummings; Simon Santey, William Quinn; Sumner Bender, Nick De Ruiz; "Dunty" Davison, Harry Carter;ountaineer, Paul Wismer.

FORGOTTEN LAW—Metro—Produced under the personal supervision of Max Graf. Adapted by Joseph Franklin Poland. From Caroline Abbott Stanley's novel, "A Modern Madonna." Directed by James W. Horne. Photographed by John Stumgor. The cast: Garrette, Milton Sills; Victor Jarrette, Jack Mulhall; Margaret (his bride), Cleo Ridgely; Judge Kiteley, Alec B. Francis; Muriel, Muriel Dano; Rosalie, Alice Hollister; Fred, Edna Altenus; Morrey Cely, Lucretia Harris; Detective, Walter Law.


Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

Wonders of the Sea—J. E. Williamson

A WHOLLY unique little feature achieved by Mr. Williamson in the Bahamas with the aid of his sub-sea photographic apparatus. The camera eye moves through the submarine gardens and shows a daring young girl who gracefully risks sharks and other perils of the deep to perform for the underwater film. The punch of the feature shows diverting. This is something harder than the aquatic maid's one-piece bathing suit—strolling about the floor of the ocean near a deadly moray, slipping out of the clutches of an octopus and finally landing a real shark.

The Cowboy and the Lady—Paramount

MARY MILES MINTER is so lovely that one wonders why her husband is attracted by another woman—even though Viora Daniel is charming as the piece. A western taken from the play by Clyde Fitch, and, though it is not hair-raising, there's a fair amount of entertainment. The murder is solved, and the couple returns happily to ranch life. But Tom Moore, as the hero, is a delight.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The Kentucky Derby—Universal

The picture is a story of the placid atmosphere of a western oil town, the place where the hero suspected of theft and then married the rich daughter of the oilman. It's a home scene and a lonesome place where the hero and his wife are alone, and the audience, close-ups. The director makes the best of a cast that, in most cases, was poorly chosen. He and the camera man have tried, and deserve the credit for the picture merits. Juanita Hansen is more amusing than real as a sweet girl, and Denny O'reilley as Reiver is the heroine. Not for the children.

The Broadway Madonna—Film Booking—R-C

WOLF LAW—Universal

Wolf Law—Universal

The Forgotten Law—Metro

The Punctured Prince—Metro

Broad Daylight—Universal

Not so very different from "Within the Law." Wronged crooks, honest working girls with fathers who will steal, a smooth mastermind and a hero who is practically obnoxious in his close-ups. A plot to tax the credit of the young children—library to anyone who has access to that. A plot to tax the credit of the young children—library to anyone who has access to pictures. The children wouldn't understand, anyway—so you might as well take them.

The Danger Point—American Releasing Company

A CITY girl, suddenly injected into the placid atmosphere of a western oil town, is apt to cause trouble. Especially when she makes two men fall in love with her, and breaks their life-long friendship. But for the prayers and faith of the wandering minstrels, Joseph LeDoux, who is what might have happened! Of course there is a reck and a neat divorce, but that's beside the point.

The Village Blacksmith—Fox

Borrowed for the occasion from Long-Hellow, and billed as "most entertain-"ment." All of which means program bolusum of the "Over the Hill" school. Bessie Love is as appealing as usual, but the rest of the cast does not register too highly. All the small town stuff that never was and never could be, world without end. Take the children by all means, it will keep them out of mischief.

Good Men and True—Film Booking

As a western sheriff of an exciting ranch on the Mexican border, Harry Carey satisfies. He is supported by a good cast, with Noah Beery as one of the villains and Tully Marshall in a character part. There is a lot of action, of course, but Carey does his usual stuff, fooling everybody who loves it, and getting the girl. Family entertainment that won't tax the brain.

Mud and Sand—Metro

A joyous burlesque of the Valenino-Thanne classic, with Stan Laurel in the heroic role of Don Ruben Vasquez. Bull fighting made easy to watch, with no injury either to the bull or to the morale of the audience, and without any danger of close-ups. Sweet Caramel, the heroine, is worth looking at—Julia Leonard makes her so. And Filet of Sole, the lady vamp, is a delight.

If I Were Queen—R-C

Etienne Clément, as another victim of mistaken identity, is miscast—although she looks well in ermine and a jeweled crown. She inherits the title and then gives him up, because she is only a little private secretary and hasn't any right to his love! Add one quart of whipped cream, one bottle of masquerade parties and take in a hot oven. And send the children, alone, to the feast.

"HOLLYWOOD" I T is a story of what the film city might do to any of us. An entirely fresh viewpoint—and extraordinarily funny. Don't miss reading it.

By FRANK CONDON

In this issue, page 39
THE MYSTIC ROSE—Every day in every way I am getting thinner and thinner. I took a vacation not so long ago and I am still resting up. Vacations bore me to death; but I always take one; it’s the thing to do. Your letter interested me much. You say you felt you thought it was weary of vamps and shielded its slinky ladies; but that Pola Negri and other foreigners brought back the vogue. And now Nita Naldi is acclaimed fervently and Pola is idolized.

JAGUELLE.—You say you’d rather be wise than good-looking. I don’t know. Sometimes I yearn, while watching a thrilling storm scene on the screen, for the dear old days when I was innocent of the wind machine and the rain machine just a moron. Then, I enjoyed pictures without a thought of criticism. Now, it seems to me I go to gloat, and am positively unhappy when I don’t crowd and incongruities. Joseph Schlichtkrull, the chevalier of “Orphans of the Storm,” is, on the stage in “Lilom,” en tour. How you like that “en tour,” eh? Not bad! Schlichtkrull will, I understand, do “Peer Gynt” on the stage soon.

ITALIA—When I was young—younger, that is to say—I needed to rise and something about our “Italia, Italia, beloved.” I start that, this all to me. I didn’t think what I was, and I didn’t, I fear, to care. The Rodolpho de Valenti who played Dick Bradley in “Society Sensation” is the Rodolph of today’s “Blood and Sand.” Your interest in him was prophetic and does you credit.

ELITE C.—I blush and bow and stammer my thanks. I am not worthy of all those things you say about me. Of course, I am not so Answer Man, I have no equals and that as a critic of things cinematic I am simply matchless. But beyond that my modesty bids me refrain from comments; when you call me one of the world’s handsomest men, I blush, bow, etc. If, however, I have, through my columns, whaled away weary afternoons, I can’t help it, for I have my secretary send you an autographed photograph upon receipt of twenty-five cents, stamps or coin.

NADINE—You want to know what comedy companies employ comedians addicted to—ah—embolism? I don’t know. Why don’t you go to Sunset Blvd., Century Comedies, 6100 Sunset; and Fox, 1417 N. Western Avenue—all of Los Angeles, California? I couldn’t tell you what chance you have in a job comedying on the coast line you can try.

Kitty.—I know of no more delightful way of getting your name in public than reading your letters. You never ask any questions—you really should. Kitty—you just gently murmur how wonderful you think my department is and how do I ever do it and I still like “lemon pie.” I love lemon pie—I had some last night; and I like to think about it and talk about it. Lemon—meringue—pie. Ah! If the advertising artists are to those luscious pictures of cakes and fruit that you see in the magazines would only turn their attention to lemon pies, I should paper my walls with their paintings—and never do any work.

D. G., Buffalo.—Even when I could, I seldom peered at the wine when it was pouring. Now I sometimes wish I had. Will you drink buttermilk? I don’t want to drink tea. I drink tea every afternoon. I am going to give teas, and I am going to invite Lillian Gish and Joseph Keaton Junior and Pola Negri. I don’t consider it a bore. Is that Mrs. Coogan? In “A Daughter of Two Worlds,” the heroine, played by Norma Talmadge, married Kenneth Harrison, acted by Jack Croxley. That’s right. Nita Naldi will marry anyone. She played the maid. But Natalie herself married Buster Keaton not long after so it was all right with her.

Wanna.—My lucky number? Any one that answers. I spend most of my waking hours telephoning people and never getting them. And the shriveling part of that is, I discover that what I had to say to them wasn’t really so important and that there’s no harm done after all. Jack McLean and his brother with Alice Joyce in “The Prey.” Sheldon Lewis opposite Florence Dixon in “The Silent Barrier.”

N. H., Texas.—I am cognizant of the importance of the admiration on the theater programs, about walking, not running, to the nearest exit. But why? I am liable on fire. Lupino Lane is an English comedian who appears in the stuff in a musical comedy called “Afgar,” with Alice Delysia; and who is now employed as a comedy star by William Randolph Hearst. Address him at Fox western studios. I don’t know whether he’s single. Yes I do, too. I mean—oh, you know.

Audrey.—So you were in Manhattan a month ago and you never let me know. Audrey, Audrey! I wasn’t in Manhattan myself at that time; but you should have let me know anyway. I am disappointed in you. However, here are a few deeds doing Lillian Gish’s and Gloria Swanson’s. Twenty-six and twenty-five, respectively.

Tony.—You are said to resemble Rodolph, are you? You should go into pictures or, at the very least, vaudeville. Rodolph was not born in Kentucky. He is an Italian and his parents still live there. He was the dancing partner of Joan Sawyer and Bonnie Glass before he went into pictures. By the way, if you can’t get a job on the stage or screen for resembling Rodolph, why not apply to Valenstein and Pinkie. Pinkie? Pinkie, I mean. It is in the Popular Songs of America. I know he done a set of whiskers recently attempting to dodge reporters. Stealing my stuff.

Pinkie.—That’s the name of Mabel and Hugo Ballin’s white bulldog. I don’t know why this should interest you; it doesn’t interest me. I merely mention it. Jack Coogan’s wife is not an actress. The Holts have three children—two girls and a boy.

George, Stockton, Cal.—Well, old man! It’s been a long, long time since I’ve heard from you. Where have you been keeping yourself? Too bad you wouldn’t let a fellow know you were alive, etc., etc. You’re right; I know, reading “Bubbitt.” Jack Coogan is the only member of his family on the screen. But stay—I rather like that, don’t you?—it’s the cultured way of saying “Hold on”—I think Coogan Sr. has played it straight in the pictures. Mrs. Coogan was on the vaudeville stage at one time.

Helen of Texas.—Henry J. Waldball is married to Harry Carey’s “The Kick Back.” He is now at Universal working in the all-star production of “The Long Chance.” Address him at Universal City, Cal. I agree with you that Waldball is one of our outstanding actors. It’s always a pleasure to see him. Also—to hear from you. Call often.
FRANCE has been considerably agitated by the films recently. They banned the Ger-
man surrender pictures and now have started arresting characters of historical personages. Du
Barry's little "ladies' entrance" to the king's chamber upset Paris a bit. "Passion, abuse, and,
brute, animal!" they shout. But the discussion that Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm" did when it was released in Paris as "The Two Orphans." There was an actual row between the exhibitors of the show and the police who ordered them to stop.

The French critics seethed with anger over the way "D. W." had changed the period from the
reign of Louis XV to the end of Louis XVI's time in order to make an "American holiday," as they expressed it. One critic nearly collapsed into a fit of fainting. He carried a big umbrella and another over the way one of the orphans sings a piece from "Mignon," written seventy years after the
Revolution. L'Action Francaise, the royalist publication, said:

"Griffith considers the Revolution as some-
thing sublime and childish, with strange complications. Liberty, justice, people's
sovereignty, Bastille, guillotine, convention all sitting in his head like a lot of nuts in an empty
sack. He mixes up and confounds things to such an extent that a cow could not find her
helfer in the confusion. He shows the revolu-
tionary tribunal as a group of old faddish
sitting on long wooden benches. The 14th of
July had a minuscule effect on them, since he shows them as a horde of apatectic skeletons and on the 14th as fat nincompoops."

"Griffith's artistic procedure is as primitive as his ideas. To him no celebration at a
chateau is complete without a cluster of poor
mourners bung at the castle's gate. And this is
repeated with a fastidious monotony."

"What right has a stranger to come and
claim that our ancestors were brutes, idiots
and savages?"

"Would Harding's government let a film be
shown in the states which showed Washington
as a vicious and sadistic being, Jefferson as a
filthy man, and that made sinister bandits of all the heroes of the war of independence?"
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There are gracefully designed individual steps that bring out the beautiful lines of this long, sleek-looking model; two tire carriers mounted on the sides at the front and a smart-looking trunk carried at the rear. The look of luxury that is bred into the car is enhanced by the nickel-plated searchlight design head lamps and the highly polished nickel-plated radiator crowned with a motometer and a wing cap. Other sport equipment includes nickel-plated cowl lights, specially designed windshield wings, six cord tires, polished protection bars at the back of the body; sun and vision visor; gasoline gauge on the instrument board; combination stop and tail light; nickel-plated front and rear bumpers and a rear view mirror.

The new improved Haynes 77 Sport Touring Car is finished in the new Burgundy Wine color. Wooden wheels are standard equipment with Harvey disc wheels optional at no additional cost. The top is furnished either in rubberized khaki or in black weather-proof material at the owner's choice. The car is upholstered in genuine brown Spanish leather, laid in the new plain club style which affords extreme riding comfort and long life to the seats, besides being smartly correct.

No matter what roads you travel on, the Haynes 77 Sport Touring Car will identify you, its owner, as a keen judge of values in luxurious motor cars today.

The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHN
WESTERN EDITOR

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From the Great White Way to the Great White Spaces

Get away from the grind of your daily routine. James Oliver Curwood is waiting to take you, while you sit in your easy chair, to the magic outdoors of the great Northwest, where thrilling adventures make your blood run fast.

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Send No Money

If you are tired of ordinary novels, if you are "fed up" with the humdrum of your daily routine, if you want to feel the clear white snow of the great Northwest under your feet, if you want to live among real men and real women, follow Curwood into Adventureland!

By sending us the coupon and the six volumes of Curwood, we will send you at once. When they arrive you have the privilege of examining them for seven days and then paying for them in small monthly installments. This offer is good only while the present special edition is available. Take advantage of it now—fill out the coupon at once and make sure of your set.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Tribute

Kansas City, Mo.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: The newspaper folded beside my breakfast plate this morning headlined the announcement that last night Wallace Reid shot his last big scene. And all day long, with millions of other men and women, I have grieved over the passing of something we can ill afford to lose.

Once, long ago, before he ever saw a moving picture camera, I knew Wallace Reid. I was a tiny girl, and he was the handsome boy who played juveniles in the stock company in our town that season. Also he was one of the youths who clustered about my "bestest friend's" big sister. And afterwards when he came to see her, he would stop by Nancy and me with our dolls to chat a bit and pull my curls.

His name meant nothing then. No one dreamed that his face would ever be recognized and loved all over the world. But somehow I never forgot this boy with the whimsical smile, who wasn't too busy or important to fish my unfortunate doll out of a very wet mud puddle.

Years later I found him again on the screen. I never wrote him a fan letter. No one even knew that with every picture I smiled again over that lovable, a little wistful, boyish, clean cut lad.

And last night the last scene flickered out. So tonight I slipped away alone to the little neighborhood theatre where "Clarence" is playing and said goodbye to my shadow friend. I shall never see him again. And now my smiles over the story of the picture are a bit twisted, and my eyes are brighter because they are wet.

R. H. B.

In Defense of Norma

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: If every star of the silver screen would use Norma Talmadge as a model, the fickle public would never press the button of the trick stairway while he or she is on it.

To impress her audience with a feeling of her importance. She lives her part in the pictures.

Men, oh how many, have said that Norma Talmadge makes one feel she is delighted to work for them and one goes away satisfied their money is well spent.

Marilynn Miller, now Mrs. Jack Pickford, is quoted as having claimed she could marry any man in New York. I know one she couldn't have married but I would be a little afraid of that one with Norma because he has an awful crush on her. But who could be jealous of such a feminine, womanly woman? Yet I know of one young woman who would have all Norma's pictures eliminated if she could simply hear her husband adore her. And on the sly she studies Norma, to imitate her, in manner and clothes!

Gertrude Laurene.

From a Mother

Hoboken, N. J.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: May a busy mother of three little ones throw a bouquet at Photoplay? I have been a reader of your magazine for a long time and open each new copy with the wild delight of a child who breaks a toy to see what's inside.

The kiddies enjoy the pictures. They know Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford and Jackie Coogan, as well as they know their prayers. Their dad is all for Thomas Meighan and Wallace Reid, while my favorites are Elbie Ferguson and Jack Holt. Even as I write my four-year-old daughter is cutting out Rodolph's picture. She has seen him in "Blood and Sand" and feels that she knows him very well.

In conclusion, we wish that "Hollywood," as it hurts us to have any brickbats thrown at our—so good-luck to Photoplay and Photoplayers.

Theresa C. Grossmann.

Honorable Mention

New Castle, Ind.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: If I could have the power of drawing from the actor comedy the parasites, I would leave the following and guarantee a sufficiency of capable artist. First, I suggest Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mary Pickford, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Alice Terry, Pola Negri, and Mae Marsh (as she has been, can be, and will be); then as supplement Virginia Valli, Carol Dempster, Lois Wilson (sweet example of clean, fine endeavor), Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Alice Calhoun, Corinne Griffith (possibly), and Mary McAvoy (but only as a Giselle-character).

From among the men, I would choose: Richard Barthelmess, Lewis Stone, James Kirkwood, Nigel de Brulier, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, and Harold Lloyd; and the secondly, Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ogle, James Morrison, David Powell, Ralph Graves, Gareth Hughes (for his Sentimental Tommy) and Rudolph Valentino (but only as Juliet-Gallarda-character).

How I wish I might add Bobby Harron to this list!

Thank you, Photoplay, for your wise awardment of your Honor Medal. It was a just one, better than the first, and your choice was mine.

Doris Utterberg.

Miscasting Kirkwood

Chicago, Ill.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: For as long as two weeks I have held it in but now I really must complain to somebody. I have recently seen two pictures with James Kirkwood and I feel it's time somebody protested. In "Pink Gods" Mr. Kirkwood did a rather fine piece of acting, creating a manly, likeable man of the world; and in "Under Two Flags" he utterly ruined, for an otherwise enjoyable picture.

The wildest stretch of the imagination could not conceive of him in the part of Victor—his bearing was far from solidly as one would expect from an ex-member of a crack regiment, and from his struggle with the part, he evidently realized that he was sadly miscast. I heard so many comments on this performance that I feel I must register my protest at least. Miscasting like this is making the whole picture, to say nothing of hurting Mr. Kirkwood's reputation, although I think everybody realized it wasn't his fault.

Dorothy F. Currie.

The French Public's Favorites

Paris, France.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: A French newspaper ("Eve"), in a recent issue publishes the results of an important popularity contest conducted in France, during the three last months.

I am not mentioning here our own actors and actresses who figure among the selected favorites as I suppose they are not yet known to the American fan, with the one exception of Max Linder; but here are, at least, all the great foreign artists coming also in prominence in that honor roll, which ascertains the names of the cinema stars who rule in the hearts of Paris and other French towns.

They are:

Mary Pickford, Pearl White, Nazimova,
Maurice Murphy, Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge and Mabel Normand,

And:

Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin,
Sessue Hayakawa, William Hart, Wallace Reid, and Thomas Meighan.

These stellar players are not only greatly admired, but indeed dearly beloved by the French public.

As to the productions which are being shown in our capital, here are some of the most successful ones:

"Hommereux," "Over the Hill," "The Old Nest," "The Street of the Flying Dragon" (or "Five Days To Live"), "A Connecticut Yankee" and "The Four Horsemen."

M. A. Epstein.

Make Your Own Star Honor Roll

Kansas City, Mo.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: The honor roll of the Motion Picture News of the twelve people who have contributed most to the advancement of the screen profession in 1916 is not the only honor roll of the motion picture because it presents so many gentlemen whom we know nothing! I dare say that Mr. Zukor and Mr. Williams and Mr. Johnston have all done their bit, but we credit them is like crediting the men who provided the paper on which we wrote.
He laughs at defiance and danger, this fierce young Caid of the desert. Hot-blooded as Egyptian sands, no wonder he exclaims . . .

"By Allah! I want her, and I'll keep her."

"The Tents of Allah" has all the allure of the East, all the drama and foreign customs of an ancient land which adds to your enjoyment of plot and acting.

E VERY picture which bears our name—"Encore"—must stand for the highest form of entertainment and interest-value.

"Breaking Home Ties" is an Encore Picture not only for its love story but also for depicting family love and traditions, good to see in these free days of youth.

"The Tents of Allah" is an Encore Picture because it is superlative entertainment.

"A Bill of Divorcement," an Encore Picture just being presented, is worthy our name, because it is a great story based upon great human motives.

If you like these pictures, admire our standard and wish to see advance announcements of Encore Pictures to come, write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 7th Floor, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

"In this hour of our distress, Lord, forsake us not."
M. B., TORONTO, CANADA.

Bobbed hair is not so smart as it was a season or two ago. But I very much believe that the style has come to stay. Many girls and young women have discovered, like yourself, that short hair is more becoming than the longer tresses. And they will be sensible enough to continue wearing it.

Yes, grey and green are decidedly your colors. So are brown, coffee, periwinkle, midnight blue, orchid, ashes-of-rose, and henna. And, if you have dark, rich, black. The evening frock that you describe, of jude green velvety, will be lovely. Trim it with a touch of silver and wear with it silver slippers.

"Kitty," CALIFORNIA.

Indeed, I am sorry for you. Your girlhood was so free and unresented that it makes your married life even harder to bear. I am an advocate of tolerance—I believe in hearing both sides of a matter before giving advice upon matrimonial subjects—but I can, and will, answer your questions.

First of all, a woman should not be made to listen to unpleasant language from her husband. She has every right to resent it, as you do. And she has a right to friends and amusement of her own. A woman is not doomed like the inmate of a harem—her home should be a place that she stays in because she loves it—not because she has to.

If your husband has plenty of money he should give you an allowance for clothes and personal expenses. If he fails to do this, I think you have a right to go to work if you so desire.

No woman should be forced to put up with humiliation and embarrassment because of the marriage vows that she had taken.

This, however, is my real advice to you: Take your troubles to your mother. Explain to her that you are miserable, and I am sure that she will understand and, if it is within her power, help you.

PEGGY H., TORONTO, CANADA.

You are about ten pounds over weight, but you are so young that your figure is in the formative stage and matters will probably adjust themselves. Perhaps you eat too much—especially fats, starches and sugars. And perhaps you need a regular form of exercise. Try the Wallace method.

With golden brown hair, blue eyes and a medium complexion, you will be prettiest in shades of blue and green. Shell pink, orchid, grey, henna, cocoa and silver will be complimentary to your type.

V. E. A., WACO, TEXAS.

You haven't told me why your husband left you. Or how you were able to find out that at twenty, you have been married five years! Quite young enough to make a new start. I like your wisdom in thinking of a couple of years at school—in this way it will be easy for you to gain a fresh point of view and a different set of ideals and friends. If you will send me your name and address, or a stamped, self-addressed envelope—I will write to you about schools that you might be interested in.

"Freckles," ALBERTA, CANADA.

Stillman's Freckle Cream will undoubtedly help you in removing the blisters that so trouble you. Are you sure, though, that the freckles are actually unbecoming? Sometimes they lend piquancy to a face. And—I am afraid that I cannot tell you what colors you should wear without knowing something about your complexion, and the shade of your eyes and hair.

A. P., STAMFORD, CONN.

It is seldom a safe thing—and certainly never a conventional one—to meet a young man without an introduction. Even though your friend has seen this young man, day after day, she should be careful. Of course he has always been most respectful, and one cannot blame him for wanting to know her—and she is certainly not to blame in wanting to make his acquaintance! But I feel that she should ask her mother's advice, and if her mother thinks it wise, should invite the young man to call. In this way he would know, definitely, that there was nothing irregular about the meeting. And that, by bringing her mother into the affair, she was doing the most that a girl with a splendid bringing up and a good background could do!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante
She will also be your friend

Carolyn Van Wyck is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate problems that other girls are experiencing enough to give sound advice to those in need of it: be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences — she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the customers who have not wished to talk to them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do.

—The Editor
Is this offer too good to be true?

Are we offering a value too great to be credible? Do people "shy" at the thought of receiving too much for their money?

We recently mailed several thousand circulars to booklovers. We described and pictured these thirty volumes of the Little Leather Library honestly, sincerely and accurately. But we received relatively few orders.

Then we mailed several thousand additional circulars to booklovers, this time enclosing a sample cover of one of the volumes illustrated below. Orders came in by the hundred! The reason, we believe, is that most people cannot believe we can really offer so great a value unless they see a sample!

In this advertisement, naturally, it is impossible for us to show you a sample volume. We must depend on your faith in the advertisements appearing in Photoplay Magazine; and we are hoping you will believe what we say, instead of thinking this offer is "too good to be true."

What this offer is

Here, then, is our offer. The illustration above shows thirty of the world's greatest masterpieces of literature. These include the finest works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Kipling, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Macaulay, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummow, Conrad, Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning and others. These are books which no one cares to confess he has not read and read; books which bear reading a score of times.

Each of these volumes is complete; that is not that abomination, a collection of extracts; the 30 volumes, pocket size, contain over 3,000 pages; the paper is a high-grade white vogue antique, equal to that used in books selling at $1.50 to $2.00; the type is clear and easy to read; the binding, while NOT leather, is a beautiful limp material, tinted in antique copper and green, and so handsomely embossed as to give it the appearance of hand tooled leather; it is five times more durable than leather!

What about the price?

The price of this entire set of 30 volumes, exactly as described and illustrated, is $2.95 plus postage; please bear in mind that there are NO installment payments—no further payments of any kind!

How can we do it? That is the question most often asked of us. Yet the answer is simple. These books are produced in editions of a million at a time! Quantity production—that is the secret.

Testing human nature

These are books are by a body of specially trained workmen. We cannot make a million volumes, discharge these workmen until the edition is sold, and then expect to get the same men again. This body of men must be kept together. The manufacture must be continuous—one edition following the other immediately.

It is worth our while, therefore, to give our customers something valuable if they will co-operate with us by sending in their orders once. It is our way to make an attempt to overcome the bugaboo of procrastination, which haunts so many publishers.

It is the reason, the only reason, we offer you, in addition to the regular set of 30 volumes, FOUR VOLUMES OF RUDYARD KIPLING FREE, IN EXACTLY THE SAME BINDING AS THE REST OF THE SET—if you will send in your order at once, instead of waiting.

An Experiment—not a precedent

One word more. This offer, as you can gather, is simply an experiment. It must not be taken as a precedent. We do not know whether it will work. We do not know whether ANYTHING can keep people from procrastinating, for it is certainly a deep-seated human trait.

In any case, we hope it will keep YOU from procrastinating. If you want this set of books—if you feel that eventually you will buy them—we urge you to do it NOW, instead of LATER, so that you can obtain not only the thirty volumes, but the four equally splendid volumes of Kipling. Do NOT send money. Simply mail the coupon below or a letter.

Little Leather Library Corporation
Dept. 1134, 354 Fourth Ave., New York City

Dear Sir: (Print your name here)

Please mail me the above mentioned set of 30 volumes of the Little Leather Library (and the four volumes of Kipling free). I will pay the postage of $2.95 plus the postage upon delivery, it is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the books do not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return them any time within thirty days, and you agree to return my money. It is understood that $2.95 plus the postage is positively the only payment to be made on this set.

Name

Address

City

State

We have had a special set of Hand Hammered Copper Book Ends to fit this set. Regular $2.00 value, our price only 49c. If desired place X in this square.

Outside U.S. price $3.50, cash with order.

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The text on the page is a mix of different sections, including ads and articles. Here is a summary of the content:

- **Agents and Salesmen**
- **Help Wanted**
- **Men and Women Wanted**
- **Business Opportunities**
- **Entertainment**
- **Photoplays, Manufacures, Typing, etc.**
- **Photoplay Text Books**
- **Incentive Perfume**
- **Inventions Commercialized, Patented**
- **Patents**
- **Inventors Desiring to Secure Patents**
- **Poesy-Verms**
- **Subscriptions for photoplay rates**
- **Friendly Advice**

**Friendly Advice**

Frances M., Salem, Mass.

Yes, there are cures for turned-up noses. But are you sure that you want to "cure" the shape of yours? A retroussé nose is often both unpleasant and changeable.

Because of your dark and vivid coloring it will be easy for you to wear many of the smart fad's. Rust, henna, tangerine, and flame. These are the popular shades of brown, Nile and Lavin green. And, of course, French blue.

E. T., Mass.

Of course your girl friend did dare you to take her suitor away from her—if you could! And so she was, perhaps, as much to blame as you were. No doubt you had reason to feel slightly justified in doing as you did. But do you think that it is ever right to take a chance about such serious affairs? Do you think that affections should be trifled with, for fun? No, you know you will regret your action as soon as you consider your friend’s sweetheart you are not happy. You do not want to marry him, and you are startled at his attentions. And, last but not least, you realize your relations with the girl were taken too far.

The conclusion of this sorry matter should be a real lesson to you.

**Ruth Blue, Mass.**

It is a pitiful story that you tell—why are so many people so desperately unhappy, and through no fault of their own? It seems to me that you have either a naturally bad or evil influence and that you have been the victim of bad companions. It is not to be wondered at; you are an exceptionally good woman and mother—that you have a good and loving, faithful and economical. And yet your husband scolds you; suggests you were not made for marriage, and that you have a cruel lot. Why not go to the lawyer who handled your affairs when you signed an agreement with your husband—in which he promised to be kind?—if your lawyer would be of no use, he undoubtedly give you sound advice, for he knows all phases of the affair.

**E. C., La Grange, Ill.**

I am afraid that I can only tell you the same old story. It is quite impossible to judge the screen possibilities of any one from an ordinary studio photograph. The motion picture camera is very tricky—it does strange and undignified things to pretty faces. The motion picture camera finds practically hidden flaws, and only sets others in. Unless you can, at some time, have a real screen test, it will be almost impossible to determine whether you are suited to a screen career.

**Brownies, Greensboro, N. C.**

The fact that you and the man you love both have red hair should make no difference in your suitability. Hair is only a detail. Anyway, what really matters is the disposition. Have you two the sort of dispositions that go well with each other? If you are undecided about getting married, my advice is—don’t! You should always be better off single, and earning a good salary—I should advise you not to get married. For no girl should contemplate matrimony unless she is sure that she wants to be a wife, and unless she is willing to give up her own interests, if necessary.

A. K., Kansas City, Mo.

Thirty-two years old. It is young. No one has a right to call you an old maid! You are doing a wise thing when you refuse to marry without love. Marriage without love may be both sad and shrewd. I am using your own speech—"Shut your eyes and become the wife of the first man that your father chooses for you." Wait and perhaps you will find a man who is better in all ways.

I am glad that you have asked me to be your friend. Write to me whenever you are in trouble or need advice.
Would You Give 4½¢ a Pound
To Lose 22 Pounds
In 14 Days?

In the most pleasant way imaginable. No starving, exercise, massage, rolling, drugs or any disposition whatever. Results in 48 hours.

YOUR method beats them all. I reduced from 175 pounds to 153 pounds (in two weeks) and I decided to stop at this weight. Before I started I was flabby and sick, in constant trouble all the time. Was always sleepy. Had no vigor. If you had known me then and could see me now you would realize how far you have come in a discovery you have made. I feel wonderful now. I keep recommending this method to others who are as fat as I once was. I hope my statements will do some good to humanity.

Complete Cost for
All Only

300,000 formerly stout men and women have gladly paid $1.97, and more, for this remarkable method. Many write that their improved appearance and hundreds of dollars to them. Yet for a limited time you are being given the opportunity to purchase this wonderful method for only 97¢.

Use the Coupon and Save a Dollar

Scientifically, all scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It turned out for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of attaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off certain parts of the body; and combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your foods properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these delicacies will no longer be fattening.

10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight reduction in an interesting little course called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course on trial to any one sending in the coupon.

Why the Coupon Is Worth $1.00 to You Now

Those who use this rapid method of reducing to normal weight are usually so enthusiastic that they simply cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. Therefore, we are willing to lose money in order to secure more people for our business.

MISS KATHLEEN MULLANE
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Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you wish to continue this simple, easy, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without question.

Don't delay. This special price may soon be withdrawn. If you act at once you receive for one dollar, a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW.

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THIS COUPON IS WORTH $1.00 TO YOU
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CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY
Dept. W-2084, 47 W. 16th Street, N. Y. C.

Without money in advance, you may send to the health wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth $1.00 (one dollar) on your purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives, you shall pay the postman only 97 cents (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no terms or conditions at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of using this coupon within 10 days and having my 97 cents refunded if I am not delighted with results, and am to be the sole judge.

Name: [Please write plainly]
Street:
City: [Type or print name and address]
his music, the inventor of paper or the man who set the type, supplied the piano, etc. Isn't that the trouble with the movies? Everyone is interested in them. With such a spirit of personal ambition for fame there cannot be great collaboration. Surel motion picture patrons wonder at the mess of names presented all at once. It's the names of camera man, director, scenic artist, producer, company and the like. And yet they talk about a star's greed for publicity.

After all, we are interested only in the personalities we see. If we remember them we are doing enough; certainly we do not remember the names of all the force behind the camera. Why list them then? They mean nothing to anyone except people of the industry.

However, an honor roll is a good idea, giving credit where it is due. I suggest that the readers of your magazine act as a jury to declare the twelve stars who have contributed most to the advancement of screen entertainment, stars who have contributed brilliant performances that live in the memory, a steady consistent run of performances, or a standard of entertainment for which they are largely responsible. This is my honor roll:

| Charlie Chaplin |
| Mary Pickford |
| Douglas Fairbanks |
| Mabel Normand |
| Harold Lloyd |
| Wallace Reid |
| Thomas Meighan |
| Rodolph Valentino |
| Norma Talmadge |
| Henry B. Walthall |
| Charles Ray |

Sincerely,
Edward B. Evans.

The Star First
South St. Paul, Minn.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: There seems to be a general movement lately to the effect that the producers, the directors, the producers, the directors, the public eye, attempting to belittle the drawing power of the star. I cannot understand why, because as far as I am concerned, and I know other people feel the same way about it, the only thing that matters in a picture is the star. I don't go to see a picture because I like the title, because I have read the book or because I note it is directed by the man of the star appeals to me. As an example “The Pride of Palomar” played here recently. It was advertised in large letters as written by Peter B. Kyne, and directed by the director of “Hedda.”

I had no desire to see it until someone said that Marjorie Daw was in the cast. She is one of my favorites, so I went. In my opinion, the value of the star cannot be over-estimated.

Edward Johnson.

He’s Satisfied
Muscatine, la.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: I think there’s nothing wrong with the screen. It is the people who see them, the fans, who always complain about poor productions and poor acting. But when it comes to the public eye, they eagerly go to see those plays they know beforehand they will not like. I think there is only one way to remedy the present situation and that is keep away from productions and actors you do not like instead of raising a tremendous kick about it.

That story or player you dislike may be enjoyed by them and others. You see how hard it is for actors and producers to please all.

Albert Neil Okon.

In Defense of Mae and Gloria

Jacksonville, Fla.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: I have read recently the letters of several women criticizing the pictures of Mae Murray and Gloria Swanson. One lady said she believes the pictures had a harmful influence on her children, and that she couldn’t see why they preferred Mae and Gloria to Mary Pickford. I can tell her why. These two women represent the colorful things of life, the things that interest youth. They are sophisticated, cosmopolitan, daring. They have the appeal of a French novel. They bring new things to the entertainment which are denied most of us plodding, everyday people. No wonder young girls flock to see a Swanson or a Murray play! As far as the “Hedda” box office is concerned, with the moral doings of women, that is more detrimental to the morals of young persons than books by the great writers, and music by the great composers. Of course, they are not the innocent, immature type, but why must we continue to insult them and immorality? I cannot see why Mary Pickford should be ideolized because of her “sweetness and light.” I admire her because she is a fine actress, not because she plays Pollyanna all the time.

J. Douglas.

Willie Rise and Bow

New York City.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: A perusal of your magazine just after seeing “The Secrets of Paris” impels me to throw a big bouquet at young William Collier. I have seen live or six pictures in which he appears and have a satisfied feeling of having seen a hit of first-rate acting in the part taken by the young man. I should not wish to miss anything in which he is to be seen. The only bad thing I have detected in his work was in “The Good Provider,” where in two scenes, in which he appears as a small boy, one at a station, and one in the house, he was seated in a corner and quite, a lively small boy would never have been in the circumstances of the story. This, however, was probably not his fault, but that of the director, who was not to call attention to the length of his legs! It would have better management, even if the legs had to be tucked out of sight, to have provided some movement for the boy of the youngster! Collier himself would never have sat still in a corner, unless he had been told to. May he continue to be the fine fellow he is, and give many bits of good acting during his screen.

Robert Temple.

Welcome Back, Blanche Sweet

San Francisco, Cal.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: Several years ago, I stopped in at the Tivoli, one evening, to pass an hour or two. Up to that time, I took no interest whatever in motion picture players as individuals—the women were divided in my mind into the blue-eyed, curley-haired candy-box-cover type, and the dark, flabby, adventure type. When I went in a picture was in progress and soon on the screen came a lovely young lady—with a man—motion picture—short hair and a robe—very good looking, very pretty. I was charmed by the subtlety, delicacy, perfect taste in dress and hair-dressing. I was delighted and sat there to the beginning to learn who she was—Blanche Sweet.

From that time on I have never missed one of her pictures nor an article about her in a magazine. Last night I saw her again after an absence of eight or nine years. She had lost nothing and even gained in womanliness. When she first appeared there were exclama—

Continued on Page 16
Brings 110-Pc. Martha Washington Blue and Gold Decorated Dinner Set

Send only $1.00 and Hartman will ship the complete set. Use it for 30 days on Free Trial. If you are not satisfied, send it back and Hartman will return your $1.00 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep it, TAKE NEARLY A YEAR TO PAY—at a little every month.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

motions all over the house—"Oh how lovely she is." In my opinion no one can surpass her. Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh have her就好了ness but not her prettiness nor art of dressing. She appeals to all classes—the followers of Elsie Ferguson and Claire Windsor and Lillian Gish and also the less discriminating public.

MARY MCKINSTRY.

A Flapper's Frank Views

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: This is a letter of protest. Protest to our beloved Mary Pickford. I have just seen her new "Tess of the Storm Country," and I have come away sadly disappointed. How and why did Miss Pickford get the illusion that she could come back after nine years and play again the role that first made us love her so dearly? Surely she has made a great mistake! There was not a single case where Miss Pickford was perfectly as a reproduction of the novel. The second is a distorted version. Two have eliminated the most effective episodes, and also the humanism from "Tess" and her quitter friends. The various characters walk through their parts like so many sticks. If there are any in America who have forgotten the old "Tess of the Storm Country," they will doubtless be well pleased with the new. I remember Miss Pickford when she was an actress who put her heart and soul into her characters. These people cannot accept her present standard with "that something" missing. Please, please, Mary, never do it again!

HELEN M. FORCER.

A Boost for Home Talent

BUFFALO, N.Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why does the American public bestow such undue honors upon the foreign movie actors? We have equally good, if not much better, American actors. Let us be 100% Americans, and idolize our own first, in preference to foreigners.

I urge the American public to patronize "home talent" and bestow honors where they rightfully belong.

ADELE LUX.
Would You Hesitate to Accept This Invitation?

THERE are many people who would, of course. A formal function of this kind requires absolute knowledge of the correct thing to wear, say, to do. There is always the danger of doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, or saying the wrong thing at the wrong time—if one is not entirely sure of one's self.

When an invitation of this kind is received, it requires an acknowledgment. When should the acknowledgment be sent—at once, or after a few days? How should it be worded? To whom should it be addressed—to Mr. and Mrs. Atkins or just to Mrs. Atkins?

Let us pretend, for a moment, that this is an actual invitation and that you have accepted it. What would you wear to the dinner, formal or informal dress? How would you greet your hostess upon arrival? When you are introduced to other guests, what form of acknowledgment would you use? Would you say "Pleased to meet you"? Would you say "How do you do"? Would you say "I am delighted"?

Are any of these forms correct?

If you are a man and were introduced to a woman, would you offer your hand in acknowledgment? Should one woman offer her hand to another? In making an introduction, whose name should be mentioned first, the man's or the woman's?

Mistakes That Are Made in the Dining Room

Table etiquette betrays breeding as surely as a table of contents tells what a book contains. The cultured, well-bred person conducts himself or herself with a calm, dignified manner that every one recognizes—and admires. The person who is not used to good society, on the other hand, instantly betrays the fact by making impulsive little blunders, by being constrained, uncomfortable and embarrassed in manner.

It is not enough to know that olives are taken with fingers and that lettuce may not be cut with a knife. To have graceful, cultivated table manners one must know how to use the knife and fork correctly, how to eat every food properly, when to use the spoon, when the fork, when the fingers. One must know how to use the finger-bowl and the napkin; one must know what to say in case of an overturned glass of water or any other table accident; one must know when to rise from the table.

Some People Seem Tongue-Tied

Not only at formal dinners and formal dances, but even in informal functions some people feel constrained and tongue-tied. With their own friends they may be delightful conversationalists; but as soon as there are strangers present they feel suddenly unable to speak, unable to express their thoughts.

Have you ever felt tongue-tied at a party or dance? Have you ever found yourself alone with some man or woman to whom you had been introduced and found that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about? Have you ever been to a dinner where conversation lagged and everyone seemed strained, uncomfortable, even a bit stupid?

DIdn't you long to say something brilliant, to start conversation flowing smoothly, to make yourself admired as a clever conversationalist—envied as an ideal guest?

Perhaps there is a wedding just around the corner, or a party not so far away. Perhaps there is a dance you expect to attend, or a trip you are planning to make.

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THE PART THE PUBLIC PLAYS

The public is directly responsible for the advance or the stagnation of the photoplay. The player, the director, the exhibitor and the producer are all vital cogs in the great machine of the cinema—but back of the machine is the public.

The public can make or break—and you are the public.

Photoplay has often concerned itself with the duties of the integral factors of photoplay making—from the star to the showman—but what of the public's duty? What are you doing?

If certain producers find it profitable to fool the public with over-exploitation of mediocre pictures, it is because the public does not check up on its amusement shopping as it does on its grocer and its butcher. No one possessing intelligence permits short weighting or the foisting of substitutes.

Yet every day you buy adulterated photoplays and oleomargarine stars. You—of the public—are very credulous when it comes to motion pictures.

If the photoplay has made tremendous advances in the past ten years, it is because you encouraged—and, by your discrimination—rewarded each step with your interest, co-operation and support.

If the motion picture drama is to go onward, you must get behind it. If the silent play is at present in a state of lassitude, it is because the public—and you—are indifferent.

You can change all this almost overnight. If you want better pictures you can get them by supporting the finer things of the silversheet and starving out the inferior offerings. Don't stop when you complain to your exhibitor. Use the power of your purse.

Don't confine your activities to blacklisting the poorer productions. Encourage the standard bearers of the art. Boost a good picture to your exhibitor and to your friends.

Don't be afraid to condemn. And, more important, don't be afraid to boost.

Play your part!
The Tragedies of Pauline Frederick

By Ada Patterson

Pauline Frederick as she appeared in her most famous screen rôle, that of Madame X. Here she is shown uttering that singularly prophetic line, "Now I am alone."

TRAGEDY, mimic and real, has stalked through the life of Pauline Frederick.

Beautiful, talented, admired and famous. Yet Miss Frederick has never been happy. Perhaps it's fate. When you catch a glimpse of her in relaxed moments, you realize that tragedy has left its stamp upon her expressive face. A brooding sadness hangs about it as a veil. She has the pallor of disappointment with life. The folks of Middle Europe have an expressive name for this tragic pensiveness. They call it the look of "nachtsmirr," or world pain. Pauline Frederick's face bears the stamp of having suffered deeply.

It is true that Pauline Frederick has had many things that make for life's happiness. Harrison Fisher, the artist, once said that hers was the purest type of American beauty. At an actors' fund fair not so long ago she was adjudged "the most popular American actress," even above Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe.

It is not as if the tragedies of make-believe had found their way into her life. The tragedies of Pauline Frederick began when she was a child. When she was twelve years old her parents were divorced. The one child of the couple was allowed to choose which parent she would follow. Pauline chose her mother. To the new home there followed echoes of the distraught household they had left. An unhappy child's memory is a cavern through which ring reverberations from the past. Childhood's susceptibility to impressions is a blessing with an accursed lining—the inability to forget.

Pauline Frederick made no sudden leap to fame. Success, as the world spells it, came after years of struggle. She began as a chorus girl. In those days the chorus was a training school of footlight stars much as afterwards the bathing girl comedies of the screen were seminaries of future cinema divinities. Exactly twenty-one years ago Pauline Frederick made her first stage appearance in the chorus of the old Boston Music Hall. She has said of that beginning of her career: "They say the first step up the ladder is always the hardest and the longest. I've found that every successive step is long and hard."

Miss Frederick came to New York and joined the chorus of the Rogers Brothers. After that she was in the chorus of "The Princess of Kensington" and "It Happened in Nordland." Two years or more in the chorus taught her all the rigors of stage discipline and the ache of suppressed ambition.

Then it was that she succeeded in making the leap from musical comedy to the drama. She appeared in "The Little Gray Lady" and "Sampson." While she was leading woman in "The Fourth Estate," tragedy again touched her life. In her company was a young actor named Tommy Thorne. It was inevitable that he should fall in love with the beautiful Pauline Frederick. One morning Thorne was found dead in his hotel room. A few said that he had been made melancholy by the depressing character of the part which he played nine times a week. It was the rôle of an imaginative young reporter whose first assignment is the suicide of a woman who has died saying that she can no longer endure the ghastliness of life. But more believed that it was his hopeless love for the lovely leading woman that made life no longer tolerable to him. He knew that she was soon to be married. He also knew that there was no chance for him. He had told his friends that he could not live without her. So it was that he was found dead on his twenty-fifth birthday.

Shortly after came her marriage to Frank M. Andrews, the brilliant Pauline Frederick at the height of her early speaking stage career, when she played the leading rôle in "Innocent."
and wealthy architect of the Equitable Building and the Hotel McAlpin. They were married seven days after his first wife divorced him. It was a mad love match. Andrews consented to his wife remaining on the stage but he was so lonely when her stage work took her to Chicago, that, she said, "his brokenhearted letters brought me back to New York."

So it was that she left the stage, determined to find her happiness in domesticity. But two years later found her back behind the footlights again. She said, "My husband has grown indifferent to me." At all events, he went "for his health." Miss Frederick secured a New York divorce. Soon afterwards, the architect failed in business. Those who read the news of Frank Andrews, partner of President Taft's brother, being in the bankruptcy court, said, "It is unlucky to love Polly Frederick."

This curious Broadway superstition had grown from earlier incidents in the life of Miss Frederick. Disaster came to Wilbur E. Bates, who, associated with Klaw and Erlanger, had been interested in Miss Frederick's career as a producer. Ultimately he lost his attractive wife, his business success and his touch of prosperity. E. R. Thomas, the young millionaire who had assisted in the production of "The Little Gray Lady," met disaster, too. He separated from his beautiful wife, Linda Lee, and was later maimed and nearly killed in an automobile accident.

When Miss Frederick returned to the stage, just prior to her divorce, it was in the Biblical drama, "Joseph and his Brethren," in which she played Potiphar's seductive wife who longed for Joseph's coat of many colors. In it was a line that set Broadway wisesacres shaking their heads. It was: "Many men have loved her and but evil has overtaken them. I know one who died."

Again Miss Frederick entered Cupid's domain. She married Willard Mack. At that time Mack was at the
doubtlessly have been different. Miss Frederick continued her screen work at Hollywood. Several minor love affairs came to her but the influence of Mack was ever there. Finally, in New York, she saw him again and, her friends believe, agreed to remarry him, if he promised to change. Once more she went West.

But Destiny intended differently. Mack, it is said, gave out an announcement to the newspapers and, forgetting his promises, again fell a victim to alcohol. Miss Frederick broke off with him and Mack promptly announced his engagement to another.

Once again tragedy stalked in her life. That afternoon, Miss Frederick, accompanied by Jack Gardner and his wife, Louise Dresser, went motoring to Santa Ana, and married Dr. Charles Alton Rutherford. That was in February of last year. Dr. Rutherford was a favorite relative of her mother's. Indeed, "Polly" and Dr. Rutherford had been boy and girl sweethearts when they spent their summers on adjoining farms near Watertown. N. Y. Stored away in his heart, was his boyhood love for Miss Frederick. He had often promised to visit the star and her mother in California but something had always intervened. Miss Frederick used to smile and say to her mother, "I'll end by marrying the doctor when he does come."

The runaway marriage ended with a wedding breakfast at high noon in an owl wagon in a quaint Santa Ana street. Almost immediately Miss Frederick, her friends say, regretted her hasty action. While Dr. Rutherford had loved her from a distance through the years, the two were in no wise suited for each other. Miss Frederick had whispered to him on the wedding day: "You're such a safe person." But a safe harbor and a mad love are poles apart. The old shadow of—

Left, a recent portrait of Miss Frederick as she appears in her new stage play, "The Guilty One."

Above, Miss Frederick and her mother.

As Potiphar's wife in "Joseph and His Brethren," Miss Frederick touched the highest point of her picturesque early stage career.
Introducing Ivor Novello

Who keeps the home fires burning by turning his profile to the camera for Mr. Griffith

By Delight Evans

Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper as they appear in the film version of "The Bohemian Girl"

It was one of those high-ceilinged, dimly-lighted rooms. There was a great open fireplace, and heavy carved furniture, and a knight in armor standing in a shadowy corner, and a grand piano. It was one of those scenes on which the first curtain often rises—an English country-house setting. Nice blonde British girl should be sitting at piano, softly playing and singing some old ballad, preferably with a "Hey nonny nonny-oh" refrain. Nice British boy in tweeds should come bounding in with tennis racket and other sounds including, "I say, what a priceless day, and you indoors, and all that sort of thing." Nice British butler should appear silently and announce somebody's maiden aunt.

That's the way it should have been. Of course, it wasn't anything like that. All. The butler, to begin with, was oriental. There was no stage-British conversation. The piano bench was deserted. And when a nice British boy came in, he was not in tweeds, and he neglected to bound. He was, I rather regret to say, in pajamas. The lounging-suit sort, very vivid. Handsomely inhabited by Ivor Novello.

He stopped short when he saw me. "Oh," he said; and that was all he said. But one "oh" was sufficient to inform me that I was a great disappointment to him. If I had expected bounding tweeds, so had he. He recovered first. He called his mother.

She entered and he exited. She is Madame Clara Novello Davies, who coaches singers for sixty dollars an hour. She gave me fifteen dollars' worth of her time. She is young and charming; she should be induced to give up coaching and take up acting real mothers in the movies.

He returned. This time he was in tweeds, and he did bound. He bounded more gracefully than Pavlova's partner. Mr. Griffith must have him bound a bit in "The White Rose."

He had been working hard—very hard. Till all hours the night before. He has to get up every day at eight to catch a nine-o'clock train for Mamaroneck, where Mr. Griffith inconsiderately maintains his studios. It seems when D. W. is interested in a scene, he wants to see it through, and he persists in gathering his actors about him and working, and working. The brute!

But Ivor Novello wasn't feel- [continued on page 106]
Here is Miss Ruth Nagel, two-year-old daughter of Conrad and Ruth Nagel, in her latest afternoon frock. Ruthie loves those garters—can you blame her? She is an only child, but her father says he’s thinking of adopting a boy a year older so they can grow up together and get married and thus keep the family together!

Her name is Elizabeth Marshall Holt, but to a favored few she is known as Betty. She possesses that provocative combination—soft golden hair and sparkling brown eyes. Betty has a brother and sister but they are too big to be pictured here. She is, as you’ve guessed, the baby of the Jack Holt household.

[to be continued next month]
Star Babies of Hollywood

To the right—we defy you to look at this young lady long without smiling. She’s Loris Niblo, only daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett. Her father has directed Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino, but he admits his daughter has him licked.

Left, below—Billy Windsor, often called the most beautiful baby in the film colony. Bill’s glad he looks like his mother, Claire, but you can’t call him a baby and get away with it.

Right, below—Zasu Ann Gallery and her highly prized imported White Baby Hound. Zasu’s parents are Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, and she’s just one year old.
HAROLD LLOYD and Mildred Davis have just signed a new, long-term contract, to co-star in a serial called "Married Life," directed by Dan Cupid, under the supervision of Hal Roach. Harold played tag with love for a long time, but the other day he decided that since Mildred isn't playing his leading lady on the screen any longer, he'd better sign her up domestically so he could see her once in a while. They have been the best of friends ever since the little blonde girl became the fair foil for Lloyd's spectaced humor. So the other day Harold knocked off work long enough to marry Mildred—and rushed right back to the studio to finish his newest comedy. They will have their honeymoon trip later.
BETWEEN Havana and New York, Richard Barthelmess has been making Joseph Hergesheimer's tale of Cuban revolution, "The Bright Shawl," into a photoplay, with Dorothy Gish as chief aid. Dick plays a young American while Dorothy is La Clavel, from old Seville, a fiery Spanish dancer who gives her life for the cause of Cuban liberty. Director John Robertson promised a new Dorothy as the indolent La Clavel.

It is interesting to note that Dick wears the clothes and shoes originally worn by John Barrymore in the stage "Peter Ibbetson" and the film "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As the action of the story has been shifted back to 1850, Barthelmess was able to accept the famous clothes of this generation's best Hamlet. All of which proves a surprising fact: Dick and John are of exactly the same stature. Which may or may not surprise you.
Love,
Mystery
and
Motion
Pictures
are a mighty
combination—
they are the
ingredients
of this
New Novel

By
Frederic
Arnold
Kummer

JOY MORAN, wrapped in the profound
sleep of early morning, was awakened
by a noise in the corridor.
She got up rather resentfully and going
into the tiny hall outside her bedroom,
slid back the bolt of the door.
A man came in, humming gaily, and, with
facile apologies, made his somewhat uncer-
tain way to the living room.
His face, handsome in spite of its marks of dissipation,
was unhealthily flushed. He lurched to a chair,
still singing with lively good humor,

"Brian O'Lynn had no watch to put on,
He got him a turnip and made him a wan,
He caught him a cricket and put it within—
'Whist to its tickin', says Brian O'Lynn.'"

By way of accompaniment to the song he flipped his watch-
chain carelessly against the arm of the chair. There was no
watch attached to it; Joy knew, from its absence, the source of
the alcoholic tide by which her father was now submerged.
She had been awakened from a familiar dream, in which she
was invariably confronted by a great brazen door. From its
further side she always heard the scratching of a key, the sound
of a far-off voice, the crashing of heavy blows. This door, in
her dreams at least, was never opened, for at the precise mo-
ment when the noises outside became loudest, she always
awoke.

She stood against the door-frame, slender and round as a
young birch. The heavy plaits of her hair matched in darkness
her eyebrows and lashes, but the color of the eyes beneath them
was uncertain, at times blue, at others, grey, like mountain
pools reflecting changing skies. Just now the skies were stormy,
as she observed her father's flushed face, noted the sag of his
once fine shoulders, the bulging lines of his formerly slender
waist. There was disillusionment in her eyes—a disillusion-
ment no father should ever permit himself to see in the eyes of
"We've had enough classical stuff," said Watrous.
"Put on that new thing of Berlin's.
Let's dance."
He held out his arms and Joy rose,
in spite of the anger in Lloyd's face.

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

SECRET

his child, yet beneath it Martin Moran might have glimpsed a look of deep and unchanging love.

His own fine features revealed the source of Joy's vivid young beauty, but he had spent his good looks as lavishly as he had spent the money they brought him; had regarded them as an account which could never be overdrawn. At fifty he still cherished this delusion, although his mirror should have told him that old age is no respecter of persons—not even of the persons of successful leading men. Martin Moran was one of those delightful but unfortunate creatures who do not know how to grow old.

"Sorry, Baby—awfully sorry," he said, regarding Joy with a truculent look. "Too bad, breakin' in on your resh-resht like this. Big night at the club. Wonderful night. Morsh—hic—Morshberger's been tellin' me about his new play. Wonderful play. Goin' to give me the lead in it. What d'you think of that? Fact. Rehearsals begin nex't—nest Wensday." He regarded his watch-chain stupidly for a moment, then thrust it into his pocket. "What time'sh it, m'dear?"

"It's half past four," Joy said wearily, "and I have a rehearsal at eleven. Oh, father, why can't you—"

"Never mind, m'dear," Mr. Moran interrupted, raising a warning hand. "Let bygones be bygones. I'm goin' to make it all up to you—absolutely. Can't have my Baby slavin' for me like this. Refush to permit it. Refush absolutely. Go to bed." He waggled his head solemnly, then rested it against the back of the chair, suddenly asleep.

Joy gazed helplessly about the tiny room. Not more than a dozen feet square, it still managed to contain a piano, a carved oak cupboard, a day-bed, a table with a pot-bellied Japanese lamp and several chairs. One had to pick one's way through a confusion of furniture in order to get safely about; Joy had many times assisted her father through this maze to the safe haven of the day-bed on which he slept. It accounted for her habit of bolting the door, for her familiar dream. It would never do to permit him to attempt that little journey across the room unassisted.
Suddenly Joy started. Her father, waking from his momentary sleep, had allowed his hand to slip gently back toward his hip. With a quick movement she took from him the haloed flask he had drawn from his pocket, evaded his attempts to retrieve it.

"Please, Baby—just one more," he begged. "A nightcap. I need it—honestly I do." He held out his hand like a naughty child.

"Not until you're ready (or bed)," Joy told him, and went into the little kitchenette which, with the bath, occupied the space between the front room, and her own in the rear.

The prospect of the nightcap hastened her father's preparations for bed. In a few moments he called to her that he was ready to turn in.

Joy filled a glass from the flash and took it to him. He gulped down the liquor with feverish haste.

"A H—that's better," he said, then seeing the sombre look in her eyes he reached out his arms, drew her to him with sudden tenderness. The empty glass tinkled to the floor. "My poor little Baby," he whispered, "I wish you had a better dad. But everything's goin' to be all right, soon as Morshberger's play goes on. Don't worry, Baby. Go to sleep now. Good night." He kissed her with tears of penitence in his eyes, then buried his face in the pillows. Before Joy had finished raising the window, turning off the lights, he was asleep.

To her, however, sleep did not come so quickly. It was not an easy matter to put from her mind such scenes as the one through which she had just passed. In spite of the fact that her father's return home in the wee small hours of the morning, usually the worse for liquor, had of late become almost a nightly occurrence, she found herself invariably and inexpressibly shocked. There was always present in her mind the picture of "Daddie" as she had first known him—a superb and dashing figure, a superman, so vitally handsome that matinee girls wrote him "mash" letters by the hundred, and her mother, who was not of the stage, pretended to be proud of his success with women, in public, and cried her eyes out in secret because of it.

Even when she had grown in years, and younger men had begun to make her father fight for the favors which fortune had little by little made his own, and the loss of sleep, with the keen intensity of youth, had continued to believe him the handsomest, the most wonderful person in the world.

Had he been a wiser, a less conceited man, he would have made some effort to adjust himself to the changing years; have seen a message in his increasing girth, his sagging cheeks, the touch of frost along his temples, but Martin Moran remained the eternal egotist, picturing himself, now, as the dashing young lover. He attempted to deny the grim message of his mirror by the use of stays, hair-dyes and all the other futile devices by which men of his type attempt to cling to a passing youth. The result was inevitable; it manifested itself in lack of engagements, and a growing scarcity of money that forced him and his higher-class friends from the gorgeousness of an apartment on Fifty-ninth Street to shabby quarters in second-rate theatrical hotels, from one of which Mrs. Moran was carried to her final resting place, leaving Joy and her father to face life alone.

The girl's name was reminiscent of the first flush of happiness that Martin Moran and his lovely young wife had known, when success had made the whole world seem a thing of joy. Now only her name remained to show that she had lived, and had been loved, and had been esteemed for all of her, for all of her, for jo—Joy and her efforts.

She gave her youth, her beauty, her talents freely, in order to provide him with at least an echo of the luxuries that had once been his; argued, indeed, that she owed him this, since he had so often sold all she had shown him. His own growing sadness she watched the slow decay of an ideal, saw her father become a pitiful figure whose weaknesses she was obliged to forgive, whose childhood she was obliged to humor with a tenderness almost maternal—as though the child had become the parent, the parent, the child. And as her respect for him vanished, her love, by some divine process, continued growing.

"A hundred dollars for liquor did she fight, but the effort brought her nothing, and she would not deny this final source of a fugitive, a borrowed youth, even though he had to strip himself bare of self-respect to obtain it. A more ruthless woman might have ignored the accident of paternity and left him to his fate, but Joy was not ruthless, and in this lay her greatest fault.

She crept into bed, drew the covers over her shoulders, and sleep would not come in spite of her need of it. The weight of her responsibilities terrified her; it was half-past six before her tired nerves relaxed, and her alarm clock was set for nine. Luckily, she thought, as she drifted off to sleep, she would not have to get her father any breakfast; long experience had taught her that he would wake up well before nine.

From the mantelpiece which faced her as she slept, the picture of a man regarded her smilingly—a young man, with bright, devil-may-care eyes, and a most winning smile. It was a photograph of Jean Romain, the famous screen star, and to Joy, the hero of many a charming day-dream.
No, I shouldn't say lack of experience was Joy's trouble, even though she hasn't had the usual drilling in stock."

"Well, if lack of experience isn't her trouble, what is?"

"I haven't said there was any trouble with Joy, have I? You're the one said that. And it surprised me, too, because I had an idea you two were very strong for each other."

Lloyd ground the butt of his cigarette in an ash tray.

"We are. At least, I am for Joy. I don't know just how she feels about me. A charming girl. Mac. Thoroughbred to her fingertips. And a bully good actress, as you say, especially in light comedy parts. Bully good. But I do think stock work would help her, and it's because I'm so anxious to see her succeed that I say it. Nobody knows better than you how badly most of our leading women need training—the sort of training you get abroad."

"Rather."

McKay laughed silently, his huge body rippling. "But I never judge American actresses by foreign standards. Our audiences prefer beauty, youth, charm, to technical skill, nine-tenths of the time. Joy has them all. She ought to be starring, in five years—that is, if she isn't grabbed off by the picture people. She's just the type. And it would mean a lot more money."

"Money isn't the whole show."

Feeling as he did about Joy, Lloyd feared to lose her, in the great world of the screen. "Joy has ambitions. She wants to become a great actress. That's why I advise stock."

"It all depends on what you ask from life," McKay interrupted. "Most women nowadays would give their eye teeth to be successful in the movies. It means money—applause—fame, of the sort most people want. If she had a chance to get into screen work right, I'll bet she'd jump at it."

"I'm not so sure. Her father hates the pictures like the devil does holy water. He's filled Joy up with the same ideas."

"H—m. Martin Moran hates pictures because he's never been a success in them. It makes him sore to see boys half his age drawing down thousands a week, when he can't get hundreds. But it strikes me he's the last person in the world to advise Joy to live for art's sake. She supports him, doesn't she?"

"Yes, confound it. He hasn't done a lick of work since 'The Merry Marriage' closed, and that's been all of two years ago. I tried to get him into Webber's show—His Royal Highness'—last year, but when he found the part—Captain Jones, it was—only paid a hundred a week he wouldn't look at it. Martin's dead, and doesn't know it. I've advised Joy a dozen times to give him the air, but she won't do it."

"No. Joy isn't that sort. But I imagine she must lead a dog's life, trying to keep the old man straight. I saw him in here the other night with Morsberger. Both of them tight. Rather pathetic, I thought—two old duffers like that trying to kid each other into believing they're just as good as they were twenty years ago. And with burn liquor, too. Yes—it must be mighty hard on Joy."

"It is."

Lloyd rose and paid his bill. "She'd be much better off if it weren't for her father. He's holding her back in every way. But she'll make good, some day—if she takes my advice. So long."

He stopped in the lobby of the club for a few moments, chatting with some friends, then went toward Broadway.

It was almost two o'clock, and the matinee crowds filled the sidewalks. Lloyd, conscious of his good looks, smiled with pleasure when he saw that someone recognized him. He longed for the day when everybody would do so—when his features would be as well known as those of Jack Dempsey, or Douglas Fairbanks.

Joy was sitting in her dressing room as Lloyd came along the corridor, chatting with Sammy Klein.

"What are you doing around here today, Sammy?" he asked.

"Telling Joy the plot of that play we wrote last night?"

"Here y'are, m' dear," Joy's father mumbled. "Plenty money—plenty."

With shaking fingers he dropped a handful of bills and silver from his pocket. The better part fell on to the floor.
“Oh—that. Some drama—what?” he laughed. “We’ll get at it this summer, if I don’t go to London. But I’m here for a different reason, today. Thinking of making some changes in our second act curtain.”

“Better let well enough alone,” Lloyd frowned. “Got seven calls last night.”

“Seven. I only counted six. And it ought to be sixteen. The material’s all there. Only needs to be acted. Look here, Arthur—you talk about letting well enough alone—do you know what we did, last week—in real money, I mean?”

“Oh—around twelve thousand.”

“Father told me, when he woke up a little while ago,” Joy said, her voice bravely steady, “that while drinking last night he lost a great deal of money, gambling, and in order to pay for it, raised the check you gave him to five hundred dollars.” The color flamed to her cheeks as she spoke the words.

“Twelve thousand nothing. Barely ten. And in this house, with our overhead, we’ve got to do ten or better to break even. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Compton says we’ve got to do something to put more punch into that curtain, and I guess he’s right. I’m going to work Joy here into it more. The audiences like her—like her part. She’s been sidetracked a bit, I’m afraid, for the sake of you, and Max Fieldner, and Vera Grant.”

“Vera’s part is pretty fat,” Lloyd said, with a furtive glance down the corridor. Professional vanity caused him to oppose the cutting of any of his own [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]
What are Matinee Idols made of?

The secret is herewith revealed, and, incidentally, Ramon Novarro's recipe that's to earn him a million dollars.

By Herbert Howe

Our brawny, nuxated he-stars may scorn the title of matinee idol in public, but in the privacy of their own home-breweries they know that without the seal of the matinee-maid they'd be back with the plough, the cuspidors or the notions.

It's the woman who pays and pays and pays for the upkeep of the Hollywood beaux. The hand that shakes the chatelaine rules the screen.

She may not count for much at the polls, but at the boxoffice her two-bit ballot controls the situation, making and unmaking stars.

Ramon Novarro, as he appears with Alice Terry in "Where the Pavement Ends," photographed in Florida

An actor distasteful to women has about as much chance of winning popularity as an alley cat on Pola Negri's "set." It is erroneous to suppose, however, that because the ladies like a man it follows he's a powder nose.

Don't confuse the man with his stellar shade. If Valentino lived up to his screen reputation he'd have Don Juan looking like a pilgrim father. Having known the signor's record for several years, I can testify that he, not Juan, is the pilgrim boy so far as trifling with hearts is concerned.

It's the innocent little Charlie Chaplin who seems to be the real rascal. Such are the paradoxes of the screen.

While men admire the work of the screen Valentino, we must in all justice render credit to the ladies for having established him where he is today.

Consider also the electoral constituents of such hearties as Meighan, Moreno, Lytell and O'Brien—yea, even the husky Bill Hart and Robin Hood Doug; to say nothing of such past masters as Bushman, Williams, Costello, Kerrigan and Wilbur.

What power do these heroes possess to distinguish them from the rest of us miserable males?

Since Ramon Novarro is the latest to win queenly favor and the attendant royal swag, I sought from him the secret, hoping to tip off some fellow man, who, like myself, may have a heart of gold that he hasn't been able to cash.

"I believe in Dr. Coue," said Ramon.

And still I didn't know the half of it.

He may be getting better [continued on page 104]
An Epic of Old New England

The whole town of New Bedford, Massachusetts, made a screen appearance in John Pell's "Down to the Sea in Ships." When the Elmer Clifton company went up there on location, the conservative townspeople turned out, rolled up their sleeves, and pitched in to help make a motion picture portraying the picturesque old whaling days. The scenes you'll see are authentic, for they were filmed on the spot. For extras, the director called upon representatives of the oldest and staidest families. The Quaker meeting house, a century old, was one of the "sets." And so the spirit of old New England was caught by the camera.

In the oval picture, Marguerite Courtot, heroine of "Down to the Sea in Ships," examines the wedding gowns worn by Miss Sarah Frank Allen and Mrs. Charles R. Price. The gowns are 120 and 125 years old respectively. Directly above, the stalwart square-rigger, "Charles W. Morgan," makes a film début at the age of ninety.

To the left—a scene from the photoplay. The boat is being overturned by an indignant whale. Not only one, but nine whales were harpooned in the course of the cruise. Real thrills—the whalers are all descendants of the whaling kings of former days. That's Raymond McKee, actor, about to leap overboard.
The Great Will Hays Troupe
in its stupendous and death-defying feature of the great 1923 motion picture circus
Chic Styles from the Fashion Centers as worn by

Sand colored salome velvet. An old world sophistication and a simplicity that is almost deceptive. A medieval silhouette, fluted bindings of self material, and a full skirt that is slightly shorter in the front. Only slim, graceful youth could wear this frock. In other words—Bebe Daniels!

One of the gowns that Andree Lafayette—whose real name is Andree de la Bigne—will bring with her from Paris. Andree is Richard Walton Tully's new film discovery; she will play the coveted title role in his production of "Trilby." She has a distinctive clothes taste—as proved by the daringly innocent lines of this geranium and black afternoon dress. From Modeleine and Modeleine

Something of the Puritan—1923 model—is in this black satin frock with its softly gathered long skirt and its demure collar and tab of embroidered batiste. The ribbon that forms the belt and keeps the tab in place, is of double faced satin, and is quite narrow
Bebe Daniels, Andree Lafayette and Hedda Hopper

The latest in brides, from "Glimpses of the Moon," which Allan Dwan is making from the novel by Edith Wharton. Bebe Daniels is as slender and glimmering as a moon-lady, herself! Soft white satin, tulle, orange blossoms and pearls—following an early empire outline. Notice especially the see-puffed sleeves.

Hedda Hopper in a wrap-around coat designed for early spring wear. Of dark, soft cloth, draped slightly on the left hip and fastened with one odd, carvel button. The embroidery is very heavy and matches, in tone, the narrow ribbons that trim the small mushroom hat.

Another of the Andree Lafayette frocks. A delicate, cobwebby dress—created by Jenny from white georgette crepe which falls, in classic Greek lines, over a foundation of ivory satin. The edges are embroidered in tiny crystal beads, the hemline is decidedly uneven, and—there is only one sleeve!
The Spring Gowns, from Paris and New York via

Again from “Glimpses of the Moon.” In a gown so long that one is scarcely permitted a glimpse of the famous Daniels feet. Mist-like gray chiffon, with bands of chinchilla finishing the short, tight sleeves, the underskirt and the curious neckline. Purple ribbon, falling from the waist, gives a striking color note.

Hedda Hopper’s tea gown is touched with chinchilla fur—a gossamer thing of chiffon and cloth that manages to be both clinging and metallic. With long tassels and exotic bits of embroidery.

Andree Lafayette likes very much this dinner dress of shaded chiffon—deep rose at the hem slowly fading into faint pink at the neck. Accordian pleated, from top to bottom, edged by pearls, belled with a sash of silver. A Reine model.
the Photoplay, sound note of classic simplicity

Turquoise blue velvet tea gown, the draped skirt fastened at the left side with a cluster of hand-made silk flowers mounted upon silver lace. Bands of chinchilla fur—Miss Daniels' favorite—are the only trimmings.

Paris incarnate. The keynote of Andree Lafayette's every gown. This, by Madeleine Vionnet, is of white crepe de chine embroidered in silver. With a pointed hemline, a train, and a garland of large, flat roses banding the hips.

Hedda Hopper's evening dress is made of heavy crepe satin, exquisitely draped and with only a pearl ornament—to match her lustrous rope of pearls—for trimming. Brocaded slippers and very sheer stockings finish the picture.

The sports hat? It is saucy and intriguing and a thrill with spring. Felt and feathers and an indescribable air of chic.
Close-ups and Long Shots

By Herbert Howe

Decorations by John Held, Jr.

GANG WAY!

For Knock 'Em Dead McGregor On His Way To Stardom.

Our "Find" of the Month

Mr. Malcolm McGregor

Considering the way he mopped up the screen with the villain in "Broken Chains" and beat up a bolt of assorted actors in "All the Brothers Were Valiant," this boy is out to clean up Hollywood single-handed.

So Here's Bottoms Up To Man-Eating Mac!

Volcanoes: The most beautiful spectacles we saw in all Europe were Mt. Etna and Pola Negri. Etna was inactive. I suppose some people can't get it through their airbrobes why she isn't always that way, just as some of the Hollywood nuggets can't understand why Pola Negri has temperament. Every great actress who ever lived has had temperament. If the divine fire could be quenched she would be no greater than any of our soda-watered specialties.

Making Mary Mad: When Ernst Lubitsch saw the script of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which Mary Pickford engaged him to direct, he is said to have groaned and made confetti. Despite Mother Pickford's admonition that it's bad policy, Mary insists upon telling what Ernst said to Doug. "I've got to tell her the truth," cried Ernst, "will she get mail from me?" Mary's fury was manifested by accepting Ernst's suggestion to do "Faust" and her proclamation that she intended to forget everything she had ever done or learned. It looks as though the day had arrived when little Mary will enter upon the greater things of which we have always believed her capable.

Out of the Water into the Ark: Our critic remarked not long ago that a spiritual change had come over Cecil B. de Mille. We'll say so after viewing the "stills" of "Adam's Rib." Cecil used to feature lathing beauties and now he's chasing dinosaurs.

Madonna," by Robert W. Service — And made me think of The Young King in the Fairy tale — How we played games on the floor — And what a good loser you were — When I won "Around The World With Nelly Bly.

Then I got that letter in Rome — In which you said you liked the story I wrote about you — And thought it fine — And I couldn't have felt better if I'd gone up the Sacred Stairs on my knees. That's how I feel about endorsement from you — made me forget all that the thanks I never got from others — Yours is enough — Because no one could be so sincere or more intelligent.

Now you're a millionaire — And I'm writing this to say I'm glad — Never mind what they say about your earning more than the President — If you don't know that you're a Young King worth more than all the old kings who ever lived — And, Jackie — If ever you feel you can afford to accept the presidency — Why, here's my vote — most sincerely yours — H. H.

Betsy's Always a Lady: Penrhyn Stanlaws, criticizing the beauty of his former star, Betty Compson, says that she is "muscle-bound." But that's nothing to what she could say about his direction.

Little Red Robin Hood: Doug Fairbanks is quoted as saying: "Will Hays has nothing whatever to do with the art or morals of the motion picture industry. He is simply the hired intermediary or 'fixer.'" Not only has Robin Hood turned "red" and defied the Czar but he has organized a little group of Bolsheviki, consisting of Mary, Pola, Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd. Their purpose is to fight for their independence in making and marketing their pictures. No taxation without representation. He is the program system that keeps players from devoting their best efforts to the screen. It is a declaration of religious independence, we take it. And high time, for if the star, not the producer who is blamed when a picture bearing his name is poor. The public says: "We like Harold Lloyd pictures," not Associated Exhibitors Pictures. If the picture is poor, the public says, "Harold Lloyd is slipping," not Associated Exhibitors. The same is true of Thomas Meighan pictures, Mary Pickford pictures and every other star-featuring picture. In the past producers have tried to kill the star system, but have only succeeded in killing stars. Now it is the stars' turn to kill the producers' system. Just leave it to little red Robin Hood and his bow and arrow — he'll fix the sparrow caws.

A Hollywood Cavalier: We doff the sombrero to Jesse L. Lasky this month for signing Antonio Moreno to a five year contract. Here's an actor, a gentleman and a lightning-dashing personality. For his screen performance in serials we recall the vivid figure he cut with Edith Storey in "The Isle of Regeneration," and it was the same vivid, eye-blazing Spaniard who reappeared in "My American Wife." In all our Hollywood years we have never known a more genuine cavalier. In plain old-fashioned American — A Man of Honor. That's Tony Moreno.

Cecil念佛: There isn't a juvenile whose heart hasn't yearned for the part of Ben Hur, the world-famous chariot jockey. We favored Ramon Novarro after seeing the pictures he had taken of himself dressed up in the800-pound towell furiously driving the kitchen chair. But for form and speed they'll all have to go some to outstrip the original Ben Hur of the screen — Miss Betty Blythe-Shelby.  

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]
Chapter III—Hollywood

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 the dance, I was utterly unknown in Hollywood. I was just a beginner like thousands of others. Don’t think that people exclaimed upon meeting me, “Here is a wonderful find!” No one hailed me for photographic qualities, for personality or for anything else. Nor do introductions mean much. Every director and official and star in Hollywood meet innumerable people every month who cherish a hope of breaking into the picture business. Even if an aspirant seems to have certain qualities suitable for the work, it isn’t easy to find an opportunity for him. I’m positive that hundreds of wonderful bets are turned away from the studio gates with failure in their hearts. I sincerely sympathize with a beginner. I know that among them there have been fellows quite as capable as ever I was. Perhaps they didn’t have my luck, or perhaps they lacked the tenacity that is more essential than talent.

My tenacity was bred of necessity. I was determined never to return to dancing. But I had to—at times—in order to earn a temporary livelihood. Not that I felt I was above the work. I sincerely admire such artists as Nijinsky and Mordkin. But I did not feel I had their talents, nor did I have any real ambition to follow in their paths.

In this Chapter

Valentino before the Gates of Hollywood tells how he welcomed his first job as “extra” at five a day. How he fought the fight that everyone must wage who wants to break into pictures. His amusing experience with medieval armor that made him “rattle like an old decayed Ford.”

His love-at-first-sight, romantic proposal and hasty marriage to Jean Acker. The turning point of his luck, when he played “The Four Horsemen” and met Natacha Rambova.

His courtship and “the slow-growing sympathy of understanding out of which came real, enduring love.”

His plans for the future.
Always I have wanted to be an actor. Perhaps it was not an active desire, for I scarcely considered that I had any ability. It amused me to read the other day that I have such superb self-confidence. That is one thing that I have lacked, one thing which I think essential and which I admire in any person.

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 Whittel, then the wife of Robert Warwick. I received five dollars a day, like the other "extras."

But 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 Taillie. 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 at-
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 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 Emmett 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.

When Valentino played a "bit" as an Apache with Earle Williams in "A Rogue's Romance," Director James Young predicted he would be a great actor. Encouraging words that meant a lot to Rudy.

"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 only recently and advertised: Rodolph Valentino in "The Married Virgin."

So I started 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 Emmett 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 hovary tough in my picture?" he asked.

"I will play anything," I said, delighted to get the seven-fifty a day.

Incidentally, Emmett 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 hovary 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 "Oh! Bob!" When I reached home I received a telephone call offering me the role of leading man in "The Big Little Person" with Mae.

It seems they had been looking all around for a man who suited the part, and I had just happened to walk on to the scene at the right moment. After all, luck is the chief director of movie destinies.

In one scene I was to appear in armor on a white charger. All I could find in the way of armor where they sent me was some awful, thin-plated stuff I considered impossible.

I have always been a crank about details, and naturally I couldn't see the imitation armor. I went over to another costumer's and found a beautiful suit. But it was for a man of about six feet-two with a forty-eight chest. However, I figured that by squeezing the plates and wearing a cape over the back it wouldn't look so badly. I telephoned Universal telling them that the other suits were terrible, but that for an extra fifteen dollars a week I could get the real stuff. They refused to pay the additional fifteen.

"All right," I said magnificently, "I'll pay it."

Another illustration of my woeful lack of economic sense—paying fifteen a week out of my hundred just to give a little more realism to the picture.

With much difficulty I managed to harness on the trappings and set out for location, rattling like an old decayed Ford. I had told the assistant director to get a big strong horse because I weighed as much as a whole steel plant. And of course the part called for a prancing milk-white charger such as a knight would ride.

When the time came for me to mount they led forward the steed. Of all the shrivelled, pitiful spectacles of horse flesh I ever saw that old mare was the prize! She fairly collapsed at the sight of me, but I managed to get on to her with the assistance of about six property men. I was as unwieldy as an old kitchen range. The stirrups were not wide enough for the square toes of my medieval costume, and so I had to thrust my feet in side-ways, then turn them. My helmet pressed horribly against my temples, and the steel plates seemed to be carving up my anatomy. Finally, after great struggle, I was seated, a staff was placed in my hand and a sword at my side. The cameras were ready to shoot, when suddenly the sun, thinking it all a huge joke, disappeared and left me sitting on the horse for three hours. When at length there was enough light for photographing, the scene was taken in about ten minutes. After the horse and I had been disentangled, I sprawled on to the ground, absolutely overcome by the heat, my body a mass of marks and bruises. I don't know what became of the poor horse, but I daresay they had to carry it home.

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, and, faith, me name was Jimmy Calhoun. What an Irishman I made!

The following picture offered nothing for me. The hero was a young American woodsman. It seems I could play Irishmen but not Americans. Ralph Graves—in "The Last of the Mohicans," and I had a part in "The Big Little Person"—had 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 give me a recommendation, which 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 dated, for I went out and bought a suit of clothes, 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

In order to play in "Beyond the Rocks" with Gloria Swanson, at a thousand a week, Valintino gave the company an option on his services that led to the fatal contract which now keeps him from the screen.

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 and a carefree 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 Rogue'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
On "location" making up for "The Sheik," which brought Valentino into full vogue and earned, it is said, three million dollars. The star was then earning $500 a week.

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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

The title "Beyond the Rocks" might refer to Rudolph's progression, for after completing it he was sailing swiftly into the greatest public favor ever bestowed upon a star.

As El Gallardo in "Blood and Sand," Valentino again proved to the world that he is a subtle artist, a glowing character colorist.
The Romantic History

CHAPTER XIII

IT was a sultry day in the blazing mid-summer of 1907. The windows of the old brown stone mansion at 11 East 14th street were open to their widest to catch a breath of any breeze that might stir across New York. On the west was dignified Fifth avenue and on the east was the tawdry sun-baked greenery of Union Square.

Down in the street there rose a medley of noises, the clanging of the cars, the shouting of the newsboys, the clatter of the horse cabs, the honk honk of the bulb horns of the occasional horseless carriages, and over it all the ceaseless grinding of the phonographs, the ballyhoos for the peep show arcades, the palmists’ parlors and the nickelodeon picture shows. There were snippets of “Somebody’s Sweetheart”, “Dearie, My Dearie,” “Tammany,” and “I Wonder Who Is Kissing Her Now?” All hits of the year.

Inside at Number 11 something of a hush had fallen on the activities of the busy establishment, the studio of the American Biograph Company.

In the reception room the chairs were lined with types, the waiting “extras.” There were dejected old men with beards, smart alec young men with very high collars, women fat and women lean, girls dark and girls blonde, the flappers of ’07. They called them brokers then. They wore high pomegranate skirts and dresses of summery organdy with skirts that discreetly reached to their shootops at least.

It was a rather unprofitable day for the extras, sitting there in impatience for their chance at a try in the pictures and a check for three dollars.

The studio was not deeply interested in making pictures that day. There was a tense atmosphere that had nothing to do with the weather.

Employees were inclined to draw together and talk in low tones. There was a lot of conjecture, speculation, uncertainty. Maybe there was a shake-up coming. There were rumors of all sorts.

A stocky, squarely built, determined looking man with extraordinarily alert eyes was being shown about the establishment. Wherever he went eyes that tried to look casual were following him. He was saying nothing, with his cigar tightly gripped in the corner of his mouth, seeing everything about him the while.

Up on the stage “Old Man” McCutcheon was directing in the greenish corpse light glow of the mercury vapor tubes. Some sort of an inconsequential Biograph comedy was in progress and no one felt especially funny.

It was whispered behind hands that “the bank downtown” had about decided to shut down the Biograph and that this stranger was the man the bankers had sent up to do it. It was opined that things were getting no better fast in the lawsuits with Edison, and besides, nobody could tell how long this picture craze would last anyway.

Some of the actors were wondering that day if they would soon be thrown back to the stage only to find themselves pariahs and outcasts with the stigma of film upon them. Some of them wondered how it would be to be back at the lace counter or driving the ice wagon.

There was Eddie Dillon, for instance, who had listened with reluctance to the siren song of the cinema from the lips of Wallace McCutcheon, Jr., when their engagement in “The Rangers” closed up at Wallack’s. “Wally” was going down to Biograph to work with his father and took Dillon along. To be sure, they had said not a word about it to

This Chapter Tells of

J. J. KENNEDY, a consulting engineer and business expert from Wall Street, who went up to Biograph and took a hand in a “fifteen million dollar poker game” that decided the destiny of the motion picture industry.

GEORGE KLEINE of Chicago, who started a series of peace maker dinners at the Republican Club in New York that helped to turn a devastating film war into a golden armistice.

MARY FULLER, who went to Vitograph to play in a screen version of “The Ugly Duckling” in 1907, the first Bebeuco play to be put into motion pictures.

ARTHUR JOHNSON, who was run down on Broadway by D. W. Griffith, who wanted him for a role in his first screen effort as a director at Biograph.

LINDA ARVIDSON, who was not even supposed of being acquainted with her husband, D. W. Griffith—a studio secret of the days when she started playing in pictures.

EVA TANGUY and BLANCHE RING, who appeared in song hits and dance acts of the talking pictures of ‘08, at the Cameraphone studio at the old Daly’s Theater.

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of the Motion Picture

Dustin Farnum when the show closed and they left. It was still a secret and they might slip back to Broadway and the legitimate if they wanted to.

It was not a cheerful season anyway. It was the '07 year of the panic and unemployment, remember. Broadway was full of "resting" actors who had straggled in from stranded road companies. The Dramatic Mirror, the Clipper and Billboard were filled with "At Liberty" advertisements, and many of them were published on credit.

So 11 East Fourteenth street was agog with whispered wonders as the visiting stranger went his rounds of inspection. The whispers ran from the front office where Herman Breunner paid off the daily tickets, back to the storerooms where young Bobby Harron presided over the "props" and "flats" of painted scenery.

Bobby was a bit new. Only a few weeks before the priest and pastor of Bobby's parish had led him with his friend Jimmy Smith down to Biograph to help them get a job.

It was a day when the air was filled with things that had not yet happened. Anything might happen.

All descriptions of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions from Vesuvius to Krakatoa have always dwelt with sensational uniformity on the weather of the day before. The day is always still. The sky is unclouded but dulled. The sun is copper colored all day and goes down a ball of molten, metallic, menacing red. If the conditions are strictly orthodox there is a slight sulphurous smell in the air.

Without consulting the weather report for this summer afternoon in New York in '07, it is safe to assume that there was at least a red sunset on the motion picture horizon that night.

There had been a meeting of solemn bankers down at the Empire Trust Company. It is a certainty that they were solemn. All bankers were solemn in '07. That was the year when they said "stringency" in Wall Street with the same sort of euphemism that they still say "The Fire" in San Francisco.

After the meeting at the bank, where the debts of the Biograph and its failure to meet interest obligations came up for a decision, there was the formality of another meeting uptown at the motion picture concern's offices. The transfer book noted the sale of four shares of stock of the American Biograph Company, par value $100, market value, if any, about $20 a share, to J. J. Kennedy. Thereupon J. J. Kennedy was unanimously elected president of the company, as duly inscribed in the minute book of the company.

That was the reason for the rumors and whispers and the visit to the studio in the old brownstone in Fourteenth street. A great deal of history had already gone under that doorway. In its first magnificence the brownstone had been the residence of Martin Van Buren. Passing through various commercial phases with the years it had been also the home of the Knabe piano. Now it was the abode of Biograph, in the whirl of the mad chaos of the films that were trying to become a business and an art.

Jeremiah J. Kennedy, the visiting newcomer, was from 52 Broadway. The sign on the door down there in neat and technically crisp gold letters would have informed a curious inquirer that J. J. Kennedy was a consulting engineer. But neither the door nor any person inside of that door would have given any inquirer any further

Jeremiah J. Kennedy—the only existing portrait of a real pioneer of the film industry, whose history is linked with old Biograph.
information, whatsoever, at any time whatsoever. That is the kind of an office it was — and is.

Something of the measure of this Kennedy must be taken if one is to try to understand what was about to happen in the realm of motion pictures. Turning back the years to somewhere about the time that Edison and Dickson were busy with the mysteries of “Room Five” at West Orange, trying to make pictures that moved, young Jeremiah J. Kennedy was a rodman with a surveying crew on the Norfolk & Western railway. He came from Philadelphia and the odds are excellent that he was not of Quaker descent.

Young Kennedy’s start was holding up the rod with the red and white target on it while the surveyor sighted through the transit and made records in a field notebook. He was Jerry Kennedy then. Engineering led him on and on. He made his way and held his own out on the raw edge of things, in construction camps and the like, where muckers and hard rock men moil. It was the life of the rapid, rough and ready, flannel shirts, chewing tobacco and dynamite. The young engineer could talk to a gang boss in language as unmistakable as the law and twice as fast. Also he could punctuate—with either hand, or both.

A young engineer out on the works always eventually learns that even in a white collar and puttees he is not the real master of affairs. There is always somebody higher up in an office back in the city, and on beyond is always a bank. Money is the master. Kennedy went after money. Without becoming less an engineer he became more and more a commander of men and a student of the migratory habits of the eagle embossed on the rear elevation of the American dollar.

By the time that the Empire Trust invited Kennedy to go up to Biograph and regard its alarming condition he had overtaken enough of the dollars to be satisfied. With the wisdom of his craft he had worked out an abstruse problem in psychological calculus, which established for him the point on the rising curve of wealth where money quits working for its owner and thence onward makes him work for it. Kennedy did not want to pass the critical point. He seems to have had it in mind to keep his name on the office door down in the financial belt and devote a major portion of his time to the intensive investigation of the ballistics of the golf ball when hit by a man who knew how to hit.

In this case the bankers thought it was time to send a good husky undertaker up to Biograph. But no balance sheet can tell the whole truth about a motion picture company.

Kennedy’s investigation uncovered a number of facts of significance, among them that Biograph was merely suffering from an especially virulent attack of the general malady of the motion pictures, too much litigation. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]
Lest We Forget

A plea for the preservation of the priceless relics of the motion picture art now neglected and fast disappearing.

The motion picture needs a museum. Now is the time to establish it. An appreciative respect for the past and an obligation to the future of the art alike require it.

A year and a half of research into the origins and development of the motion picture as the institution of today, incident to the preparation of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture" for Photoplay Magazine, brings a painful recognition of the small appreciation that the motion picture institution holds for itself. It seems probable that no other art has ever been pursued so violently and peculiarly for profit alone. The motion picture in its swift, half mad progress, has created many traditions and preserved none of them. Twenty-seven years have elapsed since the first motion picture was projected on the screen. There is time now to pause and give a thought to what has gone before.

The archives and relics of the early motion pictures and the beginnings of the art are scattered over all parts of America, and there are numerous documents and instruments of importance in various parts of England and the Continent.

Nowhere and at no time has there been an effort to specially preserve these things, to hold them together for their sentimental and intrinsic values to the motion picture and its public.

It is a passing opportunity, available now.

It would be now possible to gather a large array of machines, models, films, pictures and records, which might fairly well cover the entire span of motion picture history from Thomas A. Edison's beginnings in 1888-9 to today. It would be even possible to collect a number of interesting devices of an ancestral relation to the motion picture, dating back to the early 70's when inventors were struggling to make the clumsy glass plate present a motion picture record.

Every man in that first little motion picture audience which saw Woodville Latham's flickering picture demonstration at 35 Frankfort Street in New York the night of April 23, 1895, is now dead. Fifteen years ago the machine with which Major Latham discovered the empire of the screen, was carted out of a warehouse at an upstate factory by a janitor and burned along with an accumulation of papers of unknown content. It was merely junk, destroyed to make room for a more recent accumulation of junk. This has been the fate of many an important relic of the screen. This is the way that the rapid passage of time disposes of abandoned works.

But in a printing house in Brooklyn stands the second Latham machine, and the first with which a public showing of motion pictures was given, commercially. That old machine is a progenitor of the fifty thousand modern projection machines that serve the audiences of America today.

Colonel William N. Selig, himself a pioneer of the screen, with a distinct recognition of the value of memories and tradition, has preserved a number of important motion picture relics, among them a specimen of the earliest Latham films, along with bits of the earliest subjects made by Lumiere in France.
They are mere fragments, but they tell a meaning story to the student of the screen.

Herbert Miles, identified with the beginnings of the present system of motion picture distribution and the real beginnings of the picture as an industry, has in his New York office a great chest of early day pictures and lore, including catalogues of the earliest film makers. These faded old booklets are priceless mines of historical information. They shed a light of remarkable penetration on the screen affairs of the time and give an understanding of some of the determining factors in screen development today that could be had in no other way. This is a value that will increase through the years.

Stored away in a New York warehouse is the most remarkable collection of motion picture devices that has ever been brought together. It is the property of the Motion Picture Patents Company, a concern sometimes mentioned by the old timers, little known to most of the people of the screen today. The machines are exhibits, constructed and collected for the purpose of putting before the United States Court in the famous "trust case" the whole history of the mechanical art of motion picture making and motion picture projection. The Patents Company still has a ghost of a legal existence. It is still alive, ironically enough, because of a long pending lawsuit that does not permit it to die. Some day soon the Patents Company will be no more.

In the last year it has required two trips across the continent and one the length of the nation to find and see these things. How will the student of the motion picture find them ten years, or twenty years hence?

It is still possible to see Edwin S. Porter's famous picture "The Great Train Robbery," complete in its original form, just as it went on the screen to startle the world with the story telling powers of the motion picture two decades ago. There are perhaps a half a dozen copies of this classic in existence. Mr. Porter has in his experimental workshop the machine with which he projected the shows at the Eden Musee in the dim dark days of ancient film history. In a basement bin and scattered about in old desks at the Biograph laboratories in uptown New York are mementoes and relics of early Biograph days that are worth their weight in gold. There the curious searcher can find fascinating fragments that tell of the early efforts of Mary Pickford, the little girl star of "The Violin Maker of Cremona," stills from the pictures when young David Griffith worked as an extra. And farther back still, among the mutoscope reels of Biograph's peep show days are the little card wheel pictures of "Boxing Match at Canestota," the first product of the Biograph camera, the now famous "Empire State Express," motion pictures of William McKinley and his young friend Theodore Roosevelt, in his wasp waisted days in the politician's frock coat of the nineties, Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," and half the contemporary pictorial history of the world.

The legal files of the Motion Picture Patents Company and the bookcases in the office of Henry Norton Marvin, where an old brass plate still bears the once mighty legend of the company, constitute a whole Alexandria library of the screen.

A mutilated copy of the Gutenberg Bible, of the handiwork of the accredited father of the modern art of printing, today costs more money than would be required to bring all of the existing relics of early motion picture history together and give them adequate care while making them available to the public and today's makers of screen history.

America sends expeditions of learned men to dig in the dust of Egypt to seek out the gewgaws and bracelets where the Shepherd Kings buried their harems. Meanwhile the beginnings of the one great art that is more nearly America's alone than any other are rapidly on their way to become at one with Nineveh and Tyre.

The endowment of a museum of the motion picture presents an opportunity for some of those so magically enriched by the screen to make graceful acknowledgment of their debt to Yesterday. By this means the motion picture's beginnings may be preserved to history and spared the sketchy inaccuracies of some future archeology.

A Well-Known Millionaire Sportsman of Hollywood, Cal.

A motor enthusiast and leading sportsman of the fashionable Hollywood set, Mr. Jackie Coogan, has the largest line of Skeeters and kiddie-cars of any millionaire in this country. He purchased this special-bodied racer directly after receiving the half-million dollar bonus which Metro gave him for signing a five year starring contract. On his recent visit to New York Mr. Coogan was met at the station by a brass band and a cheering multitude that filled the enormous New York Central. It was a triumphal that Caesar would have envied.
"Meet the Missus"

TOLERANCE and a sense of humor are brought together in Mrs. Theodore Roberts’ attractive face. One can see that she wouldn’t be unpleasant about cigar ashes on the best rug. A prominent figure in Los Angeles club life, and a former actress of note. She was formerly known on the stage as Florence Smythe.

MANY clinging vines have envied this little lady. For she is the wife of one of the screen’s most sturdy oaks. To be more explicit—Mrs. Tom Mix is the young woman above. And Miss Tommie, of course! She was Victoria Ford before she retired from the screen. To the left, King and Florence Vidor. Registering just-a-song-at-twilight. And refusing to be parted, even for a photograph.
Caught in the act of pouring Frank's breakfast coffee. Mrs. Mayo suggests dark velvets and shaded lights and oriental perfume. So this picture is dramatically wrong—though domestically correct.

The young woman at the right is half Welsh and half Scotch and her name was Gladys Wynne before she met and married Milton Sills in 1910. They played together in "The Servant in the House" but Mrs. Sills retired from the stage when her husband entered the pictures.

Mrs. Mahlon Hamilton (above) was Alita Farnum before her marriage. Today she is a member of the smart "young married set" of Los Angeles society. And whenever there are any amateur theatricals to be organized and put over, Mrs. Hamilton is among those present. She is an enthusiastic collector of rare books.

The Ballins! With Mabel acting and Hugo directing. In a scene from their as yet unfinished version of "Vanity Fair." The married happiness of this couple is growing into something of a legend.
THE first name of the young woman below is Anne, and somehow it suits her. It is so sweet, and unpretentious, and wholesome. Her father was the famous Henry George, founder of the single tax movement; and her brother is also in New York politics. Mrs. William de Mille

Mrs. Jack Holt (above) is pretty busy, most of the time. Being a devoted mother to three young children, and an equally devoted wife to her popular husband. But she does find time to ride and play golf and make gardens and be a charming hostess. Jack, Jr., shares this picture with his mother

At the right is Mrs. Cecil de Mille, whose household includes four children—three of them adopted. She is also a member of a dozen boards that stand at the head of public-spirited community work. She was the daughter of Judge Frederick Adams, of Orange, N. J.
HOLLYWOOD as one person, loves and admires Nell Ince, pictured above. She finds time, away from her three sons, to supervise much of her husband's work, and to do a great deal for the good of the community. Mrs. Thomas Ince!

IN the large oval at the top is Clara Grant, who came from Massachusetts. She sings and she paints—pictures, of course. But she's just Mrs. Charles Ray, for a' that!

SHE was a New York society girl before she married Douglas MacLean. And her name was Faith Cole. Now she's a very successful wife, a member of several women's clubs, and a shining light in Los Angeles' musical colony. She is shown above.

AT the left is a young woman who was Ruth Helms before her marriage, with a B. A. from Northwestern University tacked to the end of her name. It was while she was on the staff of Photoplay Magazine that she met Conrad Nagel. (No, there aren't any vacancies at present!)
THE SHADOW STAGE

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

THE world of the cinema is picking up.

The photoplay never had a healthier month than the recent four weeks producing such varied—and excellent—film fare as "The Pilgrim," "Java Head," "Alice Adams" and "Driven."

Of Photoplay's honor six, we believe "Driven," done from an original story by Charles Brabin, is the most experimental. Here is a gripping story of the "Tol'able David" type—all good mountaineer tales come under that classification now—developed with a searching camera analysis. In presenting this tragedy, which unfolds itself largely within a drab little mountain cabin, Mr. Brabin has resorted to a curious slow tempo of telling. He has taken time for the most subtle shadings of character and mood.

"Driven" is the story of a weakening dreamer but there is no glamorous rehabilitation. He defeats no bully twice his size. He tried, it is true, and is soundly beaten. The futility of his dreams comes when his mother sells out her snarling family of moonshiners to the revenue officers. With the reward, the grim old woman sends him on his quest for happiness beyond the mountains.

The Brabin direction is highly interesting. We recommend "Driven" to you—unless you insist upon hurried film drama. But we are sure you will like the acting. It is a remarkable cast, to us the best of the year thus far.

If we have doubts about recommending "Driven" to everyone—although we look upon it as the best all-round photoplay of the month—we have no such qualms about Charlie Chaplin's new four reeler, "The Pilgrim." And yet there is a possibility that this gorgeous bit of fooling may offend those who take their churchgoing very seriously.

For Charlie plays a convict who steals a suit of clothes belonging to a parson—and, perchance, must a parson be. "The Pilgrim" isn't another "The Kid." Nor is it a "Shoulder Arms." But it is a superb sketch from which Chaplin might have developed a classic. As it is, "The Pilgrim" has three or four fine comic moments. Consider, for instance, the moment where Chaplin is forced into the pulpit and resorts to the story of David and Goliath. Here is comic pantomime of sheer genius. And there is the episode in the house where the pseudo-parson resides. Parishioners come to call and here Syd Chaplin is a joy as a serious minded father whose brown derby, due to its architectural resemblance, gets mixed into a pudding. You'll find nothing funnier than these high points in the whole stretch of Chaplin's screen work.

Here is comic genius!

Charlie Chaplin, as the pseudo-parson of "The Pilgrim," gives probably the best performance of the month.

Booth Tarkington's story of small town life, "Alice Adams," has been very tenderly and sympathetically transferred to the screen under the directorial supervision of King Vidor. The Tarkington novel, with its cross-section of a household of bickering, quibbling but well meaning people, is admirably transferred to the screen. Miss Vidor realizes Alice to the life; the Alice who saw her pitiful little shams and dreams topple to the ground but who had the courage to start anew, fresh and true.

George Melford's visualization of Joseph Hergesheimer's "Java Head" can be recommended as highly entertaining. Yet it will disappoint the lovers of the story as it was told between novel covers. Mr. Melford has related most of the romance as Hergesheimer outlined it and himself developed to make a colorful photoplay—but he has missed much of the bigness of the tale. There were epic qualities to this story of Taou Tuen, Manchu princess, dropped into old Salem as the bride of a sea captain. Here was the clash of civilizations. All that is missing in the film version, Leatrice Joy is the Taou Tuen and, while she touches a note of appeal, she is not the cool and tempered Manchu, exquisite flower of the most subtle civilization in the world. She is carmained and slant eyed but she is not that inscrutable philosopher that Mr. Hergesheimer painted so superbly and so deftly. Nor is Jacqueline Logan, pretty as she is, the Nettie Vellar. Nor is Melford so successful with his East as with his Salem of 1849.

However, "Java Head" was too vital a story to be other than interesting. You will be charmed by its color.

Edmund Goulding, in writing "Fury" for Richard Barthelmess, seems to have set out to create a seagoing prototype of "Tol'able David." Bay Layton is a weakling, although he is son of a superb brute of the seven seas, Dog Layton. He rehabilitates himself in conventional screen style and revenges his father—but the revenge comes as a thing of anti-climax, lacking in plausibility. "Fury" needed shortening and should have ended when Boy found his derelict mother in the waterfront saloon.

Barthelmess plays his maritime David with his usual skill. Here is one of the few conscientious stars of our screen. "Fury" has a drab tone, it harps long and unnecessarily upon the theme of revenge, and it moves through a sordid swirl of grimy ship and Limehouse shadows.

We give Norma Talmadge's "The Voice of the Minaret" a place in the chosen six because we recognize its audience appeal. Most everyone will want to see Norma and Gene O'Brien together again, if nothing else.
The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY’S SELECTION
OF THE SIX BEST
PICTURES OF THE MONTH

DRIVEN
ALICE ADAMS
THE PILGRIM
FURY
JAVA HEAD
THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET

JAVA HEAD—Paramount

GEORGE MELFORD has a mighty big story to tell in transferring Joseph Hergesheimer’s “Java Head” to the screen. For the tale of a Manchu princess, Tuou Yuen, brought to prim old Salem as a bride by an adventurous New England sea captain, has in it the clash of races and the conflict of creeds. Melford misses much of this, but, even so, he achieved a screen drama well above the average. He was far more successful with his Salem than his Orient. Leatrice Joy is the Tuou Yuen. She will disappoint the lovers of “Java Head” but who on our screen could catch all of this remarkable character, “inscrutable as porcelain”? Jacqueline Logan makes a pretty Nettie Vollar and Raymond Hatton does considerable with the weakling sucked into the opium slime of the Far East.

ALICE ADAMS—Associated Exhibitors-Pathe

A PRIZE story has become a prize picture. Booth Tarkington’s thoroughly human account of small-town Indiana life has found its celluloid counterpart in King Vidor’s presentation of Florence Vidor as Alice Adams. The photoplay is true to Tarkington and true to the highest film standards. Rowland Lee, in directing and adapting, has not transplanted Virgil Adams and his whining wife and their two children to the screen; he has simply made portraits of them. They are excellent likenesses; there is no retouching to remind you that you are not really sitting in on the Adams family councils and quarrels. Florence Vidor understands Alice, and resists all temptations to make her a motion picture heroine. Miss Vidor has never done finer work. Claude Gillingwater plays her father, and what a performance!

FURY—Inspiration-First National

We have come to expect great things from the studios of the combination which made “Tol’able David.” And the new Richard Barthelmess-Henry King drama does not disappoint. It is a he-picture, with wallops in every other scene—a strong story of the sea, made on a ship, and apt to induce mal de mer in the sensitive spectator. Edmund Goulding wrote the original story, and it is now appearing in book form. Henry King brings all his sympathy and Barthelmess all his art to its interpretation, and they are materially aided by two members of the cast—Tyrone Power and Dorothy Gish.

Richard plays Boy Leyton, son of the old sea captain, Dog Leyton. Boy is a simple, fine soul who shuns violence with the delicacy bequeathed him by a runaway mother. Dog has never forgiven her, and he determines to harden Boy’s body and soul to acceptance of the harsh rules of the ship and the seven seas. Before Dog dies, he obtains his son’s promise to find and kill his mother’s betrayer. There is Min, waiting to marry him; but Boy must first fulfill his promise. He finds his mother, and he fights her betrayer—and it’s a fight which recalls the immortal encounter of “Tol’able David.”

The picture is too long—nine reels; one grows a little weary of the battles and the brutality. But you will love Boy as played by Richard Barthelmess; and the lovable belligerent Min of Dorothy Gish. Tyrone Power as Dog Leyton lives, fights, and dies magnificently. Miss Gish, in her portrayal of a rôle reminiscent of the Little Disturber, occasionally overplays; but for her moments of comedy you will forgive her the unnecessary kicks and pouts.
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

PHOTOPLAY’S SELECTION
OF THE SIX BEST
PERFORMANCES of the MONTH

Charlie Chaplin in “The Pilgrim”
Florence Vidor in “Alice Adams”
Emily Fitzroy in “Driven”
Syd Chaplin in “The Pilgrim”
Charles Mack in “Driven”
Elinor Fair in “Driven”

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 108

THE PILGRIM—First National

Charlie Chaplin’s latest is in four reels and, considered as a comedy, it is deliciously funny. As an expression of the Chaplin genius, however, it is somewhat sketchy. The great comedian might have developed a big thing of it. Such classics as “The Kid” and “Shoulder Arms” can’t happen every day. Charlie appears as an engaging convict who masquerades in a minister’s clothes and becomes the spiritual adviser of a small town—for a while. His adventures with his flock are not sacrilegious if you have a sense of humor. Charlie is artless; he wears, as usual, the naive air of the well-meaning man who has been forced into compromising situations through no fault of his own. There are several uproarious episodes, and one bit, a pantomime sermon on David and Goliath, that is unforgettable.

THE VOICE FROM THE MINARET—First National

Robert Hichens’ novel serves as a vehicle for the reunion of Norma Talmadge and Gene O’Brien, once termed “the perfect screen lovers.” Their lovemaking does not strike us so strongly these days but we doubt not that the fans will welcome them with enthusiasm. Maybe the lack of response is due to the old fashioned qualities of the tale; the old, old story of the old man’s young wife who longs for youth and love. And once again youth and love are personified by a chap headed for the ministry. So there is a lovely renunciation scene and—whether or not Hichens planned it—an ultimate happiness when the unscrupulous philandering old husband expires. Such qualities as are possessed by “The Voice From the Minaret” come from its background of the Sahara. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 70]
IT'S all over at last. The suspense I mean. Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri have formally announced their engagement.

The wedding, according to Miss Negri, is not to take place until after she finishes her Lasky contract, which will be in a year. But Mr. Chaplin has dropped a hint that it may take place within sixty days. The new Chaplin mansion in Beverly Hills will be completed about that time, and logical conclusions seem that Miss Negri will open it as Mrs. Chaplin.

The engagement has existed since about a week after Pola arrived in Hollywood, and though the plan was to keep it secret until after the knot was tied, the insistence of the public and the newspapers finally won from Pola the admission that "We are—how you say—some day we marry, eh?" Mr. Chaplin joined her at Pebble Beach, Del Monte, where Miss Negri was vacationing, and there on the golf links, both blushing violently, the famous pair admitted they were much in love and expected to be married soon. The romance began, though neither recognized it at the time, when Charlie was presented to Pola in Berlin. They became friends at once, and Pola now declares it must have been love at first sight.

Mr. Chaplin could not say enough about her wonderful charm and beauty when he returned, and as soon as she came to Hollywood, he hastened to renew their acquaintance. An irresistible force seemed to draw them together, they declare, and after Pola had been in the west a few days, they were inseparable.

But, it is rumored, the course of true love did not run altogether smoothly. Two great temperaments were united in a grande passion, but there were times when they clashed and all was over. Only to be "made up" the next day. Charlie's attentions were romantic enough to suit even the continental Pola. He startled all Hollywood one day by dashing out of a cafe on Hollywood Boulevard, buying a whole wash basket full of violets and throwing them at Pola's feet as she sat at lunch.

He would be seen driving down the street in her limousine, kissing her hand at every turn of the wheels. And then—genius would flare and Miss Negri would be prostrated.

However, all is well and the decision is reached. Pola Negri is to be Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and love has united the great comedian and the great tragedienne of the screen in one of those world-famous love affairs that future generations will read about.

And it is likewise rumored that as soon as her present contract expires, Pola Negri will be starred by Charlie Chaplin.

MARY PICKFORD is going to make "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Mary Pickford isn't going to make "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Mary Pickford is going to make "Faust." Mary Pickford isn't going to make "Faust."

Dear, dear, what a time Our Mary seems to be having.

As a matter of fact, this is an extremely important and delicate time in Mary's great screen career. She is to bridge, in her coming production, a wide gulf. To abandon child roles and give herself for the first time to her public in the full dramatic character of a grown woman.

We are going to weep, anyway, when we realize that time has robbed us of the Mary who made live such characters as Stella Maris and Rebecca. And Mary is doubtless seeking a vehicle that will make us weep as little as possible.

The empress of the European film studios has become the first lady of Hollywood—as Pola Negri's press agent would say if she had one. Pola, in an American makeup and coiffure, is taking direction from an Irish-American, George Fitzmaurice, for "Bella Donna," said to be La Negri's greatest portrayal. She is soon to do "Declasse."
East & West

By Cal York

MARY PICKFORD gave a charming dinner party a short time ago at Pickfair for the group of motion picture actresses who belong to “Our Club.” It was a very wonderful occasion, for Mary is honorary president and official idol of the entire body, and they were just as thrilled over the idea of dining with Mary Pickford as any high school sorority might have been.

Douglas was sent out for the evening but wandered in about ten o’clock with Charlie Chaplin, giving as an excuse the statement that he wanted to have Charlie hear the new French words he’d taught the parrot.

Among the guests present were Lois Wilson, Lilian Rich, Mildred Davis, Helen Ferguson, Gloria Hope, Vola Vale, May McAvoy, Virginia Valli, and Patsy Ruth Miller.

CHARLES CHAPLIN’S first serious directorial venture has been titled “Public Opinion.” Edna Purviance has sufficiently recovered from her illness to proceed in the stellar role, and Charlie’s engagement to Pola Negri has not been permitted to interfere with the filming.

ANTONIO MORENO is no longer a bachelor.

He was married the other day to Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, wealthy and prominent Los Angeles divorcée.

Quietly slipping away with only a friend or two, the handsome Spaniard and the society

Our Charlie and his Pola. When asked if they are engaged, the world’s greatest comedian blushed, turned to Negri and said: “Are we?” And she replied, “Yes, my Shortie.” This is the most recent photograph of the celebrated couple. When they are to be married is a deep secret. If they know they won’t tell.

Little old New York has crept back into the twentieth-century. And, as usual, a camera man was on the spot. It wasn’t so simple as all that, however. Before Manhattan of a century ago could be coaxed to come again, Cosmopolitan had to lease the Twenty-third Regiment Armory in Brooklyn—because it didn’t have a studio large enough; install kliegs and cooper-beams and carpenters, and reproduce the Bowling Green of 1810 as faithfully as possible. The shops and houses, the parks and the churches and the trees—you’ll see them all. The old whipping post plays an important part. So does the first Delmonico’s restaurant. Joseph Urban supervised the settings, added considerably by history. Note, in this picture, as much of the huge set as could be crowded in, the powerful lights which play from the sides and above. You see here only a few of the hundreds of extras who move through the streets in many of the scenes.
leader became man and wife and then left immediately for Santa Barbara for their honeymoon. Mrs. Moreno is one of the most socially active women in California and is known not only in the most exclusive circles for her charm, but in clubs and as well for her many charity activities. She has been president of the Red Cross and in charge of many large society charity functions.

Tony's bride has also just completed the building of a magnificent home at Silver Lake, Beverly Hills, which is valued at a million dollars and is said to be one of the finest estates in the west. Mr. and Mrs. Moreno will live here, with Mrs. Moreno's children. Tony will not retire from the screen.

Because Bebe Daniels was in the hospital recuperating from an operation for appendicitis, Agnes Ayres was given her role opposite Antonio Moreno in "The Exciters." The languid Agnes doesn't seem exactly the type for it, but of course production schedules must be observed. Tallulah Bankhead played the role on the stage.

Jack Pickford and Marilyn Miller are to be co-starred by Mother Pickford in a series of pictures if latest plans go through.

Marilyn's contract with Ziegfeld is almost up and it is settled that it is not to be renewed, so it is probable that she will go to California to go on the screen.

Anita Stewart's loveliness will find a background in Cosmopolitan pictures in the future. After her long rest Anita has signed a contract to appear in four photoplays the coming year. She will work part of the time in the west and part of the time in Manhattan studios. "The Love Picker" will be her first, made in the west.

Katherine MacDonald has made her last appearance before the motion picture camera. She says so and everybody seems to believe her.

Her contract with B. P. Shulberg was completed a few days ago, and Miss MacDonald announced that she had definitely, finally and forever retired from public life. It is understood that Miss MacDonald, whose social ambitions have always been well known, is to be married to a prominent Chicago clubman. By the way, the fortune which she has earned in pictures is a large one.

When Jackie Coogan came to New York for a holiday, there wasn't a soul at the station to meet him. Jackie and his mother and father had taken an earlier train than they expected. But as soon as the little Coogan heard that ten thousand or so people had assembled at noon at the Grand Central Station to meet him, he sneaked in the back way and greeted them as if he had just stepped off the train. Perched on Coogan Senior's shoulder, Jackie waved and threw kisses to the mob—a six year old king saluting his subjects. There was even a band there to escort him to his hotel to military music.

Lured apparently by a $500,000 cash bonus, Jackie Coogan signed a new contract to make pictures for Metro. When the little star's work for Sol Lesser was finished, the bidding for his services started and climbed rapidly.

It seemed a settled fact that he would be signed by United Artists, for Doug and Mary and Charlie Chaplin wanted very much to have him under their banner, and Doug offered many artistic inducements to the Coogan family. But Marcus Loew dangled the proposition of meeting every offer and topping it with the half-million cash bonus for signing the contract and Mother and Father Coogan could not refuse. Anyway, it's a lot of money for one small boy's scrawling signature.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)
The right way to manicure

-no cutting of the cuticle
-no probing with sharp instruments

THERE is a right way to manicure—and a wrong way. The right way is so simple and easy that even a novice can master it at the first attempt.

Thousands have adopted it. And more and more women are coming to its use each day. There is no probing around the delicate nail root with sharp instruments of any kind—no dangerous and disfiguring cutting of the cuticle.

You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the proper care of the nails), work it under the nail tips and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe off the loosened flakes of dead skin and surplus cuticle.

Now, examine your nails closely, and note the results. Torn and ragged edges of cuticle have disappeared. Ugly stains have vanished. And instead, you have nails that are spotless, nail rims that are even and beautifully shaped, and a cuticle that is smooth, lovely and unbroken.

Then—for the Polish

Of Cutex Polishes, there are five—the paste, cake, stick, powder, and liquid forms. The new Powder Polish is practically instantaneous. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palm bring out a rosy, jewel-like lustre. The new Liquid Polish requires no buffing, and gives a dazzling finish that lasts a week.

All Cutex manicure preparations are priced at 35c the package. At drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

CUTEX
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Cutex Liquid Polish
A Cutex product that is unique. It flows on evenly over the nail, dries instantly, and leaves a delicately tinted lustre that makes your manicure last twice as long. You need no buffer. No special "remover" required. In the familiar black-and-rose package. Price 35c.
TILLERS OF THE SOIL—Abel Gance Production

A THOUGHTFUL, though exceedingly gloomy picture, with the “made in France” trademark. Splendid types, and finely drawn characterizations, of a people who worship the land that they plow and cultivate. If only the clouds could drift apart, momentarily, and let in a little sunlight! Life may be real and earnest and all that—but this seems over-drab. Moments of intense feeling.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL—American Releasing Corporation

T HE cast of this British production is a real all-star affair. Besides the stars, Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper, there are Ellen Terry, true to her great traditions; Constance Collier, and Aubrey Smith—all performing brilliantly. The story is a creaky re-told light opera. Novello is on the road to popularity. American audiences may like Miss Cooper.

DRUMS OF FATE—Paramount

A NOOTHER variation of the “Enoch Arden” theme. This time a young African explorer returns to find that his “widow” has sacrificed herself to marry and help a crippled musician. But the genius expires and the explorer gets his wife again. Uninterestingly told and acted. Particularly inadequate is Mary Miles Minter as the wife. You can easily find a better way to spend your evening.

GIMME—Goldwyn

T HIS newest Rupert Hughes celluloid opus has an idea—the tragedy of the young bride who has to beg coin of the realm from her husband, together with its inevitable consequences. Told according to formula, with the usual “other man.” Slightly over the average as a silent play. Helene Chadwick seems to be developing. Here she is excellent. Henry Walthall has a pathetically small role.

ALL THE BROTHERS WERE VALIANT—Metro

W E might try to be funny and say that this is a whaling good story. Though over long. Most of the action is on board ship, and there is some good salt water atmosphere. It is curious how many tales of the sea are suddenly taking to celluloid. Both the brothers are valiant. One of them, Malcolm MacGregor, is a likable hero. And the other, Lon Chaney, is most villainous!

DARK SECRETS—Paramount

W E can’t think of any very good reason for this. It is an original story by Edmund Goulding, relating of an evil Egyptian gent with Coue ideas. He makes the heroine into a cripple and then offers to cure her—if she will be his’n. But, gosh, an Egyptian servant stabs him in the nick of time. Dorothy Delton gives a cold and uninteresting performance as the troubled heroine. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 72]
Cleanse with this specially light cream

Feel the difference in your skin—instantly

HAVE you the fresh smooth skin you would like to have, or is your complexion dull, lifeless? Just the care you give it makes all the difference. Unless you keep it always fresh and pliant, it grows duller and coarser every year.

For real freshness and brilliancy in these days of city soot and dirt, you must give your skin much more than the ordinary washing. Pond's Cold Cream was specially developed to meet this need for a thorough yet soft cleansing. It contains exactly the right amount and kind of oil to penetrate the pores and bring out every dulling dirt particle that has worked itself in.

If your skin is too dry it will absorb just the amount of oil it needs—become soft and smooth as you like to have it. And the superfluous fat of excessively oily skins is removed with the dirt by this fine oil. Your face will be fresh, stimulated. It will have a delightful smoothness.

This thorough cleansing never leaves your skin rough or heavy with cream. It is the special light consistency of Pond's Cold Cream that makes you definitely prefer it to the heavier creams. Smooth on this cream every night. Let it stay a minute, then wipe it off on a soft cloth. The difference in the feel of your skin will charm you.

* * *

Of course, to keep your complexion perfectly smooth and brilliant another cream is absolutely necessary for daytime use, a cream without a drop of oil. Even when you are most fatigued Pond's Vanishing Cream will freshen your skin instantly, take away the tired drawnness, leaving it soft and velvety. Your powder, too, will cling for hours to its smooth surface. At the same time this wonderful cream protects you from the ageing effects of repeated exposure to sun, cold, wind.

Both creams are so finely proportioned they cannot clog the pores. Neither will promote the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
132 Hudson St., New York

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

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
DOUGLAS MacLEAN, his director, title-writer and cast try desperately hard to be awfully funny, with the usual results. Sennett or Christie would have rejected this story even for two-reel purposes, but evidently Mr. Ince isn't so particular. He stretches it over six reels, while you, and Mr. MacLean, suffer. The star is a real comedian, as "The Hottentot" proved; but he couldn't laugh this off.

BARBARA LA MARR is not so gorgeously impressive in shabby frocks as she is in her usual velvet and brocade. Although she's an eyeful under any circumstances. And as the discontented and rebellious Laura Maberne, wife of a poor man, she does some excellent acting. And she gets a chance to wear some real clothes, after all. Za Su Pitts does a wistful bit, as Apple Annie.

CLARA BERANGER seems to have dramatized the recent newspaper headlines. An idol whose fame has been built upon publicity gets involved innocently in a murder and the aforementioned publicity turns out to be a boomerang, demolishing said idol. Tritely told by William de Mille, who isn't living up to early expectations. Bebe Daniels is pleasant enough as the idol.

WE warn you—it's an oil picture. The chief character, a philosophical old man, might have been a real creation, but for some reason or other, director Schertzing fails to fulfill his promise. When will directors learn that the screen conception of the small town is all wrong? Let one of them visit a real small town and find out what it is like. This one is dull and dreary.

THE GHOST PATROL—Universal

EVERY day and every way, George Nichols seems to get better and better. He's walking away with picture after picture. As a kindly policeman who is dropped from the force but continues to work on, for the love of the people in his beat, he is a figure of interest and pathos. Ralph Graves and Bessie Love supply the love interest, and Sinclair Lewis is credited as the author.

THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE—Paramount

YOU will, too. It is hard to believe Maurice Tourneur directed this film, which concerns itself with such quaint people in the Latin Quartier, including a lunatic wax-works man who desires to subject a young American, John Gilbert, to a special brand of torture, and who goes to any length, even to crawling about Parisian housetops, to gain his end. Lon Chaney is miscast.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 91]
Those dainty underthings you prize

Launder them the safe way - that makes them last

You choose them with such delight in their soft, lovely texture and color! The costume slip for your favorite dinner gown—those ravishing peach knickers that fit so perfectly—the gossamer-thin beige stockings.

Once it might have seemed extravagant to buy them, but now you know that even your frailest nightgown or step-in will give good service if you launder it with Lux. Follow the simple directions on this page.

Silk or fine batistes—just like new

Lux keeps the texture of all your underthings soft and lustrous as the day you took them from their box.

There is no harmful ingredient in it to coarsen and stiffen silk, to fuzz up cottons and linens. Nothing to take the color out of delicately hued garments.

The mild Lux lather cleanses so quickly and with such gentleness, says a great manufacturer of fine underwear, “that it is impossible for it to injure the garment.”

How to wash them

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel; when dry press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

Silk stockings, brassieres and other small silk things which are washed after almost every wearing require only a light suds. One or two teaspoonsfuls of Lux to a washbowl of water should be enough.

The new way
to wash dishes

Won’t roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! At last you can wash them without coarsening and reddening your hands. Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won’t make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! A single package does at least 50 dishwashes. Try it!
They're both grandfathers—of the same baby. Adolph Zukor's daughter married Marcus Loew's son. The baby is a girl, therefore not named for either of them. Adolph and Marcus thus remain friendly film rivals and good friends. In other words, this handshake is not to obligate the photographer, not to convince the world that Paramount and Metro are on speaking terms.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

Poor little Jackie Coogan. Of the $500,000 cash bonus presented to him by Metro, $362,000 will go to the Gov'ment in the form of income tax.

A lot of ice-skaters were needed in a picture starring Jane Novak which Chester Bennett is directing. The director printed a call for ice-skaters, froze the pond and got ready to shoot. The call had asked for a hundred, and on Monday morning, two appeared. A hurry call revealed the fact that ice-skaters in Hollywood were extremely rare and the picture was held up two days while assistants scoured the hills for them.

MAE BUSCH has been made a Goldwyn star, with a contract which calls for her exclusive services over a period of five years. When Mae completed "The Christian" the Goldwyn organization weren't sure whether or not she was star material. But the glowing praise of the critics which followed its release convinced them. Her first vehicle, though no definite decision has been made, will probably be "The Merry Widow." Mae had a little bad luck, however, along with the good. She was crossing Hollywood Boulevard when she heard a newsboy calling the death of Wallace Reid. Startled, Mae stopped in the path of an on-coming automobile, which struck her and dragged her twenty feet along the pavement. A bruised and torn knee kept her on crutches for a week.

If reports are true, Corinne Griffith's fatal beauty left a trail of broken hearts all over Hollywood, and her recent departure for the east to see her husband and spend her vacation with him, caused no end of grief and tears among the male population. Now she is back in Los Angeles making a special for Goldwyn, directed by Charles Brabin.

The motion picture industry is planning exhibitions of all kinds and President Harding has given his endorsement to the idea and promised to come himself if he can. Complete plans for the exposition will be given out as soon as they are completed, but an expert staff is working on them day and night, and they are expected to be ready soon.

At last Hollywood has a Montmarte Cafe. Really, it didn't seem quite complete without a Montmarte in Hollywood. It's a quite a gorgeous place on the Boulevard and the opening was a very fascinating affair. Norma and Connie Talmadge were there in two of the frocks they brought back from Paris. Gloria Swanson was guest of honor at a big party, and Lee Cody had a table with a lot of pretty women at it. There were lots of people present and the evening was altogether a big success.

All the turmoil Priscilla Dean has been raising on the Universal lot, refusing to play parts where the ladies weren't stainless and utterly pure according to censors, fails to make her a bit thinner. Priscilla should remember that it's an unforgivable sin in an attractive woman to permit herself to add weight. Please, Priscilla, try training.

LOIS WILSON says she isn't engaged to J. Warren Kerrigan.

Yes, and Mary Pickford said she wasn't going to marry Douglas Fairbanks and only a few weeks ago Mrs. Daisy Danning denied that she was going to marry Tony Moreno, and Charlie and Polk—oh, you know how it is.

If Natalie Talmadge Keaton selects her husband's leading ladies she is certainly good to him. Margaret Leahey, English beauty and contest winner, is to play opposite Buster from now on, and the new Keaton five-reelers will be released through Metro.

FRANCES MARION told the following little tale at a dinner party given by Harold Lloyd the other evening. The subject had turned on a definition of the word "art."

"Do you remember James Whitcomb Riley's famous example?" asked the famous scenario writer J. Whitcomb went to a banquet some-

Hardly a studio day goes by that some celebrity or other doesn't drop in for a visit. Admiral Eberle, commander of the Pacific Fleet, was entertained by Gloria Swanson when he called to look over the Lasky lot. The admiral seems not at all put out about being snapped with one of the screen's foremost sirens. Neither would we.
Why he wanted to know her

There was no special reason for his coming to this dance, and then, in the brightly gleaming lights he saw her! Slender, dainty, radiant, she stood out from among all others like a softly flushing rose.

She was turned slightly from him when his eyes first found her, and he watched eagerly for a chance to see more clearly.

Suddenly, as if his gaze had drawn her, she raised her graceful head and looked at him. Was it possible that anything could be so sweet?

The faintly glowing color of her round cheek, melting into the cream of throat and shoulder. The pure whiteness of the low, broad brow, the coral of curving lips—she was like a delicate miniature on ivory.

For a breathless second he watched her, then hastened to his hostess. "Who is she?" he whispered, drawing his friend quickly toward her.

The delight of a lovely skin

However attractive you may be, it is possible to make yourself lovelier if you use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian Day Cream. This is a vanishing cream that, when worked well in, is a protection for the skin and a delicate foundation to which powder adheres evenly, and from which it will not easily rub off.

Then, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of a delightful perfume.

Now a bit of Pompeian Bloom.

Lastly, dust over again with the powder in order to subdue the Bloom. And instantly the face is radiant with added youth and beauty.

If you use these Pompeian preparations together for Instant Beauty, you will obtain the most natural effect. For great care has been taken that the colors blend naturally.

Pompeian Lip Stick is of a rose petal shade and adds yet another touch that will set off your beauty.

"Don’t Emry Beauty—Use Pompeian"

**Pompeian Day Cream** (vanishing) 60c per jar
**Pompeian Beauty Powder** 60c per box
**Pompeian Bloom** (the rouge) 60c per box

**Pompeian Night Cream** 50c per jar
**Pompeian Lip Stick** 25c each

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world’s most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 2¼ x 3½ inches.

*For 10 cents we will send you all of these:
1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 50¢ to 75¢ in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.*

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
231 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada

© 1923, The Pompeian Co.
They loved Wally and they admired his brave fight and they hate the thing that killed him. Tell what you know for the good of humanity.'

"So I am going to make this production. I have asked Thomas H. Ince to aid me in making this picture, and I can only pray it will stand as a real message from me and a memorial to Wally's great fight."

JOHN FAIRBANKS, brother of Douglas, suffered a stroke of paralysis a short time ago, and is at present confined to his bed, unable to move.

WHY, oh why, don't they give May McAvoy a chance?

After seeing this little artist lift many a picture into life, it seems time to echo the public in saying, "We want May McAvoy in the right sort of roles."

May McAvoy is that rarest of all things—a great dramatic ingenue.

Her performances, when she is given a chance, need rank second to none ever given on the silver-sheet. Imagine May in "The Dawn of a To-Morrow," or "Peter Pan," or "L'Aiglon."

CAROL DEMPSTER is more than the ingenue she may seem from the screen. She is a keenly intelligent young person. Awfully young—really young; and rather shy. But not a young person who can be imposed upon.

**Madame Lillelbd Ibsen came to this country from her native Norway to play Anita in "Peer Gynt," with Joseph Schildkraut. Now that she's here, she will make her debut in American motion pictures. She is the wife of Toned Ibsen, grandson of the great poet.**

---

Walter Hiers has been in love with Ada McWilliams for a long time, but being only a struggling comedian earning a bare living wage of several hundred weekly, he couldn't afford to marry. Then Paramount benevolently made him a star, and he went to Syracuse and claimed Ada, and here they are, on their honeymoon.

where one night. He was the guest of honor and all the speeches seemed to turn upon Art. There were long and very high falutin speeches about art by this one and that one, and at last, much wearied, the poet leaned over to his neighbor and said behind his hand, "Speaking of art, Henry, I know a fellow back in Terre Haute can spit over a box car."

PROBABLY the most powerful woman in the motion picture industry today is June Mathis. This well known writer seems to be the head and shoulders of the Goldwyn organization at present, and rumor says her word is law and is final upon every angle of every production being made.

This will include all the coming special features to be made on that lot.

Miss Mathis wrote the scripts for "The Four Horsemen" and for "Blood and Sand."

SAM GOLDWYN, founder of the company that still bears his name although he is no longer connected with it, has once more entered the field as a producer.

George Fitzmaurice, famous director of such successes as "On With the Dance," "Bella Donna," "To Have and to Hold," has signed a contract to make pictures for Mr. Goldwyn as soon as his Paramount contract is completed.

DOROTHY DALTON, now working in the East, says she is much annoyed over the published reports that she is engaged to be married to F. J. Godsol, president of the Goldwyn film company. It seems that Mr. Godsol has a wife and several children to whom he is devoted.

THF. Jack Holts have a cook who has been with them for many years and is particularly devoted to Tim, the four year old Holt son. Her name is Mamie, and the other day Jack Holt overheard Tim talking to himself out in the garden. His conversation sounded like this—

"Mama, can I have a piece of candy?"

"No, Tim."

"Mommy, can I have a piece of candy?"

"Yes, dumping."

WALLIE REID'S two children, Bill and Betty, do not know yet that their big playfellow will never return. They think Daddy has "gone on location" and they have not been told what a long, long trip it will be. Probably no more remarkable demonstration has ever been seen than marked Wally's funeral. As he lay in state, clad in one of the tweed sport suits he loved so well, traffic stopped for blocks in Los Angeles as a result of the thousands upon thousands trying to gain one last look at the handsome, boyish face that had brought them so many happy hours. For miles in every direction people gathered, men and women and little children, just to stand uncovered as the car drove through the streets bearing their idol to his last resting place.

In the flower-filled church, great stars and millionaire producers knelt side by side with electricians and grips, who had worked with Wally and loved him dearly. And at the foot of the casket lay Wally's faithful comrade, his hunting dog, Spake.

The estate which he left is very small, partly owing to the terrific expenses of his long illness, and consists principally of $70,000 life insurance, and the Reid Hollywood home.

MRS. Wallace Reid is to make an anti-dope propaganda picture at once, according to her own announcement made shortly after her husband's death.

"It is not my own wish to make a picture," said Mrs. Reid, "I am very, very tired and I should like to retire from the field for a little while. But during these days since my husband's going, my home has been flooded with appeals to me to do something. Everyone has been so kind to me. They have commended my struggle, sympathized with me in my grief. But from every class—from legislators, from statesmen, from men and women who for years have been fighting this evil—comes the cry, 'Do something.' They will listen to you.
You wouldn't drink from your saucer

It's no crime to pour tea into the saucer to cool. It doesn't harm anyone. Quite likely George Washington did it in the privacy of Mount Vernon. And yet today a girl might be pretty, sweet, rich and good—and be socially counted a total loss if she did that just once.

It just isn't done. It's one of those things that "place" its perpetrator instantly. It's not good breeding. It's one of those all-important trivialities that mark the ranks of society. No girl can afford to overlook them. No girl can afford to defy them. Society is much too strong and much too merciless for any individual to go contrary to its dictates.

It's just as bad form to write carelessly on slovenly paper as it is to drink tea from a saucer. Only you don't have an opportunity to see the effect of your "break" mirrored in surrounding eyes.

You never know the impression your untidy note makes on the mother of your school friend, or the leader of your club, or the well-set-up young chap you met at Gwen's dance.

Many a girl has cut herself out of a circle of delightful people whom she would have enjoyed, by just being clumsy or careless once. It's so easy to leave a name off an invitation list. It's so easy not to call. She doesn't know why. And perhaps she goes on making the same careless writing mistakes for quite a long time.

It is the easiest thing in the world to have a correct writing paper—and use it always. It soon becomes a habit. And nothing goes farther in making a good social impression than a letter or acceptance written on the proper paper at the right time.

Make a memorandum today to get a box of Eaton's Highland Linen, made in nothing but the correct shapes, sizes and shades; inexpensive, and on sale everywhere. And—if you're not just sure of up-to-the-moment usage in social forms, send me fifty cents in stamps and I will mail you "Social Correspondence", a dainty little book that answers every possible question, and will also include usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

Eaton's Highland Linen in five smart envelope styles and all the fashionable shades may be bought wherever stationery is sold.

Style is a greater social asset than Beauty

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company—Sponsors for correctness in Correspondence—New York—Pittsfield, Mass.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE.
Now that "Sherlock Holmes" in celluloid has grown a long beard, perhaps it is time to tell a story we heard about it. It may be true, and knowing Carol, it possibly is. John Barrymore, the star, liked Carol's work in the Griffith pictures and wanted her for his leading woman. After considerable negotiations she was signed to play the feminine lead in "Sherlock Holmes." Sherlock's sweetheart, she discovered when work had begun, was a rather vague individual whose sole duty seemed to be to watch Mr. Barrymore, upon whose immortal profile the camera's eye was trained. There was one scene especially when Carol's rôle was a thinking one—when all she had to do was to keep as much of herself out of the scene as possible without altogether disappearing. The scene was rehearsed. Carol, strange to say, was positively awkward. It would never, never do; so the scene was shot again. Three, four—and more rehearsals; and still Carol couldn't do it. In desperation the director told her to go ahead and do it her own way. With the result that a glimpse was caught of the heroine's face in one scene at least.

Ethel Clayton and Carter DeHaven were recently making pictures in separate sets on the same stage. Ethel's picture was a [continued on page 84]

Johnna Ralston, who follows Mildred Davis as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, shows charm and winsomeness in both these portraits. We wish success to this new combination in comedy.
Nature's Own Color

The soft, rich, green color of Palmolive Soap is the natural color of the rich oils from which it is blended.

Nature put the color in these oils, just as she does in grass and foliage.

It might as well be said that flowers, trees and grass are artificially colored as to say it of the green of Palmolive.

Palm and olive oils not only impart their color to Palmolive Soap—they also give it their own soothing mildness. The rich, creamy Palmolive lather is lotion-like in its effect on the skin. It is ideal facial soap.

The Springtime of Life

—How to keep that youthful bloom throughout the years

The joyous time—the time of youth and blooming, when every young girl should charm the world with her flower-like freshness. This greatest of all attractions is girlhood's rightful heritage as well as the most admired beauty of later years. The pretty girl will mature into the beautiful woman if she keeps that schoolgirl complexion.

Don't let it fade

All too often this alluring school-girl complexion is allowed to vanish with school-girl days. Yet simple treatment following schooldays will retain it as the greatest attraction of mature years.

Be careful how you cleanse your skin—don't let harsh methods rob it of its natural delicate texture. Or, just as dangerous to complexion health, don't omit the daily washing with soap and water for fear that its action is too harsh.

Instead, choose the facial soap which you know is so mild and soothing that it keeps the most sensitive skin smooth and soft. This soap is Palmolive, as millions of women already know. It is blended from Palm and Olive oils, known since the days of ancient Egypt as nature's beautifying cleansers.

These two rare oriental oils, by whose aid Cleopatra kept her youth, impart their mildness to the smooth, creamy lather of Palmolive. It cleanses thoroughly, removing every trace of the oil, dirt and perspiration which otherwise clogs the skin pores. It leaves your skin soft and glowing with a delightful sensation of freshness. Used regularly, every day, Palmolive keeps your complexion fine of texture and free from blackheads and blotches. Yet it never robs the skin of its own beautifying oil provided by nature to keep it smooth. Apply a touch of cold cream after gently drying your face with a soft, fine towel. Normally oily skins won't need it except possibly when the weather is very cold.

A low-priced luxury

If you imagine that Palmolive, because of its superfine qualities, must be very expensive, you are wrong. While in Cleopatra's days Palm and Olive oil was the luxury of the rich, modern manufacturing methods, combined with world-wide popularity, makes Palmolive a low-priced soap.

We import these rare oils in enormous quantities, and the Palmolive factories work day and night to supply the demand. Palmolive is only 10c a cake—a price which puts it within the reach of all for general toilet use.

Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
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Also makers of Palmolives Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only 10c

Palmolive

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MISS DAVIES. Star of "When Knighthood Was In Flower" in commending the virtues of Mineralava Beauty Clay to her friends and the world at large, is careful to emphasize the fact that she has tried various kinds of complexion clay, but she says: "I have tried many clays for the complexion, but Mineralava surpasses others so far that I use it and it only."

Mineralava, sold under a positive money-back guarantee, is to be had at all Drug and Department stores at $2.00 a bottle. There is also a Trial Tube at 50c, enough to convince you how good it is.

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS INC., 251 West 19th Street, New York City

Mineralava
BEAUTY CLAY

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK
If Julia Faye isn't careful, Vera Reynolds will step into her place as the girl with the best support on the Lasky lot. Vera plays one of the title roles in a new Paramount picture, which down in Richmond they'll probably bill as "Vera Reynolds in 'Prodigal Daughters', with Gloria Swanson."

Just a Nice Kid from Virginia

Because she's so young—only twenty-one—people still speak of Vera Reynolds as just a kid. And because she has a good disposition, she doesn't mind a bit. Not as long as she can go right on working and playing parts that require something more than a kid's ability to carry them off.

Now she is the younger sister of Gloria Swanson in the latest Swanson extravaganza, "Prodigal Daughters." Of all the daughters, perhaps Vera is just a shade the most prodigal. It's a rôle which will waft Miss Reynolds right into the front ranks of screen ingenues. She's glad, because now she can say to Father, "I told you so." Father, you understand, objected strongly to a celluloid career for Vera ever since she made her motion picture debut in a small part at the age of thirteen; and he has been objecting steadily ever since. Vera's work in Christie and Sennett comedies; even her heroines in three Roy Stewart pictures failed to move him. But now—the Father has written home to Richmond, Va., to tell the folks there how Vera is getting along.
Keeping your child's hair beautiful

What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

The beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and runs it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children—Fine for Men

Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

THE TWINS.—So you have acted in the plays at the opera house in your town and everyone says you are fine and considered the two prettiest girls in the town and what do I think you should do? My dears, this is a public print and I could not begin to answer that question. But I'll say this much; if all the girls who've been told they were fine and who on the strength of that wanted to go into pictures were placed end to end they would reach from—but what's the use? You're not listening anyway.

E. K., HARTFORD.—I wish I had been named for the hero of one of those English novels. They are called, usually, either Peter, Mark, or Rupert. What I wouldn't give to be called Peter, etc. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn. He is six feet tall and weighs 178. Wallace Beery was born and educated in Kansas City, Mo. He weighs 200 pounds and is six feet tall.

ALICE ELSEMORE.—Rudolph dies in “Blood and Sand,” as the author intended. I, for one, was glad to see him stick to the story. It was originally planned to have Rudolph die in Europe and live in America, but Paramount finally decided to be artistic and have the unhappy ending released everywhere. You're very kind and I appreciate your letter.

FAISSER.—My child, I am kind-hearted, and I rejoice to inform you Johnny Hines is happily unmarried. He isn't even engaged that I have heard. He is making a five-reel comedy drama for C. C. Burr now, with Doris Kenyon as his leading woman. Johnny lives in New York, at 548 West 16th Street. No trouble at all. Now it's up to Johnny; he'll probably write to you or at least send you his likeness. He will if he's as good natured as he looks.

OLIVE, CRANFORD.—Your Japanese paper brought memories of the land of cherry blossoms. That lovely land with its white-topped mountains, its colorfully dressed people, its quaint customs. I have never, contrary to report, been to Japan; but I am a constant attendant at the Burton Holmes pictures and the other scenes. Anyone can be widely travelled now. Flynn was a former Yale football star; he was featured by Fox and is now a free-lance.

CURIOSITY, ANDERSON, IND.—Bebe Daniels is her real name. She is of Spanish extraction. Nita Naldi is Italian-Irish. That is an assumed name. Jack Holt is really a Holt. His wife is not an actress; they have three children. Dorothy Dalton's parents reside in Chicago. Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby. Her sister is Margaret Shelby.

V. A. D., TULSA, OKLAHOMA.—You say you have never believed anything you read about film stars until you saw by my column that Marguerite Clark lived in New Orleans. Knowing someone who has seen Marguerite down there, you believed it; now I see it. I believe you read about film stars. That's almost the way. Miss Clark has no intention of returning to the screen. I saw her sister, Cora, with the J. Gordon Edwaredes, her close friends, at a picture opening not long ago. The Clark sister's protege, little Aleta Dorcee, is dancing in the Music Box Revue.

S. J. H., HAWTHORNE, N. J.—No one is indispensable. Graveyards prove that. But we all like to think we are. Niles Welch was Bill Sanders in Wesley Barry's picture, "Rags to Riches." He is married to Della Boone. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., July 18, 1894. Dix is still with Goldwyn. "The Christian" is his latest picture. He is not a star-Goldwyn doesn't have stars; but a featured player.

DIANA, WASHINGTON.—Eugene O'Brien has recovered from his accident. He had just completed his work in Norma's "The Voice from the Minaret." He appeared at a private showing of a picture in Manhattan with a turban effect that made everybody gasp. O'Brien is on the stage now in "Steve." Agnes Ayres has not been in the East for some months. She appears in "Clarence" as well as several new productions in which she is starred alone.

K. C., DAILY CITY, CAL.—The cast of "Not Guilty" follows. Richard Dix played one of those dual roles in it. I am glad to see that the dual role is not indulged in so much as formerly. It always bothered me wondering how they did it. So that I never enjoyed the picture at all. Elsa Chetwood, Sylvia Breame; Arthur Ellison, Paul Ellison, Richard Dix; Mary Ellison, Molly Malone; Mrs. Ellison, Elnor Hancock; Revelli Craig, Herbert Prior; Frank Mallow, Lloyd Whitlock; Martha the chaperone, Alberta Lee; Herbert Welch, Charles West; Virginia Caldwell, Alice Forbes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]
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If you are planning a trip to Europe, you can now have the vacation of your life, for only $495. Send the information blank below for your Government's surprising new booklet, "Economy Trips to Europe," which gives suggested itineraries for tours costing but $495 and shows you how to get a maximum return for your time and money spent abroad. Don't fail to write for this invaluable guide.

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The low rates on the swift, comfortable "Cabin Ships" operated by the United States Lines make this six weeks trip practicable at $495. On these splendid vessels, a cabin passage to England is only $120—third-class $85.

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SHIPPING BOARD

There was a time when any star who was a star owned a dressing-room-bungalow. Those days are past. The thing now is a portable dressing-room. Elsie Ferguson started it, and now most studios have these little rooms on wheels, convenient for changing costumes and makeup on the set. Fred Niblo is telling Marguerite de la Motte she hasn't time even to bend another eyelash before the next scene of "The Famous Mrs. Fair" is shot.

Gossip—East and West

[Continued from page 78]

Drama—very, very serious. And Carter was working on his latest comedy, "A Dog-Gone Yarn." To assist the flood of Clayton tears there was a violinist playing "Poet and Peasant" with all his might, and the sad sound worried Carter. Until, finally, he was unable to get the spirit of joy and light-hearted fun into his work. So, with a heavy sigh, he sat down and waited until Ethel had finished emoting. And then he borrowed her violinist and had him play "There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

Johnny Walker is making a picture that has quite a prize fighting slant. And so, to have all details correct, he has hired Frankie Delan, well known bantam weight battler, to get him into perfect condition for the picture. Johnny's day is now made up of intense training. He runs two miles, boxes four fast rounds, works with the medicine ball and finishes with a cold shower.

Norma Talmadge is going to have the atmosphere right in her newest picture "Within the Law." She isn't going to have any fake emotional acting, or any scenic discrepancies. To make sure of being correct in every detail she visited the Tombs, while in New York, and was escorted through the women's part of the city jail by the warden himself. Director Frank Lloyd went with her and made some photographs of the prison yard and the famous bridge of sighs.

 lovers of comedy will be sorry to hear that Max Linder came close to death abroad. The little star was in the Swiss Alps, attending an international skiing contest. And, as the contest was at its height, there came a sudden avalanche that swept down a mountain side and caught some of the spectators unawares. Max Linder was directly in the path of the avalanche. It swept him along with it and dashed him over a precipice. When he was found—after a search of several hours—he was unconscious. And physicians, after a hurried examination, said that he was suffering from several broken ribs, serious internal injuries, and a possible broken neck.

Grace G. Drayton—whose "Campbell Kids," "Kiddle Bunnies" and various chubby little illustration personages have endeared her to the entire country—is going to burst into the movies. The children of her brain are to be animated in a series of features that will be both amusing and instructive. We can't tell you all about it yet. But we can say that the idea is a new one and that the
Two Minutes to Make Your Eyes Enchanting.

One little touch gives instant loveliness to the brows and lashes! A discovery that makes the eyes appear larger and more brilliant, imparts to the whole face a new charm and fascination. French women have used this wonderful secret.

The poet was right when he said that "the eyes are the windows of the soul." The eyes are indeed the most expressive of our features. To be beautiful one must have beautiful eyes.

You know the French women's fascination. Most of this charm is due to the attention they pay to their eyes. They use them as a means of expression, and they know how to evoke their thoughts. With the aid of long, sweeping lashes and expressive brows she makes her eyes sometimes merry; sometimes, to create emotion, she TEH with the smouldering mystery of love. As a result, the French woman is one of the most fascinating in the world.

But her fascination is no longer a secret. You, too, can now give to your brows and lashes certain deft touches that in only two minutes make your eyes enchanting, expressive, and more beautiful. One cannot help being attractive with beautiful eyes. They are like arrows that draw attention to your prettiness. They enhance them and brighten up your expression. They make the plainest face attractive, and they add to the prettiness of your eyes. Your daintily groomed face gives to your brows a finely-penciled, well-groomed appearance—to your lashes an exquisite new beauty. The transformation is amazing!

Your Most Attractive Feature

As a magnet draws a bit of steel to its surface, so do bright, enchanting eyes draw attention to your face. And you cannot help being attractive with beautiful eyes. They are like arrows that draw attention to your prettiness. They enhance them and brighten up your expression. They make the plainest face attractive, and they add to the prettiness of your eyes. Your daintily groomed face gives to your brows a finely-penciled, well-groomed appearance—to your lashes an exquisite new beauty. The transformation is amazing!

Does Not Look Artificial

Liquid Lashbrow is not an ordinary cosmetic. It is a liquid that is daintily applied with a tiny brush. It dries instantly in a smooth, natural finish. It does not give a made-up or artificial appearance.

Even if you bathe with Liquid Lashbrow on your brows and lashes, it will not run or rub off. If you apply this amazing liquid in the morning, your brows and lashes will be wonderfully lustrous and attractive all day. Liquid Lashbrow absolutely will not run, rub off or discolor the skin.

You will like to use Liquid Lashbrow. It is easy to apply. It is made to look like the magic liquid with the little brush—and so wonderful to see instantly the marvelous change it has made in your appearance. And the result is so natural looking that you will not hesitate in the least to use Liquid Lashbrow whenever you want to look your best.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

Agnes Ayres, Ruth Roland, Betty Blythe and other famous actresses and society women use Liquid Lashbrow—not only because it gives instant enchantment to the eyes, not only because it darkens the brows and lashes and makes them appear longer and more lustrous—but also because this amazing discovery is highly beneficial to the brows and lashes and benefits their condition permanently.

There is only one original, genuine, Liquid Lashbrow. Other names may sound the same, but Liquid Lashbrow is the genuine. Avoid substitutes and imitations. Only Liquid Lashbrow can give instant enchantment to the eyes.

FREE PACKAGE—Just Send Coupon

We know you want to try Liquid Lashbrow—the remarkable discovery that gives the eyes new enchantment. And if your brows and lashes are sparse, we know you want to try Lashbrow Pomade. Therefore we are mailing the extraordinary offer of sending you a generous trial of both these splendid products FREE. And we will include, with our compliments, an eyelash and eyebrow brush.

Just clip and mail the coupon below to us at once, enclosing only 10¢ to cover the cost of handling and mailing. We will send you our free package containing a generous bottle of Liquid Lashbrow, a generous supply of Lashbrow Pomade, and a handy brush with which to apply them.

When your free trial package arrives, try Liquid Lashbrow and see what happens. And when you see what a change this new discovery makes in your appearance, how it makes your eyes enchanting in two short minutes, go to your favorite drug or department store for a full-size bottle. But mail the coupon for your free package NOW. Lashbrow Laboratories Company, Dept. 24, 17-55 Preston Place, St. Louis, Mo.

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Dept. 24, 17-55 Preston Place, Lashbrow Building, St. Louis, Mo.

I accept your generous offer. You may send me your special free package containing a bottle of Liquid Lashbrow which gives instant lustrousness to the brows and lashes; a supply of Lashbrow Pomade which stimulates the growth of sparse lashes and brows; and a brush with which to apply them. I enclose only 10¢ which is to cover cost of mailing, handling. I have not taken advantage of this free offer before.

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Sleeping Comfort

Complete relaxation—a feeling of restfulness and luxurious ease—is necessary to restful, refreshing sleep. If your bedspring sags, sways or groans—get a Way Sagless Spring. It is always comfortable—always restful—always quiet—because of its patented hollowstrand construction and sturdy truss supports.

Only in the genuine Way Sagless Spring can you get all the exclusive “Way” features and advantages. To be sure you get the genuine, look for the red stripes on the frame.

Way Sagless Spring Co.

A Way Sagless Day Bed

No matter what style of bed you buy, be sure to equip it with a Way Sagless Spring if you want lasting sleeping comfort and restfulness! Guaranteed for 25 years not to sag, stretch or break. A new spring free if it does.

The Restful Way” is interesting reading. Write for a copy.

WAY SAGLESS SPRING

LOOK FOR THE RED STRIPES

A Way Sagless Day Bed makes one room serve as two. Opens into a full size bed, equipped with genuine Way Sagless Spring.

When you see Milton Sills in one of those cave-men roles, you forget that Milton was once a college professor, and you certainly don’t remember that an eleven-year-old daughter calls him father. Here is Dorothy Sills, a serious-minded young lady who writes prize-winning essays, but who finds time occasionally to drop in and watch doady work.

The cameraman went to secure “shots” of the celebrities upon the stage, but when he saw Warfield he swung the camera around and got a portrait.

other stars of the animated reels—Bobbie, Felix the Cat, Mutt and Jeff and all the rest of them—will welcome their new little playmates.

A CERTAIN comedy star went home to a village in Indiana to visit her folks. It was a small village—of the one horse variety. She wrote back, to the city, describing the size of the town.

“I get about four letters a day,” she wrote, “and this morning, when I stopped at the post office for my mail, the postmaster asked me if I was running a correspondence course!”

MANY motion picture stars are holding forth at the silk show. Martha Mansfield, Hope Hampton, Irene Castle and a score of others are making the silks seem more beautiful than ever. Nothing is more lovely than a gorgeous girl draped in, or standing against the background of, a bolt of lustrous satin or brocade. And the silk manufacturers realize the fact.

DAVID WARFIELD has always said that he would never appear before the motion picture camera. And he never did—until a few weeks ago—when the cameraman of a certain news reel caught him among the spectators at the opening of the Moscow Art Theater. The cameraman went to secure “shots” of the celebrities upon the stage, but when he saw Warfield he swung the camera around and got a portrait.
WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, veteran actor, died at the age of seventy-six. He had been working in Marion Davies' picture, "Little Old New York," when he caught pneumonia, which caused his death. He had a brilliant stage career, and was known also for his fine work in many photoplays.

MARION DAVIES is a game girl. The other day she was making a scene for "Little Old New York." Dressed in her boy's costume as the masquerading Patrice O'Day, Marion was to be flung to the shoulder of Louis Wolheim and rushed through a mob of seven hundred howling men to the whipping post. Wolheim, with Miss Davies held above him with one big arm, and grasping a cruel whip in his other hand, began to mount the steps leading to the whipping post when the mob closed in around him so forcibly that he lost his balance and slipped. Marion was thrown to the floor, her blonde head striking with great force, and was unconscious for some moments. But when she recovered she insisted upon going on with the scene.

BILL DUNCAN and his pretty wife, Edith Johnson, will risk their lives for Universal in the future. They have made their last Vitagraph serial, and intend to produce, as well as the potboilers, bigger and better things—some costume stuff is included in their plans.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL was confronted the other day by a producer. "You're the one I want," he said, buttonholing the husband of Corinne. "I want to produce a screen spectacle. I want a good cast, at least one big name, a good leading man, some yacht scenes, and a ballroom scene, the whole to cost not more than $50,000. And I want a director."

Webster withered him. "You don't want a director. You want a magician."

GEORGE ARLLIS will soon play his inimitable character of the Rajah of Ruhi before the camera. Distinctive Pictures has purchased "The Green Goddess," the melodrama which has been engaging the Arliss talents on the road this season, and last year was a Broadway success.

Biflex
Spring Bumper

THINK what might have happened if Herbert Rawlinson hadn't equipped his car with Biflex. "When you must crash into a tree or post to avoid injuring a careless pedestrian, you'll come up smiling if you have a Biflex to take the bump," says Mr. Rawlinson.

This prominent star has taken the double precaution of Biflexing his car front and rear, the safe way to motor. The broad Biflex buffing surface blocks bumpers of all heights. Biflex super-strength is safety insurance.

Biflex is chosen for the finest cars in motordom. Beautiful and dignified; and the safest bumper equipment. Sold everywhere by the better auto and accessory dealers. Priced from $21 to $28.

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Biflex Bumpers are Fully Protected by U. S. Patents.

Protection with Distinction
Have you ever tried it this way?

TOMORROW morning try dousing Listerine on your face after shaving. It leaves your skin refreshed, cool—and antiseptically protected.

Often your razor leaves a nick or cuts too closely. Listerine takes good care of that.

Then some evening when your scalp feels itchy and tired, massage it vigorously with Listerine—clear or diluted with one part water. You’ll find it has a wonderful exhilarating effect and, moreover, it is effective in combating dandruff.

These are only two of Listerine’s many uses. Read the interesting little circular that comes with each bottle describing many other uses.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE—the safe antiseptic

Gloria Swanson and Herbert Somborn have been separated for two years. And now Gloria has appealed to the courts to sever the marital bonds completely. She accuses him of desertion. Somborn, it is said, will fight the case.

Roscoe Arbuckle is never going to appear on the screen again. He is to confine himself to directing "Poodles" Hannaford, the clown, in a series of comedies. The features which Paramount produced starring the rotund actor will never be released.

APPENDICITIS stalked about the studios. First Margaret Courtou fell ill and was rushed to the hospital. Then Bebe Daniels, who has been suffering from appendicitis for several months, decided she might as well become separated from the picture and so spent three weeks away from work. She’s all right now. Viola Dana, the third victim, was seriously ill for a while, but she recovered and is reporting for work in a new picture.

Lewis Stone is one actor who looks upon his job of acting just as bankers do on theirs. He keeps office or studio hours, and sometimes he can’t recall off-hand the name of the film he’s playing in.

He likes to tell on himself about the time he visited the school his young daughter attends. The girls had heard that Mr. Stone was a famous actor, and gathered around to watch him as he came in. When they saw "a middle-aged, thin-haired man," they were terribly disappointed—according to Mr. Stone.

One glimpse of Chaplin makes the whole world kin. The professional picture-viewers, the traditionally hard-boiled critics flock to see his latest picture in the projection room.

On the occasion of the initial private showing of "The Pilgrim," Charlie’s new one, there were at least two representatives from every magazine and trade journal and newspaper. Some of them had to stand. They’re all alike where Charlie is concerned.

By the way, his brother, Syd, came to New York with the picture. You would never recognize in the suave and well-tailed Mr. Chaplin the disgruntled visitor who loses his hat in "The Pilgrim."

ELSIE FERGUSON has been playing the provinces in her new play, "The Wheel of Life." The lovely Elsie, stopping for a one-night-stand in a middle-sized middle-western town, was asked by the leading local film theater to attend a showing of her latest picture, "Outcast." It was the first time she had seen it in its finished form. Whether it was her disappointment over her close-ups, or the way the picture had been sliced—anyway, on the way back to her hotel, Miss Ferguson slipped and fell on the ice and gave one of her slender wrists a severe wrench.

He came to New York because he was sure he would see his idol, Rudolph Valentino, on Broadway. And then Valentino would help him get into pictures, where he would, in the course of time, become a great actor and make a million dollars.

Manuel Garabedian walked and walked and walked. He saw hundreds of people on Broadway, but not Valentino. And he was so tired and hungry after a while that he was quite satisfied to be sent back to the industrial school in Rhode Island which he left to seek his fame and fortune in the films.

ALTHOUGH she was married as Mrs. Rodolpho Guglielmi, Jean Acker has been using the name of Mrs. Rodolph Valentino for professional purposes. She is billed as "Mrs. Rodolph Valentino in 'A Regular Girl'" in Keith vaudeville.

Valentino’s injunction proceedings against Mr. Garabedian’s suit to compel her to drop his name. His first wife, he says, married him when she was affluent and he was a struggling actor in Hollywood, and not long after their marriage left him to return to live with a woman friend. Now that he is famous, she advertises herself as Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. The screen star won his divorce suit under his family name of Guglielmi.

THERE is a report from Paris, France, that Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, is to be starred in a series of productions. Not under his father’s management, but his mother’s, who is now Mrs. James Evans. The Evans family, with Doug Jr., has been living abroad, but will return to America to fulfill the film contract made with William Elliott, a theatrical producer—if we may believe the story.
Gladye Cooper, called the most beautiful actress in England, visited New York—and left it disappointed. Why is it these famed British beauties always disappoint us? She was reported to be engaged to wed Ivor Novello, the actor-composer, who is Griffith’s new leading man. Miss Cooper co-starred with Mr. Novello in “The Bohemian Girl,” a British production.

By the way, Douglas Sr. and Mary Pickford are reported contemplating the purchase of Georgian Court, the beautiful Lakewood, N. J., home of George Gould, which is now for sale.

VICTOR SEASTROM, the Swedish director, has come to this country to make pictures for a California company. He made “A Man There Was” and “The Death Wagon,” which was known here as “The Stroke of Midnight.”

AND now—Leon de Revia. You’ll soon see the son of a former Mexican president, General Aurelio Banquet, making eyes at the public. Another one of the “Valentino successors”?

WHEN S. L. Rothafel sailed for a vacation trip in Europe, a radio broadcasted his favorite overture to him on the high seas, rendered by “Roxy’s” favorite musicians, the Capitol Theater orchestra. Who said “vacation”?

Did you ever hear that one of Charlie Chaplin’s hobbies is to take personal motion pictures of every celebrity that visits his California studio? The films never reach the public, of course, being intended for the screen of Charlie’s private projection room.

A distinguished visitor several years ago was Prince Axel of Denmark. Enthusiastically he agreed to play a comedy scene with Chaplin. It was a typical Chaplin scene, kick and all—the klutzy being none other than the Prince of Denmark. It was only after the Prince had returned home that he believed himself of his undignified part in the picture, and he frantically cabled Charlie begging him never to show the film to the public. Suppose it was ever shown in Denmark?

THE Message of Emile Coue will soon reach the screen. The little chemist from Nancy, France, is personally appearing—in celluloid—for Educational, in a two-reel version of “Every day, in every way,” etc.

BESSIE EYTON, once prominent as a star for Selig, wants a divorce from Clark C. Coffey, an attorney, of Vicksburg, Miss.

**Costs ½ Cent**

Why serve less flavorful oats?

Quaker Oats have that extra flavor which has given them supreme place the world over.

Everybody wants that flavor. Stores everywhere supply it. The cost is insignificant—only one-half cent per dish.

You simply specify Quaker to get it.

That flavor lies in queen grains only.

The puny, underripe oats do not have it.

A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of grains good enough for Quaker.

But we flake those only—just the cream of the oats. Thus we bring you this food of foods in its most delightful form.

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By the way, it isn't generally known that Mary Hay is writing the music for a play in which she will appear next season. Little Mrs. Barthelmess is an accomplished musician, but this will be the first occasion for the public to applaud her talent.

Pauline Garon, the theater's prize flapper, is back in New York, flapping her way through George Melford's "You Can't Fool Your Wife," or "Can Your Wife Fool You." They will be put on at the Paramount studios. Anyway, one of those "wife" titles. Pauline has been showing New York to Slovenia Day.

The engaging platinum is one of the bright sights of film Manhattan. And people still recall her famous remark—anyway, she's said to have said it—upon meeting George Jean Inness, "That's an actor."

Fashion Pauline said, "And what do you do?"

We don't know how true it is; but somewhere, who was standing by told us that D. W. Griffith, directing a scene for "The White Rose," said to his leading lady while they were rehearsing, "Well, since Photoplay says I have been doing the same thing over and over for years, we'll have to think of a different way to do it this time."

Although you might never guess it from his sinister characterizations, Lowell Sherman is quite the contrary. He likes to make up names for his plays. He christened "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," "Moonlight and Succotash" and "The Easiest Way," "The Fleecest Way."

And just now he is getting as much enjoyment out of his evil nobleman in "The Masked Woman" as his audiences are.

In the last act, he rivals Gloria Swanson as a clothes-horse.

He wears a marvelous negligee with a broad belt of silk for a collar. And a sinister set of whiskers. And how the matinee girls love to hate him!

Wanda Hawley is seeking a divorce from her husband, Allen Burton Hawley, whose only job for some time, averts Wanda, has been just being her husband.

In other words, Wanda, who has permitted his bloke wife to support him on the salary she receives as a screen actress; that he has disposed the money, and has, besides, been bought and sold sometimes, at least, to say Wanda. It has been generally assumed that the Hawleys were one of the happily married couples in filmdom, and that Allen Hawley was the prosperous son of a Hollywood gambler. But before Wanda sailed for Europe to make pictures there, she filed her suit. And it looks as if she will get her divorce.

Irv Thalberg, the "boy" manager of Universal, has resigned and Julius Bernheim has been appointed by Carl Laemmle to take his place.

Thalberg, who, at twenty-two, was promoted from stenographer to manager of the big film concern, is expected to take the same position with the Louis B. Mayer company.

If a dealing over $1,500,000. Joe Schenck has purchased the controlling hold in the United Studios and will move his producing units from the Metro studios back to the big United organization.

Schenck, who is the husband of Norma Talmadge, who is the producer of her films and those of her sister Constance, has owned stock in this concern for some time, but the present investment makes him president and chief stockholder.

M. C. Leever, former head of the United Studios, will remain as active manager of the studios.

The United Studios is one of the largest motion picture plants in Hollywood and is located on Melrose Avenue near Western.
The Shadow Stage

[Continued from page 72]

NOBODY'S MONEY—Paramount

JUST a light comedy, but as entertaining as any picture we have witnessed this season. It reveals the hitherto solemn Jack Holt as a high comedian of actual ability; and it follows, as to plot, a merry masquerade in which he is the chief participant. There are Wanda Hawley and Julia Faye as decorations. Altogether an optically pleasing picture, which we beg to offer as proof that Jack Holt, as an actor, is not only dependable, but interesting.

FIGHTING BLOOD—Film Booking Office

The first three “rounds” of the new H. C. Witwer stories of the prize ring are human, absorbing and real. If the rest of the series maintains the same standard, “Fighting Blood” will be the best picture of its kind. The pugilist-hero is no Battling Burrows, but a clean-cut, lovable chap you can’t help liking. His adventures are humorous and, whether you are a fight fan or not, you’ll enjoy them. It’s a picture that fathers and brothers, especially, will like.

WHAT A WIFE LEARNED—First National

IT was the husband who learned, and it required six reels. This is one of those plots where, if the hero or heroine had used a little common-sense in the second reel, the complications would never have arisen and, of course, wouldn’t have been any more picture. That would have been all right with us. Marguerite de la Motte, John Bowers, and Milton Sills just suffer and suffer. We think it is a shame that Mr. Sills had to suffer so in such a cause.

MILADY—American Releasing Corporation

ADVERTISED as “beginning where The Three Musketeers left off,” this French production is nearer Dumas than Douglas Fairbanks ever could be. Of course, you may prefer Douglas. The American exuberance is lacking here, but there is an old-world flavor of romance—of clashing swords and rustling silks—that is charming. D'Aragona is a disappointment, but not so the lady who plays the title role. She is the Milady Dumas wrote about.

STARLAND REVIEW—Film Booking Offices

A WEEKLY that is made up of famous personalities of the stage and screen—showing them mostly off stage and (more or less) at ease. Although sometimes they stand right up to the camera and do their stuff blandly. Of interest to those people who wonder what their favorites are like, behind the scenes.

THE SPEEDER—Educational

LOYD HAMILTON having the time of his life in a thriller that has a self starter and everything! A comedy that will tickle the funny bone. There are some new gags—and some fairly old ones that are still good for a laugh. And the whole thing ends in the usual grand explosion.

CANYON OF THE FOOLS—F. B. O.

AFTER seeing this picture any audience will agree that all the foolish aren’t in the canyon. For the characters in the story exhibit, throughout, an amazing lack of sense. For instance the hero instead of firing his machine gun into the midst of the enemy, shoots steadily into the dam and so weakens it that it collapses—thereby nearly drowning the blonde heroine. Harry Carey and Marguerite Clayton in the lead.

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THE FIRST DEGREE—Universal
FRANK MAYO does rather the best work of his career in this story, as the innocent but misunderstood brother of a blackmailing villain. There are times when he rises to emotional moments that are quite unexpected. Sylvia Breamer, as the girl, lacks depth and feeling. But she doesn't spoil the picture—only weakens it.

THE POWER OF A LIE—Universal
It keeps rolling up, the lie, like a gigantic snowball. Complications pile up on top of each other until at last the whole family—the hard working husband, the wife with social aspirations, the young sister and the mis-guided fiance—land in the police court. And then the truth comes out, and everybody is moderately happy again. David Torrance does some fine work as the harassed liar.

THE OREGON TRAIL—Universal
A NOTHER of the series of films that have a real historic value as well as drama and suspense. Serials, usually, are hard to follow—but this is an exception. It tells of the pioneers who gave their lives to the making of the great West. Of special interest to those school children who are finding American history hard and dull.

THE WORLD'S A STAGE—Principal Pictures
ELINOR GLYN paints a picture of Hollywood that might, just as well, have been laid in any other small town. A story of a star and two men—the one she marries, and the one she doesn't. A futile plot that creeps along to a conventional finish. With a rainstorm, a broken bridge and an automobile wreck. Dorothy Phillips, Kenneth Harlan and Bruce McRae.

CRINOLINE AND ROMANCE—Metro
EMMY-LOU (Viola Dana) wears long curls and voluminous hoop skirts, and—by so doing—manages to show up the modern flapper with her bobbed hair and scanty frocks. A story that is almost saccharine enough to live up to its title—and that's going some! All about an embittered tailor who tries to keep his granddaughter away from the lure of the wicked world.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM AMERICA—Universal
FROM the A. E. F. to romance—and back again to permanent K. P. This is Hoot Gibson's latest story in a nut shell. He and a doughboy pal go a.v.o.l. from the army and start off for Paris. But they get on the wrong train and land in a Spanish duchy called Cordelia. What do they do to the place fills about six reels. Louise Lorraine is the leading lady.

POP TUTTLE, DETEKATIV—R-C Pictures
A PLUM Center comedy, in which the inimitable Dan Mason again scores as a rural bus driver. There is a Fontaine Fox quality to this man—he is always like an animated cartoon. And, as the graduate of a correspondence course in detecting, he furnishes a number of good laughs. The love of fads, whiskers is screamingly funny. And, though the plot is weak, one doesn't care. The gigantic Wilma Hervey is present.

MIIGHTY LAK' A ROSE—First National
It makes you cry and that's just about the highest praise that can be given any picture—even if it is almost cloying in its sweetness. The story of a little blind girl who plays the violin and, by so doing, converts the whole of a city slum and a family of despairades—with whom she is living. The direction is sympathetic, and there are some over-emphatic but interesting performances. Dorothy Mackaill is very lovely as the blind heroine, and James Rennie does good work as the semi-gangster hero.

WHEN KNIGHTS WERE COLD—Metro
STAN LAUREL, as the leader of a band of merry men, rescues the lovely Princess Elizabeth New Jersey from the clutches of a wicked prince who plans her ruin. He follows rather closely, the scenery and action of "Robin Hood"—with some surprising results. And some not quite so surprising. The vast army on toy horses, moving off across a great plain, is a real joy to witness.

ROBERT BRUCE WILDERNESS TALES—Educational
MR. BRUCE has made the scenery—and even the dogs—a background for the wee stories that haven't much plot or conventional punch, but that are decidedly interesting. Probably because the audience feels that they are in the realm of the might-happen-to-us. "Jenkins and the Mutt" and "Moon Blind" are among the best.

THE LOVE LETTER—Universal
A S a girl working in an overall factory, Gladys Walton has ample opportunity to do her stuff. We wish they hadn't staged the carmenesque fight—but aside from that she's cute and big-eyed and flapperly satisfactory. And when she gets engaged, by correspondence, and goes to a little country town and gets married and has a baby—well, then she's just too sweet for anything! George Cooper scores as a gangster.

A MILLION IN JEWELS—American Releasing
HELEN HOLMES tries to smuggle in the Russian Crown Jewels. And she would have gotten away with it, too—even though old John H. Secret Service, him-ell, was on her trail—if it hadn't been for the interference of a certain flapper who loved the brave detective. And so the plot is foiled, and everyone goes to jail except Helen. She dies, being shot in the tummy.

Their Most Trying Experiences
Gloomy periods in the lives of many leading screen personalities. Stories of how they achieved success after years of hard work. Told for the first time.

In the May Issue of Photoplay
Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

Detroit, the Commerce he blemished. "The body I enjoyed Wallace them, to caramel chap. In ried and pictures. "The vent Salt spring, to park O'Brien unites if acts for cities. Miss O'Brien is the wife of Joseph Schenck off the screen. O'Brien isn't married at all. "The Voice from the Minaret" is the picture which unites the popular celluloid lovers. Eugene went back to the stage upon its completion.

ADELE G., ONTARIO, CANADA. — You may park in my department any old time. Your letter scintillated and served to carry me through the luncheon hour with only a passing thought of food. They won't let me go out to luncheon until I have finished my stint, you see; and I have never finished it in time yet. Now couldn't you write me letters timing them so they would arrive about noon every day? Pearl White has entered a convent in the Alps, you know; her health is poor and she is going to renounce worldly things and cultivate her soul, she says. She was born in Missouri on March 4th, 1889, is five feet three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is light and her eyes brown — a devastating combination. She was married in May of 1916 to Wallace McCutcheon, but they are now divorced, proving, perhaps, that May is an unlucky marriage month. Her latest serial for Pathe is called "Plunder." In "The Black Secret" she played Edyln Erith; Walter McGreal was Kay McKay, and Wallace McCutcheon was Frederick Vaux.

T. L. B., HANOVER, N. H. — My stenographer, Miss De Vere, desires me to thank you for the caramels you sent me. She enjoyed them more than I can tell you. And I must say they looked fine too. If you or your letter mention a tow-headed stenographer and a chestnut-haired one, both very efficient and with good dispositions. See here, old chump — how about swapping the pink-haired person for the other two? I can pass over the caramel incident, all right; but someday somebody — of course, I can't think who — is going to send me caramels, and she'll want to smoke them, and then there'll be a real row.

M. D. — Mac Marsh has returned to the screen — in fact, she has made a number of pictures recently. "Till We Meet Again"; and two British productions, "Flames of Passion" and "Paddy the Best Thing." Now Miss Marsh is a Griffith heroine, in "The White Rose," in which Ivo Novello and Carol Dempster also appear. She is Mrs. Louis Lee Arns in private life, and the mother of a small Mary.

LILLIE MAY. — Oh yes — the spring, the spring, the beautiful spring. And those poems to the spring. Read a couple. After reading them, I am sure Miss Novello is not married. She was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1890. Her latest pictures are "To Have and To Hold." "Kick In," "The Rustic Rose," Jane Novak played with Bill Hart in "Three Word Brand." She is now a star, and one of her recent releases is "Thelma." Jane has a little daughter. She was divorced from Frank Newburg some time ago.

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A FLOCK OF ERRORS

WHEN Richard Dix as Lee Marvin calls on Betty Compson as The Bonded Woman, through a rain storm, his umbrella is dry when he reaches the house and gives it to her aunt. When John Summer saves Angela's father from the shipwreck, it can plainly be seen that the raft is being towed—the rope is right there. Later, when Summer reaches the captain's home and gives the ship's log to Angela, it is perfectly dry.

N. J. Saginaw, Michigan.

WHAT'S A LITTLE THING LIKE THAT?

In Will Rogers' "The Headless Horseman, or The Least Thing," laid in Colonial Dutch village of 1750, Lois Meredith's dress at the quilting party was as outrageously inaccurate as if she had worn a knee-length nightgown when women wore kerchiefs and fichus, the staid Dutch matrons of Sleepy Hollow would have called her a hussy and torn her reputation to shreds. Her bare shoulders, however beautiful, belonged either to the diva role of the English Charles or the equally complacent ladies of her contemporary, Louis XIV of a date some hundred years earlier; but never to a sleepy Dutch village in the New United States. Fanny Cannon, New York City.

OH, WELL, IT'S AN INSTITUTION

WHAT is the motive power of the Tooneville Trolley in the picture of that name? It goes when the trolley is down. When it is up it doesn't touch the trolley wire, but the blooming thing still goes.

Lloyd Winston, Los Angeles, Cal.

IT HAPPENS—FOR HEROES

George Walsh had everything his own way in "The Serenade." Romrose has locked Maria (Miriam Cooper) in the room with himself. Panco (Walsh) crashes through the window and in the fight knocks Romrose out—really out! Through the open window. Then he catches Maria in his arms. Panco dashes out the room through the conveniently unlocked door.

JASON SMITH, Indianapolis, Indiana.

WAS MR. SENNETT KIDDING?

Why they allow such mistakes as the stupid ones which occurred in Mack Sennett's "Love, Honor and Believe." It beyond the pale of comedy, puts a born comedian and a pension postmistress. The stamp had not been cancelled.

C. W. LARO, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

DON'T ASK US

A LARGE poisoned knife plays an important part in "The Devil Within." The ship's mate comes into possession of this knife and, after his break with Captain Briggs, (Dustin Farnum) puts a horn carrying it with him. When the mate returns to the ship during the attack by the Malays, he is minus the knife. Why? then, was the knife in Captain Briggs' possession forty years later?

MARRISON HICKS, Louisville, Kentucky.

GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND

I HAVE been trying to figure out why, in "The Ghost Breaker," Lila Lee didn't scream or run when she saw a strange man in her room?

MARY M. FLETCHER, Augusta, Georgia.

DOUBLES FOR DOGS

Rex Ty, the canine hero of "The Man from Hell's River," is supposed to be the leader of Irving Cummings' dog team; but to my surprise I noticed that while the team was entering the village on the run a big black dog was leading. They saved Rin-Tin for the close-ups, maybe.

F. BISCHGREN, Patterson, N. J.

ALL RIGHT!

RECENTLY I have seen several "super-productions" and was struck, as I have been before, with the incorrigible devotion to infinite care and apparently unlimited resources to scenic detail, and at the same time allowing inexcusable grammatical errors and grammatical words to creep into the titles. The most flagrant offense is spelling all right "alertly." I almost screamed when I saw old "alertly" in Betty Blythe's picture, "A Daughter of Richland." Get me a job as a law picker, to be paid by piece-work, and I shall soon be a rich woman.

A. E. WATSON, Washington, D. C.

THAT'S WHAT MADE IT EXCITING

ALLOW me to heave a number of gentle bricks at Griffith's latest, "One Exciting Night." During the terrific hurricane which serves as the climax, great trees are uprooted, some of them with trunks eighteen inches in diameter, yet the mysterious killer, the hero, and the heroine rush to and fro in the midst of it all, an emerging intact. Rome, the dark comedian, returns home to see the servants' quarters blown to bits before his eyes, yet after the storm the house looks unharmed. And in the first part of the film, the Butler prepares to clean up an upstairs room, and hands a lamp to the maid to take downstairs. A few seconds later the lamp is in its former position on the table, with its shade at one side, as first shown.

J. GORDON GRACE, Chillicothe, Mo.

MARY'S MARCELLE

In "Tillie," Mary Miles Minter portrays the character in a pleasing manner, but she let a little mistake creep in. She leaves the house with her hair tightly pinned back according to the minuette custom. But later she appears at the barn with a pretty marcelle which would do credit to a Manhattan debutante.

LULU NETHAWAY, Chicago, Ill.

SHOULD HAVE CHANGED SKY LINE

WHEN the mother of "The Five Dollar Baby" deposits the child on a doorstep, hurries down to one of the bridges crossing the Harlem River, and jumps, there's a close-up shown of the watery grave, and in the distance a peach of a view of New York's famous present-day sky line. Yet the mother committed suicide in 1924.

FRANK LAMORELLE, Chicago, Ill.
Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

MARY LOUISE, SEATTLE.—The humor of your letter! The delicious, Joe Miller, vintage of 1888 humor of it! Mary Louise of Seattle, stick to the serious. Kathryn Williams was born in Butte, Montana, on May 31, 1886. She is five feet five inches; weighs 138 and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Kathryn is married to Charles Eyton, general manager of the Lasky Hollywood studios. Her fourteen year old son died a few months ago. She plays in “Clarence” with Wally Reid.

G. C., INDIANAPOLIS.—I cannot say I count Niles Welch one of my favorites; but I liked his work with Wes Barry in “Rags to Riches.” He is thirty-four and is married to Dell Boone. Address him at United Studios, Los Angeles.

HELEN, SALT LAKE CITY.—Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith and Douglas Fairbanks produce their own pictures, re-leasing through United Artists. These four constitute, in fact, this company. Mary and Doug have their own studios in California; so has Chaplin, Griffith works in Mamaroneck, N.Y. Charlie’s brother makes his own pictures also, releasing through Allied, a subsidiary of United Artists. “The Girl I Love” and “The Courtship of Miles Standish,” are the latest Ray releases. Clara G. is Mrs. Ray. Their home is in Beverly Hills.

LAMP, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.—I can’t help it if Mary Pickford doesn’t look twenty-seven. She isn’t and that’s all I can tell you. I wish you girls wouldn’t argue with me about ages. I can only give you the information the stars give me. Gloria is twenty-six. Her daughter was two years old October 7, 1922. Herbert Somborn is her former husband.

BERNICE, VANCOUVER.—You Vancouverites are out in full force this month. I must have made a hit with one of you. If I have, I’m glad; I have many friends in Canada and can always meet more. Mary and Doug came east over the Canadian Rockies. They stopped at Montreal and met Stephen Lencock, the humorist; and had a big fuss made over them. The Fairbankses are back in California now, Mary making “Faust” and Douglas working on a pirate story. Betty Blythe is making pictures for Whitman Bennett in his Yonkers studio. Viola Dana is still with Metro, working in California. Betty is still Mrs. Paul Stewart. At least she was the last I heard, and there’s no reason to believe that Betty and Paul are not ideally happy.

F. L. K., CHICAGO.—Here is the cast of “The Passion Flower.” (I knew I’d have a good long cast wished on me). Acacia—Norma Talmadge; Eustis—Courtenay Foote; Rainsford—Eulalie Jensen; North—Harrison Ford; Tio Eusebio—Charles Stevenson; Faustino—Robert Agnew; the Page—Augustus Ballou; Dona Isabel— Mildred Adams; Alina—Natalie Talmadge; Acacia’s father—Julian Greer; Julia—Alice May; Bernade—Edward Boring; Little Carlos—Harold Steam. A lump of real coal will be presented to any scholar who can pronounce the greatest number of these names correctly.

BESSIE C.—Owen Moore is married and Eugene O’Brien isn’t. Owen’s wife is Kathryn Perry, who was one of the Ziegfeld Follies before she went into Selznick pictures and said yes to Mr. Moore’s “Will you.” She plays with her husband in “Love is an Awful Thing” —just by way of contradicting that title. Marjorie Daw is the heroine of the piece. O’Brien is not engaged; he and Harold Lloyd are Sidonis’ champion bachelors.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
was with Ince, in support of Dorothy Dalton. When the picture had been cleared 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.

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 had 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 Bartheimess 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 do a dance. When I arrived, he invited me to dance with him in the 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.

While working on the Universal “lot” I met Douglas Gerrard, who proved to be my best friend. He was directing at Universal, and had repeatedly tried to get me for his pictures, but it always happened that I was engaged elsewhere when he wanted me. Nevertheless, our friendship had steadily grown.

For some reason, which I never knew, no one in Hollywood knew of me. I am quite naturally sensitive, and I felt that the successful fellows who were leading men looked down on me. Douglas was the only one who invited me to go out with him, and whenever he gave a party he made it a point to have me. He entertained a great deal at the Athletic club. At one of these affairs I met Pauline Frederick, who invited me to her home. Then I met her mother, a charming woman, who enjoyed dancing and with whom I loved to dance.

It was at a party at Pauline Frederick’s that I met Miss Jean Acker. I thought her very attractive. But I did not see her again for some time. While working in Los Angeles I had heard of a woman who needed a corned for “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 down till eight o’clock at night. 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 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. It was Thursday evening, and the 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, as I paid various expenses attending the wedding.

Luckily I was engaged for a Katherine MacDonald picture, “Passion’s Playground.” This role was repeated for “Passion’s Playground,” and I played brothers in the picture.

... We had been brothers off screen right along—brother adventurers in life.

I completed “Passion’s Playground,” and 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 Frank Craven 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. There I got work as a “heavy” in a picture called The Great Moment, starring Margaret Norrara of the Chicago Grand Opera company.

It may appear that I received engagements very readily, but such was not the case. I think that I remained lonely because I would save from one picture would be spent during the weeks I tried to find work in another.

When I finished “The Great Moment” I decided to grow a moustache. It was part of a dark, deep scheme. My friend Norman Kerry was in constant demand. He couldn’t fill all the engagements offered him. Since I resembled him somewhat—at least enough to be cast as his brother in “Passion’s Playground,” I decided that if I added a moustache like his I might gain something of his popularity. At least, I might hope to get the parts he cast aside.

My attempt to copy Norman is particularly amusing neither. While I was working on Universal announced they had discovered a Valentianna successor—Mr. Norman Kerry. Poor old Norman! He was a success long before they evinced an interest in him.

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 Loves.” I immediately told one of the editors of the picture, who 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 me the part and we set about producing the cast.

After I had done “The Great Moment” and

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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 $400."

He asked if I would take a cut in salary for the sake of such an opportunity.

I said, "Surely!"

"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 role of Julia. 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 Archinlaub, 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 $450 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 Julia. I was told that Metro couldn't afford it and didn't feel I was worth it, so I kept on at the same salary, playing with Alice Terry in "Untouched Seas;"

The Armand 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.

I was 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 role. Rex and I had a talk and I asked for a hundred dollar raise.

When refused and urged, 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 Sheikh" at $500 a week. That was followed by "Moran of the Lady Letty" at $750. In order to play in "The King of 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. Too many stars have believed that the public would accept them in any sort of picture. I know better. A star, as well as a producer, must keep up his standard. It is a moral obligation. The fault in the star system has been that the star too often has not realized his responsibility to the public and has not insisted that the product which bears his name be of the best quality possible.
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Canton, Ohio

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Sani-Flush Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The patient was not Biograph alone, it was the entire industry of the motion picture. Biograph's solitary position was not hopeful, but the prospects of the film business as a whole were promising enough to make a fight worth while. A less forceful man than Kennedy would have hesitated, then reported it an incurable stigma that you could not liqui-
date for Biograph. That would have been the underaker method. Kennedy preferred to be a doctor. He decided to take on the whole problem. It was a large order.

CELITIC lore relates that about three hun-
dred years ago there was a certain, a very certain, Ure Kavanagh who came down out of the Highlands with his claymore and pacified a whole valley full of lowlanders single handed. He must have had descendants.

Kennedy now set about in finding that a great deal of systematic pioneer thinking about the problems and salvation of the motion picture had been done by H. N. Marvin of Biograph. With Y. K. Koppelman for some years busy abroad with the large foreign affairs of the concern, Marvin had been left alone with the growing problems and rising battles of the business. He had, as effectually as might be, set about trying to centralize the control of the patents and get a grasp of the situation.

by little we became friends. During the course of the picture we spent a great many hours together, riding, walking or reading together.

We became tremendously attached to one another. It wasn’t love at first sight. It wasn’t any dashing, romantic adventure. It was 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. Out of this slow-growing sympathy and understanding came a real, enduring love—the kind of love that is the Greatest Thing in the World.

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 those syphilis lessons that were 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. It has been 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 expres-
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As I write this I am involved in more laws-
suits than I ever thought could come upon one man. My side of the controversy has not been presented fairly. The sin-
cerity of the prosecution has been impossible for some people to believe that a player would stand out for good productions. They intimate that I am simply using that as a pretense to increase my in-
salary. Now they are puzzled because I have accepted the alternative of remaining off the screen rather than coming back at a salary under factory conditions. Eventually they will realize that I have been speaking the truth when I say that I will never come back until I can have some-
things saying about the quality of the pictures which feature my name. Already the opposi-
tion is crumbling. I am now permitted to earn a living—off screen. But I intend to fight to the finish and justify my stand. I believe I can soon tell you the outcome.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[continued from page 56]

Marvin’s plans were excellent to their pur-
purpose. Kennedy, who carried a big stick in both hands, had come along to get the light at the exact spot where a fighter was needed to put these plans into execution.

To the casual observer this might have ap-
ppeared a bit of chance. But in fact it was the logical consequence of the early financial con-
nections of Biograph in the days when Koop-
man, the promoter, went downtown to finance the affairs of the K. M. C. D. syndicate and the Caser-Marvin inventions of 1895-6. On this thread of circumstantial evidence lay the des-
tiny of many of the then unknown people who are the stars of the screen of 1923.

Meanwhile Vitagraph was for the time in-
that archetypical position. With Florence Turner, Hector Dion and Maurice Costello, established under the cap-
bable direction of William Kanous, their pic-
tures were thrilling successes. The destiny of the new industry was growing rapidly, adding many names known today. Joseph Kilgour with a wealth of stock company experience came into Vitagraph casts. B. Froemming and Lawrence Cameron followed. Ralph Ince, coming from the stage production of “The Shepherd King,” joined Vitagraph to work with a company on location in Bermuda. Fred Thompson, a stage director of note, went to Flatbush to put on Vitagraph pictures and in 1907 brought Mary Fuller from the stage for her first part in films in “The Ugly
Duckling," a Belasco play. William Dunn, a youth who had been on tour in "the big time" with Mrs. Leslie Carter, was captured for the same cast to play opposite Miss Fuller. Paul Panzer, who had already made a picture start with Edison, went over to Vitagraph.

Money was beginning to roll in and if it had not been for the ever impending terror of injunction in the cross fire of suits from Edison and Biograph the life of J. Stuart Blackton, "Pop" Rock and Albert E. Smith would have been a joyous one.

The swiftly growing demand of the steadily increasing number of picture theaters had the business in a frenzy. Conditions in the patent war made it impossible to make the big substantial investments in studios and distribution facilities that the market demanded.

The exchange men, growing more and more numerous week by week, were growing rich in a matter of months, buying, renting and selling film. Out in Chicago George Kleine's little optical concern, which started buying Edison projects on the appearance of a dozen lots, was ordering by the hundreds and Kleine exchanges were buying films by the hundreds of reels, everywhere on the American market and all that was available abroad.

The Freuler-Aiken exchange in Milwaukee had risen to a business with a net profit of nearly a hundred thousand dollars a year—growing out of a theater investment of $450 in 1905. And they had other exchanges.

William H. Swanson, the black tent showman of '98, who started selling Selig films to Hale's tours show in 1903, had a thriving series of exchanges headquarters in Chicago. On the witness stand some years later Mr. Swanson testified that he had made a gross profit of $200,000 in 1907-8. And seeking verification one finds a Bradstreet report on Swanson's exchange estimating it at a value of nearly a quarter of a million in May, 1908.

But the golden tide had not yet reached the actors and directors of pictures. D. W. Griffith was getting five dollars a day at Biograph and in a good week Florence Turner of Vitagraph collected as much as thirty dollars on Saturday afternoon.

Colonel Selig saw so much prosperity ahead that he ventured to film a whole block of cheap land on Irving Park boulevard near the drainage canal in Chicago and erected a studio on it. Francis Boggs, of melodrama fame, was in charge of production with Tom Personas buying the camera, sometimes acting in the same scenes that he made, with an assistant at the crank. Tom Santchi was added to the more or less regular group of Selig players.

The Selig business still at this time included the giving of picture exhibitions in theaters, town halls and the like. The programs were supplemented with any pictures obtainable. Among others, Colonel Selig purchased a Pathé production entitled "Annie's Love Story." It was a sensational bit of film to the eyes of that day because of the highly brilliant colors with which it was tinted. In repairing the film a clip from it dropped into a bucket of water alongside the cutting table. When Tom Persons looked down at the bucket he was amazed to see a red stain creeping out from the film. The secret was out.

The camera had been washed out of the water and ran to Colonel Selig with it.

"Here it is—that Pathe colored stuff is just dyed!"

It was a gleeful discovery. Colonel Selig ran to an adjacent drug store and returned with a handful of Diamond Dye packages.

From that day on Selig pictures were amply colored. And despite the subsequent development of an elaborate system of special film dyes in German chemical laboratories, the Selig establishment for many years continued to use its own dyes.

The first experiments were so successful that Colonel Selig went down town and indulged in another of his famous history marking habits—having one-twelfth of a story session. It was his method of celebrating achievement.

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Old brushing methods left much of that film intact. So beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. Tooth troubles became almost universal, for film is the cause of most.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorhea.

**Dentists alarmed**

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**Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

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Dept. 259
CHICAGO, ILL.
Latham patent. Recollection of the affairs of earlier chapters and Edison's displeasure at the departure of W. K. L. Dickson to join first Latham and then Biograph will suggest many reasons for the refusal to buy the Latham patent eleven years later.

At this time the word went about that old Major Latham was dead. He was only a name now. At any rate he had long ago parted with all possible claim to a share in the patent—No. 797,394.

In time Stephens offered the Latham patent to the Biograph company. Marvin saw in it an opportunity to strengthen Biograph's position. It is probable that as a technician he thought little more of the patent's intrinsic value than did Dyer. But that was not the idea. It was Marvin's notion to support all of the patents—and own them. After some negotiation Biograph bought the Latham patent for $2,500. The papers were signed February 5, 1908.

This put Biograph in a stronger position. It now held the Marvin-Cassler patents on the mutoscope and biograph devices, it owned the Latham patent, and it was licensed by Armat, the inventor of the projection machine in general use. Edison might have basic control of most of the element of the camera but Biograph had a full hold at least on the machine that made exhibitions of the camera product possible. Besides that Latham loop was being used in the Edison cameras. The plot was thickening considerably.

The night of the twentieth of March in 1908, if the gum shoe detectives of the Edison legal department had been on the job, they would have seen H. X. Marvin accompanied by a lawyer take a late train for Washington.

The next day there was a very sub-rosa conference up in the New Willard hotel between Marvin, Thomas Armat and Marvin's lawyer.

Every precaution was taken to elude and avoid Edison agents who were on the trail of every Biograph movement.

The conference was carried on in tense low tones.

Now and then Marvin went to the door and looked up and down the hall. Eavesdroppers would have met summary treatment.

Armat was gay about any proposition to let his patents slip into the hands of Biograph. Biograph's lawyer grew vehement and the conference became a wrangle that promised to break up in a feud. This would never do.

"I guess I'll have to handle this so far as the patent questions are concerned and you can wait and draft the contract when we get to terms," Marvin broke in by way of eliminating the lawyer.

The attorney threw up his hands and then laid down on the bed for a nap.

While he slept Marvin pursued the subject with Armat.

The whole destiny of Biograph's lone battle against Edison and the Edison licensees was at stake. If Marvin did not win here the handwriting was on the wall. That conference in a hotel room in Washington was going to decide if the famous door at 11 East Fourteenth Street was going to be open that day that Mary Pickford was to come along and hunt.

"If you come in with your patent you can have half as much as Biograph gets out of the deal," Marvin at last promised Armat.

"All right."

Marvin took an option on the stock of the Armat company for the large sum of $2,000,000—and Biograph had no money. The three million option was a great bluff, to be used later. It was there to keep other possible bidders discouraged, meanwhile. The stock certificates were delivered that afternoon. The stock was to be held in escrow in New York. With physical possession of the certificates Marvin and his counsel hurried back to New York.

Down at the Empire Trust Company the precious certificates were locked up in a safety

—

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

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These very qualities which are so effective in treating faulty complexions make Resinol the super-excellent toilet soap for every member of the family.

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the one best glycerine soap!

The bath room or wash room which contains a cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap is made luxurious by that one touch alone! Such a faint, agreeable perfume and richness of creamy, purifying lather! Take a cake home today—or a box. Your favorite shop has it.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap
Enjoy Also!

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne—the genuine old-fashioned Cologne water, made the same since 1792—and

No. 4711 After Shave Talc—which come in seven exquisite perfumes. Nothing like these softening the water and exhilarating the bather!

MULHENS & KROPP, Inc.

25 West 48th St.
New York, N. Y.
It was the old stage director's idea that it was weakening his own status to use any story idea that he did not originate or bring in himself. That idea has persisted to a marked degree in many later periods and within the year of the writing of this history there have been some flagrant examples of the work of the director claiming authorship for purchased ideas.

Griffith with some perturbation and excitement set about hunting a cast for his first picture—entitled "The Adventures of Dolly."

Griffith went exploring up Broadway. On the stairs of a booking agency he passed a type that suited him exactly. He dashed into the agency.

"Was that man that just went out of here an actor?"

"Yes, so," the attendant replied.

Griffith turned about and ran full tilt back to the street and on the trail of the actor. When he overtook him he was out of breath. The object of pursuit paused and grinned at the panting pursuer.

"Are—are—are you an actor?" Griffith gasped.

The actor drew himself up to his full height with all of the dignity of the best traditions of the old stock tragedian. He thrust his hand into the lapel of his coat and bowed.

"Upon that point, sir, there are two highly diverse opinions—I am Arthur Johnson."

"I want you for a picture," Griffith suggested.

"Well—it has come to this," Johnson proclaimed in mock tragedy.

"But it is not seemly that we should stand thus talking of paltry employment in the open street—let us to yonder tavern," Johnson was cast for the picture. Others that Griffith chose were Charles Inglee, who had worked a bit in Biographs, and Linda Arvidson, an actress occasionally employed there.

IT was a perfectly concealed secret that Linda Arvidson was Mrs. D. W. Griffith. The inference is that Griffith did not want to appear to be in the position of employing relatives, even his wife, in his pictures. If so it marks a degree of discrimination that might have with profit been accepted as a studio precedent for the motion picture.

Anyhow around the studio Mrs. Griffith was "Miss Arvidson" to D. W. G., and their manner to each other was one of cool and passing acquaintance.

The part was so well played that a certain member of that famous Biograph group, now a director of note, devoted not a little flirtation attention to Mrs. Griffith, right under the nose of D. W. Griffith, who seemingly paid no attention.

Two years later when Griffith broke the secret by ordering a steward for two for his first Biograph excursion to California, this same gallant player felt about sixteen per cent of his hair turn grey with post-mortem excitement upon the discovery that he had been paying ardent suit to Mrs. Griffith.

However, they are still friends.

The Adventures of Dolly," the story of a child kidnapped by gypsies, was completed in due time. It was a simple one-reeler with few studio interiors and with locations in New Jersey. It was an anxious day for Griffith when the picture went to the projection room for the inspection of Marvin. When it went off the screen Marvin was moved with considerable excitement.

"By God, we've got something, now!" he exclaimed fervently.

Marvin was indeed correct. Biograph had got something just at the time when it needed it badly.

Griffith began his march forward that day. Viewed in the perspective of time "The Adventures of Dolly" would seem nearly as bad now as some of the poorer but longer screen dramas of 1923, but it was a burst of new

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"Here is something entirely new—the first picture of its kind I have ever seen, and I have seen many thousands. Never in the history of pictures has there been anything so full of everything that makes for one hundred per cent interest."—(Louella Parsons in the Telegraph)

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"ONE EXCITING NIGHT"

The Critics Say:

"Superior to anything of the kind the screen has ever known. Through every inch, D. W. Griffith's art is most telling. Moments when one thinks one's heart can't last, then come onrushes of comedy."—(N. Y. Sun)

"Griffith's picture will live among the immortals of the silver screen, for 'One Exciting Night' is one of the best plays any years. Ever produced."—(N. Y. Evening Telegram)

"A magnificent piece of work . . . indeed a hilarious thriller."—(N. Y. Times)

"A masterpiece—woman screamed, everybody gasped . . . and then the audience went into hysterics of laughter."—(Chicago Herald & Examiner)

"Stupendous is the word. You will rise up on the edge of your seat and scream."—(Boston Traveler)

"It will be THE popular evening's pleasure this year."—(N. Y. Post)

"The audience as one man shivers at 'One Exciting Night.' The action is terrific . . . all highly successful."—(N. Y. Herald)

"Even remembering what the master producer has done before, this surpasses all."—(N. Y. Journal)

"Everybody had a wonderful time at 'One Exciting Night.'"—(Chicago Tribune)

"Gale after gale of applause . . . Titanic . . . a mighty spectacle."—(N. Y. Evening Mail)

"Stunning."—(Boston Globe)

Now Showing At The Best Theatres

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What Are Matinee Idols Made Of?

[Continued from page 41]

"Sort of a thumb tack? But it is not the first requisite?"

"Good looks, personality, acting ability," replied the impresario.

Novarro has the first requisite. As for the second, his personality is indefinite. You may like him for what you believe he will prove to be rather than for what he manifests upon first acquaintance.

He has not the instant magnetism of Valentino, Meighan, Moreno or Barrymore. But those men are considerably older. Ramon is just twenty-three. Only time with its experiences can mold a token of character into a face. Two years will work a big change in Novarro, I think.

His birth name is Ramon Gil Samaniegos. The reason for dispatching the cognomen is obvious to the ordinary typesetter and linguist. "Novarro" is substituted because it is his mother's name.

He is the oldest of a family of ten, seven brothers and two sisters, all of whom are barred from the movies by order of Carl Ramon.

"They shall go to school," he says decisively.

He not only likes his family, he lives with them. And without the only eccentricity I noted about him.

Ramon's father was a dentist in Durango, Mexico, where the present celebrity was born. The family moved to Los Angeles because of the father's ill health. Although Ramon has played "extra" for the past four years, it was not until Rex Ingram noted his grace and expression as a dancer at the Hollywood Community theater that he secured a real opportunity.

While Novarro has superb photographic qualities, he shyly plans to go in for characterization, thus giving color to his personality and also demonstrating his ability to act.

He has just shown a fourth important talent to the which many a good actor has had to take in parts to press.

Marcus Loew, president of Metro, has long wanted to tie the Novarro to a star contract, one that would give him his individuality upon the expiration of the actor's contract with Ingram.

Novarro manifested the most disturbing indifference to his new forums. When finally he did enter the Loew offices, his confreres of the company smiled. What chance has a mere stripling of winning a fat contract matched against one of the keenest business men in the industry? So they smiled. They smiled for a couple of hours. Then out marched Ramon, beaming.

"Behind him trotted Mr. Loew, cursing.

"They say Mr. Loew thinks Ramon will make a great Shylock.

The bargain he drove will give him final say on all his productions for the next five years and earn him a cool million.

Having revealed to all screen aspirants the stuff of which Idols are made, I leave the rest to you and Dr. Crou.

By the way, Ramon may have the faith of Emil Coute but he has the thin upper lip of John D. Rockefeller.
Questions and Answers
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

Bubbles.—Are any of the stars who have bobbed hair going to keep it short? How do I know, when very likely they don’t know themselves? Well, a minute, now—I think Viola Dana told me she liked short hair so much she was always going to have it. But as Vi is very feminine, she may change her mind. Among the little short hair is Pauline Garon, Mae Busch, Corinne Griffith, Mabel Ballin, Anita Stewart, Shirley Mason, and Marion Davies. I think Miss Davies wore a wig in several scenes of “When Knighthood Was in Flower.” You’ll see her own locks in “Adam and Eva.”

Mildred B., St. John, Kansas.—Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark both have hazel eyes. Mary’s hair is golden, Marguerite’s is brown. Why the sudden excitement about coiffures this month, I wonder? I thought “To bob or not to bob” was old stuff.

Emily of Virginia.—So you look almost exactly like Marion Davies. And you don’t want a job in the movies. Then I can give you Marion’s height and weight, without compunction. It would never do for you to run away from the old homestead, Emily. Marion, then, was born in Brooklyn April 14, 1900. She went to a convent before embarking on a stage career—the Folies “Red,” and “Old Black.” Her latest film appears for Marion’s blonde beauty. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs 123 pounds, has real golden hair and blue eyes. Her recent pictures have been “The Young Diana,” “Enchantment,” “Beauty’s Worth,” “When Knighthood Was in Flower,” “Adam and Eva,” and “Little Old New York.” Address her care Cosmopolitan studios.

MRS. E. G. S., Tampa, Florida.—You tell me to grin and bear it. I will bear it, but I refuse to grin. That’s so stupid. Ramon Navarro played Rupert of Hentzau and Malcolm McGregor Count von Torlmenhein in Rex Ingram’s “The Prisoner of Zenda.” Lew Cody was Corporal Kent in “The Valley of Silent Men.” Lewis Stone did not appear in it.

Bonne Jock.—How quaint. Almost too quaint, if you consult me. But you didn’t, did you? Viola Dana is twenty-five and sister Shirley Mason two years younger. You want to look like Gloria Swanson but you have brown hair, hazel eyes, a turned-up nose, freckles, and a hop-sided smile with one dimple. Most attractive, if you ask me. But you didn’t, did you?

C. L. M.—A cast—of course. On a nice day like this, too. Well, here it is, for “The Branding Iron,” Joan Carer, Barbara Castleton; Pierre Landis; James Kirkwood, John Carer, Russell Simpson; Prosper God; Richard Tucker, Japra Merrow; Marsha; Maud; Betty Marsha; Gertrude Astor, Rex, Frank Holliswell, Albert Ruxton; Madge Upper, Joan Stading; Wren Ho, Louie Cheung.

Virginia.—There are several sets of famous sisters in the films. The Gishs, Lillian and Dorothy; the Talmadges, Norma and Constance; the Binnie Matins, Constance and Faye; the Fladfords, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. The first named sister is the older in each case. Constance Binnie is to appear soon in a new play on Broadway. Her latest film appearance is in “A Bill of Divorcement,” which she made in England. She is very good in it. Constance has it often been reported engaged but so far she is fancy free.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION 105

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Ivor Novello in the English-made picture, "The Man Without Desire" —

Introducing Ivor Novello

[continued from page 31]

No praise agent will be called upon to tax his ingenuity inventing a background for Novello. He has it already, home-made. For one thing, it's his own name—Ivor Novello. He isn't thirty yet. He has classic features and a sense of humor. He is a good actor. He was in England's air force in the world war. He is a favorite in the smart artistic worlds of New York and London. He has always had the most amazing luck.

He used to live across from the Gaiety Theater in London. He would go over almost every night and sit in the pit. He would come back home and say to his mother, "Some day I shall have a play there." It wasn't youthful audacity. It was fact. Eighteen months later he was sitting in the stalls watching the performance of a play for which he wrote the music. Two of his musical comedies, "A to Z," and "The Golden Moth," were running in London at the same time, one for a year.

Yes, yes—he wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning." To verses by Mrs. Ford, he composed one of the three lasting musical mementoes of the world war. Mrs. Ford's home in London was bombed and she and her son killed. All that remained untouched in the battered house was the grand piano, a gift from Novello.

Three of his films, made abroad, will be shown here. "Gypsy Passion," "The Man Without Desire," and "The Bohemian Girl." In the latter, he heads a cast which includes Gladys Cooper, Ellen Terry, Constance Collier,
and H. Aubrey-Smith. It is Miss Cooper, an English stage star, to whom Novello is reported engaged. Miss Cooper not long ago came to America for a fortnight. She denied her engagement—she had just been divorced from Captain Buckmaster and has two children.

But why should Miss Cooper, who has hitherto apparently been quite content in Britain, dash across the Atlantic before Novello went south on location for Griffith, only to dash back again? There is no clause in Novello's contract about marriage, but it is said his director would prefer him to remain unmarried while making pictures here.

And so—to save the Answer Man a goodly portion of trouble—Ivor Novello is not married or engaged. He is superstitious. Not particularly about walking under ladders or whistling in his dressing room, though he would be likely to think twice before he did either. But about the number thirteen.

He had luncheon with Elsie Janis and her mother, and there were thirteen at table. He was still apprehensive about it. So far the eminent Bierbrowers and their guests have met with no mishap, and Ivor must be breathing evenly. He vows that no good ever comes to anyone who looks at the new moon through a window, but that you have a fair chance to escape disaster if you go outside, look, make a wish, and turn over your money in your pockets.

He reminds me of an A. A. Milne young man—only, I should add, he's not distressingly whimsical.

Thoughts for Censors

One potential danger of censorship to its sponsors and a possible cure for the sins of suppression are set forth in the following extracts, one from a letter to the editor of the Authors' League Bulletin, the other from the New-Church Messenger—which is quoted in the Bulletin.

"In all that I have read about moving picture censorship," states the writer of the letter, "the greatest weapon in the hands of the antagonists of censorship seems to be—ignorance—the fact that the public do not know that the pictures they see are censored. I put it that way advisedly. They do not know. True, if they live in Bucyrus or Marion, they know that there is an Ohio Board of Censors and that they may see, tackled on to the main title a notice to the effect that the picture they are going to see has been passed by the said board; but they fondly imagine that they are looking at the picture the producer released, whereas it bears little resemblance in either continuity or drama and for that reason is condemned as another poor picture.

"Could it not be made compulsory (if professional reformers are subject to any law) that in place of the action cut out by a board of censors a two foot dash be inserted reading 'Deleted by Censors?'"

While the New-Church Messenger says:

"In some states the movement for establishing censorship has actually been inaugurated by the church federations, and in nearly all it has had their enthusiastic support and financial backing. Thus the church as a whole is once more put in the position of attempting to restrict the public freedom. It is made to appear that religious people seek to impose their will, as that of an admittedly superior minority upon the rest of the people, and to govern those whom they regard as not yet fit to govern themselves. Cannot the churches see that by so doing they are making far more enemies than friends? If there is one thing that the world of the new age knows it wants, and must and will have, that is freedom; and whatever institution gets the name of standing in the way of freedom will eventually be turned on and destroyed."

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-lines, even for Joy's sake.

"Suppose we all have dinner together, and talk it over," Klein suggested, as he heard the orchestra begin playing. "No time now."

Joy went to the wings, momentarily stunned by what she had heard. The reception given the play by the critics upon its opening, some two months before, had made her think that after ten weeks of illness, a long period of success lay ahead of her. To be thrown out of an engagement now, with the summer but a few weeks off, meant little short of tragedy, with her father's needs to be considered as well as her own. In her preoccupation she almost missed her entrance cue.

"That's always the way," Lloyd grumbled, as she met after the first act. "Just as soon as they get a scene properly set, somebody wants to come along and change it."

Joy gazed at him, her heather-grey eyes dancing. So even Arthur Lloyd was willing to put his personal vanity ahead of the success of the show. She would gladly have sacrificed any number of her own lines, for the sake of the play as a whole.

"I think the curtain is wrong, Arthur," she said quietly, "and I don't say it because it may mean a few more speeches for me, either. After all, I create the situation between you and the husband, by dragging Vera on the stage, and when I've done it, I ought to have something more to do than just stand around and look sweet. Father says so, and his judgment is pretty good."

"I think we both should have more to do," Lloyd grumbled. "Fieldner and Grant are hogging the scene. See you later." He hurried off to his dressing room to change.

As Joy turned into the corridor the doorman handed her a note.

"The gentleman's out front," he said. She read the few lines on the card with a pleased smile.

"Am coming to take you to dinner after the show. P. W."

On the other side of the bit of pasteboard was the inscription, "Philip Watrous, Attorney At Law, 165 Broadway."

Joy tossed the card upon her dressing table. It would be rather a pity, she thought, to disappoint Mr. Watrous in order to dine with Sammy Klein, but there was no way in which she could send him word. Besides being an interesting man, he was, Joy knew, uncommonly well off, but this fact did not concern her particularly, since, beyond an occasional dinner, she had no designs on his money. But she did enjoy talking to him, because, unlike most men in her own profession, he did not talk to her about his work, but about new and interesting things. They had seen Japanese prints, and salmon fishing in Scotland, and the sunny villages of Italy and Spain. She had not seen him for a month; he had been to the Coast, on business. Now, expecting her to join him, he would be waiting in his car at the stage door.

She spoke of the matter to Sammy Klein, who came back stage after the second act, scribbling notes on the manuscript he held in his hand.

"Has this friend of yours got money?"

Sammy asked with a grin.

"Yes—I believe so," Joy said. "Why?"

"Then let him take us all to dinner. You, and Arthur and Max and Vera and myself. That's only five. How about it?" There was a gleam of amusement in his eye. "He ought to be glad of the chance to meet a distinguished playwright, to say nothing of the members of the company. Anyway, I wasn't going to suggest anything more exciting than a chop at Keene's. They haven't been treating me right at Pimlico this week. Think he'll be game? I always enjoy dining with millionaires. Their tastes are so simple."

"I'll explain the circumstances to him," Joy laughed. "If he suggests taking the rest of you, all right. If he doesn't, I'll try the chop at Keene's."

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PHILIP WATROUS, at forty, had remained—true to certain principles that he had laid down for himself during his college career. One was, his decision never to marry—the other, his determination to amass a fortune. Both had resulted from events which had seemed to him at the time without importance. His father, a successful lawyer, had died suddenly in the prime of his career, leaving a comparatively small estate, and Philip had been obliged to go to work, and for years, in spite of his college course and the post graduate course in law which followed it. This sudden misfortune, or good fortune, as one might look at it, had caused a certain young lady at home as an Issue, was desperately fond to jilt him in cold blood, and accounted for his determination never to marry. His ruthless ambition, his dry-as-dust and frigid attitude toward women, and the immeasurable help to him, in a worldly sense; at forty he now found himself very rich and very lonely, seeking from many women the companionship he might otherwise have found with one.

His home, in one of the more exclusive apartment hotels, was luxurious enough in both its size and its appointments, but as far removed as the poles from the old-fashioned idea of what a home should be. Mr. Watrous used it merely as a place in which to sleep, to entertain his friends; his days were spent in making a living, his evenings in spending it; the circle, from many standpoints, was a vicious one, but Mr. Watrous seemed to derive considerable comfort from it. Perhaps he was the only one whose real interest in life was life itself. He often said that he could not understand those queer individuals who devoted their spare time to collecting such things as first editions, or musky manuscripts, when there were such vital, living human documents to be read for the asking. It was in the pursuit of such documents that he had hinted the life of the theatrical world; he found them in countless numbers, from the rarest flappers of the chorus to the most sophisticated and often seen in the drawing rooms of Manhattan. One of his subjects, Joyce was another. The party now generally overflowing his sumptuously appointed rooms presented additional possibilities, from which he had transferred the playwright, to Vera Grant, with her statuesque beauty and her husky cigarette voice, palpable imitation of that of Ethel Barrymore. She was unapproachable to the stage school, and it seemed a pity to have her standing about doing nothing during that scene, while the others—he hesitated, realizing that the "others," in the persons of Miss Grant and Mr. Fieldner, were staring at him with thinly veiled hostility. Mr. Klein rushed to the rescue.

"The idea isn't to cut down anybody else's part," he said, "but to give Joy a chance to help along the good work." He did not forget that his original manuscript had contained many lines which she did not speak—lines which Miss Grant and Fieldner had insisted should be either given to them or eliminated altogether. With customary egotism they
had been willing to injure a well-balanced scene, to build up their own particular parts.

Watrous, realizing that he had made a mistake, sought to cover it up by distributing more cocktails, but the gloom which had suddenly settled upon Miss Grant and Mr. Fieldner persisted in spite of all his efforts. Lloyd, too, maintained a moody silence, although for a different reason. He was not jealous of Joy in a professional sense, as Miss Grant and Max Fieldner were, but he resented her intimacy with their wealthy host. In spite of the apparently endless contents of the silver shaker, the little party sat down to dinner divided into three separate and distinctly hostile camps.

LLOYD ate in silence. Fieldner and Miss Grant sat like a kite, conversing in undertones. Mr. Klein, Watrous and Joy made desperate efforts to keep the conversational ball rolling, but the only result was to aggravate still further the already strained situation. Lloyd resented Joy’s laughter at Mr. Watrous’s sallies, because of his jealousy of the man; the others concluded that her gay familiarity with Klein was proof of a sudden intimacy between the playwright and herself, which had resulted in his determination to improve her part at their expense. Joy felt their disapproval and regretted it. She had never been very close to either Fieldner or Miss Grant, but they had been friendly enough with her, up to now, and it seemed a pity that the success of the show should be imperiled by a cheap and narrow professional jealousy. But even their displeasure she could understand better than Lloyd’s stupid surmise; the former distressed her, the latter made her angry.

“Good heavens, Arthur,” she said suddenly, “snap out of it; Mr. Watrous will think you don’t like your dinner. What’s the matter with you, anyway?”

“Nothing. I’m a bit tired, that’s all. We’d better be shoving off, don’t you think?” He glanced at his watch. “Quarter past seven. We’re due at half past,” he added to Watrous.

“Time enough. I’ll send you all back in my car.”

“Thanks. I’ll call a taxi, if you don’t mind.” He rose and went to the telephone. Joy felt the blood rise in her cheeks, at the insensitivity of his tone. What fools men were. Arthur Lloyd had as yet no right to question her actions. She turned to Watrous, who was regarding Lloyd with a queer, half-humorous smile.

“Don’t mind him,” she whispered. “As a matter of fact he is taking me back in the taxi because he has something he wants to say to me.”

“Yes.” Watrous’s smile indicated complete comprehension. “Are you going to say it?”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Joy laughed, but her color betrayed her.

“I think you do. And while it’s none of my business, of course—I—well—I think if I were you I’d wait a while.”

“Thanks for the advice.” Joy rose and began to put on her hat. Lloyd, his telephoning done, declined the cigar Watrous offered him and joined Fieldner and Miss Grant. Klein had gone back to his “Ulysses.” He did not intend to return to the theater with the others, and asked Watrous to accompany him to the opening of a new musical comedy, the author of which he knew. A call came up from the office to the effect that both Mr. Watrous’s car and the taxi were ready, and Joy and the others went down in the elevator together. Fieldner and Miss Grant talked in low tones at one side of the car; their irritation was evident, and Joy could not help feeling it, although she pretended a gay unconcern. Only when she and Lloyd were alone in the cab did she express her chagrin.

“It was beastly of them,” she stormed, “to imply that there was anything between Sammy Klein and myself. And their ill-nature made Mr. Watrous feel terribly, of course. The dinner was spoiled.”
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“What difference does it make?” Lloyd asked irritably. “Watrous isn’t anything to you. Is he?” he added as an afterthought.

“Mr. Watrous is a great deal to me,” Joy said steadily. “A kind and understanding friend. Which is more than I can say of you, Arthur. You acted abominably.”

“I haven’t any desire to be a ‘kind and understanding friend,’” Lloyd snapped. “My intentions are of another sort altogether.”

“Well, whatever they are,” Joy returned hotly, “I see no reason why friendship shouldn’t be included. And you certainly don’t give me the right to act like a spoiled child.”

Arthur Lloyd was not a particularly strong man, in spite of his powerful physique, but he had frequently acted his part, which undertook to portray the dominating characteristics of the caveman, and he suddenly made up his mind that primitive tactics were needed to bring Joy to her senses. It was not a particularly happy decision.

“I don’t care to have you running about with rich middle-aged bachelors,” he growled. “His jaw is too powerful, won’t permit it. They all play the same game.”

For a moment Joy was speechless. She had known Arthur Lloyd for over two years, and this was the first time ever taken seriously, a tone with her. A certain fierce sense of virtue had kept the girl morally clean, in an atmosphere which was frequently murky; Lloyd’s words, his implication that Watrous could even hope to be anything more to her than a friend, outraged her sense of decency, of pride. With an effort she controlled her rising temper.

“What you suggest is scarcely a compliment to me,” she said icily, “since it implies that the ‘game’ you speak of might succeed. But apart from that, I should like to know what right you have to tell me who I shall go about with.”

She was trembling with anger, and Lloyd, realizing it, wilted immediately.

“Look here, Joy,” he said humbly, “maybe I haven’t any right—yet. But I’d like to have that. What’s the reason I want to tell you. Won’t you give me that right? As for bachelors like Watrous, all we know them well enough. I didn’t mean that it could succeed, with you. If I thought that, I wouldn’t be asking you to marry me now. But just the same it doesn’t do a girl like you any good to go around with such men. You’re bound to be talked about.”

He seized her hand eagerly. “I’m terribly fond of you, Joy. That’s why I acted the way I did. I love you—you want me—want me!”

Joy sat quite still, watching the swirl of lights through the window of the cab as they sped down Broadway. Beside her glimmered a towering electric sign, upon which blazed the name of a prominent actress and screen star in letters ten feet high. It expressed, in concrete form, her ambitions. Not the gaudy, brilliance of the sign itself, but the success of which it was but the outward and visible symbol. Arthur Lloyd had never, up to now, asked her to marry him, although he had often hinted at it, had talked as though the matter was as good as settled. It was characteristic of Lloyd, in his conceit, to regard it in that light, and Joy knew he was only a sudden feeling of jealousy toward Mr. Watrous that had prompted his declaration. Whenever he had talked of the future, of their future together, he had inevitably taken present to point out the great help he could be to her in her stage career. He commanded an excellent salary, was well liked by the various managers and seligests, and an engagement. He could secure parts for her that she could not secure for herself. Was not Sammy Klein, he had often pointed out, eager to write a play for him—a play he had invariably taken pains to point out the great help he could be to her: her stage career. He commanded an excellent salary, was well liked by the various managers and seligests, and an engagement. He could secure parts for her that she could not secure for herself. He had been Sammy Klein, he had often pointed out, eager to write a play for him—a play he had invariably taken pains to point out the great help he could be to her. Her opportunity she deserved. She might be in dire need of such a part, should the present play close.

Joy knew all these things, considered them, in their relation to herself, her future. Even...
to her father’s future, bound up as it was with her own. Yet she also knew that she did not love Arthur Lloyd, at least not in the way she felt herself capable of loving some man, as yet unmet—with a passion strong enough to tear her soul to tatters. And until then—until such a man came into her life—if she ever did—she would remain to herself. Arthur had been stupid; but her generosity of heart made her forgive him. There was honest feeling in his voice, sincerity in the pressure of his hand, as he begged her to overlook his ill-nature.

“Of course, I’ll forgive you, Arthur,” she said, smiling at him with the sudden tenderness she might have felt toward a naughty child. “It was an act of Mr. Watrous I was thinking of, not myself.”

“And about—all that I asked you?” he went on. “You’ll marry me, Joy, won’t you?”

Right away?”

Joy felt the sudden lurch of the cab as it swept into the side street. The movement jolted Arthur’s fingers from her own; there was something prophetic in the separation.

“I—I’ll think it over,” she said, as the machine drew up at the curb. “Here we are.”

Chapter IV

JOY MORAN. Arthur Lloyd and Sammy Klein were sitting in Child’s one night some two weeks later, eating scrambled eggs and bacon. An atmosphere of gloom surrounded them; even the little playwright had lost his accustomed cheerfulness, and spat his words out as a grindstone.

“The cheap four-flushers,” he exclaimed, “crabbing the show just because they had a couple of lines taken away from them. If it wasn’t too late, I’d tie the can to them.

‘Do you really think it is too late?’ Joy asked tremulously.

‘I’m afraid so. They’ve got contracts, you know. And even if we did make a change after two weeks’ notice, I’m afraid Compton’s got cold feet. We went in the hole eight hundred last week. Wouldn’t surprise me to see a closing notice up tomorrow night. Rotten shame, too. The play’s a hit—or would be, properly acted.” He gave Joy a reassuring smile. “I’m not talking about you, dear. Your work has been fine all through. But I never thought Max Fieldner, or Vera Grant, would show the yellow streak—permit a good property to go to hell just to satisfy those side lines. They killed that second act curtain deliberately, damn them. He gloomily paid the check. “Well, boys and girls, I’ve got to leave you. Compton asked me to meet him down town. I’ll soon be back.”

The play ended; the second act curtain deliberately, damn them. “I’m afraid it’s over,” said Joy’s voice, fact, nearly the worst. Nightly. He jumped into a taxi and drove off, his cigarette leaving a trail of sparks as it flapped the ashes from it.

Joy and Arthur Lloyd walked Broadway in silence. Neither of them felt like talking. Arthur had been trying for days to get Joy to answer the question he had asked her, out of courtesy, his voice being fine throughout the future as Arthur planned it, a future in which the two of them were to live, work, succeed, together, there had seemed no room in it for him. Who would take care of him? As though in answer to the question, Arthur suddenly spoke.

“Look here, Joy,” he said, “What’s the reason we’ve never had an infinite answer? Is it on account of your father?”

Joy glanced up at him. His usual whimsical smile was gone; his clean-shaven jaws were set in hard lines.


Lloyd frowned, tossed his cigarette into the street.

“Hear you talk, Joy,” he said, “anybody might think your father was a six-year-old child.”

“He is, at times. I think you know what I mean.”

“You mean he drinks too much. I know it. Everybody knows it. It’s why he’s down and out. People have lost confidence in him. It’s

How the Shape of My Nose Delayed Success

By EDITH NELSON

I had tried so long to get into the movies. My Dramatic Course had been completed and I was ready to pursue my ambitions. But each director had turned me away because of the shape of my nose. Each told me I had beautiful eyes, mouth and hair and would photograph well—but my nose was a “pug” nose— and they were seeking beauty. Again and again I met the same fate. I began to analyze myself. I had personality and charm. I had friends. I was fairly well educated, and I had spent ten months studying Dramatic Art. In amateur theatricals my career was successful, and I just knew that I could succeed in motion pictures if only given an opportunity. I began to wonder why I could not secure employment as hundreds of other girls were doing.

Finally, late one afternoon, after another “disappointment,” I stopped to watch a studio photographer who was taking some still pictures of Miss B—a well-known star. Extreme care was taken in arranging the desired poses. “Look up, look over, and there,” said the photographer, pointing to an object at my right, “a profile”—“Oh, yes,” said Miss B, instantly following the suggestion by assuming a pose in which she looked more charming than ever. I watched, I wondered, I examined, the camera clicked. As Miss B walked away, I carefully studied her features, her lips, her eyes, her nose. “She has the most beautiful nose I have ever seen,” I said, half audibly. “Yes, but I remember,” said Miss B, “a Maid, who was also a star, had a ‘pug’ nose, and she was only an extra girl, but she looked at him. Now how beautiful she is.”

In a flash my hopes soared. I pressed my new-made acquaintance for further information. Gradually the story was unfolded to me. Miss B—had had her nose reshaped—yes, actually corrected—actually made over, and how wonderful, how beautiful it was now. This change perhaps had been the turning point in her career! It must also be the way of my success! How did she accomplish it?” I asked forcibly of my friend. I was informed that M. Triley, a face specialist of Binghamton, New York, had accomplished this for Miss B—in the privacy of her home!

I thanked my informant and turned back to my home, determined that the means of overcoming the obstacle that had hindered my career was now open to me. I was bubbling over with hope and joy. I lost no time in writing M. Triley, of Binghamton, New York. I received full particulars. The treatment was so simple, the cost so reasonable, that I decided to purchase it at once, if I could hardly start to begin treatment. At last it arrived. To make my story short—in five weeks my nose was corrected and I easily secured a regular position with a producing company. I am now climbing fast—and I am happy.

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a pity, too, but I don't see any reason why you should let it ruin your life. The way I look at it, you're spoiling your father. As long as you pay his bills, he's going to loaf. Suppose he had to go to work. He wouldn't be so damned particular about the sort of parts he plays, the salary he gets. He'd be glad to take fifty a week, instead of talking about five hundred. It makes me sick. If I were in your place I'd throw him out—tell him he couldn't sponge on me any longer. Why—don't you see—if we were married, he'd have to go to work. I wouldn't let you put up money for his club dues, his rent, then. Not much. He's imposed on you too long.

His words left Joy chilled, yet she knew that there was a certain amount of truth in them. Perhaps her father had taken advantage of her, at times. Perhaps he had become an idler because she had made it possible for him to become an idler. But in spite of any such conclusions, she was still the father, who had held her in his arms, when her mother had died, and told her he had loved her better than anything or anybody in the world. She forget that he did not want to forget it. She knew that if ever she did, all her sweetest of soul would be gone forever, leaving her ruthless, selfish, hard. Many professions were as like that—the successful ones, at least. She did not blame them. The bitter competition might well make anyone hard. But she was still sufficiently young to wish to cling to her youthful illusions.

THERE is no use, Arthur," she said presently. "He's your father, so naturally you don't feel as I do. But he is mine, and as long as he needs me I'm going to stand by him."

"Which will be, of course, for the rest of his life."

"I suppose it will."

"And you are really going to let an exaggerated sense of duty stand in the way of your happiness—your success? It's silly."

"Possibly. But I couldn't feel happy, otherwise. You have no idea how he depends on me. Why—I'd be lost, if I weren't there to give him his breakfast in the morning, and to put out his light, at night. It's—pathetic."

Lloyd struck violently with his stick at a bit of paper on the stovetop.

"Rot!" he grumbled. "Sentimental rot! An able-bodied man of fifty! He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"He is."

"Well, it doesn't prevent him from letting you sacrifice yourself."

"No, Arthur. You're wrong. He doesn't want me to sacrifice myself. In fact, my future is the one thing he's actually been interested in. If he knew anything about acting," she went on with sudden enthusiasm, "I owe it to him. Day after day he's taught me, drilled me in lines,业务 ready at home. We've read handfuls of plays together—acted them too. Why, when I look back, I can see that he's been wonderful. I owe him everything."

"May I not give you my heart, too?"

But what's the good of it all, if you're going to wreck your life trying to repay him? If he really had your interest at heart, he'd go to work, and give you some leisure."

"He's trying, Arthur. Don't be unjust. There's a new play of Morsberger's—"

"Morsberger," Lloyd snorted. "He's peddling that grudge for years now. Possibly he's looking for a backer who'll put it on. If your father is counting on that—well, he's a bigger fool than I thought he was."

The vital fire left Joy silent, although an angry retort flared to her lips. Useless discussion, she thought, and refused to continue it. But she knew that never before had Morsberger's work been linked with such good nights. Joy ran up the steps, certain, from the light which shone from the windows above that her father was already in her room.

She found him sitting in his easy chair,

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could to kill the scene—talking through my lines—killing their own—everything. I suppose they thought, if the new arrangement went flat, Mr. Compton would go back to the old one. But from what Mr. Klein told me tonight, I don't believe he will.

"That's good! That's fine!" Mr. Moran puffed contentedly at his pipe. "I've always thought Fieldner was yellow."

You don't understand, Dad. The show has just about been breathing for some time. I'm afraid that Miss Grant and Fieldner, in trying to kill me, have succeeded in killing the play. The old punch in the band act is gone. Business has been falling off. Last week we went behind over eight hundred. Sammy Klein says he wouldn't be surprised to hear Compton had decided to lose.

"What? Not even go on the road?"

"Not this season. It's too late. Next fall, perhaps, if he can get a real one."

"Hit-m." Mr. Moran's hand trembled as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "That makes it hard, doesn't it?"

"Oh—I'll get something else." Joy laughed as she slid the eggs and toast on to a plate. "Don't you worry, Dad. Everything will be all right."

Mr. Moran began to eat mechanically, a preoccupied expression in his eyes. He did not speak until he had finished his supper, and Joy had put away the dishes.

"I've got to help out, Baby," he announced, as they made ready to go to bed. "I'll have to make my fortune."

He kissed her very tenderly, forced a smile, but Joy knew that he was very deeply worried, as indeed she was herself. Now that her father had made up his mind to "hit-m," as he always expressed it, she feared the effect of this unexpected disaster upon his newly formed resolutions.

In the morning, however, he seemed in excellent spirits, and full of his new plans. He would see his old friend Rothmer, the manager who had first made him famous—ask him for an engagement. There was Fuller, too, the actor-manager; they had begun their careers in stock together, thirty years before. Henry Fuller would not forget how he, Martin, had helped him to secure his first engagement. Others, too, he mentioned over his breakfast; there was a fine flare of enthusiasm in his eyes, and Joy enthused with him. However matters might go, with her, it did not occur to her that her father might even yet come back into his own. She kissed him happily as he left her, a little before noon, to call on his managerial friends, the feeling being that he was more like his old self than he had been for weeks. She did not ask him to make her any promises; if his enthusiasm was not sufficient to keep him straight, promises, she knew, would be of no avail.

He had scarcely left the apartment when Lloyd called her up. His voice rasped as he told her the bad news; he had just met Sammy Klein at the club, had learned that Compton had decided to close the show, that the notice would be up that night. There was talk of the play being rewritten and put on the road in the fall. Joy was stunned, even though she had expected it. In two weeks she would be out of an engagement and practically penniless. Well, it was the fortune of war, she told Arthur lightly, and did not discourage his talk of summer stock. Then a sudden thought came to her. She asked Lloyd, if he met her father in the club, as always happened, would he not say anything to him about the closing of the show. She could not keep it from him for long; news, in the show business, especially bad news, traveled on the wings of the wind, but she wished to avoid discouraging him in his search for work as long as possible.

During the matinee, the evening performance, she was very much alone. Vera Grant, Fieldner, nodded scornfully as they passed her in the corridor, and let it be known that they considered the closing of the show entirely her
fault. As far as they were concerned, it made no difference. Vera had a picture engagement for the summer, she said, and Max was anxious to get up to his camp in Maine. Sammy Klein did not put in an appearance at all, and Lloyd hurried off, between the two performances, to meet a man at the club. Joy ate a slim meal in an Eighth Avenue lunch room and wondered what success her father had had, if any.

After the night performance, Lloyd walked with her as far as Forty-fourth Street. He had missed his man at dinner, he said, and was obliged to look him up. There was a picture deal—one of the two-reel comedies—it might result in his going to Hollywood for the summer.

He was eager, preoccupied, and did not speak of the matter which hung undecided between them. Only as they parted did he refer to her personal affairs at all.

“By the way—I saw your father this evening—with Sam Carden and Jack Lacy.”

“How was he?” Joy asked, stricken with sudden fear by his curious smile.

“Going strong. They left the club just before dinner, in a taxi. A party uptown somewhere, I heard.” He laughed, disagreeably. “Great bunch, that. All jazzed up for a big night. I’ll drop around tomorrow about lunch time. Got to hurry now. So long.” He dashed off, and Joy, with tears in her heart, if not in her eyes, hurried toward home.

There was just a hope—a very faint hope—that her father might be there when she arrived, but she did not count on it. The men he had with, Carden, Lacy, were old cronies with whom he had spent many a gay and riotous night in the past. What ugly trick of fate, she wondered, had thrown him into their hands? Why had his good resolutions been so promptly shattered? There might be two answers to this question, one, that he had secured an engagement and was celebrating his good fortune, the other, that he had met with failure and was engaged in drowning his sorrows. Either solution filled her with bitterness, but there was nothing that she could do. The dark little apartment, greeted her silently; she threw off her clothes, bolted the door, and crawled into bed to read. No matter when her father returned, the pounding on the door would awaken her as usual, enable her to see that he got safely to bed. There was always a secret fear in her heart that he might be guilty of some fatal carelessness with a lighted cigarette.

There was no pounding on the door that night, however, and Joy did not dream her usual dream. In fact, being tired out, she slept profoundly until ten o’clock in the morning, and awoke to the distressing realization that her father had not come in at all. She made herself some coffee, set the apartment in order, glanced over the morning papers, and dressed herself in anticipation of her engagement with Arthur Lloyd for lunch. Then she sat down to wait.

At half past twelve she heard an automobile stop in the street below. Lloyd, she knew, would have walked. She ran to the window and caught up her hat and handbag. A taxicab stood at the curb, and its driver was just helping her father to the sidewalk.

Some passers-by stopped, their faces wreathed in smiles at this Sunday morning demonstration of the efficiency of prohibition, but to Joy there was something about her father’s sagging figure, his ash-shine face, that suggested more than ordinary intoxication. She ran to the door and held it open, waiting for the two men to appear. The clumping footsteps on the narrow stairs seemed endless. She went into the hall and called the usual questions. It was the cabman who answered.

“All right, miss,” he said, “I’ll kin manage him.” A moment later he had crossed the hall, heaved his helpless burden into the easy chair. Martin Moran sank back with a groan. His hat fell off. His cravat had escaped from beneath his waistcoat and dangled beneath one ear. There was a dark bruise on his right

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"All right," Lloyd picked up his stick and hat and turned to the door. "I may drop in this evening, if I get back in time. Since you won't go, I think I'll ask Gwin Clark. So long." He went out, furious because his day had been spoiled. Joy realized the extent of his displeasure, when he attempted to make her jealous by dragging in the name of another woman. Apparently it did not occur to him that she might write letters to his friends and try to help her through a dismal day. Joy concluded, as she prepared herself a cold lunch, that whatever Arthur Lloyd's good qualities were, unselﬁshness was not one of them.

As the day wore on, and her father still lay in his death-like stupor, Joy became alarmed. His forehead was hot; she was certain he had a fever. Toward five o'clock she managed to rouse him; he complained of intense pains in the head, and, as though partly delirious, spoke excitedly of Philip Watrous, of a check the latter had given him. Joy, doubtfully alarmed, called up a doctor on Park Avenue who had attended him in the past, and then rang Mr. Watrous at his apartment.

"Hello," she said quietly, "this is Joy. Mom. My father is sick. Asleep. From something he has said, I think he must have borrowed some money from you yesterday. Did he?"

"Why—yes. A trilling amount. What of it?"

It grew cold with fear. If her father had lost over four hundred dollars, the amount was certainly not trilling, especially as she would have to make it up.

"How much was it?" she asked quickly.

"I'm afraid so," Joy gasped, feeling very sick herself. "I've sent for the doctor."

"I'm awfully sorry. There was quick symptomatic in his voice. "Have you anyone there with you?"

"No."

"Then I'll run down, after dinner, and see if there is anything I can do to help you out. Don't worry, dear. I'm sure he'll be all right."

Joy thanked him and then hung up the receiver. Fifty dollars! And with what her father had brought home she had let alone five hundred dollars? Her fears were momentarily dispelled by the arrival of the doctor.

Mr. Moran, he said, had a high fever. The doctors indicated a tendency to become infected by bad liquor. Left some tablets, gave some directions, and said he would look in again later in the evening. Meanwhile he advised allowing the patient to sleep.

It was seven o'clock when Martin Moran awoke from his stupor and the first thing he did was to complain of the coldness of the room, in spite of the fact that it was brightly lighted. Joy shuddered. It was what she feared.

"Never mind about that, Dad," she whispered, "Take this tablet the doctor left you, and lie still."

"Is—is it night?" he gasped.

"Yes. Sunday night. A little after seven."

He fell back on the pillow, his face white. "Baby," he said, his voice very weak, "I'm—pretty sick. I may be going to die. There's something I've got to tell you—now—"

While I remembered fifty dollars from Philip Watrous yesterday. He gave me a check. I lost a lot of money, at Audrey Reed's—over four hundred dollars—couldn't pay it—so I—" He closed his eyes to the check to five hundred. Audrey cashed it. Crazy with bad liquor, I guess. God! There was nothing else I could do. I meant to make it good, some way, tomorrow. What will Watrous say, or if it comes to the bank? I ought to be dead. Wish I were. I'm no good, Baby. Just a burden to you. Poor little baby—"

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Science discovers falling, lustless hair due to a simple infection (Sebum) which is quickly overcome—Amazing results in few days

Wonderful hair, silky, lustrous, and a world of it!—this remarkable new method offers it to you under written guarantee!

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Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair and frequently becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles and forms a breeding place for bacteria—germs by the millions feed upon the hair and destroy it. Modern dermatology proclaims this as the basis in hair treatment.

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A task half done

Noted actresses all recognize the fact that hair to be beautiful needs more than just shampooing. They choose to do more choice in the color of their hair than you have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quality, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper or ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, drab hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks, can really improve it.

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It places your hair in your own hands, so to speak.

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HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Short Story Dept.

Dept. 1598, St. Wayne, Indiana.

MOVIES at the Forbidden City—At last an attempt is being made to show films to the Dalai Lama (the religious head of Tibet) in the hope of getting his permission to make film records of the country. Special films were prepared in the hope of getting a large audience for the new United States films. A large audience for the new United States films. It was hoped to minimize the shock of presentation. It really seems as though the barrier of isolation may be conquered in a short time—Scientific American.
Close-ups and Long Shots

[Continued from Page 48]

Her granddaughter’s eye for business: Mary Pickford’s little niece, Mary, couldn’t understand about the baby in “Tess.” “What’s the matter with the man?” she asked. “Why is he cross about the baby?” “Oh,” said Aunt Mary, “he is angry because I bought the baby.” Why?” asked little Mary. “Did he think you paid too much for it?”

A Character Close-up: Rudy Valentino—until a recent court decision—couldn’t work for himself, but could and did work for charity. When he and Natacha finished dancing his Argentine at the Actors’ Fund Benefit, the audience applauded and cheered for twenty minutes and made him take twenty curtain calls. When he left the stage, five hundred people left the theater. So when the show was repeated at the Hippodrome, Rudy was held until the last in order to hold the audience. To him personally goes credit for bringing thousands of dollars to the theater’s greatest charity.

Yet for all this adulation and unparalleled applause, you will find Rudy sneaking off to a tiny Italian restaurant, eating a dollar dinner of spaghetti just as he did in the early days of his poverty in New York. We will not tell the name of the restaurant. It’s a little place in the fifties off Broadway, where you walk down two steps and duck your head to enter. A small basement room with just ten little tables. Most of the patrons are Italians. Some are clerks and their sweethearts. It’s a home place. And the fat perspiring signora looks out of the kitchen to beam on young Rudy as he smiles and waves her a “buona sera, signora.” While the one and only waiter spins around so excitedly he nearly gets the vertigo.

That little restaurant could earn a fortune if the fact were advertised that Valentino dines there.

But they seem content in the pride of having as patron their distinguished young countryman.

Thicker Than Cells At Sing Sing: Helen Carlisle, who writes for Photoplay, recently returned to California after a week in New York. Ernst Lubitsch, who had just come over from Berlin to direct Mary Pickford, was on the same train. Mr. Lubitsch was quite entranced from the time the Limited crossed the line into California. Roaring past a sun-blessed Mexican settlement on the desert he spied a particularly hideous red frame dwelling. “Bungalow?” he asked excitedly.

Miss Carlisle assured him it wasn’t bungalow.

“I hope to have bungalow in California,” muses the world-luster. “It is possible?”

“Possible?” shrieked Helen. “It’s darned near inescapable!”

How Crimes Do Change: “Bill Hart was also on the train,” writes the witty Helen, who was accompanied by her sister, Lucille, sparkler in the Secon cornettes. “And what we didn’t learn about the Great West from Bill (and me longing to hear about the not-so-great Westover)!”

Certainly we got the low-down on Dodge, Kansas. That town had always seemed to me merely a splodge on the map, or the place where one picked up or lost an hour. But Hart told us that it was at one time the wildest frontier town in America—there’s a cemetery called Boot Hill! there, just full of regular, roarin’ Westerners what got theirs and died with their boots on. We stopped at Dodge, and there was a group of the town’s finest down to see Bill, and he insisted that Lucille and me go along to see the sights. Fancy Lucille trailin’ her perfume and high heels over Boot Hill, reading tombstones! Well, we met the son of a famous fighting cowboy. He now runs the movie show—but oh, why bring in the anticlimax!

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A FEW minutes each night and morning of this internationally famous invention is guaranteed to restore body form, muscle tone, health, beauty, and prevent twenty years of age to middle age, and retain the reduction and firmness of body shape and contour of youth.

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The Six Directors: Did you ever stop to think how few directors have been able to repeat? Frank Borzage made a "Humor Passion," "The Four Horsemen," "Rascal Walsh" "The Honor System," and then—We can enroll but three with confidence:

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
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Another Successor: We hear that a "find" by the nutritionist is out to become Texas Guinan's successor.

And They Call 'Em "Silent Actors"! When you meet a movie actor the first thing he usually does is open his heart, which is as full of troubles as Pandora's box. He tells you his fight to get decent stories, how he thinks up all the gags his director gets credit for, what he's going to say in reply to the roast of a cheap critic, etc. You feel very flattered by these confidences until you are introduced to him the next day and he says, "I am delighted to meet you, I'm sure," and straightway, with glazed unseeing eyes, puts on the same old record permanent needle. They have eyes and they see not, ears and hear not, but, by the sacred, ring-tailed apes of China, they have tongues and they stop not.

Suffering Wanes: The radio certainly was not invented in vain. Now actors can tell their troubles to the whole world.

Blonde But Sage: Petite Pauline Garon has refused a startling offer. "Not for me," quoth nubile. "Once you've got to look forward to is your past."

Good Old Skylock: The screen distorts characters and stories shamelessly at times, but the stage goes it one better. We now have a production of Mr. Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" with Skylock as the hero!

When John Barrymore Prayed: John Barrymore was a nervous man the night his friend Jim Kirkwood came out of the movie wilderness to enact the leading role of Channing Pollock's stage play, "The Fool."

"Honestly, Jim, I just prayed for you," said John. "I know I was a fool, but a movie actor is meat for critics and I just couldn't help but think of all the awful things they said about Theda Bara in 'The Blue Flame.'"

Six Immortals: Each month PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE selects the six most brilliant pictures. Which are the six best of all time? These are the ones we would unroll in the rotunda of our Hall of Fame:

BROKEN BLOSSOMS
PASSION
THE BIRTH OF A NATION
THE MIRACLE MAN
THE KID
SHOULDER ARMES

MUSTEROL
WILL NOT BLISTER

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds in a hurry, but it does its work more gently,—without the blister. Rubbed vigorously, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musterole on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, group, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 30c and 65c; hospital size, $3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
The Tragedies of Pauline Frederick

[continued from page 30]

Mack and his brutal adoration hovered about. The marriage lasted but four months. The man who had loved from afar for so many years had never understood his wife, they say. He never realized the longings and strange desires that came with fame.

This third matrimonial tragedy left Miss Frederick emaciated. For she had always longed for domestic life. Twelve years before, when she had deserted the stage for a home, she had said: "Fame is at best only a substitute for the love that one has lost or missed. Our work is the best substitute for the only things in life, when we have missed them."

After her parting from Dr. Rutherford, Miss Frederick said with flashing eyes: "There was never a marriage that pleased us. It was a total lack of understanding. I don't know where Dr. Rutherford is. I do not care."

Trouble enough! Three marriages that failed are a fairly full measure of sadness for a lifetime. But Pauline Frederick has another load of bitterness to add to her burden.

Her father, Frederick Libbey, died and left them to two relatives of his departed second wife. In a letter he will said, "I leave to my daughter, Pauline Beatrice Libbey, nothing. Let it be construed as an unintentional leaving her out of my will, I repeat that I leave her nothing."

Miss Frederick received the news with tight-drawn lips. "I am surprised that he left me anything," she said. "He was always a spendthrift."

She hated me, because when he separated from my mother, I went with her." At first she refused to contest the will. "Cooler counsel, or perhaps the advice of her mother, caused her to reconsider the decision. She contested the will on the ground of undue influence. The courts have sustained the will and ordered a distribution of the estate of $35,000 to her father's relatives-in-law. This resentment reached forth from the grave to add another touch of fate to her picturesque career.

Miss Frederick is back on the speaking stage again. Her lavish house in Beverly Hills is closed. Her success as a screen personality seems to have waned at least a bit, although Miss Frederick still holds her own abroad, where they see the flash of a fine tragic genius in her shadow reflections.

Tragedy may well be there! For, as Miss Frederick today takes another step on life's ladder—another step that is "always the hardest and the longest"—she may well pause to consider her past. Has ever tragedy so entered the life of a player?

A large degree of attention has been given in motion picture columns of the daily and trade press to the announcement of an arrangement between the Warner interests and David Belasco for the production of a number of the Belasco plays on the screen. Apparently it has been forgotten that as early as 1909 Vitagraph made "The Ugly Duckling," a Belasco play, which introduced Mary Fuller to the screen, and that again in the early days of Famous Players, Mary Pickford appeared in "A Good Little Devil," a Belasco production in which she had appeared on the stage. The new Belasco tie-up is interesting, but is not a sensational new acquisition for the screen.
New Style OLIVER NOW READY

[continued from page 108]


"POOR MEN'S WIVES"—Written by Frank Dazey and Agnes Christine Johnson. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: Laura Marber, Barbara La Marr, Tim Marber, David Butler; Claribel, Betty Francis; Richard Smith-Blanton, Richard Tucker, Al K. Adrze, Zasu Pitts; The Heavenly Twists, Murial McCormack and Mickie McBan.

"THE LOVE LETTER"—Directed by King Baggot. Story by Bradley King. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Photography by Victor Miller. The cast: Mary McKee, Gladys Walton; Kate Smith, Fontaine Le Rue; Red Mike, George Cooper; Bill Carter, Edward Hearne; Rev. Halloway, Walter Whitman; Mrs. Halloway, Albert Lee; J. Carter, Lucy Donohue.

"THE PILGRIM"—First National—Writted by Charles Chaplin. The cast: The Pilgrim, Charles Chaplin; The Girl, Edna Purviance; Her Mother, Kitty Bradbury; The Deacon, Mack Swain; The Boy, Dinky Dean; His Mother, May Wells; Her Husband, Sidney Chaplin; The Crook, Chuck Resnove; The Sheriff, Tom Murray.

"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE COLD"—Metro—Written by Stan Laurel. Directed by Frank Fouss. Cameraman, Irving Ris. The cast: Lord Hadaps, a slippery knight; Stan Laurel; Lady Edna Foss; William Avenue; Marquis of Raspberry, a black knight, Scotty MacGregor; Gwen Duke, a jolly knight, William Bois.

"TILLERS OF THE SOIL"—Abel Gance Prod.—Director, Robert Boudriot (in collaboration with Gaston Brun and Maurice Benard). The cast: Charles Vanel; John; Jacques de Feraudy; Arlette, Renne Tandile; Grandpa Larade, M. Schutz; The Farmhand, M. Donnio.

"CRINOLINE AND ROMANCE"—A Harry Beaumont production for Metro Pictures Corp.—Story and adaptation by Bernard McConville. Photographed by John

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Everywhere admired and wanted to dance with the newest step. There is need of being up-to-date. William Murray, America's foremost dancing master, has prepared a wonderful new method by which anyone can learn the newest steps in a few minutes a day, in a few days. Even if you don't know one step from another, you can quickly and easily master any dance without music or partner, right in your own home. If you are a skillful dancer, you will find scores of other social openings in this new and easy method. We have thousands of people who have learned to become popular dancers through this easy learn-at-home method.

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To show you how easily and quickly you can learn this new way, Arthur Murray has consented to send, for but a limited time, a special course of sixteen dancing lessons for only $1.50. This extraordinary offer is made to enable you to gain the benefits of these economical lessons, and will enable you to enjoy the privacy of your own home, without setting aside any money, the privilege of dancing at the correct height. Within the first few lessons your dancing skill will be greatly improved. And if within five days you are not delighted, return the lessons for full money back. This offer is not to be missed. This unusual offer may not be made again. Write today to the special address given above for the full story.

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My hair color restorer is clear and clean as water—free from greyish sediment or disagreeable odor. You apply it by combing through the hair—no outside aid or expert skill required. No one need know your secret.

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Fill it out carefully, using X to indicate natural color of hair. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter. The special patented Free Trial outfit will be sent by return mail. Don't wait—mail the coupon today.

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Ladies' Ring No. A450  Men's Ring No. A460

Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 105]

R. E. C.—You exclaim indignantly about your working hours a day. You say, "I wouldn't think of such a thing." Neither would I! The Editor thought of it. William E. Lawrence is twenty-nine. He's five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 130. He has black hair and blue eyes. Dorothy Gish is featured with Richard Barstow in "Fury" and "The Lighthouse." In Italy, she is making "The White Sister." Pronounce it "Bert Lie-tell," with accent on the last syllable. He is married to Evelyn Vaughn.

JEAN, BOSTON, MASS.—Cheer up. Monte Blue is being divorced. Now you'll be happy, won't you? or, at least, not quite so miserable. Monte is under contract with Warner Brothers, on the coast; he will be seen in "Brass" and "Main Street." I like him, too.

L. R., ST. LOUIS.—Carlyle Blackwell in "Bulldog Drummond." Cleo Ridgely in "The Law and the Woman." Frank Looze in "Orphans of the Storm," "False Fronts," and "Missing Millions." Mabel Normand's latest pictures are "Suzanna" and "Mary Ann."—the latter now in course of production. Mack Sennett particularly directed these five, real comedy-drama, short comedies, and is soon to supervise a series of features starring Phyllis Haver, erstwhile bathing girl, who was washed into dramatic art by using a dramatist a bit in "The Christian" that proved she's arrived.

PEG.—Helen Ferguson is not related to Elsie. Elsie has a relative on the screen, however—Baby Mildred Elsa Ferguson, who is being prepared in a series of six pictures produced by the Buckley-Ferguson Company. Milton Sills may be addressed 1320 Crescent Blvd., Hollywood. Vivian Martin is touring with "Just Around the Corner." As nice as she can be, I once printed a report that she had a little daughter. Came a sweet sigh from Miss Martin: "It isn't true. I wish it were.

D. H., INDIANAPOLIS.—May Allison and her husband, Robert Ellis, are vacating. They have gone for a tour of the world. Everybody's doing it; Larry Semon will go next. The Ellises were co-stars in a series of productions made by MacManus in Florida and Porto Rico. May was married once before.


THE SPEEDER—Educational—With Loyd Hamilton and Ruth Huett.

CANYON OF THE KINGS—Film Booking Office—Story by Richard Matthews Hallett. Directed by Val Paul. Adapted by John W. Gray. Photography by Wm. Thorne and Robert Grasse. The cast: Bob, Harry Carey; Mary, Marguerite Clayton; Jim Parson, Fred Stanton; Torrages, Josephine Ford; Maritopia, Jan Course; Inky, Carmen Arsel; Swane, Charles J. LeMoyne; Kinte, Vester Pegg; Spr unst, Murdock Mac-Quarrie; Averla, Mignonne Golden.

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"Empty Arms" Contest Editor
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J. C. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Even Jeanne d’Arc’s bright steel fit her perfectly. You have to hand it to French women. Irene Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. She is five feet seven inches tall. Many chaps short of Irene, and Connie Talmadge one inch.

FANNY.—Yes, I, too should like to go to Spain, if I have been wanting to go in for some little recreation, so I might take up tug-fighting. Your compliments are too saccharine to be sincere. I am skeptical of so much sweetness, and you will not ask me for sensible questions the next time or I will not answer you at all. So there.

PEGGY, HOUSTON.—I, not like flappers? My dear child. My dear, dear child. You must be misinformed. I have never said I disliked the pretty little creatures. I may have bestowed a preference for the beautiful brunettes, such as Neri, Naldi, and Daniels; but I have never seen bigoted about it. Flap and let flap; yes, indeed. Richard Talmadge is five feet in inches tall and weighs seventy pounds. His real name is Richard Metzetti, from which I deduce he’s a son of sunny Italy. Am I right, Richard?

J. T., VINTLAND, N. J.—Harry Carey is a real westerner, although he was born in New York. But he has been living on a ranch for years, and now, when Harf was born in Newburgh, N. Y., and lives in Beverly Hills, California, when he isn’t sojourning at the Waldorf in New York. Just how western does he look in the movies? On the stage, Wanda Hawley is no longer with Paramount. She’s five feet three, weighs 110 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

KITTY L. B., LONDON, ENGLAND.—Thanks for your intelligent letter. You think Erich von Stroheim is the most finished actor on the screen. Perhaps you do. But I must point out that you really approve of Erich. He was born in Austria and educated at a military academy. He was a crack marksman, a great writer and newspaperman before he became a picture director. His talents are immense. He was born, in 1888, to May Jones, and divorced her a year later. He has married now to Valerie Germonprez, and they have a small son, Erich, Jr. Von Stroheim is working now on “Mr. Teague.”

BLANCHE.—You extol Mr. Blue, Well, Monte is one of the nicest actors I know. The Tommy Wiggins class personally, as far as I am concerned. He was born in Indianapolis in 1899; went to Purdue University for two years; then went on the stage. He is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Among his pictures are “My Old Kentucky Home,” “The Kentuckians,” “Brass,” and “Main Street.” He may do “Deburau.” Hope so.

HUGH H., SAN FRANCISCO.—We have published pictures and stories about Chaney very often. I can see why you think we have neglected him. Lon is highly esteemed in the film colony; his villany doesn’t extend to the home. He has a wife and several children, I believe.

VIVIAN B., WELLSBORO, PA.—You like to hate Theodore, do you? And you want to see more talkies. There was a story in the February issue called “He Danced His Way into Pictures.” Address M. Koslof at the studios, Hollywood, Cal. He’s a brother of Ben, who teaches dancing in New York City.

EDELEWESS, GENEVA, Switzerland, not N. Y.—Thank you many times for the colorful greeting. It’s rather modern, isn’t it—reminded me of the sets for “The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.” You say you spoke to a theater manager about the “Swann and Valentina pictures and he said he had never heard of them. Can it be? Until you have seen Rodolpho, I can remain first in your affections. But a glimpse of him and your “Harold Lloyd of Answer Men” will fade right out.

JOHN WHITMAN.—What, you want to know, has become of the Essanay, Lubin, Biograph, Kalem and Selig Poly-pose companies? Have you been doing a Rip Van Winkle? They have been doing sleep, and you the time. There is still an Essanay studio in Chicago, but it don’t make Essanay pictures; it is rented. There’s a Selig Zoo in Los Angeles, not for use by any one. During a recent Williams, the intrepid heroine of the “Adventures of Kathlyn,” plays occasionally in Paramount pictures. The good old days are gone. But can’t you see that I have a letter from many of your old favorites on the screen. Mr. X. Buchanan and Beverly Bayne have come back to make a picture for Whitman Bennett.

MAXINE B.—Ramon Novarro is not married. He is about twenty-three, and is entitled to wedded what he chooses. He will star for Metro in the future. Ramon’s real name is Samanyiiegos, and he hails from Mexico.

DELPHI.—I never thought I would ever hear a name like yours. And as you say, I don’t mind if you print my name right out in this magazine. I am Mrs. John Pratt. I married with Jack Gilbert in “Monter Cristo,” and “Over the Border”; in “Over Here,” and “Thorns and Orange Blossoms.” I am not married. Her family came from Wilmington recently to join her in Hollywood.

ALBERT, INDIANA.—Estelle Taylor isn’t in the least vampish off the screen. She’s a nice kid. Besides “A Fool There Was,” Estelle was featured with Jack Gilbert in “Monte Cristo,” and “Over the Border”; in “Over Here,” and “Thorns and Orange Blossoms.” She is not married. Her family came from Wilmington recently to join her in Hollywood.

LUCILE.—Another bouquet for Oren Roberts! This young man is audent, as his letter from the technical department of the Lasky studio to the pages of PHOTOPLAY. Maybe if Mr. Lasky knew about his fan mail he would feature him. I am in the camera of, course. Elke Ferguson isn’t making any pictures at present. She is touring in her new play, “The Wheel of Life.” I don’t know who wrote it; Manhattan hasn’t a chance to see it.

JACQUELINE.—Have I red hair? You love red heads, I wish I had. I used to have havy locks of brown. My hair isn’t curly, you understand; just wavy. Like—something like Jack Warren Kerrigan’s. But of course not nearly so elegant. And I can’t seem to cultivate that superb gesture which the leading men use when they run their fingers through their hair. I have tried and failed. And I can’t have once a school teacher; so was Mary Thurman.

EDNA MCC.—You pronounce Nazimova with the accent of that of the Czarevitch, and the syllable with the first syllable accented. Conrad Nagel and Richard Dix are six feet tall—apiece; Charles Meredith two inches taller, and Robert Pratt, five feet eleven. Nagel is married to Ruth Helms; Charles Meredith to a non-professional. Richard Dix isn’t married or even engaged. Rejoice
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The Pianist's Magazine—Advertising Section

Eva B., East Orange.—Yes, Patterson Dial is attractive; she has an unusual face. I impress her as a tall beauty, but Miss Dial, I understand from her director, Henry King, desires to be funny on the screen. In "Fury" she has a chance, and while she is effective, she registers more accurately in her various roles in "Sonny" and "To'able David." She is twenty-three years old, and has appeared on the stage in stock and as a dancer in "Aphrodite."

Jasmin.—Where have you been? I have missed you. Write to me whether you have questions to ask or not. I like to read your letters. You are one of those approving women. You never argue, but always agree with me; it is soothing. Priscilla Dean has been a dancer; she was a child dancer on the stage. Her mother's name is May Preston Dean. Priscilla is married to Wheeler Oakman. She is a star for Universal.

D. D., Brooklyn.—Harry Myers isn't married. So that you may devour the cast of "Penrod" with relish. Penrod Schofield, Wesley Barrow; Mr. Schofield; Tully Marshall; Mrs. Schofield; Claire McDowell; Margaret Schofield, Marjorie Daw; Robert Williams; John Harron; Marjorie Jones, Clara Horton; the Lena Basket.

Stenographer, Madera, Cal.—In the March issue of Photoplay there is an article which should interest you. It tells you just how a stenographer's chances are to work in a film studio. Mabel Julienne Scott played Lale, the Indian girl, in "Becold My Wife." Miss Scott is still Miss Sills is married. He was once a college professor.

Doris W., Texas.—It's all right to make mistakes if you profit by them. But I am not going to sermonize this morning. Rodolph Valentino's real name is Guglielmi. He has black hair and brown eyes, and he is five feet eleven inches tall. He's about twenty-eight years old. Natacha Rambona is his wife's professional name. In private life she is Winifred Huddart Valentino. Yes, I have seen her, and she is a very beautiful girl. The Valentinos are one of the most popular couples in Manhattan.

Handsome and Fair, Buffalo.—Mary Hay Bartholems the second was born the last day of January, 1923. Her proud papa is twenty-seven years old; her mother about twenty-four years. He is returning to the music stage in the future, Thomas Meighan is thirty-five. He has no children. Frances King is his wife.

Milwood, New Jersey.—Dorothy Davenport Reid is making a picture at the Ince studios to fight the drug evil. She has two children, a son, Bill, and an adopted daughter, Betty. The world will not forget Wallace Reid. His last picture was "Thirty Days." Harrison Ford played Reuben in "Old Homestead." He has a leading role in "Are You a Failure?" a Tom Forman production for Preferred Pictures.

Janice.—If you write to Lewis Stone don't divulge the fact that you deem him adorable. Mr. Stone isn't the kind of chap you can fling those adjectives at—and live. He's forty-four years old, happily married, and has a grown daughter. He has a grown daughter. A charming man—but I have heard that he ignores his fan mail with a gorgeous indifference. You can make to be a comic or you can to care Paramount, Long Island City, and find it.

Donna B., Chicago.—And you live on Dante Avenue! I can't send you Niles Welch's photograph but Niles can. He is thirty-five years old, five feet seven inches tall, and married to Dell Boone. It was Welch opposite Elaine Hammett in "Why Announce Your Marriage?"
Billie M., Ladsmitth, W.,—Nice crop of new stories this month. Soon I'll have to have a new map. Johnny Hines hasn't red hair like the Tony of Sewell Ford's stories. John's hair is dark and he has brown eyes. He was born in Golden, Colorado, July 25, 1895. He's five feet nine inches tall and weighs 150. "The Five Dollar Baby" was a Vida Dana-Metro picture by Irvin S. Cobb.

H. S., Manhattan.—I can't tell you my real name. Except that it is not Peter, Mark, Nor, and Rupert, How I Wonder, and the boy I have in four Burlington, Conn. has left Paramount; but she is making pictures for the Film Booking Office. I agree with you that Miss Clayton is charming. She'll send you a photograph, I'm sure. She is the widow of Joseph Kaufman.

C. W. R.—Katherine MacDonald is your favorite, is she? Katherine has been married to Malcolm Straus, an artist; but she is divorced. I hear she is to marry a Chicago man when she has completed her film contract. Address her at 59 Girard Street, Los Angeles. O'Brien's wavy brown hair was not permanently injured in his accident. It has already grown again, so don't worry. His eyes are blue.

DOLLY.—The reason I don't write more is because our readers don't ask for them. Here's yours, for "The Love Expert": Bobs, Constance Talmdage; Mr. Hardball, Bobs' father, Arnold Lucy; Jim Winthrop, John Halliday; Doras Winthrop, Natalie Talmdage; Matilda Winthrop, Fanny Bourke; Aunt Cornelia, Mrs. Nellie P. Spaulding; Aunt Emily, Marion Sigrieev; Mr. Thompson, James Spottiswoode; Mr. Smihlers, David Kirkland; Professor Biecker, Edward Kapler.

JOHN, M., Boston.—Why, yes, there is a Bill deMille in pictures. Only he is usually known as William. I cannot imagine anyone calling William C., Bill. He is a distinguished director, brother of Cecil, and works for Paramount. "Clarence" and "The World's Applause" are two of his pictures.

THEMA, Norwich, Conn.—I am sorry you have no jobs to give us. The fact that you are a college graduate doesn't prejudice me against you; I don't want you to think that. It only means that I really have nothing to offer. Richard Barthelme is married to Mary van Broeck; he was a dancer in Ziegfeld's Follies and in "Sally" before she was married. Barthelme made many scenes for "The Bright Shawl" in Havana.

Inquisitive CORNELIA.—The only Cornelia I can think of is in any way associated with the stage is Cornelia Skinner, who has appeared in her father's, Otis, plays. Lillian Gish is not married. MacDonald is Katherine's real name; but I hear she is to change it soon. Mary MacLane is Katherine's sister. She appears in Cosmopolitan productions.

GERTRUDE.—Maude Adams has never made a motion picture. She has been interested for some time in the technical end of the business, and recently invented a new light which makes it possible to view pictures in daylight. Ruth Chatterton has not been seen on the screen. Ethel Barrymore made a picture for Metro several years ago. Marilynn Miller will probably appear opposite Jack Pickford in a photoplay to be made in the spring. Jack's latest is "Garrison's Finish."
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L. B. Anderson, S. C.—Right up to the minute, aren't you? Yip—Herb Rawlinson has made a picture or two since "Good-Gracious Annabelle." His latest films are for Universal; one of them is called "Don't Shoot." Edith Murphy plays opposite him. Billie Burke is not making pictures any more; but her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, is presenting her in a new stage play by Booth Tarkington, called "Rove Briar."

Dana D.—I read somewhere that a scientist said the earth is shrinking about two inches every year. Those people who want the earth had better hurry while it's still a fair size. Valentino's latest picture is "The Young Rajah." At this writing Rodolph is living in New York. Mrs. Valentino, Winifred Hudnut, did not go abroad. "Beyond the Rocks" was the only film in which Rudolph and Gloria Swanson appeared together. Rodolph's autobiography is in this magazine. It's fascinating.

Sonny, Oxford, Pa.—Thanks for your good wishes. I would rise and bow but as I have told you before I am chained to my desk these days. Glad you like Booth's drawing of me. I—er—I rather like it myself. Of course it may not do me justice; but it's a neat little piece. Ethel M. Dell's "Parks of Iron" hasn't been filmed. Elizabeth Harrison hasn't appeared in anything since "The Vice of Fools" for Vitagraph; at least according to my records.

J. S. L.—William Fairbanks is not related to Douglas. He is with Arrow. "Peaceful Rivers" is his latest. I don't know whether William is married or not. I would suggest that you write and ask him. Mabel Normand has never married.

Pinkie—From the summit of Lookout Mountain, you aver, seven states can be seen. Well, that's fine; that's splendid. But the mountaineer I ever came across on Lookout Mountain is a paper cutter with "Mt. Lookout" engraved on it. And I never use paper cutters. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, April 15, 1890.

Jasmin—You say, "I know you say you like Gloria Swanson; but—cat to cat—what do you really think of her? Why, Jasmin! Your description is not at all nice. I like Gloria; always did. And don't include me in your list of feline friends. Ressee Love does splendid work in "Forget Me Not," although the film is somewhat tame in places. Ressee, in my more or less humble opinion, is one of the sweetest things on the screen; she deserves bigger roles. Gareth Hughes and Irene Hunt play in "Forget Me Not" with Ressee.

O.K.—Oh, don't take it so seriously. You don't have to go to see his pictures, do you? I think you need some friendly advice from Miss Van Wyck. You need some advice from somebody. I am afraid I am not just the one to give it. The fact is, I have run out of advice. As soon as I lay in a new supply I'll write to you again. Meanwhile, Valentino is in "The Young Rajah," his last picture, to date, for Paramount.

Jim, Boise, Idaho.—A voice from God's country, the great west, where men are men, as they say in the sub-titles. You want to know why Dorothy Dandridge doesn't make pictures any more. I want to know why your exhibitors don't wake up. Dorothy has been working right along. She's twenty-eight; born in Chicago; won Miss America contest three inches tall and weighs 127 pounds. She was divorced from Lew Cody some time ago.

T. M., Tacoma.—Have you heard this? A small school boy in the principal's circle was asked, "And who married Princess Mary?" He answered, "Dough." (Applause) Edith Bennett is Maid Marian in "Robin Hood."

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The secret in securing the rich, yet delicate flavor and fine, even texture of this perfect cake lies in the selection of the best materials and above all a high-grade cream of tartar baking powder like Royal. This last item makes a big difference, because Royal contains none but wholesome ingredients. It raises the cake perfectly—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

To make this perfect chocolate cake use this recipe—cut it out and paste it in your cook book.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 cup milk
- 1½ cups flour
- 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well; add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition; add beaten egg, flavoring, one half the milk and mix well; add one half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk; then remainder of flour, stirring well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 16 to 20 minutes.

FILLING

- 2½ squares (2½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate
- 1 tablespoon cream
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 cup powdered or confectioner’s sugar
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Save egg white for icing. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add cream and egg yolk; mix in sugar gradually; add cornstarch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick; add salt and vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of cake.

ICING

- 1 unbeaten egg white
- 1 cup confectioner’s sugar
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 tablespoon thin cream
- 1½ squares (1½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate

Melt chocolate; put egg white into shallow dish; add sugar gradually, beating with wire whip; add butter, melted chocolate and cream and beat well until of right consistency to spread.

Send for New Royal Cook Book—It's Free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
124 William St. New York
Springtime—

does it bring back the glow of youth to your cheeks?

After a winter spent inside, after a season of indoor activities—what of your complexion?

Do spring sunshine and balmy air restore freshness to a sallowed skin? Does your complexion grow fair and radiant?

You can aid nature to bring back a fresh, healthy glow to your cheeks. You can attain new beauty of complexion if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream—more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property which serves to refresh and nourish the skin cells— to “tone-up,” revitalize, the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly it soothes away redness and roughness, heals tiny imperfections—restores healthy charm to your skin.

Read this booklet

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram’s Milkweed Cream the utmost benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or one-dollar size. Begin now to gain the fresh, wholesome complexion, the clear, soft skin that should be yours.

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Milkweed
Cream

FREDDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
102 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan

Posed by May Allison, attractive star of Metro motion pictures. Miss Allison is one of many charming women “in pictures” who use and endorse Ingram’s Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion.

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use a touch of Ingram’s Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity-box, with large mirror and pad—does not bulge the purse. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed—Light, Rose, Medium, American Blush and Dark—50c.

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Ingram's
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Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, sample packets of Ingram’s Face Powder and Ingram’s Rouge, a sample tin of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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by Robert Hitchens

Supported by Conway Tearle, Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson

At last—what fans in every town in America have been longing for—Pola Negri as a fashionable modern woman! The most fascinating love-actress in the world in a George Fitzmaurice Paramount Picture!

You don’t know Pola Negri until you have seen “Bella Donna!”

Like a precious stone all motion picture genius requires setting.

Paramount sets it so that it may shine brightest wherever the shaft of light plays on the silver screen.

If it’s a Paramount Picture, it’s the best show in town.

A George Fitzmaurice Production

Note to Theatre Managers

Pola Negri’s
First and Only American-Made Picture is

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Miss Negri has NEVER appeared in any other American-made picture. Her second American-made picture will be

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A Star’s Quest for Her Soul

An Amazing Revelation!

Never has such a frank story been told of a great celebrity—A touching true confession that will thrill you as fiction never could—

Read the Next Issue of

Photoplay Magazine

And you will receive a different sort of thrill from the true story of

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Who with her husband went camera-hunting among the cannibals and the wild animals of the African jungles.
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Delightful elixir of Spanish herbs makes any hair soft, lustrous and wavy—and keeps it so!

Mr. Ryerson’s Personal Story of His New Discovery

Naturally curly hair—soft, wavy and lustrous! Is there anything more gloriously beautiful in all the charms of womanhood? Yet how few women—how sadly few—may claim this crowning glory!

All my life, as an investigating chemist, I have worked to find a perfect curling and hair-dressing fluid.

Finally my perseverance has brought a reward greater than I had ever dared hope for. I have at last compounded a curling fluid which not only curls the straightest head of hair, but beautifies it, too. A marvelous hair and scalp tonic which increases the growth and “life” of the hair as it curls and waves it—adding new silkiness, new softness, new thickness and beauty.

It is a colorless fluid compounded from the purest herbs of Southern Spain—a delicate elixir which makes any head of hair naturally curly and wavy—a delightful hair balsam which, when combed into the hair or used with your favorite curlers or curling iron, creates the prettiest and most naturally-looking marcelle you ever saw.

I have never known another liquid of such magic potency. Even after a shampoo, when the hair is often stubbornly straight and unruly, it performs the miracle of making the hair behave—making it obey the commands of comb or curling iron—besides producing immediate and captivating curls, ringlets and water-waves.

No more necessity for resorting to the harsh and harmful baking process of waving the hair. This new product called “Liquid Marcelle”—sounds the doom of dangerous “permanent wave” methods. Simply comb a few drops of Liquid Marcelle into your hair—then twirl the hair a bit with the fingers, or put up on your favorite curlers. When you are ready to dress, you are staring at a wealth of curls and waves.

No matter whether your hair is long, short or bobbed; whether dry or oily, blonde or brunette, Liquid Marcelle will solve your curling and hair-dressing problems.

The remarkable introductory offer I have made in the next column means not one cent of profit on our initial distribution of Liquid Marcelle. But once you try Liquid Marcelle, you will use it permanently. Which will make our sacrifice of immediate profit well worth while.

Free Distribution $3.50 Bottles (only one to a family)

RIGHT now, we are anxious to make friends for Liquid Marcelle as rapidly as possible in all parts of the country. So we have decided to distribute the first bottles without one cent of profit. We have figured costs down to $1.87, for preparing and compounding the herbs, bottling, packing and shipping the finished liquid. But this offer is open only to one member of any single family.

Send no money. Merely sign and mail the coupon below. When the postman brings you Liquid Marcelle, pay him $1.87 plus a few cents postage. The Century Guarantee insures your satisfaction. If you are not more than delighted with the results, return bottle and unused contents at end of a five-day trial and we will refund your money.

Mr. Ryerson
Chief Chemist

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

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(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Balm)

Dept. 99, Century Bldg., Chicago

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Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of Photoplay are invited to write this department — to register complaints or compliments — to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about good acting 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.

They're "Just Folks"

Wichita, Kansas.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: So much has been said anent the "escapades" and questionable morals of the film folk that it is disgusting to me, for I have met some very lovely people among them and I think it is time their friends came to their rescue and testified in their behalf. If I had the decided pleasure of meeting Josef Swickard on a recent trip to the Pacific Coast, Mr. Swickard is a perfect gentleman, well-bred and well educated, and I would find it difficult to find more interesting, congenial, clean-minded companionship in any walk of life.

I believe his wonderful work on the screen portrays his sincerity and high ideals better than anything I could say further, and he is just one of the many charming movie people I have met during four trips to California.

Bernice Davis.

On the Mutilation of Literary Masterpieces

Springfield, Ohio.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: I have read Grace O'Donnell's letter on murthering "Manslaughter." Her opinion, I believe, is that of any number of American film fans, who also are lovers of good books. We read a certain book, we journey to the theater to see the film version. Can you realize the disappointment when we find this same story we enjoyed so much at home in an easy chair, mutilated almost past recognition on the screen? Must we always have happy endings to satisfy the public? Not only "Manslaughter," Balzac would have made a rapid revolution in his grave could he have seen "The Conquering Power," Eugenie Grandet, in the novel, was forgotten by her lover, and spent her mispent father's wealth among the inhabitants of the little French village of her birth, and was the wife of a provincial clerk. In the original of "The Eternal Flame," the Duchess turns away from her lover's pleas, and when he next gains entrance into the convent, the tolling of the bell announces her death.

If we are going to have old writers brought to the screen, let us conform at least to their original handling of the plot.

Mrs. G. B. Sharp.

Applause for Bert Lytell

Little Falls, N. Y.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: I want to express my appreciation of Bert Lytell. I think he is the finest actor on the screen.

I first came to know Bert Lytell's pictures in my husband's moving picture theater. The first picture he ran of this actor immediately drew my attention, and I said to my husband, "There is a good actor, I want you to book all of his pictures." And of course he did! Our audiences like him also. They always applaud a Lytell film.

Muriel Van Evera.

Wallace Beery's "Richard"

Hollywood, Calif.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: Thank you, Photoplay, for publishing a review of "Robin Hood" that gave credit to the two men, to whom credit was due—Wallace Beery and Allan Dwan—and was not all flattering for Douglas Fairbanks.

I heard Fairbanks remark once that he is not an actor, and "Robin Hood" I am more than glad to agree. He is an excellent actor and ought to be doing his stunts on a first class vaudeville circuit. But I for one do not see any excuse for such exhibitions on the screen.

I have seen several of Mr. Fairbanks' pictures and the only clever parts were the captions.

As for "Robin Hood"—beautiful scenes and a superb "Richard." My very sincere congratulations to Wallace Beery; may we see him oftener.

R. L. S.

Overworked Eyebrows

Washington, D. C.

Editor Photoplay Magazine.

Dear Sir: It is seldom I disagree with your writers as to the merits of a play, but the last issue of Photoplay spoke so highly of "The Christian" I found myself wondering if your reviewer saw the same picture I did. In the scene where John Storm comes to Glory to "shay her body to save her soul," Mae Busch did not seem to know what it was all about. Whether she really knew no better than to express emotion by working her eyebrows, or whether the director was at fault, I do not know. Players are often called upon to act scenes when they have not been fully advised as to the necessary action the scene requires. In that event, the director is at fault. But, as the picture in question stands, the acting is decidedly inferior to the previous production by the Vitagraph Company. Miss Busch has the face of a classical actress, and I would compare her work with that of Edith Storey, you can understand why people think Miss Storey's acting was ten years in advance of the picture she appeared in. Her face is mental as well as physically, attractive. Perhaps Miss Busch's acting is more in keeping with the character, as I understand Hall Caine helped supervise the scenes, but if Tournier had studied the old picture, he would have improved the present production.

Alfred C. England.

(Continued on page 13)
Tell us, Tarkington—did you
write Alice Adams to show us how foolish a
mother is who sets her heart on having her
daughter go in the best society? Or—to show that family happiness
will be destroyed if a wife is dropped by her
girlhood friends because their husbands have
spunk and forged ahead of her husband?

Was it to show how gauzy are the rules
and pretenses of a social climber?

Or to show that the false standards of
society people force girls to tawdry, lying
imitations?

Tarkington, tell us, was it to show girls
that romance ever perishes—that all prosaic
fathers and mothers once wrote ardent love
letters, now hidden away in attic trunks?

Or—to show every daughter of poor
parents that she should stop dreaming
romantic dreams and go to work?

Did you want to show that millions of
young male scamps are beyond the control
of parents; and to make these young men
see on the screen what they really are like?

Tell us, Tarkington, about Alice Adams!

HAS a Committee of Ten been
started in your city? That is
the way to bring all the really fine
motion pictures to your town.

To bring not Encore Pictures,
alone, but all the best pictures. Those
plays that great directors and great
actors are really proud of will be
shown regularly if you start a
Committee of Ten.

It is a revolutionary plan which enables
anyone who joins the movement to get the
leading motion picture Review Service (un-
biased descriptions of all new pictures) and
have shown at your local theatres the photo
plays you want to see.

Picture theatres are encouraging this plan
because it fills the houses with the best class
of people in town. Why not take an interest
yourself, be the live spirited citizen to send us
names of people who ought to favor the idea?
Turn and address an envelope now. Our
book, “Getting Better Pictures,” will start
your organization. When you get your copy
you'll say, “How I wish I'd had this book
months ago.” Write me personally. Arthur
S. Kane, 7th floor, 35 West 45th St., New
York.

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are selected from
hundreds of motion pictures
made and offered us each
year because they actually
do entertain the private
audiences that we show
them to in advance.

This is the right way to
choose pictures. It is proved by the success of—

“Breaking Home Ties”; “The
Woman Who Fooled Herself”;
Harold Lloyd in “Grandma's
Boy,” and “A Sailor-Made Man.”

“The Tents of Allah”—a super-

tative romance of the desert.
“A Bill of Divorcement”— a

thrilling story based upon great
human motives.

“Head Hunters of the South
Sea”— startling, different and
real.

We will send you a list of the
new plays for the asking.

Write Associated Exhibitors,
Inc., Arthur S. Kane, President,
7th floor, 35 West 45th Street,
New York.

Alice Adams won the Pulitzer Prize as the greatest American
novel of the year, and now King W. Vidor, producer, with
artistic fidelity makes every moment of the play true to life.

Encore
Pictures

YOU know the average
photo play. You like
this part—you dislike that
part. And your friends
disagree with you completely.
But other plays when you’ve seen them, there is no
tought about what was good
or bad. You talk, talk, talk
over situations and argue
about the characters as if you
knew them personally.

And the reason is that you
saw live-minded people living
their lives, not actors rushed
into one coincidence after an-
other.

Can Booth Tarkington do it? He
leads the world. Everybody admits it.

That young scamp brother! You
would like to get your hands on
him. You would like to tell him a
few bitter truths that nobody has
ever told him before.

That mother! And that wonder-
ful daughter! Her words; she
would like to help her win out?
But she wins out anyhow and you are so glad
you could almost cry—or hug her—or
do something ridiculous. Florence
Vidor, the “unforgettable woman,”
gets to your heart every time.

Ask your exhibitor when he plans to
show Alice Adams. And if you
want to see more such pictures—not
only Encore Pictures but the best of all
photo plays produced—go back
and read low a Committee of Ten
can be started in your town and
really bring this about.

Dreadfully or Dreams-came True.
Once in every woman comes the moment
to decide which world she will live in—

[ADVERTISEMENT]
FRIENDLY ADVICE

From Carolyn Van Wyck

M. C., Chelsea, Mass.
As you are rather stout you will look your best in dresses that follow a straight silhouette. With fairly long waist line and skirt.

Why not have a cape this spring, instead of a coat? A cape gives a very slender line, usually. Have it made of either a very dark blue cashmere or a heavy black silk crepe. Wear it with a turban of dark straw and paisley georgette crepe.

Jane R., Minneapolfs, Minn.
Wear the colors that I have recommended to E. C. of Colorado. They will suit you perfectly. But I should also add bronze and silver. As you are rather stout, dark shades will be best for you.

Would bobbed hair be becoming to you? Or do you look well with your hair curled and held in place by a barrette? Either style would be suitable to your thirteen years. Woodbury's facial treatment will be of great benefit to your complexion.

Marrianne, Oregon.
How sorry I am! It is unfortunate that after you have shown your loyalty to the boy for years, he should forget you in his sudden and surprising popularity. It doesn't seem at all fair. You say that you have never forgotten him, even though you are now living in another city—and no longer see him. Do you know—I think that the visit you are planning to make, in your old home town, may work wonders! There's a certain charm in a visiting girl—a difference, an atmosphere, that the girls seen every day don't have. Wear your prettiest clothes, on this visit—be gay and friendly and willing to meet any advances on his part. If he shows that he can still remember the old times, and the old happiness, it might be a good plan to invite him to visit at your home—with, of course, the consent of your parents.

S. F. L., Okla.
Massage your elbows nightly with a good tissue building cream. This will increase the flesh, and will also tend to whiten and soften the skin. If you are conscious of your elbows, you should wear the long new sleeves. They are charming, and are so flattering to slim arms!

With golden-brown, almost blonde, hair and grey eyes, and a very fair complexion, you can wear especially well the dark and sombre shades such as midnight blue, African brown, deep purple and green. You will also be charming in soft grey, in violet, lavender and pale green, tangerine, flame, and bronze. In my description of you I have given your hair its proper color-name.

Antoniette, Boston, Mass.
If you were older you would discover that you would be very popular with many men if you were just able to listen sympathetically. A good listener is always in demand. But with young boys—yes, it is different! I think that you might take to reading magazines that hold topics of interest to your friends, so that you can converse easily upon their hobbies. And you might try, skillfully, to get them talking on some subject that lies near to their hearts. You'll find, after a while, that it comes naturally to you—this small talk!

E. C., Palo Alto, Col.
With blonde hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion you will be charming in shades of blue, in black, and in African brown. Nile green, apple green, shell pink and orchid will also be your colors.

Stillman's Freckle cream will help to clear your complexion of its slight blemishes.

Ruth Randolph, Kenosha, Wis.
Yes, a black velvet hair band will be very pretty against your blonde hair. The contrast should be most attractive.

I can see no reason why you, a German American, should not marry a young man of Italian descent. Especially if you love each other. Seventeen is not too young to be engaged—if you are sure that you know your mind. But it is so easy to make a mistake! Consider the matter very carefully while there is time.

Carla E., Adirondack Mts.
The powder that you are using is splendid. The naturelle shade will be best for you. You will find any rouge advertised in Photoplay Magazine satisfactory—but try to get the 'ashes of rose' shade. You will find hair nets invaluable, now that your bobbed hair is growing in. Just tuck the ends under and draw the net neatly down, and the fact that your hair is short will never be noticed.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante
She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreamboats that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the horrors—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.
Would You Sentence This Man To Be Hanged?

One morning two bodies were found side by side in a meadow—that of a man and a woman, each well known, rich, upon whom the breath of scandal had never blown. They had no known enemies; they had not been robbed—they had been violently done to death. By whom? And why? What motive had inspired this dastardly deed?

Here is what the prisoner said: "I had remained calm; I opened the door and saw them disappear into the darkness. I seemed to have been suddenly deserted, pushed to the wall. I was seized with an overwhelming sadness, mingled with anger, hatred, disgust; my whole being began to rise in revolt."

"I soon caught up with them. It was now pitch dark. I was creeping up behind them softly, that they might not hear me. Then—"

This is part of the tragic story, told by a young man charged with double murder, in "The Parricide," one of the most powerful social documents ever penned by that supreme master of the short story—

Guy de Maupassant


A Daring Writer

Guy de Maupassant was one of the frankest, most accurate, most daring writers that ever lived. No painter of humanity in words has dared approach his fearless handling of delicate situations that in certain circles would be called taboo.

He transcribed life exactly as he saw it. He stripped society of its silken veneer; its pretty conventions, and literally told the naked truth. His vivid tales of passion, of youth and folly, of mystery, adventure, romance, were character studies that he actually saw, experienced, understood.

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His tales abound in vivid characterization, startling dramatic incident, and intense emotional power. He grips like a vise. He stirs the blood; he gladdens, saddens, fascinates, thrills, baffles, intrigues and excites as no other writer has done before or since.

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It has been known for years that there were a number of stories, intimate episodes from life, boldly depicted, which the author wrote for his restricted circle of friends. After long search these stories, 14 in all, have been brought to light, and are included in this edition. This is, therefore, the first time that these rare manuscripts have been offered in English—the first opportunity to secure the most startling of de Maupassant's short stories, translated word for word from the original French.

And if you act promptly, you can now buy these hitherto unpublished manuscripts, and all the other short stories de Maupassant ever wrote, in ten beautiful volumes at the astonishingly low price, when bought in the complete set, of only 49c a volume!

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Marvelous Discovery Smooths Away Every Line—Almost Like Magic

A wonderful new discovery now makes wrinkles entirely unnecessary!

No longer need women fear the little tell-tale marks of time which rob them of their attractiveness. No longer need they dread the tragic lines that foretell the end of youth. For Science has found a quick, easy and inexpensive way to smooth away every tired line, every laugh wrinkle, every deep frown mark.

With this new treatment it is almost as if some magic wand were waved across your face, leaving every wrinkle and wrinkle and restoring the firm youthful freshness of the skin.

Why allow your wrinkles to add age to your face, when they can be easily removed so easily? Why allow deep frown lines to mar your appearance, when they can be harmlessly removed with scarcely any effort at all on your part?

Removes the CAUSE of Wrinkles

This new discovery is based on a simple natural principle. There is no tedious massaging, no painful electrical treatment, no harmful lotions. And unlike many so-called wrinkle “eradicators” it does not attempt to cover up or conceal the lines or wrinkles.

This new treatment acts in an entirely different way. Instead of merely treating the symptoms, it gets right at the cause of wrinkles. By removing the real cause in a perfectly natural and harmless way, the wrinkles and lines vanish almost before you realize it.

Watch the Amazing Results

You will scarcely believe your eyes when you see what really wonderful results this discovery—called Domino Wrinkle Cream—can bring. Even after the first treatment you will find that your face has grown years younger looking. Not only your friends but yourself, will be astonished at the wonderful new youthfulness your face and skin quickly acquire. Domino Wrinkle Cream, besides banishing wrinkles, contains certain marvelous ingredients which soften and whiten the skin, removing every trace of blemishes and mending the skin into a new smooth firm surface.

Guaranteed to Remove Every Wrinkle

No matter how many other treatments you have tried without results Domino Wrinkle Cream will quickly and positively remove every trace of the lines that are spoiling your whole appearance. It is GUARANTEED to banish each and every wrinkle, no matter how deep seated it may be, and a $1,000 deposit loss cannot be recovered. So, if you will send your money to Philadelphia backs up this guarantee. Within ten days you are not more than satisfied with the improvement it brings in your appearance, your money will be instantly refunded, without question.

Send No Money

So that every woman may try this great new discovery we are making a very special introductory offer. You need not send a single penny. Simply mail the coupon and we will send you in a plain marked container a regular $5.00 package of Domino Wrinkle Cream. When the postman hands it to you simply pay him the greatly reduced price of $1.95 (plus a few cents postage), in full payment. Surely, you cannot afford to overlook this splendid offer, especially since you have the guaranteed privilege of having your money refunded if you are not delighted with results.

Bear in mind that the regular price of Domino Wrinkle Cream, which contains some of the costliest ingredients known, is $5.00. It is on only this special introductory offer, which may never be made again, that we have reduced the price to $1.95.

Thus you should act immediately. Domino Wrinkle Cream will soon rid you of every line and wrinkle, for it is a natural preparation—and works ALWAYS. You won’t have to wait long for results either.

Just mail the coupon—no money. But act once before this special offer is withdrawn. Clip and mail the coupon today—or now.

Friendly Advice

[Continued from previous page]

Billie H., Alton, Ill.

You can make your knees much slimmer by doing the regular setting-up exercises that were a part of army training. You can be made more plump by the careful use of massage or tissue building cream. The beauty clays—if advertised in reliable magazines—are not in the least harmful. Some of the French powders—Houbigant, Coty, Bourjois, Roger andallet—are all good. Keep right on with the freckle cream that you are using—it is of the utmost importance that you may safely use any of the cold and vanishing creams advertised in Photoplay.

Katherine K., Los Angeles, Cal.

Think twice before you marry a man who is so violently jealous that he goes into uncontrollable rages. It is always hard to live in an atmosphere of distrust—and a jealous husband is the last word in distrust! Your fiancé accuses you, and wrongly, of attracting the attention of other men. If he makes his trips to the theater, or to tea, or to dinner, unattended by his henchmen, your marriage to him will be an affair of great discomfort. Of course explanations are seldom believed—for if he does not believe the explanations that you can give, he will probably be more cedulous after you are his wife. Living in a world of jealousy is torture to the soul. And—where suspicion lives, cannot be beautiful and secure. Always remember that!

E. R., Loraine, Ohio.

The Wallace Mauve is one of the simplest and most pleasant ways of reducing. Losing weight to music—it isn’t a fine idea! The clay that you speak of is very effective—but I should suggest that you avoid face cream, also. A tender skin needs plenty of nourishment and care. Brilliantine will make the hair shiny. And a thorough singing will probably do away with the broken ends. Do you use a hair tonic?

Jean, Boston, Mass.

Your type is unusual—and for that reason, when you wear the proper colors, your appearance will be striking and attractive. With light auburn hair—red, brown and yellow lights in it—brown brows and eyes, and a caramel complexion will lend your best black in shades of green, grey and violet. I should especially recommend nile green, periwinkle, orchid, and slate grey. You can also wear every shade of bronze without none of the tans and beiges that are so popular.

If too long dresses are unbecoming to you, don’t wear them, of course. But don’t make the mistake of wearing very short frocks—for they are not pretty and are decidedly passé. Wear frocks with medium length, full skirts and frilly collars. In solid materials—taffeta, organdy and gingham. Soft materials will make you seem too slim.

Don’t use rouje. But a touch of lip stick—in a dark shade of carmine—will become being to you.

"Lee," Louisville, Ky.

As you are tall you are right in choosing taffeta and a large hat. And the color—dark blue—is also a wise choice. I think that a dark blue cape would be smarter and more becoming than a coat, though. The grey hose and slippers will be charming—why not have the wide brimmed blue hat faced with grey?

From your photograph I think that you arrange your hair very well, except that it is a bit too much the side or the side quite too fluffy—but continue to wear it parted and drawn down slightly over your well shaped forehead.
An Easy Way to Make $500.00 in Spare Hours

Would YOU like to make $500.00, or more, right at home without interfering with your regular duties? Would you like to turn your wasted hours and dull moments into profit and pleasure? If so, read every word below—it may be the turning point of your whole life!

N O'long ago we put a big advertisement in this magazine. In it we said: "Thousands of people can write stories and photoplays and do not know it. We offered to send anybody anywhere a free book, "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing," which would positively prove that people like yourself—men and women, young and old—and do make money writing stories and photoplays.

Among others, a busy New York housewife sent for this free book. She wanted to write plays for the movies. Her friends laughed at the idea. "That's foolish," they told her. "One must be a genius, to write." But this busy housewife was not so easily discouraged. She knew there was nothing to lose if she failed, but a great deal to gain if she succeeded. So she resolved to try. In her spare time, she read a photoplay—just a few pages of manuscript. When complete, she wrote to one of America's foremost movie actresses, shortly after the manuscript was purchased for $500.00. Think of it! $500.00 for her first photoplay! 

$500.00 for a bare idea, written in spare hours! And this woman is in a show! Many stories are the result of her success in the fact that she wrote for our free book and followed its suggestions! She frankly admits that our book was largely instrumental in bringing success so quickly.

Wouldn't YOU like to develop a new talent like this? Wouldn't YOU like to make money in such a dignified, honorable way? Wouldn't YOU like to turn your spare hours into dollars as this woman did?

Send in for your opportunity right now. Don't say you can't write. How do you know you can't? Have you ever tried? Have you ever tried in the right way? Maybe you are "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they give up in despair. They're through. They never try again. Yet if they had first learned the simple rules of writing, they might have astonished the world! Thousands of people, like yourself, who thought they couldn't write, found out they could—and now make big money in their spare time. These people are not geniuses. They are plain, ordinary men and women who simply learned the rules of writing and intelligently applied them.

Free Proof That You Can Write

If you want to prove to yourself that you can write, if you want to try writing in your spare time, we will send you THE SHORT-CUT TO SUCCESSFUL WRITING ABSOLUTELY FREE. This wonderful book tells how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find out how. How bright men and women, without special experience, learn to develop their own individuality. How their own infirmities are turned to satisfaction. How the world gives them opportunities. How they make the story and the story makes them. This book may be the turning point of your whole career. Send for it FREE.

The Short-Cut to Successful Writing

Free This Book FREE.

Address

City and State

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
She's Loyal to Rudolph

New York City.

EDITOR PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why on earth must some people criticize a man who has done his very best to his public, when he is already deluged with so many annoyances? I am referring to Rudolph Valentino.

I was a theatre where his picture, the "Young Rajah," was being shown. Somebody detected Mr. Valentino sitting in a box. The ovation that followed was beyond description. The audience practically thought he was actually defecating. The appreciation that was shown him was wonderful. He was then asked to say a few words to satisfy the audience, which he did with the elegance and dignity of a fine speaker. While he was sitting through the picture it was very noticeable that he was entirely disunited. One could see by the expression on his face that he felt he was not giving the very best in him.

The public has made Rudolph Valentino and wants him, and him only.

RUTH LOWESTEIN.

Brickbats and Bouquets [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

Outspoken at Least

Haverhill, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have just been to see "Jazz-mania." I thought it was deplorable. So much has been said regarding the over-cooked personality of the beautiful Mae that I lack words—adjectives in particular. But I know that it was worse than her others because I talked all through it about the coal shortage (which doesn't mean a thing to you) and no one bawled me out—because they were all talking too.

"Tol'able David." is coming soon to a local theater and I'm not going. I think Richard Bar—you know—is all that an actor should be and 100% more but I aginized through "Tol'able David" and looked at life through glasses for a week. Now who wants—Oh, well—I know—it was wonderful. It's just that I'm young, and—foolish.

Speaking of Bouquets—

I liked May McAvoy's acting in "Kid In." I think Jacqueline Logan stole the picture from Wanda Hawley in "Burning Sands."

My breath and rapture all through "The Voice from the Minaret."

I think Bobby Agnew is an exception—and will prove it—when he gets a good picture and the responsibility of making it a success or failure.

I'm glad Harold Lloyd is married to Mildred Davis and probably he is too.

I like John Bowers' looks. I'd trust him and Harold Lloyd with a million dollars—smilingly. And Brickbats—

I've never seen Pola Negri but I know I won't like her.

I don't like William Farnum—he's too fat—his hair is too curly and he over-acts.

I dislike Mae Murray's ultra-greasy eyelids and mouth. If I had been Red LaRoque in "Jazz-mania" I—Oh, well, he probably liked it. Anyway, he got paid for it.

More Bouquets—

clean, handsome actor, and his place will not be easily filled, especially by de Roché.

MRS. VIRGINIA S. CULLEN.
12 Great Books!

Don Quickshooter of the Rio Grande—Stephen Chamiers
A story of Texas and the West; of the dangers and the
adventures of the old-time cowhand. 

Loaded Dice—Edwin L. Sabin
A story of the Wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
wildcatters, and the lawmen. 

The Lure of Piper's Glen—Arthur Chapman
A story of the wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

Apache Valley—Arthur Chapman
A story of the Wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

The Challenge of the North—James B. Hendryx
A story of the Wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

The Lure of Piper's Glen—Arthur Chapman
A story of the wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

The Devil's Pay Day—W. C. Tuttle
A story of the wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

The Canyon of the Green Death—F. R. Buckley
A story of the wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

Sky-High Corral—Ralph Cummins
A story of the wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

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lawmen, and the outlaws. 

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A story of the wild West; of the cowpunchers, the
lawmen, and the outlaws. 

-Thrills on Every Page-

Every One a Ripsnorter!

Exciting! You'll say so! Twelve red-blooded tales. Real thrills on every
page. You whirl along breathlessly from climax to climax. Smashing,
unexpected endings make you gasp. Never a slow evening if you own these
books. Just like being a cowboy, a Prospector, a dare-devil adventurer yourself.
Every story a humdinger!

Live the life of the big open Western world—among hairy-chested, hard-
fighting frontiersmen who tramp, ride, camp, scheme, love and hate—yes, and
sometimes shoot to kill! Live among them in Adventure-land! These fas-
itinating, gripping stories will pick you up, and whirl you bodily into the "gun-toting"
life of the West—the bad old, glad old West. Every one of these books will make
you "hold on to your chair."

Send No Money

You can get this whole library of 12 fascinating, nerve-tightening books for
about 16 cents. The whole set sent to you right now—without sending a penny in
advance. But listen! The night these books come you won't sleep! You're just
bound to finish the one you start—if it takes till 3 A. M. You can't be
lonesome or out of amusement while you have these smashing stories in
your homes. YET EVERY STORY IS CLEAN AND WHOLESALE
—nothing that should not be read by any boy or girl.

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and address on the handy coupon, and mail it. The whole 12 of these splendid
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color, will be sent to you promptly. Just pay 30¢!! plus a few cents
postage, to the postman who delivers the books, and they are yours.

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we will send back your money in full.

Stake yourself to a whole lot of pleasant evenings!

Think of it! 12 novels for only 30¢—and you take no risk.
Take up this offer right now, for it may not be repeated in
this magazine. Send the coupon today—NOW!
Brickbats and Bouquets

[Continued from page 14]

Ben-Hur—Again

Mountain Lakes, N. J.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I disagree wholly with Mr. Rothchild.

The actor for the part of "Ben-Hur" should be Mom. Brilliantly dressed and resplendent, his work will make the "Ben-Hur" of old. Perhaps he is not as good looking as Rodolfo; but at least, and what is more to the point, his face is too much in keeping with a man's, rather than success with temptation just as "Ben-Hur" did.

I have, ever since reading "Ben-Hur," wanted to see it on the screen and now that it is actually going to happen I do so dreadfully want to see it well cast, and Monte Blue is, I'm sure, the man for the title role.

Of course I should not criticize Mr. Rothchild for I am only a very young lady, yet I do disagree with him heartily.

Rodolfo would make the scornful enemy of "Ben-Hur," but not the "Ben-Hur" we all know.

CATHERINE M. HAGAR.

From the Flapper-Grandmother

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Why, I wonder, is Mr. Rodolfo Valentine cast for the part of the "idol of flappers." There is no one who enjoys his pictures more than I do and I am a youngster of sixty-eight summers and winters. I have witnessed pictures during my rather uneventful life time and hope to see a lot more. I will say that "day by day in every way motion pictures are getting better and better" and fall of many ambitious young screen stars and have marked the progress of such stars as Mary Pickford and our dearly beloved Wally Reid whose untimely way was almost as great a shock as if it had been one of my own boys.

To come back to the subject of Mr. Valentine: I have watched with great pleasure the different screen performances of this young man, ranging from his pictures with Mae Murray till "The Young Rajah." I think he is a very sincere actor and very charming boy.

MRS. ANATOL PICKARD.

Praise for “D. W.”

London, England

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: As an admirer of D. W. Griffith, I cannot allow to pass unchallenged such a statement as made by Anna Gardner in the January number of your magazine.

Your correspondent bases her remarks on a booklet containing the life history of Mr. Griffith, and I presume she refers to the source of "Orphans of the Storm," which was in booklet form. If so, I would draw her attention to the fact that out of fourteen pages, less than half a page is devoted to the biography of the producer, and I fail to see how he can be accused of egotism for that. I am not broad-minded if, perhaps, she will let me know how I can obtain a copy, for strange though it may seem to her, people are interested in the very life history of the producer of the film.

I see Mr. Griffith as a man with ideals, and the courage to put them into his pictures. Who else can so consistently state as "Intolerance" and "Way Down East?" Who else would be so daringly unconventional as he was when he made "Broken Blossoms?" He is, in very truth, "The Master."
Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?

SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a likable guest? Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions—how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes into contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form “How do you do?” is correct; whether one may say “Pleased to meet you?” Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten? When you leave, do you know what to say to the hostess? Do you know what is meant by the “bread-and-butter” letter? If you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions, you will never be embarrassed.

The Book of Etiquette in Two Volumes—A Recognized Authority

Have you ever wondered how a home should be decorated for a wedding? What to serve at a luncheon? How to acknowledge an invitation? Would you like to know why a bride wears white, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning? Do you know how to word an invitation, what to wear to a theatre party, how to set the table for a formal dinner, how to register at a hotel?

Whatever you want to know you can find in the book of Etiquette—the famous two-volume set that is today being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country. Weldings, parties, dinners, teas, dress, speech, correspondence—you will find complete details on every phase of conduct that interests you.

May we send you this famous two-volume set free for examination? You may keep the two books entirely free for 5 days and within that time decide whether or not you want to keep them. This unusual plan enables you to see the Book of Etiquette in your own home and examine it before purchasing it. If you decide to keep the books we will send you $3.50 in full payment. If for any reason you are not delighted with them, just return them—and the examination will have cost you nothing whatever. Send for the Book of Etiquette today. Take advantage of this free examination offer.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 775, Garden City, N. Y.
There is constant danger in an oily skin

If your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny, you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple.

But too much oil actually tends to promote an unhealthy condition of your skin.

A skin that is too oily is constantly liable to infection from dust and dirt, and thus encourages the formation of blackheads, and other skin troubles that come from outside infection.

You can correct an oily skin by using each night the following simple treatment:

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Keep up this treatment persistently, and within a week or ten days you will be surprised to see what an improvement it has made in your complexion.

This is only one of the famous treatments given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in this booklet.

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

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

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
With the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

ONCE again we present the orchidarious Barbara La Marr, highly promising—if not the most promising—feminine possibility for screen stardom. Barbara has been dazzling filmdom since she played Milady in Doug Fairbanks’ “The Three Musketeers”
IT is a matter of screen history that Carmel Myers made her film debut in a tiny role of D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance." Once since she ran away to play in musical comedy. Now, however, she is safely back on the silversheet again.
ALTHOUGH Alma Rubens' early career centered at old Triangle, she actually made her debut at Vitagraph. But her beauty first caught the public's eye as lead for Doug Fairbanks. One of the photoplay's interesting personalities
B EFORE the camera a scant three years—and a star! That is the record of Alice Terry, in private life the wife of that interesting director, Rex Ingram. Indeed, Miss Terry almost stepped from "extras" to fame
HE films have no prettier young actress than Patsy Ruth Miller. And apparently no more popular personality, for Patsy is a favorite member of Our Club, that delectable screen organization made up of the leading flappers of filmdom.
PHOTOPLAY has predicted so many pleasant things for the highly promising Malcolm McGregor that there is little left to be said. We have looked upon him as a star in the making ever since we first glimpsed him in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

A YOUNG actress who has been contributing a series of satisfying characterizations to the films—portrayals which have just missed hitting the public between the eyes—is Lillian Rich. Players like Miss Rich are the ones who "carry on" for the silent drama.
At last Mae Busch has reached stardom! Certainly the distinction was never better earned, for her recent Gloria Quayle in Maurice Tourneur’s “The Christian” stamped her as one of the finest young players of our silversheet. Like many another star, Mae came from film comedies.

HARRISON FORD is one of the consistent young actors of the 1923 photoplay. He has probably played leads opposite more feminine stars than any other actor in all filmdom. Surely no one has handled his roles more adequately.
Wear silk economically? Yes!
But first consider this safety test

Many women resist the temptation to own the garments of their hearts' desire, not because they cannot afford the first cost, but because they are afraid of what may happen to such garments in the washing process.

But the problem of washing delicate georgette, crêpe de chine, chiffon—yes, and the finer woolens, too, like the sweater in the picture—difficult as it is, has been solved for countless women by a simple test. This test may be applied to all soaps offered for this purpose, whatever their form. Though easy as adding one plus one, this test has provided a really sound basis for the selection of safe soap.

Here is the test:
Ask yourself:
Would I be willing to use this soap on my face?

Those who apply this thought to Ivory Flakes need seek no further.

Why? Because Ivory Flakes is simply Ivory Soap—the same fine white soap which for two generations has befriended the faces of millions of women—now prepared in petal-thin flakes for the washbowl laundering of the most delicate fabrics.

The same gentle cleansing properties, purity and mildness of Ivory Soap are found in Ivory Flakes—without change.

A teaspoonful of Ivory Flakes, instant suds; a few moments of dipping and squeezing, and this gentle cleansing agent has done its work—safely and surely.

Economical enough for any kind of laundering, Ivory Flakes has a real margin of safety for the most precious garments you own.

May we send you the free sample and booklet pictured in the lower right-hand corner? A postcard will bring them.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes may be had at grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes dainty clothes last longer

SHETLAND WOOL
As difficult to wash safely as chiffon

This delicate sweater of gray Shetland wool, with its stripes of old blue and rose, has been washed 23 times with Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water. "It is still as soft and fluffy, its delicate colors as fresh, and its shape as true as when I bought it," says its wearer's letter. "Hard rubbing or washing with harsh soap would have ruined it."

(Garment with owner's letter on file in Procter & Gamble offices.)

FREE
This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 349-E, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.
PHOTOPLAY does not often take upon itself to urge folks to see a particular picture. "The Covered Wagon" gives us occasion to make an exception.

To our way of thinking, it is the best American film drama in years. This panorama of a pioneer train of the roaring '40s crossing virgin America is well nigh epic in its sweep.

"The Covered Wagon," as we see it, is the screen's best answer to non-believers since Griffith picturized the Civil War and the Reconstruction period in "The Birth of a Nation."

"The Covered Wagon" is not just a historical picture. Its characters live. As you watch it, their perils—and they run all the way from death at the hands of savages to starvation in bleak lands—becomes yours. You struggle with these brave women and brave men in their fight to carry forward that outrider of civilization—the plow.

But "The Covered Wagon" is more than merely absorbing. It is instructive. It unfolds history as no text book could.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates Paramount upon "The Covered Wagon." Particularly we congratulate Paramount upon a clause inserted in all contracts with exhibitors playing the production. One performance—for school children—must be presented at an admission of not more than ten cents. A worthy thought, indeed.

PHOTOPLAY congratulates the vast American motion picture audience. For "The Covered Wagon"—epic of pioneers—will be a pioneer in planting the film banner many leagues ahead. The production is easily the most effective sermon upon better pictures in many a month.

There is shooting, liquor is poured from bottles and drunk with gusto, a horse apparently falls from a cliff. When the Editor of PHOTOPLAY left the projection room after viewing this picture, he left behind a group of squabbling censors—intent upon finding some use for their scissors. We affirm that there is not one scene in "The Covered Wagon" as originally projected that calls for censorship.

If this production needs censorship, so does Bancroft, Fiske and every other American historian.

"The Covered Wagon" is a photoplay for the American family. If you miss it, you will be the loser.
Hard Luck

asked for the tragedy that lies behind his soulful black eyes, he ejaculated, "Rats!"

It was not an expression of scorn for the question.

As a boy in Spain Tony worked in a bakery at a little town near Gibraltar, in order to help support his widowed mother. He went to school in the daytime and worked at nights. When his evening's labor was finished he used to sleep in the place until the early morning hour, when he made deliveries in Gibraltar.

The place was infested with rats. They would claw forth and scurry about at night. Their stealthy maneuvers struck terror to the heart of the young cavalier, and he would arise to give furious battle. Needless to say the bakery did not hold young Tony for long.

For prolonged suffering he considers the year he worked as extra around the old Biograph studio in New York where Griffith presided.

"I worked part of the time but starved most of the time," says Tony.

Then one day Mr. Griffith put him on the permanent payroll at a salary of forty dollars a week.

Came his first real part, as the subtitle says.

"I played a drunk in three scenes," remarks Tony grimly. "Proud, hungry—and 'drunk.' And for this I had starved more than a year."

But it was the first step on the trail that led to his present position in the stellar ranks of Paramount.

PARIS was the scene of one of Theda Bara's most trying experiences. She had gone to the French capital to study acting. This was before she made her successful invasion of pictures in "A Fool There Was." To be exact, it was in 1913.

Miss Bara had boarded her savings carefully, but the remainder consisted principally of a hundred dollar bill. She was at a loss where to hide this and finally decided upon the toe of her shoe. But she forgot all about her improvised bank and put the boots outside her door for the concierge to shine. The boots reappeared in the morning with the required luster but minus the bill. Miss Bara finally succeeded in borrowing enough money to tide her along. "It was the only time in my whole life that I ever borrowed money," says Miss Bara in telling the adventure. "I tried for years to locate the woman who loaned

WHAT is the most tragic experience you ever had? Ask anyone that question and you'll probably get a serio-comic answer.

It's a matter of interesting psychology that a person will remember the mole hills of emotion and forget the mountains of sorrow.

Ask a world war veteran about his toughest moment and he's liable to say it was the time he lost his speech while trying to recite "Our Flag" at the Third Grade Memorial Day exercises.

So Douglas Fairbanks says, "The time I didn't have a clean shirt."

Doug shudders as he remembers the day.

Just as Maupassant hung a terrific tragedy to a piece of string, so Doug appends drama to a shirt tail.

It was in the days when the screen Robin Hood was something of a Robin Hood reality—a soldier of fortune in the Wall street pits.

His wardrobe boasted only a small repertoire of shirts. He could get through a week nicely if he remembered to send them to the laundry each Monday. But he never remembered.

One day when the financial outlook was very bleak, Doug received a call from a great brokerage firm, stating that there was a good opening and asking him to call on one of the officials not later than noon of that day.

Picture Doug leaping over chairs, chiming the picture moulding and juggling the alarm clock in his frenzy of delight—only to discover that he had no clean shirt to his not-yet-famous name. He had been reading books on how to interview a man on the subject of getting a job. On page sixteen it said that neat appearance was absolutely essential, hinting that a dirty shirt might even cause a big employer to slay an applicant in righteous wrath.

So Doug couldn't go after the job—a wonderful job that might have earned him fifty dollars a month.

To this day the million-a-year Doug soberly insists that the tragedy of the dirty shirts was the most harrowing he ever lived through.

ANTONIO MORENO on the other hand would scorn such a petty annoyance as beset Doug. When
Tales of Stars

the money but never succeeded in getting trace of her until I went abroad recently. Then I found her and returned the borrowed sum, with interest. She hurried to a Parisian race track with the money—and lost every cent!"

Dick Barthelemy's toughest experience came when he met D. W. Griffith—and failed to land a job. Barthelemy was then pretty well unknown to motion picture fans. An agent sent him a note to see Mr. Griffith. The future star hurried to Mr. Griffith's office.

"Too late," said the office official, "Mr. Griffith did want someone of your type but he is leaving for California." Not to be stopped, Barthelemy rushed to Mr. Griffith's private office.

"Leaving?" repeated the surprised office boy. "He's left!"

"When?" demanded Dick.

"Just now," replied the boy.

"When does his train leave?" said Barthelemy.

"Three-forty-five at Grand Central!"

Barthelemy looked at his watch. He had fifteen minutes. He rushed downstairs and hailed a taxi, not pausing to count the expense. He reached Grand Central just three minutes before train time. Luckily Griffith was standing at the gate.

"I heard you wanted to see me," began the panting young actor.

"Who are you?" inquired the director.

"Richard Barthelemy." Griffith hardly seemed to see the anxious young player.

"Well," answered the director, "telegraph me at the Alexandria in Los Angeles." And he was gone.

"I was broken hearted," says Barthelemy, in telling the story. "Of course, I wired. And I wrote too. But I never heard a word. Indeed, it wasn't until a year later when I wrote once more, that I received a reply. Then Mr. Griffith summoned me. He had remembered all about me from that brief glimpse at the train gates, just as he always remembers every incident with uncanny exactness."

Pola Negri, great tragedienne, experienced a very real and grim tragedy that has affected her life.

"The fall of Warsaw!" cries Negri, with the great-eyed horror which you have seen her express on the screen. "Warsaw, the capital of my country, fell into the hands of the Germans!"

There had been long days of hunger and cold as Warsaw stood against the staggering blows of the Germans.

"The things I saw I can never forget. They were burned into the heart and the memory forever."

Later when she became a great picture star, working in Berlin, Pola still remembered. She sent money to the Poles. For charity, she insists. The Germans considered her act a piece of effrontery. They say she gave money for a statue to be erected in memory of a certain Polish war hero, who fell before Warsaw. Perhaps Pola had more than a patriotic interest in that hero. She only says she never gave a pfennig to the milite—only for those who suffered.

Nevertheless, she incurred the hatred of the Germans. She was reckless. She said what she felt and did as she pleased with her money. Because of the antipathy her words aroused in Berlin, she went into seclusion, nervous and wan.

America was her rescuer. The instant acclaim we gave her as "Du Barry" revived her courage. She went back to work on the promise that she might come to this country.

But it is not easy to forget. Pola Negri's life has been a strange drama set within the tragic drama of war.

A girl with long golden curls got onto a Seventh avenue surface car in New York.

In a worn little hand bag she carried a single, bright five dollar bill.

The child wasn't thinking about the bill, she was too tired and eager for home.

When she got off the car she suddenly realized that her bag and earnings had vanished.

That is the most sorrowful moment lingering in Mary Pickford's memory of her early days in the theater.

She was playing in "The Warrens of Virginia." Her salary was twenty-five dollars a week, but she was sending twenty of it back home to Toronto for her mother, Lottie and Jack.

She had just dispatched her weekly mail order when she was robbed.

Mary lived on five dollars a week then.

"It was plenty," says Mary. "And sometimes I saved a little. I never bought candy or luxuries. When the weather was [continued on page 110]"
"They call me a vamp on the screen. Sometimes in life I have been called something very like that — but the only thing I’ve found in this world that’s at all satisfactory to love is a baby. There’s only one person in the world you can count on loving you — always — that’s your son."
I adopted a baby because I wanted something to love. And the only thing I've found in this world that it's at all satisfactory to love is a baby. I took this little, trusting man-child that nobody wanted, out of a foundling home because my heart was empty and my soul needed an altar upon which to sacrifice.

I've brought him into my home because I can give one nameless, homeless atom a name and a home, and because I needed to remember how much sweetness and innocence there is in the world.

When people ask me why I adopted a baby, I often wonder if they have any idea how lonely is the life of a woman like me.

I didn't have one soul in the whole, wide world that belonged to me.

I was a foster child myself.

In all the world, there wasn't a man, woman or child I could call my own. Whose life was tied to mine.

There's never been one day—not one hour—since they took my own little boy out of my arms, that I haven't longed for the feel of a baby against my breast.

Lots of nights, I've waked up thinking I heard that little voice, that has been still so long, calling me. Lots of times, as I opened the door to come in, I forgot and looked to see his little face.

They call me a vampire on the screen.

Sometimes, in my life, I have been called something very like that off the screen.

But you see, you can't tell where you will find mother love, in this world.

It doesn't belong exclusively to any little circle of women who look blonde and spiritual and perfect.

You can't put a fence around mother love and say—this kind of women shall have it, and this shan't. No. I've seen it in the gutter and I've seen it in palaces. I've seen it shining in the eyes of some worn, flat-chested spinster. I've seen it still glorified in the eyes of women who had sold or sacrificed or been robbed of every other glory.

I'm not silly enough to pretend I'm an ingenue. It isn't my line—on or off the screen. I don't want to be an ingenue. I just want to be a woman. I'm not an angel—I'm just a plain ordinary human being.

But I'm not willing to admit that because I've got black hair and green eyes and what they call beauty, I'm not going to make a good mother to my son.

I've learned to estimate human nature pretty well, in my years of experience. And I know you can't fill your life with money—nor fame, nor admiration.

Oh, I have friends. Wonderful friends. I bless them.

• But friends aren't bound to you by everlasting ties.

Men—bah! I am sick of men. The admiration of men. The so-called love of men. I have been married. I have known some little about men, in my life. Men's love is most unsatisfactory, the most disillusioning thing in life.

The little girl who has only one beau, who grows up and marries him, and keeps her ignorance and her faith in men, is the lucky girl. Not the woman whom the world may call fortunate because men flock to her feet.

If you happen to find love—real love—between a man and woman, that is different. That is heaven-sent. It has been denied me.

But the admiration, the desire of men, leaves you stranded on a sea of fear and loneliness and self-loathing.

That's why I adopted a boy. I know perhaps enough of men, and the world, and the [continued on page 112]
A bore,
Lillian (Lillian in the now immortal scene of "Broken Blossoms," still the screen's highest example of emotional hysteria.

What Makes Them Cry

By Frederick James Smith

What Moves the Stars to Tears

Mary Pickford by Massenet Elegie
Pola Negri by Grieg's Lament
Bill Hart by "Sweet Bunch of Daisies"
Theda Bara by Gabriel-Marie's "La Cinquantaine"
Betty Compson by "Aloha"
Dorothy Dalton by "Kiss Me Again"
Mae Busch by "Home Sweet Home"

Above, Lillian Gish in the now immortal scene of "Broken Blossoms," still the screen's highest example of emotional hysteria.

When Mary Pickford approaches a tender sentimental scene, even though it be an exterior, she takes her orchestra along. Here we are shown Mary ambushing a tear, with Director Al Greene and Brother Jack considering the Pickford technique.
SINCE Blanche Sweet wept the first sensational real screen tear, as Judith in David Wark Griffith’s “Judith of Bethulia,” many a tear has been shed before the remorseless film lens. Unfortunately the public has come to look upon most of them as a matter of glycerine. That is a part of the film fan’s general present suspicion of all things cinematic. In reality, most of the studio tears these days are real. It is no longer a matter of emulsion rather than emotion.

After all, why shouldn’t the tears be the genuine thing? The average star has only to think of what the papers say about that last picture, or the sad fashion the studio staff receives his—or her—flashes of genius. Any one of these things is guaranteed to open the ocular sluice-gates.

Seriously, tears are largely a matter of temperament. They come comparatively easy to stars like Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish. Just a suggestion can make Jackie Coogan weep giant tears. Pola Negri, on the other hand, approaches her tear duct interlude from an emotional angle, rather than from the path of pathos. She must come to the tears logically as the climax of carefully developed emotional scenes. And she must have music. Indeed, it is surprising, when you come to consider the sob moments, how important a part music plays in the “shooting” of our photoplays.

It is impossible to say definitely just when and where music entered the silver-sheet field as a tear persuader, but legend has it that Griffith called in a violinist at the old Biograph studio, away back in 1909, to play for Florence Lawrence. Maybe the honor is deserved elsewhere but, since “D. W.” created most of the innovations which in time became part of the technique of the photoplay of today, we pass the wreath to Griffith and move on.

True, Griffith uses music less than any director we know. He has found that mobs in big scenes are especially responsive to music and, in “Intolerance,” he used a military band for three days during the filming of the battle scenes. Archaeologists would have been surprised to see the legions of Cyrus repulsed from the walls of Babylon by the stirring strains of a Sousa march or “Tipperary.” In the scenes of Belshazzar’s feast in “Intolerance” the dancers received their cues from music of this same hardworking band.

In the intimate scenes of his productions, however, Griffith uses no music. Indeed, Griffith has told me that he would never employ a player who could not feel a role enough to weep at rehearsals. Right here let us say that Griffith himself will not do a story that does not move him to the point of tears at the mere telling. More than once we have watched tears come to Griffith’s eyes as he merely outlined the details of a screen story.

This reveals something of the Griffith method of making a photoplay. He will work over his story until he achieves at least one or two big moments. Then he will turn and twist the synopsis—indeed, throw the story out the window—to get the most out of these few seconds. These moments develop at the extended rehearsals of the entire story which always precede the “shooting” of a single foot of film. Usually they come forth as a player reveals an unusual touch of feeling. Think back over any Griffith drama and you will instantly recall certain moments that stand out with cameo clarity.
Consider the slavey's hysterical fear in the tiny closet of "Broken Blossoms," the broken Yellow Man hovering tenderly over the figure of the girl in the same classic, the death of the baby in "Way Down East," or the moment when Henriette hears the distant voice of the lost and blind Louise in "Orphans of the Storm." All immortal celluloid flashes of genius—and all achieved in this careful fashion.

The Griffith method of developing these scenes is essentially unique. It can honestly be described as savoring of hypnotism. Griffith has a voice of odd dramatic timbre. On the stage it may sound forced and theatrical but in the studio it becomes a musical instrument to play upon an actor's emotions. The very qualities that made Griffith an indifferent actor seem to make for directorial greatness.

Griffith approaches a big scene carefully. Mellowing preliminary—or "working up"—scenes are shot for days preceding. Then the day comes. Someone has said that a cathedral hush settles upon the studio. Griffith goes to his room and rests for an hour. The player goes to his or her dressing room and rests. Then the moment arrives. Stage carpenters' hammers are still. Griffith begins to talk to the player. He gives emotionally in direct ratio to the actor's response. Lillian Gish could reach an emotional climax easily. When the "Broken Blossoms" scene in the closet—still the screen's highest example of emotional hysteria—was shot in Los Angeles the screams of Miss Gish, alternating with the cries of Griffith, could be heard in the streets outside. It required most of the studio staff to keep the curious from trying to invade the studio.
Gloria Swanson weeps some real tears during the shooting of "The Prodigal Daughters."

Griffith's directing becomes a veritable duel of emotions.

Mae Marsh was—and is—almost as responsive as Lillian Gish under his direction. Carol Dempster is not of the same temperament. Griffith once worked steadily from eleven to five o'clock, during the making of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," before he evoked a single responsive tear from Miss Dempster. But, since he refuses to resort to glycerine, he kept on. These scenes are highly wearing for the actor, naturally. Yet we never saw a player respond to emotions so easily and recover herself so quickly as Lillian Gish. She has a curious knack of resting—of completely relaxing—in every spare moment. She conserves herself with the greatest care.

Below, one of the best examples of genuine emotional playing and real tears: Mae Marsh in her new classic portrayal of the modern girl in "Intolerance."

No glycerine tears for Jackie Coogan! His childish imagination needs only to be touched. One of the lachrymal—yet humorous—moments from Jackie's new picture, "Daddy."

Miss Gish once told me that she long ago learned that she could do anything if she rested properly. "Resting properly," she went on, "is relaxing every muscle." Try it sometime.

A curious instance of Griffith's studio magnetism is told of the filming of the old fashioned revival scenes in "True Heart Susie." The director had secured an evangelist for the scene, but somehow the crowd of extras remained cold and unmoved. The scene threatened to collapse when Griffith took the revivalist's place on the platform—and began to really preach. He kept his place on the platform for six hours—and obtained the most remarkable shots of a revival under stress of religious fervor ever filmed. They say one could hear the extras singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" two blocks from the California studio. Indeed, a half dozen ten-dollar-a-day extras hit the sawdust trail in reality.

Mary Pickford throws herself wholehearted into a scene. "Glycerine tears and counterfeit money are in the same class," Miss Pickford has told me. "If I can not feel enough to weep real tears I believe I am not honest with the public." Which, somehow, [continued on page 35]
How they Raise

Jackie Coogan

By Margaret Sangster

Mrs. Coogan tells how she is training her son. She herself has worked out the principles of his diet. And—she is not averse to spanking the boy-millionaire, though he seldom needs it!

Although a millionaire Jackie leads the simple life. He arises at seven and has a breakfast of cereal, dry toast and soft-boiled eggs. No jam. And candy only once a week!

He may be a millionaire, and all that sort of thing. He may be the small idol of a hundred thousand adult hearts. Crowds may follow him, whenever he steps out, and great directors may bow to his slightest preference. But Jackie Coogan isn't going to be a turtle fed child of luxury—not if his mother has anything to say about it. And, most decidedly, she has!

"If he's healthy, and moderately good," says Mrs. Coogan, "I'm satisfied. If he grows up to be a real person and a hundred per cent American citizen I won't ask for anything else. I'm strong for American things!"

An understanding mother, she is. And a chummy one. But not indulgent. She does not believe in spoiling little boys, or in allowing their heads to be turned. That's why Jackie Coogan is being brought up much more simply than the average child—why his routine, his diet, his amusements, are all balanced and rational. Old fashioned maxims are remembered and observed—although, thank fortune, they're not quoted to the casual visitor! One is, "Early to bed and early to rise." And another, "Children should be seen and not heard."

He rises at seven, and at eight o'clock he has a simple breakfast of cereal, dry toast and soft boiled eggs. Then comes a play time, interrupted at ten thirty when he is given a glass of fruit juice. He works at his studies—for he has a tutor—until lunch, or he goes to the studio. But this rule is variable, because of weather conditions and other circumstances that go into the making of motion pictures. Yet every day he has two hours of schooling, and every day he has two hours of studio work.

The first thing Jackie wanted to see in New York was the new Yankee Stadium, where Babe Ruth presides. Jackie insisted upon being the first "man" to round the bases.
Luncheon is his largest and most important meal. He then has meat and potatoes and a green vegetable. And an uncooked vegetable. And—though this doesn’t happen always—an easily digested sweet. For example, a typical luncheon menu would be a broiled lamb chop, a baked potato, with plenty of butter in the mealy heart of it, a saucer of spinach, and a stalk or two of celery. With bread and butter—the wholesome, whole wheat kind of bread and butter—and a glass of milk. Milk, of course, is an important part of every meal, although occasionally cocoa is substituted for it, at the breakfast hour. For dessert, jello. Or junket. Or rice pudding with raisins. Or a cup custard. Or, as a special treat, ice cream.

Mrs. Coogan, by the way, has never consulted a dietitian in regard to Jackie’s food problem. For, she says, there has never been a food problem! “Any mother with a grain of common sense knows what her child should eat,” she laughs, when questioned, “just how his meals should be proportioned and planned. Unless, of course, the child is ill—or has some chronic digestive trouble. In that case a specialist should be consulted—and the sooner the better!”

The afternoon passes quickly in work either with the tutor, or under the Cooper-Hewitts. And in an hour or two of outdoor play. With fresh fruit served at four promptly, and a frugal supper—at six thirty—of French toast, or scrambled eggs, or bread and milk. And then, at seven thirty, prayers and bed time.

Jackie spends a surprising amount of time with his books. He reads voraciously; a curious habit for a child of his years. Rather surprising books, too—“The Three Musketeers,” and “Robin Hood,” and “The Tales of King Arthur,” as well as the more juvenile “Raggedy [continued on page 99]
A typical California sun parlor—bright with cretonne, wicker and grass rugs. The color scheme, of green and blue, is cool and tranquil.

Norma has a Home at last

Norma Talmadge, against the background of her own front door, looks happy. And why shouldn't she—for the door, hand carved and studded with brass, is the entrance to a wonder house? The first home that she and her husband, Joseph Schenck, have ever owned. It is located in the heart of the most fashionable district in Los Angeles, and it is made of red brick and tan plaster. Stained glass windows add to the warmth of the color scheme and—inconidentally—to the old world appearance of the dwelling place. The arrangement of trees and shrubbery and wee trimly cut hedges might be called formally informal!
A vivid setting for Miss Talwood's beauty, this drawing room. The walls are done in gray plaster—a dull, stone color—against which are curtains of rich dark blue.

The furniture in this unusual drawing room is upholstered in ruby red velvet, producing an almost spectacular effect. The rug is a rare old Persian, and worth a fortune.

The furniture was imported from China by Miss Talwood. The embroidered curtains and screens, typically Chinese, are the lighting fixtures and the bronze ornaments and the bits of old lacquer. A splendid dark red predominates, giving this dining room an unusual distinction that is both dignified and bizarre.
Old King Tut-Ankh-Amen of Egypt Sets the Fashion

The Egyptian note, this year! When the tomb of old King Tut-Ankh-Amen was opened, out flew a new silhouette and a new head dress and a whole series of new colors. See how Gloria Swanson's coat—of striped appliqued chiffon and French Rabbit—wraps about her a la mummy!

When the mode is exotic and bizarre a demure frock, patterned after grandmother's wedding gown, sounds an original note. Agnes Ayres may look quaintly unconscious but she's after an effect. We know! Brocaded taffeta and priceless lace—crinoline and romance!

And this ton maling turban, wound about with gold tubing and finished with tassels of gold fringe! Agnes Ayres might have worn it in another incarnation. On the upper Nile three thousand years ago
for the American Girl's Summer Gowns and Hats

Another Egyptian turban. A foundation of tulle covered with two layers of lace. The first gold-thread, the second black Chantilly. Such a hat suggests a desert night of white moonlight and silver sands. With the silent Sphinx for chaperone.

A sunflower rampant upon a bed of velvet! Surrounded by little flying birds. Sounds like a coat of arms, almost. But, in reality, it's a hand-painted shawl worn by Bebe Daniels in "The Glimpses of the Moon."

Taupe Gaberdine with all-over embroidery that might be stolen from the Sanskrit. Perhaps there are verses, in some ancient cipher, written into this embroidery! Anyway, Miss Swanson, in her smartest spring suit, is something to inspire poetry!
Velvet, Pearl Embroidery, Ruffles, Lace Rosettes

Although her evening gown of black velvet, with long bands of pearl embroidery, is almost regal, and although she wears a slender crown, also of pearls, there is something wistful in Bebe Daniels' expression. Maybe she prefers gingham—who knows?

Gloria's reversible frock of light crepe Romaine and blue serge has unique possibilities. A twist, and it's all blue-serge. A turn, and apparently it is made of crepe—and nothing more.

Created for the the dance, this chapeau. Or for the early, not too formal, dinner. The crown and brim are of iridescent cloth, but the facing of black velvet gives the sedate Ayres effect. A spray of paradise is the only ornament.

Donald Biddle Keys
and Ermine all go into My Lady's Newest Frocks

A simple sports hat for an early summer day. Of jade green Milan hemp, with six rows of cored faille, in varying shades of green, forming the narrow brim. Almost a toque—but not quite. And decidedly becoming to Agnes Ayres.

No Egyptian outline, this time. Pure, one hundred per cent flapper! Pauline Garon displays a tea gown of silver cloth and chiffon, with wee ruffles and rosettes of lace. Notice the soft sash of chiffon, and the slightly high waist line.

Bebe Daniels looks surprised. Perhaps it is because she has just noticed that the back of her black velvet gown is made of transparent white lace. A little ermine proves, by joining the lace to the velvet, that he has not lived his life in vain.

When spring comes Agnes Ayres goes hat mad! This one, of orchid georgette crepe and black cire straw, is enough to make any girl's heart flutter with joy. A draped fold of ribbon, and tiny flowers in orchid tones, complete a charming effect.
The Romantic Motion

CHAPTER XIV

MIDSUMMER night in Union Square, New York, fifteen years ago. Arc lamps spluttering overhead, with dancing circles of light on the ragged dusty green of the paper strewn lawns below. Benches lined with idlers. In the darker places courting couples murmuring together. Paths shuffling with the listless steps of strollers out for a breath of evening in this little city gift oasis. All around the clanging of street cars, and down in Fourteenth street at the edge of the Square the mingled noises of electric pianos from saloon side-doors, the cries of barkers, phonographs, and the vagrant purr of the peanut vendors' whistles.

It was the night of the fourteenth of July in 1908.

It was just like any other July night in Union Square, except that it was a great first night in the art of the motion picture, unheralded, unpress-agented, unrecognized.

Down through Union Square a tall handsome young man of fine cut features, accompanied by a pretty, dark brunette young woman, walked rapidly in the direction of Keith's Union Square Theater.

A casual observer would have said that the young man was a minister, an uncommonly striking minister type with a thoughtful, detached, concentrated manner, and that the girl was quite too pretty to be wasted on a parsonage.

They hurried along toward the theater, in haste to be on time. As they crossed from the square into the glare of the street the man pulled his hat down over his eyes and cast a look about at the theater entrance. It was obvious that he did not want to be recognized.

Together they took seats in the back of the house. In the dark there they smiled at each other and the girl spoke reassuringly to her companion.

"Now, don't worry—it will be fine."

"I hope you are right."

Then a motion picture came on. Both the man and the woman bent forward intently observing the screen.

The picture was entitled "The Adventures of Dolly."

The tall handsome young man who sat there in a modest back seat was Arthur Johnson, the leading man in this his first picture. And the girl beside him was Florence Hackett, who was presently to become Mrs. Johnson, and to share in one of the most highly colored romantic careers of the screen.

Not many seats away was another anxious young man, David W. Griffith, sitting hawk-faced and tense as he watched the picture and listening with the ear of the actor for the possible comment in the audience. Beside Griffith was Linda
History of the Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

Arvidson, a member of the cast of the picture. She was also Mrs. D. W. Griffith, but that no one else knew.

For each of these men a life career was at stake there on the flickering screen.

To Arthur Johnson the little one reel picture was an exposing analytical cross-section of his art. The stage was the whole world to Johnson. It had been ever since that day in his boyhood when he stole away in the night, from his father's house, the Episcopal rectory at Davenport out in Iowa, to join the departing William Owen Dramatic Company, playing Shakespearean roles on the road. Johnson had gone down to Biograph's old brownstone studio, with a good reputation as an actor of the stage behind him and two seasons' success in James J. Corbett's "The Burglar and the Lady." He had tossed whatever he had of endowment and future into this tin-pot toy, the motion picture. If he had to go back to the agencies job hunting it would be with the curse of "the pictures" upon him.

And for Griffith the picture was no less important. It was his first effort at directing. Success here meant that he would go on, no one knew where. Failure would mean—well it would mean the end of his job at Biograph, even as an actor.

So in that crowded theater two men were watching the screen with a desperate intentness.

Now to those who have been following these annals from the beginning there will be a tinge of the thrill of coincidence in recalling the fact that it was at this same theater, Keith's Union Square, that twelve years before, on the night of June 29, 1896, the Lumière Cinematographe from Paris presented the first foreign pictures brought to the United States in that the natal year of the screen. For a round dozen years the stars of destiny in the world of the motion picture seemed to linger over Fourteenth street and Union Square.

As Arthur Johnson watched the scenes of "The Adventures of Dolly" flicker by, he spoke in whispers of protest to Miss Hackett.

"I don't look like that—is that the way I walk—oh damn!"

Johnson crawled lower and lower in his seat.

"And they gave me five dollars a day for that. I don't see how they can do it!" When the picture was off Johnson and Miss Hackett slipped out of the theater and back to their boarding houses up in Thirty-seventh street near Seventh avenue.

That was a night of great beginnings for the motion picture. From that first effort D. W. Griffith has gone on and on and on, to become the world's most famous director, travelling by calculated, methodical, studied steps the lonesome road to a

Did You Know That—

Sidney Olcott broke into the motion pictures made up as a bull dog and supported by a cast of sixty mongrel pups.

Robert Vignola became a director because he had a Mexican shirt and was strong enough to be handy at shifting scenes.

George Melford got his first screen job because he owned a morning suit, and nearly got fired because he took a fifteen cent drink on a director.

Kalem paid the record price for a scenario—twenty-five thousand dollars for one reel 'way back in 1908.

Mary Carr played bits in Kalem pictures, fifteen years ago, out at Kellyville, Pa.

Tom Persons shot the first feature made in California—Selig's one reel "Count of Monte Cristo"—and nearly drowned the leading man at a loss of fifty cents.

This chapter tells about these and many, many more interesting facts of the motion picture affairs of long ago.
solitary success. From that same beginning Arthur Johnson in a few swift years rose to stellar fame and the destroying adoration of the millions. Success took him down the Primrose path to the finish of all the "jolly good fellows." He died in 1916.

So while, as we have seen in the chapter that has gone before, the increasing intensity of the struggles among the industrial chieftains of the motion picture for the control that would make it a business, a parallel and no less dramatically interesting development was striving in the studios to make the picture also an art.

Some of the significant screen efforts of the time came from the busy studio of the Kalem company, where Sidney Olcott, as the director in charge, was producing at a high rate of speed.

Sidney Olcott's connection with the motion pictures had had its beginning with the peep show mutoscope pictures at Biograph about a year before. Olcott was playing with Marion Leonard and Joe Santley in "Billy the Kid," a road show, when he first heard the call of the motion pictures. It was a very faint call—at three dollars a day. That was back in 1907, when Mrs. Stanley suggested to Olcott that there was easy summer work appearing in "mutoscopes." Down at the Biograph studio the production of the little cardboard wheels for the peep show end of the business, the mutoscope machines for the arcades, was under the charge of Frank Marion, who promptly employed Olcott.

Olcott, sitting among the pretentious sets of "Little Old New York" under his direction at Metropolitian studios in these "super-feature" days of 1923, recalled with a smile his first part for the Biograph—Mutoscope camera—the lead in a one minute farce entitled "Wanted a Dog."

In response to a want ad for dog extras, sixty pups of high and low degree were delivered that day at 14 East Fourteenth street. Among them was an undershot, underslung, low minded and big biting brindle bulldog. He whipped the bunch before the picture started. In a bit of actor whimsy, Olcott, thinking lightly of his new job anyway, made himself up to resemble the features of the bulldog as much as possible. He went on in the make-up and thereupon made the hit with Marion that took him along to Kalem, when it was organized by Kleine, Long and Marion a few months later.

So Sidney Olcott broke into the kingdom of the film drama made up as a bull pup and supported by a cast of sixty alley hounds.

Over at the Kalem studios many an actor destined to large parts in the later affairs of the motion picture was first introduced to the camera under the auspices of Marion and Olcott. Trivial happenings in the days of the beginnings were to control the careers of many of those who became famous with the rise of the photoplay.

Early in his work at Kalem, Sid Olcott discovered the picturesque badlands of the Palisades of New Jersey and elected Cootsville as the center of a new wild west of the pictures. The first western pictures of the screen, a type of production that became the staple thriller for many years, were made within gunshot of the Hudson river—this long before the real west was filmed.

Among the members of the road company playing "Billy the Kid" was one Robert Vignola, a capable person of Italian extraction. While casting one of his synthetic wild west dramas Olcott recalled that Vignola was the owner of a costume that might pass for Mexican. Vignola was drafted for the picture at once, and rode to his first location on the Fort Lee ferry along with the flannel shirted [continued on page 104]
“Be Yourself”

Viola Dana originated the most famous saying in Hollywood—and she lives up to it herself.

THAT’S the most famous saying in Hollywood. The fact that it is followed makes Hollywood what it is today. And Viola Dana said it first. She’s the Peter Pan of the western film capital. She’s not so very old now; but she won’t be much older ten years from now. If a statue were to be erected in the public square it should be of Viola Dana as Puck. Youth; gaiety; recklessness. Ingenuousness incarnate.

Vi—nobody ever calls her Viola—said “Be yourself, be yourself”—and took her own advice. She’s always the same, on the screen or off. As young as Cupid; as old as the Sphinx. A portrait of her would have to be of perpetual motion. Cigarette smoke wreathed about dancing bobbed curls. Scarlet lips. Gypsy, slanting green eyes. Laughter flying like colored confetti. Flying French heps.

Hard-boiled? A little. Sophisticated? Surely. But warm-hearted and generous; and very frank. She likes slang; and cigarettes; and jazz; and she doesn’t trouble to conceal the fact. Vi is just one of those people that it doesn’t matter what they do or what they don’t do; they’re themselves.

She made a country-wide tour of personal appearances recently. Her audiences adored her. She completely captured the clubwomen as well as the mayors and governors. “I had the sense not to talk much,” she snapped.

She was a child actress and a dancer. She won Broadway fame as “The Poor Little Rich Girl,” and then Edison starred her on the screen. She has been a star ever since. When she first appeared in Hollywood, she was a widow of only a few months.

John Collins, her director husband, whom she married while she was still in her teens, died in New York while they were working and playing together. Something left her life when he died. But she was young. Her pictures became increasingly popular. And pretty soon she was established as the first real flapper of the screen. Grace, and impudence. And youth. Today—well, you saw “The Five Dollar Baby.”

Viola Dana is one of the few comedians who doesn’t want to be anything else. She doesn’t want to do a Gish. If she can make ’em laugh—what more is there?

Shirley, Edna, and Vi—a vaudeville act billed “The Flugrath Sisters” would play to packed houses. Shirley is the stellar Miss Mason and Viola’s known as Dana. Edna uses the family name for film purposes.

You know her real name is Flugrath. She has made a beautiful home in Hollywood for her family. Her mother presided over it until her death not long ago. Her father—Vi is tremendously proud of her dad. “He looks more like my kid brother,” she chuckles. There is Shirley Mason, the youngest member of the family; and now Edna Flugrath, the only one of the sisters to use the family name on the screen, has come from Australia for a visit.

If you know Vi you know motion pictures. She is typical of the films. If the visiting aunt from Kookuk should ask to meet the most representative member of the screen colony, introduce her to Viola Dana. She’d like Vi—and Vi would like her.

In her early twenties; pretty; smart; somewhat daring; earning an almost royal income—there are a dozen youngsters like her in the movies. But she’s the spirit of them all.

“Be yourself.”

It isn’t bad advice. Frame it.
That which has gone before

A BEAUTIFUL and accomplished actress—Joy Moran. A girl with both charm and ability. But, like Saturday's child, forced to work for her living. Her mother is dead and her father, an erstwhile matinee idol, depends upon her for support. He is a habitual drunkard, but Joy loves and trusts him so thoroughly that she refuses Arthur Lloyd's offer of marriage because the young man's plans do not include him. Lloyd is leading man in the play in which Joy has a part as ingenue. She makes good in the part, but the play—through the jealousy and bitterness of the star—is taken off. At this time, when her funds are low and the future is dark, Joy's father raises the amount of a check given him by Philip Watrous, a mysterious financier and lawyer who represents certain large financial interests. Watrous promises Joy not to prosecute her father—who is threatened with blindness because of drinking bad liquor—but he makes curious conditions that bewilder and frighten her.

Chapter V.

With a rather frightened look in her heather-grey eyes, Joy Moran, curled up at one end of the day-bed, waited for Mr. Watrous to explain his amazing proposition. He had offered to secure her an engagement with one of the big picture companies—to "put her in the movies"—to make of her, if she possessed the necessary ability, a high-priced star. It seemed incredible.

She knew the lawyer to be a man of influence, knew that he represented, legally, some powerful interests in the financial world—men who could give orders at the directors' tables of
many big corporations. She even knew, in a general way, that there was much Wall Street money in the picture business. But why such influences should be exerted in her behalf, why Mr. Watrous should come to her, a comparatively unknown actress, with this astonishing offer of fame and fortune, was beyond her. He was a friend of her father, it was true, but only in the casual way of men about town, of boon companions, eating, drinking, making merry together. There was no real friendship, nothing solid, basic. There was the obvious explanation, of course—the usual sordid offer to buy her youth, her beauty, with insincere promises of a profitable engagement, but Joy sensed something more in Mr. Watrous’s words than that. She glanced up, saw him smiling across at her with his quizzical, kindly eyes, hesitating as though to be quite sure of his words before he spoke.

A slight noise from the rear room brought to mind her father, sent a stabbing pain through her heart as she thought of him sleeping there, ill, possibly blind, as a result of the villainous liquor he had taken—remembered that under the influence of that liquor he had committed the supreme folly of raising a check Mr. Watrous had given him, from fifty dollars to five hundred, in order to pay a gambling debt. What if he had intended to make the amount good in the morning? It lay in Philip Watrous’s power to ruin him, and her as well. And the play in which she was appearing was scheduled to close in two weeks, leaving her with her father to support, and no money with which to do it. She shuddered. If ever a man had a woman in his power, it was now. Suddenly Watrous spoke.

“Before I tell you just what I have in mind,” he said, “I would like to ask you one or two questions.”
"Go ahead," Joy said slowly. "You've never told me whether you've done any picture work before now or not. Have you?"

"Why—yes—a little. I was in 'Bonnie Prince Charlie'—the Criterion production, you know—played Lady Fitzgerald—it wasn't much of a part, I'm afraid, and then, I did a Spanish girl, in 'The Passion Vine,' and the sister, in 'Hearts for Betrothals.' Brockton directed me, in that. I haven't done much, because father always objected to my going into pictures. He hates them, you know." She went over to the oak cupboard beside the mantel. "I have some rather good stills here. Would you like to see them?" She drew out a package of glossy prints and handed them to her companion.

Mr. Watrous examined them intently through his eye-glasses until the whole series was gone.

"I—I'm—yes, yes—I see—very good. This one especially. And these." He selected several of the pictures, and returned the others to Joy. "You screen well, don't you?"

"Mr. Brockton said so. He wanted me to go on."

"He was right. May I take these with me?" He indicated the photographs.

"Certainly. But I really don't see—"

HAVE patience for a moment, my dear, and you will. As I told you before, I feel pretty sure I can place you, advantageously, too, with a company in which a client of mine happens to be interested. Royal Films. How would you like that?"

"I'm pretty sure I can manage it."

Mr. Watrous went on. "Get you cast for excellent parts, too, with a chance of starring, later on, if you make good. Will you do it?"

"Would she? Joy almost laughed. With her affairs in that prospering way, it was like offering a starring man a banquet. But a spirit of caution, inherited from a long line of Scotch-Irish ancestors, made her hesitate, told her that banquets, especially in New York, were not given to starring persons for nothing."

"I—naturally I'd be glad to get such a chance, Mr. Watrous," she said, smiling at him in spite of her anxiety. "Who wouldn't? But the man who what you offer I might not be willing to pay it."

"Joy's voice trembled. It required courage to say what she had just said, with her affairs the way they were. Many women might have accepted blindly, and allowed the future to take care of itself. But troubled as her eyes were, they met those of her companion without flinching. Then she laughed. 'Please don't think me a prude, will you? I'm not trying to be a prude. It isn't a case of trying to be a silent woman, anything like that. Just a matter of business. What do you want me to do?'"

Mr. Watrous settled back in his chair and lit a cigar.

"I'll tell you," he said. "And please understand that you are to regard what I am about to say as strictly confidential. He paused, but at Joy's nod, went on. "The client of whom I speak is a very wealthy man. His name is Robert Gresham. You may have heard of him."

"No," she shook her head. "I don't think I have."

"Well, it's not important. Mr. Gresham is a man of considerable power, in the financial world, and I happen in this particular case, to be his legal adviser. He is greatly distressed by a certain matter, and has asked me to help him out."

"What matter?"

"This. He has a daughter—an only child, as it happens, Margot Gresham. A girl of about your own age, very good-looking, very accomplish. Having a fortune, she is inclined to be rather wild. I don't mean immoral, or anything like that, but impatient of her father's control—of what she calls his silly, old-fashioned ideas. She refuses to live at home, for one thing, and having an independent income from her mother's estate, has cut loose from the old man, and set up sumptuously for herself—out in New York, another one on the coast—at Hollywood, I understand. She is rather artistic, and has taken up costume designing—stage dresses and the like."

She paused for a moment and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I don't see anything out of the way in that," Joy laughed. "In fact, I think this Margot must be a very up-to-date girl, and very sensible, to cut loose from her father and his stuffy millions and try to do something worth while in the world."

"No doubt. But that isn't the point. It seems that she has fallen desperately in love with a motion picture star, out at the coast, and has made up her mind to marry him."

"More power to her," Joy laughed. "She might do a whole lot worse, right on Fifth Avenue."

"Possibly. But her father doesn't think so. In fact, he is furious. Regards his daughter as a silly, romantic girl, and the man as a cold-blooded fortune hunter. You can understand, of course, how he would feel. A gentleman of the old school—pride as a peacock of his family name. I don't suppose he ever saw a motion picture, in his life. Just a conservative old New Yorker, devoted to his club, his church, his home. Living somewhere back in 1890, and Iow the type."

Along comes a chap from nowhere—used to be a cab driver, I hear—makes a name for himself on the screen, all the young flappers with his picture on their dressing tables, and Margot falls for him like a ton of brick. Writes her father they are going to be married in the autumn. Naturally he's furious. He'd give half his fortune, I guess, to block the thing. And the girl just laughs at him."

"So would I," Joy said eagerly, "if I loved a man. I don't believe in parents trying to run their children's lives. But where do I come in, in all this?"

"You'll see in a moment. First I want you to understand the situation thoroughly. This man—this picture star—has been married before."

"Well, why not? Most everyone in the social register has been divorced."

"He hasn't been. His wife died—was shot—one very peculiar circumstances. There are some curious rumors regarding the manner of her death, and at a time the husband was suspected, although nothing has ever been proved. Everything is vague—nothing definite. Naturally, Mr. Gresham looks on the fellow as a bad egg. Not at all the sort of chap he would like to see his daughter marry. What he wants to do is to get some real evidence against the man—something that would not only disgrace him publicly—show him up in his true colors at the same time living no more, nor would he like to be parted from her to break off the engagement. In short, he wants to get the goods on him, if you see what I mean."

Joy regarded the lawyer with level eyes. The whole affair was unpleasant—not at all to her liking.

"Why doesn't he hire a detective?" she said shortly. "I shouldn't think there would be any difficulty in proving what he thinks—if it's true."

"That's just the trouble. He has employed detectives—half a dozen of them—and they haven't found out a thing."

$100,000 and a Chance to Star

The offer seemed preposterous.

"Why should you do this for me?" she asked him. "What do you want me to do?"

"There's a mystery about a certain star out there that detectives have failed to unravel—curious rumors persist—everything is vague—but where there's so much smoke there must be some fire. A case has being—shied—of a lot of his friends in Hollywood, picture people, know the truth but they won't tell—for there is a screen of silence protecting him. We want you to get behind that screen."

OSTENSIibly AN ACTRESS, IN REALITY A SPY—that was the proposition she accepted.
"Can't you tell the man who wants to marry you?" demanded Lloyd, as he strode angrily towards the door. "Look here, Joy, I care an awful lot for you, but I'm not going to be anybody's fool. If you take this offer from the Royal, why, I withdraw mine, that's all!"

"Then I don't believe there's anything to find out."

"I'm not so sure of that. At least Mr. Gresham isn't. He argues that where there's so much smoke there must be some fire. And he insists that the man in question is being shielded—by those about him—that a lot of his friends in Hollywood—picture people—know the truth, but won't tell it—that there is a screen of silence protecting him, which the ordinary detective cannot penetrate."

"Well?" Joy questioned. She was beginning to see, in a dim, unpleasant way, what was expected of her.

"Well," Mr. Watrous went on, "Mr. Gresham wants someone to get behind that screen. While not interested in pictures himself, he has friends—powerful friends—who are. They will do anything, in reason, that he may ask of them. When he came to me—which he did because he knows I am fairly familiar with stage life—I advised him to make an arrangement with some young and competent actress, unknown to the screen world, and get her an engagement, through the influence of his friends, with the Royal. She would come to them as a young woman of talent, whom certain interested parties wanted to see get a chance. The way would be to some extent smoothed for her, of course, but her engagement would be a real one, and her success would depend entirely on her merits. She would be given a try-out for six months, at an excellent salary, and leave for the coast at once. Mr. Gresham would of course not appear in the matter at all."

"I see," Joy said slowly. "The woman in question, while ostensibly going to Hollywood as an actress, would in reality be a spy."

"Wait a moment, my dear. I don't look at it in quite such an ugly way. Your engagement, in the first place—your six months' trial—would be quite real and legitimate, whether you found out anything or not. If you made good, you would stay there just as long as you cared to. Mr. Gresham is not proposing to pay you any salary. The company—Royal Films—will do that, and for value received. But what Mr. Gresham will pay you, under certain circumstances, is the sum of one hundred thousand dollars!"

"What circumstances?" Joy asked quickly.

"These. That you prevent this marriage. That Margot Gresham's engagement to marry this man next October is definitely and finally broken off. How you accomplish that result, Mr. Gresham does not care. You can dig into his past or not, as you see fit. You can even compromise him, if you want to, although I don't suggest that—to you. But the marriage must be stopped. Mr. Gresham is determined on that. And to accomplish it, he would cheerfully pay a hundred
thousand dollars, or twice that. You see, it isn't that he wishes this fellow any harm. He doesn't care a rap about him, one way or the other. All he wants to do is to save his daughter from a foolish marriage. You are a clever girl—a girl of unusual beauty and charm. You know how to act—with a proper chance in screen work, you ought to go far. So I'm proposing this thing to you, not to harm you in any way, but to help you. If this man Miss Gresham is infatuated with is not the sort of a fellow to make her happy—if he really is only after her money—why then you would be doing the girl a real service, in proving it to her. And, incidentally, you would yourself earn the very tidy little sum of a hundred thousand dollars. So as far as I can see the thing is clean and legitimate from every standpoint. In fact, I can't imagine any sensible young woman objecting to it."

"Possibly not," Joy remarked, without enthusiasm. "But it seems somehow a rotten sort of a thing to do. To worm your way into the confidence of people—make them your friends—just to spy on them."

"It would be, of course, if you were trying to find out something they had a right to conceal. But no man has a right to conceal evil deeds, if he has committed them, and it is everyone's duty to expose such deeds, if their concealment injures innocent people. Suppose Margot Gresham were your sister, and you thought she were about to marry a man unworthy of her, wouldn't you do your best to stop it? That is all Mr. Gresham is trying to do. Meet this man, study him, and find out the truth about him—that's all we ask."

"Who is he?" Joy asked.

"Someone you know very well—by name, at least. Jean Romain."

Joy gave a sudden gasp, and curious little chills ran up and down her spine. Jean Romain! She had never seen him in her life, and yet, not fifteen feet from where she sat, over the mantel in her bedroom, hung a picture of him, and about his romantic personality she had woven many a charming day dream. Sensible, practical as she was, she still had in her nature something of the hero worshipper, and Jean Romain had been a hero to her, a very dashing and gallant knight of the silver screen. Now she was asked to spy upon him—to destroy him, if possible—a man of her own world, of the theater, in order to serve the designs of an outsider, one who measured everything by the power of money. She felt that she could not do it, and rebellion flamed in her eyes.

"No!" she exclaimed stormily. "I couldn't—I couldn't!"

Mr. Watrous looked grave. His quizzical smile disappeared. "I'm sorry—very sorry," he said, rising. "I thought you would welcome the chance I am [continued on page 113]
More Hollywood Babies

Introducing Bill Hart, Jr. Five months old and ready to take prizes in any Better Babies contest! He has his mother's eyes and dimples, his father's poise, and fire teeth of his own. The other day Bill's daddy sent him a fine automobile to ride in, and he has settled a good sized fortune upon him.

HOLLYWOOD has produced an extra fine crop of kiddies, this year. Not to speak of other years! When rank outsiders criticise motion picture stars we point, with pride, to the juvenile portrait gallery. It's the most effective comeback we could make. PHOTOPLAY Magazine is planning to conduct a Baby Show—for the children of picture people. What do you think of the idea?
Honesty, now, have you ever seen a more charming group of children? We haven't. It will be a pretty difficult business to award cups and blue ribbons in the Photoplay Baby Show. Every entrant will be a logical prize winner!

Geraldine Beaumont is looking her daddy squarely in the eye and registering—is it approval? Her twin sister Ann—or is it Geraldine—is devoting all her attention to the camera. If you look closely you'll see that she is sticking her tongue out at it! Harry Beaumont, the proud parent, directs Viola Dana, when he isn't too busy with his young daughters.

The nephew of Harold Lloyd, who, since the death of his mother at Christmas, lives with his grandmother and his uncle Harold in the beautiful Los Angeles home. He goes by the dignified and impressive name of Gaylord Harold Lloyd.

Billy Windsor has been called, by some competent judges, the most beautiful child in Hollywood's motion picture colony. Well, with Claire Windsor for a mother, he comes by his beauty naturally! And he looks like a real boy, too.
Pat O'Malley and his youngest daughter, Patricia. Pat may have a good voice, and all that—but Patricia is telling, and actions speak louder than words, that a prophet is never appreciated in his own country! And that she doesn't like serenades, anyway.

They call her Tominic, of course. But her real name is Thomasina Mix and her dad says that he's going to make a good cow girl out of her. Maybe so. But—the frilly organdie bonnet speaks for itself. Perhaps Mrs. Mix has other plans for her daughter.

Harry Carey, Jr., looks like his father. He's known as 'Dobe, because his reddish yellow hair is the color of adobe. He's being brought up on horseback, and he's learning to roll his own.
New York's Most Beautiful Chorus Girl

Which, of course, means that the screen will gobble her up before long! The films always do, you know.

Shirley Vernon is the beauty in question and she is a member of the Ziegfeld Follies. The best beauty experts in Manhattan selected Shirley as the prettiest of all the Ziegfelders. In other words, the girls of the Follies themselves voted Miss Vernon their most pulchritudinous representative—and they ought to know!
Close-ups and Long Shots

By Herbert Howe
Decorations by JOHN HELD, Jr.

Our Stellar Citation of the Month

"The Christian" who is winning converts everywhere—

MR. RICHARD DIX

As a benighted wayfarer I humbly make testimony that I might be a better Christian, that I never saw great virtue in Mr. Dix, and that I willfully and consistently sympathize with other creeds, but now—since beholding the true light of "The Christian"—I realize that Mr. Dix has great possibilities.

Next Month's Testimony in The Same Place

The Fall of Hollywood: What with Ernst Lubitsch tearing up scenarios and pulling down sets at the Pickford studio and Pola de Bary tearing up the morale and general properties at Lasky's, it looks as though the German Menace would ruin Hollywood yet.

A Tip on Ben Hur: It looks like "Ben Hur" might win the Photoplay medal for being the best picture of 1926. If there isn't a world war in the meantime the question as to who will play Ben Hur ought to be settled some time before William Jennings Bryan becomes president. You can take it or leave it, but we have a tip on the actor who finally will get it. It's Jackie Coogan. Our slush in Hollywood report that Jackie spends several hours every day driving his skating in training for the big chariot scene.

A Real Valentine Successor: We have laughed at the Valentine successors, but now we choke up as we realize the gorgeous Rudolph is doomed to go. The conqueror is Mr. Sennett's Latin 'discovery,' Signor Benvenuto Turpin, star of the "Shrike of Arabia."

"With all due regard for Mr. Valentine's prowess as a lover, I think I'm better," says Ben modestly. "I've held one woman for eighteen years, and that's certainly more than Valentine can say."

Shrike Turpin also calls attention to his optic facilities for bringing down two gals at a single glance.

Down with the Dummies! The vice crusaders now propose to censor the wax figures in shop windows, alleging that they are often indecent and always seductive. That's only fair. If we are going to censor dummies, we should censor them all, the non-professional as well as the professional. A leading wax dummy of the Fifth Avenue windows, with whom I'm personally acquainted, receives ninety-eight fan letters a day, a most-a hundred more than some stars get.

Up with the Mummies! Interest as to Valentine's future screen affiliation has been displaced by interest as to Tuts-Aah-Amen's. Film producers are vying frantically for Tut. This just goes to show that a good mummy is in demand for the movies even though he's been off screen for three thousand years.

Jackie, as Rip: After Marcus Loew, president of Metro, had given Jackie Coogan so much bonus he found that the kid could only be insured for one hundred thousand. There was much agitation around the Metro theater and daily inquiries as to Jackie's health. And suppose he suddenly grows up! said a heartless wag.

All this discussion led Rex Ingram to dream that he and Mr. Loew called on Jackie at his home. Jackie was sitting in a chair with the back toward the door. When he arose to greet his callers he was seven feet tall and had a beard!

The Bold Memory: Rubye de Remer has a bad memory. Most stars have. But Rubye is different in that it worries her when she forgets appointments, names and faces. She recently grew quite hysterical about it. "Why don't you send for a memory course?" asked friend Texas Guinan. "It's good stuff."

Knowing that Texas has a better memory than any poker player alive, Rubye sent for the memory course. A week or two later Texas met her. "Did the memory course help you, Rubye?"

"Oh dear!" wailed Rubye. "I forgot to read it!"

Well, anyhow, that shows some improvement—she remembered she forgot.

New a Chaplin Successor: There is an opportunity for Fatty Arbuckle to do a graceful thing by coming out with a statement that he will not stand in the way of Will Hays staging a come back. Will seems to be qualifying as a comedian, and there could be no possible objection to him appearing on the screen, while Fatty, who is barred, would make an ideal director. As a matter of fact, however, Doug Fairbanks seems bent on producing "The Jet" with Will in the title role.

Another Prediction: We predict that Dr. Coue will be Will Hays' successor. Their formulas are much the same, but we find Dr. Coue's a little more definite. Instead of saying "Motion pictures are getting better and better every day," as Will does, it is much easier just to say, "Ca Paze. Ca Paze."

Then Hungry Foreigners: "Over at Lasky's it's Pela Neri who gives 'em the hungry look," wails a Goldwyn extra, "and over here it's Mae Murray. I don't do anything. Us directors get that way, upstaging us Americans?"

We bet when Mae hears this she will rush furiously out for her birth certificate to prove she was born in Brooklyn. And still the extra girl will be right, according to Manhattan.
Will and the Cutie: Will Rogers hasn't been the same since the day he appeared as a witness in court and the judge made him take his gun out. Will resents being robbed of his personality right in court.

"They say I ain't got enough sex attraction to be a star," mutters Bill gloomily, "so when I start makin' those two reel comedies for Pathe they're going to hire a cutie to feature with me. She'll get the crowds in and I'll entertain um."

Thomas Meighan Exposed: Rodolph Valentino recently said, "Thomas Meighan is the only one on the lot who gets what he wants."

There are other aspects of Meighan's affairs that invite investigation. For instance—

Of the twenty-five thousand letters received weekly by Photoplay Magazine, with queries about stars, why do those referring to Meighan keep to the most consistent average?

Why does Meighan receive only one mash note out of a thousand letters?

Why do exhibitors rate him as the most consistent male attraction of the program, since he lacks the primal "sex attraction" deemed necessary for screen success?

Why is he enjoying a greater salary and popularity now than in his juvenile period, when the reverse is true of most stars?

Why has he progressed unalteringly while other stars of similar talent and appeal have fallen?

We have served a subpoena on Mr. Meighan to appear in court and answer these questions. The expose will be made in the next issue of Photoplay.

Adam's Grammar: There's one amazing feature of "Adam's Rib." The subtitles. They rev MUCH in capitalized words after the manner of George Ade and with equally humorous effect. The punctuation is original, too. Commas seem to have been applied with an atomizer. They have landed in the most surprising places. From the standpoint of commas "Adam's Rib" is the most lavish production this year. Every time we criticize a de Mille picture we are withered with the retort that it will make barrels of money. But since when did grammatical errors become boxoffice attractions? We shudder to think of the language Moses will use in "The Ten Commandments." Judging by "Adam's Rib" the English language, like the motion picture, is in its infancy.

Diplomats Wanted, No Burglars Need Apply: Scientists couldn't determine what started the seismic disturbance that shook the earth a month ago, but we know. Pola had just been handed the script of "The Cheat."

Pola read it and handed it up to heaven. When it came down it was passed to Gloria, who straightway hung it on the nearest cloud.

Then Gloria was proffered the script of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." It winged its way after "The Cheat."

In the midst of this Gethsemane of scripts, Paramount rushed Al Kaufmann to Hollywood with the olive branch, the stuffed dove and the old reliable oil. Now Pola is a perfectly happy Cheat, and Gloria is behaving in the manner of Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.

No wonder Hollywood looks upon friend Al as a Miracle Man. Diplomats are rare in the movie empire. We have too many magnates with the rough-and-ready tact of old clothes men. One of these gentlemen, whose art is selling his company stocks rather than making pictures, operates exclusively in New York.

"He won't go to Hollywood," remarks one of his stars, "because they only have bunglows out there, and his line is second story work."

Pola's Premeditation: We suspect that there is premeditation to the pandemonium which they say is created by that lovely and seductive queen, la Negri. Pola receives a much smaller remuneration than her friends of the United Artists Brethren. And this is trying, particularly when her Charlie says he is a poor man and must have a rich wife. We have even heard that Gloria gets a higher salary than the Wonder of Warsaw. So they are saying that Negri may join with Valentino in a radio duet to inform darkest Africa about studio slavery. If Pola could have seen the Broadway mob scene outside the Capitol [continued on page 102]

All Members of this Club

Mary Pickford has taken to entertaining the famous "Our Club" of Los Angeles, made up of the cinema princesses royal. Photoplay's photographer managed to invade one of the parties. Queen Mary may be observed at the left with Princess May McAvoy holding her royal hand. From left to right in the lower row are Princesses Claire Adama, Edna Murphy, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Clara Horton, Laura La Plante and Helen Ferguson. In the second row are Princesses Virginia Pox, Vola Vale, Gloria Hope, Gertrude Olmstead, Patsy Ruth Miller and Marjorie Dow
Ruth Clifford made her film debut—on wires in mid-air—as an angel in an old Edison film. Later on, she went to California and made her real film start at Universal. Ever since she has been prominently in the Kleigs
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN'S way to success was made easy by her happy choice of a grandfather, Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario who kept the opera world in a turmoil. She tried the footlights first and then the films
NORMA SHEARER is attractive enough to win a place for herself. The high points of her career are leads for Eugene O'Brien and in the "Leather Pusher" series. Judging from this camera study, we predict fine things for Norma
GAZE at this picture and shudder! Mary Thurman came mighty near being a schoolteacher. But, instead, she took up the task of instructing our youth via the Mack Sennett bathing girl forces. With such success that she stepped to the dramatic films.
THE SHADOW STAGE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

THE passing month disclosed some surprising events in the world of the photoplay. Checking up, we find James Cruze established as a director of the first rank through his superb panorama of the roaring '40s, "The Covered Wagon." We find Ramon Novarro blazing across the celluloid horizon as the one new male film idol in sight, ample proof of this being furnished by Rex Ingram's newest effort, "Where the Pavement Ends." And the statistics likewise show that Fred Niblo, who flashed up vividly with his colorful "Blood and Sand," again proves his position among the first few directors with a totally different type of photoplay, "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a study of an American family.

These are all interesting—and significant—events to the student of the photoplay. Doubtless of most interest to the great film public will be "The Covered Wagon." Here is a big two hour picture that is big. Indeed, it has epic sweep, something no native historical picture has had since Griffith viewed the Civil War and the Reconstruction period from below the Mason and Dixon line in "The Birth of a Nation." "The Covered Wagon," based upon Emerson Hough's novel, becomes vital stuff as related in celluloid form by James Cruze. Briefly, it is the moving pageant of a pioneer caravan crossing the plains into the setting sun. Cruze doesn't stop at the surface. He gets beneath the skin of history. These brave men and brave women—outposts of civilization—live and breathe. They are not just heroic pageboard adventurers. These pioneers blunder, fear, hope and struggle on across the weary miles with their belongings, ranging from Aunt Maria's cherry bureau to the family cow.

Cruze has succeeded in making another day live before our eyes. You have seen the standardized screen "westerns." You have seen so called historical efforts. But "The Covered Wagon" unfolds palpitating history before your eyes. And it is superbly acted. Some of the playing is almost inspired.

HERETOFORE we have viewed Ramon Novarro with some doubt. He seemed immature; of a certain adolescent appeal and little more. But his pagan Motauri of the South Seas in "Where the Pavement Ends" will lift him to a lofty peak of popularity—or we shall miss our guess. A remarkable physique and a distinct charm go into his performance of this bronzed troubadour of the tropics, this fascinating Pan of Poly- nesia. "Where the Pavement Ends," by the way, we see as Ingram's best effort thus far. It is not merely a pictorially beautiful romance of a missionary's daughter and a native boy; it paints the breaking down of white mores under the spell of the sensual.

Ramon Novarro, here presented with Alice Terry, gives a performance that will go far towards making him an idol in "Where the Pavement Ends."

tropics. Ingram has succeeded in catching this lure. His screen fairly radiates it. Here is a photoplay with a fine lyric quality.

SEVERAL photoplays recently have shown a tendency to knock away a wall of a typically American home, revealing the interior minus the old false trappings. Photoplayers have built about it. None of them have been more successful than Fred Niblo's screen telling of James Forbes' popular play, "The Famous Mrs. Fair." You will find this quite enthralling and you will be captured by Myrtle Stedman's superb playing of the mother.

The other "best six" seem at least a shade better than the rest of the month's productions. "Mad Love," strictly for adults—has the vivid Pola Negri—and that's about all. This will probably be your last chance to see Pola as an unadulteratedly wicked lady. Reports indicate that the American vehicles of the Negri will very much temper the naughtiness.

"Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" is one of those rare things—a farce with freshness and ingenuity. "Adam and Eva" is still another novelty—a light comedy both gracefully and entertainingly told.

The month had its disappointments. Consider, for instance, Cecil de Mille's "Adam's Rib." This seems to mark the complete collapse of the man who could once intrigue audiences with his daring, howbeit, garish boudoir revelations. "Adam's Rib" is a mass of utter absurdities with a good box-office title. And the most amusing thing is the flashback to an epoch some few centuries this side of the ozee period. "Adam's Rib" concerns a delinquent husband who spends his time amassing a fortune in a highly neurasthenic stock market while his wife whiles away the time with a king temporarily out of work. Very badly acted stuff, this.

LITTLE Jackie Coogan's latest starring vehicle, "Daddy," is far beneath this young man's talents. It has nothing to recommend it. That is, save Jackie. He does several scenes with a fine sense of tenderness and repression. No other actor on the screen can do difficult things as easily as can Jackie.

The German screen version of Shakespeare's "Othello" will have interest to those who take their photoplays seriously, if such there be. It is, at least, a conscientious effort to get Shakespeare on the screen, done without the splash of pageantry most any American director would have thought necessary. It has its good and bad points historically.
WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS—Metro

Where the pavement ends—there romance begins. At least so said John Russell in his series of stories bearing this general title. Rex Ingram has been singularly successful in his visualization of this tale, "The Passion Vine." Somehow it seems to us to be his best picture. For one thing, he never loses his story in the quest of beautiful photography. And he never resorts to awful comedy. Here is just the tale of a missionary's daughter and a young native. But there is yet more to it, the slow breaking down of white civilization before the corrosion of the South Seas. Ingram has caught this with superb skill. His screen catches—and radiates—the sensual lure of the South Pacific. And "Where the Pavement Ends" does one other thing—it establishes Ramon Novarro as an idol.

MAD LOVE—Goldwyn

This is one of the last productions Pola Negri made in Germany before she migrated to Hollywood. It isn't a "Passion," by any means; indeed, it is very Germanic. "Mad Love" is the story of a courtesan who comes to know real love, but, like Camille and other ladies who have transgressed the moral code in dramatic literature, she loses her happiness when her past confronts her. Even in its present form—diluted by marriages sprayed into the sub-titles—"Mad Love" is only for adult consumption. The direction is of the older continental film school. Pola's playing has abandon but it is too broad. There is nothing of the subtlety she achieved time and again under Lubitsch. The male roles are all over-acted and the handling of the various episodes is highly inadroit.

THE COVERED WAGON—Paramount

Here is the biggest picture of the screen year—two hours of celluloid with a fine epic sweep. Emerson Hough wrote "The Covered Wagon" of the pioneers who packed their small belongings into a prairie schooner—and crossed the horizon into an uncharted world of strange menaces. These men and women were the makers of America.

"The Covered Wagon" has a simple love story but mainly it concerns itself with the panorama of a wagon train making its way from that outpost of civilization, Westport Landing, later destined to be Kansas City, to far off Oregon, across the plains and the Sierras. It is a tortuous passage, between hostile Indians, prairie fires, dangerous river fordings, lurking starvation and the internal dissension which always comes to humans surrounded by danger. Indeed, news of the gold strike in California turns most of the wagon train aside, to pick its way over the Rockies to California.

All this has been screened with a fine sense of the bigness of the theme. Cruze has been remarkably successful in catching the reality of his backgrounds. His wagon train is real and living, his pioneers of '49 are flesh and blood. Photoplay wants to recommend "The Covered Wagon" without reservation. It is a big thing—in many ways the biggest thing since D. W. Griffith did "The Birth of a Nation." The acting is excellent. Lois Wilson is a real and charming heroine. J. Warren Kerrigan something more than a conventional hero. But the guide of Ernest Torrence, superb bad man of "Tol'able David," is a joy forever. And only a little behind is Tully Marshall's uncannily fine playing of an old trader of the plains.
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
OF THE SIX BEST
PERFORMANCES of the MONTH

RAMON NOVARRO in "Where the Pavement Ends"
MYRTLE STEDMAN in "The Famous Mrs. Fair"
ERNEST TORRENCE in "The Covered Wagon"
TULLY MARSHALL in "The Covered Wagon"
EMIL JANNINGS in "Othello"
LOIS WILSON in "The Covered Wagon"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 103

THE FAMOUS MRS. FAIR—Metro

A NOther milestone in the career of the most promising newcomer to the ranks of our first brigade of directors, Fred Niblo. An interesting contrast to his colorful "Blood and Sand." This photoplay, based upon James Forbes' popular play, is an absorbing study of a certain phase of American life—and what happens when one of the vital cogs of the domestic machine fails to function. The famous Mrs. Fair has gained her glory on the battlefields of France. When the war ends, she somehow can not return to her home. Lecture tours, relief drives and all the glamour of a public life lure her away. Then the family begins to disintegrate. Mrs. Fair realizes her duty hardly in the nick of time, just as her son marries a telephone operator, her daughter has developed into a salamandering jazz baby and papa is dallying with a dashing blonde widow.

Niblo has told this sermon on "woman's place is in the home" with a fine understanding. Whether or not you believe this thesis, the result will hold you gripped. The director has made his characters into real beings. There are dozens of subtle touches. Perhaps the melodramatic climax rings just the slightest bit out of key with the tempo of well bred home life. Yet even this thing—a race between a train and an automobile through the night—has a fresh twist.

Niblo hit upon a well nigh perfect cast. Myrtle Stedman gives a remarkably fine performance of the wife—a characterization of mellow sympathy and understanding. Here is cinema acting at its very best. Marguerite de la Motte is excellent, too, as the daughter who develops from a house mouse into the flappiest of flappers. And Huntley Gordon gives a satisfying performance of the husband.

MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME—Paramount

T HE rotund Walter Hiers was a lucky boy to draw down this bullet proof farce as his first starring vehicle. This is easily one of the best things of its kind in a long time. Hiers has the role of a romantic young haberdashery clerk who loses his job, spends his last ten cents for a cigar bearing the picture of a South American beauty, finds a mysterious message on the band—and thereupon enters upon an amazing series of adventures. His blunders make him the hero of a revolution and he ends by winning the aforementioned beauty, no other than the current president's daughter. All this may seem like our old friend, the South American revolution plot, but "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" does not fall into the hackneyed class. It is sprightly all the way. George Fawcett does a neat bit as a revolutionist.

ADAM AND EVA—Paramount

W E are honestly sorry Robert Vignola did not continue directing Marion Davies. He seemed to be able to get more out of this star than any other director. Recall her Princess Mary in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." This role is totally different, a spoiled young woman of wealth. Her work here makes us think her forte is light comedy. The screen has had few happy frothy comedies. The motion picture producer seems to see in terms of either melodrama or farce. There is nothing heavy handed about this comedy—just the breezy relating of the way a distraught father flees from his parasitical household and leaves the curing of the family to a resourceful young salesman. Marion Davies gives a graceful performance as the daughter of the house, as graceful as her gowns.
ADAM'S RIB—Paramount

THE ornate Cecil de Mille's latest—and worst. Apparently de Mille started out to do an epic of the flapper. Yet this is just the old tale of the girl who sacrifices her reputation to save another woman, this time her flirtative mother. Papa has been so busy dealing in wheat that mama sought love in the shape of a throneless king. The de Mille flashback this time concerns the pre-cave days.

DADDY—First National

A SHOPWORN and old fashioned story with Jackie Coogan as its redeeming feature. The mediocrity tale concerns a little waif, the son of a famous violinist, and how he comes to find his father. Apparently the thing was thrown together as cheaply as possible. And bad taste was displayed in the long drawn out agony of the old tutor's death and Jackie's subsequent suffering.

SCARS OF JEALOUSY—F. N.

A PICTURE that is decidedly interesting to watch and hard to tell about. In review there are many weak spots in the plot development, but at the moment there are times of suspense and vivid color. About a boy, a "mountain white" of the south, who has the blood of old France in his veins. And who makes good against great odds. Lloyd Hughes, Marguerite de la Motte and Frank Keenan.

JAZZMANIA—Metro

A NOther generous helping of Mae Murray—marshmallow screen fare. The story of a princess—from one of those fanciful tiny European kingdoms—who comes to America and becomes a dance favorite. A jumpy tale with no regard for the probabilities. We don't blame the princess' subjects for revolting, considering the royal affectations. Over done and too long—and yet you may like it.

OTHELLO—Ben Blumenthal

A GERMAN adaptation of the British bard's tragedy directed by the Russian, Dimitri Buchowetzki. Something of an international affair, particularly as that Brooklyn German, Emil Jannings, is the Othello. The drama is told simply and clearly. Jannings makes a highly interesting Moor but Werner Kraus' Iago is distinctly German. A diabolical schemer but never far from Berlin.

RACING HEARTS—Paramount

A NOther Byron Morgan automobile tale of a road race like those of the series made popular by poor Wallie Reid. This one has Richard Dix in the Reid rôle of the motor daredevil, with Agnes Ayres as the heroine who isn't afraid; to step on the gas. This may entertain you—unless the auto stuff has been worn threadbare. To us the motor seems to miss.
ARE YOU A FAILURE?—Preferred Pictures

If you want to be a success, be a Blaine of Blainesburg, O. You may weaken at first but you'll win in the end, my boy. A story in seven reels that deserves three. One good kick toward the finish. No picture for worldly-wise flappers, but it may amuse the old folks and children, provided they never saw Charlie Ray do it better. This small town seems inhabited entirely by actors.

THE BOLTED DOOR—Universal

A LOCKED door between two bedrooms furnishes the theme of this picture. Frank Mayo, as Brooke Garriott, is in one room—Phyllis Haver, as Natalie, his wife, is in the other. There's a fortune hunter who threatens to break up what little domestic peace and comfort there is. But Frank, as solid virtue, triumphs in the end. And the lock is removed for all time.

GOSSIP—Universal

GLADYS WALTON wears a hoop skirt and low-heeled strap slippers, this time. And a southern accent. They go well with the Walton hair and eyes! She ends a great strike, and marries the mill owner—all because she is a sweet innocent little girl who knows nothing of life, or the conventions. A lady from Virginia, y' know, is like Caesar's wife—for all pictorial purposes.

THE PRISONER—Universal

TAKEN from a George Barr McCutcheon book. Strange- enough it follows the plot fairly well—probably because the plot was almost too extravagant to be improved upon by anyone, even a writer of continuities! Herbert Rawlinson is heroic as the heavy lover of the piece, and Eileen Percy is the lady who is saved, by abduction, from an unfortunate marriage. There are some exciting moments.

BACKBONE—Distinctive Pictures

THIS is anything but distinctive—it's just average melodrama, ornately mounted. Edward Sloman has made the most of Clarence Budington Kelland's far-fetched tale. There is one episode which enlivens the proceedings—a flashback to old France, where the romance of the modern lovers had its beginnings amidst the pomp and intrigue of a king's court. [CONT'D ON PAGE 96]
THERE have been temperamental romances before, but we predict that of all the temperamental, hectic and exciting love affairs ever before known, the Charlie Chaplin-Pola Negri engagement will win in a walk.

It's kept all Hollywood busy. Try to stay posted on the latest status of the famous engagement.

Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri are engaged. They aren't. They are.

The very latest is a complete reconciliation, following a violent tiff, and the wedding is to take place very soon.

It happened like this:

Charlie, chatting to a newspaper reporter, and asked for the date of his wedding, laughingly declared that he'd have to finish one picture first, because he was too poor to marry.

Pola saw the little story the newspaper man wrote. Yes, indeed.

Followed three days of tears and three sleepless nights.

Miss Negri could not work, she could not see anyone. She was prostrated. She refused to see Charlie or to tell him why she wouldn't see him.

Then, she saw the reporters and with a pitiful little smile, admitted that her great romance lay in dust and ashes about her feet. She was no longer engaged to Mr. Chaplin. And she used a dignified little printed statement to the effect that though she was Mr. Chaplin's good friend and would always wish him well, they were no longer engaged.

Off stage, in a trembling voice, she said, “Three days I have thought I would do thee thing. I have not slept. Oh, it was a thousand little things. He was so—so. Oh, I don’t know. It was just experience. A woman must learn by experiences. I have not tell it to Mr. Chaplin to his face. I could not face that. I have sent my best friend to him. I will live only for my work. Happiness is over for me. The dear days at Del Monte and Santa Barbara, they can be no more.”

The official statement, issued immediately, read: “I consider I am too poor to marry Charlie Chaplin. He needs to marry a wealthy woman and he should have no difficulty in finding one in the United States—the richest and most beautiful country in the world. Therefore I give Mr. Chaplin back his freedom, and release him from his engagement. I wish him the best of luck and I will always be his devoted friend.

Pola Negri.”

Most of the time you'll find Viola Dana a half hour's ride from the Metro Hollywood Studios. She spends all her spare moments on the Santa Monica Beach.
Two marvelous new nail polishes—

They are different from any you have had before

Developed by the world's foremost authority on the care of the nails, and prepared in a laboratory devoted solely to the making of manicure specialties, these two new Cutex Polishes have attained a perfection of which you have not dreamed, if you are not familiar with Cutex products.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish, for instance, is of just the right consistency to flow evenly and pleasantly over the nails from the tiny camel's-hair brush with which it is applied. It dries instantly, and leaves a charming rose-petal finish that retains its brilliant lustre for at least a week. And, best of all, when you wish to renew it, no special "remover" is required. You simply use another application of the polish, and wipe it off.

The new Cutex Powder Polish (delicately scented, soft, and velvet-smooth) has its own outstanding virtues, too. It does not dry the cuticle—and it is practically instantaneous. A few strokes of the nails across the palm suffice to bring out that jewel-like gleam which fashion has decreed the smart finish to a manicure.

The tint of this polish is a lovely shell pink, and it imparts a rosy hue to the nails.

Other Cutex Polishes that have long been favored by American women are the Cutex Cake Polish, the Cutex Paste Polish, and the Cutex Stick Polish. The Cake Polish comes in either pink or white, and is especially economical to use because it lasts almost indefinitely. An exclusive feature of Paste Polish is the water-proof rouge base. The Cutex Stick is a convenient form of polish to carry in the purse. All Cutex Polishes are priced at 35¢ the package. Obtainable at drug or department stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

CUTEX
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Six Cents Brings You These Trial Packages

In order that every woman may test these two marvelous new Cutex Nail Polishes for herself, and so come to know their extraordinary merit, we will send trial-size packages, containing sufficient of each polish for six manicures, on receipt of six cents in coins or stamps. Enclosed with polish packets is instructive booklet on the way to manicure, so as to develop the full beauty of your nails.

Send for Trial Packages—only 6 cents

Fill out the coupon below, and mail with six cents in coins or stamps for trial sizes of the two new Cutex Polishes shown here—Cutex Liquid Polish and Cutex Powder Polish—enough of each for six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-5, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

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I enclose 6 cents for trial packages of two Cutex Polishes.

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Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 6 cents in coins or stamps TO-TDAY.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
SOMEBODY immediately called Mr. Chaplin up and told him he was no longer engaged. It was the first he had heard of it. And he said, "Oh," and hung up the phone.

This was at four-thirty.

At ten-forty-five, a complete reconciliation was announced at Pola's home.

Charlie, it appears, dashed to her side.

After much pleading she saw him. He explained that he hadn't said it; he was only joking, he loved her madly and couldn't possibly live without her. It was only a lover's quarrel, and these three days had been a hell on earth.

She forgave him. And sent word to the crowd of reporters waiting that through the emotional strain she could see no one, there had been a complete reconciliation, and the wedding would take place soon.

At ten-thirty the chef had orders to serve at once a six-course dinner for Miss Negri and Mr. Chaplin.

Rumor has it that this is not the first rift in the lute that has appeared and that several lovers' quarrels between the two great stars have added weight to the old saying that true love never runs smoothly.

And this is not press agent stuff either.

WELL, one sure thing, the Lasky lot in Hollywood is never going to be dull as long as Pola Negri is around.

She will—she won't. She has—she hasn't. There's always something going on about Pola.

For weeks the rumor has been floating about persistently that she was doing her best to get out of her contract with Paramount. Even on the lot speculation was rife. Would she be able to do it?

She had, it seemed, originally oked the story of "The Cheat." When she came back from her vacation at Del Monte, she changed her mind. She didn't like "The Cheat." She wouldn't make it.

Officials of the organization went about with worried faces.

Everybody got out the contracts and read them seven times.

And last week, Pola started work on "The Cheat."

Which would seem to indicate that she will work out the length of her Paramount contract, even if she should decide to make pictures with Mr. Chaplin after that.

POLA NEGRi believes that one's health should be considered above all else. Whenever she feels indisposed she doesn't hesitate to leave the "set." "See-ek, must go see doctor," is her invariant explanation.

The other day Gloria Swanson was caught in the act of running away.

"See-ek, must go see doctor," called Gloria over her shoulder.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick are engaged! And unlike most of the engaged Los Angeles screen folk, they admit it. Here they are having a typically wicked time.

WE hear that the Talmadge family would heartily approve of Constance's marriage to young William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., who is now a regular escort for the heart-smashing cronies.

Mr. Stewart, a charming and likable youth, comes of an aristocratic family. His sister is Anita Stewart, Princess de Braganza. Not the Princess Anita of the pictures whom you know but the widow of the late Prince Miguel, grandson of a former king of Portugal. The two Anitas are often confounded in the public mind, and also in the mind of the postoffice department.

Young Mr. Stewart's father is a multi-millionaire. His mother, who was divorced some years ago from William Rhinelander Stewart, Sr., is now Mrs. St. Cyr, with a fortune estimated at sixty millions.

NIGEL CHOLMELY-JONES, a leading New York advertising representative, has been receiving a lot of fan letters recently. All because of the report that Nigel Barrie, the well known film actor, and Mr. Cholmely-Jones are one and the same person. Mr. Barrie, who is at present engaged upon a motion picture production in England, is in reality a cousin of Mr. Cholmely-Jones.

All of which has seriously inconvenienced Mr. Cholmely-Jones. With fan letters arriving by the dozen, even his secretary suspected he was leading a double life, mingling advertising and screen acting.

How does Eric Von Stroheim achieve that close cropped cranial effect? By having his hair cut regularly every three days. Here he is asking the Goldwyn barber if he's next
Your smooth fresh face—what are you doing to keep it young?

Many famous and lovely women depend on this method

In your mind you picture yourself always the same. But one, two years from now will your face be as fresh and smooth as it is today? Or will it be a little coarsened? With fine lines growing deeper around the eyes, the nose, your mouth? Will you discover one day, while you are still young, that your skin has grown old?

To save women's skin from this early ageing, to keep it young and soft in spite of modern strain and exposure, two famous forms of cream were developed.

Two creams, each so wonderful in its results that now literally millions of women depend on them.

Today in 56 different countries these women have decided that no other method gives quite that transparent freshness and velvet smoothness. And that no other has quite that magic efficacy against the drying and coarsening influence of the out-of-doors, or that extraordinary effect of freshening the complexion.

The cleansing cream that has doubled its users every two years

So marvelous is the softening, clarifying effect of Pond's Cold Cream on the skin that the number of women using it has actually doubled every two years.

Its special light consistency agrees with your skin. Its fine light oil gives your skin perfect suppleness and then is wiped off with the loosened dirt, so that your face has the exquisite freshness you want. It is never left heavy with cream.

In the whole world the most used of all vanishing creams

But the miracle of one cream's success is no greater than that of its sister cream. So unfailing is Pond's Vanishing Cream in its protection of the skin, so marvelously does it freshen the complexion and keep it lovely through the day that last year the women of the United States alone wanted several millions of jars!

This cream contains such a wonderful soothing ingredient that the minute it is put on you feel your face soften and relax. In the mirror you see how fresh and smooth it has made your skin—almost in an instant. You go out in the severest cold or hottest sun and your skin does not chap or burn.

TRY THIS METHOD—

the difference will convince you today

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels to your hand! How new and fresh in your mirror! The powder is even, not in patches, because it clings evenly to the delicate film of cream. The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

When you are tired in the evening use these two creams together before you go out. They soften out the lines and smooth away the worried tightness of your face. And always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and then finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder.

To see how these two creams will actually improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying a jar or tube of each cream.

You will get them in any drugstore or department store. Neither can possibly clog the pores or cause the growth of hair. The Pond's Extract Company, New York.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10ç.

TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
1331 Hudson St., New York

Ten cent (to be) enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

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State ...............................................
A _n_ international feast of films in preparation.  

A _n_ epidemic of Biblical plays seems to be hovering on the horizon. Goldwyn has "Ben Hur," of course. Cecil de Mille is reported to be going to Palestine to do "The Ten Commandments." And Allan Dwan has been delegated to do "The Wanderer" for Famous Players-Lasky. Dwan is to shape the stage play into a screen special. Original plans called for the picture to be made by George Melford.

ERICH VON STROHEIM lost the largest gold tooth ever owned by a man when a fire destroyed the studio plaster shop. Mr. Von had left his tooth there to be gilded. He was using it in the production of Frank Norris’ "MacTeague."

The molar measured several feet from tip to tip. Regrettable loss, but painless extraction. [continued on page 82]

**THE** record of the Goldwyn lot for the past month sounds more like the casualty sheet of a Canadian regiment than a production report of a motion picture company.

The good old Goldwyn lion has been wandering about, it would seem, seeking whom he might devour.

Every time you meet anybody from the Goldwyn organization, you hear new and gory details of sacrifices to the celluloid gods, and they all differ.

First, little Eleanor Boardman nearly got her arm bit off by a camel. Then she fell into a deep pool of water with a heavy ermine cape and a lot of other clothes on, and was rescued just as she was about to go down for the third time, by a duo of heroes, Frank Mayo and Richard Dix. Then Rupert Hughes burned down an enormous circus tent—on purpose—there was a stampede of horses, a lot of things went wrong and the hospitals were full of the wounded. Next, some actor on King Vidor’s set shot another one with what was supposed to be a blank cartridge, and it wasn’t blank, and it nearly blew the poor actor’s leg off. And another gun went off on the wrong way and knocked Marie Prevost out for a couple of hours.

Oh, it’s a Goldwyn year all right.

But if they don’t look out, it’ll be hard to get actors to work out there.

**COLEEN MOORE**’s engagement to John McCormick, western head of First National, has been definitely announced, and the wedding is to take place some time in August.

Colleen is wearing a beautiful engagement ring, a large diamond with two exquisite shamrocks of emeralds holding it on either side.

**PORTER EMERSON BROWNE**’s production, "Ladies for Sale," has been brought to Broadway under the title "Sold." It doesn’t take long to get rid of ‘em on Broadway!

**Ruth Roland** invited Mildred Davis Lloyd over to her ornate bathing pool—and the above snapshot for *Photo-Play* is the result.
The cheapest health insurance for the whole family is a Chevrolet.

In a few minutes it transports you from the close and sultry atmosphere of the city to the pure invigorating air of the country. The nerve-racking city sights and sounds are left behind and replaced by the restful and inspiring vistas of green fields, babbling brooks, cheering songs of birds, lowing of cattle, the rare color of wild flowers and the scent of new mown hay.

Without counting the daily utility of a Chevrolet for going back and forth to work, shopping or taking the children to school, etc., its value in saving doctor's bills, broadening your mental horizon and keeping the whole family physically fit, amounts to more than the cost of the car and its upkeep.

It makes possible the suburban or country home far from the trolley or railroad tracks.

Call on the nearest Chevrolet dealer and learn how much daily utility and year 'round health and happiness can be had for a sum so low that almost any American family can easily finance the purchase.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

Two Passenger Roadster ..... $510
Five Passenger Touring ..... 525
Two Passenger Utility Coupe ... 680
Four Passenger Sedanette ..... 850
Five Passenger Sedan ..... 860
Light Delivery ... 510

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ANTONIO MORENO says he is one man who married the type of woman he always said he would. His bride, formerly Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger of Los Angeles, is admired for her intellectual accomplishments, celebrated for her social activities and loved for her Red Cross work during the war. When he finishes "The Exciters" for Paramount in New York, Tony and his bride will leave for California to take possession of their new million dollar residence on the heights.
At the end of the dance

FROM the ballroom floated the strains of a waltz, and from out beyond came the sleepy night-sounds—the late call of a bird, the faint whispering of leaves in the summer breeze.

The man watched the woman before him in the mellow glow of the lanterns, drinking in her loveliness with eyes that could not leave her face.

"What is it?" she asked softly. "You look as if you were in a dream."

"I think this is a dream, and you a dream woman," he answered; "for I never saw anyone so lovely! There is something that makes you stand entirely alone, in a delicate, glowing radiance. I think the greatest charm of all is your wonderful coloring."

The last notes of the waltz were quivering into silence. "That is the end," she said. "I think it is the beginning," he answered, still watching her.

A Happy Last Touch

When you use the Pompeian Beauty Trio you can feel assured that your skin is always fresh and glowing, and that it will remain so almost indefinitely.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream that is absorbed by the skin, protecting it from dust, wind and sun. The delicate film that remains on the surface after the Day Cream has disappeared holds powder and rouge so well that constant re-powdering is unnecessary.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is of such fine and soft a texture that it goes on smoothly and evenly. A light coating will last a long time; for this powder has, to a remarkable degree, the quality of adhering.

The Bloom is a rouge that is absolutely harmless. It comes in the desired shades—light, medium, dark, and orange tint.

Use the Pompeian Trio together for Instant Beauty; for great care has been taken that all Pompeian Preparations blend perfectly.

Remember, first the Day Cream, next the Beauty Powder, then a touch of Bloom, and over all another light coating of the Powder.

"Don't Enter Beauty—Use Pompeian" Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing) 60c per jar
Pompeian Beauty Powder 60c per box
Pompeian Bloom (the rouge) 60c per box

Pompeian Lip Stick 25c each
Pompeian Fragrance, a tale 75c an oz
Pompeian Night Cream 50c per jar

The MARY PICKFORD Panel and four Pompeian samples sent to you for 10 cents

Mary Pickford, the world's most adored woman, has again honored Pompeian Beauty Preparations by granting the exclusive use of her portrait for the new 1923 Pompeian Beauty Panel. The beauty and charm of Miss Pickford are faithfully portrayed in the dainty colors of this panel. Size 28 x 35 inches.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these:
1. The 1923 Mary Pickford Pompeian Beauty Panel as described above. (Would cost from 35c to 75c in an art store.)
2. Sample of Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing).
4. Sample of Pompeian Bloom (non-breaking rouge).
5. Sample of Pompeian Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2131 PAYNE AVENUE, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

The Girl Who Was Out of Date

By Mme. Jeannette

Not long ago I had a call from a young friend. She came in wearily and sank into a chair. The brilliant afternoon sunlight fell full on her face, and I was appalled when I saw how pale she looked.

"What is the matter?" I asked, expecting to be told that she was ill.

"Oh, I'm just tired," she said; "so tired I don't care how I look."

I was so indignant that for a moment I could not speak. There is no possible excuse for such an attitude!

To make the best of herself is the concealed duty of every woman, young or old; and a modish gown means very little when her complexion is uncared for.

"Come here," I said to her, "and let me see what I can do for you."

First I used a vanishing cream, gently pating it into the skin. This was Pompeian Day Cream. I always use this, for it leaves only a faint creamy film on the surface and holds powder and rouge so well. Next a coating of the soft, clinging Beauty Powder. Then a bit of rouge blended downward and outward from the cheekbone; dusting over all with a last touch of the powder. And this I had done to only one side of her face!

I turned her around to face the mirror. You never saw anyone so surprised! She looked and looked, turning from side to side; and I don't wonder, for she saw two entirely different girls, and one was so much lovelier it seemed incredible.

"That is what you can make of yourself every day, and it will take only a few minutes," I told her.

I couldn't help laughing at her astonishment; she had never had an idea she could be so pretty. She realized now the mistake she had been making, and watched with the keenest interest, while I made the other side of her face just as charming, adding at the last a touch of Pompeian Lip Stick.

She didn't say very much, but all the afternoon I saw her eyes straying toward the mirror. I hoped then that she would profit by my little lesson, and I know now that she did, for I've never seen her looking pale and weary since.
How they make
Long Shots
and
Close-Ups

Just above, is a glimpse of Dick Bartholomew's New York studio when a "long shot" revealed La Clavel (otherwise Dorothy Gish) in the act of captivating the audience of the Tacon Theater in Havana—in make-believe. The inner picture shows that part of the studio scene you will see when "The Bright Shawl" is shown on the screen. At the left you see the same scene with the cameras and electric equipment moved up close for a typical "close-up." Director John Robertson is shown discussing the dramatics of the flash with Miss Gish.
Now is the time to wash your blankets. A clean blanket is practically moth-proof.

To wash your blankets at home without shrinking or matting them—Laundered this way they last for years

This very month, before putting them away, is the time to wash your blankets. They must be put away clean, of course, to protect them from moths.

It is the soiled places on wool and wool nap that moths attack. A clean blanket is almost moth-proof.

Try washing your blankets at home this year. Lux makes the laundering of even your big, handsome ones safe.

Blankets will last for years if washed according to the directions given below. A single careless washing ruins them, for wool is so sensitive as a baby’s skin. Strong soap or rubbing will shrink and felt wool so that it becomes harsh and scratchy.

Lux won’t shrink your blankets. It is absolutely pure—there is no free alkali or any other ingredient in it to hurt the delicate wool fibres.

Great blanket manufacturer tells why he recommends Lux

The manufacturer of the finest blankets in America, expert in the care of blankets, says: “Extra care must be taken in the choice of soaps used to wash wool. Harsh soaps shrink and mat it, turn it yellow and weaken the fibre.

“The tests and experiments we have made have demonstrated that Lux is an ideal product for washing blankets. It will cleanse the finest woolens with entire safety.”

How to wash blankets

A rich, live suds throughout is essential. Use 2 tablespoonfuls of Lux to every gallon of water.

Dissolve Lux in very hot water; whirl to a thick lather. Add cold water until lukewarm. Souse blankets up and down and squeeze suds through. If suds die down, add more Lux. Never rub blankets. Rinse in three or more lukewarm waters of same temperature as suds. Fold evenly and run through loose wringer or fold and hang dripping. Stretch and pull blanket into shape at intervals during the drying process.

The new way to wash dishes

Won’t roughen hands

Lux for washing dishes! At last there is a way to wash dishes without coarsening and reddening your hands.

Even though your hands are in the dishpan an hour and a half every day, Lux won’t irritate them—won’t make them rough and scratchy. These pure, gentle flakes are as easy on your hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan is all you need! It sounds incredible—but try it! A single package of Lux does at least 54 dish washings.


When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
If you want a figure like Ruth Clifford's, do this bending-over exercise three times every morning (above). Stand upright, bend forward, and grasp back of ankles with your hands. The position at the right is the original "setting up" exercise. With Ruth and her instructor, Fred Cody of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, rise slowly from a squat to a standing position.

To develop the upper leg, thigh, and abdominal muscles, try this (above) as many times as you can, although at first it will be a considerable strain. But if Norma and Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Phillips, Madge Bellamy and Ruth can do it, why can't you? By the way, Ruth's patent leathers may not be the last word in gym shoes, but aren't they becoming?

Keeping Fit

A rotary exercise for reducing the waist and hips. Stand erect, with arms outstretched, and twist body as far as possible from left to right.

Every day in every way you will get slimmer and slimmer, if you follow these exercises. If you're thin enough now, they will develop your body so that you will be able to wear the new bathing suits this summer without flinching. Right here Ruth Clifford is performing.
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Face to Face
—as if you were another girl

WHAT do the eyes of others see? This is a question every girl should be able to answer. Do the glances which rest upon your face express admiration, or turn away with indifference?

Meet yourself face to face in your mirror and pass judgment upon what you see as critically as if you were some other girl. Don't condone complexion defects. Don't console yourself by hoping they won't be noticed. Don't excuse swallowness and blemishes by blaming the light. Instead, take note of every fault and learn the remedy.

The First Step
Whether your problem is the improvement of a poor complexion or to keep a good one, this first step is the same. The network of tiny pores which compose the surface of the skin must, every day, be cleansed from clogging accumulations. The natural oil of the skin, which nature has provided as a beautifier, is often secreted in excess. In combination with dirt, powder and perspiration it quickly fills up these minute pores unless carefully washed away.

Soap and water is the only effective means of cleansing yet discovered. Cold cream alone only increases the clogging, while other remedies are often unnecessarily harsh. The selection of the soap you use is the only problem and this is easily solved. Facial soap must be pure, mild and soothing in its action. Thus you should select Palmolive. Once a day, and the best time is bedtime, wash your face thoroughly with the profuse, creamy Palmolive lather. Massage it thoroughly into the skin. Then rinse thoroughly and dry with a fine, soft towel.

Blended from Beautifying Oils
The blend of palm and olive oils has produced the mildest cleanser science can produce. The lather of Palmolive is actually lotion-like in its action. These rare Oriental oils impart their rich, green color to the attractive Palmolive cake. Palmolive green is as natural as the color of grass and leaves.

A 10c Soap
If Palmolive cost many times this modest price it would be considered worth it by the millions of users who find it the only satisfactory soap. But it is these millions who make it possible for us to offer Palmolive at a popular price. The gigantic demand keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night and allows manufacturing economies which makes the 10c price possible.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Also manufacturers of Palmolive Shaving Cream and Palmolive Shampoo

Volume and Efficiency
Produce 25c Quality for 10c

Copyright, 1921 - The Palmolive Co., 1731
TWENTY-THREE years constant use by the women of America have established Mineralava as the one perfect, reliable, pure Beauty Clay.

Nature's product for the ills that affect the skin and muscles of the face and neck. Thousands of grateful women testify how Mineralava has made firm the contour of their faces; cleared away impurities, prevented premature wrinkles and coarse pores; stimulated the circulation of the face nerves and brought out that healthful, rosy glow that belongs to the complexion of youth.

Heartily endorsed by such notable beauties as Marion Davies, Marjorie Rambeau, Zitelka Dolores, Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Irene Bordoni, Julia Sanderson and by hundreds of thousands of home women.

When Mineralava was first discovered by Mrs. M. G. Scott and was used exclusively in beauty Parlors women gladly paid $10 and $15 for a single treatment. Today it comes in a bottle, with a soft brush for applying, at $2.00 for eighteen treatments; a trifle more than 10 cents a treatment. There is also a Trial Tube at 50 cents.

Mineralava is not sold by mail. Your own dependable Drug or Department Store can supply you. If not, write to Scott’s Preparations, Inc., 251 W. 19th Street, N. Y.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

MY dear Mr. Editor:—You and Nita Naldi affect the same nickname, don't you? But you say that you're only a coming artist—and Nita is already here. Decidedly here, in fact. She is five feet, eight inches tall, admits to weighing one hundred and thirty-six pounds, and is twenty-three years old. It's too bad that your life ambition is to dance with Rodolph Valentino—he's busy, now, dancing with his wife—Natacha Rambowa.

MRS. F. W. P.—So many actresses made their first "hit" in a Griffith production. Some have never made a hit since! However, it's names, names, names that you want! Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford, Mac Marsh, Lilian and Dorothy Gish, Miriam Cooper, Constance Talmadge, Carol Dempster and a score of others. Both John and Lionel Barrymore were famous upon the speaking stage before entering pictures. And these men are the most popular of the elderly character actors—Theodore Roberts, Joseph Dowling, Claude Gillingwater and George Fawcett.

H. M. G.—George Walsh and Louise Lorraine aren't playing opposite each other, at present, but they're both busy. George has been signed to take the part of Rawdon Crawley in "Vanity Fair" and Louise is sticking to serials. Her latest is Universal's "The Oregon Trail."

"Betty" Hill—I could tell you all about whether or not Dick Barthelmess has a gold tooth on the left side of his lower jaw. The location is very familiar to me. But pause and consider! Would it be fair to Dick to divulge, so brazenly, his very private—shall we say—affairs? It might make his smile self-conscious.

Antig—Douglas Fairbanks is going to stick to tights and hip boots and that sort of thing. They say that his next will be a pirate picture, although the name has not been announced. Doublets, rapiers, pieces of eight, and, of course, "Yo, ho, and a bottle of rum!" What a great chance to bound around, climb the rigging—and walk the plank.

G. L.—Yes, indeed I Parlez-vous Francais. The very best A. E. F. variety. My eyes are quite dark sometimes, and my hair—but we won't mention my hair! About twenty-five or thirty is a good age—we'll let it go at that. Yes, you're a fine guesser! Of course I know a lot about Hollywood. That's why I have to stay in New York so much of the time. There are a great many rich men in the town, but the richer they are the less they seem to enjoy writing letters.

F. S.—So Ramsey Wallace has been concealing something from us! A wife and child, no less! Well, it's a past to be proud of, at that. As for being a leading man in a New Haven stock company—we won't tell it to a soul!

D. R., St. Louis.—So many underlined words in your letter. You're an empathetic young person, even if you do suspect—or I should say question—my sex. If you could only see my moustache, when newly waxed! However, there's no hope of any competition when I read the names of your film favorites—Alan Forrest, Lottie Pickford's nice husband, may be reached at the Metro Pictures Corporation, 900 Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Richard Dix is with Goldwyn Pictures, Culver City, Cal., Gaston Glass can be addressed in care of the Gainsier Productions, Glendale, Cal., and Bert Lytell is starring with Paramount Pictures. Write to him at 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood.

E. M. B.—Such passionate pink note paper! Do you always use it when writing to Answer Men? Have a care, Spaniard, as Raymond Hitchcock used to say, "have a care," Leatrice Joy—and I might say, in passing, that I applaud your taste—is five feet, three inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was born twenty-six years ago in New Orleans. The home of pralines and other confections. Conway Tearle was on the stage before entering motion pictures. How the matinee girls loved him!

Touts—I'm sorry that you've hesitated so long about writing to me. For your letter is really intelligent. Yes, you're right. It is far harder to create a character part than an ordinary pretty girl or boy rôle. Clare Greet was the mother in "Three Live Ghosts"—the Grandfather and the Clown, in "Singled Wings," were done respectively by Robert Browz and Ernest Torrence.

M. K., Montana.—Lloyd Hughes? Yes, he is on the screen, but not still. (Joke.) For he played opposite Mary Pickford in her 1923 edition of "Tess." He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1890. Was educated in Los Angeles, at the Polytechnic Institute, and began his screen career with Paramount in "The Haunted Bedroom." That's a tricky sentence, what? He is married. To Miss Gloria Hope who also appeared in the Pickford revival. Address him, if you dare, at 935 Michaelstoren Street, Los Angeles.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
He has regaled our palates
— has he also ruined our teeth?

The chefs of France have had a tremendous influence on American food. They have taught us how to delight our palates, but they have almost ruined our teeth!

Teeth need work and gums need stimulation, and with this creamy modern food of ours, there is neither work for the teeth nor stimulation for the gums.

Trouble on the increase!

Consequently, teeth and gums are today less robust. Trouble from both is on the increase. The prevalence of pyorrhea is one item in a long list.

Thousands of dentists have written us to tell how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana.

The use of Ipana

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a thorough gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to heal the soft gums and to keep the healthy gum firm.

Ipana is a modern tooth paste formulated with an eye to the welfare of your gums, whether they give you trouble or not, and in addition it is a tooth paste of remarkable cleaning power and unforgotably good taste.

A ten day trial tube will be sent to you upon request—use the coupon below

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

WALLACE REID’S dressing room on the Lasky “lot” has been given to Antonio Moreno.

Tony was one of Wally’s loyal friends and was chosen by Mrs. Reid as honorary pall-bearer at the last services.

The furnishings of Tony’s dressing room are considered the most beautiful in all the Hollywood realm of salons. The star is particularly proud of them because they are the gift of his bride, who personally selected them.

ANITA STEWART told the Los Angeles reporters that she had no thought of getting a divorce from her husband, Rudolph Cameron.

And then, with her typical naiveté, in the next breath—”I guess I’ll get it while I’m in California.”

Anita and her husband have been separated for a year. There is no sensational reason for the break, simply incompatibility.

Intimate friends say they were never suited temperamentally but both were reluctant to a definite separation.

Anita and Rudy have a big following of friends. Neither has ever figured in unpleasant gossip.

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

ANTIA STEWART hitting the high pace! It seems incredible. Yet I hear that when she leaves the studio cafeteria after lunch the table is always covered with empty bottles. Those who know say that Anita has become a confirmed milk drinker, talking on a few pounds.

In a humble company that recently followed the remains of a studio carpenter to the final resting place, there was a quiet little man with bowed head, known to the great world of finance and industry as Adolph Zukor, president of Paramount.

In the hour of her greatest trouble, Mabel Normand found this same, quiet little man the first to come to her door with words of confidence and sympathy and offer help.

In such ways does Greatness manifest itself.

WITH the Selznick interests in the throes of financial difficulties, Theda Bara’s plans to return to the screen under these auspices are off—definitely. Miss Bara was to have done Eugene Walter’s “The Easiest Way,” with Ferdinand Pinned Earle as director. Now there is a possibility of court
Photoplay Corporation Searches For Screen Writers Through A Novel Creative Test

The motion picture industry faces its supreme crisis. With its acting personnel at the artistic peak, its apparatus close to mechanical perfection, the fifth greatest industry in the United States acutely lacks the one thing it must have to go on—original stories.

Literature and the drama have virtually been exhausted. The public has demonstrated at the box office that it wants good, original human interest stories, not "warmed over" novels and plays. Professional novelists and fiction writers have definitely failed in the motion picture field. Hundreds tried—a handful succeeded. They are trained for expression on the printed page, not upon the screen—two widely different arts rarely combined in the talents of a single writer.

But excellent original stories are being written for the screen, and sold to producers at from $500 to $2000 each by every day people, trained in the scenario technique.

Not just everybody—only those gifted with creative imagination and trained in the craftsmanship of photoplay plot composition. The unimaginitive, unoriginal person can never sell a scenario, no matter how well he masters the screen writers' technique; and the gifted story teller may as well write his idea in Chinese as to prepare it without the technique.

But how can you know whether you possess creative imagination? Should you acquire the technique and attempt to enter this fascinating and handsomely paid profession?

First, there is no way to endow you with natural ability. Either you have it or you have not. But if you possess creative talent, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation can, by its novel psychological home test, discern it. Then, if you so elect, the Corporation can train you to think in terms of the studio; to write your story so the director can see its action as he reads.

Send for the Free Creative Test

By this scientific series of psychological test questions and problems, the degree of natural aptitude which you may possess can be accurately determined. It resembles the vocational tests employed by the United States Army, and an evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful.

Through this test many successful photowriters were encouraged to enter their profession. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because scores of screen stories are needed by producers.

Scores of screen stories are sold to motion picture producers. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays to producers. Its Department of Education was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

The leaders in the motion picture industry who form our advisory council realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers.

They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story and with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding story tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

You are Invited to Try; Clip the Coupon

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite you to take the Palmer Creative Test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

Again, the career of a professional photowright may not appeal to you. There are many men and women, enrolled for the Palmer Course and Service who feel that way. They take it, however, because they realize the value of Creative Imagination, properly developed, in any line of endeavor. And they appreciate the opportunities which this Course presents for developing this invaluable talent.

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The test is free and you incur no obligation by requesting it.

$1000 and Royalties Paid for Stories Selected

Frederick Palmer, Author and Educator

Thos. H. Ince

Rex Ingram

Director and Producer

Allen Holubar

Producer and Director

C. Gardner Sullivan

Director of Thos. M. Ince

E. J. Bankes, M.A.

J. L. Frettingham

Director, Scenario, Films, Inc., Producer

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Unexpected Guests!

It sometimes happens, and it's sometimes embarrassing. But you can always be on the safe side with something suitable to serve, if you have Kraft Cheese (in tins) on the pantry shelf.

Kraft Cheese (in tins) is such a convenience; so many ways to serve it, that the prudent housewife will never be found without it.

Neither heat nor cold can harm Kraft Cheese (in tins). Take it anywhere, serve it anywhere. And it's as pure and as fresh when you serve it as on the day it was sealed in the parchment lined tin. The rich mellow flavor is always the same. There are eight kinds.

No rind—it spreads. No waste—100% cheese.
Cheese Recipe Book FREE

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
KRAFT-MACLAREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Dorothy Davenport Reid in her California home at work on her propaganda film designed to fight the narcotic evil. This production is being made with Thomas Ince's co-operation

action on the part of Miss Bara, who spent many months preparing for the cinema return. Earle has returned to California to continue his plans to make a film version of "Faust."

D. W. GRIFFITH made a "discovery" the other day and got turned down.
The name of the "find" is Rex Ingram and the reason he turned down a chance to become a screen idol is the old, old one, "My wife won't let me."

Alice Terry has Rex under contract, and she threatens to bar him from the screen if he tries to act for anyone else.

Miss Terry has the making of a magnate. But the fact that Mr. Griffith declared Rex would make a great hit if he reappeared on the screen has caused Alice to consider him as a leading man.

Mr. Ingram probably will appear with his wife in one of his own pictures to be made abroad.

He ought to make good. He's handsome. Better still, he's from Tipperary.

IS Marjorie Daw taking Dana Todd seriously? That is the Hollywood question. "I esteem Mr. Todd as a friend, etc.," says Miss Daw, "but..." And there you have the regulation form denial employed by star society. Not that we would doubt Marjorie's word. She's too lovely. Oh, yes, Mr. Todd is Elmo Glyn's "perfect man"—number 462.

BARBARA LA MARR was acting in Rupert Hughes' production of "Souls for Sale."

Mr. Hughes: "No, Miss La Marr, will you give us expression number three?"

Miss La Marr: "I haven't any number three, but I can give you number seven."

Mr. Hughes: "Oh, is that where you start counting, Miss La Marr?"

Anyone who could talk like that to Barbara has no appreciation for figures anyhow.

MR. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd have been honeymooning at the Ambassador, and if there ever was anything bridal in this world it's the young comedian and his wife.

After a brief trip to San Diego and San Francisco, the bride and groom returned to the Ambassador, where they will make their home for some months, before building a place of their own.

"Oh, gracious," said Mildred Davis Lloyd, when I had lunch with her there the other day, "I shouldn't know what to do with a house and a lot of servants. Being married is all new to me, you know."

Mrs. Lloyd, who has played opposite her husband in all his pictures for the past three years, has definitely retired from the screen.

Every advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
SPEAKING of doubles, a very strange thing occurred in connection with a double for Pola Negri in "Bella Donna."

There were a number of long distance shots, riding shots, etc., where it seemed wiser to conserve Miss Negri's strength, and the director, George Fitzmaurice, looked about for a double.

All the beauties among Hollywood extra girls were summoned, but none was found who even slightly resembled the great actress until—well, you'd never guess. Until Winnie Brown appeared on the scene.

Winnie Brown is a cowgirl and horse wrangler, who has doubled in stunt stuff for some of the greatest screen stars. But oddly enough, in general contour, size and movement, she was found to be an excellent double for Negri. So Winnie, for the first time in her life, had a chance to wear beautiful clothes. But it took her quite a while and a good deal of practice to become accustomed to the tight skirts and flowing robes of La Negri.

"I'm more scared o' them dresses 'n I ever was o' any stunt," she confided to an intimate friend.

NORMA TALMADGE is learning to ride horseback.

She says she has been up in an aeroplane and on the top of the Swiss Alps, but nothing ever looked so far down as the ground does from a horse's back.

"I never knew how I felt about horses until I saw 'The Hottentot,'" said Miss Talmadge, "but to me every horse has a baleful look in his eye. If he moves his hoof I think he's going to plant it in the middle of my stomach. It's terrible."

Miss Talmadge has to ride a horse in her next picture.

"And I don't mind telling the world there'll probably be a lot of doubling," says she. "In fact, I wish people to understand that I'm an actress, not an athlete, nor an acrobat, nor a gymnast. I do the best I can, but when parts call for me to leap out of buildings or ride wild horses—I'd just as soon leave it to somebody who makes that a business."

"Doubles need work just the same as anybody else."

Biflex Spring Bumper

VIOLA DANA asserts that one of the logical steps that should follow the purchase of a big, beautiful car is the installation of Biflex Bumpers.

Naturally, the owner of a superfine car feels the need of protecting its beauty. The same pride of ownership which influenced the purchase of the car should prompt the selection of Biflex, graceful in line, sturdy appearing, distinctively beautiful—Biflex, the original double-bar bumper. Broadfaced to block all bumpers. Tough and resilient. Strong enough to hold in powerful collisions. Sold everywhere by the better auto and accessory dealers. Priced from $21 to $28.

BIFLEX PRODUCTS CO., Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex Bumpers are Fully Protected by U. S. Patents.
We Guarantee To Make Hair Grow
To Make It Silky, Lustrous, Beautiful

Science discovers falling, lusterless hair due to a simple infection (Sebum) which is quickly overcome—Amazing results come quickly.

Modern science has discovered new principles in hair treatment. It is now known that old-time methods were based on a mistaken idea of the cause of falling hair.

This new way is based on latest scientific findings. The results are so amazing that no one will disbelieve them. So we give a written guarantee, falling hair stopped, new hair grown in 90 days, or money refunded. This gives you an opportunity to try the treatment without risk or obligation. During the past 18 months over one million people have made this test. That gleaming, beautiful hair you’re beginning to see everywhere is largely due to it.

That Infected Sebum
91% of hair troubles now are traced to infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But frequently it becomes infected. It clogs the scalp. It plagues the follicles and forms a breeding place for bacteria—germs by the millions feed upon the hair and destroy it. Modern dermatology proves this as the basis in hair treatment.

But note this scientific fact: Remove that infected oil—the Sebum—and soon your hair has the silken loveliness, the sheen and beauty for which every woman strives.

Our method accomplishes that result. It is sold with written guarantee to do so under a 90-day home treatment plan. It is applied in a new way and embodies newly accepted scientific principles. Germ combating elements are penetrated to the very roots of the hair. The Sebum is removed—bacteria combated. In a few days your own mirror tells the story.

We urge you to make the test we offer. Go today to your drug or department store and obtain the Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage and send in a coupon for supply by mail postpaid. Send no money, but pay the postman $.50 for a single bottle (or $1.50 for 3 bottles). See the full story today. Get the full story tomorrow. Byte the postman with guarantee.

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500 Lake Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send 3 bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage, Parcel Post. I enclose no money but agree to pay the postman when he calls.

Name
Address

THE old Vitagraph homestead is indeed deserted now that Earle Williams has left for Louis B. Mayer’s palatial studio.

Earle has always been a good and loyal son of Vitagraph. He is one of the big new stars of the company, and he’s been playing the part of the man’s man in a number of pictures. Never once did he play truant. And he’s the last to leave the Old Nest from which most of our great stars first tried their wings.

CHARLES DE ROCHE, imported from France by the Paramount company after Valentine’s departure, is something of an athlete.

In a recent picture, it was necessary for the leading man to bulldog a steer, de Roche was paying the part and when they suggested that it might be better to get a double for this sequence, the Frenchman was highly indignant. “I can bulldog the steer,” he said, “I like it.”

The publicity department had a still man on the scene to photograph the thing, and the camera had, for safety, to be placed at Mr. de Roche’s back.

“How?” said he, “that is too bad. But never mind. Just as I throw him up and over, I look over my shoulder at your camera and smile, eh?”

And he did.

JUST a little time ago Florence Turner was a famous film star. Today in English music halls she gives imitations of famous stars.

From the real to the imitation—what strange and tragic stories are written by the movie finger in a few brief years!

REPORT has it that Thomas Meighan, astute business man that he is, has decided to try directing after two or three more pictures, with the ultimate intention of turning from stardom to puttees. Meighan has always been a shrewd star and, it is said, he estimates his popularity as a stellar figure to be due for a certain waning before long. Hence the directorial plans. We’ll say this for Tommy. Nobody has ever been able to get better contracts from Paramount than Meighan. Right from the first, he has mapped his career like a field general.

RICHARD BARTHELMES has acquired the Goldwyn studio in Fort Lee, N. J., as his scene of operations for his next picture, “The Fighting Blade,” Beulah Marie Dix’s story of the Cromwellian period. John S. Robertson will direct him again and Mary Astor has been signed to play the royalist heroine.

DIRECTOR John S. Robertson tells an interesting little story of California. He was standing in the office of the casting director at Lasky’s when an assistant director breezed in.

“Get me six airedales for nine o’clock tomorrow morning,” said the associate director.

When he had departed, Robertson, whose curiosity had been aroused, inquired why Mr. Blank was going to use six dogs.

“Dogs—nothing,” said the casting man. “He means mountaineers.”

A MINISTER recently complimented Rex Ingram upon his productions.

“I have shown them all in my church,” said the clergyman, “Tell me, how do you keep the same sort of fine spiritual appeal in your films?”

“Well now,” said Rex with a Tipperary twinkle, “Probably it’s because my father was a curate in Ireland and I was reared in a righteous atmosphere.”

“Doubletess, doubtless,” murmured the minister absently. “But tell me, is Alice Terry really your wife?”

“Yes, really,” emphasized Rex.

“My son, permit me to congratulate you!” exclaimed the good man with something more than spiritual fervor. “Yes, I most certainly intend to show all your pictures.”

THE Cosmopolitan studios at 12th Street and Second Avenue, New York, were gutted by fire a few weeks ago but luckily no negatives were injured. Marion Davies was in the
midst of the concluding scenes of "Little Old New York" and the Tifford and Jackson studios in Manhattan were engaged for the remainder of the production.

THE motion picture industry abroad is becoming feminized according to Fred Esmet- ton, stage and screen actor back from Europe, to play in King Vidor's "Three Wise Fools." The scarcity of men is bringing women into the field as directors, electricians and property men—pardon, property ladies.

BEHIND a lot of legal phraseology, the fact seems to be that the Government prohibition officers thought Cecil de Mille came home from his journey to Mexico on his yacht with some liquid refreshments which he didn't take with him.

Anyway, they seized about eighty cases of rare wines on board the "Seaward," Mr. de Mille's yacht, and filed some sort of accusation against the captain.

Mr. de Mille claims, however, that the liquor belongs to the captain, that he bought it before prohibition, and that he keeps it on the yacht because that is his home, and a man has a right to keep liquor in his home.

TELL this to your boss!

Lois Wilson wanted to visit New York with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel. She wired her boss, Mr. Lasky, for leave of absence from the studio. He wired back, "Yes, if you will accept a drawing room at our expense, round trip." When you see Lois in "The Covered Wagon" you will say her boss was wise in insisting upon a round trip ticket. They wouldn't want to lose Lois. She brought her mother with her and did the sights in a week, feeling homesick all the time. A true daughter of the California sun.

KATHERINE MacDONALD says she can write a treatise on How To Make Home-Made Hats, but can she write one on How To Get Courage To Wear Them?

TWO new women directors are to be added to the roster this season.

Frances Marion, who directed Mary Pickford for some time and then gave up the megaphone to write scenarios for other people to direct, is to make a number of productions for Cosmopolitan. Her first one will be "The Daughter of Mother Maginn," starring Colleen Moore.

Alfred Murlin, playwright and producer, is to begin filming and directing her own productions for First National. Mrs. Murlin is the owner of "Strongheart" and for the past year has been busy with the Trumbull-Murlin productions starring the dog, but now she is to make several of her own plays into pictures, while Larry Trumbull continues to turn out animal stuff.

Mrs. Murlin's first production will be "The Sign," a play of her own.

CONSTANCE TALMAGE issues a warning about adopting screen styles.

"Study your own figure!" cries Connie in a telegraphic dispatch.

"We'd rather study yours!" we hysterically wired back.

"SAFETY Last, Inc." read an old cloth sign on the back of Harry Young, the Human Fly, as he climbed up the facade of the Hotel Martinique in New York to advertise Harold Lloyd's picture "Safety Last." He climbed to the tenth story and then a frantic clutch at the coping—a terrible lurching plunge—and the Human Fly lay on the pavement like a twisted, broken doll.

Although he was in a sense advertising the Lloyd film, his chief motive in making the climb was to celebrate the incorporation of the Safety Last Club, organized by dare-devils whose occupation prevents them from getting life insurance—acrobats, aviators and chemists who work with high explosives.

The importance of ONE SHORT WORD!

IN every home, there is a daily need for certain household products. Upon the purity and reliability of such products may depend the health of your family. Unless these are of the correct standards of purity, they may be more harmful than beneficial.

Your protection lies in remembering one word whenever you buy articles for your medicine cabinet. That one word is "SQUIBB."

The name Squibb identifies the products of a house which has served the medical profession for more than sixty years. In this service, E. R. Squibb & Sons have made many contributions to the advancement of chemical science as applied to medicine.

In most drug stores you will find Squibb Sections. These sections are devoted to Squibb Products, every one of which is made to conform to the highest professional standard.

For instance, you will notice that Squibb's Epsom Salt is more agreeable to take, due to its freedom from impurities.

Squibb's Olive Oil is a superior "virgin" oil from Southern France, unsurpassed in quality and flavor.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda is pure. It is, therefore, without the ordinary bitter taste which is caused by impurities.

Look for the Squibb Section at your druggist's. Whether you buy household or toilet products, you guard the health of your family by remembering one word that assures safety and reliability—"SQUIBB."
Plan your European Trip for Midsummer

If you are going to Europe this year plan now to go in late July, in August or September. The season is beautiful; the tourist rush is over; prices are lower; the days at sea are clear, temperate and delightful.

Send the information blank below and let your Government help you with your plans. Learn about the swift, luxurious U. S. Government ships, operated by the United States Lines. They offer a passage for every purse; accommodations for every taste; and they are among the finest ships afloat.

The first-class ships are:

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In addition, one of the five famous "cabin ships" sails from New York each Wednesday.

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EXACT figures pertaining to Doug Fairbanks' production, "Robin Hood," are just coming to light. It is stated on authority that "Robin Hood" cost exactly $980,000 up to the time Fairbanks brought the original negative to New York. Add Fairbanks' salary to this, say $10,000 for 22 weeks, and you have a total cost of $1,210,000. Again add $175,000 for exploitation and the making of 120 prints. This gives a grand total of $1,385,000. All of which means that this amount is tied up without interest. In other words, Fairbanks' production must earn in the neighborhood of $1,700,000 before "Robin Hood" will "go over the top." Which seems likely to take some little time. "Robin Hood" lost $90,000 on its Chicago run.

Barbara La Marr's first husband, Phil Ainsworth, was arraigned in a Los Angeles court on the charge of writing a check for $25 on a bank where he had no funds. He was divorced by Miss La Marr in 1917 in Oakland, where he was accused of selling an automobile that didn't belong to him. The honeymoon hadn't ended when he was forced to visit the jail. Miss La Marr's second husband is Nicholas B. Deely, from whom she was separated for some time.

Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar have come to the parting of the ways—professionally. Miss Phillips has just signed a new starring contract, and Holubar is to have his own producing unit under another banner. But domestically—all is serene. In fact, Miss Phillips thinks it will be even more so than when they worked together.

Soon after Jack Coogan, Sr., had signed the half million dollar contract for his son he came East on business. Meeting a friend he requested his telephone number—"Riveride 1000." "My," said Jackie's proud papa, as he took down the number, "that's the smallest figure I've written in a long time.

There is a strong possibility that Dorothy Gish will join her sister, Lillian, in Rome. Lillian is still in Italy completing "The White Sister." Inspiration Pictures is planning to present Dorothy and Lillian in a Florentine story, to be filmed on the spot. Dorothy, by the way, recently completed her work as La Cler in "The Bright Shawl" with Richard Barthelmess.
YOU would be surprised if we told you the number of stars who are near-sighted. And we’re not jesting. A great many motion picture folk have suffered serious eye affliction from working steadily in the powerful klieglight. Some have been stricken blind temporarily. One producer has offered a bonus of $5,000 to anyone who can discover a preventer.

PETER B. KYNE, the novelist, has started a nice little civil war in the Hollywood motion picture colony. Pete got up “on his ear” one day and in a loud voice said a lot of things about motion pictures, motion picture producers, motion picture scenario editors, and motion picture financial ethics. Most of them were not complimentary to the industry.

And he capped it all by saying that he would never write for the screen again.

Some of the answers made by those allied with the movies were a bit caustic and unkind, and the battle still wages.

However, in spite of the fact that the cameras will go right on grinding whether we have any more of Mr. Kyne’s splendid “Pride of Palomar” and “Cappy Ricks” and “Valley of the Giants” as one well known director remarked, the fact remains that the need of good stories is the crying word of the moment in Hollywood.

Star after star is held up for a good story. Every star or director you meet weeps on your shoulder and tells you it’s impossible to get stories. So it might seem well to make a few concessions to authors who can produce them.

“Ben-Hur” may ultimately see the light of the public screen but it has thus far moved through a troubled course. It is said that for some two months the Goldwyn scenario forces have been at odds with Abraham Erlanger, the stage producer who still reserves the right to reject or approve of all steps in the making of the General Lew Wallace story. Erlanger, it seems, insists that the presence of Christ be indicated, as it was behind the footlights, by a shaft of white light. To which the scenario department replies that a shaft of light can not play a dramatic part for three whole reels. We hear that Charles “Buck” Jones is one of those being considered seriously for the rôle of Ben-Hur. At least, “Buck” can drive a vapid chariot.

And they say that Virginia Pearson, her face completely rejuvenated a la Fannie Ward, may be the vampish Iris.

Irene Castle with her bvy of beagle hounds called at a Culver City studio long enough to say that she considers Claire Windsor the most beautiful girl in pictures. Irene has been dancing at the Coconut Grove in the Ambassador hotel, Los Angeles, and presenting cups to the best of our dancing stars.

Ruth Roland, having completed her Pathe contract, it is rumored that she will back herself in a series of highly exciting serials. By the way, that’s a funny family arrangement. Miss Roland and her husband have been divorced for some time, but he still continues as her business manager and she never makes a move without consulting him.

Now that Charles Brabin’s “Driven” has become something of a sensation in the motion picture world, it can be safely said that the entire production cost exactly $33,000. After trying everywhere to dispose of the photoplay, which he had made independently, Brabin finally sold it outright to Universal for $45,000, thereby clearing $12,000.

There was a swimming party at the home of a well known male motion picture star in California. The ladies present all wore the popular one-piece bathing suits and everybody had a very nice time.

Now!—Living Flowers

From everywhere comes the edict—the miracle of living flowers to contrast the artificiality of perfumes!

Vivante

Madam, Mademoiselle, knows it? This sophisticated fragrance of life that speaks so naively the language of charm?

As indefinable as a smile!

As joyous as the Springtime!

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
It must have been christened by fairies in some romantic garden in Spain, this Stearns’ Day Dream Perfume! It is the realization of my dream of what an elusive delicate perfume should be.”

Later, someone at the studio said to the star, “That was a wonderful swimming party you had the other night. Did you see any ankles that made you want to leave home?”

“None but my wife’s,” said the star briefly.

MABEL NORMAND tripped lightly off the train in Los Angeles the other day and dashed out to the Sennett studio, followed by a flock of interesting trunks.

“I’m not married. Don’t be silly,” said she blithely. “Any time I get married, it sure won’t be somebody I have to hide. Nope, I’m still an unclaimed blessing, I am.”

YOU think of Mabel Normand as Mickey and Molly-O, but would you ever think of her as a poetess? Yet she has written some exquisite things. We have seen them. And we hear that when Mabel was in London she was hailed by the intellectuals. Hall Caine invited her to tea, and they say Bernard Shaw was bearded. Now Mabel is back on the Sennett lot—playing another one of those Irish dumb-bells,” she says. Would you rather be a poetess or an Irish dumb-bell earning ten thousand a week?

VIOLA DANA caused considerable excitement when she walked into the Metro studio unannounced the other day.

“Why, we thought you were still in the hospital,” gasped her director. “Didn’t the doctor tell you you couldn’t get up for two weeks more?”

“He did,” said Viola, “but I decided you might as well die as disobeying the doctor as of hospitalitics. I just had to smell something besides iodiform gas, that’s all.”

THAT Buster Keaton is sure a fast baby.

In fact, he can step several seconds faster than anything at Tia Juana, which is saying a good deal. All records are shattered when Buster steps out for a little speed space. All of which sounds as though the solemn faced one might get a spanking from Papa Will Hays.

But the Buster Keaton we mean is a beautiful two-year-old sorrel colt, who recently won the Debutante Stakes at the Tia Juana race track, and broke the track record for three and a half furlongs.

Mr. and Mrs. Keaton and Mr. and Mrs. Lou Anger drove down to see the races and Buster put what he won on his namesake in the baby’s bank. At least we think he should.

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to look a little more like itself recently. Leatrice Joy returned from New York, Mabel Normand came back from Europe, Anita Stewart began work at the Hollywood studios, Bull Montana got back from Truckee and the Taladges were much in evidence at all social functions.

Hollywood is at the height of its production capacity. Never since the beginning of the industry has there been such activity. Where a few months ago, actors were out of work, now it’s a serious matter to cast a picture, so few good people are available.

“PAT CURRENS" was the name of a character in a comedy—until the censors ordered it changed because there are seventy-three Pat Currens in New York! Now what chance does a Smith or a Cohen stand in the films?

JACK HOLT’S four year old son, Tim, has developed a philosophy all his own.

He was calling on his next door neighbor, little Suzanne Vidor, daughter of Florence and King Vidor, who is about his own age.

Conversation lagged, so Tim said coolly, “Say, Suzanne, I’m going to New York next week.”

Suzanne felt badly about the loss of her playmate and told her mama, who questioned Tim’s mama.

Whereupon Mrs. Holt said to her son, “Why Tim, what do you mean by telling Suzanne you were going to New York next week? Nobody told you you were going to New York next week.”

Tim regarded her solemnly for a moment and then said, “No, mama. But nobody told me I wasn’t, either.”

JUST because Renee Adoree Moore left her husband Tom in New York, and went to California to spend her second wedding anniversary all by herself, is no reason for people to think that there’s a divorce in the offing. Not at all. At least that’s what Tom told the reporters.
You Must Fight
The film on teeth, or you may suffer

Under old brushing methods, few escaped tooth troubles. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

In fact, tooth troubles constantly increased—became alarming in extent. That's what led to this new method, which has brought to millions a new dental era.

Those dingy coats

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Almost universal

Film-coated teeth were almost universal. The ordinary tooth paste could not effectively combat film. So dental science set out to find effective film combatants.

Two methods were developed. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent, which leading dentists of some 50 nations are advising now.

Fights acids, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents, that was not done before.

For beauty's sake

People who see the Pepsodent effects will always use it, if only for beauty's sake.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

This test will be a delightful revelation. Cut out the coupon now.

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Dept. 829, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Play a Conn
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TED LEWIS, the famous jazzy clown, who says many of the effects he gets are possible only with the Conn saxophone;

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DON BESTOR, director of the popular Benson orchestra of Victor record fame, which is exclusively equipped with Conn instruments;

FRANK WESTPHAL, whose Rainbo Garden orchestra makes records for Columbia, and all members of which acclaim Conn supremacy.

CONN is the only maker of every instrument used in the band. Choose the instrument that suits your talent. To be sure it's best, insist upon Conn.

For fifty years Conn have been the standard of quality, endorsed by the leading bandmasters, soloists, symphony and opera conductors, including the great Sousa, because Connos are perfect in tone and range; easy blowing; reliable in valve, slide or key action; perfectly balanced, handmadefinished. More Conn saxophones are sold than any other make in the world—a tribute to quality. Send for complete information on exclusive features, including hydraulic expansion of taper branches, ensuring easy blowing, perfect tone.

Conn violins are of highest quality, beautiful tone. Conn drums are endorsed by leading drummers.

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Do n't Miss Rodolph Valentino's Party!

We invite you to a round of gay parties at the homes of stars and the cafes most frequented by them. Make your reservations early for the next issue of PHOTOFUL-—in order to enjoy—

STEEPING OUT!

With the Movie Crowd in Hollywood and New York

Every advertisement in PHOTOFUL MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
IT is natural to be happy when you know you are looking your best. Only then does one acquire the poise and graciousness of manner that are woman's crowning charm.

Armand was the first to bring to women the possibility of capturing those "best moments" for all times. This wonderful powder, combined so perfectly with a base of cold cream, blends naturally into the skin, keeping it always soft and daintily powdered.

If you have not yet tried Armand, now is your opportunity. Fill in the attached coupon and send 25c for an adorable Armand Week-end Package. It contains everything you could possibly desire—a generous box of Armand Cold Cream Powder, a box of Armand Bouquet, another of Armand Rose Powder, a little box of rouge with puff included, enough cold cream and vanishing cream for several days' trial, a can of Armand talcum in miniature and a little cake of fragrant soap. And the Armand "Creed of Beauty"—a little story you will love. Send for yours to-day!

ARMAND—Des Moines

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In The Little Pink & White Boxes

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Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding

Unhealthy gums kill the best of wheres. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorhea which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

Pyorhea means the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the adhering Pyorhea gums lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ill.

To avoid Pyorhea, visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

Yc. and 60c. tubes in U.S. and Canada.

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Caroline De Lancy will answer all ques- tions relating to correct social correspondence.

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Rex Ingram has been picking more star winners recently than any other director.

Alice Terry, Valentino, Novarro, Barbara La Marr and Malcolm MacGregor

von attention first in his pictures. Mr. Ingram is now preparing an article for Photo Play telling exactly how he makes his discoveries and what he looks for in an individual before casting.

Attention, you fans, who find it difficult to keep track of Fred Thompson, the handsome ex-soldier-minister husband of Frances Marion. He has signed a five-year contract with Universal and dreadful as it may seem, he's to be a serial star for a while at least, jumping over cliffs to save Ann Little, and all that jolly sort of thing.

But the jump he made from a minister and army chaplain to a picture actor still holds the record.

If you think these stories of Ruth Roland's business acapacity are inventions of a press agent, just take a drive around Hollywood some day. Every here and there, where land is high and rare, you'll find yourself facing a huge sign-board, setting forth in flaming red letters just why you should buy that certain property.

And you'll find the name of Ruth Roland, Owner, appended in noiggardly manner.

Never was there anything quite like the Cinema Circus, held at the Ambassador Horse Show Arena as a Benefit for the Children's Hospital, and sponsored by the Pickfords assembled.

Of course the big event of the day was the Three-Star-Handicap, in which Jack Pickford, Douglas McLean and Reginald Denny were entered. Their mounts were, respectively, one ostrich, one donkey and one camel. Jack, on the ostrich won by a beak, and if there is anything funnier than Jack Pickford on an ostrich we have yet to see it.

Tom Mix and his cowboys did some devilish stunts, and Tom staged a thrill when he lassoed a huge steer that had shaken off the men who were trying to tie him, and lunched straight for the grand-stand.

The nolo game brought out such masters as Jack Pickford, Norman Kerry, Hoot Gibson, Alan Forrest, Fred Thompson, Reginald Denny and Bull Montana. For mounts they had donkeys, brooms were their medium and a large white ball was the objective. Their game never was finished, as several of them bit the sawdust before it was well under way.

Lottie Pickford was head usher, and had as her assistants Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Alice Lake, Helene Chadwick, Teddy Sampson, Virginia Valli and other well known stars.

Doug and Mary, accompanied by Mrs. Pickford and Mary Pickford, and, watched the performance from a center box.

It was such a successful event, that several of the picture stars suggested it be made an annual affair as a Benefit for some worthy cause.
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY are trying an interesting experiment with Robert J. Flaherty, F. R. G. S., the maker of that now famous picture, "Nanook of the North." Flaherty spent something like two years in the Arctic getting this remarkable photoplay of Esquimaux life under the supervision of a fur company. Under his present arrangement with Paramount, Flaherty is delegated to spend a year in the Antarctic, getting a tale of aboriginal life. Here's hoping he returns with something as good as the famous "Nanook of the North."

WANDA HAWLEY has filed suit for divorce against her husband, charging non-support. Thus goes another matrimonial bane on the rocks. She is in Europe, now, appearing before the cameras of a foreign producing company. He, too, has left Hollywood, and is now in Albany, New York.

The Hawleys were married in 1915 in Troy, New York, where Wanda was studying music and Burton was working for a telephone company. Shortly after their marriage, Wanda decided to become a movie actress and went to work for Fox. Later she came to the Coast, accompanied by her husband, and until recently was under contract with the Lasky company.

APPARENTLY Goldwyn and Lasky have been coveting each other's possessions.

Richard Dix, for several years a featured Goldwyn player, has signed a five-year contract with Lasky.

Conrad Nagel, for several years a featured Lasky player has signed a long-term contract with Goldwyn.

All our best young leading men are being snapped up, including Jack Mulhall, who has joined the clan Talmadge, for professional purposes only, you understand.

CAN you imagine Phyllis Haver as a business woman? Neither can we, but she has proven herself quite a real-estate shark, and Ruth Roland better look to her honors in that direction.

Phyllis invested in some Hollywood property, it went up by leaps and bounds, and now she has a beautiful new home up on Whitley Heights, overlooking Hollywood.

Time was when movie stars talked nothing but shop, but these days the chatter invariably turns to real estate and oil wells. They all own some of each.

BLANCHE SWEET (Mrs. Marshall Neilan) has returned from her vacation on a dairy farm, having gained fifteen pounds. It's rumored that she may do a picture for one of the large production companies before starting work on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" which her husband will direct.

Don't forget the next stirring chapter of The Studio Secret
By Frederic Arnold Kummer
in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY

They danced only one dance

IT all happened at the South Shore Country Club.
They had had something of a flirtation that afternoon.
But he hadn't managed an introduction.
She was simply wonderful and he just had to meet her.
Through some mutual friends, he finally arranged to be at her table at dinner.
At last he secured the dance, upon which his entire evening had been centering itself.
It proved both his first and last dance with her.
Of course, he asked her again, but she pleaded she was very, very tired. Quite naturally he suspected some other reason.

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical name for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

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Check the class that fits you

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Class No. 2
The girl who said—"Mr. A., I want you to meet my college chum, Miss B.," and who does not know the polite way to refuse a gift.

Class No. 3
The man who does not know that he should open only one fold of his napkin, and should always send his knife and fork with his plate for a second helping.

Class No. 4
The woman who wondered why Mrs. Jones left one of her calling cards and two of her husband's when she paid an honor call, and who says, "It is time to retire," when she means it is time to go to bed; and says "charming lady" instead of charming woman.

Class No. 5
The people who would be social leaders, yet do not know the meaning of the phrases Le beau monde, Vis-a-vis, A la russe, Sang-froid, or Ma chérie. Also those who still pronounce valet "vallya."

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An Old Family Secret

ASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring, by the aid of a hand mirror, the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations.

Ah! If other maidens but knew the secret—what rivals in beauty she would have! Science has solved her secret.

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Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay is not a cold cream nor a soap but a combination skin nourisher, cleanser, beautifier—made in cake form of pure vegetable oils, which have a close affinity to the natural oils of the skin.

Applied to your face at night, it softens the secretions and thoroughly cleanses the pores of the dust and grime of the day, producing a satiny smoothness, and the freshness and bloom of youth. "Always Young" indeed is the girl or woman who uses Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay.

Send name and address for seven-day trial size cake free. Bring charm and loveliness to your skin.

Full size packages at almost all toilet counters

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Grand Rapids, Michigan

REFFERED TO OUR TRAFFIC MANAGER

Jack Pickford's "Garrison's Finish" was good entertainment. But one scene shows Garrison and his "bolo" friends arriving in Kentucky via the Southern Pacific Lines, when there's not a foot of this road's tracks in the state.

In "The Fast Mail," evidently everything was faster than usual. For instance, they have a gasoline section-motor car keep up with the flyer on a parallel track. Subtitle refers to said flyer as making sixty miles an hour at the time. They also speak of a leap from this motor car to the flyer on the parallel double track in a twelve-foot leap. Some miscalculation.

Leigh Burr, Macon, Ga.

PROBABLY

In "Robin Hood," Douglas Fairbanks had to climb a sheer tower by clinging to the ivy, when rescuing Maid Marian. But later in the fight one of Prince John's soldiers manages to appear suddenly in the window behepting Maid Marian, when there was supposed to be no entrance to the rooms from the battlements. Was this merely an oversight or was Fairbanks too garrulous to use any means of entrance?

E. N. Dawson, New York City.

LEAVE IT TO BETTY

I SHOULD like to be able to cross the Atlantic as easily and painlessly as Betty Compson did in "Kick In." She trips merrily down the gang-plank without a hand-bag or a hat or anything else, then gets into a motor, awaiting her, almost at the edge of the dock, without giving a thought to Customs officials or anything like that. Maybe she didn't have any trunks.

M. T. Hayward, Salt Lake City, Utah.

STARRING A SHAWL

I CALL the shawl Alice Brady wears in "Asa Ascends" a pretty good shawl. Here's what happened to it in that picture. When Anita goes to deliver the coffee with the young man, she throws the shawl about her shoulders. She still has it when she walks through the park, but evidently she soon loses it, because on arriving at the coffee shop it is gone. But lo—when she follows the pro-prietor up-town, she takes the shawl from its hook and does it. What a shawl, coming home all by itself that way!

Harold Weinstein, Portland, Oregon.

CONSIDERATE OF THEM

A LITTLE girl enjoyed George Beban's "The Sign of the Rose," I noticed a silly mistake. When the captain of police gave Detective Lynch a letter to the manager of the House of Flowers, we see him writing it out with pen and ink. Later, when Lynch presents the letter, it is flashed on the screen for our edification, and we see that the entire letter is typewritten. His chirography must have been pretty bad.

Harry Schoenstein, Newark, N. J.

INTENTIONAL?

THOUGH supposedly deaf as the hero of "The Man Who Played God," George Arliss very obligingly "listens" while the little girl whispers in his ear; then with a broad smile signifies that he has heard her.

Paul Lawler, Milwaukee, Wis.

THAT "WOMAN" AGAIN

I HAVE already noted several references to Dorothy Dandridge, "The Woman Who Walked Alone," but here is my contribution. It took the native servant, riding like the wind, from 8:45 to 10 o'clock to reach the constabulary post, yet when the police returned with him, they argued for a while, staged an impromptu wedding, did a little extra riding, and when the clock came into view again, it was only just a little past eleven! And that wedding, which was planned on the spur of the moment! Five minutes before it happened nobody among the actors or audience dreamed of such a thing. Yet when the time came for the ring, the groom reached into his pocket and produced it.

John Hamilton, Youngstown, Ohio.

A PROMISING TWIRLER

In "The Young Rajah," after Rudolph Valentino, as Amos Judd, and Bennett meet on a narrow pathway, they have a few words, which ended with Judd grabbing Bennett by the throat and pushing him against a tree. Judd then turns and walks down the lane, and Bennett picks up a stone and hurls it after him. Later our hero lies prostrate on the ground with a gaping wound in his forehead.

H. O. Whittle, Augusta, Ga.

SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED

In the Priscilla Dean version of "Under Two Flags," they flash this ridiculous subroutine: "With the coming of dawn, ten billion swirling stars charged down upon the fort," etc., ten billion! When the whole Arabian Peninsula has a population of only about five millions.

S. J. S., New Orleans, La.

IT WAS FULL OF JUMPING BEANS

In "Singed Wings" Bebe Daniels rushed into the room where her sick grandfather sits, and tells him that she has met the man she loves. In his surprise and fright the old man drops the bowl from which he is eating soup. Without anyone having touched it, the bowl is seen the next moment, with the spoon in it, on the floor beside the fire, and behind Bebe Daniels, who is on the left side of the old man, the bowl having dropped on the right. This is the age of miracles.

Joseph G. Taylor, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SOMEONE HAD A LOADED HIPPOCKET

In Irene Castle's picture "Slim Shoulders," one scene showed her on the lawn at the golf club picking a lemon. She drank from the four-fours of it. Then the scene changed and when it showed her again, the glass was full of lemonade. Wonder how that happened?

Ruth Moore, Atlanta, Ga.

THEY GROW FAST IN KENTUCKY

In "The Kentucky Derby" we see the wife of Donald a bride of a few months, with a small dark-haired baby after her first baby had disappeared. Nothing is said about any change of time, but lo and behold! In the very next flash the baby is a golden-haired toddler, and in another a boy of four or five years of age.

Allicia King, Atlantic City, New Jersey.
How They Raise
Jackie Coogan
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

Ann” and “Peter Rabbit” stories. His mother makes no attempt to censor his reading. “A younger of his age,” she says wisely, with a twinkle in her friendly eyes, “will pass over the things that he should not understand—quite as a matter of course. I don’t believe in hiding books and magazines. Such a course only excites the curiosity of the child you are trying to guard and protect.

“Pictures, though, are different. Jackie never sees a film that his father and I have not gone over, together. Not only because we don’t want to bring him face to face with life problems and sex situations—but because the boy is such a brilliant, natural mimic. His genius is the all-devouring sort—it grasps at everything.

“And so we take him to see Mary Pickford’s plays, and Doug’s, and Mr. Chaplin’s. And a very few others. Time enough for the rest when he’s older.”

While Jackie was in New York he saw only one play. The Chauve Souris. He was delighted with the color and romance of the Russian players—he did not find it at all necessary to understand the words that they said.

Their pantomimic art spoke, across the footlights, to that tiny artist soul. And he understood.

ONE thinks of the Coogan nursery as a wonder-place—full to the brim of lovely and expensive toys. But Jackie has any more play-things than the average little boy. And those that he loves best are not the expensive sort. I saw him go into ecstasies over a mechanical toy brought to him by his father—a gaudily painted clown that couldn’t have cost much more than a dollar, even if it did turn hand-springs!

And, in the height of his pleasure and excitement, he didn’t forget to say thank you. Without any parental prompting, either!

Candy? About once a week, his mother says. And then only when she gives it to him herself. “I don’t think that he would accept a single chocolate cream from anyone who offered it,” she says.

“He knows that it isn’t good for him, and that’s enough.

“Don’t think that he’s a model child, though. Model children are so uninteresting. Jackie is all alive—and all boy. He gets into mischief, just as other children do. Sometimes he even has to be spanked.” (It seems profane, doesn’t it, to think of Jackie Coogan being spanked?) “But not often. He has a logical brain, even if it is a small one. And I can usually appeal to his common sense, and his feeling of fair play, and his manliness.

“He doesn’t take much of an interest in clothes. And I mildly discourage any interest that he does show. I want him to be clean—fairly” — again Mrs. Coogan’s eyes twinkled. “But I’d rather have him wear overalls than velvet pantiles. I don’t want my son to be a Little Lord Fauntleroy. I want him to be the sort of a child that he portrays on the screen—robust, and appealing, and sturdy and—if necessary—a little bad.

“Have I any special secrets on the subject of bringing up children? Any special recipes or formulas?”

Mrs. Coogan’s pretty brow wrinkled, ever so slightly.

“No, I don’t think that I have. Bringing up Jackie has been my only job, so far along those lines.

“I expect that I just use good old plain mother-judgment with a bit of mother intuition and more than a bit of mother love mixed into it.

“I fancy that I am raising my boy just as any other average American mother is raising hers. Making just as many mistakes and having just as many successes!”

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A cherished silver heirloom—would you scour it with grit? Any treasure you can not replace deserves careful cleaning—and the precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty. Choose a safe dental cream now—one that does not scratch or scour—and avoid years of regret later on.

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Marshall Nebbia's four piece studio orchestra may not look very unusual, but sooner or later its sweet, primitive notes will coax tears, no matter how reluctant, from almost any actress—and some actors—eyes.

What Makes Them Cry

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35)

Marshall Nebbia's four piece studio orchestra may not look very unusual, but sooner or later its sweet, primitive notes will coax tears, no matter how reluctant, from almost any actress—and some actors—eyes.

The interior of the studio is not unattractive. The orchestra, which is set up in a small stage in the center, is surrounded by a circle of chairs. A large mirror is placed behind the musicians, and a small table is set up in the center of the room. The chairs are arranged in a semicircle around the table, and the musicians are seated on them. The orchestra is composed of a small group of string players, a piano, and a clarinet. The strings are played by a woman, who is also the conductor of the orchestra. She is a small, dark figure, with a sharp, determined face, and she looks very much like a man. The piano is played by a man, who is also a member of the orchestra. He is a tall, thin fellow, with a long, thin face, and he looks very much like a woman. The clarinet is played by a young man, who is also a member of the orchestra. He is a short, stocky fellow, with a round face, and he looks very much like a child.
Without music, atmosphere or props, Jackie walked to the side of the imaginary cradle and, after trying to smile and count his fancied pennies, burst into a flood of real tears, burying his shaking head in his arms. Yes, the audience cried, too.

Norma Talmadge uses music on her sets during emotional scenes but she says she does it as a screen from the studio atmosphere. Music blots out distracting things, she says. Miss Talmadge, too, insists upon absolute quiet. Tears come to her gradually, only after she has concentrated completely upon her role.

Do you remember the scene in "The Miracle Man" where Thomas Meighan came to realize that he had bartered everything worth while for a handful of gold and breaks down in tears? Meighan was a competent actor but he hadn't cried. Somehow it seemed unmanly to him and he simply couldn't. At least, so runs the story as George Leane Tucker once told it.

For two days and two nights, Tucker kept Meighan practically without sleep and food by rushing work at the studio. By that time Meighan's nerves had been worn to an edge. So the two, the director and the future star, went on a long walk. Tucker talked long and earnestly of the scene. When they returned to the studio, Meighan had hardly faced the camera when he broke down and wept.

The result was the scene as you saw it on the screen.

Alice Terry's tears, obtained under the direction of her husband, Rex Ingram, are executed in stentuous fashion. Miss Terry is very slow to arrive at the lachrymal moment. Sometimes it takes a day or two of continuous work, pressure and almost friction, before the tears come.

Larry Trimble tells an interesting story of the way he obtained tears from Rubye de Remer during the filming of "The Auction Block." Like Miss Terry, Miss de Remer responds slowly. But Trimble resolved not to use the glycerine bottle. He told the wardrobe woman to give Rubye a pair of shoes one size too small.

The desired scene was to show a young wife, heart broken by her husband's actions, sitting on the edge of her bed in tears, sobbing, "I can't stand any more." Mr. Trimble kept Miss de Remer standing for hours. He had sandwiches sent in for lunch— and kept her standing to eat them. This continued all day, although Miss de Remer never realized the plot. Work continued into the night. Finally at 2 o'clock came. Miss de Remer was on the edge of breaking. Her feet aching and her nerves worn out, the actress collapsed on the edge of the bed, wailing, "I can't stand any more."

The cameraman caught the scene and Trimble explained his ruse. But they had split off Miss de Remer's shoes. However, the scene established her as an actress.

The use of music in the western studios was introduced at Lasky's by Geraldine Farrar. The music of Bizet's "Carmen" was played during the filming of that opera. When Miss Farrar did "Joan the Woman," the Marseillaise was used as the theme of the filming music, just as it was later utilized in the incidental music written to accompany the production. For his love scenes, notably the one with Will Reid in this production, Miss Farrar always called for Charles Gardner's "The Libeski.

Old fashioned tunes were popular with Bill Hart in emotional scenes, particularly an old time called "Sweet Bunch of Daisies."

Thea Bara used to always insist upon a harpist during her tepee scenes. During the shooting of "Cleopatra" and "Du Barry," the harpist always used the same theme, which was described by the studio forces as "an Egyptian chant dug up in an orient tomb along the Nile." A musician happened to visit the studio one day, however, and identified the haunting melody as Gabriel-Marie's "La Cinquantaine," otherwise "The Golden Wedding." Imagine Cleopatra using her wiles on poor old Marc to the tune of a golden wedding melody! Miss Bara was highly partial to

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Verdi, too, and also to Massenet's Egérie. Among the directors who always employ an orchestra is Marshall Neilan. Micky has a four-piece orchestra on his payroll all the time. Here it is interesting to note that Micky is an excellent musician, although he never took a lesson. When Neilan was in New York recently, he met Irving Berlin at a party. Micky sat down to a piano and played Berlin's "Say It With Music". "Remarkable," explained the king of popular music. "You have the real feeling of jazz—that's the number as I really learned it." On the other hand, Richard Hughes, although he likes to play between scenes, banishes all musicians during actual shooting.

It is possible to go on endlessly enumerating melodies that stir certain stars to tears. Betty Compson, for instance, can sob graphically for the camera if she hears "Alone." Dorothy Dalton, for instance, needs "Kiss Me Again." Mae Busch wants "Home, Sweet Home." And so it goes.

Anyway, the reign of the glycerine bottle is ended. The motion picture camera is relentless in disclosing the real along with the artificial.

Close-ups and Long Shots

[continued from page 58]

theater when her "Mad Love" broke all records, it is something more than mere figures. Still a contract is a contract, and no one can say Pola isn't living up to it. What if she doesn't work in the studio every day of the year? She doesn't give every effort toward getting publicity for Negri and company. She's even promoting little Sharlie, who may play the Pilgrim on the screen, but who has a secret ambition to be known as a Sheik.

We cringe before the threats of the ladies of Hollywood who openly accuse us of being a Pola partisan. We have a case. But we are not afraid to die. There's not much more to live for. We've kissed the Negri hand. Poland forever!

Tut Rejected Ten Commandments: We have another scoop this month. Pharaoh Tut-Ankh-Amen writes me that he has rejected Cecil B. de Mille's offer. He had just seen "Adam's Rib." Reproduced below is a portion of the Pharaoh's letter:

"Please deny this report, Herb. It amuses me to read the statements of Pharaoh Will Hays about pictures getting better and better every day. I had 'Adam's Rib' screened for me in my tomb last night and I want to say we had better pictures three thousand years ago.

But I will say that if the old town had sports a flapper like Polly Garon there would have been another Mrs. Tut to thrill the archaeologists. Since coming out of retirement I have been busy reading the latest literature, including The Ten Commandments by Jeanie Macpherson, suggesting by the way that Moses will wish he'd smashed his tablets when he sees what Cecil has done to them. Before closing let me ask you to deny all those scandal stories being spilled about me. I have nothing whatsoever to do with the Taylor case.

As always—The same old-fashioned Tut-tut.

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the Highbury to lose her weight. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used Marmola Prescription Tablets which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutrient of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that Marmola Prescription Tablets give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores worldwide sell Marmola Prescription Tablets at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrappers, postage paid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

234 Garfield Bldg.,

Detroit, Mich.

Neet was a Revelation

"I had tried in vain so many times to satisfy the urination surplus hair, and was about ready to give up in despair. Then one day a friend of mine told me about Neet. Honestly, it was a revelation! Imagine—a smooth, daintily scented cream, that you spread on, let stay for a few minutes and then—wash off and all hair was gone!"

"And to think that I had spent as high six as and even ten dollars a time for troublesome and dangerous hair removers that didn't remove. But now—thanks to Neet—my troubles are over, and I can be proud of my arms instead of ashamed of them."

Used by physicians. Money back if unsatisfactory. 50c at drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube 15c.

Hanibal Pharmaceutical Co. 659 Olive, St. Louis
In Canada—50c, trial size 10c. McGillivray Bros., Ltd., Agents, 184 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Physicians Note—A liberal trial tube with complete instructions for use will be mailed without charge to any physician requesting it.

Neet

Removes Hair Harmlessly

Every advertisement in Photoplay magazine is guaranteed.
In sixteen magnificent scenes with illustrated titles, Positively the most superb moving picture spectacle ever made in America.

There was just one minor oversight in connection with the picture. Kalem failed to acquire the motion picture rights to "Ben Hur"—largely for the rather simple reason that motion picture rights were unknown. It was not at all certain that there was any such thing. And in all instances of the kind the motion picture industry always generously gave itself the benefit of the doubt.

The Kalem film version of "Ben Hur" went out to attract considerable attention.

Then one day a process server from the offices of David Gerber, attorney, dropped down to 125 West 42nd Street and proceeded to serve Frank Marion, secretary-treasurer of Kalem, with the papers in an action brought in the United States Court of the Southern District of New York by Harper & Brothers, publishers of "Ben Hur," Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger, producers of the spectacle drama "Ben Hur," and Henry Wallace, as administrator of the estate of Susan E. Wallace, deceased, heir of Lewis Wallace of Crawfordsville, Indiana, author of the novel "Ben Hur." In other words, Kalem was sued with great completeness and vigor.

This suit was the first issue of the kind. It was the precedent making action that was to establish the legal character of the motion picture as a medium of dramatic and literary expression.

The suit was strongly defended by Kalem and fought through to the United States Supreme Court. Kalem made an effort to show that the production on the screen was "merely a series of photographs," and also set up the plea that all the picture was just a good advertisement for the book and the stage play.

A final decision against Kalem was handed down in 1917. Kalem settled for $25,000. This, plus the expenses of the litigation, made "Ben Hur" the most costly one reel scenario in the entire history of the business. Length considered, the price has never been equalled—but of course it took the United States Supreme Court to collect it.

While this chapter is being written "Ben Hur" is again in the process of production with the scenario rights quoted at a million dollars, the smooth round figures characteristic of a rough estimate.

"Ben Hur" was neither the first nor the last story to be thus boldly "adopted" into the motion pictures. But the purloining of the screen from the field of literature and drama thereafter were disguised with new titles and some reconstruction.

The prosecution of the Klaw & Erlanger suit by David Gerber was a handsome demonstration of ability. Kalem paid him the compliment of retaining him as counsel, immediately after his court victory against them.

The motion picture in its hungry quest for material for photoplays snatched at every suggestion that could be extracted from the current events. A typical product of the period and method was a Kalem picture built around the nearly spectacular career of Belle Guinness, the LaPorte, Indiana, farmerette, who advertised for husbands and buried some score or two of applicants between the chicken house and the hog lot.

The same sort of inspiration led the Lubin establishment over at Philadelphia to produce "The Unwritten Law," a dramatization of the Thaw case, in 1906, the year before Kalem started.

"The Unwritten Law" of the Lubin studios brings in a long chain of events and personalities of interest. Jack Frawley, the preeminent genius of the Lubin producing forces at the little house top studio in Arch street, was strolling in Chestnut street one day when he encountered William Carr, a locally famous member of the Forepaugh Stock company.

How about your photograph?

When she is being photographed, lovely hair means everything to a woman.

For your complexion may be perfect, your teeth pearly white, and your eyes deep blue. But the camera will not tell that.

If your hair is fluffy, wavy and attractively arranged, you will be proud of the finished picture—and your friends will be proud to have it.

Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Hair Tonic brings out the hidden charm that is the key to loveliness.

After your Wildroot shampoo, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the scalp. Then notice the immediate results. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

Wildroot Cocoa Nut Oil Shampoo leaves the hair clean—yet fluffy and easy to arrange. And it keeps the scalp white and healthy. You'll love its delicate fragrance and rich, creamy lather.

—all these virtues come only from the blending of the purest ingredients that money can buy.

Sold everywhere.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Sold everywhere.
“Working days, Bill?”

“No—why?”

“I want you to come over and play the lead in a Thanh play.”

“Me—the pictures! Never, not for Bill Carr.”

Carr was as haughty as an actor was supposed to be at the insulting suggestion of picture work.

Bill Carr was something of a celebrity in his own home town. Besides he was an artist. His father was a rich oil refiner out in Pennsylvania, and Bill had been raised with a gold spoon and considerable distinction in the affairs of St. James Parish. He was the stellar light among the amateur Players of the St. James Parish Dramatic Club. That had been the beginning of his stage career and he had both a social and an artistic reputation at stake. Then, too, Bill Carr had just married. His bride was a woman named Mary Kennevan, a girl from the Germantown Players, also an amateur theatrical organization, and now she was getting professional recognition as an ledger whoop to pick up a new cast out there. It would have been a sheer waste of money to have sent the actors who appeared in the interior scenes all the way to California just to appear in a few exterior bits.

A complete change of cast in the middle of a picture was merely calculated to add to its length.

Persons searched diligently about Los Angeles to find some one sufficiently abandoned to accept work in the films. He discovered at last a hungry and desperate little actor. Nearly everyone in Southern California was already hypnotized by the climate and the business was poor.

The disciple of Mesmer took the job to play Monte Cristo.

The big punch of the picture was to portray Monte rising from the sea. Persons made up his hypnotist with a series of electric rays and the actor went to sea to shoot the scene.

A great wave broke over Monte Cristo just as he got the signal to rise. The hero failed to emerge. He was found carrying the woman, and they were safely delivered to a small boat.

“Hey!” Persons shouted at Boggs, “I put up a ten dollar deposit on that wig.”

The director and cameraman stood gazing at each other, stunned with horror at the thought. The wig was drifting out toward Honolulu.

Boggs and Persons both leaped into the sea to save the wig. While they were out there they saved the actor, too. It was only a little extra trouble, anyway.

“It won’t be anything—pay me,” the hypnotist-star demanded.

“But we hired you for a day’s work—dollar and a half for a day’s work, and we’ve just started, see?” Persons stood insisting and wringing salt water out of his coat.

“Don’t give a whoop if I did—I didn’t say I’d sign for a voyage, either,” Monte Cristo replied, coughing up part of the Pacific as he panted for breath.

“Now, listen fellow,” Persons put in. “Be reasonable—we’re only poor motion picture people. We’ll give you four bits more, or you’ll try it again.”

“That’s different,” Monte Cristo agreed.

January 30, 1908, Selig released “The Crime of Monte Cristo,” starring Mesmer, as a full reel, the first big California feature. Meanwhile, Persons and Boggs set up a studio on a roof top in Main street in downtown Los Angeles. California production had begun.

WHILE the motion picture was collecting personnel from the stock companies and road shows of the country, in these busy days of ’08, destiny was working in yet another direction to bring into the world of the screen a number of figures who ultimately exerted influence of far reaching importance. The Dramatic Mirror, which suspended publication early in 1922, lack in the days of 1907-8 suffered some serious reverses. The most conspicuous of these was the destruction by fire of the building which had housed the studio and office for the companies which published the magazine. This disaster not only caused a temporary shutdown, but added to the difficulty of the continued publication of the magazine. The company was beyond the reach of the flames, but the offices were destroyed, and some of the equipment of the presses and printing machinery, besides the magazines in the various stages of production, was lost. The fire was discovered and extinguished very quickly, but the building was destroyed from the inside, and it took several days to make out the offices and printing equipment. The magazines were too far advanced in the printing process to be saved, and the company was forced to make a very sizable investment in order to get the stock companies and road pictures back into the mirror.”

The Mirror was controlled by the Fiskes. Klaw & Erlanger advertising was withdrawn. The situation at the time was very critical, and the disaster was not limited to the Mirror. It was a matter of weeks ahead. By someone’s happy thought an effort was made to fill the empty columns of the Mirror with motion picture advertising. This meant some editorial attention for the pictures, which the Mirror had previously ignored.

On May 30, 1908, the Mirror shocked the
The editorial comment of the Mirror on the motion picture was in the hands of Frank E. Woods, a staff writer. Mr. Woods began to give some attention to the pictures, since he was called on to write about them. By June 6 the Mirror had reached a point where it ventured a review of a picture.

"The Painter's Revenge"—This new Edison film was shown at a number of houses the past week. It is not up to the standard and is hardly worthy of the high reputation the name of Edison enjoys. The plot is inane and the effort to produce comedy situations is a flat failure. Mechanically the pictures are well made.

Now to the reader with a smile who considers scornfully the obvious triviality of these early efforts at creative work and screen story telling, it will be significant to recall the synopses of the pictures of a few years before, quoted from the first catalogues, including such subjects as Biograph's "Girl Climbing Apple Tree," "Rip's Toast," or Edison's "The May Irwin Kiss." Humbles as these pictures like "When Knights were Bold" or "The Painter's Revenge" were, represented a considerable progress. The tiny episode had developed into a story. To put it into the analogy of the primer, the infant mother had learned how to write a sentence and was now forming sentences into simple little stories. From "I-see-the-Cat," the pictures had gone on to the telling of "The Adventures of Punchy." But it was a long way from "When Knights were Bold" to "When Kindness was in Flower."

The picture column in the Dramatic Mirror grew rapidly and in the advertising pages of that summer of '08 one finds the names of Carl Laemmle with his system of exchanges in the middle west, the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company announcing its pictures, and a line of advertisements of "The Human-o-vo," with "A. Zukor, proprietor." The Human-o-vo entertainment consisted of a series of trained actors telling between the screen in the parts of the motion picture characters projected from the film. The Mirror's reviews and pictures column became much more extended in scope and braver in expression. Frank Woods was growing familiar with his subject and the world at large.

CRAZED BY JEALOUSY—SELF—This picture is of considerable merit and holds the interest of the spectator throughout. Although one of the situations are a trifle weak, while others go to the extreme of melodrama. A rejected lover goes insane and hires a tram to steal the baby of the couple whom he is jealous. The tram is caught, conmen, and the baby is saved, the maniac committing suicide.

Edward S. Rialto of New York by venturing to discuss seriously the pictures in print, in a column headed "The Moving Picture Field." It had a little one column head on page seven. In this column the Mirror published without comment a list of current picture releases, thus:

EDISON—The Painter's Revenge, Curious Mr. Curio, The Gentleman Burglar.

AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE & BIOGRAPH—When Knights were Bold, The Music Master.

S. LURIN—Why He Signed the Pledge, The Magnetic Eye, The Near-sighted Professor, A Gallant Knight, Tale of a Pig.


VITAGRAPH—A Husband's Revenge, The Salt Did It.

"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

"And you can study under my personal direction right in your own home"

FEW people living outside of New York, Chicago or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from ten dollars an hour.

But now, the famous Sergei Marinoff has worked out a system of home instruction. You can learn classic dancing in all its forms — interpretive, Russian, ballet, aesthetic, Greek — at a mere fraction of the cost of lessons in the studio.

A Fascinating Way to Learn

It is so easy and so delightful. Just put the record on the phonograph, slip into the dainty little dancing costume (furnished free with the Course) and you are ready to start. And guided by the charts, the photographs of Marinoff students and the easy text, you master the technique of the dance.

Charm and Grace

The natural beauty of the body is developed, an exquisite grace and flexibility cultivated by correct training in classic dancing. For better health,

You Will Learn These Dances

Butterfly, Oriental, Spanish, Chinese (vivid costume).

---for greater beauty—for poise for slenderness—dance! As a means of developing grace in children, dancing is unsurpassed. And with my method, mother and daughter can grow graceful together.

For the theatre—vaudeville—movies—civic and college pageants—for private and social affairs—everywhere the dancer is in demand. Starling salaries are paid. And those who can dance for charitable entertainments or for the pleasure of their friends quickly become social favorites.

Write to Sergei Marinoff

Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information concerning his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is FREE. Send the coupon today.

M. Sergei Marinoff

School of Classic Dancing

1922 Sunnyvale Avenue Studio 12-55 Chicago

M. Sergei Marinoff

School of Classic Dancing

1922 Sunnyvale Ave., Studio 12-55 Chicago

Please send me FREE portfolio of art plates and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that this is absolutely FREE.

Name

Address

Age

Do you enjoy... If not, would you like to?

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Quickly Removes
All Stains and Marks

For one purpose only—Sani-Flush. It cleans the toilet. Swiftly, easily it removes all stains, discolorations, incurations. No scrubbing. No scouring. No hard work.

The bowl shines!
The trap—hidden, unhealthy—is reached and cleaned only by Sani-Flush. All foul odors are destroyed. There is no other preparation made that does this work.

The ease of using it—just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! It will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot get it at your regular store, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full-sized can, postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Foreign Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada
33 Farrington Road, London, E. C. 1, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

The acting is good and the scenic effects and selections are excellent.

A classic example of the kind of motion picture that did much to get the screen into ill repute, at a great cost to its standing, is afforded in the Mirror's review of the issue of September 26 of an imported release:

"THE CABBY'S WIFE"—PATHÉ.—This picture savors too much of the French indifference to marriage obligations to be welcome to average American audiences. The cabman's wife flirts with a masher who is hunting the cabman to take him to see the woman. The cabman surprises the two and raises a row, all being arrested. The justice locks up the cabman, who is hunting the pair go free, all of which may be comedy in France, but not on this side.

Mr. Woods did not indicate in his review that he thought the picture would have been improved by handing out justice to the offenders, but that is a possible deduction from his language. It is obvious, however, that he did not approve of the picture. This specimen and its handling by the producer is most significant. The picture makers had not yet discovered the importance of putting an ending with a "great moral lesson" on the end of their salacious pictures. This was an expedient to be developed soon, however, as we shall observe in the course of succeeding chapters.

Pictures like "The Cabby's Wife" were much more common then than might be suspected from the viewpoint of today. An investigation of the moral status of the motion picture in some quarters in the period under consideration brings to light the most amazing material. The directors who produced "The Cabby's Wife" had the amazing daring to put out a catalogue list of pictures for "Smoking Concerts" with a schedule of subjects of which both Hardwick and Hopkins are "incomparable." This catalogue, which was openly distributed among motion picture agents, was boldly illustrated with scenes from the productions, made in Paris. The text of the book was written in a broken English, heavily colored with French idiom.

Some of these pictures were coming to the attention of people who were presented with slime and filth. The first clouds of the censorship storm "wave" were gathering. While the author of this history has no sympathy with censorship movement he has found that an examination into the early facts proves that motion picture censorship was made inevitable by the motion picture itself, just precisely as drinkards have made prohibition.

From Gaumont's Paris establishment came a production entitled "Salome," not quite so pretentious as the recent production by Nazimova but constructed with an identical appeal. It had a high French flavor. The title role was played by La Sylphe, a contortionist dancer of the European stage. It was well calculated to inspire the exciting appreciation of the Biblical students in the gallery. Possibly poetic license explains the fact that in this picture John the Baptist appeared carrying a cross. The effect was decidedly ecclesiastical but it anticipated the Crucifixion with a vigor of typical screen anarchism only paralleled by a later American picture which showed Napoleon taking in a dinner, then in a large framed photograph of General Grant.

It was some years later that Photoplay Magazine's "Why Do They Do It?" column was started, but the opportunity for that critical service appears to have existed from the beginning.

Melodrama and slapstick comedy were the two themes of the pictures of the time. Over in Philadelphia at a little studio on a roof in Arch Street, Sigmund Lubin was doing his best to keep ahead of competition. One of his releases of September, '08, as reviewed in The Mirror, suggests the possibility that "Pop" Lubin may have taken a hand at script writing himself, once in a while:

"THE HEBREW FUGITIVE."—LUBIN.

The events of the film are supposed to occur in a Hebrew family who are driven from their squallid home and dragged before the court where a drunken magistrate insults the young girl of the family. But the girl manages to kill the brute, and the family escapes to an old building where they see a vision of Columbia beckoning them to freedom.

As usual William Jennings Bryan was running for president. So Lubin advertised pictures of the Great Commoner reading in his library and saying, "In twenty minutes, I'll be at the meeting, my friends!" and the stage was set for the whole picture to be seen. In this picture Lubin made a large number of topical film subjects and developed from connections so established a considerable business in commercial and advertising pictures. This work was largely in the hands of Jack Frawley, who, starting as an optician, had been with Lubin from his earliest motion picture efforts.

On February 1, '08, Essanay released a one-reel version of "David Garrick," with Henry E. Dickey, the stage star, in the leading role. This was an early expression of the way players and masher pairs were combined to make pictures. This picture Essanay touched upon a conception that was years too early. The motion picture public and the motion picture art had yet a long way to go before the real opportunity was born.

Vitagraph was this same month busy with a screen version of "Anthony and Cleopatra" under the direction of Edward Sedgwick.

At the Unique Theater in the Fourteenth Street district Gaumont's Chronophone talking pictures, a phonograph and film device, were playing with Henry Lauder on the screen singing "Stop Your Tickling, Jock." His motion picture reviewing brought Frank Woods of the Mirror staff into an increasingly intimate acquaintance with the motion picture and its makers. His screen observations brought forcefully to his attention the need for better stories. He felt inspired to make a try at script writing. One day he wrote three "picture suggestions" to Lee Doughtery of Biograph. Doughtery turned them down, gently—Woods was a critic, you see. Doughtery felt there were some that "opened up" but were tried again and submitted three more "suggestions." Doughtery bought them all. Woods was paid at the rate of fifteen dollars a story. He was handed nine five dollar bills, a brand new and crisp, right from the bank.

Out in Fourteenth Street Woods took the bills from his pocket and examined them carefully. He was fairly well off. He got a hint that if he had been silver dollars he would have tried them all with his teeth. As it was he held the bills up to the light to see if they had the official silk threads on them. They were real dollars, heNull. He dropped them in his breast coat pocket, lengthwise. He did not want to fold them.}

Up at the Dramatic Mirror the average salary was twenty dollars a week. Woods had written his three screen stories for Biograph in one night.

That afternoon he walked into the editorial room at the Mirror office and with a great flourish slapped the bills down on his desk before George Tervergillier.

"But robbing a bank?" Tervergillier suggested.

In a few days everybody on the Mirror staff was trying a hand at scenario writing. The offered pictures were full of the Mirror staff of the period, as a result, came several writers and directors of subsequent importance. And Frank Woods that day established a connection that was to give him a large, although little known, share in the successes of D. W. Griffith
Biograph in this summer and fall of '08 was coming forward into first place among the American picture producing concerns. The ideas of many writers, and the developing technique of Griffith, aided and abetted by the well trained actors of the stage who joined his company, were giving pictures a quality that soon made them a dominant and determining factor in the business wars of the screen that were raging between the Biograph and Edison camps.

Quality began to tell.

One day "Pop" Rock of Vitagraph was sitting in his office at the Vitagraph film exchange when a trade journal reporter entered.

"Say," Rock demanded, "listen to that roar out there—all those exhibitors shouting for 'Biographies'—what's come off, are they all crazy?"

"No," the trade journal man retorted, "they know good pictures. Biograph is making real pictures, now—from real stories."

While these developments were occupying the studios and the actual work of making the pictures, the battles of the bosses were growing more and more acute. The time was near for the big show down in that "fifteen million dollar poker game" between Biograph and Edison. The next chapter will tell of the tense later days of that fight—and the big move that let the motion picture develop from a shouting pandemonium of lawsuits into an art and industry.

Finding Jeremiah Kennedy of Biograph was about to deal the cards, aces and deuces wild.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

In Search of a Girl

JAMES CRUZE, who is to direct Frank Con- don's story "Hollywood" which appeared originally in Photoplay, conducted an extremely interesting search for a girl to play the leading role.

The part is that of a girl from a small town who comes to Hollywood, and goes on the screen. Cruze wanted a type that would suggest innocence and naiveté necessary, so he decided to find a girl who had never been on the screen.

For weeks, he combed Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego. He spent most of his time among the players and prospective par- lors, high schools and hospitals, hoping some- where to find a really beautiful and appealing girl fitted to the role.

But unfortunately he didn't find one. Instead he cast Hope Drown, a young girl who has had some stage experience, but has never been on the screen. All the celebrities of Hollywood are to appear in their own charac- ters for Mr. Cruze.

Rupert Hughes also used a lot of silversheet luminaries as atmosphere in his latest produc- tion, "Seals for Sale."

Where has J. Warren Kerrigan been?

You'll want to know after you see his brilliant performance in "The Covered Wagon."

For complete information, consult the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

DOMINO HOUSE

SEND NO MONEY

DOMINO HOUSE, Dept. TC-265
269 S. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Without money in advance, you may send me a Tru- Tone Comb and a full size package of Tru-Tone, all for the amazing low price of only $1.45. Send money in advance. I will pay the postage only $1.45 (tax and postage) in full payment. My money is to be refunded if I am not entirely delighted with results. No return, no money, no questions asked.

Name

Address

(Orders from outside the U. S. $1.60 each with order.)
Delightful

The charm of good old winter-green—a flavor you're sure to like—its use is in every way

"a sensible habit"

Good for digestion

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

American Chicle Co.

Be The Lovely Person You Want To Be

Correct the faults your mirror reveals—by beauty treatment. The famous secrets of the acknowledged beauties of the Vale of Cashmer, now pay “Ganesh” Preparations, are at your disposal—they bring back the glow of youth to lovely cheeks and restore tone to the weak lips, and improve that marvellous beauty!

To demonstrate their merit, a Special Trial Combination Box of “Ganesh” Skin Preparations, consisting of Balm Skin Food, Eastern Muscle Oil, Balm Cleanser, Cream and Dainty Skin Tonic, will be sent you postpaid for $1.50.

“Ganesh” Chin Strap removes excess chins. Thieves hot countrys, prevents smoking. Prices, $5.00 and $6.50.

Forced Strap removes heavy, bulging foreheads, helps keep wrinkles out of the face.

Ganesh” Preparations—for use at home. (Recommended by the Medical Profession.)

EASTERN MUSCLE OIL—removes lines, wrinkles, hollows; brings red to thin lips. Price, $1.50, $2.50, and $5.25.

“GANESH” REDUCING SALTINA—positively removes unnecessary flesh and promotes a healthy, youthful figure. Price, $1.50. Use a hen with such bath. Price, $5.50 per dozen boxes.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back. Write for FREE BOOKLET “P” for Beauty Advice.

Treatments by Appointment at the Salon.

ELEANOR ADAIR

23 East 56th Street
New York, N. Y.

Unlucky?

Try these tips: goプレージャー, get an early start, be good to yourself, put on a brave face, etc., etc., and you'll find that Good Luck will soon be smiling. (And good health, too.)

For Good Health and Beauty, see your Drug Dealer.

FREE Sample: Black Almond Pian, Talc, and Beaches. Send 5c to cover cost.

May 1926

Hard Luck Tales of Stars

(Continued from page 29)

for fear of being thought forward and designing.

Now that is all over. I am not afraid of rebuffs, because I know friendliness is even forward friendliness—brings friendliness. Critics time after time have said, 'She has a beautiful profile, but no feeling.' I felt like saying, 'I was an idiot.' But my last director, Paul Powell, did me worlds of good by drawing me out and helping to overcome my reserve which was simply fear. I suppose you might call it an inference or something subconscious, but it was hurting me. Wonderfully kind friends have helped me, and now at last I feel I am out of the shackles.

Miss Ayres is probably the only one who remembers the director who terrorized her. She is steadily progressing. He is utterly forgotten.

The first money Charlie Chaplin ever earned was given him by fashionable London society for holding the horses of horses outside the Famous Covent Garden opera house.

Charlie’s mother was ill in the hospital then. She had been there for many, many weeks. As the frail little fellow in his ragged clothes stood, holding the stirrups and waiting for the patient to be called, his eyes were delighted with the beautiful clothes and the jewels and the flowers of the women who alighted from the carriages. The flowers, with their beauty, made it clear to the boy that the only one who remembers the director who terrorized her. She is steadily progressing. He is utterly forgotten.

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By the time she was eighteen her beauty was a legend. A legend that folk were afraid to read. Her loveliness kept her from getting work, which she needed. People were superstitious about her. She was hungry, shabbily dressed, discouraged.

But finally she found a cabaret that wasn’t fussy. She danced, and later went into vaudeville. And then began to write. First verses. And then scenarios. And, after she had been writing scenarios for a while, picture people began to notice her. And she got a job that led to—but you know the rest!

**Betty Compson** was stranded in Omaha once, during her brief stage career. It was a long way from home and the manager had forgotten to pay last week’s salary. The lovely Betty saw an advertisement in the paper for a nursemaid. She answered it, got the job, and took care of two small children for several months, until she could send her way to Hollywood again.

"I was so eager to get back into that experience," says Betty, "It was fun, for the kiddies were adorable. And I’m always glad to remember I could pull myself out of a bad hole like that."

They made a star of Lila Lee—but they did it too soon! She was too young and too immature and she didn’t know enough, anyway, about the acting business. The publicity couldn’t see her, and the critics were more than unkind. And so Lila was de-stared. And, after seeing her name in head lines she had to be contented with doing character bits and saccharine ingenues and even parts that might have been termed "extra."

It was a long while before she became a leading lady. But she was game and worked very hard, indeed. And finally she arrived again—this time to stay.

She made her first real success as "Tweeny" in Freaks and Female. But she was out of luck, again. Overweight. And Cecil B. DeMille told her that she had to lose twenty-five pounds in a few weeks if she wanted to get another chance. He had a part for her—but it was a slender,ymph-like part.

Well, Lila made the grade. She dieted and exercised and underwent hunger and torture and mental agony. But she got thin—no, slim—and stayed that way. But her face grew wistful, even now, when she comes unexpectedly upon a box of chocolates or a tray of French pastry!

**Jack Holt** went to Alaska to make a fortune. He had a small stake, earned by stage work, and he hoped to make a chance at the great outdoors. He made it last a year, prospecting, mining, and travelling about.

Then he found him-elf broke and a very long way from the theatre.

So he got a job driving a dog team. A long hundred and fifty mile trip across the snow, but he made it and drove the team all through the winter—until the ice broke and the horses came up, and then he had saved enough to make his way back to civilization once more.

**Lon Chaney** had two children to raise. A little brother and sister. He minded poverty more, for their sakes, than he did for his own. It’s harder to see little kiddies cold and hungry than it is to be cold and hungry yourself.

He became a stage hand. He’s still a member of the stage hands’ union, by the way, and he isn’t too proud to admit it! He used to work for twenty-five cents a night—and was glad to get it.

Next—musical comedy. The cheapest kind. And that ended his dancing in the worst sort of vaudeville. And then, at last, pictures.

It was at the time that Chaney left Universal five years ago that he faced his darkest hour. Free lance work was not plentiful. He was willing to sell his ability cheap—but no one wanted it at any price. He was near to...
starving—and now there was a wife and a baby as well as the brother and sister.

Bill Hart gave him his first chance—after the casting director had turned him down because he wasn't big enough to do a heavy.

"Hell," said Bill, "size doesn't matter. He can carry the part; he's an actor."

Lon Chaney says that those were the prettiest words he ever listened to. He darn near cried to hear them.

That was the turning point. Then came "The Miracle Man." And fame.

AFTER working for a year or two in pictures with the Essanay in Chicago, Helen Ferguson decided that there was a wider field for her talents. So she took the hundred dollars she had saved out of her bureau drawer and went to New York. For weeks she haunted the studios and booking offices without any luck. Her money ran out. She was really hungry—very, very lonesome. It was then that she decided anything would do to tide her over until Golden Dawn, and the courageous little screen star went across to Brooklyn and took a job as maid of all work in a family there. She cooked and peeled potatoes and scrubbed me's until some time her back was broken, but the break came and she was again playing leads in the cinema dramas.

WHEN Douglas McLean was a promising young juvenile in New York, he used to find the long summer season when the theaters were closed pretty tough going.

One summer in particular looked like a fatal one, and Doug got so tired of hiding from the bill collectors that he decided to get a job. He did.

It was reading gas meters.

Who knows but that Doug may have inspired that dear old song about "the gas man and meter in the cellar?" Anyway, we can truthfully say, he's a very well read young man.

BUT Jim Kirkwood had the hardest time of all.

He wouldn't even get a job. Any kind of a job. These pictures may not look heart rending, but if you knew that Jim had hooked ever other thing he had to wear in the world, that he had 27 cents in his pocket and no prospect of getting more, you wouldn't want to have Central Park is a beautiful place, but they won't let you sleep there—wouldn't you feel kind of sorry for him.

Jim owned a 27-cent and then he didn't eat for a couple of days—and then he got a job.

From 234 lbs. to 160

Mrs. Grace Horchler, 485 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

The amazing story of Mrs. Horchler, who took off 74 lbs. through a novel method of weight reduction, and became a new woman in health and figure

I HAD just about given up hope when I got in touch with Wallace. Every method I had tried, from fasting and Turkish baths to drugs and malacins, had failed me. And I looked with question on the wall—"What is Wallace's method?"

"Just like all the rest," I thought. "You either have to stop eating or work yourself to death to get any results at all. Finally I persuaded myself to try Wallaces first lesson reducing record in my home. That opened my eyes. My reduction in one week was so great and so delightfully devoid of any uncomfortable. Continuing with my reducing record—well, here is what I did—"took off 24 pounds in 4 months, and made a remarkable improvement in my health, figure and weight. A woman is only one of Wallace's many cases of wonderful reduction. More than 36,000 people in all will tell you that Wallace's method is the method that works, just as surely as heat or cold works on the thermometer."

Nothing—No Punishment

The Wallace Method one of real pleasure!

Wallace can take off your surplus weight just as he took off Mrs. Horchler's. He has taken off the unnecessary number of pounds, whatever it be—50—65—70 or 80. He can make your girl eligible, for the college or career. And he won't ask you to starve yourself or tax yourself with your own little. What Wallace gives you to do, he gives you the food you can eat. It causes the food to make only blood, bone and sinew. Nothing is left to make you fat. What you will get from Wallace is a wonderful education in eating.

What You Should Weigh for Your Height and Age

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Results in 5 Days

Just try Wallace's method for a week! That's all you have. You'll see results in a week that will amaze and for all settle the question of how to reduce.

Send No Money

Not a cent! Just mail the coupon and get Wallace's first reducing record in a plain envelope. It's worth more than a dollar. It teaches you how to use the Wallace's method to the last. Note your reduction in 5 days. Let the word out. All the records are not more than delighted and amazed with your reduction and the ease with which it was made, just returned the record at Wallace's expense and you won't ever owe him a cent for anything. Fill out and mail the coupon and be prepared for a wonderful lesson in eating. Walter Wallace, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago.

G770

WHY I ADOPTED A BABY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]
The Studio Secret
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]
giving you. We ask nothing but the truth
about this man Romain. If he is afraid of
that, then he must have something discred-
itable to conceal. And while I assure you
that I have no desire to say anything that
might seem a threat, I still feel it my duty to point
out to you that your father’s illness, your own
lack of work, leave you in a serious position.

“As for the matter of the check, the money
he owes, I’ll let that pass, of course, no matter
what you do. I’m not holding that over
your head. Your father has only to make
the amount good, and we will forget all about it.
I think too much of him to hold him
responsible for an act committed under
the influence of liquor. But the fact remains
that his health is failing, that he has been unable
to secure an engagement for over a year. This
leaves the burden of his support on you, and
I feel sorry for you, because I know it is a very
great burden, indeed, for a girl of your age
to carry. It will weigh so heavily on you, I’m
afraid, that it may even ruin your health.
You will be obliged to take work—anything
you can get—to make ends meet, and that
will spoil your chances of making an artistic
success. I thought of all this, when I decided
to offer this chance of going into the pictures
to you, but if you decline it, there are plenty
of others who will be only too glad to accept.

“Of course, you have certain things in your
favor—youth—and a charming lack of sophisti-
cation. An older, more worldly woman might
be suspected, where you would never be. Also I know that you have honesty, fidelity,
brains. People will like you. You will be
popular, will make friends. And you are
practically unknown, in the screen world.
All these things make you peculiarly suited
the work in hand, and I am going to ask you to
think things over, and if possible change your
mind. We can’t lose any time, of course.
Mr. Gresham is naturally anxious to act at
once. But I will leave the matter open until
noon tomorrow, and if, in the meantime,
you decide to accept, telephone me at my office
in the morning.”
He took his hand, pressed it kindly.
“I’m a man of the world, my dear,”
he said, “and I have seen life from all angles.
Believe me, if you knew the means some of our
famous stars in the theatrical and screen world
have been willing to adopt, to gain success,
you would think what I have proposed to you
as innocent as a May morning. Good night.
Give my regards to your father when he
wakes.”

He took his hat and went out, leaving Joy in
a dizzy whirl of uncertainty.

CHAPTER VI

ARTHUR LLOYD, being at heart an in-
tensely selfish man, was perhaps tempera-
mentally incapable of a great love, but in so
far as it lay within his power to care for a
woman, he cared for Joy Moran.

His intimacy with her, for remaining at
home with her father on that beautiful spring
morning, instead of driving out to Garden
City with him, arose from a selfish pleasure,
that his plans for the day had been upset.

What did it matter, that Joy’s father was ill?
It was not the first time, he argued, that
Marty Moran had been obliged to sleep off
the effects of a large evening, nor was it likely
to be the last. Marty was noted, at the club,
and in theatrical circles generally, for the largeness of his evenings. Why should he
spoil their day together, just to sit beside him?
All he needed was plenty of sleep. So his
thoughts ran, as he started up his car. He
had listened, in the taxi, to the voice of
Clark in Joy’s place—pleasure-loving little
Gwen, whose agile legs had carried her to a
position of considerable distinction in musical
comedy circles, in spite of an almost indifferent
voice. And while he cared not a rap for
what he made good his threat and hunted her up,

Sensational Offer
GENUINE LA VEGA PEARLS at 1/2 PRICE
24-Inch Strand, Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp. Regular $15 Value, at $7.50

To introduce our genuine indestructible La Vega Pearls, imported from Paris, we offer a 24-
inch necklace of perfectly matched and graduated La Vega Pearls with solid white gold clasp,
set with genuine chip diamond, in beautiful silk lined case (as illustrated) at the unbelievable
price of $7.50.

La Vega Pearls have the soft, delicate color and lustre of the genuine Oriental pearls which
cost hundreds of dollars. Upon receipt of the Necklace, if you are not perfectly delighted,
you may return same to us and we will immediately refund the price paid. This strong

guarantee is made because we know that you would not part with the pearls once you see them.
We are making this special reduced-price offer only to those who can appreciate real beauty
in pearls and will show and recommend them to their friends.

Send us your order and remittance of only $7.50 at once and in a few days you will receive
a genuine La Vega Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of.

If you desire, we will send C. D., you to pay postman $7.50, plus 18c charges, upon delivery. This is a rare opportunity. Order now.

WILLIAMS & CO., 4750-56 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO, ILL.

WILLIAMS & CO., 4750-56 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.,

Inch for Inch for Value, you are offered here an Evident, 24-Inch necklace of genuine
La Vega Indestructible Pearls, with solid white gold clasp set with genuine chip diamond,
agree to show the necklace to your friends and give them your name and address if they
wish to order. It is understood that you are to refund my money if I am not perfectly
satisfied.

Name
Address
City
State

Moles
HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe home treatment—10 years’ success in my practice.
Method: Take B16, 100 grains, dry up. Write for free booklet
Not for the use of children.
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7 Diamond Solitaire Cluster

Special Price $55.00 FREE
14 K Special Finish

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPHAY MAGAZINE.
It would be a dismal proceeding, to lunch alone.

The day, however, had not been an entire success. Miss Clark, tottering from the effects of a rather wild party the night before, had commanded stimulants in no uncertain voice, and declined to move an inch until they had been provided. The mere getting of the stuff was simple enough. Lloyd knew of half a dozen sources of supply within two blocks of Miss Clark’s apartment, but it was the price that annoyed him. He saw that his day was likely to prove an expensive one. He had been waiting for the house, but he was in for it now, and there was nothing to do but make the best of it. As a result, he arrived back in town about six, some thirty or more dollars poorer than before, as a few hours earlier, and when the blithesome Gwen, who had already consumed an entire bottle of Scotch and an extremely expensive luncheon, demanded additional supplies of both food and drink, Lloyd rebelled.

“What do you think I am, Gwen,” he asked impatiently. “A sucker? We’re both working the same side of the street. Why don’t you get yourself a millionaire?”

“I have,” said Clark, informed him with a gay laugh, “and I’m going to call him up right now.” She darted into her hotel, and Lloyd drove back to the club, cursing himself for a Failure. He had, he felt, been in an evil temper with himself and the world generally, when he went around to call on Joy after dinner. Mr. Watrous had just gone, and she was standing in the room of the apartment, staring out at the gloomy street. Her own feelings were equally gloomy. Mr. Moran was still asleep.

“Arthur,” she cried, trying to throw off the worries which oppressed her, “I’m awfully glad you came. Did you have a nice day?”

“So—so,” he went into no details. “You should have gone with me. How’s your father?”

“He hasn’t waked up yet. The doctor gave him a sedative. He’s coming back, later on. I’m terribly afraid something has happened to father’s eyes.”

“Why?”

“Because, a little while ago, when I gave him the medicine, he asked me why I didn’t put on the lights, and Arthur—they were on all the time.”

“You don’t mean it: Say—that does look bad!”

He had all eager sympathy, now, not only on Mr. Moran’s account, but because he knew from his wife what it would mean to Joy. In urging the girl to marry him, he had been annoyed by her suggestion that her father needed her. She was a noble-hearted, well-bred man, perfectly able to look out for himself. He had, hitherto, regarded Joy’s attitude in the matter as quixotic. Now, if what she feared was true, the case was extremely different. There might be a helpless invalid to support, care for. He hoped devoutly that her fears were groundless, and told her so.

“No use to worry. Until the doctor returns. After all, it may be just a temporary thing. And if the worst comes to the worst, we could put him in a sanitarium, an asylum, a hearse, anything that would care for him properly taken care of. We’ll manage somehow.”

He used the dual pronoun as though Joy had definitely agreed to marry him, which was not at all the case, in spite of his urgings. She was fond of Lloyd for many reasons, but the note of selfishness, so constantly apparent, disturbed her. He was thinking, now, not of her father’s misfortune, but of his own situation, and which would affect him, and his plans for marrying Joy.

His suggestion of an asylum she found intolerably repellent. In spite of her father’s weakness, so far as he was concerned, she had always been a loyal and devoted parent, and something equally loyal and fine in her own nature told her that were he really to become blind, her duty would be to remain at his side, to cheer him, so far as she could, through the black and desolate years that lay ahead.

“You don’t understand, Arthur,” she said quietly. “If father needed me before, he will need me a thousand times more, now—if what I am afraid of is true.”

And he went out with a heart that was desperately. “Marry me and let’s face the thing together. We’ll have him with us, while we’re in New York. I don’t think even you would want to drag him out of his bed.”

Joy considered the matter in silence. To marry Arthur Lloyd would provide one way out of her difficulties, even though she did not love him, in the way she felt herself capable of loving some man. He had many good qualities, and as an actor of experience and ability could usually command an excellent salary, but as well. It was a temptation, certainly, especially with her father to consider. One way out. And Mr. Watrous had offered her another. Which, if either, she wondered what Lloyd would think of the latter proposition, and decided to tell him about it. It would be necessary to omit the confidential details.

“Of course, dear,” she heard him saying, “I don’t ask you, or want you, to marry me just because your affairs are in such bad shape. I know the closing of the show is how is going to leave you in a nasty hole, but you can get out of that some way, I guess, without me. But I do think that by facing things together we will both be a whole deal on our way. We’ll be, alone. At least that’s the way I feel about it, and if you do, too,—why,—just say the word and I’ll arrange for the marriage license at once. We’ll save a fortune, and I’ll prove to you that I love you, dear girl, and honestly, if this trouble you are afraid of with your father turns out the way you think, I don’t see just what you are going to do, with summer coming on, and everything closing. You might not be able to get an engagement for months. You should think of this thing.”

“I have thought of it, Arthur. And as a matter of fact I can get an engagement tomorrow, if I want it.”

“What sort of an engagement?” His tone was incredulous.

“In pictures. With Royal Films. A six months’ contract, at a big salary. They are all ready to sign me up.”

The question came instantly, as Joy knew it would.

“Because Mr. Watrous, who knows some people in the company, is backing me.”

“Why should he be backing you? What reason has he got, to offer you any such engagement?”

Joy looked at him with a grave and wistful smile. Arthur was forever exploring like that over nothing.

“I can’t tell you the reason. Arthur, although it is a good one. And you will believe me when I say that it involves nothing—how can I express it—nothing morally wrong. You know what I mean. There is a certain service Mr. Watrous wants me to render him, in return for his backing, but it is entirely of a business nature.”

“Are you going to accept?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t decided yet. I’m to let him know in the morning.”

Arthur Lloyd’s expression was puzzled, incredulous. He knew Joy was a woman—woman of innate innocence and refinement. Also he knew the world, or thought he did, and nothing in his experience had tempted him to imagine any good reason why Philip Watrous should go out of his way to put Joy into pictures, at a big salary, with a company like the Royal. He suspected a trap, and called so.

“Look here, Joy,” he told her. “I wasn’t born yesterday. I’ve had a lot more experience than you, and I don’t mind saying that all this talk about a business proposition was a fine joke to me like bunk. There’s a catch in the thing somewhere, as you’ll find out before you get through. Take my advice and keep out of this thing. I insist on it. If you care for me at
all, you’ll chuck Watrous and his offer, and marry me at once. If you don’t—well—I guess I’m through.”

“But, Arthur—there really isn’t any trap. Mr. Watrous wants me to do something for him—"

“What? That’s what I’d like to know. And you can’t tell me. If you could, I might be able to advise you. I should think you might tell the truth to a man you’ve known as long as you’ve known me. If you can’t, then all I can say is, it must be something pretty rotten.” He rose angrily, and reached for his hat. “Look here, Joy—things between you and me have come to a showdown. If you take that offer of Watrous’s, without telling me what it is all about, why—that lets me out.”

“Bill, Arthur—I can’t tell you. I’ve promised.”

“Can’t tell the man who wants to marry you? Not if I give you my word of honor to keep holy to yourself.”

“No. It wouldn’t be fair.”

“Fair to whom?”

“To Mr. Watrous.”

“Huh!” Lloyd strode angrily toward the door. “Watrous, eh? Wouldn’t be fair to him. Look here, Joy—I care an awful lot for you, but I’m not going to be anybody’s fool. If you take this offer with the Royal, why, I withdraw mine, that’s all. You can let me know in the morning. Please give my regards to your father. I hope he will feel better tomorrow. Good night.” In a dull rage he left the apartment, slamming the door savagely to after him. Joy, about to call him back, heard her father’s voice, weak and querulous summoning her to the next room. The slamming of the door had awakened her. She went in at once.

“Dad,” she whispered. “Are you all right?”

She sat down beside him in the darkened room, took his hand in hers. The light from the little parlor showed his face, flushed, yet handsome, against the white pillows.

“Give me some ice-water, Baby,” he whispered. “And for Heaven’s sake turn on the lights. What’s the idea of keeping me in the dark like this. The place is as black as a tomb.”

Joy saw that she could delude him no longer. She must explain.

“Dad,” she said, bending over him with the glass of crushed ice. “I don’t want to alarm you, but—I’m afraid the stuff you drank last night did something to your eyes. Not anything permanent, but you’ve got to be careful.” She paused as she saw the look of fear on his face.

“Are the lights lit—in here?” he asked hoarsely.

“No, Dad. Not in here.”

“In the parlor?”

“Yes.”

Slowly he turned his head, his eyes seeking the doorway.

Through it the amber light from the adjoining room cut a warm quadrangle in the darkness.

“Can you see it, Dad?” Joy asked, her heart in her throat.

Martin Moran’s head fell back upon the pillow. His flushed face became white.

“No,” he said. “Only a blur,” and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER VII

PHILIP WATROUS had just finished his morning’s mail when Joy’s name was brought in to him. He had expected her to telephone, and was surprised that she had made the long journey down to his office in Broad Street so early in the day. To the demands of the Forties, the lower end of Manhattan is often further away than Buffalo or Detroit. He wondered why she had come, and Joy herself could scarcely have told him. She had passed straight, sleepless night, waiting on her father, tortured by the knowledge of his helplessness. The doctor, who had

---

**There Is a Rouge that Stays On**

**Lasts all day—its waterproof**

**You will like Pert.** It is a cream rouge that stays on so well that only cold cream or soap and water will remove it. All day or all evening through you can be sure that your cheeks are becomingly pink. Pert is wonderfully natural, too, for the bright orange color changes to rosy pink as soon as it touches your skin. Pert is not merely a rouge. It is a protective cream as well and contains no oil.

Here’s a secret of the beauty-wise: Put a tiny speck of Pert to the lips and the tips of the ears. The result is piquant loveliness.

At drug and department stores, or by mail, 75c a jar, Send a dime for a generous sample of Pert Rouge, light or dark. And for another dime, you will receive a sample of Wina, the Liquid Lashex, for darkening the lashes and making them appear heavier.

ROSS COMPANY

Makers of Wina, the Liquid Lashex

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New York

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**Pert**

The Waterproof Rouge

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The 21-Jewel Burlington is sold to you at a very low price and on the very special terms of free examination of only $100 down. Send for information. For the most complete watch book ever produced, 100 designs and specifications illustrated in color. Write for it today. It is Free.

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**LADIES’ & GENTS’ WIGS, TOUPEES**

Transformations, Bountiful, etc., in many sizes and styles that pleases every woman. Furs, etc., that suits every man. Write for catalogue, No. 69.

Serum Expert Wig & Toupee Co., 2205 State St., Chicago, Ill.
New Life to Hair from Tropical Tree

I am writing this from my uncle's plantation in the tropics where I came recently to live. The first thing I noticed was that all women on this island have the most beautiful hair—thick, dark, and shining, with life and health. Today, my once scraggly locks are long, and I, too, have loads of hair.

No doubt many would welcome this secret of the tropics that makes hair so long and luxurious. It is the use of kakoa seed, that Nature must have just meant for people's heads. Just a tiny bit of this pure, white paste nourishes hair marvelously.

Young and old, natives and fairest blondes from England, enrich hair roots and pigments with kakoa and soon have a wealth of soft, glossy hair. Tourists know the secret, and many send for kakoa every year. It seems as if nothing else brings more requests for this wonderful natural stimulant. But now my uncle has permitted preparing and packing enough kakoa for all who may write and ask for supply.

Until the demand is too great, you shall have kakoa powder in our trees if you will pay two dollars when it reaches you. This sum covers just labor of shipping to our far office in the States—and there you will receive a quantity of kakoa which will make it. Unless your hair receives perfectly amazing benefits every penny will be returned to you. Easy to use (all directions included) and easy to get—through this coupon:

Requa & Co.

220 S. State Street, Chicago, U.S.A.

Please accompany your order with kakoa to cost me only $2 on delivery plus postage (enclose a two-dollar bill for package prepaid). My money back unless my hair is brought to abundant thickness, full life and brilliancy.

TO READERS: The truth of the statements printed above has been verified by William W. Durgin, who visited the island for that purpose.
There was only one thing to say, and Joy knew it, had known it, in fact, ever since the ghastly moment the night before, when her father had been unable to see the amber quadrangle of the doorway. After all, while it might outrage her nice sense of honor, to play the part of a spy, the situation in which she found herself was too pressing, too immediate to permit of haggling about the finer points of ethics. She would do the best she could, and let the future take care of itself.

"I must accept," she said slowly. "It is the only thing I can do."

"Good," Mr. Watrous reached for the telephone, gave some quick instructions. "I know you won't regret it." A few moments later he was talking with Mr. Gresham.

"Watrous speaking," he said. "That young woman I told you about is ready to go ahead. If possible arrange an appointment with Senft tomorrow. Yes. Oh—be on your guard about the point of profit. She will have a talk with Mr. Senft before night, arrange an appointment for tomorrow. I will let you know the hour. And I will meet you, and get with you, of course. I am to appear as your friend and legal adviser—a friend of your family. Mr. Gresham's name is not, under any circumstances, to be mentioned in the matter at all. Even Mr. Senft will not have the least idea of your real reasons for seeking this engagement. He will regard you merely as a young woman of talent, whom powerful interests in your company want to see get a chance." He summoned his secretary, gave her some whispered instructions. She returned almost at once, and laid a package of bills on the desk.

Mr. Watrous took them up and counted them, then turned to Joy.

"Your form—"—there was five hundred dollars. With what your father already owes me, that makes an even thousand. You can pay it back to me whenever you are able. Your arrangements with the men will take care of the amount in a few weeks. Meanwhile, I will advise you to make the necessary arrangements to leave New York for the coast the moment your present engagement terminates. And I suppose I need scarcely point out to you that a few things in the way of clothes—a new dress or two—might be a profitable investment. You can't do much with five hundred dollars, I know, but it will pay, when we meet Mr. Senft tomorrow, to look your best. We both know how much appearances count for the show business. As for the doctors' bills, and your father, don't worry. I'll take care of all that, for the present. You can pay me back later."

Joy held the packet of bills in her hand. Her fingers were cold, and trembled a little. Mr. Watrous had indeed been kind. Kinder, she thought, than she had any reason to expect.

"I—I don't know what to say—how to thank you," she faltered. "Your goodness to father, and to—me. It's wonderful."

"Nonsense," The lawyer laughed, putting out his hand. "I'm doing all this for strictly business reasons—to serve Mr. Gresham. And if we succeed in carrying out his ideas, I shall be well paid for it, so don't worry about me. I've undertaken to prevent his daughter from marrying this fellow, and I look to you to turn the trick. I can't have you fail for the sake of a few dollars. And I want to see you win that hundred thousand. Run along now, and do your shopping. And please let me know how your father is getting along."

He rose, and left with Joy to the elevator. She rode up, a new happiness rising in her heart. The outlook had been so black, so dismal, that the revision gave her a feeling of lightheadedness. Fame, money, success lay ahead of her, if she had the ability to win them. She dashed home to see how her father was, and found him in far better spirits.
Keeps Eyes Ever Bright and Clear

There’s no greater aid to beauty than plenty of sunshine and fresh air. But sun, wind and dust irritate the EYES—make them blood-shot and unattractive looking.

MURINE soothes, brightens and beautifies irritated EYES. It’s wondrously refreshing after motoring and every outdoor sport.

MURINE cleansed daily with MURINE assume new lights and loveliness. It’s perfectly harmless—contains no belladonna or other hurtful ingredients. MURINE has been beautifying EYES for almost thirty years.

Our fascinating booklet, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," is FREE on request.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO.
Dept. 27, Chicago

A New Perfume

YOU will be delighted to hear of the newest creation of the RIEGER LABORATORY—makers of the choicest perfumes that can be produced.

HONOLULU BOUQUET

Lovers of good perfumes are thrilled with its fragrance; an exquisitely indescribable mingling of the rarest odor. It is unlike anything you have ever before smelled. Send 25c in stamps or stamps for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of—

Rieger’s FLOWER BLOOMS

Send 25c for TRIAL BOTTLE

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn $1 to $2 an hour writing show cards at home in your spare time. Quickly and easily learned by our new simple "instructograph" method. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, guarantee you steady work at home, with no office, anywhere you live, and pay you each week. Full particulars and booklet free. Write today.

AMERICAN SHOW CARD SYSTEM LIMITED
Authorized and Fully Paid Capital, One Million Dollars
210 Adams Bldg.
Toronto, Canada

Motor tourists and campers everywhere use the AMERICAN KAMPKOOK—gas from motor gasoline, black, and put blue flame free from smoke, soot and odor. Set up and going full blast in one minute. Simple, dependable, wind-proof, safety anywhere. Six styles: $7.00 to $15.00. Complete catalogs of Kampkooking necessities sent on request.

American Gas Machine Co., Inc.
828 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Keep Your Ankles Slender

Yet enjoy all the Style, Comfort, Convenience of wearing low shoes.

ANK-L-KORSET means to the ankle what the corset means to the figure—it supports, reduces, rests, straightens, strengthens and shapes ankles which have become enlarged or weakened.

ANK-L-KORSET means to the ankle what the corset means to the figure—it supports, reduces, rests, straightens, strengthens and shapes ankles which have become enlarged or weakened.

Made of high-grade, natural color corset material, scientifically corset-boned. No rubber is used.

When ordering state size around smallest part of ankle. Price $3 or $5 by mail, with guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. If not returned unstolen.

ANK-L-KORSET COMPANY
220 South Springfield, Mo.

Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing to See

Any Diamond sent for absolutely free examination. We prove it or your money back. Diamond Examiners use only the finest certified Diamond Scissors. Diamond Examiners are trained to detect and eliminate all superficial flaws. The test is simple, the result guaranteed. We pay for our own advertising. A sight worth seeing. A sight worth seeing.


DIAMOND CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Print Your Own Name on Your Letterhead

The freshest and cleanest letterheads, cards, etc., made. Fast, easy, complete, practical. Send 25c for our free book, "How to Make Your Own Letterhead." Does not cost a cent. Cost of letterhead furnish to the simple, practical, artistic design, just as you see. Write today for our free booklet. Why pay full prices?

EXCCELOR

118 PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
picture engagement I've taken is going to make it necessary for me to go to the coast inside of two weeks, and I'd be much happier to know that you were well taken care of, and not made to feel it was your duty to stay because of anything I said.

"But—the expense," he muttered.

"I'll look after that. Out of my salary. It's one reason why I have to go."

Mr. Watrous drew his daughter to him and kissed her.

"Baby," he said, "I understand. And I don't think I deserve to have a girl like you."

"Oh, Father." Joy laughed, giving him a hug.

"Everything's going to be fine from now on. At the hospital they'll cure you, and when you come out again, you'll be your old self, and go back to work and take the place you used to have—the place that belongs to you.

I know. This new engagement of mine is going to make a big difference to us. We're moving up for the biggest position in the world." She smiled as she adjusted his pillow for him, but when she looked up and saw the face of Jean Roman starring down at her from one corner, her smile disappeared, and something like a sob rose in her throat, at what she had agreed to do.

CHAPTER VIII

JOY'S appointment with Mr. Senft, of the Royal Films Corporation, was set for twelve o'clock, and Mr. Watrous called for her in his car at a quarter before the hour. She was ready at half past eleven, and was on the point of going to the other room to ask her father how she looked, when she remembered that he could not see her. It dashed, for a moment, all her gaiety, but Mr. Watrous, on his arrival, restored it.

"My dear child," he exclaimed, standing off to get a good view of her. "You look like the proverbial million dollars. What have you done to yourself?"

Joy had done a great deal, assisted by the debt hands of a hairdresser, a masseuse, at a nearby beauty parlor, but what had done the most for her was the enervescence of her unspoiled youth. Excitement, anticipation, the joyous eagerness of her twenty years, had given a color to her cheeks that beauty parlors knew nothing of, a brilliancy to her eyes that laughed at drugs. She was the fire of youth incarnate, a bewitching Irish colleen, in her simple but well-cut homespun suit.

"And you think I'll look like this?" she said, and took the lawyer in to say a few words to her father.

The drive to the Royal offices in Mr. Watrous's very smart car, set the tone for the first stage of a new and marvelous journey. She felt glad, in a way, that she would soon have other surroundings. The evening before, at the theater, had been unpleasant to the point of bitterness. Arthur Lloyd had come to her dressing room before the rise of the curtain, and had insisted on knowing her decision. When she told him that she had decided to go to the coast, his face darkened, and he went out without a word. That he had told Max Fieldner and Miss Grant before the act was over, to go from their manner during the first intermission. They both came up to congratulate her, but in their fulsome words the girl detected something ironical, something, oddly suggestive. So she was about to become a star? And with the Royal, too. What amazing luck. How did she manage it? Where did she get her pull? It must be wonderful, to have such powerful backing. Miss Grant announced that, speaking for herself, she preferred to advance more slowly—that she didn't care to pay the price for such sudden fame. She was the victim of an angry retort, but thought better of it.

"The only price I know of is to make good," she said coldly. "All I'm being given is a chance. If it's true in a way, but they did not believe her. Nor could she blame them. Powerful influences had been exerted in her behalf. There was a price, although she could not tell them what it was. And as

Gray Hair or—

Ageless Hair

THIS beautiful woman has chosen wisely. She enters the "golden age of womanhood" with face and figure as charmingly youthful as at twenty. Her hair shows no trace of the flight of time. Brownstone, the safe hair tint, insure restoration of natural shades to faded, streaked, gray or bleached hair. It is easily applied and guaranteed harmless.

BROWNSTONE

Tints Gray Hair Any Shade

Thousands of America's best women keep their youth and beauty by use of this tried and trustworthy preparation.

At all dealers—50c and $1.50. Trial bottle direct 10c.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

275 Coplin Building, Covington, Ky.

Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

NaTone Lemonated Shampoo, nature's hair wash, cleanses and beautifies. At dealers or direct 50c

FRECKLES

Why let freckles spoil your complexion? Let them mar the clear texture of your beautiful skin? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost over night.

With the ease that an eraser rubs off a pencil smudge this new triumph of science erases the freckles on your face, your neck, your arms. The remarkable, exquisitely perfumed cream is applied merely with the finger-tips and allowed to remain over night. Every woman who has tried Domino Freckle Cream finds that it not only removes the freckles, bleaches and brown spots, but refines and beautifies the texture of the skin as well.

Don't let the sun and wind wreak havoc with your complexion. Use Domino Freckle Cream now. Our guarantee of satisfaction, backed by a $1,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia, insures the return of your money on request if you are not delighted with the results.

Send no money. Just write a letter or postcard at once to Domino House and a regular $1.50 jar of Domino Freckle Cream will be sent you at once. When it is in your hands, give the postman only $1.00, the reduced introductory price plus a few cents postage. Take advantage of the special reduced price offer—send your order today, before the offer is withdrawn. Remember you must be pleased or you get your money back. Domino House, Dept. F-1, 560 So. 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
W. L. DOUGLAS
NAME AND PORTRAIT is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality, style and workmanship at the lowest possible cost.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world.

BECAUSE W. L. Douglas for forty-six years has been making surpassingly good shoes. The smart styles are the leaders everywhere. When you need shoes and are looking for the best shoes for your money examine W. L. Douglas $7.00 and $8.00 shoes. They are exceptionally good value for the price. Wear them and save money.

$5, $6, $7, $8, & $9. SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

NO MATTER WHERE YOU LIVE shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not convenient to call at one of our 116 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price examined on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Refusal substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.

If not for sale in your vicinity write for catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas shoes, write for exclusive right to handle this quick-selling, quick-turn-over line.

W. L. DOUGLAS

President

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 125 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

$4.50 & $5.00

BOYS' SHOES

7 PIECE JAPANESE

Blue Bird Dinner Set 249

This genuine imported Japan-

ese 7-piece Blue Bird Dinner Set at our special intro-
ductive price of $2.49. Compare

with sets costing as high as $6.00.

The tablecloth is 100% for-
ton, closely woven. Many

different designs. It is revers-
eable—nothing is more suited

to our climate than fresh

COPENHAGEN blue. Six napkins to

match. A real bargain at our

price of $2.49. Shused

your order today.

SEND NO MONEY. Just name and address. Par postpaid only 25¢ of

and few cents postage. Satisfaction

guaranteed. Size choice of many

styles and patterns.

CROWNE SALES COMPANY

Dept. 202 16 Hudson St., New York, N.Y.

BEAUTIFULLY CURLY, Wavy Hair Like

"Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruined heated iron. The curious will ask you altogether naturally.

LIQUID SILMERINE is easily applied with brush. It is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.00.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact...$1.00

Parker-Belmont Bon Compact...

Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream...

Pawar-Belmont Beauty Rouge...

PAWAN BELMONT & CO., 2558 Glason Ave., Chicago.

SPECIAL PRICE

DR. LAWTON'S

GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER AND ILLUSTRATED COURSE ON WEIGHT CONTROL

$3.75

Send no money.

A FEW minutes each night and morning of this internationally famous invention is guaranteed to restore shallowness to your arms, legs, back. abdomen, thighs, hips and face. It is per- fectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores $1.00.

Parker-Belmont Powder Compact...$1.00

Parker-Belmont Bon Compact...

Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream...

Pawar-Belmont Beauty Rouge...

PAWAN BELMONT & CO., 2558 Glason Ave., Chicago.

SPECIAL PRICE

Included with the Fat Reducer are simple, easy instructions and Dr. Lawton's Illustrated Course on Weight Control. An instructive book gives a complete health course on present weight reduction and future prevention of excess weight. If you prefer to send no money in advance, order the Fat Reducer complete $3.75 plus postage on delivery. Should you prefer to send check with order, please include 30 cents for postage. Mailed in plain wrapper. If after ten days of use you do not want to keep it, return for Fat Reducer complete and you will receive back the full purchase price at once. Under this positive guarantee you can see in a few days how surely the Fat Reducer will help you.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON

120 W. 70th St.

Dept. 78

NEW YORK CITY

Every advertisement in PHOTOFAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Dress Your Hair In The New Styles

Fashion has turned to curls—little ringlets pinned close to the head.
A style that is so youthful and attractive.

IRVING RINGLENS
(The Ready To Wear Bob)
Irving Ringlen makes this pleasing costume possible, and too they are a necessary requisite to women, who, though not averse to the bob, are nevertheless glad to bring back their abundant growth of hair to meet the new mode. Their hair is made into ringlet curls made from specially selected 12-inch lengths of luxuriant live hair (natural color) stranded together and crimped and invisibly braiding. Irving Ringlen in shades to match precisely your own and no doubt, will last more stately to your hair's attractiveness. Just two pimply needs to keep your head at $1.00.

Switches:
Highest Quality with Guaranteed Permanent Wave
$10.00 $12.00 $15.00 $18.00
EAS WAVES, Finest Quality Hair—$5.00 pair
G đuaur—$5.00 each
PSYCHE PUFF—$5.00 each
IRENE PUFF—$5.00 each
CORNET BRAID—$10.00 each
20 INCHES 22 INCHES 24 INCHES

Dress Ringled
Black $12.00
Street $10.00
Mime $8.00

PSYCHE 67

Present coupon with 10 cents to cover cost of package and postage.

Here's good news for skin sufferers! If you long for relief from your skin troubles, if your skin is sensitive and irritated, there is an old remedy in new form that will bring relief at last! Yes, instant relief. Its action is so gentle, so calm, so soothing—and so quick! The irritation vanishes as if by magic.

D.D.D. Emollient Cream

This new cream is based on the simple formula of the famous D.D.D. Emollient—oily liquid which for 25 years has been so successful in the treatment of skin disease. D.D.D. Emollient Cream has now been put upon the market as a whole new formula combined with the oily liquid. That makes D.D.D. Emollient Cream an ideal remedy. Just a few applications are frequently enough to clear away the trouble.

Send for Trial Tube

If you suffer from any kind of skin trouble try D.D.D. Emollient Cream—and see how it brings you relief! We shall gladly send you a generous tube of genuine D.D.D. Emollient Cream if you wish to feel its soothing effect. The first touch gives instant relief. The trial tube is sometimes sufficient. in case of severe attacks of skin disease. Simply fill out the coupon below and send it. You pay only 10 cents to cover packaging and postage.

Use This Coupon

D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. 1725
3845 E. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago.

This coupon confers no right to a free trial of D.D.D. Emollient Cream. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of package and postage.

Name: ________________________
Address: ______________________
City: ________________________ State: ________

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"Well—for one thing—I've had a talk with Mr. Watrous."

"You have?" This was news to Joy.

"Yes. Ran into him the other night, after the show. He invited me up to his place for a drink. We had quite a talk, and he told me some things I won't forget. Said he had done what he had because of your father—that he regarded you as he might his daughter—that if anybody said unkind things about you, he expected me to set them right—to tell them the truth. And I'm going to, you bet. Fine chap, Watrous. I had him in the wrong."

"You certainly did, Arthur." Joy began to see how real a friend, and also how clever a man Philip Watrous was. He had arranged this talk with Lloyd for two reasons—a personal one, to put a stop to unpleasant gossip about Joy and himself—a business one, to check the possibility of undue speculation concerning the girl's sudden and long-continued absence. Was doing it all for her account on his friendship for her father; he knew Lloyd could be depended on to spread that story, and he wanted to provide another. The old man and Marty Moran, now blind. An adequate and compelling reason, covering completely the real business one. The underlying purpose in Joy's visit to the coast would never be suspected.

Every one will be asking—

How was The Covered Wagon made?

And everyone will find the question answered in the next issue of Photoplay, giving the inside story behind one of the greatest productions of screen history.

Expected. Clever, she thought to herself, this talk with Arthur Lloyd.

Sunday afternoon finally came, and Joy found herself with Mr. Watrous, in the Pennsylvania Station. He had secured for her a section on the Limited, and intimated in a mischievous and rather mysterious way that when she got aboard, she would have a great surprise. What it was he would not tell her, and Joy, boarding the train as soon as it was open, thought he must have meant the flowers, and candy and magazines with which her section was filled. She opened the candy, and found a note inside the box, written on the back of one of Mr. Watrous' cards. "If learned from Mr. Senft yesterday," it said, "that one of the Royal's best little stars, who has been cast for a couple of days on business, is leaving on the same train as your own, and in fact has the drawing room in your car. Mr. Senft mentioned that accommodations had been secured for you on the same train, so you will probably meet. P. W." Who could it be, Joy mused? Jane Dare? Or possibly the temperamental Vesta Lorraine? She glanced up, as a pair of redcaps staggered in loaded down with bags, costs, golf clubs, and found herself staring into the laughing eyes of Jean Romains!

END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT!
“THE PRISONER”—UNIVERSAL—Directed by Jack Conway. Story by George Earle McCutcheon, published as “Castle Creepo.” Scenario by Edward T. Love, Jr. Photographic by Benjamin Reynolds. The cast: Philip Quinlan, Herbert Ravalson; Mary Garrow, Eileen Percy; Lord Bob, George Cowl; Lady Frances; Frank Cellville; Dickey Savage, Lincoln Stedman; Lady Jane, Gertrude Short; Prince Hugo Ratzerelli, Bertram Grassiot; Count Salo; Maj. Birdgillio; Duke Clevardo; Haydn Hook; Mrs. Garrow, Lilian Langdon; Coutant, Bert Sprote; Prince Kapolski, Boris Karlolf; Marie, Esther Lautka; Price, Bristow J. Lockney; Maid, Millie Davenport; Valet, F. F. Guenite; Austrian Officer, Fred Kelsey.


“BACKBONE”—DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP.—Written by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Edward Soman. Scenario by Charles Whitaker. Photographic by Harry Fiske, Directed by Clark Robinson. The cast: Yvonne, Edith Roberts; John Thorne, Alfred Lunt; Colonel Tip, Major James Doyle; Bracken, William B. Mack; Roger, Frank Stocks; L. E. L. La Croix; Ken, Charles Fang; The Indian, Frank Hagney; Mrs. Weidham, Marion Abbott. Characters in the mediaeval episode: Yvonne, Edith Roberts; Andre de Morny; Alfred Lunt; Constable of France, George MacQuarrie; Captain of Guards, J. W. Johnson; King, Hugh Huntley; Robert de Chauvoin, William Alcalt; Fuller, Adolf Millar.

“ROB ‘EM GOOD”—HUNT STROMBERG—METRO—Personally directed by Hunt Stromberg. Scenario and titles by Clyde Bruck- man. Effects and photographic by Irving Ries. The cast: The Earl of Nothingdine, afterward Robenberg, Bill Montana, King Dick, Harry A. Keaton; Christy, Lady L. M. Maryon Fizzwater, Dot Farley; Prince Johnny, James Quinn; Sir Guy Ginsberg, Sidney D’Albrook; The High Sheriff of Nottingham, George Read; The King’s Jester, Billy Gilbert; Lady Maryon’s Chirodisos, Marion Harlan; Fall Guys for Prince Johnny, Spike Robinson, Vincent Bryant; Fall Guys for King Dick, Harry A. Keaton; John McAl- lum; Friar Latch, John Weldon; Little Joe, Billy Elmer; Red Scarlet, “Broken-Nose” Murphy; A Peasant, Max Davidson.


Shampooing

A task half done

Noted actresses all recognize the fact that hair to be beautiful needs more than just shampooing. They have learned to make the best choice in the color of their hair than they have. Their hair is more beautiful, because their profession—their very environment—soon teaches them how to make the best of what nature has given them.

Practically every woman has reasonably good hair—satisfactory in quantity, texture and color. So-called dull hair is the result of improper care. Ordinary shampooing is not enough; just washing cannot sufficiently improve dull, dry hair. Only a shampoo that adds "that little something" dull hair lacks, can really improve it.

Golden Glint Shampoo was made particularly for medium brown hair—to make it look brighter and more beautiful. When your hair appears lifeless, all you need is a little Glimp Shampoo. It does more and is more than an ordinary shampoo, With it you can correct—correct, mind you—any little shortcomings your hair may have. It places your hair in your own hands, so to speak.

Have a Golden Glint Shampoo today and give your hair the special treatment which is all it needs to make it as beautiful as you desire.


“CAN A WOMAN LOVE TWICE?”—FILM BOOKING OFFICES—Directed by James W. Horne. Story and Scenario by Wyndham Gittens. Photographed by Joseph A. Dubray. The cast: Mary, Ethel Clayton, John Smith, Malcolm McGregor, Abner Grant, Albert Hart; Coleman Grant, Fred Emerson; Mrs. Coleman Grant, Kate Leston, Clark Chase, Willy Lucas; Baby Tom, Baby Muriel Dana; Detective, Anderson Smith; Mrs. Webber, Victory Blatman; Thomas Jefferson Grant, Theodore Von Eltz; Mrs. Clara Clarke Ward; Nurse, Madge Hunt.


THE FOUR ORPHANS—HODKINSON RELEASE—With Charles Murray, Raymond McKee and Mary Anderson.

POP TUTTLE’S POLECAT PLOT—FILM BOOKING OFFICES—With Dan Mason and Wilma Hervey.

Photographed by Lyons Brothers and John Lecure. The cast: Peggy Dean, Marguerite de la Motte; Judge Landon, George Fawcett; James Landon, Ralph Graves; Abigail; Jane Keckley; Sally; Julia Calhoun; Peggy’s Brother, J. Frank Glendon.

Lost

74 Pounds

Feels Like a New Woman

No Starving, Exercise, Drugs, Appliances or Discomforts

10 Days’ Trial

“I lost 74 pounds and am still reducing. I lost 10 pounds the very first week. Formerly I could not WALK upstairs without feeling faint—now I can RUN up. I have banished my indigestion, and my complexion is now clear, whereas I used to be bothered with pimples. I reduced my bust 7½ inches, waist 9 inches, and hips 1½ inches.” (Signed) Mrs. Mary J. Denney, 82 W. 69 St., Bayonne, N. J.

This method operates equally well whether one is very stout or just a few pounds overweight. Mrs. C. C. Redman of 400 W. 64 St., New York, lost 15 pounds in 9 days; Mr. B. Nuss of 102 Park St., New York, lost 22 pounds in 12 days; and Mrs. M. N. New, of 103 Park St., New York, lost 15 pounds in 9 days. Now Only 79c.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

M. A. D.—I’m so glad that you consider me an “interesting piece of human being.” A little mixed, perhaps, for I’m not so little. I have plenty of talent, don’t worry. Eating is one of my talents. As to your questions—and there are many of them—here goes. Winnie Brown will be featured with Fred Thompson in a series of outdoor stories based on the experiences of Marie Prevost. The first will be called “The Law of Life.” Patsy Ruth Miller is unmarried. Not so T. Roy Barnes. Ruth Roland is divorced from Lionel Kent, and Harrison Ford is divorced from Beatrice Prentiss. Bert Lytell is married—happily. And Kenneth Harlan is going to enter the bonds with Marie Prevost.

L. B., Eureka, Cal.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess is married—to Mary Hay Caldwell, dancer and actress. She was the ingenue in “The Way Down East.” They have a brand new daughter, now—Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr. Richard has been on the screen for eight years, and played in summer stock for five years. Dolores del Río is a Miss California. Her first picture directed by George Fitzmaurice will be “Bella Donna.” Conrad Nagel and Conway Tearle will be her leading men.

Wanda Log, Cal.—Of course, I’m the wise one. I like that title. I’d tell you anything after such a name. The question you ask is too easy. Fred Thompson played the part of the sailor, Joseph, in “The Love Light.” His jump over the cliff was spectacular, wasn’t it?

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY magazine is guaranteed.
NOVEMBER 1926

**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

**Silk Canton Crepe**

*No C.O.D. to Pay*

**Dress with Stylish Pleated Panels and Cuffs**

Only $1 brings this most popular advance Spring style—a very fashionable straight-line dress of quality silk canton crepe, with beautiful silk faced pleats of self material at waistline, with fancy ornament. Panels of self material on both sides, neatly plaited in newest fashion. Sleeves are very shapely with cuffs also plaited. You will be proud to wear this dress; suitable for all occasions.

**A Big Bargain.** Send only $1 with coupon below for this dress. Pay no C.O.D. Notice the excellent materials and careful workmanship. Your $1 back if not satisfied. Comes in navy blue, black or coco brown. Sizes 34-44.

Order by No. S-25. Terms: $1 with the coupon only $1.20 monthly. Total bargain price, $19.85.

**6 Months to Pay**

You will be delighted with this beautiful silk canton crepe dress. Send only $1.20 a month till you have paid the special bargain price of $19.85. An easy way to secure a dress of superb style and wear it while paying at the rate of only about 6 cents a day. Thon sams dress fashionably the Elmer Richards way on credit and save money. We offer credit to reliable people everywhere. Open a charge account with us. Send only $1.00 with the coupon today.

*Elmer Richards Co.*
Dept 1725 W. 35th St., Chicago

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R. L. L., CHEGOYAN, Mich.—Ruth Roland is still on the screen and you may address her in care of "Mlle. Roland," 10 West 49th St., New York. If she were any other the question would be too personal, but as it stands—you’re safe!

G. J. O., SEATTLE, Wash.—Reginald Denny is a heroine young man. Did you see him in "The Leather Pushers?" He was there—everywhere. Even the men enjoy the way he pictures a fight. He was born at Beanville, N. Y., on the 20th of November, 1891. So you can safely figure out his age—he is ten. He is six feet tall, has blue eyes and light brown hair. His wife—oh, yes, he has one—is Irene Hahman, an English actress.

DOUG FAIRBANKS FAN.—In "Fate?" Mae Marsh, Bobby Harron and Lionel Barrymore. A great performance. See it in person. Val.) was born in a stable, 553 West Thirteen, under the name of "Castellana." In Italy—of course. Baby Peggy can be addressed in care of "The Century Company," 616 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood (we like the little star, ourselves—but better than Miss Doro the Marie Doro generation at that). And Marie Doro did play in "Red Twist." On both the screen and the stage. Here is the cast for "In the Palace of the King." It’s a long one. King—F. J. Ratcliff; Don of Arizona—Richard Dix, T. W. Garrett; Mendez—Arlen Hackett; Adams, court jester—Doug Fairbanks, Sr.; Dolores—n. J. Craig; Mendez—Eriean Maupin; Don Antonio—Sydney Algood; Don _A_Venuto; Tom Drew; Don Roy Ganes de Silva—Thomas B. Clancy; Willy Maldo, a sergeant—Charles J. Stine; Pizarri—Harry Dunkinson. And that, thank fortunate, is all.

BROWN CODY D.OD.—Mary Pickford didn’t use a double in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." She played the part of the little lord F. and Sean. Miss Dupre doubled for Mary in "Pollyanna." She is now being starred by the Castco productions, In "In the Door of Innocence." Malcolm McGregor has played recently with Billie Dove in "All the Mothers Were Valiant," together Moore in "Broken Chains" and with Ethel Clayton in "Can A Woman Love Twice." And Valentino lost his suit with Famous Players—but there was a compromise, involving large sums of money, in the air.

MISS NEW JERSEY—PHOTOPLAY doesn’t make a practice of recommending schools. The school experience shows that we do not any rooting for. It’s the only one the novice really seems to learn from, that school. Call around at the various studios—that’s the best way to do anything after that elusive thing called stardom. There is always a complete list of the studios in the "Studio Directory" published monthly in Photoplay Magazine.

ANN T. D., SUMMIT, N. J.—Another Valen- tino fan. Are you women all alike? Why don’t someone write to me clamoring for the adored Bessie Martin, or Ben Turpin? Or Stan Laurel or Lloyd Hamilton? You’ll find the answer to your question—the wanting of an address—in about fifty other places in this Magazine. From now on all such requests until this issue has gone to press—will go under a general head. Or in the scrap basket. I’m getting jealous.

MARY, WEST SUMMERLAND—Betty Comp- son, Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy can all be reached at the Lasky address. They are all Paramount stars. Nita Naldi and Bebe Dan- nels are by Paramount Studios. You may find them present at the Paramount Studios at Long Island city. They’re working in the east, now. Alice Terry, Metro, Claire Windsor, Goldwyn, and Mabel Normand at the Mack Sennett Studios. At Hollywood, the Culver City and Los Angeles respectively.
ALBERTA.—I’m with you in rejoicing that Anita Stewart has been coaxed back to the screen. Anita was an elusive young lady. For one thing, she has amassed a fortune, and doesn’t have to work if she doesn’t want to. And she wouldn’t until she found a story to suit her. She is just twenty-five. Her hair and eyes are brown. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her husband is Rudolph Cameron; he is also her manager and occasionally her leading man in pictures. You’ll soon be seeing Miss Stewart as a Cosmopolitan star.

TO DANCER, Coffeyville, Kansas.—I am awfully glad you can toe-dance so well but I can’t help you to dance into pictures. You may be a good toe-dancer—who am I to dispute that? But you have to possess the essential good make-believe that works for you in the films. Norma Talmadge is smaller than she seems on the screen—only five feet two inches tall, and she weighs only 110 pounds.

RICHARD G., Manila.—Your friend may write to Gladys Walton without any fear that a husband will read his letter. Gladys lost her husband recently through the divorce courts. His name was—and is—Frank R. Riddell, Jr. They had no children. Address her at the Universal Studios. Gloria Joy, 1133 Lake Shore Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

HELEN E. S., Huntington, Mass.—When you ask for particulars of Maurice B. Flynn, you can’t think when you right. Rather, it dawned upon me that you were referring to Lefty. Right now he is playing opposite Alice Brady in “The Snow Bride.” Other parts were taken by two appearances: “When the City Walked Alone,” and “Omar, the Tent-maker.” He is twenty-nine years old, and is married to a non-professional.

LOUISE.—You are not alone in thinking “The Four Horsemen” an exceptional picture. Rex Ingram was given a degree by Yale because of its excellence. The part of “The Stranger”—so well taken by Nigel de Bruiell—had a great deal of the divine spirit in it. Yes, the trials of a screen actress are many, and varied. Many of them are tall. Nita Naldi, Betty Blythe and Barbara La Marr are large women; so is Katherine MacDonald. Betty Compson is only five feet, two inches tall. And the two-inch difference is in their ears and twenties. Bert Lytell—is he one of the finest. His wife’s name is Evelyn Vaughn. And he was born on the twenty-fourth of October. He has never been as heavy as she looks, but her hair is really aureal. She wears a blond wig, in pictures.

M. B. C., Middletown, Conn.—The Fenandin Pinney Earle opus has not yet been released, and no one knows just when it will be given to the public. Omar, the Tent-maker is taken from Richard Walton Tully’s play of the same name—which, in turn, was based upon the life and works of old Omar, himself.

BOBBY R., Victoria.—Indeed it does flatter me to receive a letter all the way from Australia. It adds materially to my collection of pretty post cards, and well. I love letters, don’t you? Valentine’s first pictures were with Mae Murray in Mae Murray Specials. He made six or seven of them with her. “Little Devil,” “All Night,” “Out of Luck,” “The Eyes of Youth,” “Passion’s Playground” and so forth. I don’t see how anyone could honestly think of this picture the “Four Horsemen.” But, as you so truly and cleverly say, there’s no accounting for tastes! Perhaps Rodolph puts valseine on his hair to make it look greasy or even hair tonic—we never asked him. Rather personal, don’t you think? Don’t, for goodness sake, call me an obliging old soul. It grates on me.

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"I'm making real money now! Yes, I've been keeping it a secret until pay day yesterday, because I've been promised an increase of $50 a month. And the first extra money is yours. Just a little reward for urging me to study at home. The boss says I'll spare time training has made me a valuable man to the firm and there's more money coming soon. We're starting up easy street, Grace, thanks to you and the I.C.S."

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Bobby R., Victoria.

I love letters don't you? Valentino's pictures were with Mae Murray in Mae Murray Specials. He made six or seven of them with her. The Four Horsemen, as you so truly and cleverly say, there's no accounting for tastes! Perhaps Rodolph puts valseine on his hair to make it look greasy or even hair tonic—we never asked him. Rather personal, don’t you think? Don't, for goodness sake, call me an obliging old soul. It grates on me.

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This PHOTOLAND idea book may and should be protected by copyright before being altered. Owners of certain PHOTOLAND trade marks in conjunction with the name PHOTOLAND have the right to demand protection of their ideas. Additional information, ideas, stories, by publication in our monthly magazine, Photoland Bulletin, and the inclusion in our annual associates calendar, is available. The publisher reserves the right to license any use of this book for commercial purposes. Submit your BBS, WANTED, BEGINS, SCENARIOS TO ADDRESS: PHOTOLAND INTERNATIONAL, 52 West Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
JEWEL S., NEW YORK CITY—If I am afraid that Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino will not play opposite each other for some time to come. Not, at least, when Agnes is under contract to Paramount, and Rudolph says he wants her. And I don’t. I like Agnes. I think she’s a very different young woman. I’m sorry that you don’t like Wanda Hawley. She’s a nice girl, and a very blond one. Perhaps, if you write to Robert Franz in care of the Whitman Bennett Studios, Yonkers, New York, he will send you a photograph. It’s worth trying, anyway, if you really want the picture.

SALLIE, MOBILE, ALA.—Yes, there are very persistent rumors that Constance Talmadge will marry some young Irving Berlin, no less. Gloria Swanson’s hair is a sort of dark red color. An exotic shade that seems to suit her. We’re rather strong for Gloria. Don’t ask me why you don’t see more of Anna Stewart, Shirley Mason and Elaine Hammerstein. You don’t go to the right places. I’ve seen a lot of them lately.

BERNICE, BERKELEY, CAL.—Here are the addresses. Six good ones. Katherine MacDonald—904 Girard Street, Los Angeles; Betty Ross Clark—Savoy Hotel, Los Angeles; Viora Daniel—Christie Studios, 6101 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; Mabel Ballin—305 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Doris Kenyon—803 West East Avenue, Chicago, and Mary Pickford—Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

ALICE CALHOUN FAN.—I don’t blame you for admiring her. She’s a real person with a real brain under her lovely hair—which, in answer to your question, is brown. So is her skin. Write to her in Care of Vitagraph, 1780 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Cal. I wouldn’t be surprised if she answered your letter.

E. B., SCHEINTEADY, N.Y.—These stories are going to be disappointing to you for NILS Welsh and Charles Ray are both married. Isn’t life nice? I’ve heard all about thirty-one-year-old—he was born in 1891, figure it out for yourself. Mr. Chaplin began life as a barefoot boy in Paris. But his parents were English. Only English parents would have named a son Charles Spencer.

HELLS Mc., JERSEY CITY, N.J.—We don’t blame you for wanting to know all about Ralph Graves. He is a decorative young man! But we fear that bitter disappointment lies in wait for you—not to say anguish. For Ralph is married. Marjorie Seaman is his wife. He is six feet, one inch tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. “Just Like a Woman,” with George Fawcett and Harpo Seeman is a good picture, and he may be reached in care of Universal, Universal City, Cal.

VIRGINIA, ST. LOUIS, MO.—I’m glad that you like my answers better than Valentino’s photographs—if more women felt that way I’d run for president of something or other. Yes, Thomas Meighan is an endearing chap—and just as handsome as he looks in pictures. You’ll be glad to know that Frances Ring is his first—and only—wife. Tom is as popular as Valentino, I think—but in a very different way.

GYPSY.—Don’t you worry about writing to me on embossed paper with a crest and all that sort of thing. Write the longest letters from ladies—written on scented crested paper in violet and green ink—that plain white paper is a relief. Any way, worry about my likes and dislikes and just write anything to me to get the addresses of three other men! Here they are: Rod La Roque—Green Room Club, New York City; Rudolph Valentino—Rudolph Valentino’s residence; and Maurice de Warenne—1387 Morgan Place, Hollywood, Calif.
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You, too, can have the loveliest skin
Look in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair at either side of the upper lip. Perhaps, unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow, until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks. Remove them at once, off and out, before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends. Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIF with ordinary depilatories.

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562 FIFTH AVENUE SPECIALTY

FRANCISCA, SHEERDAN, Wyo.—Valentino isn't an only child. You should read his story as it appears in PHOTOPLAY; then you'd know almost all about the intimate details of his private life. He has one sister and one brother, both older than he is. Address him at the Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 66th Street, New York City.

EDORADO, TORONTO, CAN.—I have a vague recollection of a picture called something like "The Reincarnation of Karo," but there is no record of it. Are you sure that you have the right name?

G. H., LONDON.—I don't mind you're being curious. I like it, rather. It gives me something to do. Mae Murray was born in Virginia on the ninth of May, 1896. She has lovely blonde hair and large grey eyes and a pouting mouth. She is married, but has no children. As for Dorothy Dickson, yes, I have had the pleasure of meeting her and she is charming. A society girl who became a dancer—it's a story book, her success. She used to dance with her husband in musical comedy and in the smarter restaurants and cabarets. Dainty and a blonde. But you all know that, of course.

BECKY, NEW YORK CITY.—More heights and weights. What do you girls do with them all? Is it a new game, or something? Tommy Meighan is six feet tall, is thirty-six years old, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. Malcolm McGregor is six feet tall, between twenty-three and twenty-four years old, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Jack Pickford is by far the smallest of the three. Five feet, six inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and is twenty-four years old.

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Illinois—So it took courage to ask me three—no, four—questions! I must be a very awe-inspiring person. I wish everybody felt you did. Of course, you're a lot more complex—do you remember the song? "She went with delight when I gave her a smile, and she trembled with fear at my frown." Oh, I'm so glad she's twenty-four, and she's not married. She's not married. She's not married. She's not married. She's not married. She's not married...

Mattie and Dickie, Town of Union, N. J.—You announce yourselves as "Mattie and Dickie—two flappers." Sounds like a story title. Come again, of course—whenever you want to. This is a lot of fun. Dick Barthelmes is married to Lillian Tucker. He's only been married once, and his wife is Mary Mae. Mae Marsh married Charlie "Doo" Lowery, and George Owen is divorced from George Walsh. Ruth Roland is divorced from Lionel Kent. cue up, I couldn't get angry at you. Even if you wrote twice a year!

L. B. W., Montgomery, Ala.—Glorious Gloria was born in Chicago—I bet that surprises you. Her maiden name was Swanson. I'm glad that you like Betty Blythe and Nita Naldi. They're great favorites of mine, and I'm not the only one on Photoplay Magazine who feels that way, either!

Thank you, Wash—I know it isn't your name, but it's the only signature I could find on your letter. I have just received word that Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde, and they have a little baby daughter. Kenneth Harlan isn't so conservative. He's been out with a showgirl again, and upon the troubled sea of matrimony, with Marie Prevost rocking the boat.

Peggy Jones, Washington, D. C.—I'm glad you think this department serious enough to warrant the use of our business paper. Write often, the paper is quite thrilling. I'm glad you like George Stewart—he seemed such a nice boy in "The Seventh Day." Quite nice enough, as you say, for any girl. If you want to get in touch with him you may address him in care of the Christie Comedies, Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.
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Beauty experts have perfected a marvelous new liquid—which in only fifteen minutes makes straight hair wonderfully soft, beautifully wavy, and gloriously curly. All you need do is moisten the hair with a few drops of the liquid, follow the simple directions, and in exactly fifteen minutes—no matter how straight, dull or unmanageable your hair may be—you will have acquired a wealth of charming, lustrous curls and wonderfully fluffy natural waves.

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Never before has any beauty discovery meant more to women. For this new liquid—called Domino Curling Fluid—completely does away with all the bothers and fuss of old-fashioned methods of hair curling. No longer need you devote many tired hours each week to curling and waving your hair. No need to pay big fees to hairdressers. No need to undergo the tortures of permanent wave methods. For now—in just 15 minutes in your own home—you can curl or wave your hair in the manner that most becomes you—then forget all about it for a week or more, knowing that it will stay wavy and curly, with every wave and curl in place, as dainty and charming as can be.

Think of it—just 15 minutes a week to keep your hair permanently wavy and curly. Domino Curling Fluid is just what you have been waiting for. On all sides beauty experts proclaim it one of the greatest beauty discoveries in years.

Better Than Permanent Wave

A so-called "permanent wave" costs about $25, and sometimes lasts four months—often less. But now you can have what we consider to be a far more beautiful wave—full of life and fluff—and you can have it for just about 10c a week!

Ordinary permanent wave methods, besides often leaving the hair dry and brittle, produced waves and curls too artificial looking to be beautiful. But Domino Curling Fluid contains the very elements needed to make your hair naturally wavy and naturally curly. That is why it always adds a new charm, youthfulness and beauty to your appearance.

And it's so easy and simple to use. Just apply a few drops, using your favorite curling iron to shape and place the curls the way you like best—and in 15 minutes the trick is done. Or if you wish, and have the time to spare, you may use ordinary silk or kid curlers. In either case the results will more than delight you. Not only you, but your friends, will be amazed at the wonderful improvement in your appearance.

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Surely nothing will more quickly detract from one's appearance than straight, dull, lifeless hair. Yet no matter how stubborn your hair may be—no matter how quickly it falls out of curl—no matter how you wear your hair—Domino Curling Fluid will beautify it immeasurably. It is guaranteed to do so. If, after trying Domino Curling Fluid you are not more pleased and delighted with results, your money will be refunded instantly. A $10,000 deposit in the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia backs up this guarantee, so you do not risk one penny in trying it.

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Thousands of women have profited similarly after INECTO RAPID has been recommended. Nature has a particular color scheme for each person. Nature is, in the last analysis, the one and only great artist, creating individual types—endowing the individual with suitable color of eyes, complexion, teeth and facial features. And so, the true definition of BEAUTY IS HARMONY.

If you have reached the time of life when your hair should be white, and if it is natural and beautiful, you possess a priceless gift that comes to one woman in a thousand, and nothing should induce you to change the color. If, on the other hand, your hair is prematurely gray, or if it is streaked or faded, it is most advisable that you Banish this Sign of Age.

You must obtain the exact shade, most becoming your type, thus preserving the harmony of feature. Inecto Rapid, the marvelous discovery of Dr. Emile, of the University of Paris, comes in 18 distinct shades, ranging from radiant blonde to raven black. Among these 18 shades is one, and only one, for every woman, according to her particular make-up of eyes, complexion, facial characteristics and age.

Exactly the Proper Color Can Be Chosen only after these elements are carefully studied. Harmonious effects cannot be secured with any preparation which is applied to everyone alike. In thinking that this was possible, innumerable women have met with disappointment and humiliation through having hair which was obviously dyed. Inecto Rapid was brought to this country originally by thousands of American tourists, who found it in use exclusively by 97% of the finest European hairdressers.

Gray Hair Banished in 15 Minutes

Inecto Rapid is specifically guaranteed to color naturally gray, faded or streaked hair to any desired shade in fifteen minutes and to preserve all the original beauty and texture. The results are permanent and cannot be detected from natural even under a microscope. Inecto Rapid is harmless to the hair or its growth.

10 Guarantees
Inecto Rapid is sold under these guarantees:
1. To produce a color that cannot be distinguished from the natural color under the closest scrutiny.
2. Not to cause dark streaks following successive applications.
3. To maintain a uniform shade over a period of years.
4. To be harmless to hair or its growth.
5. Not to make the texture of the hair course or brittle and not to cause breakage.
6. Never to cause too dark a color through inability to stop the process at the exact shade desired.
7. To color any head of naturally gray hair any color in fifteen minutes.
8. To be unaffected by permanent waving, salt water, sunlight, rain, shampooing, per-Afternoon, Russian or Turkish baths.
9. Not to soil linens or hat linings.
10. To produce a delicate ash shade heretofore impossible.

Unaffected by Perspiration, Shampooing, Sunshine, Turkish or Russian Baths
It never rubs off and does not prevent permanent waving or any other hair treatment.

“We Hairdresser,” the accepted authority on hair coloring, has given to Inecto Rapid an unqualified stamp of superiority. In New York Inecto Rapid is used by such ultra-fashionable shops as The Pennsylvania Hotel Commodore, Biltmore and Waldorf-Astoria.

Many thousands of the leading hairdressing shops from coast to coast, including Burnham and Marinello, use and unreservedly endorse Inecto Rapid.

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Laboratories and Salons
33-35 W. 46th St., NEW YORK
Largest Manufacturers of Hair Coloring in the World

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Keep a Kodak story of the children

Autographic Kodaks $6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., The Kodak City
Stepping Out with Film Stars

Two Million People read Photoplay Reviews

Rex Ingram tells how he Discovers Stars

A Star in Search of Her Soul
Famous, Beautiful, Rich, and yet—See Page 29
For you, Madame,
—a new secret of charme Parisien

Of the toilette of Madame, Paris has rightly said: “It is only the details which matter, but they must be perfect.” And those Parisiennes of the type one sees at Longchamps and wherever fashion gathers, would send to the American ladies this message:

“In Paris we select, with what care, a single scent. Each of our articles de toilette bears this same French fragrance. The one odeur we have made our own, breathes gently through our entire toilette.”

Naturally, then, and with so great confidence will the American ladies turn to Djer-Kiss—the parfum masterpiece of M. Kerkoff. For does not each of the Djer-Kiss toilettries bear the same odeur captivante of Parfum Djer-Kiss itself? The Parfum, Toilet Water, Face Powders, Talc, Sachet, Soap and Rouges—all are French, adorably French.

May we ask that Madame look over her table de toilette. If any of the Djer-Kiss Specialités are missing, do obtain them this very day. Do achieve, through the purchase of the Djer-Kiss Specialités, the secret of this French harmony of the toilette.

Send for M. Kerkoff’s new sample paquet

A new paquet of Djer-Kiss samples, containing Parfum, Face Powder, Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream, will gladly be mailed in return for merely 15 cents. Address Alfred H. Smith Co. 26 West 34th St., New York City

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Djer-Kiss
Made in France.
KERCOFF, PARIS

EXTRACT · FACE POWDERS · TALC
TOILET WATER · VEGETALE · SACHET · ROUGE
LIP ROUGE · FACE CREAMS · SOAP

These specialités—Rouge, Lip Rouge, Compacts and Creams—blended here with pure Djer-Kiss Parfum imported from France.
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Do you know how truly beautiful your complexion can be? Do you appreciate what delicate freshness, what fineness of texture you can gain for your skin? And with how little effort?

You can attain a complexion as fresh and radiant as the roses in June. You can achieve the dainty bloom of a clear, wholesome skin, just as thousands of attractive women have, if you begin at once the daily use of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream.

Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream, more than a cleanser. It has an exclusive therapeutic property that serves to “tone-up” — revitalize — the sluggish tissues of the skin. Applied regularly, it heals and nourishes the skin cells, soothes away redness and roughness, banishes slight imperfections. Used faithfully — according to directions in the Health Hint booklet packed with every jar — it will help you to gain and retain a complexion that is genuinely beautiful.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram’s Milkweed Cream in either the 50 cent or $1.00 size — the dollar size contains three times the quantity. Begin at once to gain a new charm of complexion. It will mean so much to you.

Ingram’s
Milkweed
Cream

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
102 Tenth Street Detroit, Michigan


Aubourians residents address Law, Binns & Co., Commerce House, Melbourne.

New Zealand residents address Hart, Pennington, Ltd., 33 Ghurnie Street, Wellington.

Cuban residents address Espino & Co., Zuluta 36½, Havana.

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“Just to show the proper glow” use a touch of Ingram’s Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. Offered in thin, artistic metal vanity box, with large mirror and pad. Five perfect shades, subtly perfumed — Light, Rose, Medium, Dark or the newest popular tint, American Blush — 50c.

Send a dime for Ingram’s Beauty Purse — An attractive souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Mail the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this dainty Beauty Purse for your hand bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Michigan

Gentlemen: Enclosed please find one dime. Kindly send me Ingram’s Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder pad, samples of Ingram’s Face Powder, Ingram’s Rouge, Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample of Ingram’s Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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An entirely new kind of comedy-drama about a girl who tried to get into the movies!

—a real presentation on the screen of the life of Hollywood as it is lived today, with the absorbing story of the girl who went there seeking fame and fortune!

Angela, the heroine, is the counterpart of a million American girls, and she leads a life that a million girls will envy, and that will make every patron laugh and thrill.

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Does Angela reach stardom or not?
That is the thrill of it, the excitement of finding out what makes screen success.
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Just about everyone big you can think of!

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James Cruze
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Jacqueline Logan
George Fawcett
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J. Warren Kerrigan
Mary Astor
Hope Hampton
Will Rogers
Ben Turpin
Laurence Wheat
Elliott Dexter
Charles Ogle
Ford Sterling
The Sennett bathing girls

It's a Paramount Picture
If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town
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## Bits of Life in Hollywood

Photoplay has hunted up the curious and odd characters of the film capital and, in the next issue, you will read their human interest tales. You will find heart throbs and humor in the story of the man who works steadily for the films because he can eat nine pies at a sitting. There’s a story in the man who keeps busy via a remarkable beard. Then there’s the actor who owes his meat ticket to his ability to look like a beachcomber. One of the interesting romances is that of the woman with thirteen children—ALL of them working—when film conditions are good. Her family is an accurate barometer of film scréendom.

You’ll find these absorbing bits of life in the next issue of Photoplay.

## Mary Pickford’s Greatest Adventure

was getting her first job in the films. A story that might be equally true of yourself today, if you were an aspirant for screen honors. Never told until now, it will appear in July Photoplay, in the next installment of

## Terry Ramsaye’s “Romantic History of the Motion Picture”
Classics Dancing!

Now you can learn at home under the personal direction of SERGEI MARINOFF

Sometimes in her life, every girl, every woman has dreamed of dancing. There is no more charming accomplishment — it is an important part of the cultured girl's education. Whether you study it for professional or for cultural purposes — or merely to enjoy the pleasant, body building exercises — it will bring great happiness into your life.

And now you can learn dancing at home! Here is your opportunity to enjoy the advantages of real ballet training under this great master. Anyone can learn by this method. It is simple, easy, delightful. Marinoff has pupils of all ages. He teaches every pupil individually.

Marinoff training is correct training. You could not get training like this except in the studios of the greatest masters of the dance. Tarasoff has endorsed the Marinoff system. Merrill Abbott, Director of the Abbott Dancers [Chicago Theatre, Chicago], says: "A beginner who knows nothing of dancing can learn by this system." Marinoff training includes a complete outfit — a studio bar, practice costume, slippers, phonograph records and sheet music. This is furnished to every Marinoff student without charge.

Write for free portfolio of dancers' pictures and full information about training and the fees for tuition. Merely send coupon. No obligation.

Sergei Marinoff — SCHOOL OF CLASSIC DANCING
1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio A-125, Chicago, Ill.

M. Sergei Marinoff, School of Classic Dancing
1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio A-125, Chicago
Please send me free portfolio of dancers' pictures and full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing. I understand that there is no obligation.

Name
Address

Age

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE.
For King and Picture!

VENICE, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I absolutely disagree with Jeanette Lawrence's opinion of "Human Hearts." "Human Hearts!" the greatest picture the screen has ever known. Great because of its sweet simplicity; its directness of appeal; its sincerity and above all because it is human and KINGS TRUE. It is a work of art whose sincerity and beauty none can escape. The characters are those whom I know and love and understand; they are so genuinely real that the picture becomes a living, palpating being of itself—it is one of the few pictures with a soul and love in it.

"Human Hearts!"—directed by one of our most faithful pioneers of the screen, King Baggot. KING BAGGOT!—a man whose name alone is a safeguard against censorship and an ABSOLUTE assurance of a CLEAN screen. Never in all the years that I have known Mr. Baggot on the screen has his name ever meant anything but good, clean wholesome, entertaining pictures. Mr. Baggot is the last man on earth who would ever produce a picture that would be offensive in any way. That I find him, through his beautiful pictures he speaks to us in the language of the heart and soul that is a redeeming power to mankind.

MRS. LORENA STEVENS.

Sho' Nuff!

CHICAGO, I11.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: May a Southerner, a picture fan and one especially interested in good pictures, write a little protest against the wrong use of Southern idioms on the screen?

First and foremost, the expression "you all." It is never used in speaking to, or of, one person. It is used in speaking to two or more persons, usually to more than two. And the expressions "shore" for "sure," "right" for "extremely," or "very," are only used by the uneducated and mentally in "Gossip" in which Gladys Walton was starred, I noticed these mistakes.

MARY B. REDWIN.

From The Real Thing

COLUMBUS, O.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: You may be interested to know that among the many readers of PHOTOPLAY, you have one who comes from Arabia. Also, you may be pleased to learn that I saw the cinema "Le Cheyke" in Europe. It is like your picture in many respects with the exception of the title—you call it "Sheik," don’t you? In my country it is pronounced "Shak." I am belonging to the fatima family of I'llan Hamed Yussuf, who, believe me, contracts himself in a manner much different from that of the picture.

It is not fair to say that most of us are unclean and filthy in our habits. Everybody thinks that I am French and most of the Arabian chiefs resemble Europeans. Their complexion is the same shade as that of the explorers who excavate our ancient palaces and tombs. We dress like Americans, except when travelling in the desert, for which the Beduin garb is more suitable.

Both my father and brother are tall men, which is not a characteristic of the Arab. In connection with this, permit me to say that M. Crosse, the director, is photo-evoking the Arabs—eyes, beautiful and somber; nose, straight; chin, firm. His eyes especially are very characteristic of all Arabs. Most of the tourists will not agree with me in other respects, but it is because they are acquainted only with the faces in the bazaars and the camel drivers who call themselves "sheykehs." Thus have they misunderstood my people.

Another thing. No one criticised this cinema for having an oriental tent with occidental furnishings. I hope that you do not judge the Arabs of high caste, especially since the war when several of them fought with the French Army and acquired occidental ways. The only thing I disapprove in Europe and in America are the women. I may be prejudiced but I do not like this equality of the sexes. I do not mean that one is superior to the other, but that one is different from the other, and they are not intended to be alike. I cannot understand men who allow their wives and daughters to smoke and drink like men, and to go about with buck and shoulders bare, especially at a ball where other men are present. Pardon me, I am not trying to preach. I will appreciate your publishing this note, in defense of my people, from one who knows that of which he speaks.

Thank you, sir, for your patience.

At your service,

BAROUDI BEN ALI YUSSEF.

Agnes Goes Into High

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Three cheers for Agnes Ayres! At last she is coming into her own. If only she knew how admirable she is when she acts "peppy" as she did in "Racing Hearts," she would always do it. Never again can people say that Agnes is blase and a fearful actress. For isn’t she, in fact, and if she only stars in pictures in which she is not the pumped darkling, she will win the hearts of every movie fan.

DOR FOSTER.
O' COURSE, Harold and his wife scouted trouble, when brother-in-law's youngsters were packed with them over the weekend. But they had only the merest tinge of what they were in for. How was Harold to know that he would have to put a nipple on the baby's bottle? Why is it any way that nipples are always three sizes too small, and babies' bottles rounded at the bottom? And who could tell that a pet menagerie would break loose?

Trouble? Yes, but just look at that darling baby. Isn't he worth all the trouble he causes?

You'll be sure of it when you see Harold Lloyd in "I Do."

If you've lost your funny-bone—

IF you think no motion picture in the world can make you laugh a good old-fashioned laugh again—take this prescription. It's tested and unfailing, especially compounded for just such a critical case as yours.

Six Encore Pictures of Harold Lloyd.

Sig: Take one after meal time. Alone or accompanied by friend, member of family or stray child. Get into comfortable seat at motion picture theatre—and shake well! S. Q. Lapius, M.D.

After the first treatment you will feel so much better you'll think you are cured. But don't stop with one picture. Keep the treatment up. Take all six—and you'll want to cure others!

Ask your theatre manager for this tested group of gloom-destroyers. He will be glad to give you the genuine-bearing the signature of that distinguished producer, Hal Roach.

Distributed by Associated Exhibitors, Inc. Arthur S. Kane, President, 55 West 45th Street, New York. Physical Distributors, Pathe, Inc.

SOMEHOW Lloyd feels that the bathing pool of the Sultan's Harem is no longer safe. Where will he get new courage to be rescued from the Sultan's clutches? These are only two of the perplexities which beset Harold Lloyd in "A Sultan-Made Man." When you see his superhuman adventures you'll wonder how he could cram so much hilarity into one short hour.

Encore Pictures

ENCORE PICTURES are chosen from hundreds of new motion pictures offered each year—chosen because they actually entertain the private audiences who see them in advance. This line of high grade pictures includes:


Constance Binney in "A Bill of Divorcement"—an absorbing drama revealing the depths of human feeling.

"Head Hunters of the South Seas," a truthful record of a thrilling adventure.

Florence Vidor in "Alice Adams"—a wonderfully faithful and artistic picturization of Booth Tarkington's prize-winning novel—and other superlatively fine productions.

To be sure of having all the better photo-plays shown in your neighborhood you should form a Better Pictures Council to work with the managers of your local picture theatre.

More than 600 communities have organized such Councils. Every month the members receive impartial reports of all worthwhile photo-plays, not Encore Pictures alone. The Council recommends the best pictures to the theatre manager and endorses them to the public.

Thus everybody benefits— theatre-goers can make known in advance what pictures they want to see; and the theatre owner is assured of good audiences.

Why don't you take the initiative in getting better pictures for your community? Write me personally for the booklet, "Getting Better Pictures—the Plan that Works." Arthur S. Kane, 790, Floor, 55 West 45th Street, New York City.
Useless as a Rabbit's Tail

The best thing a rabbit can do with his tail is to sit on it. And that's about as much use as some men make of their bodies. There are so many flat-chested, weak-kneed specimens walking the streets these days that a real live man is a curiosity. The average man of today has about as much ambition for exercise as a jellyfish. If he runs 100 yards, he puffs like a steam engine, sits down and feels as though he were ready to die. And, take it from me, he isn't far from it.

Cut it out, fellows. Don't be a rake-eater. If you ever knew the joys of a healthy body, you would start this minute to get one. And that is just what you are going to do. The undertaker has his eye on you, but give him the laugh and say: "Not yet, old boy."

The Gateway to Health

It is open to you. Come on in and get busy. Yes, it means work, but oh boy! what it brings to you! In just 30 days I am going to put on the first inch on your beard, or there will be no Santa on your chest. But that is only the start. Now comes the real work.

I am going to broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest and give you a pair of arms that carry a wallop. Meanwhile I work on your inner muscles, saturates your system. Every breath you take brings a deep intake of oxygen into your lungs, purifies your blood. It makes your whole body fairly sing with new life. You will feel real pep in your old backbone.

This is no idle talk. My treatment has stood the test of years and is now endorsed by experts as absolutely the shortest and only sure route to Health and Strength. I don't promise results—I guarantee them.

Send on now and make me prove it.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings. Improving them I helped them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physique. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obliterate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dear Sir:—I enclose a post card which you are to send to me, without any obligation on my part, whatever; a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development," (Please write or print plainly.)

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

City: ____________________________ State: ____________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOCUT MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Brickbats and Bouquets [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

Mary's Sad Face

Fort Howard, Maryland.

EDITOR PHOTOCUT MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have a conclave of War Department theses which I should greatly like to compile. They have all read your February issue, and are now very sad. Aye, their poor hearts are breaking—over the thought that poor Mary Miles Minter has only 20 days to live.

The majority of them wanted to jump into the bay, after looking at poor Mary's sad and pathetic face; but it was so near the dinner hour, and one of the K. P. s tipped them that they had slum, that they all refrained.

They cannot perceive, they cannot comprehend, how poor Mary can exist, or live, in such a small house with only two rooms; when, we, twenty-two strong, live in one room, about as large as one of Mary's. Of course, our one room is used as bedroom, library, smoking, reading, etc., but it shouldn't make much difference.

We sincerely hope you can discover a way to take the pathetic expression off Mary's face.

HAROLD L. BROWNING

Headquarters Company.

A Winning Personality

Buffalo, New York.

EDITOR PHOTOCUT MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: After reading "Brickbats and Bouquets" to other actresses I cannot repress my desire to say a few words about my ideal movie picture actress, Viola Dana. Her winning personality and beauty are only two reasons why I am sorry to say her pictures are altogether too few—they are something the public really enjoys. The snap, pep and romance which her very personality radiates, plus her pictures in that class of variable sensations—holding the audience alternately in fear, hatred, love, sadness and joy.

Since Viola's scenes make an enormous hit with the movie fans why isn't her pictures are so few and far between? The field seems to be flooded with new and unpopular people who haven't the charming characteristics of a real actor or actress.

The movie fans are calling for more pictures from favorites like Viola Dana, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, etc.

When you print the Life of Viola Dana in the PHOTOCUT don't be afraid no one will read it!

GEORGE NUSIL.

Too Much Beauty


EDITOR PHOTOCUT MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I wonder if anyone will agree with me when I say that to my mind the stars (and lesser lights) of the celluloid firmament are too beautiful! Surely the great object of a play to depict life, this life we are all leading on this earth. As we go about, day after day, hour by hour, many, many beautiful girls and handsome men do we see? Very few, here in London, and I expect it is much the same the world over. And yet in pictures, in pretty pictures, pretty pretty, and some are really beautiful, and nearly all the men are handsome. Sometimes after having watched a film play, it is quite a relief to look around the theater and see the good, old, plain, everyday faces again.

If Will Rogers can make good on the screen why not a chance for some other ordinary faces? I am willing to bet a plain girl star, who yet can win her way by her brains and personality without the help of a pretty face.

MRS. NESTA E. HARRIS.

In Lorna's Defense

Hinsdale, Illinois.

EDITOR PHOTOCUT MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In heaven's name, give us no more superficial reviews like that of "Lorna Done." It was a great picture and if that is not enough, it has been a well loved picture here in Chicago at least—and the whole country averages up pretty much the same. There was drama enough in the conflict between the Doones and the yeomen; in the beautifully told story of Jake and Lorna. I love the book, and I love the pictures, too, for it's the book. Nor is it in the least uninspired. It has all of Tourneur's sure touch with the classics of the world. This Frenchmen—or Belgian, as some call it—knows English of the K. P. It's tipped them that they had slum, that they all refrained.

Unimportant letters to the editor have shielded me to a certain extent from the brickbats which I abhor them; but now I can't resist the temptation. And you know yourself that telling about two million, five hundred thousand people how to "Lorna Done" will save a "bit of beauty"—well, that's unimportant! I would like to see every review signed by the "Cliff". I know that whether to believe, to disbelieve, or assume an attitude of calm neutrality. It's a crime to spoil a film with the beauty and drama and fine construction and acting of a film. Dan, you nearly spoiled it for me; but I determined to see it unjudged.

WILBUR NEEDHAM.

Wants More Barrie Pictures

Johnson City, Tenn.

EDITOR PHOTOCUT MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: May I join the discussion? In the first place I want to thank you for this opportunity you give the fans to "get together." I wish producers would not try to make so many pictures; why not concentrate their efforts and money on a few good pictures? We go to a Griffith picture, or a Mary Pickford picture, without questioning. We know they go in for quality rather than quantity and we know that Barrie's pictures are something good. These producers are artists. They give us really human pictures and they are consistently good.

Do you know that the fans are beginning to notice the director's name as well as the star's name before they enter a theater? Not enough praise is given to directors and authors. On them as well as on the director should fall the responsibility of the picture. It takes all of them. All praise to directors of such pictures as "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," "Dream Street," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." They should share at least equal honors with the actors. In the first place they wisely chose fine stories, and developed them wonderfully.

In the autumn "Gardenia" read such a great deal I had never read a Barrie story until I saw the picture "Sentimental Tommy." Since then I have read all of his published works. The pictures revealed a new world (or at least a new and delightful corner) in introducing Barrie to me. May we have more of his stories picturized? Such vehicles give the actors a chance to make themselves. I thought Barrie, Hugh G. McCauley, Taliaferro, all the cast proved their parts with wonderful understanding. Tommy, Griel, The Painted Lady, Elspeth, the old Doctor, all became real people. The actors lost themselves in their parts. Barrie, who could "lose" himself in a part unless it was a real part in a real human story. The greatest need of the pictures today is better stories. Look at the stars who have taken on account of having mediocre stories—Mary Miles Minter, Mae Marsh and others. Are we to presume that half-baked scenario writers from every walk of life go about writing real literary men of today, and other days? Why can't we have more of the works of real authors picturized? In the works of such authors as Lasky lies the solution to the "picture stories" problem. E. SIMPLEY.
WOULDN'T you be glad to have a slender, graceful, youthful figure and eat wanted foods in a manner that is absolutely free from all discomfort or worry? Without undue effort, you could achieve and maintain this magnificent form of perfect health and vitality! It is easily accomplished. All you have to do is to follow a simple law of Nature which has recently been disclosed and your figure will vanish. You'll be able to walk or climb without fatigue or breathlessness. You'll be able to wear the new styles, no matter how "flirty" or colorful they may be.

Loses 22 Pounds in 14 Days

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. When you have reached your normal weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Mr. Ben Naddle, of 102 Fulton St., New York, was just 22 pounds overweight. He decided to lose as much flesh as possible and he wrote: "I reduced from 175 to 153 pounds in just two weeks. Before I started I was flabby and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. I feel wonderful now." Taking off excess weight by this new method is the easiest thing imaginable. It is absolutely harmless. Almost like magic it brings slender, graceful, supple figure and the most wonderful benefits in health. Weakness, nervousness, indigestion, shortness of breath, as well as many long-seated organic troubles, are banished. Eyes become brighter, steps more elastic and skin smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they were positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they supposed to be ineradicable.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this vital "law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easy followed method of regaining normal healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of making you fatter. Certain combination cause fat, others consume it. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of knowing how to combine your food properly, and this is easily done.

This method even permits you to eat many delicious foods which you may now be denying yourself. For you can arrange your meals so that these dressencies will no longer be fattening.

Why the Coupon Is Worth $1.00 to You Now

Those who use this rapid method of reducing to normal weight are usually so enthusiastic that they cannot refrain from mentioning this method to their friends. This will be the best kind of advertisement for us. So we are willing to lose money in order to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time. So here is our offer. Just mail the coupon without sending a penny. The coupon will be accepted as worth $1.00 on the purchase of this course, for which others have had to pay $1.97. Then when the course arrives all you have to do is to pay the postman only 97 cents plus the few cents postage, and the course is yours. There will be no further payments at any time or in any way. Your money is not there unless you want it, and the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit cents with the coupon, but this is not necessary.)

Our liberal guarantee protects you. Either you experience in 10 days such a wonderful reduction in weight and such a wonderful gain in health that you can continue to use this wonderful, delightful method or else you return the course and your money is refunded without delay. Don't delay. This special price may soon be ended. Just act once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be priceless value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon now.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY

Dept. W-2056, 47 W. 16th St., New York City

Photo Play Magazine—Advertising Section

Who Else Would Like to Lose a Pound a Day?

The persons whose photographs are shown here represent just a few out of thousands who have reduced to normal weight. No starving, massage, exercises or discomfort. Just follow a simple law of Nature and your fat vanishes. Results in 48 hours. 10 Days' Trial of this amazing method.

Complete Cost for $97c.

All Only

300,000 formerly stout men and women have gladly paid $97c. and more for this remarkable method. Many write that their improved appearance and health was worth hundreds of dollars to them. Yet for a limited time you are being given the opportunity to purchase this wonder method for only 97c.

Use the Coupon and Save a Dollar

10 Days' Trial—Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of reducing to a wonder method called "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make your every penny count by his discovery, he offers to send the complete course on trial to any one sending in the coupon.

Delighted with Results

Mrs. Edith Robinson, of 425 North St., Yonkers, Ind., writes: "The results of "Weight Control" were instantaneous and were more than satisfying.

This Coupon Is Worth $1.00 to You (Under conditions named below)

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY

Dept. W-2056, 47 W. 16th St., New York City

Without money in advance you may send me plain wrapping for Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." You are to accept this course on the written word of Eugene Christian. This is the only course I have in the world and I acknowledge it in full payment and there are to be no further payments under any condition. I am happy to have you and myself at this special reduced price. I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days and having my $1.97 cents refunded if I am not delighted with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.
When Marriage Is FATAL

Men who are serving prison terms under the state laws on account of wife killers—men who have been hanged or killed other men, are not one bit worse than any man walking the streets today, who has falsely gained the confidence of his wife, and through his efforts to satisfy her every hope of happiness, killed her. Step! That’s not fatal; it is absolutely certain that you are a real man in the fullest sense of the word. You must fit yourself for matrimony before you ask any girl to marry you.


Send For My Free Book: Mark Davis’ book on the constitution covering on which you want special confidences and full with to help your health. Promotion and Conservation of the human Race. It contains a vital message. Please tear out at any time for free book right now.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 414 (Pamphlet 1983) Newark, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Louis F. IV, 784 N. J.

Please send me your book, “Promotion and Conservation of the Human Race” for postage on which I enclose a 10 cent piece, care of Mark Davis.

It is the only book in which I am interested.

Colds

Catarrh

Short Wind

Nervousness

Hay Fever

Constipation

Rupture

Numbness

Thrush

Nystagmus

Rheumatism

Diabetes

Rheumatism

Peritonitis

Kidney Stones

Blackheads

Height

Strength

Name

Age

Occupation

Street

City

State

THE PERFECT MAN

NOW, TODAY.

STRONGFORT

“Would Not Part

With It For $10,000”

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In fact, 20,000 people who have worn it, Conserve your body and life first.

The Natural

Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops an erect and graceful figure. Brings restful comfort, energy, and sound sleep. Exercised, it gives you thrift, health, and strength. Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces disfigured internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; strengthens and strengthens the back. Corrects stoop and droop. Selects, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache; cures curvature, flat feet, rickets, rickets, constipation, after effects of flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Costs You Nothing to Try It

Write today for illustrated, free, factual full information and measurement blank. Address HOWARD C. COBB, Excels. Natural Brace Co., 530 Ross Building, SALINA, KANSAS.

Are You Well Dressed?

Women—Girls—15 or over, you can easily learn to dress Demurely and Modestly, and maintain your spare money to the last cent; also $45 to $100 a week.

A Delight

Mail to

FRANKLIN

Franklin Ave.

Every woman who wants a "New Look" and good, simple, modern, exclusive dress, should send me a stamp and ask for my free sample homespun designs.

Every woman who wants a "New Look" and good, simple, modern, exclusive dress, should send me a stamp and ask for my free sample homespun designs.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante

From

Carolyn Van Wyck

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
HELEN, WILMINGTON, DEL.

I am sorry that your skin has become dry and wrinkled. Undoubtedly the cause is too much powder-applied without a vanishing cream foundation. One of the many complexion clays advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, will surely help to do away with the wrinkles—and hammer be careful to use powder only with a cream base. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I will be glad to you the names of some worth while aids to beauty.

B. E., CANTON, OHI0.

A girl who is four feet, eleven inches tall should weigh about one hundred pounds. You are not very much underweight. Massage with a food tissue building cream, exercise and sleep regularly, and go on a simple milk diet. And you will find, very soon, that your weight will be quite normal.

PEGGY, LONG BEACH, CAL.

If you want to become an extra girl in the "movies"? Well, it's a long, hard road. But if it is your supreme ambition—

The best way to become an extra is to apply to the casting director at one of the large studios in Hollywood. And to keep on applying until he gives you a chance. If you are at all attractive the chance will come, some day. Unless you get tired of waiting.

RENEE, PARIS, FRANCE.

Yes, it is hard for a young girl of modern ideas to be a member of an old French family. With traditions to uphold. And all that sort of thing. I can realize how hard it is for you—

who have lived in America—to submit to the so strict chaperonage, to the endless conventions that must be observed. And, although I do think that you should follow the wishes of your parents, I understand how you must have resented the punishment that was meted out to you because you lunched alone with an American boy who was staying in Paris. Our ways are so different from the ways of the old world. Our debutantes live so free a life—they are so unhampered; too unhampered, I sometimes think!

It is rather difficult for me to give advice to you, in this matter. If you were not dependent upon your family—you were not tied to them financially, as well as by bonds of affection—I might suggest that you return to our land that you found so pleasant and satisfactory, but so long as you have no way of earning your own living, since you have neither talents nor profession that you may capitalize, wouldn't it perhaps be better to try to live up to your family's ideas—and ideals?

"Ceadleys," NEW YORK CITY.

Five feet and one inch is not too tall for your age, no indeed! And ninety-five pounds is certainly not overweight.

I think that it would be foolish of you to bob your exceptionally long and wavy auburn hair. Short hair is not nearly so smart as it was a year ago.

PANSY LA MARR, OREGON.

A girl who is five feet tall should weigh no more than one hundred and ten pounds. At the most! You are at least twenty pounds overweight, and you should exercise and diet. In other places in this department I have given advice to other girls on both subjects. But I should also suggest that you try massage on those parts of your body where you are more noticeably overweight.

GEORGETTE

Yes, there are different ways in which a stamp may be placed upon an envelope. Each one with a different meaning. But don't you think that the sending of message, through the medium of a postage stamp, is a rather cheap practice? Anything that cannot be said upon the inside of a letter should be left unsaid!

A SENSATION!

That's the only word for it. Think of it—a brand new idea. Something the human race has been groping for since man got up on his hind legs and walked. Groping blindly—in the dark—longing—dreaming of it.

Something a millionaire would give his last dollar for.

Something a woman would barter her immortal soul for.

And now FOUND!

Gertrude Atherton has revealed it—in one bold, master stroke.

A book—but such a book—vivid, absorbing, compelling.

Magic—that's what it is. But scientific magic.

It's true.

Every woman in the land is reading it—or will. And First National has the screen rights—is making the picture of it.

A picture? More! A SENSATION!

You will never forget it.

Gertrude Atherton's

"BLACK OXEN"

The Best Selling Book in America Today

Make Your Nose Perfect Support Your Lax Muscles

If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA Nose Adjuster. In a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation, you can remedy your nasal irregularity. No need for costly, painful operations.

SEND NO MONEY! ANITA- the Genuine NOSE ADJUSTER

 PATENTED
Sends while you sleep—silently, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are inferior imitations but the ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL nasal supporter highly recommended by physicians for flattened or mushroom-shaped noses. No metal parts. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. Applied and tested at International Exposition, New York City, 1901. Write today for free catalogue and our blank to fill out for size. ANITA ADJUSTERS are sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

ANITA COMPANY, Dept. 82A, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.

MONOGRAMED STATIONERY
A line of dignified social stationery, consisting of 25 fine quality lines sheets and 25 envelopes to match, all beautifully monogrammed in a rich deep purple with any initials, sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

F. V. CRISSE, 220 Fines St., Dep't R., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SHORT-STORY WRITING
A manuscript forty-page novel in the writing and manuscript of the Short-Story novel by Dr. J. Berg, Esquire, Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

105 pages available free. Please address: THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL Dept. 95 Springfield, Mass.
HELP WANTED

MEN—WOMEN—GIRLS, 13 UP, GET C. S. Gov-
ernment, New York, Free, Full pay, Great
Opportunity. Geo. J. Erzl, 1300 N. Clark St.,
Chicago.

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS NEEDED EVERY-
where. Fascinating work. Employment tenu:
Free-address. New England Professional Insti-
tute, 151 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

OLD COINS WANTED. DO YOU KNOW THAT
coin collector pays up to $100.00 for certain C. 1.
American, and willing to pay more. We will pay
for any coin regardless of quality or posses-
sion. You will find this a dandy way to make
money. We have been buying for many years.
New York.

Lace, Gowns, Coats, &c., Dress goods. By
Mail. Write to Miss M. A. Ormsby, 2224
W. Pine St., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE PATENTS. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.

Free 80 acre plot to any one who will build, or
rent, a house on same. Address A. Mehl, St.
Louis, Mo.

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and Evidence of Conception Blanks. Send model
and sketch for opinion of its patentable nature.
Highest References. Proctor, Almerton, Knowles, Ter-
vor J. Brans & Co., 743 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRE TO SECURE PATENTS
through the United States. Pay nothing. Send
model or sketch for opinion of its patentable
nature. Randolph & Co., 622, Washington, D. C.

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and Evidence of Conception Blanks. Send model
and sketch for opinion of its patentable nature.
Randolph & Co., 622, Washington, D. C.
I总是为你愿意做好。

“我认识你愿意做好。”

我总是感到它在你去做

而有什么时间我真能做好。

你似乎更生动—更愉快—更自信—更自信的未来。

我也不感到你们使我感到

你会更生硬。

我会去了解这一头的头发

在那十四点钟后去工作。

不是去了解这一头的头发

她才可能了解知道他的判断

和决定自己。

我明白你在保持怀疑和怀疑

不管她给你更好的。

即使你给每一个头发很广泛了。

在那十四点钟后去工作。

你绝不会去了解这一头的头发

在那十四点钟后去工作。

你绝不会去了解这一头的头发

在那十四点钟后去工作。

“我认识你愿意做好。”

我总是感到它在你去做

而有什么时间我真能做好。

你似乎更生动—更愉快—更自信—更自信的未来。

我也不感到你们使我感到

你会更生硬。

我会去了解这一头的头发

在那十四点钟后去工作。“
Brickbats and Bouquets
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

Better Roles for Meighan

Savannah, Ga.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: If Famous Players-Lasky hands Thomas Meighan any more pictures like “If You Believe It, It’s So” and “The Man Who Saw Tomorrow,” he’ll have reason to kick as Valentino does about “The Young Rajah” and others. Tom is a great actor, and I thoroughly enjoyed his work in “The Conquest of Canaan,” “Cappy Ricks,” “Our Leading Citizen,” and “Two-Faced Woman.” But it’s a mistake to star him in a crook picture, or in one with a plot as unconvincing as “The Man Who Saw Tomorrow.”

From the above you will deduce that I am strong for Tom. I am, positively. In many ways he’s my ideal of a man. He and Tom Mix are the only stars I go to see irrespective of the pictures they’re in. Meighan or Mix, all right; anybody else, give an account of the plot, supporting cast, etc.

Actors and actresses may come and go, but it’s a pity Thomas Meighan can’t go on forever, at least as far as the movies are concerned. And I believe there are a great many more who feel as I do.

BAILEY H. GREER.

Cruelty Uncensored

Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dear Sir: I regard your magazine as the best of any dealing with motion pictures, and I wish to protest through your columns against a Pathé film I happened to see recently. The title, I am not sure of, but I think it was “The Adventures of Tom and Bob.” At any rate the picture shows trapping and hunting of the most cruel description. I am amazed that the censors, who have forbidden most that is artistically beautiful and innocent, should permit the making of such a picture. It can only teach cruelty of the most hateful kind.

C. R. BURKEFIELD.

The Japanese-American

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Isn’t it about time that the public put the quietus on those literary gentlemen who are ready to make war, any place, any time? I have just returned from a showing of a film called “The Pride of Palomar,” and I am forced to conclude that the author is either an ignorant bigot or is one of those pensters who are wont to hate anybody—for a consideration. If the persons responsible for this film are really palpitating to fight, why don’t they go to Japan and organize a crusade of education against the imperial government? Why the answer is simple. That would take nerve and sporting blood, whereas any coward can start a row and then stand behind the fence and yell while the other fellows do the fighting. What has caused every war since history began? The fact that the people were told that they had to fight so and so, until they finally came to believe it.

As a clubwoman and social worker in California I ought to know something of the Japanese people, and I do. They are the first to respond to Red Cross roll calls, Salvation Army drives and every other humane enterprise. Public school teachers assure me that Japanese parents are most eager that their children become thoroughly Americanized, even changing their Japanese to American names. The theory that loyalty to Japan is artificially stimulated is pure bunk. There isn’t one Japanese child in a thousand who has been educated in any but the American public schools or attended any but an American Christian church. In the second and third generations Japan is as remote and foreign to them as any other alien land.

A. LUCILLE SMITH.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, famous Screen Star

Endorses Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish

Rudolph Valentino, the famous screen star says: “Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish is the one sure combination to keep the contour and complexion of the face and neck in perfect condition for the out-door man.” You can almost tell a Mineralava user at a glance.

Their faces glow with cleanliness, good blood circulation, and health. The constant use of Mineralava is the first step toward being well groomed.

The eloquent testimony of Rudolph Valentino, the great actor, is backed by equally as enthusiastic testimonials from the leading stars of the stage and screen. Hundreds of thousands of home folks have also written warmly in the praise of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish.

Mineralava Beauty Clay, with twenty-four years of solid reputation back of it, cleanses the pores of the skin thoroughly, draws out all impurities, corrects Skin-Malnutrition, which the eminent surgeon Sir Erasmus Wilson declares the prime cause of too-dry or too-oily skin, pimples, blackheads, crow’s feet and incipient wrinkles.

Mineralava Face Finish should be used daily morning and night—and after each Mineralava Beauty Clay treatment. Men will find it splendid for use after shaving. Women will find it soothing to the skin, helpful as an aid to Mineralava Beauty Clay and a wonderful base for face powder.

Mineralava Beauty Clay is $2.00 a bottle; Mineralava Face Finish $1.50. At all Drug and Department Stores. Sold always under our positive money-back guarantee.

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SCOTT’S PREPARATIONS, Inc., 351 West 19th St., New York

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THE BEAUTY CLAY

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

Distributor

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Woman You would Like to Be

How do you picture her? A happy wife—a happy mother—a great artist, or an accomplished woman of the world? In a hundred ways—it lies in your power to make yourself the woman you would like to be. Below you will read of one way—simple as it is, no girl can afford to neglect it.

Do you wish, more than anything else, to be beautiful? To have a face that charms and attracts the people about you?

Make up your mind, then, that you will have a beautiful skin; that you will not rest until you have made your skin absolutely clear, smooth, flawless.

For how can woman's face be lovely and attractive if her skin is disfigured by blackheads — by ugly little blemishes? if the pores are too large? if her nose is shiny with oil?

Any of these faults can be overcome

If you are troubled with any of these faults — begin, now, to overcome them. You can make your skin what you will, for each day it is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Give the new skin the special treatment it should have, and see how smooth and lovely you can keep it—how quickly the defects in it will disappear.

You will find the right treatment for your special type of skin in the booklet of famous skin treatments that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in this booklet. Two of these famous treatments are reproduced below.

By using these Woodbury skin treatments regularly, thousands of girls and women have overcome the faults in their complexion and have gained the lovely clear, soft skin they longed for.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today, and begin, tonight, to give your skin the treatment that will make it fresh, radiant, flawless, as a beautiful woman's skin should be.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. You can also get Woodbury's in convenient 3-cent boxes at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Send today for this new 10-cent offer!

For 10 cents we will send you a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing week-end packages of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder, together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."


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FOR CONSPICUOUS NOSE PORES

To reduce conspicuous nose pores, use this special treatment:

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive. Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

BLACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION

To keep your skin free from blackheads, use the following treatment:

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with cold hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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New Pictures

THE storm center of Hollywood is now making her second American production. Appolonia Chalupez, of Warsaw, has certainly set the film capitol upon its ears, no matter what may be her ultimate screen reception. But our bet is on Pola

Edward Curtis Studio
CLAIRE WINDSOR got a job the first day she applied at the casting office—and she quickly won her way up from the extra ranks. Lois Weber saw her at lunch in a studio cafeteria and she forthwith became a leading player.
ANDREE LAFAYETTE was discovered working before a film camera in France by Richard Walton Tully, who was seeking a heroine for DeMaurier's "Trilby." Mlle. Lafayette had reached pictures via a Parisian beauty contest.
JOBYNA RALSTON came mighty near becoming a school ma'am down in Tennessee. But the musical comedy chorus lured her away. From the chorus Jobyna stepped to film farces. Then Harold Lloyd signed her as leading woman.
SINCE she was six years old, Lila Lee has been before the public. She was called Cuddles then. Her first failure as a film star and her subsequent “come back” are matters of screen history. A game little person—and a charming actress
Lois Wilson's meltingly appealing performance of the pioneer heroine of "The Covered Wagon" is another milestone in this actress' career. A beauty contest lifted Lois from a Birmingham, Alabama, accountant's desk to films...
P A U L I N E G A R O N has been termed “the perfect flapper.” A French-Canadian, Pauline first sought fame on the stage. Leads opposite Dick Barthelmes and Owen Moore led to Cecil deMille’s “Adam’s Rib.” Here’s youth and promise
Wash Chiffon?
Yes! But first consider this test for safety

Would you think of using a laundry soap, whatever its form, on your face? Of course not!

We ask the question only to remind you of this: If such a laundry soap would injure your skin, it would probably also injure a sheer silk fabric like chiffon or crêpe meteor. Except your skin, fabrics like these are the most delicate things you will ever wash.

—this is the test:
Would you be willing to use the soap on your face?

Isn't this the natural test for such a soap?

For 44 years, millions of women have cleansed their faces and their most precious garments with Ivory Soap, because it is pure, mild, gentle, white.

Today, for quick, convenient wash-bowl laundering of dainty silk blouses, sweaters and under-garments—and woolen things, too—these women use Ivory Flakes, which is just Ivory Soap, flaked petal thin, for instant suds.

Ivory Flakes passes the face-test—so it offers a real margin of safety for the exceedingly precious things which you would not dare trust to a soap less fine and less mild. Yet Ivory Flakes is so inexpensive that you may use it economically for all your fine laundering.

May we have the pleasure of sending you a free sample of Ivory Flakes and the useful booklet shown in the lower left-hand corner?

Ivory Flakes, in full-size packages, may be had at grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes dainty clothes last longer

FREE—This package and booklet
A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Sec. 45-FP, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Saved!—the cost of a new dress
Mrs. B. of Nashville had a dress of lovely peacock blue crêpe meteor which had gone out of style. Instead of giving it away, she took it to pieces, washed the silk in Ivory Flakes suds, and with the help of some old lace, remade it into the beautiful new dress pictured here. "Everything in this family," says Mrs. B.'s letter, "from Ann, aged 3, to the Persian rugs, knows the feel of Ivory suds."
(Mrs. B.'s dress and her letter are now on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)

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PHOTOPLAY

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

I was talking with a screen writer just off the train from Hollywood. We were discussing directors, the dearth of good ones and the qualities that are necessary.

"Why is it," I asked, "that so many pictures reflect such a weird and hectic view of life?"

"I have been pondering on that for five years," he said, "and I don't know the answer yet."

"I have seen writers, men with education, dramatic training and a human share of common sense, fail miserably. I have seen cameramen, ham actors, engineers and men with no special training prior to their studio experience, become big directors.

"Too much money, too much independence, too much personal freedom, too much egotism, too many fawning, ambitious women. Their controls get twisted—they lose their mental balance; Hollywood, parties, big motor cars. Many a financier and merchant has gone the same route. Their whole lives become hectic; nothing is normal; nothing is sane. Good God! What can you expect?"

I wonder if that isn't the answer.

Five years ago Emerson Hough gave up trying to do business with producers. "Old stuff," they said; "we want up-to-the-minute stories, no old costume stories." Now that his "Covered Wagon" has been so acclaimed by the public, the producers are sitting on his doorstep, pleading for more "old stuff."

"The Covered Wagon" appears to be the outpost of an avalanche of "Westerns." Public taste, say the film magnates, has switched from "society stuff" to the rugged drama of the great outdoors.

Perhaps the pendulum is swinging back. But we believe the success of "The Covered Wagon" lies in something far deeper—the fine spirit of the thing. "The Covered Wagon" isn't just a highly workmanlike presentation of an interesting story. It is vastly more—a panorama of other days made to live before our eyes and vibrant with the courage and hardihood that made our land.

American films are revolutionizing customs in the land of the Hottentots, driving the pigtail out of China, and introducing new styles in Paris, says a returning globe trotter. But they haven't been able to popularize the kiss in Japan.

Why do you pick on Will Hays?" asks a correspondent. Our answer is that we are not "picking" on the valiant young leader of the producers' organization. But we do question the sincerity of a lot of statements that have come forth from the Hays office, and are disappointed in the failure of Mr. Hays to inspire or coerce his members when the occasion demands itself. The organization has done some good work in defeating censorship bills, not without considerable expense. But wherein, despite the large and expensive publicity staff that he maintains, are the results?

Mr. Hays' office has done some strange things. And everything in a while something ridiculous happens. For instance: In the original version of "The Covered Wagon," the romantic figure of Kit Carson comes to life. It is Kit Carson who brings the news of the discovery of gold in California to the pioneers. Yet because our old hero partakes of a little hard liquor with the other old scouts, the Hays office asked that the figure be renamed and that Kit Carson be sent back to the grave. Possibly because Kit Carson is the patron saint of the boy scouts, and Mr. West, one of our leading professional boy scouts, happened to be on Mr. Hays' board of advisers. Isn't that a laugh? Producers, take warning. Do not dare to bring General Grant back to life on the screen. He helped save the Union, but he smoked very strong cigars, and took a snack of high percentage cider after a hard day's fighting. Remember what Lincoln said when some one complained about Grant's taking a drink? "What's his brand? I want to send some to the other generals."

The prize title and advertisement of the month: "The Master Spectacle—Queen of Sin and Sodom and Gomorrah." A nasty picture with a nasty appeal. Discourage such effrontery by staying away when it comes to your theater. To patronize this latest Teutonic outrage is to encourage it.

Some film producers will never learn. The Warner Brothers need a title and they call a picture about coal mines "The Little Church Around the Corner," figuring that the sentimental appeal will trap you into the theater. This concern is given a little too much to building pictures on publicity before they start production. Such practices have made the public wary of picture announcements.

After all, word of mouth advertising is the greatest force of all. Take St. Cloud, Minn., for instance. Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last" went into the theater there one Saturday night. In spite of unusual advertising it got no more than an average attendance that night, but by Sunday afternoon everyone in town knew it was a splendid picture and Monday night it was necessary to run extra showings.

Welcome back to the screen, Alice Joyce. Since you left us two years ago we have had many new stars, but none of them, vamp or sweet young thing, has filled your place. Whatever they make of "The Green Goddess," if you are in it please reserve a few seats for us.
His name is

"Reggie"

Is the Anglo-Saxon lover to supplant the Latin?

Maybe.

Anyway, Reginald Denny is a good instance of a personality to point the changing of cinema tastes. Reggie hit celluloid fame only recently in the "Leather Pusher" series, H. C. Witwer's tales of the pugilistic ring. Denny revealed a distinct film personality—and a physique second to none on the silver sheet. Out of the prize ring one-reelers stopped the celluloid Adonis of 1923.

Back of Reggie's film success is a highly interesting—and varied—career. He was born in England. His father, William Henry Denny, was a prominent British actor of the '60s and '70s who came to America with the famous "Black Crook" company.

Reggie began his stage career at the mellow age of six, appearing in London in "The Royal Family," which also marked the British debut of Gertrude Elliott, later to find high success. Reggie returned to school but, at sixteen, came back to the footlights. Hardly more than a year later he came to America to play in "The Quaker Girl" with Ina Claire.

Then he went back to England and toured India, Australia and the Orient. It was about this time that he almost decided to become a pugilist. Indeed, his work in amateur boxing circles began to attract attention. But the lure of the stage was in his blood.

Little did he think that he would later court—and win—success by combining the two.

Back to New York he came to appear in the farce, "Twin Beds." After that came leading roles with Marie Tempest in Barrie's "Rosalind," with George Arliss in "The Professor's Love Story" and in "The Great Catherine."

Still, Reggie hadn't hit anything like sustained popularity. The war came—and Denny joined the Overseas Royal Flying Corps as second lieutenant. He [continued on page 117]
Only Pearl White's closest friends knew of her great unhappiness. Her problem had become a spiritual one, and she sought the counsel of her parish priest.

Those who play in marble and gold cafes know the Pearl of revelry. . . . But what do they know of the girl who was selling newspapers, a child of seven?

A STAR IN SEARCH OF HER SOUL

By Herbert Howe

All these years I have taken good care of my body but neglected my soul. Now I am going to look after my soul. I leave tomorrow—for a convent. . . .

She spoke rapidly in French.

Then she paused and, over a crimson gown, spangled with gold, she slowly drew a sable cape. . . . It was a dramatic gesture.

So Pearl White stood surveying the Parisian audience, which remained incredulously silent.

"I am going to a convent," she repeated evenly, "but I do not know how long I shall stay. I am not going because I love somebody who does not love me. I am going solely in the hope of finding peace. I have looked everywhere for happiness except in the one place it is to be found—within myself."

A curious stillness followed her as she left the stage.

It was the strangest rôle Pearl White had ever played, unexpected and at seeming variance with her part in life, yet in its frankness wholly like this odd world woman.

The hush of surprise that followed her brief farewell was quickly broken by cynical murmurs . . . Pearl White in a convent! Pearl White, twice-divorced, the life of the party in Paris, London and New York, she who wore an Italian count's
Climbing up from sodi-
ded poverty with hands
that were literally
bruised, Pearl White be-
comes a dazzling and
unique world figure.
Then, suddenly confess-
ing her failure to attain
happiness, she quit the
world for months of
solitude in an Alpine
convent. At the left,
Pearl in her stock com-
pany days

or what sent her on that quest. What more do they
know of Pearl White?

What more do we know of any human being? Strive
as we will for communion with others, the soul remains
forever lonely.

Those who play the game of life in marble and gold
cafes, they know Pearl White. They know the famous
star who has earned miraculous millions, who has
motors, estates and retinues, whose fame has travelled
further than that of any other actress save Bernhardt.
A droll, devil-may-care girl who can enliven any even-
ing. They know her.

But what do they know of the girl who was selling
papers at seven—a trapeze performer at twelve—a
motherless child of the Ozarks in a house that was
going to rack and ruin—a girl who climbed up from sodid
poverty with hands that were literally bruised until she found a
place of decency in the sun—what do they know of that Pearl
White?

They are amused, rather, by the anecdote of the informal
Pearl who once tossed her golden wig, along with her hat, to an
astonished check girl and marched into a cell displaying her
own dark red hair.

Perhaps they never heard her tell, with a humorous quirk, of
that childhood in Greenridge, Missouri, when she and her
brother and sister existed in the care of an aged and feeble-
minded grandmother—in that hideous house "that was going
to rack and ruin."

"We had never been taught religion, not even our prayers,
and our poor little minds, degenerated for years, were about as
cruel and dishonest as children's could possibly be."

Those are the harsh flashes you catch when the star chooses
to lift the curtain on her own drama—a story as amazing and
poignant as any the screen ever told.

She remembers her father as a man who suddenly appeared
at the gate when she was four and slapped her across the face
because she was tormenting two little dogs.

She crept away and hid in the barn the entire day, "storing
up enough hatred to last for years."

Even her jaunty contempt for sentiment cannot repress the
cry, "If he had only talked to me  

[Continued on page 168]
WHEN a young man who is not only the heir to a vast fortune but to one of the highest social positions in America, forsakes his university in mid-term, braves parental opposition and financial shortage—all to become a motion picture actor, it reads more like a romantic novel of the films than a tale of real life.

But that's exactly what young Craig Biddle, Jr. of New York, Philadelphia and Princeton did.

Here Mr. Biddle has told a few of his experiences in breaking into pictures—the story of his first few weeks in Hollywood.

By Craig Biddle, Jr.

I've always wanted to be an actor.
Sometimes I think I've almost said Merton's famous prayer: "Dear God, please make me a good movie actor. One of the best."

While I was at Princeton, the thing used to hit me in spells. Sometimes I'd be crazy to do it. I couldn't think of anything but the screen. Of course I was going to be a movie actor. Catch anything stopping me! Nothing else mattered. It was like a tidal wave.

Then, I'd sink down and just forget it. I'd say to myself, "Don't be an idiot. Of course you're not going to be anything of the kind. Forget it."

Well, one of the waves hit me and I came to Hollywood.

Dad—and the family—naturally weren't so keen about it.

They thought I ought to stay and finish my university course. But I couldn't see it. The screen was the only thing that meant anything to me.

Dad gave me five hundred and said to get along on that.

My ticket—well, the five hundred melted. And when I got to Hollywood and got settled at the Hollywood Hotel, I found myself pretty flat.

I got in on a Thursday and for ten days I tramped the streets of Hollywood. It was terrible. I couldn't get into a studio. I never had any trouble getting in places before, but you have no idea what it's like trying to get past a gateman. It's more like taking a trench than anything else.

My folks know a lot of people around the east and I thought if I mentioned who I was it might help. But it didn't. They laughed at me.

I applied for work at every casting office in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
A Wife in Africa

By
Mrs. Martin Johnson

The screen's treasure trove of romantic realities has been enriched by the camera exploits of Martin Johnson, who began his adventures as the sailing companion of Jack London on the memorable voyage of the Snark. The wild exotic settings of London's immortal stories in words, Johnson has set before us in pictures of fascinating fact. He has made real to us such strange sounding places as Malekula, Raratonga, Papeete and Tahiti. It was Johnson's pictures that sent Frederick O'Brien away to write "White Shadows in the South Seas." Through all his wild journeyings with the motion picture camera Johnson has had the companionship of his wife, Osa. Her obvious youth and girlish freshness makes it seem unfitting to use the staid "Mrs." Within the week of the writing of the article which follows, the Johnsons have returned from two years of high adventure in a new and unknown region of savage men and beasts in the interior of British East Africa. Mrs. Johnson has set down for Photoplay Magazine some amusing phases of her wife's experiences in the jungles and deserts of that weird region that has come to be called "The Never-Never Land."

—The Editor.
A Girl's Story of Adventure in "Never-Never Land"

Mrs. Johnson says the most fun in Africa is the zebra, which she describes as a "silly mole in stripes." There are some eighty million zebras in British East Africa alone.

You might think from the photographs that I went to Africa just to have a good time. The pictures possibly give the impression that it was all just a gay life, chasing around on an endless vacation with the wild circuses. Or you might have an idea that I went along to play an ingénue rôle opposite man-eating lions and put a heart throb in the films. But even if it does look that way every wife knows better. I went along just because I am a wife.

I went to Africa with Martin for just the same reason that lots of girls settled down on Main Street back home—just to be with my husband. And it was not all as entertaining and easy as it sounds.

Of course, I am not entitled to sympathy, and I am not complaining. I might have anticipated all of this years ago. But it was a long time after we were married that I heard how when Martin was a little boy he carried water to the elephants all day when the circus came to Independence out in Kansas, and then ran away to watch the parade before he got his free tickets to the night show. He just couldn't wait. Now you can never trust a man with things like that in his past.

I have noticed that a wife's problems are about the same the world over. Here at home in the U. S. A. we are always fussing for fear that Henry or Tom or John, or whatever you happen to call friend-husband, will be rushing away to work without his umbrella or his heavy flannels or something. In Africa it is just the same way. I had to watch Martin all the time for fear he would dash out to see a rhino or a lion and forget to wear his heavy rifle. He was always dashing out bareheaded, too, and in Africa you are supposed to wear two hats at a time to avoid sunstroke.

And there was poor black Mrs. Bugoni, the wife of one of our gunbearers. She was always afraid he would go out on a hunting expedition—"safari" they call it—without his lucky monkey's foot and catch his death of elephants.

That "safari" is a word the Africans took over from the old Arabians. I like the sound of it. It is so Biblical looking, and it certainly just fits a trip where one sees so many things that look like they had just stepped out of an Old Testament story. Sometimes we would pass camel caravans in the deserts that looked for all the world like the Wise Men laden with gifts, and sometimes we came upon wild herdsmen with their flocks of sheep, silvery under the bright moonlight. Then at the wateringholes where the animals came to drink there were scenes like they had come right off Noah's Ark. The thirst of the desert makes them all friends while they are drinking, anyway.

The native women of the black tribes we met used to visit our safari camps occasionally. They considered me more curious and interesting than I found them. They tried to be well bred and polite and they didn't laugh at me when they thought I could see them. Some of them were real true friends, too. They offered me sympathy because I was so white and pale and dull finished. They watched me take the shine off my face with my powder puff with the greatest curiosity. Yes, I always had my vanity bag handy, even in the jungle—everybody knows what an American husband thinks of a shiny nose. But these black women were doing everything to make themselves shine like patent leather. They used castor oil to produce a high polish. One of them was good enough to take
me to one side and offer to cut my ears so I could wear big ivory plugs in them like she did. She was absolutely confident that it would make a hit with “Bwana” Johnson.

I gathered the idea at last that the native women were a little embarrassed about me, going around with my ears entirely undressed all the time. They felt it was scandalously indecent and I suppose that, when their daughters get old enough to know about such things, they will tell them about the wild white woman they saw once who went around Africa with nothing on above the neck.

The African women are really very decent folks. They take marriage a great deal more seriously than some of our best known people in America. When their husbands buy them they generally stay bought. It is considered very bad form to run away and go home to mamma out there. In fact it is not being done.

There was only one matrimonial romance connected with our safari. Martin sent a runner back from our camp in the Chobe Hills country to go to Nairobi for parts for our Fords. On the way back the runner defaulted. He bought himself a harem with a handful of nickel plated radiator caps. There is really a fortune in the Ford business in that country. The natives do not care for motoring but the parts would command Tiffany prices as jewelry.

Of course, we went to Africa with our eyes wide open for lions, and we found them. But before I tell about that I have an idea that I want to record right now. I think the Lucy Stone league ought to do something about lion literature. When I got back from Africa I found that the girls in New York had [continued on page 109]
The China Doll

Meet Anna May Wong
of Hollywood

By Mary Winship

ALMOND-SHAPED, unfathomable eyes, with the calm depths of the Orient in them. China—a million years old—gazes up at you. But the rest of her—all American!

While ninety per cent of the screen stars who were born in Illinois receive you in mandarin coats, in boudoirs furnished with Chinatown's best, Miss Anna May Wong, the loveliest little oriental the camera ever caught, greets you in a most modern Hollywood cafe, with, "I bet I've kept you waiting—I'm the limit."

Instead of the porcelain-vase doll, the captivating Chinese lady of "The Toll of the Sea," a smart, vivacious young creature in a tiptilted hat, pure Parisian heels, sheer silk stockings, and a Persian lamb wrap!

"A friend brought me down," said the China doll. "I couldn't find a taxi, and I haven't got a car myself. I ruined the last one I had trying to beat a motor cop to a bridge. I beat him all right, but I missed the bridge."

She's never been to China; Los Angeles' Chinatown is her home. The public schools gave her an education, and her association with American youth filled her with vitality and jovousness and freedom that is as quaint in her as a cluster of red balloons tied to a cherry tree.

The father of Anna May Wong still runs a laundry on a side street, not so far from the Hollywood studios where his little daughter is beginning to make a name for herself as an oriental beauty and an actress. She had done some dancing and amateur stage work when pictures attracted her. Marshall Neilan saw her working as an extra and gave her a bit in "Dinty." Later on came her first chance—as the heroine of the Chinese episode in "Bits of Life." Then "The Toll of the Sea," the natural-color picture, introduced Anna May as a Chinese "Madame Butterfly," and set her on the road to fame. Now in Tod Browning's new production she is playing a mandarin's daughter.

Said Anna May Wong, tilting her head with its smart hat covering a crown of coiled and shining masses of black hair, "Some girls might get up-stage about the laundry. Not for me. Pictures are fine, and I'm getting along all right, but it's not so bad to have the laundry back of you, so you can wait and take good parts and be independent when you're climbing. Not to have to worry about where your next meal is coming from. My oldest brother—there are eight of us in the family—went to China and he saw me in a picture and he wrote to mama to take me out quick. But mama didn't pay any attention to him. And I'm keeping right on."

That's Anna May Wong!
Himself a young man of twenty-nine, Rex Ingram has given opportunity to more young players recently than any other director.

He was born in Dublin, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. Before he attained the age of eighteen he was noted for the following accomplishments:

- Stuffing the mission box with buttons;
- Ringing the Catholic angelus on the Protestant bell of his father's church;
- Getting fired from school after he had defied tradition by walking around a banshee tree three times in the presence of the awe-stricken student body;
- Winning the popularity of the entire student force at Trinity college, Dublin, and making the entire faculty happy by quitting at the end of two years.

Making his way to America, despite parental objection, in 1911, he arrived in New York, the 4th of July, carrying a shot gun with which to fight Indians.

Forgiven by his father for running away, Rex attended Yale and studied sculpture under Lee Lawrie for two years.

The one word he dislikes in the English language is "artistic." He says it has been mal-treated by fakers until today it usually means—but here he bursts into Gaelic which we can't translate.

He went to Hollywood, became an actor and then a director.

Then the bugles of war, and Rex flew away with the Royal Flying Corps. He came home and made—

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"—

He is now making "Scaramouche" amid the French revolution in Hollywood. He will reappear on the screen one of these days, with his wife, Alice Terry.

Having discovered Mr. Ingram, we leave it to him to tell how he discovers others—on the page opposite.
Discovering new players of talent is not as difficult as you might imagine.

Let us walk through a group of extras who are looking for work. You don't have to do any discovering, they do it for you!

I work on the theory that ten out of every hundred extras in a mob are potentially successful players, that two or three of every hundred have inchoate qualifications for becoming stars or leading players.

Personally I believe in getting new players whenever possible because I feel that in their first parts, at least, they will be received as the characters they portray rather than as film personalities.

I am averse to the exploitation of personalities because it strikes at illusion.

The success of foreign pictures in creating a sense of reality is due in some measure to the illusion created by the players themselves. In "Passion" you saw Madame Du Barry. You thought of her as Du Barry, not as a great actress playing her, for the reason that Pola Negri was not exploited. She had no identity apart from the character she vitalized.

If the American public would allow the juvenile actors and actresses to submerge their individualities in the parts they play I guarantee that favorites would remain favorites a great deal longer.

In searching for new people I am naturally attracted by those who have personality—a distinctive manner and appearance. If they are playing in the background as extras I aim to get them down front and so gain an opportunity of seeing how they screen.

I have no established rules for picking new players.

Those who have appeared in my pictures were chosen because I thought they realized the characters.

When I read a script I visualize the characters. Usually I sketch them as I mentally see them. Then I start looking for the personalities to match.

The chief fault of young players is self-consciousness—a nervousness that paralyzes natural expression.

My own experience as an actor some years ago taught me that this is the chief obstacle. I once worked for a director who was gifted with a faculty for irritating everyone—and not a thing did he get out of me. There was an aloof, inhospitable atmosphere about the set. Assistants whispered, carpenters glovered, and the great man, himself, made me feel that I was the worst specimen of an actor he had ever seen... and I certainly lived up to his expectations in that picture. Later I worked with a human, sympathetic director, who gave me credit for having as much idea of my part as he had... and I think I lived up to his expectations, too.

How far a little encouragement goes in any sort of work! After my first day in the studio I resolved to be a director. My second resolution, made soon afterward, was to be a human being—although a director.

The first law I made for myself was: Make Them Happy.

This is my golden rule with players, old and new. I admit I break it every once in a while when the sun is going down and I want to finish work with five hundred people. But every rule has its proving exception.

To all players, particularly beginners, I want to cry, "Relax!" But you can't make them relax by shouting at them. On the contrary, they would immediately become tense, and when an actor is tense he is not thinking normally. His imagination is benumbed.

A little encouragement makes ninety-nine out of every hundred people do things on the screen they did not believe themselves capable of doing.

If I find when I try out a new player that he is at ease with me and has the dramatic sense I am not afraid to entrust him with any part, no matter how important, provided, of course, he is the physical type required. Long before I engaged Miss Terry I had noticed her playing extra. If the war had not interrupted my plans she would have been playing leading roles much sooner.

I know few players who have the restraint, the sincerity and the simplicity of technique that she possesses. I know none so unaffected by success. In a word, she has proved to have the attributes which I believed she had when I first noted her. Her simplicity of manner, her naturalness at all times, whether playing in a scene or waiting on the set, led me to believe that she would not suffer greatly from self-consciousness no matter how close she came to the camera.

The term "personality" seems vague to a great many people. Yet it is capable of simple definition. Personality is the real of you—your self. Since no two people are precisely alike, everyone is gifted with some measure of distinction. But as soon as anyone affects manners not his own in the hope of appearing more attractive his personality is beclouded. Originality becomes plated with imitation. The one and only... (CONTINUED ON PAGE 116)
The lake where the "river" scenes were taken was located on a huge Nevada ranch and presented many real dangers, being 600 feet deep in spots.

HOW

"THE COVERED WAGON"

WAS MADE

Director James Cruze debating whether or not Lois Wilson’s lips are on straight. Miss Wilson is the heroine of "The Covered Wagon."
How—and where—was "The Covered Wagon" made? Everyone who sees this sweeping photoplay of a pioneer wagon train of the roaring '40s crossing America from that jumping off place of civilization, Westport Landing, afterwards Kansas City, to the coast, will want to know exactly how James Cruze, the director behind it, achieved his effects.

First, we will let Cruze speak for himself: "'The Covered Wagon' had a curious history before it came to my hands. The original Emerson Hough novel had been turned down by a number of stars when Mary Miles Minter saw it—and was attracted to it. As I understand it, she had a clause in her contract giving her a certain choice of story. So the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation bought 'The Covered Wagon' for her. Then the first difficulties presented themselves, with the final result that three directors declined the script and Miss Minter finally did another story instead. In brief, it was not possible to spend a large amount of money on any production where the star received a salary of the Minter magnitude—and still release the photoplay at a profit.

"Then 'The Covered Wagon' came to me. I saw it as just 'another Western' with a few wagons and so on—or a big special. I talked with Mr. Jesse Lasky and he agreed with me. And he gave me orders to go ahead."

So Cruze and his technical staff put out from Los Angeles for the selected location, a 200,000 acre ranch in the Snake Valley of Nevada, near Baker and not far from the Utah line. The exact locale was 85 miles from the nearest railroad, at Milford. Here many of the scenes of "The Covered Wagon" were shot, including the highly effective river fording scenes and the glimpses of old Fort Bridger.

The turbulent river as seen on the screen isn't a river at all, but a lake on the huge Nevada ranch. But the lake had its dangers, being 600 feet deep at almost any spot. And a number of the wagons were actually lost, horses were drowned and some of the human participants had close calls.

Cruze took a company of 127, not numbering his staff of carpenters. This included most of the principal players. He had a corps of motor trucks, but the covered wagons were constructed on the spot. Some 350 to 500 wagons were used at different times. While most of them were built for the picture, many were supplied by people of the neighborhood. Indeed from 800 to 1,100 people were recruited from the surrounding zone of 300 miles during the eight weeks of work in this district. These local people, ranging from cowboys to settlers and including many actual '49ers, came riding in, on ponies or with their families, wagons and baggage, to become movie players for the time being. This small army was, of course, paid by the day, at a rate of about ten dollars a head.

To this number must be added the 750 borrowed redskins. "Real Indians every one," explains Cruze, "and not an imitation in the bunch."

Many unusual difficulties con- [continued on page 106]
Mary Pickford
as Juliet
Especially posed for Photoplay

"The brightness of her check would shame those stars.
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night."
STEPPING OUT

IT was one of those frightful moments that turn your hair white if you don’t reach quick for the henna bottle.

No one who was there will ever forget it no matter how many world wars or divorce suits he or she goes through.

There may have been gayer parties in our colony this year, but none with the tense dramatic situation of Rodolph Valentino’s.

Texas Guinan—she who is known to the films as “the female Bill Hart”—was hostess at the King Cole club, a smart night cafe in the New York Knickerbocker.

She was inaugurating a series of movie nights with Valentino as the star attraction. All the royal bloods of the celluloid court turned out. Fifth avenue, too, was represented by a delegation that could easily have paid off the Allied debt and still tipped the waiter.

It would be impossible to list all the platinum personages—Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, Margaret Wilson, daughter of the ex-president, the Barrymores, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Nora Bayes, Anita Stewart, Ivor Novello, Lowell Sherman—stage, screen, opera, bolshevism and capitalism side by side.

Texas knew that it would be de trop, faux pas and everything else French for a boner to have Miss Jean Acker as a guest. Miss Acker had been discharging bolts from stage and press concerning her former lord, the signor, which added nothing to her popularity with the guest of honor.

To prevent an embarrassing encounter Texas had posted a six-eyed sleuth at the door and was herself patrolling the beat.

While she was powdering her nose in the ladies’ room, she saw Peggy Hopkins Joyce enter with a startling person in trailing silks, a diamond tiara and red hair that seemed to be impersonating the Biblical flaming bush.

“I thought her face looked familiar,” sobbed Texas afterward, “but when I said,
'Howdy-do,' she gave me a look like I was an unpaid bill.'

Then Peggy presented her friend.

"Texas, I want you to meet the Countess Itch of Cuba," said Texas, almost swooning from the effect of the title. As she remarked later, "I thought I must have been mistaken in thinking I knew her. The Lord knows I don't know so many countesses that I'd be getting them mixed up."

And so Texas came leading Peggy and Countess Itch triumphantly across the floor to a table directly opposite the Valentinos! As she glanced proudly in the direction of Rudolph she was stunned by the queer, startled expression on his face. Tut-Ankh-Amen must have looked like that when the archaeologists burst in on him. His eyes were fixed on the Countess Itch.

"When I realized it was Jean Acker in disguise and I had led her to the table opposite him I didn't know whether to commit suicide or sing "Baby Shoes,"" wailed Texas. "And the first thing she did after getting seated was to start talking about injunctions in a loud voice. Well, of course, there wasn't one of us who couldn't have drawn up a chair and joined in a conversation on injunctions!"

Texas' fear was unwarranted. Accustomed, as she is, to the etiquette of the plains she thought there might be shooting.

"My Heavens!" she whispered hoarsely to me. "I don't know how good she may be on the heave or the draw, and there are a lot of things lying around to swing."

When the identity of the 'countess' had been whispered around the room there was a silence so perfect that if any-
achieving a big financial and social success. She gave a farewell party for Pearl White before the star sailed for France to seek seclusion in a convent. Mabel Normand, George Beban, Anita Stewart, George Melford, Ruby de Remer, Nita Naldi, Allan Dwan, the Dolly sisters, Kitty Gordon, Bebe Daniels and all Pearl’s friends were there, including the parish priest who counseled Miss White to seek serenity of mind and spirit within convent walls.

Anita Stewart was the star hostess at the Christmas party in the Beau Arts. Windsor McKay, newspaper artist, made a sketch of Anita which Texas auctioned off for five hundred dollars. This sum was quickly supplemented by checks from Miss Stewart and other stars. Within half an hour seventeen hundred dollars had been raised for the Children’s Christmas Fund, sponsored by the Hearst papers.

Texas has been the official hostess in the eastern colony this winter. She has a greater following off screen than most stars have on. If you want to get an idea of the number of people she knows in New York, I refer you to the latest census. Her parties are always as informal as her own robust, dynamic personality.

Gil Boag’s Rendez-vous, where Gilda Grey dances like a South Sea native, plus raffia, beads and talcum powder, has been visited by everyone who is a star or hopes to see one.

It is a place of deep russet shadows with lights dreaming through foliage-colored silks in fantastic patterns. The walls, broken into cubistic angles, dyed with primitive yellow, brown, vermilion and blue, are completely frescoed with bright chalky impressions of famous stars, drawn from life by D’Asir, the man who designed the “sets” for “The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.” The room lives up to its name of The Gallery of Celebrities. D’Asir has kept an alert eye on the visitors, and moving among them of a night has made some striking caricatures.

At the entrance you are dazzled by Anita Stewart’s smile, then Viola Dana gives you a wink from the wall and Nita Naldi fixes you with a sphinxian stare. Valentino watches your step from over the orchestra, and Will Hays, posed as the Archangel slaying the Dragon, warns you against indiscretion. Nazimova from a corner gives the lie to Penrhyn Stanlaws’ bright remark that her eyes are too small—if they were any larger there wouldn’t be room for her face. No matter how madly you dance you will recognize the famous eyebrows of Rex Ingram, the blazing orbs of Tony Moreno, the lips of Constance Talmadge caressing a cigarette, the noble brow of Tommy Meighan, the carnation mouth of Bebe Daniels, the up-curled lashes of Betty Compson, the frozen flame that is Gloria, the dimples of Dorothy Dalton, and the eyes of Harold Lloyd, out of their horn-rims for the night.

Impromptu entertainment is often given by players at their parties, particularly at the Sixty club, which is composed of theatrical and screen celebrities. At one of the club balls in the Kitz, Nora Bayes was asked to sing one of her famous old ballads.
"I can't sing it unless my first husband accompanies me," said Nora.

So the first husband gallantly withdrew from his current spouse to oblige his first. Another song was requested.

"Only my second husband knows the music for that," said Nora, whereupon Nora's Number 2 came forward.

And then the third number, after which Miss Bayes explained she had run out of both songs and husbands.

Delmonico's is a favorite luncheon place for stars and magnates of the first constellation. Here the genial Joe Fejer conducted the orchestra until recently and gave his personality toward promoting a genial atmosphere.

Everyone turned out for the New Year's Eve party at the Little club. When dancing started it looked as though a director had yelled "Camera!"—and all the stars were playing extra.

The Lambs club features men only. Here in the mellow orange glow of the dark-wooded grill, with its medieval benches and tables, you might catch your idol indulging in an orgy of ham and eggs. That is, if you could get in, but you can't.

The eastern stars entertain generally in cafes, for apartments are small and distances are great. But in the summer many of them keep open house on Long Island. The Talmadges have a place there, so has Ruby de Remer. Ruby, by the way, is the first star to keep open house in the Hollywood manner and bring about film fraternity in the east. Here's a tip, so don't tell anybody: You can stroll into Ruby's house at tea time, no matter who you are, and get delicious young sandwiches, tea, lemonade or whatever refreshment you like, served by one of those rare colored butlers who have the faculty for making you feel you're their equal. Ruby doesn't know who her guests are half the time. Everybody and his friend and his friend's friend are welcome.

Anita Stewart is another hostess who makes you feel that the movie colony is the soul of democracy and utterly god-like. I recall a formal dinner at which Anita announced that she had put out a clean table cloth in our honor—and what more could we want? Later that evening we went to P. G. Williams' estate, which is a miniature city with a mansion, a garden house,
know what they were talking about.

There are no regular "lots" in New York, as in Hollywood; few neighborly little home parties; very little of the Bohemian camaraderie that you find along the pepper-lined Boulevards. The colony is swallowed up by the city. The crowd only gets together occasionally at the cafes or by chance in the lobby of the Algonquin hotel, which has a large professional clientele. The opera and the theaters claim the time which out in Hollywood would be given to dinners, dances and gossip.

Anita Stewart has homes in every port, but this winter she leased the Hollywood palace to George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere, who have entertained lavishly. It was at one of their dinners, only recently, that Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson were formally introduced—both dressed in red!

The Charles Rays have a luxurious English house out on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills, just beyond Hollywood. There are more flunkies than at Buckingham. But if the servants are a trifle awesome, the host and hostess make compensation by being most gracious.

Pola Negri holds salons in the continental manner, drawing about her the people who are interested in literature, art and music — the chief enthusiast being C. Spencer Chaplin.

Charlie likes to play charades, and he can give uncanny imitations of his stellar friends — some of whom don't quite appreciate them.

There are none more charming and genuine than Fred Niblo and his wife, Enid Bennet. They have a great room on the third floor of their house where they entertain.

The debs of the films are members of "Our Club." They hold wild revels at which, I regret to say, some of the members drink altogether too much tea. I will not name the guilty ones; you may guess for yourself from the roster: Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Colleen Moore, Helen Ferguson, Lillian Rich, Gloria Hope, Virginia Valli and other buds. As this is being written I am unable to get a ruling as to the status of Mrs. Harold Lloyd, who was a club leader when she was Mildred Davis. As soon as we can get a decision we will issue an extra.

Then there are the races—ah those races! Longchamp is shabby in comparison. The dames in their fashions would stir the heart of Alfonso as it was never stirred at Deauville, although I fear the gals would be too haughty to suit his majesty.

Picture Mabel Normand as a grand lady at the races. Just try and do it. But Mabel means right. She started out with the best intentions for the last event. Perfectly hatted and suited in her gleaming... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
Julin Faye is almost flamboyantly youthful in her knickers of pongee and her vivid sweater! Old king Tut is probably responsible for the Egyptian motif, displayed in the horizontal bands of stitching that are gay with red and blue and yellow. But we feel that only Julia can be blamed for the cunning little tassels on the otherwise serious-minded wool stockings!

This bathing suit may never even glimpse the blue waves of the sea—but by co-starring in the same photograph with Jacqueline Logan it is fulfilling its mission. Black taffeta with white moire ribbon, in three widths, as sole adornment.

Betty Compton and early summer and a street suit of embroidered pussy willow! What could be sweeter? Especially when the suit is deeply fringed with monkey fur, and boasts a double cuff. The hat is dark, with a wide, wing-like tip of taffeta.
The handkerchief scarf and the handkerchief anklet make their appearance simultaneously. The first slightly south of Betty Compton's white shoulder, the other just north of her shapely foot. Betty's mouth seems a shade wistful and pensive, but there's a dancing light in the eyes beneath the colorful turban of printed silk.

Tennis. And a love set, we'll warrant, when Jackie Logan, in a sports frock of heavy knitted silk, smiles across the net! The hat she wears is of crepe de chine and ribbon, small and so tight-fitting that the most strenuous exercise cannot dislodge it.

A white hat for summer motoring. Created of grosgrain ribbon, with a fluted ribbon brim and a bell-shaped crown. Betty Compton's face, in the intriguing shadow of it, is flower-like!
That which has gone before

The future looked black for Joy Moran when the play, in which she was ingenue, closed. Her father—a one-time actor of note, although he had long been unemployed—was very ill, due to the drinking of bad liquor; his sight was threatened. To complicate matters, he had, while intoxicated, raised a check. And the family funds were at the lowest possible ebb. Joy had been his chief support for years and, at the moment, there seemed no way out. Only two paths offered, Arthur Lloyd—an actor—wanted, to marry her; and a mysterious Mr. Watrous, a friend of her father, had offered her a position in a great motion picture company. Mr. Watrous represented many large financial interests and his offer to her had strings. If she accepted the position it meant that she must spy upon one Jean Romain—a screen star who was engaged to marry the daughter of a millionaire named Gresham, a client of Watrous. There were ugly rumors hanging over Romain, that intimated a first wife had met her death under very peculiar circumstances. Mr. Gresham wanted the engagement broken and was willing to pay highly for the service, or information that would lead to the desired end. Although she had qualms of conscience, for Watrous impressed upon her that the whole affair must be kept a secret, Joy finally accepted the offer. Covert innuendoes from her fellow actors that she had obtained her engagement in pictures at a "price" did not make the situation any easier for her. But though it estranged her from Arthur Lloyd it meant her father's salvation—doctors, nurses and a fine sanitarium. Mr. Watrous, however, by a clever move, managed to allay Lloyd's doubts. After interviewing the head of the film company, arrangements were made to send her west immediately. But she was no sooner seated on the train, when she glanced up—from the farewell messages and flowers that filled her compartment—to meet the laughing eyes of Romain. They were to be fellow passengers during the long journey from New York to California!
Chapter IX

DISQUIETING thoughts filled Joy Moran's mind as she looked up from her seat in the train and found herself gazing into the laughing eyes of Jean Romain. She had never seen the noted screen star before, at least not in the flesh, but there was no mistaking those gay eyes, that flashing, eager smile; they had thrilled her too often, in the silent drama, for her not to recognize him now.

So this was Mr. Watrous's surprise? She did not like it. A pang of remorse shot through her as she remembered the real reason for her trip to Hollywood. It seemed impossible to believe that this sun-browned, clear-eyed boy was the cheap fortune-hunter, and worse, that Philip Watrous, or rather, his client, Robert Gresham, declared him to be. In that sudden, smiling moment Joy found herself unwilling to believe it—unable to believe it. She felt that instead of trying to prove him guilty of the things Mr. Gresham claimed, of preventing his marriage to Margot Gresham, she would rather prove him innocent, even though success in doing so would cost her a hundred thousand dollars. As she met his eyes, sensed the warm, human appeal of them, the thought of spying on him, of trying to discredit him in the eyes of the woman he loved, of the public, became a hundred times more distasteful to her than it had seemed when set forth by Mr. Watrous in his smooth and convincing legal phrases. Then, in the abstract, it had appeared reasonable enough—to find out the truth—but it was a different matter, now. And yet, she was accepting Mr. Gresham's backing, his influence in the picture world, even, in a sense, his money, to do that very thing. Small wonder that the smile with which she met Romain's greeting lacked warmth. Her sudden realization of the circumstances by which she was bound froze the joy in her heart, left her awkward, constrained.

"Isn't this Miss Moran?" she heard him saying, in a singularly vibrant and musical voice. "Mr. Senft told me to look out for you—that you would be on the train."

"Yes," she answered mechanically. "How did you know me?"

"Oh—I've seen you before. In 'The Verdict,' last year, with Julia Victor. And once down at the Climax Studios, when Sam Brockton was directing for them. I've forgotten the name of the picture, but I know you were in it. I asked Sam your name."

"Really?" Joy was pleased that he had noticed her. "'Hearts For Sale,' it was called. Where is Mr. Brockton now?"

"In Hollywood, too. But not with the Royal. Making a big costume production for the Inter-Ocean. So you're going to be with us in 'A Daughter of Isis'? That's fine." He dismissed the porters who had disposed of his luggage and perched himself on the arm of the seat.

"Won't you sit down?" Joy asked, gathering up her candy and flowers.

"Thanks." He took a place beside her.
"I hadn't the least idea you were going to be on the train," Joy said, glancing sideways at him. Again she met his gay laughter, and wondered that anyone could be so vividly, so joyously alive. His whole personality seemed to vibrate virile, exuberant youth; it gripped her keenly, poignant
ly, with a feeling of gladness, of spring. In his shaggy brown tweeds he made her think of a young Pan; it amused her to imagine him with hoofs beneath his polished boots, and vine-leaved strips of his piping gay tunes on a reed flute in the shadows of some ancient forest. She felt unreasonably light-hearted and happy.

"Had to come east last week on a little matter of business," Romain was saying. "Only in town two days, and glad to be on my way back." Joy thought of Margot Gresham, waiting for her at the other end, and her momentary enthusiasm evaporated. "Ever been to Hollywood?" her companion went on, quite unconscious of her thoughts. "No. And from what I've heard, I'm wondering whether it is going to turn out a Paradise, or—well—the other sort of place. From what you see in the newspapers—"

"Places are very much what we make them, don't you think?" Romain interrupted, with a smooth, rippling laugh. "You can be as sober or as devilish as you please, in Hollywood or anywhere else, for that matter. It takes all sorts of people, you know, to make up a world, even a miniature world like Hollywood. Personally I think it's rotten the way the newspapers try to make us all out dope fiends, or home wreckers. Such things go on there, of course, just as they do in New York, or anywhere else, in certain circles. They are bound to go on, whenever you bring together thousands of high-strung, temperamental people. The only difference is that the crowd is interested in what you or I may do. We are in a sense public characters. But people don't give a hang about the halter of your moralors, Mr. John Smith, or Mrs. Tom Jones. We are in the limelight. They're not. So we've got to be careful to avoid even the appearance of evil." He laughed again, this time less gaily. "They've said pretty rotten things about me, you know." The statement was made easily enough, but Joy saw that he glanced at her sharply, as though wondering just what she had heard about him and his past.

One thing she had heard she certainly did not now credit. Rumor said the famous star had once been a cabdriver. No cabdriver could have spoken as her companion had just spoken, with the words, the intonations of a man of education.

"I've heard very little," she said, which was true enough.

"You'll hear more," he smiled grimly. "I've got enemies, like he is. We owe a lot to the Hollywood crowd. There's a lot to be said in their defense. People who work with

their nerves, their brains, who create, who live day after day in an atmosphere of high tension, are bound to be different from a lot of plodders—clerks, business men and the like. They require some outlet, some relief from the perpetual strain. Some find it in drugs, some in liquor, some in women—or men. Perhaps I'll work off my surplus energy riding, or swimming. Got a great pool on my place. Do you swim?"

"Of course I do," Joy laughed. "My father taught me when I was barely able to walk. I love it. Better even than riding."

"Same here. And curiously enough, it's responsible in a way for my being in pictures."

Joy said nothing. She saw that, for some reason, he was eager to talk about himself. Why, she wondered? Could he have any suspicion that her mission to Hollywood was to find out about him and his past? The thing was impossible. Rather it seemed to her that he was boyishly seeking her good opinion. But, again, why? She was not subtly, slyly conceited to think that it arose from any personal interest in her, although a glance at the tiny mirror between the windows might have shown her a face as eager, as sparkling with youth and charm as his own. She was content to let him speak, to watch the quick play of expression on his mobile features, to bask pleasantly in the glow of emotions which his virile presence had set up in her. She leaned back in her seat, marvelling that the faint pressure of his shoulder against her own should set her blood to tingling so vitally. It was an effect that no man, not even Arthur Lloyd, had produced upon her before.

"I first learned to swim in college," Romain went on, "and when Dad died—he was a cotton broker down in New Orleans, and his name wasn't Romain—leaving nothing but a lot of debts, I was up against it. I was in my sophomore year, then, and being able to drive a car pretty well, I hired myself out as chauffeur to a taxicab company, in order to work my way through college. But it didn't pan out. I was driving a public hack, nights, and there wasn't time to study and sleep both. So I decided that sleep was the more necessary of the two, and lit out for New York and got a job as rubber in a Turkish shop. Some of the most hilarious times, jollying the drunks that rolled in night after night. There was one bird by the name of Salomon used to show up every Saturday afternoon about midnight and sleep there. Owned a picture house up in the Bronx, and was a good scout all through. We got pretty chummy, after a while, and I taught her the Blues. One night, when I was doing some fancy diving for him in the pool, he said I ought to be in the movies. I thought he was just kidding me, but he kept at it and finally introduced me to a friend of his who brought in, a producer. We were a long time before I took a job doubling for a chap who couldn't swim, in a sea story, where I had to jump overboard from a yacht and swim about two miles to shore. That was my start. Six years ago. Now, I've sold a gold and platinum cigarette case and regarded it reflectively—"I'll, I've got ahead since then." With a quick laugh he rose. "Didn't mean to inflict the story of my life on you, Miss Moran, but I thought I'd like to have you know the facts, in case the matter ever came up."

Joy experienced a keen sense of regret at the thought that he was about to leave her. Her father had wanted the conversation to continue, not so much because of what he was saying, as of the warm pleasure she found in his nearness. There was no doubt about it, she reflected. Jean Romain possessed that golden charm which drew all women compellingly to him, set their pulses dancing to paganly joyous tunes.

"I suppose you must smoke," she laughed at him, her eyes dangerously bright and case and regarded it reflectively—"well, I've got ahead since then."

"Why not join me?" He waved toward the open door of his stateroom. Joy had spent too many hours with bored theatrical companies, on tour, to have any qualms about joining her companion in his compartment. She was no coy country girl, in spite of the fact that she was barely out of her teens, but a woman of the world.

"I'd love to," she said, rising, "and you can tell me some more about Hollywood." They went into the stateroom, unmindful of the raised eyebrows of a middle-aged matron, the sly whispers of a pair of giggling girls, and sat down opposite each other. Joy wondered what he would think, could she outdo him in her fiancé and another woman beginning the long journey across the continent in so intimate and unconventional a way. Did Romain really love the girl? Mr. Gresham said not, maintained that he was cold-bloodedly planning to annex his daughter's millions by the very simple device of marrying her. It was something that, for more reasons than one, Joy determined to find out, and being as primitive, as feminine as the rest of her sex, she adopted primiti
def methods.
“Here’s a picture of the other most attractive woman I know,” Remain said. “Margot Gresham.” A tiny locket lay open in his outstretched palm. At that moment a white-coated valet stuck his head through the doorway.

“This is ever so much nicer, isn’t it?” she whispered, with just the proper amount of invitation in her eyes.

“Rather.” He lit her a cigarette, and in spite of the fact that she did not care particularly about smoking, she took it. “Great, meeting you on the train like this. I brought a lot of books along, expecting to be bored to death.” He pointed to some gay colored volumes in the rack. “Now I won’t have to read them. Wasn’t it Bobbie Burns who said, ‘My only books are women’s looks’?”

“It was. ‘And folly all they taught me’ seems to have been his experience. Has it been yours?”

“Well,” he grinned, “I’m always willing to learn. By the way, I’d like to have you try that swimming pool of mine some time. I’ll teach you some stunts.”

“While I teach you—folly?” Joy asked mischievously, then determined on a bold stroke. “I’m afraid I might make myself unpopular. You’re engaged, you know. At least everybody says so.”

“Certainly I am. Margot Gresham. She’ll be there too, of course. Swims like a duck. Fine girl. Splendid. Too good for me, I guess. Awfully broadminded—understanding—you know what I mean. Nothing small or petty about her. Doesn’t ask me never to look at another woman, just because we care about each other.” He spoke with real feeling, yet it seemed to Joy that he was somehow on the defensive. “I think that a man or a woman either can have friends—lots of
Romain’s eager fingers gripped her arm, detained her. “You will do it again? You’ve got
to!” “Oh, yes.” Joy was thoroughly in command of herself by now. “I forgot. It’s in my
part in the new picture, isn’t it?—to camp you—steal you away from the woman you love”

them—even if they are married, or about to be. Don’t you?”

“Why, yes,” Joy agreed, puzzled.

“Well, that’s the way Margot feels. It’s why I’m so fond of her—one reason. You’ll like her, I know. And she’ll like
you, too. I’m sure of it.”

Joy was not at all sure of it. She knew women, and some-
thing told her that this big, vital boy did not. She regarded
him covertly, as he puffed out rings of cigarette smoke. Margot Gresham, she thought, was an exceedingly lucky woman,
to gain the love of such a man. His face was ruddy-brown
with health. Not a tell-tale line showed about his clear eyes.
Here was a man who took care of himself, she decided, not a
weakening, a victim of dissipation in any of its insidious forms.
And she had heard quite the contrary; had been led to believe
that his life, at least up to the time of his meeting Miss Gres-
ham, had been just one vivid thrill after another, a sort of
glorified epitome of wine, women and song. It seemed incred-
ible. What a vulture gossip was, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]
AMONG the prominent passengers was Mr. Miles Standish, whose famous Courtship of Priscilla is immortalized on the screen by Charles Ray, playing John Alden. The cost of the original Mayflower was approximately $4,000, that of the Hollywood duplicate, built by Ray, is estimated at $65,000. Tons of machinery, placed under the vessel, serve to rock it during the furious gale which is depicted on the screen.
The following chapter of this amazing narrative sets forth for the first time the authentic inside story of the origin of the most important phases of the screen today.

No patron of the motion picture and no one engaged professionally in the work of the screen can fail to find here a new illumination of many of the obscure aspects of the motion picture as it is now.

The year of 1908, fifteen years in the past, will doubtless stand as the greatest and most critical period in all of the romantic history of the motion picture.

James R. Quirk, Editor.

CHAPTER XV

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

and an actor stood in argumentative conversation on a Broadway corner. Griffith was busy in the second month of his novitiate experience as a director of motion pictures. He wanted this actor in the cast of a little one-reeler that was in the making down at 11 East 14th Street, the Biograph studio.

"Never—Griff—never!"
The actor made a gesture that indicated with one sweep the glories of Broadway, the high status of the stage and centuries of Thespian tradition.

"Never—not in the pictures."
The young director flared up.

"Say—I’ll promise you something! You’ll see the day when they will be playing pictures right here—right on Broadway."

"Righ on Broadway!" Think of the daring of that prophecy.

If Griffith had had any particular standing his utterance would have been sensational. As it was, the remark merely branded him as a hair-brained visionary with no more responsibility than a spring poet.

The actor shook his head and turned away. "Poor Griff—good actor gone wrong!"

This was 1908, now fifteen years ago according to the calendar and some cons and ages ago in the swift evolution of the motion picture.

The actor, nameless here for his own sake and to avoid the unfairness of holding him up to ridicule for an opinion that was really general, turned into a booking agency and picked up a part in a road company playing melodrama out in the hinterland. The play was "The Convict’s Escape," or something just as good. And in the cast of that sterling production was a little girl with a curl, Gladys Smith.

This is a moment of the past to toy with for a brief retrospection. D. W. Griffith scouring Broadway for an actor. Gladys Smith playing melodrama out in the sticks. What might it have meant to that self-assured actor to have been given one glimpse of today with his friend "Griff" in the stellar fame of D. W. Griffith and Gladys Smith, known to all the world as Mary Pickford?

This 1908, which we have discussed considerably in the last two chapters, is in many respects the most significant in all of the history of the screen.

We have traced in previous chapters something of the birth of the technique of the screen through the labors of Edwin S. Porter of Edison, J. Stuart Blackton of Vitagraph, Francis Boggs of Selig, G. M. Anderson of Essanay and others, with J. Searle Dawly, D. W. Griffith, William Carr and their contemporaries coming in to take the work and carry on through evolutionary stages. And we have noted as well the beginnings of the scenario with Satter T. E. Taylor on the staff of Biograph solely to handle stories, and Frank Wood of The Dramatic Mirror breaking in with free lance offerings of scenario ideas.

So the making of motion pictures in something approaching the modern sense may be said to have begun. But the industry of the motion picture was not yet established. In a commercial and industrial sense the motion picture was a war, not a business.

Before any important progress could be made in the studios this war had to be settled.

Through ten bitter years, ever since the thirteenth day of May, 1898, when Edison filed suit
against the American Mutoscope Company (Biograph) for infringement of Patent No. 589,168, in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, that war had been waged.

It was a rising, menacing tide of conflict that threatened wholesale disaster and destruction of the motion picture art. But early in 1908 the battle between the opposed camps of Edison and Biograph had entered into a crescendo that seemingly could conclude only with a cataclysmic crash and chaos.

No picture maker was safe. The paralyzing blow of injunction for one side or the other in the patent war was likely to fall on anyone at any moment. No one dared to make important investments or plan for permanent betterments in the art and its facilities. The picture makers had always to be ready to duck and run.

When George Kleine of Chicago refused to quit importing foreign film and devote himself to Edison films and those of Edison licensees to the exclusion of Biograph, the Edison legal department dropped into Chicago one merry day in the spring of 1908 and filed forty-three suits against theater customers of the Kleine exchange. Biograph countered this play by suing an equal number of Edison customers in the vicinity of New York.

Both sides gave out interviews of fervor and bitter words. The bewildered exhibitor did not know where to turn. Meanwhile the wave of store-show development and the nickelodeon theater of the time was well under way and the market was clamoring and hungry for film.

As has been seen in preceding installments, Edison held basic patents on his motion picture camera and patents on the exposed film produced by that camera. Meanwhile Biograph held patents on an altogether different camera, another type of film, and by purchase the patent rights of Latham and Armat's projection machine inventions. In a broad way it may be said that Edison controlled the camera and his opponent Biograph held the projection machine. The two basic essentials of a screen showing were held by the opponents in the big war.

[continued on page 100]
THE MOVING SHOW OF SHADOW KINGS: When we recall Charles Ray was the first to arouse our idolatrous instinct we feel the years upon us. Wiping our spectacles and heaving a sigh, we remark that it seems like yesterday. What huzzas we emitted, what college yells! We called him wonder-boy; genius, the one and only idol. He held the throne for a little time, then Bartholomew bounded on. To Cheng Huan, poet Celestial of "Broken Blossoms" we throned the lute and office incense. Buddha became the true god. Then a crash of cymbals pierced all adorations and Valentino, like a blinding flash of powder, burst upon us. Into the shadows sank all other kings. The Italian triumph was the most spectacular of all, a conquest fit for Caesar. King of kings he's ruled. But in the distance we hear a blare and on the horizon appear the streaming pennants of Novarro. With the sparkle of youth, the beauty that's Greek and a personality that shines unspotted, he makes winning advances. We see in him young Galahad, Ben-Hur and all great characters of youth. All his circumstances seem auspicious. His dramatic power is being carefully developed by an adroit director. He is earnest yet not ego-centric—not yet self-centered. He receives criticism intelligently and praise with gratitude. His environment is sure, the length of his reign uncertain. History occasionally reveals a wise and sincere ruler, fortunately escaping the mob fickleness. Screen history is much the same. In this moving show of magic lantern kings only a few can shine forever. We hope the new prince will view the procession with thoughtful eyes.

Close-Ups & Long Shots

By Herbert Howe

Decorations by John Held, Jr.

Not a Discovery but a Prediction

Concerning The Star of "Where The Pavement Ends"

The Man From Mexico—

SEÑOR RAMÓN NOVARRO

If he doesn't bring about the recognition of Mexico no one ever will.

Furthermore, I predict that Señor Novarro is next in succession to be enthroned monarch of the American screen.

Vive Le Roi!

Presario of pies I expected the usual refreshment to come flying through the windows. But it never came. It was all plot, no pie, and we went away unsatisfied. Mack Sennett is a lag-painted Pierrot, a genius in burlesque, an impresario whose baton is the slapstick. As a dramatist, Mack, desist. In your hands the pie is mightier than the pen. Buy, label a story. She's a genius in search of an author. You can afford to find her one. Shake a few shekels out of the old sock, the rich earnings from Bathing Girl comedies. Be generous. Think what you've saved in the past on costumes alone!

Jackie Issues Denial: Jackie Coogan has issued a firm denial to the report that he is to play Ben-Hur. Jackie says he will spend his latter years in retirement. Now it's bruited that Marshall Neilan will direct the picture, and everyone is assuming that Wesley Barry will play Ben. We think he will be too old. What's needed is youth and ability to drive a racy chariot. We suggest a combination of Baby Peggy and Texas Guinan. Baby Peggy could take the close-ups and Texas could handle the hosses.

Sex Attraction: A dazzling youth was recently lodged in a New York hoosegow on the charge of bigamy. Although he had started forth in life as a lovely dishwasher he soon realized his talent and became a sheik. When arrested he was living amid oriental splendor in a Riverside drive apartment. He said he couldn't remember all the women who had been in love with him. They had pursued him, he alleged, since he was eight years old. Retribution always stalks a fellow like that. He either lands a jail sentence or a movie contract.

Movie Dumbbells: We hear that there are no brains in the movies. Look at Maxine, Doug and Charlie, just three pretty faces, no business ability. All they can do is act, form companies of their own, organize a distributing corporation to handle their product and build a Hollywood theater to display their purported wares. Now I ask you, Abe—and you
The Wildest Thing in Canada

Illustration by Ralph Barton

By Terry Ramsaye

THE scene is any office of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada.

Corporal Malcolm McCatchem in sparkling spurs and a coat as red as dragon's blood is standing at six feet six of rifle-rigid attention.

"Chief Yellow-Feather-Bad-Blood has run amuck and stolen a dollar watch from the missionary."

Having said this, the Lieutenant-in-Command looks out the window of the log house into the blinding snow. The wind is rising with a whine that betokens the wildest storm of a savage Canadian winter. The officer is thinking of nothing save the fugitive from hardboiled justice. He knows, and Corporal McCatchem knows, that Chief Yellow-Feather-Bad-Blood lives seven hundred miles and three blocks northwest of Moose Factory, the third tepee from the corner as you turn to the right and pass the twin spruce with the woodpecker's nest in it.

"Get your man."

Corporal McCatchem salutes and is gone. Outside there is a moment of snarling as the dog team untangles under the lash, then nothing but the whispering of the snow between the sighs and whimperings of the wind.

That is the intrepid Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman of tradition and fiction. There is a deal of fact in it, too. The "mounted" is a brave guy. He never loses his way or his temper. He performs amazing deeds of fortitude and daring, encounters all perils of weather, wind, water, woods, brush, bears, bandits, starvation, avalanches, crevasses, seracs, and whimuses, regardless and abandoned like—come whatever.

But—there is just one thing in all this wide and oblate world that will stop a resplendent red coated hero of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of the Dominion of Canada. It will not only stop him but it will turn him around and send him scurrying back trail, hunting cover.

And that is a motion picture camera.

The difficulty seems to be that a lot of American dramatic films have been made that did not entirely please the mounties. In the first place the mountie is proud and accurate about his uniform. When an extra from the docks at San Pedro harbor appears on the screen in an outfit salvaged from the Revolutionary war and labeled "of the Royal Northwest Mounted," the whole service from Calgary, Alberta, to Nootka Inlet, B. C., shudders. Then several scenario writers who gained their knowledge of the great outdoors at the Forty-second Street Country Club in Times Square and at Venice, Calif., have written yarns showing Corporal McCatchem being effectively vamped by Miss Minnie Two-Feathers, the beautiful squaw with Curwood hair and Brinkerk eyes. The mounties admit
nothing of the kind. Also several pictures have shown mountie characters drinking Scotch whiskey with Indian braves. This is obviously incorrect and misleading. The mounties do not drink Scotch whiskey with Indian braves. Perhaps they consider Scotch too good for the redskins. Anyway if we have a group close-up of a bottle, an Indian and a Mounted Policeman, we can know at once that the next view, if accurate, will show the Indian waving goodbye to the whiskey as the mountie gallops away on his own business.

So, in artistic defense, an order has issued from the head-quarters of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada at Ottawa, to the effect that mounted policemen will not appear in or lend their services to any motion picture, whatsoever, and they do not and will not—not any where-so-ever.

Good Scotch

A pianist, a singer, a Scotch comedian — and the screen's leading villain!
Ernest Torrence is an anomaly. A popular villain. The worse he acts the better you like him.

He beats up the hero, betrays the heroine, but you like him.

He's the American apache. Mountainer or plainsman it's all the same; he has the brutal attraction.

When Henry King, director, engaged him to play the rough mountaineer, Luke Hatburn, and to make life generally miserable for Richard Barthelmess in "Tol'able David," Torrence protested with injured amazement, "Why, man, I'm a comedian!"

"You're a demon," said King.

And a bearded, black-leering demon he's been ever since.

He's the hit of "The Covered Wagon" because he is the most human ruffian you ever saw.

If anyone had ever told you that one day you'd applaud a man who rescued another from the quicksands and then tried to throw [continued on page 111]
"The Glory That Was Greece"

FOUR and a half centuries before the birth of Christ the ancient Greeks erected this temple to Athenia on the Acropolis at Athens. The Parthenon stands today as the highest attainment of Greek architecture and the flower of perfection of the Doric style in the hour of its triumph.
CONWAY TEARLE comes of a distinguished English stage family and made his public debut behind the London footlights. On the screen he has played opposite most of the feminine stars, his latest being in "Bella Donna," Pola's first American film.

MARGARET IRVING is the newest revue beauty to try the silversheet. Paducah, Kentucky, is her home town and she has been a chorine with the Ziegfeld Follies and the recent Music Box Revue. Her celluloid debut was in "M. A. R. S."
RICHARD DIX, the John Storm of Maurice Tourneur's "The Christian," hails from St. Paul. His education was shaped towards the field of medicine but fate intervened. Dix tried the stage and then the films—with the consistent success you have noted.

EVELYN BRENT will be seen as the heroine of Doug Fairbanks' new pirate romance. She is a Florida girl of distinct beauty, who first appeared in pictures as Betty Riggs, her debut being in a tiny role of an early Olga Petrova production.
THE happy ending—or, to be more accurate, the happy beginning—of the screen's favorite romance! Youth and dreams-come-true; love and joy and Junetime. Note the ecstatic expression upon the face of Harold the Benedict.

And—Mildred Davis Lloyd doesn't look so darn sad, herself!
THE SHADOW STAGE

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

By Frederick James Smith

As the first American-made vehicle for the glamorous talents of Pola Negri, "Bella Donna" had its edge of disappointment for us. The Negri has been in process of adaptation in matters of technique, make-up and so on. The old abandon is slowed up. Every now and then—just when she would have struck fire in the old days—one senses Pola being told to be careful, or the bad photography goblins will get her. Some of the critics seemed to feel that the Negri wasn't permitted to be sufficiently bad. Personally, we think she wasn't allowed to be sufficiently good. We mean historically rather than morally, however. In "Bella Donna" she is like Babe Ruth in the midst of a batting slump, trying out a new stance at the plate. Her natural swing is gone. She is not yet the histrionic Robert Hichens novel of the old fashioned declassé lady who fastens herself upon the young chap of great promise, is hopelessly passe. It is second rate fiction of ten years or so ago. It creeps.

We suspect that George Fitzmaurice and the others behind the production finished "Bella Donna" with a lot of pride. Probably they said, "There, let Berlin see what can be done with Pola." Well... We'd rather have the old Pola acting in the midst of bad photography and very Teutonic extras playing French folk. Not that she isn't interesting here. She is. But she doesn’t give off the old sparks.

The whole cast acts as if it expected Pola to dash a chair in any direction at any given moment. Even the jolly, white-ribboned jackal, sinking along the desert sky line in the final flush, goes about his moral task of making breakfast food of the naughty Bella with the same sense of impending furniture.

Ibanez’s "Enemies of Women" covers a lot of ground, stretching from Russia, to Paris, to Monte Carlo, to New York, and back again. At base, it is the tale of two scions of the old Russian aristocracy—wasters, dissipators of their destinies, erotic cynics, living only for themselves. How the world war enters their lives and re-shapes their souls is the story. The novel has been transformed into a lavish film.

The result, despite the company's trip to the Riviera and to Paris, has an artificial note. We put this to the huge Ziegfeldish settings of Joseph Urban. These have a musical comedy unreality. Indeed, the whole story rather moves as a series of tableaux. This quest of mammoth sets is yet another fitting screen pictures has led to faulty motivation of characters. Hence the big moments fall down emasculated.

You will like Lionel Barrymore's portrayal of the Russian prince who plays with life bit by bit; and Ruth Etting And you will find Alma Rubens superficially picturesque as the other waster. For the sophisticated, if you please.

HAROLD LLOYD’S "Safety Last" has just what "Bella Donna" lacks—abandon. Not, of course, that we expect Pola ever to climb a twelve-story department store. For that is exactly what Lloyd does in "Safety Last"—at least, to all screen appearances.

This climbing stunt is the last word in nervous farce. In all his comedy predecessors along this line, Lloyd has never touched the smashing effectiveness of "Safety Last." We saw it twice in New York—and both times the audiences were on the verge of hysteria. "Safety Last" is the shortest seven-reeler we ever saw. It isn’t all devoted to Lloyd’s expedition up the front of a building. There is a lot of good fun with the comedian as a store worker who just misses getting fired every minute of the day.

Lloyd has never been more amusing than in "Safety Last." And never more legitimate in his comedy methods. We recommend this feature farce to you without qualification.

"GRUMPY," in its film form, held our interest strongly, largely because of Theodore Roberts' admirably sustained performance. Whether or not you saw the stage success, you will like the celluloid "Grumpy." For the Roberts characterization loses little or nothing in comparison with Cyril Maude's performance of the grouch old criminal lawyer. And the William de Mille adaptation is straightforward and intelligently worked out. A mystery crime play without violence to personed or intelligence—and with a lovable central character.

DESPITE its lurid title, "Souls For Sale" has a great deal of interest for motion picture lovers. For it takes its audience into a film studio and shows how the damn thing ticks. "Souls For Sale" was built for all the screen-struck Mertons of the world. Indeed, it wanders all over filmland, with informal glimpses of celluloid notables galore. Remember the old PHOTOPLAY Magazine Screen Supplement on the Screen? This is it, plus a story. In truth, the Rupert Hughes theme is a pretty crude one, with a simple heroine beset by a criminal who marries, robs and kills his victims. However, the story is pretty much lost in the shuffle of celluloid celebrities. This background of studio life is sure to interest. Indeed, here is a silent drama which gets over on its background. We advise you to forget the plot and watch the incidents taking place behind the principals struggling with the characters of Mr. Hughes' imagination. And, by the way, all the authors who have ever protested about theatrical desecration of their stories should see what Director Hughes does to Author Hughes' romance.

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION OF THE SIX BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

SAFETY LAST
BELLA DONNA
ENEMIES OF WOMEN
GRUMPY
THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS
SOULS FOR SALE

GRUMPY—Paramount

This old melodrama of a querulous, bad tempered old criminal lawyer who ferrets out the theft of a wonderful diamond, largely by means of a gardenia, was highly popular behind the footlights because of Cyril Maude's superb playing of the curious old fellow. Give any play one character that lives and breathes and you have a hit. Witness the line of stage successes from "Rip Van Winkle" to "Lightnin." Luckily this melodrama is happy in its transference to the screen. The superb character of Grumpy is again splendidly played. This Grumpy may not be quite the same, for he is a bit more emphatic and a bit more kindly, but Theodore Roberts' performance is bully. Here is character acting. Indeed, "Grumpy" is very nicely played throughout, and the direction is satisfying.

ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Cosmopolitan

The novels of Vicente Blasco Ibáñez make colorful screen material. Witness the celluloid adaptations of his "Blood and Sand" and "The Four Horsemen." Cosmopolitan approached this Ibáñez romance with a lavish pocketbook. Over a million is said to have been spent upon this story of two decadent aristocrats of old Russia who find their souls in the shadows of the world war. The company was sent to the actual scenes of the story in Paris and Monte Carlo, Joseph Urban designed settings that must have cost a small fortune apiece, Paul Poiret was called upon for many of the frocks and the whole Ziegfeld chorus was summoned to furnish the pulchritudinous background of dissolve abandon. Lionel Barrymore gives an admirable performance of the titled worshipper at the shrine of folly.

BELLA DONNA—Paramount

Pola Negri's first American production seems troubled by too much conscience. They were trying to observe all the rules of censorship. They were trying to make Pola a sympathetic sinner. And they were trying to make "Bella Donna"—the story of a bad woman if there ever was one! As a result the story and the characters seem straining under effort. They know they are in a bad business but they are trying to think right!

Even Pola is strained. She seems determined to be a good woman, even if she dies of ennui. They have taken this passion flower and made a poinsettia. A more beautiful flower, perhaps, but without the seductive power.

Pola Negri is a great actress. Even in the most artificial absurdities of this film she registers subtleties of thought and emotion that are impressive. But she hasn't the spontaneity, the camera-free abandon of Carmen and Du Barry. She is timed down until every little movement seems an effort all its own.

Conway Tearle plays Baroudi, the Arab of sinister animal attraction. He wears a turban and pantaloons and a henna complexion, but nothing can spoil that fine Irish face. He squints his eyes at Pola but otherwise does nothing that wouldn't be considered gentlemanly by the ladies and gentlemen of the Pennsylvania state board. The part required a Valentino.

Both Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson are automatons. In fact, no one interests you. They are all papier mâché.

We are too patriotic to compare this picture with Pola's foreign ones except to say that it's technically far superior. Indeed it is a triumph of technique over realism.
Saves Your Picture Time and Money

PHOTOPLAY'S SELECTION
OF THE SIX BEST
PERFORMANCES of the MONTH

Theodore Roberts in "Grumpy"
Pola Negri in "Bella Donna"
Harold Lloyd in "Safety Last"
Lionel Barrymore in "Enemies of Women"
Milton Sills in "The Isle of Lost Ships"
William Collier, Jr., in "Enemies of Women"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 112.

SAFETY LAST—Pathé

This new Harold Lloyd farce will become a classic of its kind, or we will miss our guess. For it is the bespectacled comedian's best effort to date. Lloyd has evolved his laughs from the skeletons of skyscrapers and the ledges of lofty buildings before—but nothing has equaled "Safety Last." Here he seemingly climbs a twelve-story department store all for the love of a girl—and to win enough money to make possible a wedding. A hundred times he hangs by an eyelash.

The shrieks of hysterical laughter that greeted Lloyd in the comedy in New York would convince even a hardened critic—but this reviewer left the showing in a state bordering on collapse, along with the rest. Who hasn't heightophobia? There are nervous thrills galore, as when a flock of affectionate pigeons descends upon the head of the fear-racked Harold. Then a mouse runs up his leg as he balances upon a ledge. After that an excited store customer drops a tennis netting upon the worried climber. But the climax comes when he misses his hold and seizes the huge hand of the store clock, as the face of the time-piece stretches into space.

But "Safety Last" isn't all a climbing stunt. There's a lot of good legitimate fun making with Harold as a department store worker under the eye of a floor walking autocrat. There is one particular joyous moment when Harold, to impress the girl of his hopes, takes possession of the general manager's private office—and barely gets away with it.

This is easily one of the big comedies of the year. It is seven reels in length—but it speeds by with the rapidity of a corks two-reeler.

THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS—First National

Here is a genuinely entertaining film yarn, for those who care little about the probabilities but who like fast moving romance. Pause to consider an ocean disaster which leaves three survivors on the half submerged hulk—one a beautiful girl, another a detective and the third his prisoner, a young chap accused of murder, but, of course, innocent. The hulk drifts and drifts until it brings up in the fabled Sargasso Sea, that storied place of tangled seaweed and kelp, with its lost ships of all centuries. Here, among the galleons of old, the clipper ships of another day and the wrecked liners of our age, the three find a colony of sinister derelicts, presided over by no other than Walter Long. All in all, a fantastic romance screened with imagination by Maurice Tourneur. Milton Sills is particularly good.

SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn

This melodrama, written and directed by Rupert Hughes, is a personally conducted trip behind the scenes of movieland—a Cook's Tour of the empire of celluloidia. As such, it will fascinate those who have longed to visit a studio in operation—and, we suspect, their name is legion. It is for this reason that "Souls For Sale" lands among our chosen six. The story behind this journey through filmland is false and trivial, tracing a young woman from extra to stardom. But, when Hughes places his camera behind the camera and shows how make-believe becomes apparently real, then "Souls For Sale" has high interest. The action is loose, the story reeks with heavy villainy, and the acting is never impressive—but the background of studio life puts it over.
More Service for You

Starting with the July issue, Photoplay Magazine will institute another great service to its readers. This publication, which is probably the most imitated magazine in America, has always led in ideas that will be of service to its readers. The idea will probably appear subsequently in other screen publications, but Photoplay will be glad of it because, if it is done right, it will be of immense help.

You constant readers of Photoplay—probably two million in all—have been able to select your pictures and to save your motion picture time and money by reading these reviews. If this service could be extended to all of the motion picture patrons of the country, millions and millions of dollars would be saved to them annually and the most valuable possession of your lives, time, would be conserved immeasurably.

The producers of pictures may not like this, but Photoplay is published primarily for its readers, and the producers, while they are given fair and square treatment in every case, are not taken into consideration.

Lost and Found—Goldwyn

This tropical tale, actually “shot” in the South Seas, can’t stand up against such a gem as “Where the Pavement Ends.” One has imagination, the other is merely the same old melodramatic hokum dropped before a Tahiti back drop. Here is much beauty of background but what goes on in front of the camera is the old, old stuff. A lot of good players are wasted in this tale.

The Leopardess—Paramount

Alice Brady, as a more or less wild girl of the South Seas—a rôle that is quite becoming to her—is partially tamed by Montague Love as Quaigg, a brutal millionaire. Quaigg, an exceptionally disagreeable person, is eventually killed by a leopardess that he also tried his skill at training. If the killing had occurred in the first reel the picture would have been far better.

Little Church Around the Corner—Warners

Omitting the long prelude made horrible by many blond infant prodigies, this picture isn’t so bad. Although it depends for its big thrill upon the same sort of situation which made “The Miracle Man” famous—and hasn’t registered very hard since. A wealthy mine owner, a mine cave-in (done with unusual realism) and an earnest young minister. An interesting cast.

Vanity Fair—Goldwyn

This visualization of Thackeray’s famous novel of the pre-Victorian era is easily Hugo Ballin’s most workmanlike effort. It flashes no brilliancy; it is merely adequate. There has been character tampering but, in the main, the tragic story of that immortal little schemer, Becky Sharp, is here—from boarding school onward. Mabel Ballin plays Becky with a bit more shading than usual.
Beginning Next Month

One of the problems of publishing reviews is that the pictures themselves as shown may not appear in your theater for months after they have been released and shown in the "first run" houses. You read a review in PHOTOPLAY and then the picture does not get to your neighborhood for a long time.

We have found a way to overcome that. Beginning with the July issue, all the pictures that have been reviewed at length in PHOTOPLAY will be reviewed very briefly and concisely. All you will have to do will be to look for the name of the picture that is to appear at your theater and find it in alphabetical order. There you will be advised whether the picture is worth your time and money. You will also be advised of the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the more extended reviews appear.

If you will save all of your copies of PHOTOPLAY, you will then be in a position where you can determine almost at a glance whether it is worth your while to see the picture.

THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON—Paramount

A MOSAIC of skilled direction, evenly balanced acting, and beautiful stage sets that, somehow, fails to retain the elusive quality that made the novel a human and pulsing thing. One enjoys the gowns that the ladies wear, and the lovely interiors, but one misses the vital element that was a part of the Edith Wharton story. Alan Dwan's direction overshadows everything now.

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE—Paramount

THE Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia come in for some more publicity. The screen is certainly breaking out in feuds and moonshiners and mountaineers this season! A few months ago it was dambuits. Mary Miles Minter and Antonio Moreno are the innocent little girl of the woods and the man from "outside." They're both easy to look at. Ernest Torrence as "Devil" Judd Tolliver is good.

YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon

A DISTINGUISHED cast making the best of a commonplace story with all the commonplace situations and subtleties that go to make mediocrity. Edmund Breese, Robert Edeson, James Kirkwood and Doris Kenyon are names to conjure with. But there's a little child in velvet panties and a lace collar who links the situations together and injects the saccharine.

THE WOMAN OF BRONZE—Metro

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG falls short of the standard set by Margaret Anglin in the play from which this motion picture was evolved. But, at that, she makes real the part of Vivian Hunt, the wife who after disillusionment and anguish proves to be the ideal woman for whom her husband has been searching. John Bowers, Lloyd Whitlock and Katherine McGuire are in the cast.

BRASS—Warner Brothers

THE title speaks the truth. Whatever was in Charles G. Norris' original study in matrimony and divorce is lost in process of film adulteration. If you haven't read "Brass" and you don't mind a story which doesn't dare anything, maybe you'll like this. Marie Prevost has cute flapper moments. Harry Myers runs away with a small role of a woman hater.

[continued on page 97]
Gossip—East & West

By Cal York

TWO more pictures for Latrice Joy and then stardom, we hear. She has just signed a three year contract with Famous Players. Her first under the new contract will be directed by Charles Maigne. Then a part in a Cecil B. de Mille special.

Miss Joy's work in "Manslaughter" introduced her firmly with Paramount.

ENGLAND is out to capture our most prized possessions, the film stars. Tis said the Graham-Wilcox company of London offered Carol Dempster $50,000 for her five weeks' services. But the wise Carol remains with Mr. Griffith. The same company has made an offer to Betty Compson, and has signed Betty Blythe to do "Chu-Chin-Chow" in Algiers. Mae Marsh made "Paddily-the-Next-Best-Thing" for this company.

NOW that his picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships," has turned out to be one of the sensations of the film year, Elmer Clifton has been signed up by Fox.

His first production for the Fox banner is "Six Cylinder Love," the automobile farce which ran many months in New York. This will be Clifton's first comedy since he made "I'll Get Him Yet," and six or seven other Dorothy Gish comedies for D. W. Griffith. "Down to the Sea in Ships," by the way, ran for some twelve weeks at the Cameo theater in New York. Something of a record!

THERE was a real romantic ending to "Down to the Sea in Ships." The hero and heroine were actually married at the close. Marguerite Courtot and Raymond McKee were childhood sweethearts. When they found themselves playing opposite one another in Elmer Clifton's whaling picture they discovered that they still were. And so, in early April, at the Little Church Around the Corner, Eldon Raymond McKee took Marguerite Gabrielle Courtot as his bride. This is the first romance on record where a whale figured as a matchmaker.

DAVID BELASCO will collaborate in the production of his stage successes, "Tiger Rose," "Deburau," "The Gold-Diggers" and "Daddies" when they are filmed by the Warner Brothers. And Lenore Ulric will star in "Tiger Rose," in the character which she created on the stage. Several years ago Miss Ulric starred in Paramount pictures without marked success, but since that time she has developed in histrionic power under the direction of Mr. Belasco. She will go to Hollywood to work in "Tiger Rose" as soon as she completes her New York season in "Kiki," now holding the record for New York theatrical attractions.

LILLIAN GISH has completed F. Marion Crawford's "The White Sister," for Inspiration Pictures after some eight months' shooting in Italy. The photoplay will be released as a big special. There are rumors that Miss Gish is to return to Italy to do George Eliot's "Romola," with her sister, Dorothy, playing with her. And, if the rumor is true, Dick Barthelmess will have the male role. Which will be a triple star production—and no mistake.

This is the last portrait of Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest tragedienne of two decades. The famous actress died in her Paris residence on March 26, in the midst of a motion picture being made in her own house. Mrs. Bernhardt was always interested in the photoplay and was one of the first dramatic stars to be won to the films.
WOMEN who are exceptionally critical about a manicure should "do" their nails the Cutex way. For, this new method of manicuring not only eliminates all dangerous and disfiguring cutting of the cuticle, but it leaves the finger tips soothed and comforted, the nails immaculate and lovely.

Moreover, the Cutex way of manicuring is quick and easy. It takes but five or ten minutes once or twice a week.

You just dip an orange-wood stick wrapped with cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover (a cleansing, antiseptic liquid developed by Science for the care of the nails), work it under the nail tips, and around the base of the nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then, rinse the finger tips in water, and wipe them off. Now, examine the nails closely, and you will see that every tiny flake of dead skin has disappeared, ugly stains have vanished, and the nail rim is thin, even, and beautifully shaped.

Then—for a Jewel-like Polish

Of Cutex Polishes there are five—the paste, cake, stick, powder, and liquid forms. All give a brilliant, lasting lustre and that rose-pearl glow approved by Fashion as the smart finish to a manicure. Obtainable at all drug stores in the United States and Canada, and at chemist shops in England.

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Send for this Introductory Manicure Set—only 12 cents
-Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures

Fill out the coupon below, and mail it with 12 cents in coins or stamps for the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set containing trial sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Powder Polish, Liquid Polish, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), emery board, and manicure stick, enough for six complete manicures.
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Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 12 cents in coins or stamps today.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE.
The first portrait of Mary Hay Barthelmess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, snapped for Photoplay in their New York apartment. Dick plans to make a screen star of his daughter but Mrs. Barthelmess wants her to follow in her own musical comedy footsteps.

though critical reception in her "The Guilty One." And so it went until Miss Brady came to Manhattan in her new "speake." The critics were highly enthusiastic over her work and her play. Still hovering on tour is Elsie Ferguson in a new play. She will not visit New York until next season. And Olga Petrova is trying out her "Hurricane," which she wrote herself—and which is said to be more or less sensational.

We hear that Nasimova can't decide whether to film "Resurrection" or the story of her own life. The latter sounds the more exciting to us but it might start something awful in the way of star biographies. And wouldn't that keep Will Hays busy!

Richard Barthelmess and his director, John Robertson, believe they have a remarkable "find" in Dorothy Mackaill, the former Ziegfeld beauty who plays the leading role in the Cromwellian romance, "The Fighting Blade," which they are now filming at Fort Lee, N. J. Miss Mackaill has appeared in several pictures in this country, running away with a hit in "Mighty Lak'a Rose." Her father was a British dance instructor and she had appeared on the stage in England and in America, and briefly in pictures in Paris, in London and, of course, over here. Quite a record for a girl in her teens. Mary Astor, by the way, was to have played the lead in "The Fighting Blade" but a shift was made at the last moment.

We hear that Mrs. Barthelmess (Mary Hay) has written the music and lyrics of a musical comedy which will see the footlights next season.

And now J. Stuart Blackton, yachting cap and all, is back with Vitagraph. He's been re-elected to the office of vice-president. It looks as if his absence of two years—spent in England making pictures that bore his own trade mark—was only a leave of absence. He and Al Smith—not the governor, y'understand—have started for Hollywood, where they will supervise the making of a special picture "The Man Next Door" by Emerson Hough. Who, incidentally, wrote the spectacular screen success of the year, "The Covered Wagon."

Pola Negri was insured for a million marks. When she discovered her life was only worth fifty dollars according to the present rate of exchange she indignantly dropped the policy and took up another, with an American company, for $250,000.

D.W. Griffith has completed "The White Rose," after an extended Southern trip to Louisiana and Florida for exteriors. He will do one more picture for United Artists and then, we hear, will come a highly interesting trip to England. But the British plans are still a secret.

If you are one of those inveterate skeptics always looking for trick photography banish the suspicion when you gaze upon "Safety Last." We have the word of Harold Lloyd that there is not a single foot of trick stuff in the entire seven reels. And Harold couldn't tell a lie with a framed picture of George Washington in his office.

An announcement that an actor has become a star is invariably followed by an announcement, sottotono, that he has the swell head. And so often it's true, too—too true. Some one informed me that Glenn Hunter, just signed by Famous Players, has moved into the Hotel des Artistes and engaged a French valet. One should be horrified by such actions, I suppose. But an ambition to speak French and to live under the same roof with such delectables as Corinne Griffith seems to us highly commendable. In fact, I cherish the same guilty aspirations. Think of being able to meet Corinne in the elevator every morning and cry, "Bonjour, mon petite, vous etes tres charmant!" Ah, magnifique!

Famous Players intend to carefully groom Glenn Hunter for stardom, by the way. We hear that they have selected a well known motion picture authority to be assigned entirely to Glenn, to advise and direct everything he does. Hunter is going to be put over, or Famous intends to know the reason why! His first vehicle will be F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise." Famous announces that the famous tale of dippers and the jazz age is being written down to date by Fitzgerald himself.

We can't see where anything can be added to the original tale—unless it's more gin.

Nanook is dead! Our first Eskimo star, whose smile was a winning asset of "Nanook of the North," has driven his sledge into the great beyond. Nyla, the heroine of the picture, is still living.

Robert J. Flaherty, who made the film, received news of Nanook's death just before leaving for Samoa, where he will film another biographical tale. Mr. Flaherty is his own director, camera man, scenarist—in fact, a whole company in one. He picks his actors as he goes—and his stories, too. The Samoa picture will require at least a year. It will be released by Paramount.

Here is a real romance of the films, culminating early this month at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Herewith: Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McKee. Mrs. McKee is known as Marguerite Courtot. Old sweethearts, they met again during the filming of "Down to the Sea in Ships."
What ten million motor cars have taught women about their skin

The method they have learned to depend on

Two unbroken lines of cars wind along the popular motor roads. Everyone is motoring — weekending at the beach, or the country club, or just driving for the pleasure of it. Fine dust settles in their skin and the wind brings a dry tightness.

Yet many women's complexion are younger and lovelier than ever before!

The severe exposure of motoring has taught them how important it is to find the right way to care for their skin, keep it beautiful and supple in spite of all exposure.

Today millions of women have found a method so wonderful in results that in all the world it is used more than any other — Pond's Two Creams.

They leave your skin softer, more supple than you could have dreamed. They give just that finishing touch of loveliness you have always wanted.

A fine light cleansing that never leaves your face heavy with cream — gives the beautiful suppleness you want and then wipes entirely off! This is why millions of women prefer to cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream.

A marvelous freshening, an adding of youth — and unfailing protection. No wonder that the women of the United States alone use several millions of jars and tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream every year!

TRY THIS FAMOUS METHOD

See the wonderful improvement in your skin

Do this tonight. With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely.

The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute — now wipe it off with a soft cloth.

The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses your skin.

Then, in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly over your whole face. If you wish, rouge-powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels! How new and charming the reflection in your mirror!

The appearance of your skin for the whole day will prove to you how wonderful for your skin these two creams are.

Always after a motor or railroad trip, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream and finish with the Vanishing Cream and powder.

To see how these two creams will improve your skin use this method regularly. Begin now by buying both creams in jars or tubes in any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Co.
EX-PREMIER CLEMENCEAU of France has turned film director. He is making "The Path To Happiness," a Chinese play which he wrote many years ago. All the actors are Chinese from the Latin Quartier of Paris. The theme of the story treats of a blind man who by the use of a magic drug regains his sight, only to find that his wife and friends were mocking him. He therefore becomes blind again as the only path to happiness.

The Tiger has started something with his filming activities. Premiers and diplomats of all varieties have been in the habit of writing memoirs during their latter years. They may not follow the fashion of Clemenceau and film their stuff.

THE Wampus—which is the best known name for the organization of Hollywood motion picture press agents and advertising men—gave an elaborate ball on April 21 at the Warner Brothers studio. Incidentally, the Wampus devised a novelty in its committee of "baby stars" acting as hostesses on this occasion. These "baby stars" were Pauline Garon, Jolynna Ralston, Betty Franchco, Dorothy Devore, Evelyn Brent, Margaret Leavy, Ethel Shannon, Laura La Plant, Virginia Browne Fair, Eleanor Boardman, Kathleen Key, Helene Lynch and Ann Perdue.

NITA NALDI as Cleopatra! What a large-full! Yes, you will behold the Irish-Italian siren in the head of Cleopatra when you see "Lawful Larceny." In fact, all her gowns in that picture are of Egyptian style and brevity as inspired by Tutankhamen. Ah tut Tut-Tut!—what the world owes to thee! Of course, Katherine MacDonald isn't a screen star any more, but it was just a little bit funny when, in denying the report that she would be married immediately to a wealthy Chicago clubman, the erstwhile American beauty declared she thought she'd die an old maid.

Somebody ought to tell that one to Miss MacDonald's former husband, Malcolm Strauss, the artist.


What in the world are we going to do for our fall fashion styles?

IT isn't every screen beauty who has a millionnaire society favorite and a world's champion golfer battling for her hand. But Ann Perdue, the newest Robertson- Cole star, seems to being having a dreadful time deciding whether she shall accept young Craig Biddle, Jr., of Philadelphia, or Gene Sarazen, the golf champion.

Both young men have been laying desperate siege to her heart and neither denies that any time she will say the word, an engagement announcement may be printed.

PAT POWERS, the motion picture producer, and at present head of Robert-on-Cole, gave his annual St. Patrick's Day party—and this year it took place at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Among the guests were Mickey Neilan, William Russell and Helen Fergus-on, Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson, Jack Pickford, Anita Stewart, Gloria Swanson, Allan Forrest and Lottie Pickford, Bob Leonard and Mae Murray, Craig Biddle, Jr., and Ann Perdue, Irving Thalberg and Connie Talmadge. James Young, Clara Kimball Young, Harry Garson, Joseph Engelt, Billie Dove, Rod La Rocque, Hobart Henley and Gidy dys Walton, Winfield Sheehan, Bessie Love, Rex Ingram and Alike Terry. The gowns were all the very newest thing in spring loveliness.

JAMES KIRKWOOD has returned to Hollywood with laurels. He registered a big hit on the New York stage in "The Fool," Channing Pollock's play.

It was quite a feat, as Jim had not appeared before the footlights for many years and then only in minor roles.

In order to try himself before a New York audience he took the engagement at one-third the salary he made in pictures.

Now that he has proved unto himself and others his genuine ability as a stage player, he's back in the colony playing the leading male role with Mrs. Wallace Reid in "The Living

The "Lee Kids"—Jane and Katherine—recently visited their Hollyria home. They have been out of pictures for two years now, playing in vaudeville. But they were glad to get back to the old play-ground again, you can bet.

Location: Near Miami, Florida. David Wark Griffith rehearsing Mae Marsh and Ivar Novello for a scene in his forthcoming "The White Rose." Those who have seen early rushes predict a smashing reception for Novello and a thrilling return-to-filmdom for Miss Marsh.
And now—relief from that
three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan look

This new way to wash dishes is as
easy on your hands as fine toilet soap

So natural—so obvious—you wonder it wasn't thought of before!

Lux for washing dishes. Of course it would bring relief from that three-times-a-day-in-the-dishpan look. Of course, too, it would be as gentle on your hands as on the dainty things you have always trusted to its pure suds.

Won't roughen hands
Every day your hands are in the dishpan for an hour and a half—sometimes even longer. How you dread this constant roughening of your hands! But dishwashing needn't make your skin rough and dry. It is the coarse soaps in your dishpan that play such havoc with your hands—robbing your skin of all its indispensable natural oils.

Nature provides the oils in abundance in millions of tiny sacs just beneath the surface of the skin. Their generous supply of healing, nourishing fluid is constantly refreshing the chiffon-thin outer layer of skin. That is why the normal skin is so pleasantly soft and supple.

But the supply is not plentiful enough to hold out when harsh, alkaline soaps are used for washing dishes. They are irritating to the skin; they drain all the oil sacs dry. Your hands become so coarse and scratchy that you can't even touch a piece of silk without roughing it up. With Lux in your dishpan you won't have any of these annoying after-effects. Lux won't dry the natural oils. It won't redden or roughen your hands. These delicate, tissue-thin flakes are as easy on the most sensitive hands as fine toilet soap.

Just one teaspoonful to a pan
That is all you need—just one teaspoonful in your dishpan. It sounds incredible—but try it.

A single package of Lux lasts for at least 54 dishwashings—all the dishes morning, noon and night, for almost three weeks. Not just the china for special occasions, but the regular, everyday dishes as well.

Spotless and shining in half the time
You will be delighted with your bright, sparkling dishes. Lux leaves them without a trace of film or murky cloudiness. Glasses, silverware and china—they're spotless and shining in half the time.

Just toss a teaspoonful of Lux in your dishpan. See how the delicate flakes dissolve the instant the hot water touches them. The Lux way is so much quicker and easier than waiting for bar soap to melt or stopping to beat up a lather with an awkward soapshaker.

Now just a swish of your dishmop and your pretty dishes are cleaner and more lustrous than ever before. Keep a package of Lux handy on your kitchen shelf. Use it for the dishes always. Don't let that hour and a half in the dishpan every day be a hardship to your hands. Begin washing today's dishes with Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.
DESPITE the high promise with which he came to motion pictures, Richard Ordynski is definitely out as director for Famous Players-Lasky. Ordynski invaded filmdom after a long and distinguished career as director at the Metropolitan in New York and as aid to the famous Max Reinhardt in Berlin. Ordynski first came to America with the Reinhardt production of the Arabian Night pantomime, "Sumurun," and later produced a condensed version of the piece for Gertrude Hoffman in vaudeville, playing the role of the clown, as well. Ordynski came to the pictures as the protege of Jesse Lasky and was given "The Exciters," the Bebe Daniels vehicle, as his first production. After two or three weeks' work, he was removed, the scenes were re-shot and the picture completed by Major Maurice Campbell.

In one of the office buildings on Hollywood Boulevard is a glass door which bears the legend "Allan Forrest, Real Estate." Allan, who is married to Lottie Pickford and is a first rate leading man as you of course know, sells lots and things between pictures and he likes it so well he will probably abandon the screen altogether.

Last month you read in Photoplay of Barbara La Marr and her adopted baby boy, Merrin Corcelle La Marr. Master La Marr has consented to pose for a brand new picture for Photoplay in the midst of his unfamiliar Hollywood surroundings.

AND now it's Baby Peggy who makes a five-reel debut. What's more, she is chaperoned by two directors, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Julian.

ONE of the oldest landmarks in motion pictures will disappear when Mack Sennett moves his famous studio from its site on Allesandro Street, near Edendale, onto a magnificent property in Hollywood.

The move is to take place soon, and the old studio where Charlie Chaplin made his first great comedies, where Mabel Normand sprang to fame and where Gloria Swanson and Betty Compson and Marie Prevost and lots of other girls first saw the light of a Kleig will be no more.

Fox is also to build a splendid new studio, costing over two million dollars, but the new plant will be erected on the same location that the Fox studios have used since they first came to Los Angeles.

Mildred Harris is coming back as a star. She was engaged for a leading role in "The Fog," a Max Graf production to be released by Metro. The producer was so fetched by Miss Harris' contribution that he signed her for a star series.

Norma Talmadge had quite a shock the other day when she heard someone refer to her as "Buster Keaton's sister-in-law." Such is fame!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
The creamy skin that belies grey hair

Guernsey hair comes to many in their early thirties or before. Only when seen in connection with a dull and wrinkled skin can grey hair be taken as a reliable indication of advanced years.

So long as a woman's complexion remains youthful, "silver threads" suggest to observers only that she is prematurely grey. On the other hand, there is no color of hair that more effectively brings out the beauty of a good complexion. This was well known to the belles of Colonial days, who enhanced their loveliness with grey and powdered wigs.

Pompeian youthfuls

Pompeian Night Cream is the secret of many a woman's hold on youthful appearance—the only "magic" by which she combats the wrinkles and lines, and the sallowness and dullness of complexion that would steals upon her.

The great virtue of this preparation lies in the naturalness of its aid to the skin. It is ever an ally of nature rather than a substitute for it.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

How to use this cream

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

Mary Pickford Panel and Samples

Send coupon with ten cents for beautiful new 1923 Pompeian Art Panel of Mary Pickford. With this panel we send samples of Pompeian Night Cream, Day Cream, Beauty Powder and Bloom.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Pompeian

Night Cream

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OF course, "—and company" is a cold way to refer to Miss Jane Murfin. She’s the only lady for whom Strongheart has real respect. The powdered and perfumed sex is regarded loftily by the continental canine; but he has to admit that Miss Murfin, while pretty, and sweet, and all that, is also his boss, and a darn good one. The missing member of the three-star combination is Larry Trimble, Strongheart’s director. By the way, you’ll often catch a glimpse of Mr. Trimble or Miss Murfin in their First National photoplays, playing bits. Watch for her in "Brawn of the North."
Here is a Model for the Outdoor Woman

It suggests happy hours at the country club, or delightful trips to the shopping district.

This car has style as well as quality.

Husband may prefer our Utility Coupé or the Roadster for his daily transportation to and from the office, but friend wife seeks more than economical efficiency, and the Superior Sedanette delights her with its distinctive design, refined interior arrangement and fittings, broad plate glass windows, and convenient trunk in the rear.

Women find Chevrolets easy to drive, comfortable on the road, and a constant source of pride and satisfaction.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.
Division of General Motors Corporation

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere
Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

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<tr>
<th>Model</th>
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<tr>
<td>SUPERIOR 2-Pass. Roadster</td>
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<td>Utility Express Truck Chassis</td>
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Silencing the Silent Drama

A sound-proof room has been constructed in a Los Angeles theater where the mothers of crying babies—and children with a penchant for weeping in public—may retire with their troublesome charges and yet not miss the picture. Here they may view the photoplay through a large plate glass window.
She looks as young as ever

How often one hears this said of some woman whom the passing years seem to leave untouched. She rivals her daughters in freshness, and other women marvel.

Keep that schoolgirl complexion—this is the secret, and every woman should share it. Don't let the years write their record on your face when care will prevent it.

Begin today the beautifying that will help renew youth and charm. It will put natural color in your cheeks and make your face look firm and young.

Simple, but effective

This restorative treatment may seem almost too simple, but it is based upon real skin hygiene.

Dirt, oil and perspiration accumulate and must be removed. Otherwise the pores enlarge and blackheads and blotches result. Wash your face daily with pure soap and you needn't fear complexion troubles. Your skin will remain firm, with a smooth, satiny texture which makes maturity as attractive as early youth.

All Soaps won't do this

This mild cleansing is the most effective of all skin treatments, but you mustn't be careless about soap. Facial soap must be mild, soothing while it cleanses. It must be lotion-like, with no harshness. Such a soap is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils. They are nature's cleansers, valued since the days of ancient Egypt.

Apply the creamy lather freely, massaging it thoroughly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry gently with a soft towel.

Bedtime is best for cosmetic cleansing, that your skin may be renewed and refreshed while you sleep. In the morning rinse with cold water and then look in the mirror. Your reflection will delight you by its radiant freshness and charm.

Luxury soap for 10c

You are mistaken if you imagine that Palmolive must be a very expensive soap because of its rare costly ingredients.

Palmolive factories work day and night, thus lowering cost. If made in small quantities Palmolive would cost at least 25¢ a cake. It is yours at 10¢.

Use Palmolive on the wash stand and for bathing.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.
To lovely women the exquisite GAINSBOROUGH PUFF is the very utmost in puff daintiness and perfection. That softer, finer texture—which invariably distinguishes GAINSBOROUGH PUFFS— is attained by special looming. And thus the resulting rare quality of retaining exactly the right surface amount of powder and distributing it evenly.

THE WESTERN COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK

Each soft caress adds loveliness!
Shooting a Cyclone

Hundreds of letters have been received by Photoplay asking how great wind effects, such as in "The Old Homestead," are produced. The "cyclone" is aided materially by substantial wind machines and contrivances for distributing dust about the screen-scope. A battery of these atmospheric agitators will tear loose anything that isn't tied down. Note one on the platform at left of picture.

They built a village just to destroy—all for "The Old Homestead." The cyclone which you saw wipe this town off the map was one of the most artistic ever screened. The old General Store (at left) is about ready to succumb to the ravages of the wind (machines).

Movie History
By Helen Rockwell

LOT'S Wife was the original camera-hog. She couldn't resist that last glance back into the lens.
Nero was the Rothafel of his day. He was the first man to accompany a great spectacle with music.
Niobe was the first star to turn on the glycerine tears.
Richard the Third—when he cried "My Kingdom for a horse!"—proved to be the first cow-boy star.
Fabius was probably the first motion picture director. He gained a world-famous reputation as a Delayer.
Achilles was the original small-timer. He was the first to play the Styx.
Elijah, when he ascended to heaven, undoubtedly made use of trick photography.
It is known on good authority that William Fox did not discover the chariot. The records show Phoebus beat him to it.
Bluebeard was the first man to realize the importance of the understudy system.
Noah was the first director to discover that animals are sure-fire stuff.
Daniel was the first serial-actor. He took a chance in the lion's den.
When King Canute ordered the tide to turn back his courtiers smiled and said, "Isn't that just a movie star?"
The snake in the Garden of Eden was the first one to make use of the double exposure.
William Tell was probably the first man to shoot a scene.
When Columbus discovered America the critics said, "It's an old story with a delightful new twist."
Any one can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

How to prevent this coating
To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair 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.

Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possible injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

The quick, easy way
Two or three teaspoofuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

PEGGY F., JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.—Why do you hope that I have a real stenographer? I wonder? Is there a subtle something back of that seemingly modest desire? But why look for subtitles, when there's so much to do—and so little time to do it in. You want to know some things—and I'm here to see that your wants are satisfied. Mary Pickford has no children. It seems a pity doesn't it? She'd make such a story book mother! She was born in 1893, and Doug is just ten years older. Doris May is married to Wallace McDonald.

BETTY LEE, KANSAS CITY, MO.—So I can use your whole name, because you don't care who knows that you're interested—oh, very interested—in Rod La Rocque! He was born in Chicago on November 20, 1898—he is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds. He has black hair, and blue eyes—an Irish combination despite his French sounding name. That is because he is of Irish descent, with Parisian parentage. (I don't really know that his parents came from Paris—but Parisian parentage sounds pleasant!) He appeared on the legitimate stage with Alice Brady in "Anna Ascent," and he can be addressed in care of "Equity Pictures," 737 Seventh Avenue, New York City. I'm sorry that he is having such an effect upon you—and I think that I am almost able to understand your dear mother's bewilderment at your ravings. Here's the best news of all—no, he isn't married!

HENRY ETA, WARREN, OHIO.—When you call me Mr. Information I feel as if I'm working for the Telephone company instead of Photoplay Magazine. However I feel that I can safely answer your three questions. You'll find much detail, elsewhere in these columns, about Thomas Meighan. But I'll say, further, that he was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., that he weighs 190 pounds, is six feet tall and has curly dark hair. Cullen Landis was born on the ninth of July, 1885, in Nashville, Tenn. He is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 130 pounds; he has curly brown hair, blue eyes, a wife and a small daughter. Conrad Nagel was born in Des Moines, Iowa, on the sixteenth of March, 1896. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has blond hair—straight—and blue eyes. He, too, has a wife and daughter.

JACKIE M.—Such a pink little note! I'll make my answer as brief as the size of your letter paper. If you will scan carefully my writings you will find out the secret of the Valentinos dwelling place. Eugene O'Brien can be reached at the Players Club, 16 Gramercy Park, New York City.

JOE YOUNG, ASHEVILLE, N. C.—John of the Barrymores is five feet, ten inches tall. He weighs about 135 pounds and his hair is dark brown. He wears it artistically long, does John; and he doesn't do it to show that he's an actor, either. He doesn't have to. His best pictures were "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Sherlock Holmes." But he has made others. Address him, if you want a photograph, in care of Famous Players-Lasky, at 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

E. C., PALO ALTO, CAL.—Wallie Reed had been married nine years when he met his tragic death. I think that you might be able to secure a picture of him by writing to Paramount. Bebe Daniels is twenty-one years old. Address Thomas Meighan, usually, in care of the Los Angeles Athletic Club—but at this writing he's in this part of the country, New York Paramount Studios.

B. F. PUNCH.—The part of Princess Corona, in "Under Two Flags," was taken by Ethel Grey Perry. Ethel was born in Oakland, California, in 1898. Lillian Lawrence, a popular actress of her day, was Ethel's mother. She was educated at Notre Dame convent, in Boston, and started her career under the tutelage of David Belasco. Her first part was in "The Lily," which featured Nance O'Neill, Julia Dean, and Bruce McRae. Miss Dean was unexpectedly taken ill and Ethel—who had understudied the part—stepped into the Dean role. Through a freak of luck she kept the part for two years—although, of course, her ability had something to do with it, too! Miss Perry is five feet, six inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, has dark hair and grey eyes. Her last picture, before "Under Two Flags," was "The Kick Back," starring Harry Carey. Address her at 1003 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

M. B. H., PITTSBURG, PA.—Here are the answers to your questions. We're glad that you ask about two men that we heartily endorse, Richard Barthelmess and Tom Meighan. We'll address the matter of Dick's biography first. He uses his real name, and has one child. A young daughter, who was born on the thirty-first of January, 1923. Thomas also refuses to go by an alias, and his wife's name is Frances King. Now to the miscellaneous questions. Madge Bellamy is not married. Mary Pickford's real name is Gladys Smith, the Talmadges use their family name, and—on advice of counsel—I refuse to tell you whom I consider the prettiest actress of the most handsome actor. I suppose that, if a vote were taken, Valentino and Mary Pickford would be somewhere in the lead. If I have more personal preferences I must keep them securely hidden.
**Good Food? Yes**

**Good exercise? NO**

**TEETH** were meant to work hard; gums are healthiest when massaged in masticating rough food. And this soft modern food of ours gives little work to your teeth and even less exercise to your gums.

Does your tooth-brush

"show pink"?

Because the gums get stiltsitting; they are, in late years, growing soft and flabby, and tooth troubles, due to weak gums—and most of them are—show a decided alarming increase.

The dental profession is awake to the situation—nearly 3,000 have written to tell us how they combat soft and tender gums by the use of **Ipana Tooth Paste**.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For **Ipana Tooth Paste**, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettably good. Send for a sample today.

---

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

-by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
170 Baxter St.
New York, N.Y.

KINDLY SEND ME a trial tube of Ipana Tooth Paste without charge or obligation on my part.

**Name**

**Address**

**City**

**State**

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A. F. B.—So it's Ramon Novarro, this time. Well, he's new—but he's very nice indeed. Such a profile! He is twenty-three, is unmarried, and was born in Mexico. And oh, I wish you could see him with Alice Terry in "Where the Pavement Ends."

**Mrs. W. W. Pouckettsey, N. Y.**—You're right. Louis Calhern has left the screen. When I last heard of him he was on the stage—helping Patrava in "The White Peacock."

A. N., Binghamton, N. Y.—Elisie Ferguson is lovely—you're right. But her latest starring vehicles haven't been her best, by any means. Which, of course, can't be expected, and why blame her? One comparatively few people who were really born in New York. The great event happened in 1883, and she likes the city so well that she still lives here. On July 4th Pastel and Two Flirt, which is smarter, now, than Fifth. Her eyes are blue, she has golden hair and she is five feet, six inches tall. Anything else? Oh, yes—she weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

**June Blossom, New York City.**—I'm so glad that you always think of me as a pal. This new woman is nothing but a flapper in regard to your mental description of me. "A slender, melancholy sort of professor with unbounded knowledge..." Of course I know a lot, but why do you think I'm melancholy? And if you should happen to pass me, strolling down Broadway, you'd never take me for a professor! So many of the stars don't like to tell the dates of their birthdays. Barbara LaMarr doesn't say, but Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1893, and Ramon Novarro confesses shily to the sixth of February. The New Year of 1885. I don't know his hobbies but, as he hails from Mexico, I should venture a guess that they are tamales, bull fights and mantillas. Yes, I think he is a promising young man. I haven't heard any rumors linking his name with that of the beautiful Barbara. Did you know Barbara has adopted a little boy—a baby, in fact. Her own child and it weighs one hundred pounds. Bebe Daniels is five feet four inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-three pounds.

**Valera McQ., Utah.**—Evelyn Nesbit has been dancing at Palais Royal, in Atlantic City. Evelyn's star is not in the ascendant as it was a few short years ago. Gale Rane has been in the limelight however, and now is working with Lillian Gish in the "White Sister." J. Eriza, as far as I know, is not going to appear upon the silver screen, although there have been offers of a contract. I doubt if she would photograph well. For various reasons.

**E. H. S., Hanover, Pa.**—Call me Editor as much as you want to. It doesn't make me mad. Alice Terry covers her reddish brown hair with a wig because her characters photograph better that way. Her eyes are grey, but they sometimes seem darker on the screen.

**Agnes Ayres' Admiration.**—So you love the lovely Agnes? Well, she's not hard to describe—words are a mental eye-water. Golden locks, six inches tall, brown hair, blue eyes, five feet, four inches tall, and a birthday in April! Her latest picture is "Racing Hearts"—and it's a good picture. Too. Eileen Sedgwick is five feet two, and one half inches tall, and is married to Justin McCloskey, a director.

**R. Valentine-Crazy.**—Why, if you're a Valentine admirer, are you asking for the address of Edward Phillips? Aren't you the sly girl, though? Address him in care of the Cosmos club, 52nd street and Second avenue, New York City. When you go to see Rodolph's pictures, don't cry because he's such a wonderful man—watch the screen. The Lord they're not blind! I'm glad you get such a kick out of life.

**Westport.**—Why do people keep begging my pardon on account of the paper they use? Letters paper doesn't matter to me—only what you put on it counts as far as I'm concerned. I'm glad you read the Mag-azine so faithfully—I'll tell the editor that you like our articles, it may encourage him just when he needs it most. In the meanwhile—Glady's still making pictures, a lot of them, for Universal. Why not rush her by addressing her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

**E. O. P., Eureka, Cal.**—Marjorie Daw is girlhood personified. She was born in Colorado Springs, is five feet, two and one-half inches tall, weighs one hundred and forty pounds. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is twenty-one years old, not eighteen. James Kirkwood was in "The Sin Flood," and "Terry and the Wind," and Gertrude Short is now playing in "Country Love," directed by Emile Chautard.

**L. V. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.**—Mildred June is a brunette, seventeen and not very tall. She is married—still a bride, in fact. Her husband is Dr. Edward H. Capps, and her business address is at the Mack Bennett studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

**Helene, Minn.**—Gloria Swanson is a star, now—one of the most glittering of all. And Leatrice Joy took Gloria's place as the deMille leading lady, special edition de luxe. Curiously enough, it is said that Lockwood died of influenza on October 19, 1918. And Olive Thomas met an accidental death, from poison.

**F. E. J., West Virginia.**—I'm glad that you don't think I'm a bluff, lady. Honest, I'm not a bluff. I'm a hard working person with modest tastes and ambitions and all that sort of thing. Like the people you read about in American Magazine. Yes, Conrad Nagel is married. His wife is a professional, who used to be associated with Photo-play Magazine. Dorothy Gish is just twenty-four, Milton Sills is married to Gladys. And Tony Moreno played opposite the fascinating Gloria Swanson in "His American Wife."

**Aline, Cal.**—We haven't any record of the players in "The Miracle of the Jungle." Look out for this jungle stuff, anyway. Boa-constrictors, and malaria and mosquitoes! Address Anita Stewart in care of the Cosmo-Club, 52nd Street and Second Avenue, New York City; Connie Talmadge at the Talmadge Studios, Hollywood; and Enid Bennett in care of the Metro Studios, also Hollywood. Enid's next picture—just released—is called "Your Friend and Mine." Jackie Coogan visited in New York with his daddy and his mother. But he has returned to Los Angeles.

**C. Stenich, Fairhaven, Miss.**—Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902. On April Fourth this year. I can think of others who were born on the same day—and into the same profession. She can be reached, by letter, at 1230 Vine Street, Hollywood. Connie Tal-madge, too. Eileen Sedgwick was born in New York City. I wish I might tell you the name of the play that so interested you. But the plot is unfamiliar to me. And I see most of the good pictures, I do!

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Beautiful Women Everywhere

—women noted for their Beautiful Complexions use CARMEN POWDER

Oh! the witchery of a Beautiful Complexion—and you can have it. The same smooth, delicately tinted complexion which you admire—which everyone admires (perhaps with a teeny bit of envy), for its possessor is most probably one of the more than a million women noted for their beautiful complexions who rely on

CARMEN POWDER

which is distinctively different and better than other powders, because it is so fine and so delicately tinted that it blends exquisitely with the complexion, giving the skin that clear transparency and velvety texture that only a perfect complexion naturally possesses. Delightfully perfumed with a rich and delicate odor. No creams or lotions are necessary as a base, because CARMEN POWDER is soft as down—so fine that it adheres closely—does not "blow off" or give that "spotted look."

Five Shades
White
Pink
Flesh
Cream
Brunette

$0.50

How Does Your Complexion Look

When the Light Changes—When the Dance Becomes Heated—When the Wind Blows as You Motor?

There is a vast difference, you will find, between Carmen and other face powders, Carmen, because it blends so exquisitely with both the color and texture of the skin, imparts a fresh beauty that is just as charming under the searching glare of the midday sun as it is under the soft glow of the reception room lamp.

And Carmen, no matter how heated the dance, never yields to perspiration. Though extremely fine, Carmen has "body" enough to withstand moisture. And adhering to the skin as it does, Carmen never blows off—no matter how windily the day or how long the motor ride.

The Greatest Hit in Years

Women Everywhere Pronounce

CARMEN POWDER

the "last word" in powder quality in handy cake form. And at last you can have an article of supreme quality at a reasonable price.

CARMEN POWDER in Compact Form in handsome metal boxes, with full sized mirror and powder puff. You will like this dainty box of your favorite powder and find it a convenience.

CARMEN POWDER COMPACT BOXES, while containing a generously large cake of powder, are easily carried in the purse or pocket. CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS have the same dainty, delicate odor (a trifle more intensified) as have the regular toilet boxes of CARMEN, and cost just one-half the price of the ordinary COMPACTS.

Shades: White, Flesh, Brunette, "L’Autumn"

The new shade, "L’Autumn"—now just introduced only in Compacts—is in the result of long experimentation and is not to be duplicated in any other powder.

If your dealer has not yet stocked CARMEN POWDER COMPACTS, we will very promptly mail you the desired shade on receipt of the price.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"More than a Million" Women noted for their Beautiful Complexions Use Carmen Powder and Compacts.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
"TURN BACKWARD, O TIME"—

In "Quincy Adams Sawyer," Strout, (Lon Chaney) receives an invitation to tea, from Lindy, which reads June third. He spends some time getting himself all flossed up, and right under his nose is a daily calendar with figures nearly a foot high, which reads Thursday the twenty-second.

M. T. Basset, Bridgport, Conn.

FROM A BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

In "Tess of the Storm Country," Tessa, after pushing Ezra off the dock in front of the Skinner shanty, rushes into the shack with both empty hands covering her tearful eyes, leaving the Bible she was reading, lying on the dock. However the next scene shows her inside the shack, tightly clutching the Bible. A right faithful book, I’d say, to follow her around like that!

ALBERT A. SAMEE, Wilmette, Ill.

WHAT'S A HAND BETWEEN FRIENDS

In "Fury," Richard Barthelmess is shown standing at the bedside of his dying father. His father says: "Hold up your right hand and swear you will never marry until you avenge the wrong done your father." And Richard holds up his left hand and solemnly takes the oath.

THOS. V. BARRY, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

BUT DID YOU SEE SHIREEN?

MAURICE B. FLYNN as the Christian Crusader in "Omar, the Tentmaker" must be made of pretty stern stuff, for when one of the fanatics shot an arrow at him, it struck in his heart. He pulled it out and seemed to be dying. Later when Little Shireen entered the garden and saw him, he fully recovered and showed her a wounded arm. His heart seemed to have healed very quickly.

HELEN KRAJENSKI, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

TOO MUCH LANGUAGE

In "The Man Unconquerable," Mr. Jack Holt, as R. Kendall, hits a Frenchman’s bald head, in an international hotel somewhere near the Bintang Island. The Frenchman spoke French to the policeman and had Mr. Holt arrested. Miss Sylvia Breamer as Rito Rinaldo comes to Mr. Holt’s assistance. What language do you think she spoke? Hawaiian.

I don’t think the people there speak Hawaiian. At any rate the police wasn’t a Hawaiian or a Samoan and besides there wasn’t a single Hawaiian in sight. And also what a wonder such a strong-looking policeman understood such languages as Spanish, French and Hawaiian.

A Hawaiian Movie Fan.

THERE NOW, MR. BLOOM

JUSt happened to notice that item criticizing Rex Ingram’s "A Prisoner of Zenda" in your January issue. Inasmuch as I had observed this picture to be technically perfect I was surprised to see it among those present on your page.

Allow me to inform Mr. Sheridan Bloom that Rudolph Rassouly got the second sword while fighting at the foot of the flight of stone steps he had just come up. There he had conquered his first antagonist and picked up this man’s sword with his left hand. He carried this sword in his left hand all the way up the stairs, fighting with his right hand as he did so. After hurling the right hand sword "through space" and pinning Duke Michael to the door, Rudolph transferred the sword he had in his left hand to his right hand and proceeded to fence with Rassouly.

LLOYD E. SMITH, New Britain, Conn.

ASBESTOS HANDS, PERHAPS

DO the producers really think that the people who attend pictures are entirely ignorant?

In "Hurricane’s Gal" they seemed to treat the matter of the elements and wireless telegraphy very lightly. During the big storm scene while the decks were being buried under the tons of water, the deck was as steady as a rock and no motion was at all perceptible while, during the calm, the swell was very apparent.

Then while the heroine is sending out SOS, the terrible Scandinavian villain has the lead-in wire torn loose from the deck to fool her. This wire is placed so that it comes up through the deck, so it can be easily stumbled over; then, too, the man who breaks this connection must be different from most of us, for I have had experience with a "hot" aerial wire and the set I mixed with was not radiating nearly as much as a set the size shown would radiate.

I tried it on a set radiating one ampere and all I wanted, the set shown must have been one that would radiate at least twelve amperes.—Oh, well, some people have been known to pick up red hot stoves!

ERNEST E. ANDERSON, Boise, Idaho.

BUT HE WAS VERY TOUGH

NO doubt many of your readers will be delighted to learn of the marvellous accomplishment on the part of the wicked husband, "Broke Cheli," in "Hurricane’s Gal," when he confronted the hero, during which he coughs and spatters and plainly dis-plays the space where a tooth had been knocked out, (and which he apparently swallowed), he retires to a corner for forty-winks. When he awakens, he grins broadly, displaying, to the astonished audience, a full set of perfect teeth.

SYLVIA DAVIDSON, 720 Fifth Ave., N.Y. City.

JUDGE NOT

RECENTLY I saw "Manslaughter," a wonderful picture, but there was something wrong in it. When Lydia Thorne is tried, after having killed the motorcycle cop, the trial takes place in Low Court. Later she is tried at High Court, with the same judge presiding. This is impossible, but perhaps George Fawcett was the only man poor de Mille had who looked like a judge.

MARIAN M. MOORE, Hampton, Virginia.

FROM MISSOURI

I saw "Claiming the Stakes," starring Tom Mix, in the scene showing the villain lassoing the calf much to the disapproval of Dorothy, (Patsy Ruth Miller) a close-up showed it to be a young donkey, or at least a Missouri donkey. Possibly this was a calf from California; and if so I should like very much to see the California donkey, if my curiosity may be thus satisfied.

I. M., Kirkville, Missouri.
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair naturally curly
in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift
by Winifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-twine twins. Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave. As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve. A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me. About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine. It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop tells me what miracle has happened to your hair!"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my lessons. A few minutes after I had passed, a beggar came in. His name was Miguel.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza, I always dropped a few cents in his hat and he grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"His face lighted up. You have been very kind to an old man. "Diganete" (tell me) senorita, what is it you heart most desire."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, "Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly."

"Diganete, senorita," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian girl favored me with a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted her riza (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the druggist. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did not have a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a coche and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me."

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his little room. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle."

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

"Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a luster it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid and bring it to the Century Laboratory for analysis. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two simple herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Free Distribution of 3.5 Bottles (Only One to a Family)

We are offering for a limited time only, a no-cost distribution of the regular $1.50 formula of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is $1.67. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send any money in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman $1.67 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again.

Miss Relton urges that you take advantage of it at once.

CENTURY CHEMISTS
(Originators of the famous 4Mitosine Beauty Clays)

Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Send and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS
Dept. 144

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size $1.50 bottle of Liquid Mar- cella (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay post- man $1.67, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not usted with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused con- tents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

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Street. 

Town. 
State. 

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Thomasina always kisses her daddy good-bye when he leaves for the studio. Some day she's going to go with him, and ride a pony of her own.

TOM—
THE FAMILY MAN

Tom Mix doesn't live on a great ranch in the middle of a wind swept prairie. He's a rough Westerner, during working hours, but his evenings and late afternoons belong to the feminine members of his family! Mrs. Mix and daughter Tommie are a charming pair of excuses for an hour of ease in front of a glowing hearth.
Could this be you
in these hopelessly old style
clothes?

Decidedly not, you say. How ridic-
ulous—what a terrible thing to ask.
You are right, it is a terrible thing
to ask of any girl, and especially
you, whose clothes are always the
last word in style.

But clothes are not the only things
that express a girl’s good taste. How
about your letters? Are they
correctly dressed? Are they smart
and up-to-date? Your friends judge
you by your letters just as they
judge you by your clothes. Only
you are not there when your letters
are read. You don’t know what peo-
ple say about them.

So many girls are judged harshly
by the letters they write to their
fiances, their friends, or their busi-
ness associates; and often they are
judged quite incorrectly.

“Her letters are worth keeping!”

Isn’t it worth a little trouble to
make a man say that? Maybe you
think he won’t care. But he does. A
little formality, a little courtesy, a lit-
tle elusive correctness—these arouse
his interest nine times out of ten.

Use a paper that makes your
letters look their best; a paper that
is made in nothing but the correct
shapes and sizes and shades; a paper
that portrays your good taste to
critical hostesses, up-to-the-moment
friends, or the nicest man in the
world.

Such a paper is Eaton’s Highland
Linen.

If there is anything about letter
writing you want to know, the
wording of invitations, acceptances
regrets, the etiquette of cards, the
arrangement of wedding announce-
ments, just write to me. I will be
glad to answer your questions, be-
cause I know how important these
matters are to every young girl who
wants to get on in her social world.

Or, if you would like all of this
information in a pretty desk book,
send me 50c for “Social Corre-
spondence” and usable samples of
Eaton’s Highland Linen.

Caroline De Laney
Address me in care of
Eaton, Crane & Pike Company
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Eaton’s Highland Linen in five smart envel-
lope styles and all the fashionable shades
may be bought wherever stationery is sold.

Style is a greater social asset than Beauty

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company—Sponsors for correctness in Correspondence—New York-Pittsfield, Mass.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Fishing?

You may not get any fish, but you'll get a wondrous appetite; you can be sure of that.

And you’ll be ready for the lunch; that appetite will demand something good, something substantial.

The one best bet for any lunch is Kraft Cheese (in tins). We do not believe anyone can make cheese that has more real goodness and flavor—no one ever has. And best of all, it is chuck-full of nourishment. There's a square meal in that little round tin.

Take it anywhere, fair weather or foul, it's safely sealed in the parchment lined tin, so it's always decidedly cleaner and fresher. There are eight kinds, all good.

*No rind— it spreads. No waste—100% cheese.*

Cheese Recipe Book FREE

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
KRAFT-MACLAUREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Gossip—East and West

(Continued from page 74)

EVERY now and then real life reproduces one of art’s favorite masterpieces. The success of "The Covered Wagon" and the consequent elevation of James Cruze to the ranks of the really great directors reminds a lot of people of the romance and wedding of Jimmy Cruze, leading man, and lovely Marguerite Snow, over ten years ago.

That was in the days when salaries were small enough to have escaped the income tax, if there'd been any, and Jimmy and "Peggy" struggled on a mighty small stipend, happy and contented, and devoted to Baby Julie.

Both of them worked hard and up until a short time ago were regarded as one of flim-flamdom's ideal couples. But about a year ago Mrs. Cruze and Julie left the Cruze home and moved to a little Hollywood apartment. It is understood that as soon as a property settlement can be arranged out of court, Mrs. Cruze will sue for a divorce.

Incidentally, Jimmy and Peggy Cruze and Wally and Dotty Reid were an inseparable quartette in the old days—when the two women, as Marguerite Snow and Dorothy Davenport, were more famous than their husbands. Time has certainly made drastic changes.

LOIS WILSON'S little sister, Constance, has been signed by Jesse L. Lasky for the leading role opposite Walter Hiers in "Fair Week." She had a bit in "The Covered Wagon," that imposing caravan which carried her sister into further prominence.

WE read such a lot about sunny California that it's rather a shock to hear that an entire motion picture unit was blockaded, the other day, in a heavy snowstorm about a mile above sea level. The party consisted of Marie Astaire, George O'Hara, Arthur Rankin, Clara Horton and Mal St. Clair. They were stalled for ten hours and had to wait for a detachment of forest rangers to dig them out. But don't be shocked, it was a perfectly respectable party. For Clara's mamma—vigilant though half frozen, did duty as chaperone.

THE rumor that Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor are on the verge of a definite separation was revived this month when Mrs. Vidor sailed for
Honolulu with little Suzanne. The Vidor's state that they are merely taking a matrimonial vacation.

ANDREE LAFAYETTE, Richard Walton Tully's film discovery—who will create the part of Trilby—is having difficulties with the American language. Take it from her press agent! Andree is French and the English that she knows is the perfect sort that is taught in the Parisian finishing schools. And so, a few days ago, when her p. a. informed her that the newspapers were calling her a "knock out," she was slightly bewildered.

"What do you mean—what can it be, this 'knock out?'" she queried, "are they being unkind to me? These reporters who were so very nice?"

"Unkind?" snorted the p. a. "Say, they're handing you everything. They mean you are the goods!"

Andree's great eyes filled with tears.

"They have handed me nothing," she sobbed, "I have no goods a-tall. They do me a great injustice, these writers!"

"Say," the p. a. was bewildered before the sudden rush of emotion, "what's the matter. Miss Lafayette? They're being regular people, these critics. All they mean is that you're a fine actress—a great actress. As well as being a darb for looks."

THIS inoffensive, modest appearing gentleman is Reginald Denny, who has the title role in "The Abysmal Brute."

Although Mr. Denny is accustomed to the support of other famous stars, we find him here very much at ease and enjoying the support of his Biflex Bumper—also a star.

"The Biflex Bumper is the most attractive part of my car," says Mr. Denny.

Biflex is always the choice of all discriminating motorists who demand Protection with Distinction. Its brute strength stops terrific crashes; cushions the blows; protects passengers from injury; prevents damage to car.

Sold by auto and accessory dealers everywhere. Have your dealer equip your car front and rear with Biflex Bumpers. Priced from $21 to $28.

BIFLEX PRODUCTS CO., Waukegan, I11.

Biflex Cushion Bumper

You'll see an interesting impersonation of the late Emperor Franz Joseph in the forthcoming production of "The Merry Go Round." The part is being played by a former Austrian officer, Colonel Anton Veverka who, aside from makeup, bears a striking likeness to the illustrious monarch.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
That Living Odeur!

Here is gayety and life, a new enticement—the fragrance of living flowers to contrast the artificiality of perfumes!

**Vivante**

—as different from the odors one now knows as a garden in the springtime from the stopper of a bottle—a miracle in perfume making.

As exclusive as a coronet!

As intriguing as an affair d'amour!

As tantalizingly feminine as the sublety of a smile!

*C'est tres important*

So as to avoid the faux pas of discord in one's scheme of fragrance—a creme of one scents, poudre of another, a rouge of yet another—L'odeur Vivante wafts its personality throughout all articles de toilette by Lournay.

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.

**Lournay**

PARIS

7 Rue de L'Isle

NEW YORK

360 Fifth Avenue

André's tears dried, as if by magic. But the puzzled expression did not leave her face. "A derriere?" she questioned gently, "you mean—"

Just then the press agent fainted.

**THE news has leaked out that Evelyn Brent, who is Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady, and Bernie Fineman, motion picture producer, were married in New York last November. The secret was kept for five months after they came to Hollywood, through their persistent denials of any such fact, but at last Miss Brent has admitted that it isn't a recent event at all.**

**THE long affiliation of William Farnum, star, and William Fox, producer, has been severed. At the close of the contract Farnum was receiving ten thousand a week. He is now launching his own production company.**

**THERE'S a certain colorful youngster in 'Our Gang' comedies—another Hal Roach discovery, if you please. Billed as Little Fazenda, and only nineteen months old—a picanniny as adorable as they make 'em. And she—or he—for the name Fazenda might be either masculine or feminine, takes her work seriously. Oh, very seriously! For instance, when Bob McGowan, who directs the comedies, finishes the scene he happens to be working on, he always says "O. K." And then goes on to the next bit of work. But the other day Mr. McGowan was interrupted by some visitors, and forgot to give his approval. He talked to the visitors for about ten minutes, and was about to leave the set with them when he felt a tug at his coat. And looking down—far down—he glimpsed a wee shadow. With an anxious expression on its small black face was Little Fazenda. "O. K., Gown?" she was saying over and over, "O. K., Gown?"**

**PAUL POWELL, the director, had a sincere compliment paid him recently. Max Graf of San Francisco wanted to make some pictures in the north, and having unlimited capital, obtained a Metro release. Metro insisted, however, that Hoffman, their director general, should O. K. the director to make the production. The names of twelve directors were submitted to Hoffman, and Paul Powell was the only one he would approve. Powell is shooting in San Mateo with Cullen Landis and Louise Fazenda in the cast.**

**ANOTHER French actor has come to grace our shores—not, however, to take the place of Rodolph Valentino, as have so many of our latest acquisitions. The new arrival is a comedian, Maurice Canonge—a favorite upon the French stage and screen. M. Canonge has been chosen for the role of Zazou, in "Trilby." And he has been signed up on a long term contract with First National.**

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
And now Art Acord's wife is getting a divorce.

According to Mrs. Acord's statements, the cowboy star had a habit of going away and not coming home. She'd keep dinner hot for him a couple of nights and then sit back and wait impatiently until he returned.

But it palled after a bit and Mrs. Acord is going to tell it to the judge.

In the meantime her husband is having other troubles as well.

A bright and snappy young man by the name of Caldwell dazzled Hollywood not long ago. He flashed bankrolls, talked carelessly of yachts and mines and oil wells and such trifles and dropped a gentle hint that he was going to invest a bit of money in pictures. Say, seven or eight hundred thousand dollars.

He signed Art Acord, who had just completed his Universal contract, to an agreement in which he stated he would pay Mr. Acord $100,000 a year.

Now he's in the county jail thinking it all over and Art is out the salary of a chauffeur he recommended and who never got any wages.

Dan Mason—veteran character actor who has delighted audiences in the Toonerville and Plum Center comedies—says that he is doggone tired of making two-reel features.

"You just start one, and get interested," says Dan, "and then, gosh—it's all over!" Perhaps that is why he is going to go in for longer pictures. And it is said that his first venture, along these lines, will be a story of New England, "Cy Whittaker's Place," by Joseph D. Lincoln.

We don't know who will be the year's prize camp on the screen, but if she doesn't look out Estelle Taylor will be given it as the best off-stage homebreaker of the year.

This time she is accused by Mrs. Ethel Barnes of vamping her husband, George Barnes, a cameraman. Mrs. Barnes is suing for separate maintenance and is considering an alienation suit against Miss Taylor, she states.

Estelle Taylor, who has just signed to break the Ten Commandments for Cecil de Mille, declares it's silly, that she never went out alone with him and that the only time he was ever in her house there were a number of other guests present.

Sceena Owen named Estelle Taylor in a similar complaint some time ago, when she sued her husband, George Walsh, for divorce. Miss Taylor threatened libel and slander suits, and Miss Owen abandoned her charges.

Max Linder seems born to trouble, as the sparks that fly upward. Having just recovered from an accident in the Swiss Alps—

The Story Time Will Tell

Is your skin as soft and glowing lovely as you would like it to be? And will it still be as fresh and naturally beautiful a few years from now?

The way you care for it now will tell the story. Soap and water cleansing alone are not enough. Neither is the use of cold creams which are absorbed. These make the skin too oily.

There is a new and better way to preserve the natural beauty of your complexion. Squibb's Cold Cream makes it possible. This delicately perfumed cold cream frees the skin from every particle of dust and dirt. It aids in the removal of unsightly blackheads and blemishes. But it is not absorbed. Rub it on the skin gently every night. Then wipe off with a soft cloth. Your skin will glow with all its natural loveliness!

You may get this better cold cream at your druggist's—in convenient tubes or in larger jars for the dressing table. Every ingredient used in Squibb's Cold Cream is rigidly tested by the Squibb Laboratories to insure its purity and reliability.
an accident so serious that for days his life hung by a slender thread—he has again met with disaster. This time as a participant in a motor race.

It all happened this way. Max was tearing along a road with a high hill on one side and a deep embankment on the other. And then, suddenly, when everything was going well, and he was away in the lead, a little black fly swept up from the grass at the roadside and lodged in his eye. It startled Max so that, for a second, he lost control of the car. And that one second was enough to do the damage, for he was going at a terrific speed. The car flew up the embankment and crashed down again, and when Max was removed from the wreckage he was suffering from a fractured skull, along with broken arms and dislocated ribs.

"HAVE your shoes shined by Valentino." That's a sign you are liable to see in Kokomo over the bootblack parlor of Antonio Valentino. And while Tony polishes the brogues he may obligre by tracing his relationship to the famous Sheik Valentino. Fame brings many relatives. Verily, the family of a star is the entire human race.

AND now things are all ready and production will begin on "In His Steps," perhaps the most famous religious novel ever written. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, the author, has come on from Topeka, Kansas, to New York City to supervise the building of the continuity and the selecting of the cast. "In His Steps" has been translated into over thirty different languages and dialects. Now it will be translated into celluloid.

MORE talk of long time contracts. Monte Blue has deserted the Paramount standard. Marie Prevost and Harry Myers have left Universal flat. And all three have gone gaily over to the Warner Brothers. Robert Agnew has also got the fever, and has signed a five year contract with Paramount.

ONE of the necessary qualifications for stardom seems to be the ability to break into jail. Gladys Walton of the Universal glass-tops is the latest to perform the artistic feat. She got three days in the Los Angeles donjon. For speeding, of course.

MRS. RALPH GRAVES, wife of the well-known actor, died at her Los Angeles home when her little daughter was born a few days ago.

The deepest sympathy is felt by the entire coast colony for Ralph Graves, whose devotion to his pretty wife was so well known. Mrs. Graves was a Minneapolis society girl and they had been married only two years.

FLORA FINCH, the veteran comediene of the films, is lying in a New York hospital, recovering from a broken thigh bone. She was injured while working in a picture with Johnny Hines last winter. Curiously enough the name of the picture was "Luck." Well, it takes all kinds of luck to make a world—or even a small part of one.

HARRY CAREY is hunting for a new horse one that will have as much, or more, screen personality than Tom Mix's famous "Tony." Not very long ago Harry decided that his old pony, "Pete," had a rest coming to him, so Pete was pensioned off, and the seemingly endless search began. "For the screen," says the famous cowboy, "a horse must have intelligence, plus. And nerve, and a certain amount of inventive ability—don't laugh, I mean it! A police horse would make an ideal mount for a picture star. For police horses are just about the finest in the world." They say that a certain police horse, in San Francisco, has caught Harry Carey's eye, and that he's bargaining with the city to sell the beautiful animal. And at some profit, too.

A DELEGATION of Congressmen and Senators made a pilgrimage to the United States in Hollywood a few days ago. And—take it from the bunch of them—had the time of their lives, and not so young, lives! They were addressed by Richard Walton Tully, who told them that Hollywood wasn't nearly so bad as it is painted, and then a bevy of screen beauties took them in hand and did some

Here are the forces behind Mary Pickford's newest production. Reading from left to right, you will find Mitchell Leisen, costumer; Charles Rosher, cameraman; Ernst Lubitsch, the director; and Mary herself. Standing behind Miss Pickford is Ted Reed, production manager, and behind Lubitsch is his assistant and interpreter.
It was a pity
no one told him

HE was an honor man in his class at college—giving promise of carving his notch high up on the ladder of success.

An unusual business opportunity came his way shortly after he was out of school—better than most young men are fortunate enough to secure. He certainly started out with a bang. Every one remarked about it.

* * * Five years passed. Howard Chapman, who had set out so brilliantly, was still almost perfectly at the point where he started. Other young men who hadn’t nearly his opportunity had out-distanced him each year.

What invisible thing was it that held Chapman back? Some of his close friends undoubtedly knew but didn’t have the heart to tell him.

It was really a pity.

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

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antisepic, that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath deodorant. It hails food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antisepic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE
Seven cameras faced the big fight scene of Thomas Meighan's "The Ne'er-Do-Well" when the Rex Beach picture was "shot" at the Famous Players Long Island studios. You can note Director Al Green wearing the cap in the foreground, with Meighan and his opponent, John Miltern, just beyond

some months. After being forced to sign a release to free the Dutch government of any responsibility for their death, the two motion picture men started into the country of the Kia Kias.

ENTER: Douglas Fairbanks' successor! Doug, Jr., age twelve, is about to leap the camera line and teach his dad a few stunts. His film debut will be under the auspices of William Elliott, former theatrical manager and son-in-law of David Belasco. Doug, Jr., and his mother, Mrs. James Evans, have recently returned from France.

PUT a lot of seasoned actors in one picture, all of them inclined to be what the profession knows as "camera hogs," and you can have more fun than a three ring circus.

Probably never was so noble a battle staged for the camera lens since motion picture began as has been fought daily on the Goldwyn lot when Lambert Hillier directed "The Spoilers."

Such veteran troopers as Milton Sills, Noah Beery, Robert Edeson, Robert McKim and Ford Sterling will never give an inch when it comes to getting the foreground of a scene.

In fact it is said that when the director wanted to get a shot of Sills, Edeson and Sterling walking down a street, with their backs to the camera and entering a saloon door without once looking back at the camera, it took him three days to get it.

Now discuss the classic of all concerns Barbara Bedford and Milton Sills.

Barbara is a young and inexperienced actress. In this scene she had been doing a bit of emotional work and then had to turn to Sills to speak a title. She did her acting, turned to speak the title and found that Sills wasn't there where she had left him. He had moved three feet upstream. To speak her title to him, she would have to turn her back on the camera, while Sills' face would be right in the lens.

For a moment Barbara was stunned. She gasped, and her eyes glazed. Then, swiftly and silently, she reached back with her left foot and caught Sills a fearful kick on the shins. The actor jumped, stuttered, and leaped back to his place and Barbara spoke her title to him properly, while director and cameraman both collapsed in hysterics.

And here's a rather touching thing about Tom Santschi. Santschi, as McNamara in the original version of "The Spoilers," staged a fight with Bill Farnum, never since equaled. Now he's been playing a small bit on the same lot on which the new "Spoilers" is being made in Frances Marion's picture, "The Daughter of Mother Maginn."

PLAYBOY SUPREME

By Reuben Peterson, Jr.

No common clown, no mere buffoon is he—
His humor's deft and quick and clean and bright.
His touch is sure, superb his artistry;
His eyes flash moods as prisms flash the light.
Emotions deep are mirrored on his face—
Now dreamy bliss, now childlike innocence.
Fear and despair unutterable give place
To sudden joy or bold-faced impudence.
His role he plays with delicate finesse,
Whether as top or ragged tramp arrayed;
His fun is broad, but never meaningless,
His wit a keen swift-turning rapier blade.
He is the children's darling of all time—
Playboy supreme, the Prince of Pantomime.

Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

THE TIGER'S CLAW—Paramount

JACK HOLT, as Sam Sandell—an American engineer in India—gets bit by a tiger and marries the half-caste girl who nurses him back to health. Which makes it hard when the blonde lady of his heart makes an unexpected appearance. Poi-on and plots and the strange hidden religions of the Orient give Jack quite some trouble. But he fights disaster and looks well in a white helmet.

SUZANNA—Allied Producers

MACK SENNETT claims the credit for this—the old, old tale of the babies changed in their cradles at birth, the rightful heir growing up a social outcast in old California. Just why the comic talents of Mabel Normand are hidden beneath all these hackneyed melodramatic trappings is beyond us. Now and then her humor does creep out—but the plot always rushes back to the center of the screen.

MODERN MARRIAGE—American Releasing

THIS Beverly Bayne-Francis X. Bushman vehicle is far above the average picture, and much better than anything these two have played in past years. It deals with the old old story of a wife who craves society, and a husband who wants only a home, and another man who collects autographs—wily ones. But the action is so well handled, and the continuity so smooth that the plot isn't too commonplace.

THE SUNSHINE TRAIL—First National

THE story of Thomas H. Ince's newest product gives the trouser leg of credulity a tug. That a young man who wanted to spread sunshine wherever he went should be forced to become a foster father and should be identified, in the eyes of his "old home town," with a gang of crooks, is not easily believable. But James Henry MacTavish, with his guileless smile, and Edith Roberts almost convince us.

THE QUEEN OF SIN—Made in Germany

A N awful thing. Though sin may be better this year than ever before, as the lady church worker told the shy young clergyman, this importation, with its Hungarian star, makes us long, vainly, for the good old thedahara days. Beds that float in perfumed pools and fur rugs and gorgeous interiors to the contrary! Lucy Domine is the hefty queen, and there's a man in the cast who looks like Wallace Beery, but isn't.

QUICKSANDS—American Releasing

HELENE CHADWICK and Richard Dix have escaped, for a moment at least, from the Rupert Hughes, young-married type of comedy. It must be something of a relief, to both of them, to engage in the hairbreadth melodrama of drug smuggling across the Mexican border. Richard is a lieutenant of cavalry, and Helene is a Secret Service lady. All the best villains of the screen are well employed in this.

THE LION'S MOUSE—Hodkinson

INVOLVING blackmail, robbery, hairbreadth escapes. The plot revolves about a rope of pearls and some mysterious papers that threaten the happiness of Beverly (Marguerite Marsh) and her wealthy bride-groom. Clo Riley, made charming by Mary Odette, is the mouse who gnaws through intrigue and wins to happiness for everybody. An entertaining picture—and that's pretty high praise, nowadays.

Know the Joy of A Smooth Healthy Skin

THE first step towards attaining a healthy skin is right living—spending hours in wholesome outdoor activities, etc. But the second, and equally important, is proper cleansing. Your skin is like a delicate fabric—easily injured by rough scrubbing or the use of a harsh, caustic soap. Why run the risk of hurting it by using anything that happens to be handy, when you know that Resinol Soap protects it?

Try this exceptional toilet soap for your complexion and see how gently yet thoroughly it cleanses the pores and helps to overcome skin defects. Take a Resinol bath and note the healthy glow that follows. Place it in the nursery and keep baby sweet, clean and contented.

A trial size cake will prove to you the delights of Resinol Soap. May we send you one free? Write Dept. 11-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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The use of Canthrox is, in thousands of cases, the only difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair. Canthrox removes all dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil; it cleanses and invigorates the scalp; it promotes the growth and natural beauty of the hair. After a Canthrox shampoo the hair will be soft, silken, full of life and luster and develops a natural wave and luxuriance that will delight you.

Canthrox Shampoo

dis tantly efficient in hard or soft water and is easy to use and so quick in showing results that it has become the favorite hair wash of all women who have tried it during the many years that it has been a leader in the shampoo field. Men, too, will find it the perfect shampoo.

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The cost of a Canthrox shampoo is only about three cents. After using it, your hair and scalp will feel absolutely cool, clean and refreshed. The continued use of Canthrox will gradually beautify and glorify your hair.

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To prove that all we say of Canthrox is true and that one application will make you a constant user, we will gladly send free one perfect shampoo for a twentycent stamp to pay postage.

H. S. Peterson & Co.
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Masters of Men—Vitaphone

This picture, taken from Morgan Robertson’s story of the Spanish-American war, is all it should be. Cullen Landis does fine work as Dick, and Mary Astor class with him. The story is nicely written, and, of course, the acting is all right. It is not a grand picture, but it is well worth seeing.

Three Jumps Ahead—Fox

Tom Mix and his wonderful horse, Tony, dominate the screen for an hour of western stuff that an audience—especially one made up of growing boys—will love. There is one leap across a chasm that is quite worth the price of admission. It taxes the credulity, in this day of trick stuff, but it does make the pulse beat faster. Bandits, hold-ups, intrigue, horse rustling and a love interest.

Nobody’s Bride—Universal

A runaway bride and a down-and-out suitor of better days find themselves all mixed up with a band of crooks and a bag of jewels. And there is, of course, a handsome queen of the crooks—played by Alice Lake—who does much to complicate matters. Her hero, Ralston looks less like himself with a growth of unshaved whiskers trimming his manly jaw. Which helps, some.

Crashing Through—Film Booking Offices

A typical Harry Carey jumble—with Myrtle Stedman and Vola Vale to pretty it up! Also Cullen Landis of the curly hair as a sort of amateur villain. The story deals with both horse and girl stealing, but Harry falls every plot and does great deal of fighting against heavy odds, and manages—without to make his heroism almost bearable. Not bad—not so very good!

Single Hande—Universal

A picture far below the usual Gibson standard. Hoot—parade us, Ed—makes a good cow puncher and a better doughboy. But as an eccentric musician there is something decidedly lacking. There is much confusion about a lost map that indicates a buried treasure, and, of course, Hoot solves the mystery. But, in the plot solution, he displays more luck than sense.

Bucking the Barrier—Fox

Dustin Farnum gets a chance to beat up thugs in almost every reel—and so the picture is a success, as far as he’s concerned. The story is nicely written to his measure, but has nothing of realism or sympathy about it. All about a young American who goes abroad to claim an estate left him by his chum, and is met by deep dyed villainy upon every turn.

Trammed in Scarlet—Universal

The Countess isn’t a bad lady, really—but appearances are certainly against her, and people will talk. So the story gets all complicated with blackmail and all such foolishness. The characters display such utter lack of sense that no audience can afford to waste any sympathy on them. The cast is called “all stars”—but Katherine Williams carries off the only acting honors as the more-sinned-against lady.

The Grub Stake—American Releasing

There’s a bigger kick in seeing wild animals alive than dead. Nell Shipman demystifies this line of her unique forest pictures, in which she plays around friendly and careless-like with fifty-seven varieties of woodland creatures, ranging from bears to porcupines. There’s a plot, of course, but the animals take first place. Everyone who has ever protested against hunting films, should see this.

Our Gang Comedies—Pathe

One hundred per cent kid stuff, with a remarkable collection of real looking youngsters. Who, incidentally, know how to act without being objectionable. The honors go to a very young lady of color, billed as Little Faina. Scared to death two years old, she goes through each set like a model. Clever use is made of slow motion, in one place. For the whole family.

The Man from Gle Naggy—Hokinson

If the leading man could forget that he has a strong profile and a dimple, and if the father—who has attained meekness and religion—didn’t look so aggressive, this picture would be passable. For the lighting scenes are fine and the rugged Canadian landscapes are impressive. Ralph Conners’ erstwhile best seller has suffered in the screening. Pauline Garon is decorative, but doesn’t do much to distinguish herself.

De Forest Phonofilm—Paul Thompson

Not a picture to be reviewed, as yet, but an experiment of remarkable value and unlimited possibilities. By a process of photographing soundwaves and transforming them into light waves and then projecting them, from the same film, with scenes and action that have been photographed simultaneously—it sounds like magic! But Mr. De Forest has left his radio long enough to prove that it can be done. The speaking voice, dance music, vocal solos have been projected successfully.

The Fourth Musketeer—F. B. O.

Johnny Walker has a better chance in this picture than he has ever had. As a rising young prize-fighter who gives up a certain championship for the sake of his young wife he is at his best. It is only when she tries to push him into society that he rebels—and, incidentally, wins a place in the sun. Eddie Gibbon is excellent as the promoter.

If you would enjoy the society of famous folk, turn to page 41 and be one of those Stepping Out with the Movie Crowd.
Close-ups and Long Shots

[continued from page 56]

The Movie Crime Wave: Hope Hampton performed "The Lawful Larceny" and now is heading "The Gold-Diggers."

A Real Artist, Courde Colleen! In a criticism of "Broken Chains," we said Colleen Moore out-gushed the Gish in the way she branded her hands. We didn't blame her because the entire picture seemed to be impersonating a Griffith feature. Now comes a letter from Colleen:

Thank you very much for not blaming me for imitation in "Broken Chains." I adore Lillian Gish but I don't want to imitate anyone. Iبلieve, hate, despise, detest imitators.

I hope you will see me in "The Nth Commandment." I don't say a word with my hands. I never will again, director or no director. I have turned Bohemian. Down with the hands!

Art Shall Not Perish: Katherine MacDonald has left the screen flat, declaring she is through with the great art forever. But we still have Hope Hampton.

The Greatest Sin: The screen reformation of that evil enchantress, Pola Negri.

Desperation or Conscription? There have been indignant protests against making a hospital a locale for Wallace Reid. Some call it a "dope" hospital, and then shudder, their delicate sensibilities jarred by the words they choose to imprint. Mrs. Reid plans no such memorial for her husband. She is simply appearing in a picture which treats of an enemy of life. If Wallace Reid's name could lend any aid to a hospital for drug addicts it would be a noble use. Nothing on earth is finer than an institution which heals. Those who drink poison are sick people, not criminals. They can be healed by care and kindness, never by condemnation. There is no shame in affliction. Wherever there is suffering there is holy ground. The greatest name in all history is associated forever with the healing of lepers and those afflicted with all manner of sin and disease.

"Science has established the fact that 'Klieg-Eyes' is a artificial sunburn of the eyes caused by the ultra-violet rays thrown out by the powerful arc lamps," says Maurice Tourneur. "Inasmuch as these violet rays are highly essential in photography, in that it is this quantity that makes the impression on the sensitive surface of the film, the problem centers itself either with the substitution of an agency for the violet ray or the development of the partial elimination of the violet ray by means of a filter which would necessitate special treatment of the film itself in order to make it more highly sensitive.

"My latest thought has been concentrated on the matter of combining both ideas and my experiments involve a special glass placed over the opening of the arc lamp which eliminates the ultra-violet ray to a point where it is harmless to the naked eye. There is also involved a special coating for film which intensifies the violet ray matter which has been subdued by the filter in front of the lamp. The recent encouragement I have had in these experiments gives me the hope that, with the aid of several colleagues, I will be able to give definite results."—Exhibitors Herald.

Why Mar Beauty
By a dingy film on teeth?

This offers you a delightful test, to show how beauty is enhanced by pearly teeth. And how teeth can be protected as they never were before.

The method is used by millions. Dentists the world over now advise it. Won't you learn how much it means to you and yours?

Removes the film
Your teeth are coated with a viscous film.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

No old-time tooth paste could effectively combat it. So coated teeth were almost universal. And very few escaped the troubles caused by film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, tooth troubles became alarming in extent, so dental science saw the need to fight film. After much research, two ways were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on new discoveries. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. It is now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

Other discoveries
Modern research also found other things essential. So Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

50 nations use it
Careful people of some 50 nations now employ this method. As one result, cleaner, prettier teeth are seen everywhere today.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-costs disappear. The result will be a revelation, and it may lead to priceless benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

But the situation was hardly as simple as that one is to consider details at all. Foreign film of a legal status not entirely clear was coming in and the Edison had put out in competition, machines, both cameras and projectors. And while Edison and Biograph were fighting for supremacy and control, a whole army of fringe-companies, with no legal status whatever, was erratically nibbling at the golden profit possibilities of the screen, like bandits raiding the man’s land of a war harried frontier.

“Doping” or copying of pictures was a shamelessly common practice and with equal shamelessness any picture idea that promised to get the money was put into execution, the more salacious and suggestive the better, if it could “get by.” The picture houses themselves were in the main poorly ventilated, dark and unseemly make-believe, all too often located in unsavory districts.

This situation gave opportunity to the enemies of the motion picture, its competitors, to use this as a hand held up to the Edison to the financial stringency of 1907 and feeling jealous of the rapidly growing popularity of the screen shows, the magnates of the speaking stage set working to destroy the motion picture. They were continually pointing the finger of scorn. Every trivial picture theater fire got public attention, and every small boy who seemed to have learned to substantiate the charges of his tutor.

“I learned it in the movies,” became the standard alibi in the juvenile courts. An effort, and a rather successful one, was made to create in the public mind the idea that the film itself was too much a dynamite, and that its dramatic content was of character to blast eternally all hope of salvation for any spectator. The publicity offices of the theatrical concerns were ready sources of influence and material to the newspaper reporter. And to record here, the conduct of the motion picture industry did a great deal to substantiate the charges of its foes.

The vast disorder and uncertainty of the American motion picture industry annoyed even the European makers of film. Charles Pathé and Leon Gaumont, among the chief of the exporters to the United States, came over in 1908 to see what might be done toward establishing a peace. After a few weeks of New York they threw up their hands and sailed for home. It seemed hopeless.

Biograph set about lustily swaying the club of its projection machine patents, especially the “Latham loop.” The Edison camped out with many statements published in the trade journals and elsewhere, assuring exhibitors that the Latham patent was worthless. Meanwhile, James A. Birr, the American representative of the Pathé, industriously worked in the Paris office for a search of all European patent records and picture experiments in the hope that something might be found to outweigh the Latham patent.

The failure of that search was admitted on the witness stand many years later in United States court.

But Biograph did not in fact want to throttle the theaters. Biograph sought to force a peace and an agreement with Edison whereby they might both engage in the making of pictures for a profit without unhappening of each other, with the field to themselves.

The Edison concern was not yet ready to admit that Biograph had any rights. Still the Biograph picture was the leading company, under the direction of Griffith, were forcing attention.

Then a number of things happened to change the course of events. Some sharp differences arose between Thomas A. Edison and William E. Gilmore, his general manager. This was not directly related to the motion picture. Pictures were of small interest in the sum total of Edison business. But in the New York offices he was busily considering the motion picture. In fact he had never taken it especially. It was one of the many enterprises originating in his laboratory that had passed out of the inventor’s work bench to be exploited according to the notions of his commercial organization.

The reader will perhaps recall that chapter when Gilmore came into conflict with the Edison offices as the iron-handed Bismarck of the organization, an event so swiftly followed by the departure of William Kennedy Laurie and then with Langdon’s appointment as man of affairs. When Dickson went he took the ill will of Gilmore with him. It seems probable that so long as Gilmore should have remained with Edison there would have been no peace with Biograph. Mr. Gilmore, recently interviewed by the writer, denies this, but the records hardly support the denial. At all events Mr. Edison was probably more clearly than Edison legal department for those very reasons, although he had been one of the very first to offer Edison screen products for sale.

Now, Klein was also one of the few calm, philosophical personalities of the motion picture industry of those days. He comportéd himself with a quiet and unassuming wordly manner. Had he not been an attorney, he would have been a medium success in the hurly-burly of the film folk.

Klein turned his attention toward Dyer, who was just beginning to shape his policy and administrative attitude toward the film war, in which he had previously appeared only as an attorney, rather than as a general.

It may be parenthetically noted here that one of Dyer’s first official acts was the purchase of twenty-five shares of Biograph stock from the Marion of Kalem. Marion had come into possession of the stock during the period of his Biograph connection. Having departed to form Kalem, he had become an important factor in the film war. Those twenty-five shares of Biograph stock cost Dyer of Edison ten dollars each. They were to make it possible for him to attend meetings of Biograph stockholders, later on, if it became a good move in the big war. It also entitled him to ask questions of the officers, as an investor.

This move of Dyer’s established a long standing precedent of motion picture politics. Today the heads of most of the major competing film concerns hold shares of stock in all of their competitors, but rarely of giving them access to inside facts.

Anyway, Biograph at ten dollars a share was a good buy in 1908, even if it did not look like it. Now, despite their legal differences, Klein was personally still acceptable in the Edison
A telephone personality

In your face to face contacts with people, your appearance, your bearing and many other things help you to make the right impression. But in your telephone contacts there is only one thing by which you can be judged—your speech.

An effective telephone personality is to-day a business and social asset. Everybody appreciates the person who speaks distinctly and pleasantly, neither too fast nor too slow, with a clear enunciation of each word, with lips facing the mouthpiece and speaking into it. In business, this is the telephone personality which induces favorable action on the part of the listener. To the salesman it may mean the difference between an order and no order; between an interview granted and an interview refused.

Curiously enough, people who are careful to make themselves effectively heard and understood face to face, often disregard the need for effectiveness in their telephone speech. Perhaps they shout, perhaps they mumble, perhaps they hold the mouthpiece far from their lips. And frequently they never realize that their carelessness has defeated the purpose of their talk.

The Bell System maintains for telephone users the best facilities that science, modern equipment, skilled operation and careful management can bring to telephone speech. But these facilities can be fully effective only when they are properly used.

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Your Facial Habits

When you laugh or cry, or express any emotion, your facial muscles draw the skin tones. As the undulations become dry, these habits fix lines in your face. What are you doing to prevent them from leaving your record?

WRINKLES

The mention of one hard statistical fact in the conversation gave Kennedy an opening. Figures and fast thinking are the components of his favorite dish. The players in that "fifteen million dollar poker game" had not yet got together. Kennedy snapped back an offer.

"What do you say to a trustee holding for your patents and ours and a guaranty that Edison will give you $5,000 a year from the licensees that we grant?"

Dyer shook his head.

"Suppose we make it $10,000 a year?"

Kennedy was raising the ante.

"No.

More than likely Dyer had a doubt that there was that much potential revenue in licenses on Edison's part. Even from the deep show beginnings the Edison establishment always underestimated the motion picture.

But despite Dyer's refusal, there and then, the Chirnside conference opened the way. Instead of serving each other with legal processes through belligerent lawyers' offices the fighters of the film war were meeting at the conference table.

There were tentative bickerings back and forth over the telephone for weeks. Kennedy and Marvin arrived at the opinion that the time had come for a new play in the psychological poker game.

ALL through the years the Biograph plant, like all of the other motion picture plants, had been strongly guarded against spies in the film wars. Edison and Biograph guarded their plants to safeguard their secrets and patents. The infringers guarded their plants lest they be caught infringing. The motion picture business was one of vast secrecy. The secrecy continued, incidentally, for many years after its purpose had vanished. A charming example is afforded by the fact that way down in the year 1915 Jay Cairns, a publicity man detailed to exploit "The Diamond from the Sky," spent three months in Santa Barbara trying to get into the studio where it was being made. The cautious American Film Company still had the secrecy complex.

This secrecy only confirmed the opinion in the Edison establishment that Biograph's independent and patented camera was a mere pretense and subterfuge to cover infringing operations in the Edison machine. The Edison experts vastly doubted if the Biograph camera would work.

Marvin and Kennedy called in Parker W. Armstrong, attorney for Biograph, for a long session at the New York Athletic club deciding on the daring next step. They determined on a showdown.

Shortly Robert N. Dyer was invited to visit the Biograph studio and laboratory to examine their processes. He was free to bring along any of the Edison experts he might desire to have with him. It is clear, however, that Biograph could make pictures without infringing the Edison patents.

The invitation was accepted. For the first time in the history of the industry the lid was thrown open to the inspection of competitors. Griffith was directing and Billy Bitzer was at the camera when Dyer and his staff, escorted by Kennedy and Marvin, by conked out on the stage floor at the Biograph studio.

They opened up the ponderous Biograph camera and loaded it with the great wide film.

"Do you mean if we use a stop watch?" Dyer asked.

"Use anything you want to," responded Kennedy.

The camera clicked away. The scene was a hit from a picture long forgotten. When the roll of film had been exposed it was taken from the camera in the presence of the visitors and handled tamper-proof Sunday morning.

"You can take that over to the Edison plant and develop it—you'll find a darn good motion picture on it," Kennedy advised.

Then the cameras came to the Hudson to Hoboken to the Biograph finishing plant—by this time they had changed the name from "factory" to "laboratory." Kennedy was responsible for that change in nomenclature. He had observed that only an indifferent sort of girls could be hired for a factory, but that really intelligent ones would accept employment in a laboratory. So at once Dyer's factory became a laboratory and all film plants ever since have been laboratories.

At the Hoboken establishment Dyer and his staff saw the Biograph films processed and finished. It was obvious when the session was over the Biograph could make pictures without using any of the Edison devices. Biograph's position was measurably strengthened by that showing.

Conference followed conference. At last an agreement was tentatively drawn up. This agreement was the protection of a patents pool, whereby the Edison, Biograph, Armat and Latham patents could be held by a separate corporation which would in turn license operations under those patents.

Weeks went by. The financial condition of Biograph was not improving. The year was slipping rapidly away. One afternoon in the middle of December, Marvin and Kennedy sat together in Kennedy's office at 52 Broadway. The situation looked dubious in the extreme.

"If anybody come along and offered five dollars for our chances I'd take the five," Marvin remarked.

Kennedy was of the same mind. He took a fresh grip on his cigar and walked the floor. The telephone rang. He picked up. It was Edison's lawyer on the line.

"Say?" Kennedy exploded, "if that agreement does not go through, I tell you, it is, without the change of one word in it, Biograph is going to bust this business wide open. We will put our cameras on the market and license them. We are not going to let this business fall apart. We are going to control this business we will make a first class wreck of it—and we'll have it now."

Kennedy had played the last card.

THE next day was the seventeenth of December. That afternoon there came a call to a meeting at the Hotel Brevoort in lower Fifth Avenue, for the following day's business was settled.

In the afternoon, December 18, the great peace was signed.

The Edison and Biographical officials, George Kline, and Marvin, who had licensed, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Essanay, Pathé, Kalem, and Melies were represented. The Motion Picture Patents Company was there. This was the beginning of a very powerful concern in all the history of the motion picture. The decade of war was over.

The next day the event was signaled by a peace dinner at the Edison laboratories at East Orange, N. J., served in the great library that adjoins the Edison workshops and laboratories. This dinner was attended by all of the parties that had participated.

Peter Weber, a member of the Edison technical staff, chanced into the gathering with a camera and made a still picture of the group at the table. A picture was made for each guest. George Kline collected the autographs of those about the table and appended their signatures to his print of the group. Their signatory day of Mr. Kline that picture is reproduced with this chapter. It has never before been published.

That very day in New York, December 19, 1908, the motion picture industry was made.

It was a blow engineered by its enemies that reverberated across the continent, the effects of which continue today. Mayor George McClellan of New York gave abrupt notice that on December 23 he would hold a hearing to inquire into the advisability of allowing the picture shows to operate. The general question of the safety of the picture houses.

No very astute investigator would have been required to trace back the source of the incidents that brought about this action. The theater of the speaking stage was feeling too much motion picture competition.

Every advertisement in PHOTOLPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The spirit of the investigation was rather clearly evidenced when at the hearing that followed Charles Sprague Smith, head of the People's Institute, ventured the suggestion that there were in New York "things more rotten than the motion picture that need attention" and thereby drew down on himself a violent reproach from the mayor.

The hearing started in the crowded aldermanic chamber at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and it raged for five hours. The reformers were out in force and full of words.

Following the session Mayor McClellan left for his country home near Princeton in New Jersey. He left behind him an order revoking the licenses of all five cent motion picture theaters in Greater New York and instructing the police department to see that they were closed at midnight December 24, Christmas eve.

It was 4:55 P.M., December 24, when a newspaper reporter at the City Hall learned of the order and telephoned to Gustavus A. Rogers, the attorney connected with the motion picture business, for an interview. That was the first notice to the industry of the Mayor's action.

The news was carried the story across the United States, proclaiming the shame of the motion picture. Christmas morning the world read that New York's mayor had clamped the lid on New York's downtown motion picture theaters as unclean and immoral places of amusement.

A wall of deep grief and pain rose from the fivescore hundred motion picture exhibitors affected by the order. A call went out for a mass meeting, held Christmas Day at the Murray Hill Lyceum, Third avenue and Thirty Fourth Street. Leased was smitten and there was no balm in Gilead.

William Fox, who had risen from his penny arcade beginnings to a dominant position as an exhibitor, was chosen chairman of the meeting. It was a noisy, stormy, vociferous session, flaming with indignation and humorously tragic.

"We elected Bill Fox chairman because he could bellow the loudest," one of the film men present recalled.

The session began in the forenoon and lasted far into Christmas night. An organization was formed for defensive purposes, with William Fox and Marcus Loew among the officers. William Steiner, now in the exchange business following his producing ventures with the firm of Paley & Steiner, who made the Flatiron building classic noted in an earlier chapter, was one of the leaders in the meeting. A conference held on the platform agreed that each exhibitor should be assessed twenty-five dollars as a membership fee to be used in court fight against the mayor's order.

"Lock the doors, before you ask for the money," Steiner whispered to Fox. "These guys will beat it if you don't.

When the announcement of the assessment for the defensive fund came from the stage the crush at the doors was terrible and futile. Each exhibitor wanted to let his fellows finance the fight for his benefit.

When order was restored the membership and payment of fees was recorded. A large number of the payments were in checks that came back a few days later marked "N. S. F." or "No Account.

A legal campaign was instituted at once by the law firm of Rogers & Rogers. Gustavus A. Rogers was interested with William Fox in the Dewey theater in Fourteenth street, which they held under lease from Big Tim Sullivan of Tammany Hall fame. The motion picture situation was not without its political ramifications, as more and more developments in the course of years indicated. Saul Rogers, also a member of the law firm, is now general counsel and an officer of the Fox Film Corporation.

For some seventy-two hours Gustavus Rogers labored continuously in the courts or in the preparation of processes. He obtained four

Keep that hand soft!

"We can't afford servants," said most young married couples fifty years ago. "They cost too much in wages and food."

But there is no bride today who cannot afford the modern servants—the electric devices that ask for no afternoon off, eat nothing, and work untiringly for an average wage of 3 cents an hour.
injections against the execution of the Mayor's order, one before Judge Blackmar and three before William J. Gaynor, justice of the Supreme Court, Kings County. Rogers was aware every day that his picture was open, but he got twenty-four hours' sleep. The situation brought a great deal of attention to the whole subject of stage entertainments and a new enforcement of the Sunday laws. Vaudeville programs were hurriedly revised to fit the educational character. The only pictures that could legally be run on Sunday were those "Illustrating a lecture of an instructive or educational value."
The picture shows suddenly created a demand for lectures. The lectures were charmingly educational.

At Hammerstein's Victoria a typical lecture was arranged. The lecturer stood in the orchestra and watched the screen. When a train appeared he spoke up brightly. "These are railroad tracks." "More railroad tracks" the audience were now passing a mouthcar. The lecture was the best act on the bill. It got a great hand.

Then and there the word "educational" as applied to motion pictures acquired a bitter taste in the mouth of the motion picture exhibitor. Bowery and Fourteenth street audiences went to see the villain hood of the political censorship they thought they had at close-ups of humble-bee buzzing in the clover and the evolution of the rose. From that day onward the word that could be said of a picture's influence on the motion picture exhibitor was to call it "educational." It is still an unfortunate word in the business. It has the flavor of medicine in the exhibitor's mouth. But out of the forties and fifties at the turn of 1908 the motion picture found a real set of friends.

In the course of the arguments for tolerance the motion-picture men expressed a willingness to have the pictures submitted to a board of judges or censors before their exhibition to the public. They were guided by the example of the city of Chicago, a police department before the Public Department had begun reviewing pictures. The New York picture men were not eager for a censorship, but they were willing to accept any temporary referee and expedient to avoid closing their houses.

Charles Sprague Smith, founder of the People's Institute and the author of the community dollar, came forward to extend his cooperation and good will. With him was associated John Collier, secretary of the Institute, an idealist who saw what the picture might be.

The year before, in 1907, the People's Institute had made a survey of the cheap amusements of New York City—motion pictures, penny arcades, and the rest. They had shown that these places were not to be condemned in toto, that they were needed to meet the demands of the great majority of people and attention must be given them in a con-structive way.

It was of vast significance that when the motion picture had not yet evolved standards of art or content for itself, these genuinely disinterested friends were ready to save it from itself and its own follies. These friends recognized more of the future of the art than the picture makers. It should be recorded here that neither Charles Sprague Smith nor his associates were exponents of censorship. The ensuing steps were to be enabled rather by expediency than theory, however.

"Censorship" became a necessary word, because to satisfy the public and official mind of the day the motion picture had to be spangled on the wrist.

The motion picture craved a "censor" then just as baseball besmirched with scandal wanted a Judge Landis so it could turn to the world and say, "Now we've got somebody to make us be good. Just see how good we are!"

Early in 1909, a few weeks after the Christ-

mas week disaster, the People's Institute, in cooperation with the newly formed Motion Picture Patents Company and its members, formed the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures. The organization which continues today as the National Board of Review, having some few years ago dropped the ill-becoming word Censorship. The formation of the National Board of Censorship was warmly welcomed by Kennedy, as the guiding genius of the Patents Company, on the following counts: first, the broad general welfare of the industry; second, a certain added advantage to Patents Company control of the art by taking under his wing, so far as might be, the body that gave the product the stamp of receptability.

There was no intent on the part of the People's Institute to play a part in the interior politics of the motion picture industry, but through the sheer and irresistible force of the scattering independent picture makers who came to contest the Patents Company there remained a certain atmospheric advantage with that direction which did not know how to approach the Board.

The name of the newly formed organization was, unfortunately, even if expeditiously. It gave impetus to the censorship movement in many directions.

The National Board of Censorship worked and still works without remuneration—but the local political censorship which has been running since all over the land are strong on fees.

In another and most indirect way in this same busy 1908, the law moved to work an imperious influence on the motion picture history. It was in June that Governor Hughes of New York signed the bill which forbade race track gambling. Then came a raid on the bookmakers at Sheepshead Bay, Adam Kessel, Jr., was one of the many repeatedly arrested and stripped of his betting roll.

This annoyed Mr. Kessel extremely. After it happened a number of times he decided to quit the business. He had prospered and he had been generous with his money. Now, in the year of the cartoon, "Them days was gone forever."

"It's all off for Addy, I'm through," Kessel told Charles Bauman, a sheet writer in his organization. "I'm through making book."

Kessel went home to think it over. Some weeks later it occurred to him that in the gala time of easy money he had loaned twenty-five hundred to Charles Streimer. Now was a good time to collect.

Down at 106 Fulton street Kessel found Streimer. After "Say, Charlie, where's my twenty-five hundred bones?" Streimer pointed up to a shelf on which reposed a dozen flat tin cans, a foot in diameter and about two inches thick.

Kessel pulled down one of the cans and opened it, taking out a reel of film. It fell from his awkwardly uncumbered fingers and he held it up in a gesture about him. "What's these wheels?"

"Moving pictures."

"What do you do with them?"

"I bet any man can get ten dollars a day for the good ones, sometimes."

"And then they bring 'em back to you and give you ten dollars?" Kessel was incredulous. "Yes—that's the game."

"Much obliged, this is my business," Kessel announced. He sat down at the desk and took charge. Streimer went into his employ five days later. They started off on a horse and buggy and a willow basket full of film canvassing the theaters for customers.

That was the humble beginning of the second wave of film entertainment. The whole country remembers by the names of The New York Motion Picture Company, Reliance-Majestic, Keystone, and the once great Triangle Corporation. In the developments of the next few years, Adam Kessel, the erstwhile bookmaker, and his friend and sheet writer, Charles Bauman, were to rise to high estate in the
world of motion pictures, employing a vast array of the greatest names of the screen, Griffith, Ince, Sennett, Pickford, Walthall, Kirkwood and countless others.

Despite the thousand and one tales of how Charles Chaplin came to the screen it was Adam Kessel, and no other, who saw the funny little man with the cane and pants first as a motion picture possibility and offered him a contract—but that's some chapters ahead.

In the fall of 1908 Kessel was established at Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, with the Empire Film Exchange, the first of his many screen enterprises, a concern which figured conspicuously in the new war of the independents that was soon to open.

And now to pick up a significant personality, the center of attention moves out into darkest Pennsylvania. It was late in December about the time that New York was buzzing with the gossip of the new born Patents Company, when a foot-stomping traveler turned into a tavern at Forest City, Pa., in the mining belt.

The wanderer laid down his sample kit—a handsomely bound prospectus of Stoddard Lectures—and warmed himself by the big cannon ball stove. He got a whiff from the lunch counter of hot weiners.

The book agent was presently seated at a round-topped table, close to the weiner stand, entirely surrounded by steins. This was comfort. The more he regarded his sample kit the less he thought of it and the better the beer and weiners seemed to be. Through a door that led to the tavern-keeper's quarters the young book agent caught a fleeting glimpse of a very comely young woman, the daughter of the household. The book agent was growing very fond of Forest City, Pa. He decided in his impetuous way to make it his home, at once. He stepped up with his most ingratiating manner of salesmanship and extended his hand to the proprietor who stood behind the bar.

"I'm Sam Rothafel—how about a job?"

The voice with the smile won. Very shortly, Samuel Lionel Rothafel, late of the U. S. Marine Corps, late travelling representative of the latest edition of Stoddard Lectures, full morocco bound and indexed, appeared in a white apron, wielding the scraper that cut the foam off the tall schooners.

UPSTAIRS was a dance hall that found little use. Rothafel had seen some motion pictures and had a notion Forest City might enjoy them. He got permission to make an experiment in showmanship.

Just before New Year's Day, Forest City awoke to find the village billed for a performance of motion pictures. The showcards were handpainted with effects by Rothafel, the present was by Rothafel, the projection was by Rothafel, the music was by Rothafel, the tickets were sold and taken up by Rothafel, the janitorship was by Rothafel and everything was fine except that the first half of the one reel show was upside down. It is interesting to note that this show included light effects from a crude switchboard, also by Rothafel, controlling the red, green and pink lamps that illuminated the screen at the opening and close of the show.

This was the beginning from which the elaborate modern art of motion picture presentation sprang. The extraordinary genius of this unknown book agent was in an incredibly few years to make him the world's most famous exhibitor of motion pictures.

And although the flowing stein has passed into the mellow memories of the past, the hot dog is still with us, and 'most any midnight on Broadway will find Samuel Lionel Rothafel, the director general of the Capitol theater programs, regaling himself on the food of his inspiration.

It was Rothafel who brought to reality successfully in the Strand, the Rialto, the Rivoli and the Capitol, that daring prophecy of Griffith's: "You'll see the day when they will be playing motion pictures—RIGHT ON BROADWAY!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

You cannot have a perfect complexion if you neglect the skin of your body

YOU take scrupulous care of your complexion. Do you ever think of the skin of your body? If it is improperly cared for, it will nullify all your efforts in complexion treatment. For your skin on face and body is a whole; and lack of physical tone in the skin of the body affects the complexion.

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Because so many women have tried without success to improve their complexions by treating only the skin of the face, we have developed ALCORUB—which treats the body skin. ALCORUB, used faithfully, cleanses clogged pores, restores a healthy blood supply to sallow skins, corrects excessive perspiration, and makes oily or pimply skins velvet-smooth. It is an effective tonic for the entire skin of the body. And it is safe and efficient.

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Try this treatment faithfully for a few weeks and you will be amazed at the improvement in your complexion as well as the skin of your body.

Ask your druggist for ALCORUB. If he has none in stock he can and will get it for you if you insist.

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The Biddle family represents some of America’s greatest wealth, but Craig Biddle, Jr., heir to millions, wasted in line at the extras’ window with the rest of the $7.50 a day players.
the long migration across the plains and the Sierras.

"So, three months later, we went to Sonora, Cal., for the snow scenes and there rebuilt the wagon train, for the old wagons had been discarded, broken up or sold back in Nevada. This added a big item of expense, but it gave 'The Covered Wagon' its logical culmination.

Don't forget that Mr. Lasky deserves his praise for adding this huge item to the final cost—and adding it purely with the thought of bettering a picture which could have been sold as it was."

The "snow stuff" took two weeks in the shooting and the final cost of "The Covered Wagon" amounted to exactly $782,000. This, of course, includes all the actual production expenses but not advertising and exploitation. And these are the figures as named by Cruze himself.

"Altogether the actual shooting required slightly less than twelve weeks, not counting the time spent in traveling.

MOTION picture audiences will wonder just why J. Warren Kerrigan chose "The Covered Wagon" to return to the screen. In reality, he returned rather under protest. He lost his son laid aside enough to enjoy life with his mother. His house was close to that of Director Cruze, who, being an intimate friend, immediately thought of him for the role of the heroic adventurer when the script was first considered. "It required two weeks of persuasion to get him to come to the studio," says Cruze, "but when he donned grease paint on location, he was as wild to work as a novice."

There was tragic note to Kerrigan's return, however. His mother—loved and idolized by Kerrigan and for whom he had planned everything—died while he was at work in the Great Snake Valley, far from telegraph and railroad.

"The Covered Wagon" will go a long way towards establishing Cruze at the forefront of our directors. Yet, when Cruze first went to California, he sought work for a whole year in vain. Finally George Melford gave him something at five dollars a day. That was the turning point in his career.

This career, however, dates back to the very beginning of pictures. Cruze was born in Ogden, Utah. Indeed, it was his early life amid the very scenes of "The Covered Wagon" that gave him the idea of going to this location for the making of the production. Cruze ran away from home to become a medicine show "harbor," selling bitters and snake-bite "cures." Gradually he stepped to traveling theatrical companies and then to the motion pictures at the very start. Cruze was a popular lindy back then. His biggest successes was the lead of the famous Thanhouser serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery." Here he played opposite Flo La Badie. In 1912, Cruze married Marguerite Snow, a famous cinema idol of those "palmy days."

PHOTOPLAY is going to give double dividends, in time and money saved, through its department—

The Shadow Stage

Full details will be found in this issue Pages 66-67

Popular Star of
"The Leather Pushers"
is enthusiastic in praise of

Boncilla
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The Clasmic Clay

Reginald Denny, the good-looking young screen star whose adventures in "The Leather Pushers" have delighted huge audiences of men and women, calls upon his barber regularly for Boncilla Beautifier Face Packs.

Thousands of Others Agree with Mr. Denny

Noted actresses, screen stars, professional beauties, and enthusiastic users of Boncilla from every walk of life echo Mr. Denny's praise. In a recent questionnaire investigation, 839 men and women wrote and told us definitely just what Boncilla had done for them.

This is What the 839 Said

447 said it removed pimples and blackheads.
105 said it smoothed out their wrinkles and gave them a youthful face.
119 said it removed the excess oil from their skins.
213 said it gave color to the face.
45 said it gave the skin a vigorous refreshed feeling.
8 said it took away all suggestion of "sallowness."
17 said it removed tan—sunburn—and bleached their freckles.

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Only by seeing for yourself what Boncilla will do for you can you be thoroughly convinced of its remarkable ability to achieve that real, deeper-than-skin-deep complexion beauty. The Boncilla Pack o' Beauty is a splendid means to try Boncilla at small cost.

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Costs only 50c and contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder for three to four complete facial packs. You can get the Pack o' Beauty at most department stores and drug stores; but if your dealer cannot supply you immediately, mail this coupon, with 50c, and we will see that you are supplied immediately.

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A Star in Search of Her Soul

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

then and tried to teach me right and wrong!"

In a traveling circus at the age of twelve she
was earning her board and eight dollars a week.
Two-thirds of the money went to her family,
the rest to a circus woman who looked after her.
One night while doing a giant swing with a
hand on the bar, several ligaments snapped in
her puny wrist and she fell, fracturing the cel-
lar bone.

A little later, while she was working in a
printing office, feeding paper bags to a press
from early morning till night, the same
hand was caught and crushed.

Her struggle was not so much a conscious
fight for success as a flight—a child's frantic
flight—from the dreadfulness of a moldering
old house in which love was stifled by penury.

There must have been some vision of beauty
in the heart of that child, a heritage, perhaps,
from that Italian mother who died when she
was born.

The sublime spectacle of a Christmas tree,
which she saw for the first time at a school-
house when she was seven, and the unbeliev-
able splendors are memories till of a box of
remembered things that have never died.
And her first day, too, at Sunday school, with
the bright cleanliness, the nice clothes and the music that charmed her.

She loved to climb the mountains; the
 amphibian she stood about singing in the village
streets until rough mountaineers gave her
pennies.

She hoarded her wealth under a jug in the
cellar until she thought she had enough to buy
a doll, the radiant symbol of beauty which she
worshipped in a drugstore window.

When she was fourteen she had found her
peni

She boarded her wealth under a jug in the
cellar until she thought she had enough to buy
a doll, the radiant symbol of beauty which she
worshipped in a drugstore window.

When she was fourteen she had found her
pennies. The storekeeper saw the light die out of her face as she turned away
—and he gave her the doll.

She was by day a frail thing then to ex-
press her gratitude, but years later the famous
Pearl White told the world about the drugstore
man.

"His name, I still remember it, was Fortis
Redmond," she said, "and wherever he is
today I want to thank him. I want to tell him
the deep gratitude I have for him because it was he who caused the first affluence of my poor
city soul had ever known!"

Is it so hard to believe that such a girl would
long for spiritual beauty, a girl who all these
years has continued to do undying gratitude for
such a kind little act under known!"

She adored her doll for a little time and then
put it away. It was like that with her child-
hood.

A
t fifteen, a child thrusting up from the
futility, with no more design than a flower
seeking the air that breeds beauty, she went to
work in a print shop that printed out theater
programs. She wanted a chance to play on
the stage, and she made that chance for herself.

Fearing her father, she continued to work in
the shop by day and small parts at
night.

That way she could still give him
money, and he wouldn't be angry with her.

She had to play. There was something that
demanded expression in the world about that
motive, a seed that wanted to flower.

For this she endured everything. Stranded
with a stock company in South Carolina, she
worked like a Cuban in a stewarded
emptiness slop jacks and making beds—in a
cheap Cuban hall dance under the name of
"Miss Maez" she sang American songs and
picked up that she couldn't get here—
then to South America with her tawdry
costume of red, white and blue to sing in the halls
until homesickness drove her back to New
Orleans—tired, penniless, a miserable young
woman.

She met a young man and had a daughter.
She lived in a small apartment, and she
was blissfully happy because she had plenty to
eat.

All this before the age of eighteen!

It was a wonder if Pearl White emerged
with few illusions, a fragile creature....

At an age when youth steps out into life she
had already lived it. In her early twenties she
had achieved a secure place. According to the
tale of this materialistic age she
had worked, worked, and she had saved, in strict accordance with the
great Creed of Success. But she had had no time
for the reflection which digests the meaning of life
and creates a balancing philosophy.

Only a sense of humor, the one gift from her
Irish father, kept Pearl White from turning
solemn or quixotic.

The first time she found an oasis for momen-
tary reflection was after she had saved six
thousand dollars working in pictures.

THE failure of her voice, while playing in a
stock company, had led her to the studios.
Her screen qualifications were recognized, and
she found it easy, after a few years, to
make $500 a week.

She was placed on a salary of thirty a week.

The ensuing years brought steady increase.
She saved carefully until she was free of the old
terror of failure. Then, she began to enjoy leisure,
and for the first time realized that there
was something wanting in her life. It lacked
a vital essence.

Her heart, mellow mind, whetted sharp
by experience, struck instantly for a solution. It
was Romance. In all her vigorous surging
years there had not been one spark of love, not
the bright illusion of romance. She
be

Then she met Major Wallace McCutcheon,
war hero and actor. That first meeting seemed
to bring the promise of true romance which she
so ardently sought. McCutcheon was the first
director of motion pictures, a man's
man—and a woman's. He had the bearing and
splendor of nature that signifies the knight.

He, too, had wandered, had lived in
new changes. One day he walked out of the Lams
club and was never seen again. Again
Pearl White's romance was shattered. In 1917 she
obtained her divorce.

Months later McCutcheon was discovered in a sanitarium in Washington, D.C. The deadly gas of war and
two bullet wounds had slowly worked grim
destiny.

Completely disheartened, Pearl White
turned again to her work for interest and found
it no longer had the power to absorb her.

She had achieved fame, but there were
no heights above her. She might remain there for
a time, if she chose, or she might slowly
descend.

She tried the stage without success.

With all the fame and money she wanted,
there was no longer a stimulus for ambition, no
objective to induce happiness in the achieving.

She determined that she would walk
with her friends she was not tricked with the
artificials of such pleasure.

The religious instinct had been vital in her
as a child, and from that she went to
the Congregational Sunday school. Later she entered the Catholic church. Per-
haps it was again the hereditary influence of
that Italian mother or perhaps it was simply
the church's appeal to her devotional sense and
her longing for a tangible symbol of love.
As the years gave leisure she became more and more devoted to her religion. Always hanging over her in sleep is a great crucifix and, on either side, high altar candles.

Self-reliant and mentally sure, Pearl White keeps her inner thoughts sealed. Only her closest friends knew of her great unhappiness. Her problem had become a spiritual one, and she sought the council of her parish priest. It was his advice upon which she acted when she sailed from New York to enter a convent high up in the mountains of France. She was quoting his words when she said, "I have looked for happiness everywhere except in the one place it is to be found—within myself."

It would be easy to direct criticism at Pearl White because she never poses. It is likewise easy to misjudge such candor. Despising the hypocrisy that covers defects, she reveals herself—not quite honestly, for she reveals only the worldly self. If anyone were to declare her endowed with great spiritual qualities, she would dispute the charge with a mocking jest. When an interviewer once asked her about her art, she laughed, "Arts—Bunk!"

Yet she has devoted years of grilling work; sometimes humiliating, for the thing she calls bunk!

She scoffs at eulogy. If they want to judge her, let them know the worst—the good is none of their business. That's Pearl White. Perhaps in the past she was such a materialist as the young Fisherman, who said, "Of what value is my soul to me? I cannot see it. I may not touch it. I do not know it."

The Priest replied to the young Fisherman: "The soul is the noblest part of man, and was given to us by God that we should nobly use it. There is nothing more precious than a human soul, nor any earthly thing that can be weighed with it. It is worth all the gold that is in the world, and is more precious than the rubies of the kings."

Unlike the young Fisherman, Pearl White listened to the priest. Frankly she went forth, careless of the jibes of cynics and the doubts of unbelievers.

From the convent she wrote, "I have never been so happy."

That is all. Whether or not she has found the joy that is more precious than the rubies of kings we will never know. What benefits she brought forth from that sanctuary will remain her secret. And people will watch and criticize, existing in her a divinity.

But no one has ever had reason to doubt the sincerity of her word. Thus the fact remains that in this materialistic age a rich and famous woman of unique achievement has confessed failure and openly sought for remedy.

A Wife in Africa

[continued from page 34]

organized this league so that every woman should have the right to use her own name and have a personality of her own apart from her husband. Now in this matter of lions we ought to have our rights, too. For hundreds of years men have been writing about the terrible man-eating tigers, man-eating lions and all kinds of man-eating things. I have always had my ideas about that and now that I have been to Africa I know. It is a statistical fact that lions eat women as well as men. It is not always just a matter of good taste either, not so much as opportunity. The men go out with spears and hunt the lions, and the lions run away. The women go out with hoops to raise corn. The lions come and get them. For every man the lions eat in Africa they eat three women—maybe that's what makes them so hungry, I mean.

Just about daylight early one morning in camp Martin came over to my cot and shook me. "Lions, I heard a lion!" He said it just like you would if you woke up and heard burglars counting the silver down in the dining room.

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**The Invisible Corset**

**T**his Warner's Wrap-around is de-finitely designed to give a flat back and long, girlish lines without any suggestion of a corseted appearance.

Low-topped, fashioned of dainty silk novelty cloth with panel of all-over elastic at the hip, this style, No. 0917, is ideal for medium and average figures.

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Write for personal advice on the care of the skin. Ask for booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

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The subtle perfume of Lablache recalls grandmother's garden of old-fashioned flowers at dusk of a perfect day in June. Lablache is chosen by women of all ages for its purity, fragrance and dainty softness. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. They may be danger-ous. Pearl White, Pink or Cream. 50c a box at drugstores by mail. Send 10c for a Sample Box.

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Maybelline Company, 4750-52 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

A new feature for "The Shadow Stage"

See announcement pages 66-67, this issue of Photoplay
Good Scotch
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

him back, you would have felt that your better self had been previously insulted.
If anyone had told you that you’d one day laugh when a man nonchalantly shot another from ambush, you would have considered an appeal to the board of insanity.

Yet audiences chuckle and applaud every time Torrence shambles on to a scene in “The Covered Wagon” and rolls a wicked black optic, like a cannonball, from under a thicket of eyebrows.

He has that rare gift—screen magnetism.

To the film player it’s priceless radium. In Torrence you will find a richer vein of sheer magnetic force than in any other character actor, with the possible exception of Emil Jannings.
Wherever Torrence stands is the center of the screen. Your eye finds him the instant he is in the background with a mob or up front with his back to the camera.

Like Emil Jannings, the German actor, he can humanize a villain with a rare quality of humor.

“Tol’able David” was his first motion picture. He registered instantly.

FOR twenty years he had been playing in comic opera and musical comedy in New York and abroad.

An innately Scotch accent and a fine baritone voice were his chief assets. And now he’s due to win fame and wealth from the silent drama!

He hails from Edinburg, Scotland, the youngest in a family of fourteen children, and the first Torrence to go on the stage.

“I’ll never forget that look of sadness in my mother’s eyes,” he told me, “when I asked her permission to sing in Germany. She gave her consent finally, and in Stuttgart I studied under Pruckner, who had been a pupil of Liszt.

On my return to Edinburgh I gave piano lessons, but I was restless, and presently went to London, where I entered the Royal Academy and studied voice for three years.”

Here Mr. Woods, vivid, dark-eyed little woman with a pronounced English accent, interrupted proudly, “And he won the Westmorland scholarship and the gold medal for oratorio singing.”

After quitting the Academy these honors the potential villain set about composing music.

Then he appeared at the London Savoy theater in “The Emerald Isle,” and in 1911 at the Gaiety in “Peggy.”

A contract with A.H. Woods brought him to America in 1913 in “The Jest Suzanne,” with other musical comedies following.

But it looks like he has sung his last song. Immediatly upon the release of “Tol’able David” producers after him to perform other notarious deeds for the screen. During the year he has appeared in “The Prodigal Judge,” “The Kingdom Within,” “Broken Chains,” “The Man From Utah,” “The Trail of the Lonesome Pine” and “The Covered Wagon.”

Now as the sinister beggar, Clapin Trouil lefeb, of “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” he returns in that strange Court of Miracles of the underworld in fifteenth century Paris.

The beard which he wears so often in pictures is not a permanent fixture. He’s of yore. He’s wondrous and distinctive, with black hair and those intense, concentrated black eyes that roll ferocious glances at screen heads.

And if you don’t think he terrorizes the hero, heroine and all members of the company in which he plays just ask one of them. They have a genuine fear of him. They’re afraid he’ll steal the picture.

And their fear of this isn’t groundless by any means.
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THE LION'S MOUSE"—W. W. Houn- kinson—Produced by Hollandia Film Company. Director, Oscar Apfel. Photography by Peiko Boorsm with back by Mac Van Lier and Jan Smit. The cast: Roger Sands, Wyndham Standing, Betty Coss, Marion de Mars, C. O. Riley, Mary Odetter, Justin O’Dwyer, Rex Davis.

"THE WOMAN OF BRONZE"—Metro

"THE MAN FROM CLEINHARR—W. W. HODKINSON—From the novel by the late Robert Mooney. Scenario by Kenneth O'Hara. Director, Henry McNichols. Photography by Barney McGill, Jacques Bezelu. An Ernest Shiman production. The cast: Robert Gough, Clara; Louise, Lloyd; Jack Newton; Margaret Clark, Pauline; Frank De Lacy, Frank Badger; Colonel Thorpe, William Colvin; Millie, Marion Lloyd.

C. C. Burr presents The Edgar Lewis Production "YOU ARE GUILTY"—Mastodon Films. Directed by Edgar Lewis. The cast: Stephen Martin, James Kirkwood; Alice Farrell; Doris Kenyon; Theodore Tenen, Robert Edeison; Mrs. Grant, Thomas; Miss Sander, William; Miss Griffin; Judge Elkins, Edmund Breese; Joseph D. Grantwood, Carleton Brickett; Murphy, William Riley Hatch.

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"—COSMOPOL- TAN—From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Scenario by John Lynch. Produced by John G. Loria; Alva Goddard. Photography by J. Morgan. The cast: Prince Lubinoff, Lionel Barrymore; Alica, Alma Rubens; Allito Castro, Pedro de Cordoba; Spivak, Geraint Hughes; Vittoria, Gladys Hulett; Carol Martin; Wm. H. Thomas; Gaston; Wm. Collier, Jr.; Duke de Dichte; Mario Majeroni; Alica’s Maid, Betty Bouton; Madame Spodani, Madame Jean-Batis; Constanze; Maria Linnow; Madame Le Lander; Mary; tablet, Paul Panzer; Terrorist, A. Millar; Anna, Claire de Lores; Frane, Adie Rolf; Norway, Helen Lee Whortin; Swedish, Polly Nally; Sweden, Marie Shepherd; Vitamin, Virginia; American, Annette Earle; Hindu Beauty, Mlle. Narcissia; Jewish Beauty, Joan Le Monte; Polish Beauty, Connie Berry; Swedish Beauty, Aline Bough; French Beauty, Helen Stewart; French Beauty, America Chedester; French Beauty, Margaret Dumont; French Beauty, Marion Moorhouse; French Beauty, Lulu Gorey; Russian Beauty, Maude O’Reilly; Denmark, Maxi Arnold, Evelyn Arnold, Beatrice Keen, Mary Mcintosh; Peggy Raymond, Nellie Savage, Virginia Whitehead, Dorothy Dinsmore; Dancing Specialist by Ham. Harp Ensemble by The Salzedo Harpsites.

"OUR GANG COMEDIES"—Plant

"BRASS"—WARNER BROTHERS—Adapted from the novel by Charles G. Norris. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Director, Sidney Frank. Photography by Philip Baldwin. The cast: Philip Baldwin, Monte Blue; Marjorie, Marie Prevost; Wilbur Lamont, Henry Myers; Mrs. Grotnik, Irene Rich; Frank Church, Frank; Noah, Donald Woods; Lucy Baldwin, Miss Dupont; Roy North; Cyril Chadwick; Mrs. Baldwin, Margaret.
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THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER—WARNER BROTHERS—Adapted from the play by Charles E. Blancy. Story and scenario by Oga Printzau. Director, William A. Seiter. The cast: Leila Mortin, Claire Windsor; David Graham, Kenneth Harlan; Mortin, Hobart Bosworth; Inc., Walter Long; Hedy, Pauline Starke; Rev. Bradley, Alex. Franks; Mrs. Graham, Margaret Seddon; Jude, George Cooper; Doc Graham, Winter Hall; Mark Hayford, Cyril Chadwick.

THE SUNSHINE TRAIL—FIRST NATIONAL—Thomas H. Ince production. Director, James W. Horne. The cast: James Henry MacArthur, Douglas MacLean; Mystery Man, William Courtwright; Woman Crook, Jephine Sedgwick; Man Crook, Barney Furry; Algernon Aloysius Fitzmaurice Bangs, Muriel Frances Dana; Willis Duckworth, Rex Cherryman; Colonel Duckworth, Albert Hart; June, Edith Roberts.

MODERN MARRIAGE—AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.—Adapted by Dorothy Farnum from the novel by Derek Vane. Director, Lawrence C. Windom. Produced by F. X. B. Pictures, Inc., under the supervision of Whitman Bennett. Photography by Edward Paul. The cast: Hugh Varley, Francis X. Bushman; Denise Varley, Beverly Bayne; Frank Despard, Roland Bottomley; Carl Maidland, Ernest Hall; Nita Blake, Zita Moulton; Hugh Jr., Frankie Evans; Ethel Simpson, Arnold Lucy; Mummy, Pauline Dempsey; Blossom Young, Blanche Craig.

QUICKSANDS—AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.—Story by Howard Hawks. Director, Jack Conway; Photography by Harold Rosson and Glen McWilliams. The cast: The Girl, Helene Chadwick; The Boy, Richard Dix; Fennaso, Alan Hale; "Silent" Kinpe, Noah Beery; Colonel Patterson, J. Farrell McDonald; Matt Patterson, George Cooper; Sergeant Johnson, Tom Wilson; Chip, Dicky Sutherland; Farrell, Hardee Kirkland; Bar-fly, Lou King; Members of the King; Walter Long, Jean Harsholt, Edwin Stevens, William Dyer, Frank Campeau, James A. Marcus, Lionel Belmore, Jack Curtis.


SUZANNA—MACE SENNATT.—Released by Allied Producers and Distributors. From a novel by Linton Wells. Supervision by Mack Sennett. Director, F. Richard Jones. Photography by Homer Scott, Fred W. Jackman and Bob Walters. The cast: Suzanna, Mabel Normand; Don Fernando, George Nichols; Rowan, his son, Walter McGrail; Dona Isabella, his wife, Evelyn Sherman; Pancho, the toreador, Leon Bary; Don Diego, Eric Mayne; Dolores, his daughter, Winifred Bryson; Raúl, Carl Stockdale; Alvarez, the attorney, Lon Poff; Miguel, his son, George Cooper; Indian Minnie, Herself; Black Hawk, Himself.

CRASHING THROUGH—FILM BOOKING OFFICES.—Story by Elizabeth Dejean. Director, Val Paul. Adapted by Beatrice Van. Photography by William Thorndyke and Robert De Grasse. The cast: Blake, Harry Carey; Con, Cullen Landis; Celio, Myrtle Sedman; Diane, Vola Vale; Saunders, Charles LeMayne; Gracie, Winifred Bryson; Holmes, Jos. Harris; Allison, Donald MacDonald.

When you dance

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Stepping Out

CONTINUED

luminescent, head high and eyes straight ahead she said, "Ames, what the devil is that man doing in the kitchen?" Amies impulsively went into the hall and ran down the steps, her heart pounding. "It's Mabel!" she exclaimed, breathless. "I found her!" Mabel had stepped out of a taxi, her face pale and gaunt. "I thought I'd lost you, Mabel," Ames said, her voice trembling. "I thought you were dead."

Mabel looked at her, a anguished expression on her face. "I was," she said softly. "I went to Hollywood to see my friends and..."

"And you found yourself in a mess," Ames finished. "I knew you'd be safe with me, Mabel." Mabel's eyes filled with tears. "I was right," she said gratefully. "You saved my life."
Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113]

"GRUMPY."—PARAMOUNT.—Adapted by Clara Beranger. From the stage play by Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval. Directed by William De Mille. Photographed by Guy Wilky. The cast: "Grumpy," Theodore Roberts; Virginia, May McAvoy; Ernest Herring; Conrad Nagel; Chamberlain Jarrett; Casse Ferguson; Robe, Bertram Johns; Reddock, Charles Ogle; Dawson, Robert Bolder; Wolfe, Charles French; Susan, Bernice Frank.

"THE FOURTH MUSKETEER."—FILM BOOKING OFFICES.—Story by H. C. Wherher. Adapted by Paul Schofield. Directed by William K. Howard. Photographed by William O'Connell. The cast: Brien O'Brien, Johnnie Walker; Mrs. Brien O'Brien, Eileen Percy; Mike Doneone, Eddie Gibbon; Joe Tracy, William Scott; Mrs. Tracy, Edith Yorke; Jimmie Tracy, Georgie Stone; Dan O'Reilly; James McEhern; Gerald Von Sichlen, Philo McCullugh; Mrs. Rector, Kate Lester.

"THREE JUMPS AHEAD."—FOX.—Story and direction by Jack Ford. The cast: Boone McLeen, Tom Mix; Ann Darrell, Alma Bennett; Bub Tagger, Edward Piet; John Darrell, Joe Girard; Mrs. Darrell, Virginia Taylor; Boardman; Alicia, Margaret Joslin; Ben McLeen, Frank Forde; Lige McLeen, Harry Todd.

"THE TOWN SCANDAL."—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Frederick Arnold Kummer. Director, King Baggot. Photographed by Victor Miller. The cast: Jean Crosby, Glady; Walton; Toby Caswell, Edward Hearne; Avery Crawford, Edward McDade; Bill Ramsey, Charles Hill Marles; Samuel Grimes, William Welsh; Lita Spreau, William Franey; Mrs. Crawford, Anna Hernandez; Mrs. Spreau, Virginia Boardman; Fifi Strong, Rosa Gore; Mrs. Grimes, Nadine Beresford; Mrs. Ramsey, Louise Reming Barnes; Trisie, Margaret Morris.

"TRIMMED IN SCARLET."—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Hurlbut. Originally produced as a stage play. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Director, Jack Conway. Photographed by Charles Kaufman. The cast: Cordella Ebbing and Hone De La Fleur; Kathryn Williams; Revere Wayne, Roy Stewart; Faith Ebbing, Lucille Ricken; David Pierce, Robert Agnew; Charles Knight, David Torrence; Peter Ebbing, Phillips Smalley; Fifi Barelay, Eve Sothern; Durac, Bert Sprott; Molly Todh, Grace Carlyle; Ruth Kipp, Gerhard Grasby; Mr. Kipp, Raymond Hatton; Count Desguier, Philo McCullugh.

"NOBODY'S BRIDE."—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Evelyn Campbell. Director, Herbert Blache. Scenario by Albert Kenyon. Photographed by Virgil Miller. The cast: Jimmy Nevin, Herbert Rawlinson; Doris Stendik, Edna Murphy; Mary Butler, Alice Lake; Morgan, Harry Van Meter; Vever Charley, Frank Brownlee; Smitty, the dip, Sidney Bracy; Cyrus W. Hopkins, Phillips Smalley; Uncle Peter Stendish, Robert Dudley; Mrs. J.yrile Stendish, Lillian Langdon.

"SINGLE-HANDED."—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Scenario by George C. Hull. Director, Edward Sedgwick. Photographed by Virgil Miller. The cast: Hector MacKnight, Hoot Gibson; Ruth Randolph, Elnor Field; Prof. Weighoff, Percy Challenger; Windy Smith, Wm. Steele; Gypsy Joe, Philip Sleeman; Sheriff Simpul, Dick LaReno; Milo, Mack V. Wright; Macklin, Tom McGuire; Rancker, Sydney DeGrey; The Bass, Gordon McGregor; Ringmaster, W. T. McCulley; Foreman, C. B. Murphy; Manager, Bob McKenzie.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

KEEP YOUR HAIR IN THE PRIME OF BEAUTY

There are thousands of women who everyday see reflected in their mirrors the first gray hairs. These should be carefully considered, for every woman knows that gray hairs presage the time when her opportunities in life will be fewer, whether in the world of business, the whirl of society, the theatre or merely a desire for admiration. Success comes more easily to the woman who has retained the appearance of youth.

Are you a business woman? If so, watch those graying locks or soon you will be thrust aside by aspiring and ambitious youth, as so many others have been.

Are you in society? Then never cease to be attractive to the younger set. When you have lost the appearance of Youth, though you may still enjoy the company of young people, they will gradually leave you out of their gatherings.

Have you ever asked yourself why actresses on the screen or screen keep young looking longer than women in the other professions? It is not accidental—they have learned, often through bitter experience, the value of the appearance of youth. They know that to retain the admiration of the public which their career demands, they must keep youthful looking.

You, perhaps, cannot judge your successes in life by the public's applause. Nevertheless—the way you dress—everything you do—shows that you want its approbation.

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How I Discover Them

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

way of being distinctive is by being natural. Affectations fool no one. As a matter of fact, they reveal a shallow vanity and a lack of confidence in self.

When I was directing for Universal I observed Rudolph Valentino working in a picture under the direction of Allen Holubar. Before the picture was completed I was interested sufficiently to ask Mr. Holubar for the favorable report he rendered impressed me a great deal in giving Mr. Valentino the role of Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which required a dancer and a man of his physical type.

Before engaging him I had been impressed, as I say, by his appearance, his colorful personality and his absolute poise. When I told him I realized that he possessed real dramatic ability and, better still, the high aspirations which led him to take his work seriously.

Long before he had the chance to have the story in mind and was visualizing the character. While I was dining in a restaurant one day in walked Zorba—the chief character of my story—in the person of Barbara La Mars. Of all those I had considered seemed the only woman who could look young enough to play the prologue and sophisticated enough to play the woman protagonist, in order to determine whether or not she had the dramatic ability I engaged her for the role of Antemette in "The Prisoner of Zenda." The test convinced me that she was a notable "find." Within a few months she was in demand at a salary of one thousand a week, and she will be starred very soon.

Ramon Novarro. On the very same day and said that my friend, Ferdinando Pinney Earle, could vouch for his ability. He had proved himself an accomplished dancer of some dramatic skills at the Hollywood Community theater, but he had had little screen experience.

I realized that he was handsome in the full photographic sense, but the qualities which strike me primarily were his sincerity, his spontaneity, and his youthful enthusiasm. A quick test instantly revealed the true gold of dramatic worth, and I engaged him for Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

I AM convinced that Ramon Novarro's success will be a lasting one, for it will be based upon his ability rather than upon any vague he may gain through popular appeal to young ladies. He is a truly great actor in the making, one who can hold his own with the best screen producers. While at New Haven I roamed next door to a young man who used to attract a line of musings to the Yale gymnasium every Friday night. Most of that young man's time, the gym was kept busy answering inquiries as to whether or not Malcolm McGregor would swim that night. The boy was proving a box-office attraction even then, I realize that his flashing eyes and personality were attractions just as potent as his aquatic ability. When he eventually came to Hollywood—shortly before he produced "The Prisoner of Zenda"—I engaged him for the role of Fritz. It wasn't a matter of friendship providing a "pull." Although I didn't know what sort of an actor he might prove to be, I did know he could hold his own with the best. Mr. Von Stroheim or Mr. Lewis Stone, and that is saying a great deal. When we got to work I found that Mr. McGregor not only had no distraction and repose but a very promising dramatic gift. His success is assured.

It was in a restaurant in New York, just after I had completed "Where the Pavement Ends," that he introduced to a young woman at the next table. She had a decided personality that seemed, as I observed her, to be that of Clunie in "Scarface," the picture I was then playing. That was the way I discovered Edith Allen, who is now working

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before our cameras in Hollywood. I have found that she has self-possession and that she
screens excellently.

There is every reason to believe that she will make good if she adopts the work as a
serious profession.

I have never been disappointed in a discovery. I believe in first impressions. One
day while directing an important scene in "Trifling Women" I noticed a young man ob-
server the action. His expression was singular-
ly like that of a tombstone. A few minutes
later I glanced at him again to see how the
scene registered with him. The same stony,
unmoved visage! Finally I became curious
and called him over. He proved to be Willis Gold-
beck, magazine writer. I engaged him to do
some publicity in order to have him around the
company. Then I assigned him the script of
"Scaramouche." I felt instinctively the first
time I noted him that he possessed a sense of
values.

And he has proved that my instinct was
right.

The scenario which he wrote for "Scara-
mouche" is the best script I have ever had. He is now at work on the continuity of "The
World's Illusion."

Discovering new talent for the screen is for
me an enjoyable adventure into life. I like to
read a story and then go forth to find the char-
acters. They are sure to exist somewhere.
The only trouble is to find them in a limited
space of time. Unfortunately the characters
do not come in search of the director as they
came in search of the author in Pirandello's
play.

But a great many do come and stand close
to the studio gates if a director will only have
eyes to see them.

There is too much talk of "technique." It is
a bugbear that frightens beginners into be-
lieving there is something occult about screen
acting.

Give me a person with imagination, sensi-
tive nature and a personality unspotted by
affectation or self-consciousness and I don't
care whether he ever heard of "timing" or
camera lines.

We are all players. And if the screen were as
great as the world stage there would be parts
for all.

His Name is "Reggie"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28]

served with distinction—but "Reggie" de-
cline's to talk about it.

So details are lacking.

When peace came Reggie found his way back
to New York—and returned to the footlights
as a member of the Winter Garden cast of
"The Passing Show of 1919." He next sup-
ported John Barrymore in his revival of
"Richard III."

Right then and there the films entered
Denny's life. He made his celluloid debut with
Evelyn Gayley in "Bringing Up Betty," but
he didn't catch the attention of the critics
until he appeared opposite Constance Binney
in "39 East" and in George Fitzmaurice's
"Merry Mad." He

Then—the "Leather Pusher" series.

The following additional facts may be trans-
scribed anent this highly promising young
Britisher:

He's in the early thirties.

He's six feet tall.

Photoplay's coast representative inter-
viewed Denny and she reports: "He'd appar-
ently rather swim or fight or play tennis—but,
oh, sister, how that boy can dance!"

He holds a lot of swimming titles and he's
planning this summer to make the swim to
Catalina Island—twenty-seven miles—under
the auspices of the A. A. A.

And he holds any number of boxing titles,
too.

Indeed, he's the only Reggie we know with a
deadly left hook!

You will enjoy GLENN HUNTER in the
Grocery Store scene in
"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"
the big dramatic success now playing at the
Cort Theatre, New York

Merton, like all good grocery clerks, keeps prominently dis-
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feeling on the reputations of those who achieved success.

"What sort of a play is this new thing, ‘A Daughter of Isis’?" she asked, determined to shift the conversation to other channels.

"Oh—of those big spectacular productions Senft is so fond of," said the book by Mario Marti. Henderson did the scenario—pretty good story, too. I’m supposed to play a Persian prince or something of the sort—conqueror of Egypt and all. I shouldn’t be surprised if you’re slated for the dancing girl, Hermione. You sacrificed yourself, I believe, in the temple of Isis, to give me happiness."

I suppose that would be up to Davidson, our chief director, and our casting manager, Sam Leon. But Vista Lorraine is to play the Egyptian princess, so I shouldn’t be surprised if you’re slated for the dancing girl, Hermione. You sacrificed yourself, I believe, in the temple of Isis, to give me happiness."

"I don’t know, Mr. Senft didn’t tell me."}

Joy's reply fell suddenly silent. She found herself trying to analyze the tremendous sex appeal of this new film, to determine its relation to what the world called love. Was the fire which his glance stirred in her veins a telepathic response on her part to his exuberant vitality; a recognition, perhaps, of his ability to create, to give to the world strong, vital children? It was a coldly logical view, but she suspected that it was the truth. Was this the real basic reason for the attraction of the screen, this emotional bribe? Nature's insistent demand for children? No man had ever stirred her so deeply, from an emotional standpoint, and yet she knew what she felt was not love. The absurdity of any such feelings toward a man who was engaged to be married chilled the sudden fire in her veins. If her trip to the coast was to amount to anything, she was going to keep her head. She tried to think of Arthur Lloyd, but he failed to stir her. She began to understand, in a vague way, why the thought of being married to him had always left her cold.

"Spring is tremendous, isn’t it?" Romain said suddenly. "Look at those dogwood blossoms. Like a breath of spring. Every-thing renewed—born again—another year of reproduction. My mother used to say the coming of spring turned us all back to pagans again for a while. She was like spring herself—so full of sweetness, of joy. When she died my father said he would never smile again. And I don’t think he ever did. I’m more like her, I guess. The things that mattered to me were French—always gay. Senft says my smile is worth half of my salary—that’s why the public likes me. They do like me, don’t they?" she asked, suddenly boyish again, and quite irresistible.

"Of course they do," Joy laughed. "You’re tremendously attractive"—she paused, detecting a precious note in her voice.

"You think so?"

"Certainly. You do yourself." She smiled.

Well, his strong, regular teeth flashed in a momentary yawn, and she thought the public thinks so, at any rate. What I think about it isn’t important. As a matter of fact, I’m just a hardworking young man trying my best to earn a living. I have to protect myself against the note of mockery in his voice. "But as for you, my dear, there is no question about your attractiveness—none in the least. In fact, if anybody were to ask me, I would say that you were one of the two most attractive young women I’ve ever met in my life."

Joy laughed, and her eyes, roving, eager, daring. It was not precisely the eye of a man in love, but rather that of some quite irresponsible and laughing young faun. Was he then laughing at her, or had he just momentarily been momentarily into a pagan, as his mother had said? And who was the other most attractive woman he had met? Margot Gresham, of course. Joy suddenly came to the conclusion that he was playing with her, as he had often, no doubt, played with women before. Being by no means without experience, she concluded that his next move would be to try to kiss her. There would be no trouble about it; the porter had closed the door of the stateroom some time ago, to keep the smoke of their cigarettes from the other occupants.

First, she thought to herself, he will come over and sit beside me, and then—well, it seemed suddenly important to her for many reasons besides just how deeply he did care for Margot Gresham.

Jean Romain rose, fumbled for a moment in his pocket. Then he sat down beside her, just as he had a hundred times before. Of course he would first try to take her hand. Joy sat quite still, waiting, her breath coming a bit more quickly than usual. Then her companion spoke.

"Here's a picture of the other most attractive woman I know," he said. "Margot Gresham. A tiny gold locket lay open in his breast pocket. Her palm was white, as if someone had poured a pitcher of ice water down her back. A white-coated waiter stuck his head through the doorway.

"First call for dinner in the dining car," he announced.

CHAPTER X

"LO S ANGELES!" The husky voice of the porter, resounding in Joy's ears, brought a blessed sense of relief, that the long journey was at last over. It was not that her trip west had been unpleasant, but on the contrary, the presence of Jean Romain had made it something to be always remembered, but the thought of getting away from the cramped quarters of the sleeping car, of being welcomed with open arms and even more welcome was the thought of getting away from Jean Romain.

Not that he had pursued her with his attentions—but he had talked together like two old friends, but not once, since the moment when he showed her the locket containing the picture of Margot Gresham she had either been sought beyond the bounds of ordinary friendship, Joy, at that blighting moment, had dismissed from her mind all thoughts of ever the mildest flirtations between them. She felt that Romain had showed her the picture at that precise moment for a reason. It was as though he had said to her, "Here is the woman I love. Don't be a fool. The things that are in her mind, but she had learned her lesson, had withdrawn into her conventional shell. And yet, away back in her brain there persisted the idea that Romain, too, had seen danger ahead, that he had done as he did, not entirely because he wanted to, but because he felt that he ought to. A sop to her vanity, perhaps, but it persisted.

Lying asleep in her berth that night, realizing that her perilously attractive companion lay in a similar berth not a dozen feet away, she had pondered the thought of finding herself being able to reach any definite conclusion. Had the famous star merely been testing her—trying to determine whether she was a shallow flighty woman of spurious and base purposes? Or had he pulled himself up short on the verge of a new affair because of a fear that he might endanger his position as the fiancé of the enormously rich Miss Gresham? Joy would have
liked very much to have been able to answer this question, but the solution eluded her. A barrier of some sort, intangible but none the less real, had suddenly been placed between them, and Romain had been the one who had placed it. It was as though he had said to himself, "This girl is dangerous. Be friendly with her, but nothing more." The constraint of it all had made her eager to reach the end of their long journey.

The descent into the warmth and color of the coast, after the cold beauty of the Sierras, gave Joy her first taste of the country which was to be her home for the next six months. The view from the car windows thrilled her. The sweeping orchards seemed like gigantic flower gardens in their filmy mantles of pink and white; the geranium hedges, striking work of titans; the flaming acres of poppies, with their background of vivid green, the hot gold of the sunshine, the cobalt blue of the sky, all welcomed her to a fairyland to which even the things she had been told had done scant justice.

"Oh," she whispered to herself, "it—is—it's just too wonderful for words," Romain, watching her, smiled. To him it was an old story.

"My car will be at the station," he said.

"And Margot, too, of course. I wired her last night. We'll drive you out. And if you think of taking a bungalow or anything like that, she will be only too glad to help you. I don't imagine you'll care for hotel life, permanently."

Joy, between gasps of rapture over the scenery, said that she hadn't given the matter much thought as yet, and wouldn't consider taking a house until she found out whether or not she was going to make good. At this Romain laughed.

"Of course, you'll make good," he assured her. "No doubt in the world about that, with your face, your figure, your stage experience. I'll help you all I can, too. No voice, his manner, for a brief moment held the same eagerness he had shown on the day of their departure from New York. "You see, Joy," he had fallen quite naturally into this use of his Christian name—"I don't want to lose sight of you, in this big world out here. I want to see you often—to keep you as—a dear and understanding friend." He reached out, his fingers quick, tight, then rose as the porter came to collect his bags. Joy went back to her section a trifle dazed. She had, however, no time for reflection. The train was already grinding its way into the uninpressive Los Angeles station.

If it surprised Margot Gresham to see her fiancé approach escorting another woman, she was too well-bred to show it. Tall, superbly built, with fine brown eyes and a heavy mass of chestnut hair, she swept down upon Romain with an exclamation of delight and greatly smothered him with her kisses. Joy felt almost insignificant beside this Juno-like creature, nor did Miss Gresham pay the least attention to her until Romain had performed the necessary introductions. Then she gave Joy a cool, impersonal stare and expressed her pleasure at meeting her with the careless indifference she might have bestowed upon a twelve-year-old child. Clearly, Joy thought, the superb Miss Gresham regarded her possession of Romain and his affections as something not to be questioned by anyone, least of all a minor actress, newly arrived at the center of filmdom. But she raised her eyebrows slightly when Romain announced that they were going to drive Miss Moran out to Hollywood with them and drop her at the hotel.

"She's to do one of the leads in 'A Daughter of Isis,'" Joy heard him saying, in an aside, and was on the point of announcing that she would take a taxicab when Miss Gresham assumed charge of the situation with a wave of her hand.

"I'll drive you out myself," she said.

"Hopper can take your luggage, Jean," Romain's chauffeur was already directing the...
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SapPHIRE and gold morning greeted joy on her first day in Hollywood. She had spent the evening before writing letters to Arthur Lloyd, to her father, to Mr. Watrous. To the latter she said little about her experiences on the train, explaining merely that she had met Romain, and that he had been very pleasant and agreeable to her. A feeling of reserve, so far as her relations with the famous star were concerned, was growing within her; he had offered, she felt quite sincerely, to be her friend. Could she accept his friend-lip, without giving him as much in return? The thought disturbed her, and by the way became suddenly intolerable to her. And yet, with a woman's keen intuition, she found herself doubting the whole-heartedness of Romain's declaration. Was it after all, just the fortune hunter that Margot's father claimed? Joy did not want to think it; refused to think it, and yet, as she lay in bed that night listening to the pulsing jazz of the orchestra in the lobby below, she was unable to rid herself of the impression that Jean Romain was a man who was not in love with anyone at all, unless it might be his handsome self.

The morning brought more practical thoughts, having to do with herself, her screen career. At the result of her mission, so far as Romain and his affairs were concerned, she still had six months in which to demonstrate her own ability, her own rights to the world, and her success in that would make other things, even Mr. Gresham's hundred thousand dollars, relatively unimportant. She descended from her taxi at the entrance to the Roy studios determined to make that success the most important thing in her life. The morning air was like wine; she put all thoughts of Romain out of her mind, and entered the big, rather shabby looking building.

There were a good many people about, dressed for the most part in the gayest of sport

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clothes and flannels. The small square room at the end of the hall was uncomfortably crowded; Joy wondered, as she pushed her way through, what impulses had driven all these queer looking persons to seek employment on the screen. They made way for her not without a certain veiled hostility, as she gave her name to a pert, bobbed-haired girl behind a small window.

"I have a letter to Mr. Martin," she said, giving the name of the studio manager. "I believe I am expected."

The girl did not seem impressed. Her manner was not encouraging. No doubt long experience with those who considered themselves "expected" had made her cynical. But when she returned her manner had undergone a change.

"Come in please," she smiled, opening a wooden gate. "Mr. Martin will see you in a moment." Joy, conscious of the resentment of those she left behind, thanked her stars that things had been made so easy for her.

Mr. Martin, a bristling grey man with a toothbrush mustachio and eyes like bits of agate, greeted her pleasantly enough but wasted no time.

"All right—all right," he said, reading Joy’s letter and puffing at a frayed cigar. "I understand. ‘Daughter of Isis.’ Begin shooting next week. Have you seen Mr. Leon?"

"No." Joy shook her head. "I was told to report to you."

"Exactly. See Mr. Leon." He pushed a button on his desk. "Second door down the hall." A boy came in. "Show this lady to Mr. Leon’s office." Again he became immersed in his papers and Joy followed the boy to the casting director’s room, wondering if these people were all really so busy as they seemed to be.

Mr. Leon was more gracious. Young, suave, smiling, he asked Joy some questions about her previous screen work, then referred to a letter he took from a pile on his desk.

"I understand you can dance," she said.

"Classical stuff." The statement was also an inquiry.

"Yes. I’ve studied it pretty thoroughly."

"All right. Mr. Senft seems to think you could do the part of Hermione Greek dancer, in our Isis picture. You’re the type all right."

Joy was somewhat surprised by this; she had never thought her Celtic beauty in the least Greek. "There’s a big scene where you do the dance of the Sirens in an Egyptian cabaret. Great chance to knock ’em cold. You’d better talk to Mr. Davidson about that dance. He’s our director-in-chief."

"Can I see him now?" Joy asked.

"No. Out on location. Better wait till Monday. Where are you staying?"

Joy told him, not entirely pleased with the quality of his smile.

"Good. I’m giving a little party at my place tonight. Birthday. Know, everybody’s going to be there—our crowd, that is. Good chance for you to meet them. I’ll expect you about dinner time."

"But—where?" Joy asked.

"Oh—I forgot you’ve just arrived. He wrote an address on a slip of paper, handed it to her. "Take a taxi. I’ll expect you. If you’re turned as a tall, ruddy-haired girl came into the office and Joy went out, wondering how she was going to spend the balance of the day. On the sidewalk, surrounded by a group of friends, stood Jean Romain.

"Hello!" he called to her. "How about coming over this afternoon for that swim?"

"I can’t. I have to see Mr. Leon." Joy answered.

"I’ve got some letters to write," she said, which was not true.

Romain left his friends and came up to her. His smile was unusually sparkling.

"Nonsense. Write ’em tonight."

"I can’t. Mr. Leon wants me to come to his birthday party."

"By George! That’s so. I’d forgotten Sammy was giving a blowout. We’re booked for that, too. Look here—tell you what we’ll..."
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because of Margot Gresham's mocking smile, she danced to Jean Romain, drew him in, and cast a spell on the circle of her little drama. It was a daring thing to do, but something in Miss Gresham's manner had whipped Joy's Irish blood to passion and fury.

The others watched her, spellbound. Sam Leon's small eyes were like pin-points. Even Miss Gresham was still, her full lips caught between white teeth. Romain noticed the look of admiration in Mr. Leon's eyes, then turned and flashed head first into the pool.

"Some little vamp," Margot Gresham remarked, tossing off her forgotten cocktail. "Better look out for her, Jeanie, or she'll get even your ungettable goat."

Romain, starting after Joy as she climbed the steps to the other end of the pool and went into the dressing pavilion, seemed not to hear her.

CHAPTER XIII

THE birthday party at Sam Leon's house was in the vernacular of the moment, "high, wide and fancy," and Joy did not feel herself altogether in the spirit of it. Not that the affair differed particularly in its external, from similar parties she had attended in New York: the music, the dancing, the drinking, even the people, were very much the same, and yet, beneath the surface of its gaiety, Joy sensed a curious undercurrent of excitement, a nervous tension that was new to her. Did those over-stimulated, temperamental people never get tired, she wondered, when at half past three in the morning Mr. Leon marched into the room leading an impromptu orchestra equipped with pots, pans, funnel, pie-plates and a dozen other noise-provoking articles commandeered from the kitchen closet? He had not, so far as Joy could tell, taken a single drink throughout the entire evening, and yet, his enthusiasm was inceasingly exuberant, his eyes brilliant, his muscles constantly twitching in a rhythm of jazz.

The noise was deafening. Everyone seemed to be weaving in and out of the refreshment table in the dining room to the floor in the studio and back again, around and around like busy, toiling ants, with no perceptible object other than to keep perpetually moving. Conversation, what there was, was cut and pasted together in a tentative manner, fire-works, to which no one seemed to pay any particular attention. Many of the couples were openly amorous, yet their love-making seemed so or less impersonal; Joy could sense in the way the lips pressed against each other that the of rest in their soft and tender. They had been quite differently assorted.

Emerging from a wild dance with a man whose name she did not even know, Joy found Romain at her elbow. He grasped her arm.

"Let's get out of here for a moment," he whispered. "I want to talk to you."

He drew her through a dimly lighted sun parlor to a little veranda, covered with vines. Joy glanced nervously for an instant, saw the figure of Margot Gresham, looming there in a circle of flame above the squat shoulders of Mr. Kramer. The girl pretended a superb indifference, and at the same time showed interest in another woman, but Joy knew that beneath that lazy smile lay smouldering fires of jealousy. She touched Romain's arm, for a moment determined to turn back, then thought of the task which had
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brought her to Hollywood and went out onto the veranda.

"You were adorable this afternoon, in that dance," Romain said, taking a seat beside her on a cushioned wicker swing. He spoke with enthusiasm, but Joy noticed with keen pleasure that it was not the enthusiasm of drink.

"Thanks," she remarked dryly, looking at him with the eyes of a nun. It was pleasant to think that he had liked her, and yet, it seemed scarcely a sufficient reason for having brought her out here in the dark. He could have told her more, as much indeed. "Was that what you wanted to talk to me about?" she asked.

"Why—no," he seemed taken back, ill at ease.

"Because if it was, I think we had better go in and dance. I didn't like the look your fiancé gave as we left the room."

"Why do you always act as though Margot were ready to tear out the hair of every woman I look at? Ever since that time you showed her picture on the train. Anybody might suppose I was a hairdresser.

You are. All men are, where women are concerned. And why shouldn't Margot be jealous? I'd be, in her place."

"Would you have brushed Joy's lightly, as though by accident, but she did not think it an accident."

Certainly. Women in love are as jealous as tigers in a cage. And I think she saw me kiss my afternoon—or, my shoulder, I mean—when I'd finished dancing. So you'd better be careful."

I WONDER if she did?" Romain's eyes were thoughtful, but he did not seem particularly alarmed. Joy, in fact, was quite the more one. Every time she approached the subject of Romain's engagement, this mysterious attitude on his part puzzled her. Why did he seem so indifferent, so willing to let Fawce's criticism? Certainly the girl loved him. There was no possible doubt about that. But did Romain love her? If he did not, why was he about to marry her? Once again, Joy was forced to ask herself, was Margot's father right? Had Romain made a conquest of the girl merely for the sake of her money? It was a sordid thought, and yet, it fitted the circumstances so excellently. And now he was willing, it seemed to embark on a light flirtation with another woman. Very well, Joy thought to herself. If he was really that sort of a man, she would ask him to compare her fingers closing about her own, and without making any attempt to withdraw them she turned and faced him with a look of smiling inquiry.

"Why did you kiss me?" she asked.

"Why did you make me?"

"That excuse is as old as the Garden of Eden."

"And as true.""

"Nonsense. Nobody could make a man like you do anything you didn't want to do," she began nonchalantly, but the sudden flash in his eyes stopped her.

"You! The devil in you! Or the angel! I don't know which. The compelling thing in you, nre in you, that makes me burn, but feel like a flame. The thing in women—some women, like you—that gives them power over men. " He dropped her hand with a gesture of helplessness and it didn't mean to say all this —to be melodramatic, but—"he gripped both her hands, now, his face close to hers—"why did you do it? Why did you dance to me the way you did? Just to me. Tell me why!

For a moment Joy was unable to answer him. She scarcely knew why herself—a moment ago, she had been in the mood of a pagan—perhaps even of the pagan mood in him. She drew her hands from his.

"I don't know," she said lazily. "I usually find it rather to dance to somebody. But if it upsets you, I promise never to do it again."

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laughed. "You don’t like him, do you?"
"Oh—well enough, I guess, I know him too well to be particularly enthusiastic about him. A dangerous man, don’t you think?"

Joy sat quite still, watching the efficient way in which her companion handled the trim little car. Who grudge had she against Romain? And, what was more, why did she seem so determined to warn her—Joy—against him? In what mysterious undercurrents were Jean Romain and this woman beside her involved? Mr. Watrous had been right in saying that to learn the truth about the popular star and his past it would be necessary to get behind the screen of silence by which he was protected, and gain the confidence of some member of the inner circle.

"Why do you say he is dangerous?" she asked, determined to draw her companion out.
"Isn’t any man as good-looking as he dangerous?" Mrs. Kramer countered, her large eyes like opals.

"Not when he is engaged to be married."
"Don’t you mean, rather, not when he is in love?"

"Then you don’t think Mr. Romain is in love with Margot Gresham?"

"Do you?"

"I don’t know. You see, I never saw them together, before today."

"What do you think?"

"I confess to being a bit puzzled. And yet, a man’s fiancée, nowadays, can scarcely expect him to go about wearing blinders. We’ve outgrown that stage. And, as you say, Miss Gresham is very rich."

"Yes, I did say that. And yet, Jean Romain makes too much money, himself, to need to be a fortune hunter."

"Then, Joy, I confess now what mystified me."

"Why on earth is he going to marry her?"

"That, my dear, is something only a very few people know."

"Do you think he is going to point-blank?"

"Yes. Do you want me to tell you?"

JOY grew suddenly cold. For an instant she feared this strange woman, with the eyes, the lips of a sphinx. A great wave of air from a walled garden beside them brought to her nostrils the warm, choking perfume of magnolias. Once more she felt the thrill of Jean Romain’s swift kiss upon her shoulder. Was she falling in love with the man herself? Absurd thought, with the complications which surrounded him. Certainly no one, not even Romain himself, need fear the truth. She nodded.

"I don’t know if any reason why you should tell me." she said slowly, but I’m interested, of course. Anyone would be."

"So I see."

There was a faint touch of irony in Helen Kramer’s voice. "You know, I suppose, that your husband worried before that his wife—died—some eighteen months ago?"

"Yes, I’ve heard that. She was shot, wasn’t she?"

"She was. Do you know how—and why?"

"Of course not. How should I? I understood the affair was a complete mystery."

"So it has been, to the police. Romain was suspected, him, at the beginning, but established an alibi. At the time of the shooting he was at Margot Gresham’s bungalow. She swore to it herself, and so did her colored maid."

"Well?"

"Well—I happen to know," Mrs. Kramer said dryly, "that he wasn’t there at all—at least not at the time of the shooting. Margot swore it, bribed her servant to swear it, in order to save him. She’s infatuated with him, and had believed that the man had had a little quarrel that night, about her, that Mrs. Romain tried to kill Jean in a fit of jealousy, and that, in the struggle over the revolver she accidentally shot herself. That is the story they told to the police. If that would have been an unpleasant thing to come out—a mighty unpleasant thing for Romain—that his wife was shot in a quarrel with him over another
Masked or Unmasked

She can always depend on the lure of her eyes, for she is veiled by long, dark lashes. She uses WINX, the Liquid Lashlux, to beautify her lashes and make them appear darker and heavier. WINX is unaffected by perspiration, swimming, even tears, and can easily be applied with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle.

WINX, the Liquid Lashlux (black or brown) 75c. At night apply colored Cream Lashlux to nourish the lashes and promote their growth. Cream Lashlux (black, brown or colorless) 50c. At drug, department store or by mail.

Send a dime for a sample of WINX. And for another dime we will mail you a sample of PERT, the waterproof rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
73 Grand Street
New York

WINX
The LIQUID LASHLUX

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Flies, Blackheads. Acne Eruptions on the face or body—Browned-Graphed-Discolored Skin. Oily or Shiny Skin. CLEAR-TONE has been tried, tested and proven its merits in over 100,000 test cases. WHITE TODAY for my FreeBooklet—A CLEAR-TONE GROUP—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted fifteen years.

E. S. GIVENS, 123 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DIAMONDS WATCHES CASH OR CREDIT

Genuine Diamonds GUARANTEED
Send for Catalog. Everything fully described and illustrated. Send 25c for watch, diamonds, watches, pearls, gold jewelry, silver jewelry, watch-dog, etc.

WATKINS WATCH, 12 S. W. Full Gold White Gold, 17 Jewels, environment, runs 24 hours.

LIFETIME BONDS ACCEPTED
The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers
Sept. 5, 1928, to Oct. 5, 1928. 100 to 1000 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Stores in Leading Cities.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY
I know because I used to have it. Every noise was made by sound, and it was the same. I was happy. They are now. They are happy. I am not. I am deaf. I cannot speak. I cannot hear. I cannot do anything. I am helpless. I am a cripple. I cannot do anything.

Send for booklet showing photo of me with and without the perfect leg forms.

PERFECT SALES CO., Dept. 54
140 N. Mayfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE NEXT CHAPTER OF THE STUDIO SECRET carries you into the thick of the mystery.

IN THE JULY ISSUE OF

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

127

Society Leader Removes 53 lbs.

"I NEVER dreamed you could do it!" Mr. Wallace. "I wrote this well-known young man of Phila-

delphia’s social set. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records."

"Mr. Bauer, I am back to 138 lbs. after my weight-loss had averaged around the imposs-

ible two hundred mark! I perfectly wonder music movements—nothing else did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 180, and lighten my heart as no one can who has not had activities and enjoyments carful for years—and sud-

denly restored."

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and going’ and very. Best of all, I am back in the saddle. Because I once laughed at the idea of ‘getting thin’ in hunchage, I will not publish my photo-

graph and these snapshots with permission to publish them should you desire."—JESSICA PENROSE BAYLIS.

The story Wallace has been privileged to print above is by no means an unusual story of society folk who have reduced through his famous method; thou-

sand in every walk of life have used his reducing rec-

ords and restored figure and feeling to normal. Not everyone has taken off fifty pounds; some have re-

duced even more, others very little. But there have been many, too, who have reduced more than did Mrs. Baylis—women who have taken off 60, 70 and even 80 lbs. Their names are on file; none of their letters have been published in the past.

And this is important: Wallace does not employ the fasting or fatigating methods which leave one with that reduced look. A normal, natural reduction in the amount of tissues and the system of manufactures. That is why the bodily proportions and facial contour are perfectly pleasing for playing off even fifty or sixty pounds in this manner.

Just try Wallace’s method for a week! That’s all he asks. You’ll see results in a week! Send no money. Just mail the coupon and receive Wallace’s first reducing record (in a plain container) free for 5 days’ trial in your home. Put Wallace’s method to the test. Note your reduction in 3 days. If not satisfied, return record and be prepared for a wonderful surprise.

WALLACE, 650 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and PREPAID for 5 days’ trial the original Wallace Reducing Record for my first reducing lesson. If I am not satisfied, I will return record and will neither owe you one cent nor be obligated in any way.
Shapeliness

of arms, legs, back, abdomen, thighs, hips and ankles in men and women is accomplished in the privacy of your home, by a few minutes use each day of the internationally famous invention—

DR. LAWTON’S GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER

and Illustrated Course on Weight Control

With it, you perform a gentle, pleasant massage that removes fatty tissues from any part of the body that you wish. In hered, no medicines, no exercises, no electricity, no dieting. More than 50,000 men and women, in the past few years have been benefited by this simple method of reducing weight, and have returned for its thoroughness of weight control, and its complete elimination of unhealthful form, and shapeliness with the reduction of unnecessary fat by

DR. LAWTON’S GUARANTEED FAT REDUCER

a device approved by physicians as absolutely safe and effective.

And the Reduction is permanent!

SPECIAL PRICE

$3.75

SEND NO MONEY

120 W. 70th St., Dept. 1P6, New York City

3 Minute Test

Not a Blemish Left

What delightful satisfaction to wake up with a fresh, radiant complexion—freckles, blackheads, roughness gone! Now possible through new discovery.

A Clear Skin Almost Overnight!

Science has perfected a wonderful preparation—Golden Peacock Bleach Creme—that whitens and beautifies skin almost overnight! Bleaches vanishes.

Try this amazing 3 minute test. Just before bedtime, smooth this soothing cream upon your skin. Next morning you will be astounded at the transformation. Already blemishes have begun to disappear. Sallowness is replaced by a beautiful complexion. So quick are the results of this new scientific cream that we guarantee it! Send $1 for full sized jar. If you are not pleased at transformation of your skin in five days, we will instantly refund you. Send $1 for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme today.

Paris Toilet Co.,
106 Poplar St., Paris, Tenn.

Develops Basts Like Magic!

During the past 15 years thousands have added to their evoking glory of womanhood by using

GROWDINA

for butt, neck or arm development

Great Discoveries' Peruvian beauty expert. Harmless, easy, certain results. Guaranteed. Same price as your last coat. Write now. Miss Sophie Koppell, Suite 910, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

2 Brings This Genuine DIAMOND RING

WIN TWO $2.00 FOR THE MOST APPRAISAL, 
since "diamond" ring have ever made. A line, designed, diamonds on both sides, Laser crafted hand made! ANYBODY can have this value! Ten Days' Free Trial.

NAME APPEAR ON THE DIAMONDS.

FREE BOOK OF GEMS

Most complete book ever issued for identification of Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry—written and compiled by the experts of famous jewelers. A full year to pay on everything you order. DOLLAR STORE.

Address Dept. 729 Ext. 259, 1928

ROYAL DIAMOND CO.

Royaal Madien-New York
Mysteries of Men"—Vitagraph—By Morgan Robinson. From a novel by Samuel Smith. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. The cast: Lieutenant Breen, Earl Williams; Mabel Arthur, Alice Calhoun; Dick Haldin, Cullen Landis; Bert Hasting, Wanda Hawley; "Pig" Jones, Dick Sutherland; Stryker, Charles Mason; Mr. Thorpe, Bert Apling; Captain Bトレker, Jack Curtis; "Nigger," Martin Turner.


Questions and Answers

Virginia, St. Louis.—So you unhappily admit that you're a Thomas Meighan fan? Well, I can understand that much. Thomas is a personable young man, with a winning smile and good manners. And he usually has a quite human haircut. He is married to Frances King, sister of Blanche, and he must be addressed as the Paramount Studios, Long Island City, New York. He is, at present, in the east.

F. L. S., Los Angeles.—Of course I answer all of my own letters. Who else would be able to supply the technique—the finesse—that I do? It is a great pleasure to you, very likely, to write to me. Why write to you about your dilemmas? You know you like them or you wouldn't have mentioned them in your letter. I understand women even if I'm not married. If you really wanted to be rid of them—the dilemmas—you would have written to Carolyn Van Wyck. She's the dillema editor.

Margaret, Brooklyn.—So now it's amusing I am! What adjectives you girls do hurl at me. And you ought to see some of the letters that don't get into print. Well! No, I can hardly agree with you when you say that Jane and Katherine Lee are the greatest living screen actresses. They're clever children, but there's all addressed rush will be seen in a new play very soon. Called "Tell Us Meet Again."

Blue Eyes.—My, what a popular name. Two "Blue Eyes" already this month, and a black eyes to speak of. It's a record, I'd say. You can reach Pearl White through the Paramount Studios, 54 West 45th Street. Bebe Daniels is working, at present, at the Long Island City studios of the Paramount Corp. Neither of them is married, but there are rumors—Mabel Taliaferro was born in 1887 and she has been divorced twice.

Betty.—As you say, business letters are starchy written on baby blue stationery. But I'd hardly call your letter business-like. Your questions are so varied that they almost take my breath away. Quite a few of the motion picture stars are tall. Mary Pickford adopted her sister Lottie's little girl, and quite often famous actors and actresses have been known to visit the Adirondacks. Also, Mary Pickford Fairbanks weighs one hundred pounds. Just.
D. K. BUFFALO, N. Y.—Rodolph—or, to be more accurate—his pretty and efficient secretary, Miss Neff—will undoubtedly send you a photograph. Rodolph will perhaps autograph it, knowing better to enclose a quart for postage. That's fair.

CLARENCE E.—I'm glad that your opinion of motion pictures is so good. Just think what this published letter will mean to your town. Especially to Jack Hovey, who seems to be your especial favorite. And Hoot Gibson—my, won't he be puffed up? You can accept his post in care of the National Film Corporation, Hollywood. Hoot, who is now being called by his real name, Ed, can be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

K. L. H., Miss.—We're glad to report that Helen Jerome Eddy is being starred at last, and in her own pictures. She deserves success if ever anyone deserved it. A fine actress, and a conscientious worker with a brain and a shy beauty.

BLUE EYES.—Such a pretty name. Blue Eyes. Has a sort of Indian sound; are you one of the few Indian child control? I wonder. Rodolph's next picture will be “Little Old New York”—he will be in support of the blond Marion Davies. Rodolph will have plenty to do for the next three years, I fear. Leave pictures? Don't you worry about him. Worry about what will happen to me if I lose my job? Nita Naldi has black hair—are you trying to kid me? Gloria Swanson is now working on “Bluebeard's Eighth Wife”—Ina Claire's success. Viola Dana followed her picture “June Madness” with the scurrilous “Crinoline and Romance.”

W. Z.—Of course I'm sorry you have a weighty problem. So you can't get any romance out of washing dishes every night? My dear child—have you no imagination? Pretend that the dish pan is a vast sea and that the dishes are well-known stars. For instance a soap plate—Kate MacDonald. A vegetable dish—Miss Du Pont. A sugar bowl—Shirley Mason. A butter chip—our own Rodolph. As you fish the dishes from the dish pan, count a given number of points, based upon the popularity of the star rescued. Your official title is life saver. When the game begins to bore you think of how much harder your life would be if you were a hand-some Answer Man, wearing out your slim artistic fingers on the keyboard of a typewriter?

MARGUERITE AND LUCILE.—You sound like a firm of Parisian modistes, so you do. But you write like a bureau of statistics. Here are the facts, in order. Use them wisely! Agnes Ayres is divorced. Shirley Temple is happily married, Viola Dana is a widow, Bryant Washburn is married and Harrison Ford is divorced. As to ages: Viola is forty-four and Shirley is twenty-three. Constance Talmadge is also twenty-three and Norma is twenty-seven. May McAvoy is twenty-two. Bryant Washburn is thirty-four.

VIOLA W., PATERSON, N. J.—May McAvoy's list is not a long one—but it's distinguished. She has played in some really fine pictures—“Sentimental Tommy,” “Clar- ence,” “Kick In,” “The Top of New York,” “Everything For Sale” and “Gumdrop”—which is now being made. Mabel Normand recently returned from Europe with a million new frocks and wraps and hats.

L. R., WEST VIRGINIA—Lillian Hill has dropped out of sight, for the present. The lady of the ditties was pretty popular in her day, and ditties are coming into fashion again. When last heard of Lillian was in Chicago in the Orphans of the Storm. Her real name was Lillian Walkie—her father's name was Andrew Walkie, and he was Swedish. She was born in Brooklyn but managed to live it down.

B. B., OKLAHOMA.—The cast of Orphans of the Storm is a long one with a lot of hard work in it. Why don't you ask for one of those two character comedy casts? They're the kind I like to give to my little friends and playmates. Henriette Girard—Lillian Gish; Ichabod—Dorothy Gibson; Chevalier de Vaudrey—Joseph Schildkraut; Count de Linieres—Frank Losee; Countess de Linieres—Catherine Emmett; Marquis de Preale—Mor- gan Wallace; Mother Frockard—Lucile La Verne; Jacques Frockard—Sheldon Lewis; Pierre Frockard—Frank Puglia; Picard—Creighton Hale; Jacques-Forget-Noel—Leslie Howard.

L. D., CALIFORNIA.—I have two stocks, and the King family. King—Sidney Herbert; King Louis XV—Leo Kolmar. The Doctor—Adolph Lesta; Sister Genevieve—Kate Bruce.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois for April 1, 1923

State of Illinois

County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James B. Lyon, who, after being duly sworn, made the following affidavit:

I am the owner, editor and publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, a monthly newspaper published at Chicago, Illinois, and am the owner, editor and publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, a weekly newspaper published at Chicago, Illinois. I have never failed to publish any issue of either publication for which I was responsible. I am also the owner, editor and publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, a bi-weekly newspaper published at Chicago, Illinois. The circulation for the date or issue above stated was 56,000 copies for the Photoplay Magazine, a monthly newspaper, and 17,500 copies for the Photoplay Magazine, a weekly newspaper. The total circulation of the Photoplay Magazine, a weekly newspaper, for the year ending with the date above stated was 235,000 copies. The total circulation of the Photoplay Magazine, a bi-weekly newspaper, for the year ending with the date above stated was 150,000 copies. The total circulation of the Photoplay Magazine, a monthly newspaper, for the year ending with the date above stated was 300,000 copies.

I, James B. Lyon, do solemnly swear that the statement above made is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

James B. Lyon, Editor and Publisher.

[SEAL]

M. EVELYN MCVICHEL
[My commission expires January 3, 1927]

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
IT'S OFF Because IT'S OUT

Don't Be Embarrassed!

When you go to the beach this summer, are you going to be afraid to raise your arms and shoulders to shrug off the scrutiny of your friends? Are you going to permit unsightly hair on your face, arms, underarms and limbs to spoil the freedom which awaits you there.

Now is the time to eliminate every unwanted hair before the heat of summer has a chance to set in. A simple application of ZIP today will do much to remove the cause of embarrassment from unsightly hair during the summer months; for it does not only take off surface hair, but destroys the roots, thus treating the cause and destroying the elements which produce this hair.

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasantly fragrant, quick, effective, painless and absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin smooth and clean. Ladies everywhere are now using ZIP for destroying superfluous hair on the face, armpits, underarms and limbs and body. Guaranteed on money-back basis.

Avid imitators—eventually it will stick to the skin and not be effective. Leading beauty shops give ZIP and Treatments. Do not be deceived, face that which is known ZIP is stamped. Write for the preparation and for a demonstration. Write:

Margaret Finn, 562 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

For Sale Everywhere or Direct by Mail

MADAME'S BEAUTY SALON

Specialist

Dept. 924, 562 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Try These Preparations. They Are Different

Balm - Lotion. A Balm of Youth for Your Skin.

Perfume named Berthe's Garden, Just a Drop of the

Ab-Scent.—The ideal liquid deodorant. Remedies excessive perspiration. Designed for use in the toilet—can be applied externally or internally. Also Madame Bertha's Massage and Cleansing Cream—Guaranteed not to leave stains. FREE SAMPLE includes 3 prenatal and 3 postnatal.

Madame's Bath is Antiseptic Tonic—Delightful fragrant. The bath alone or combined with the above.

For Sale Everywhere or Direct by Mail

HOTEL PLAY-GROUND

Quality, character, accommodations, 

Serious business men and women need not

try. Our expert staff will be glad to assist you.

FREE sample of your message and cleansing,

write to:

MADAME'S BEAUTY SALON

Dept. 924, 562 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

FREE sample of your message and cleansing,

write to:

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FREE sample of your message and cleansing,

write to:

MADAME'S BEAUTY SALON

Dept. 924, 562 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Free Trial Bottle—Postage Prepaid

Gray Haired People

—learn my story!

I can tell it in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for the special patented Free Trial package which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full explanation and directions for making convincing test on one lock of hair.

When you learn how I perfected my Restorer to bring back the original color to my own gray hair, what perfect results it assures, how easy it is in application, you will realize what I offer is available to all gray-haired people.

My Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No odor to make your hair excitable or harmful to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural nothing to wash or rub off. 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$8000 Paid For An Idea
by Famous Film Director

Proves Serious Dearth of Suitable Screen Ideas. Generous Prices Offered for Stories Which You May Be Able to Write.

Nothing that has happened in months has so emphasized the serious shortage of acceptable scenarios as the fact that a famous director recently paid $5000 merely for an idea which one of his staff writers could make into a photoplay.

He did not buy even a completed scenario, just the bare idea.

Such incidents are very rare, however. Producing companies, while ceaselessly searching for new and better stories, are generally not interested in mere ideas.

Your Ideas May be Valuable

This should not discourage the man or woman with ideas, however. In fact, it is the very finest kind of encouragement.

For if you have good screen ideas, you can be trained to develop them into acceptable photodramatic form.

This corporation is teaching the technique of photoplay writing to men and women in all walks of life through an accredited home study course. We cannot give you the ability to create ideas, but if you have it—and many have who do not realize it now—we can prepare you for this work for the screen.

Daily Contact
With Leading Producers

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation, in addition to teaching the technique of photoplay writing, is the largest single clearing house for the sale of scenarios to the great producing companies.

The daily contact which we maintain with the motion picture studios brings us constantly face to face with the serious dearth of acceptable screen stories.

More than one hundred producing companies in Los Angeles, alone, offer $500 to $2000 for suitable stories. Yet their offers are actually going begging while many men and women, who do not dream of it now, could actually help to supply the needed stories and earn the generous rewards.

$1000 and Royalties Offered

We have recently entered the producing field in addition to our educational and sales activities, and are producing the better stories for the screen.

As an inducement to new writers we offer a new basis of payment for acceptable stories which enables the author to profit by the success of his photoplay for five years. We pay for the scenarios we select on this royalty basis with a minimum advance payment of $1000.

We are tremendously concerned about the matter of enlisting new writers in the work of writing the better stories for our own pictures, which we ourselves will produce, as well as for the reason that we wish to supply other producers with good photoplay scenarios.

A Nation-Wide Search for Talent

The hopeful factor for us and perhaps for you, is that many men and women who do not now realize it are endowed with the vital requisite for the writing of successful photoplays, Creative Imagination.

So we search the nation for the people whose talents justify training for this work, by offering a free test which has already brought phenomenal results.

It is not our purpose to encourage anyone lacking this vital power to attempt to win success in this field. Our first desire is to discover and train qualified people to produce stories to fill this great demand.

Test Yourself at Our Expense

Perhaps you have this power. A Wisconsin woman, a former magazine writer, an Arkansas farm woman, an oil salesman, a sculptor, a former advertising man, and many others have been discovered and developed by us to the point where they have sold their stories to producing companies or become staff writers in the studios.

Still others, who have no desire to write photoplays professionally, have developed their power of Creative Imagination, through this course, because they knew how invaluable this power is in any field of endeavor.

Surely it is worth your while to know if these opportunities may be yours. It costs nothing, no obligation. Simply send for the Palmer Creative Test. We hold your answers confidential.

If your replies indicate that this power is yours, we will send you additional information relative to the Palmer Course and Service. Send the coupon now. Learn if you have this hidden talent which may open to you these new and rich fields of opportunity.

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Allen Holubar, Producer and Director
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James R. Quirk, Editor, Photoplay Magazine

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Clayton Hamilton, M.A., Director of Education
Eugene R. Lewis, Editor-in-Chief
Douglas Z. DeUTY, Associate Editor

Ethel Styles Middleton
of Pittsburgh, a new writer trained in the Educational Department of this Corporation, author of the first Palmer photoplay. Mrs. Middleton will receive royalties on the profits of the picture for five years, an initial $1000 advance having already been paid.

By Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer Trained Writer.

Copyright, 1925, Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Hollywood, Calif.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Buy Direct **SAVE Four Profits**

The Aladdin Home Service has enabled tens of thousands of families to own their own homes during the past seventeen years. They found in the Aladdin system of home-building the simple, easy and least expensive method. They purchased direct from the manufacturer, saving four profits on lumber, millwork, hardware and labor, varying from 25% to 40%.

Aladdin houses are designed to use standard sizes of materials scientifically manufactured and ready-cut in Aladdin mills. All material comes to you for immediate erection. They are not knock-down—not sectional—not portable houses, but permanent buildings for all-the-year-'round occupation.

All Aladdin houses are designed by skilled architects and are very artistic in appearance, harmoniously blending beauty and simplicity with economy.

**This Price Includes:**
Complete drawings and instructions, all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath and roofing.

SEND FOR CATALOG No. 51.
To the Nearest Office

The ALADDIN Company, BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Also Mills and Offices at Wilmington, North Carolina, Portland, Oregon, and Toronto, Ontario, Canada

---

The Aladdin Co.
Please send me your illustrated cata-
log No. 51.

Name: __________________________________________

City: ___________________________________________

State: _________________________________________
THE lustrous beauty of Holeproof Hosiery is but the outward expression of superfine quality that gives unusually long service. This famous Holeproof combination of style and durability is offered in a wide variety of regular and fancy styles in Pure Silk, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children. Buy Holeproof and both your hosiery and money will go farther.

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