

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

June 25c

Stepping Out  
with Film  
Stars

The Millionaire  
Extra Man's  
Own Story



Two  
Million  
People read  
Photoplay Reviews

Rex  
Ingram  
tells how he  
Discovers Stars

May McCavoy

## 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:

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**Djer-Kiss FACE POWDERS!** Fragranced in France, they are, with *Monsieur Kerkoff's* masterpiece—Djer-Kiss. So soft, so pure and so approved of fashion.



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Made in France.

KERKOFF, PARIS

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TOILET WATER · VEGETALE · SACHET · ROUGE  
LIP ROUGE · FACE CREAMS · SOAP

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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

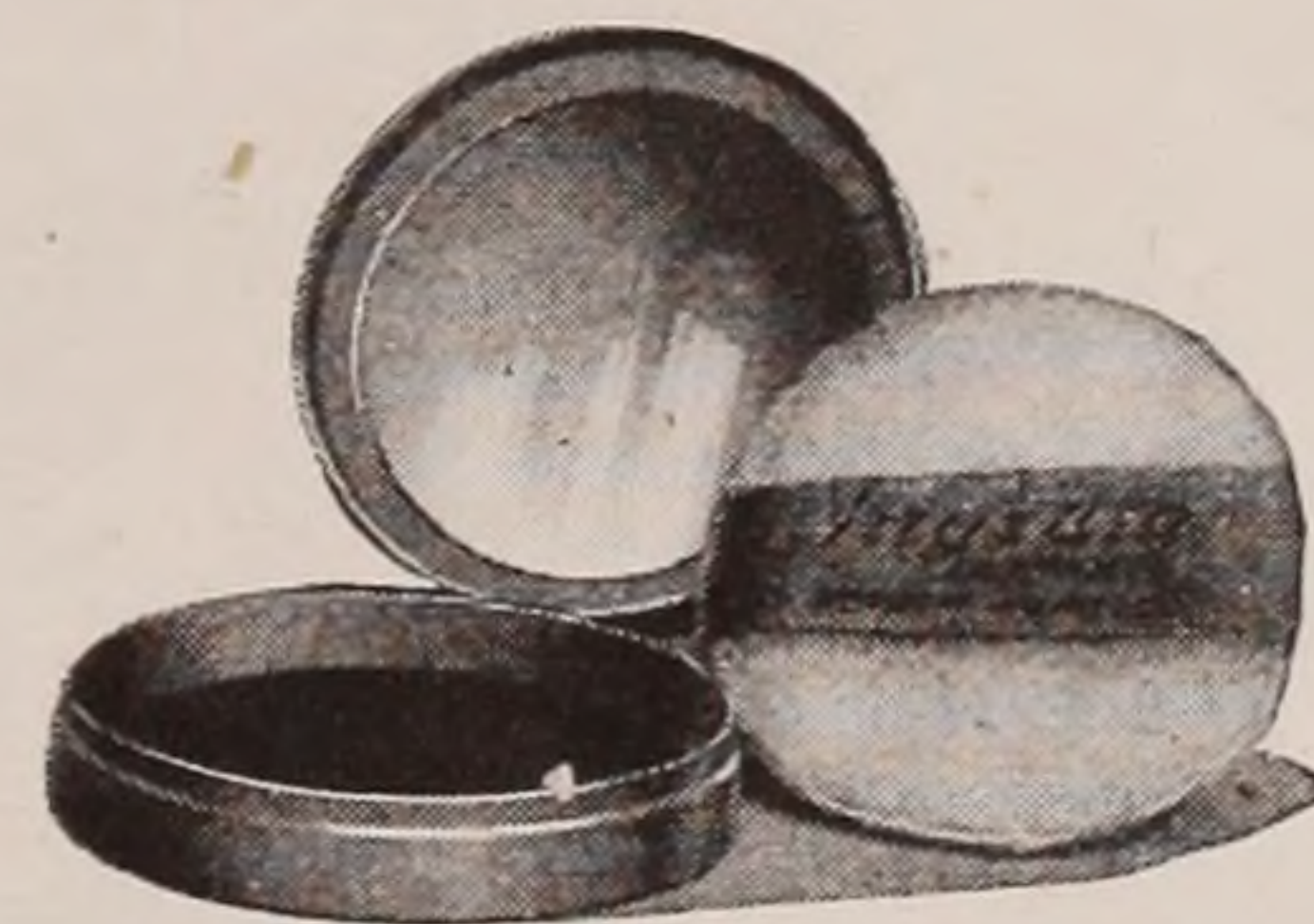


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Posed by Lois Wilson, attractive Paramount motion picture star. Miss Wilson is one of many charming women of the screen who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for promoting beauty of complexion. From a photograph by Donald Biddle Keys.



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# Hollywood

A James Cruze  
Production  
by Frank Condon  
Adapted by Tom Geraghty  
Presented by Jesse L. Lasky

*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.

This is not an exposé of Hollywood, but the genuine picture-story of screen-ambition's appointments and disappointments—all in an atmosphere of melodrama, love, mystery and humor.

Does Angela reach stardom or not?

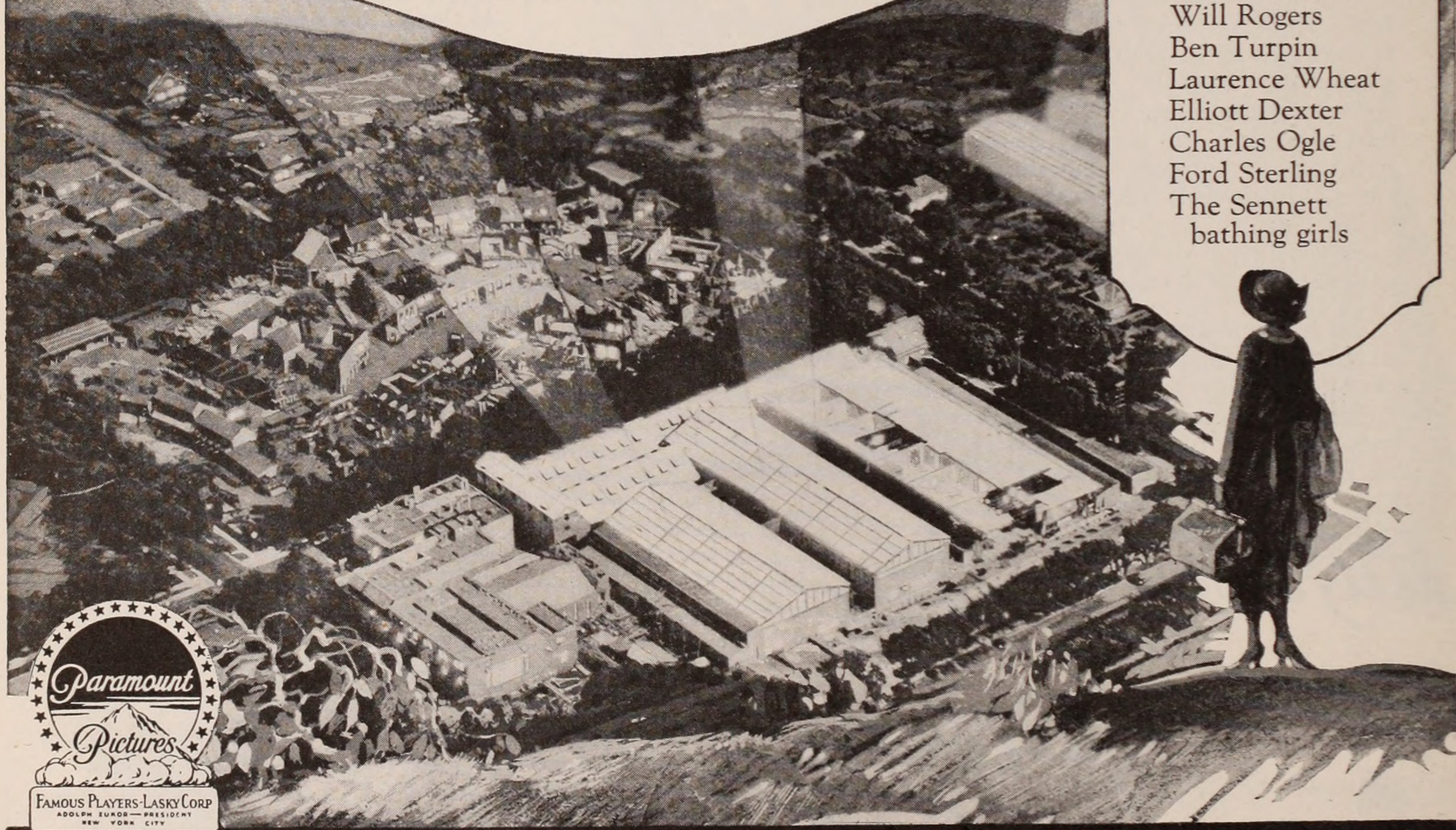
That is the thrill of it, the excitement of finding out what makes screen success.

Don't miss it!

—and the cast!  
Just about everyone  
big you can think of!

*Included are:*

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Thomas Meighan  
Agnes Ayres  
Jack Holt  
Betty Compson  
Leatrice Joy  
Walter Hiers  
Lila Lee  
James Cruze  
Lois Wilson  
Alfred E. Green  
Jacqueline Logan  
George Fawcett  
Nita Naldi  
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





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

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## Contents

June, 1923

Cover Design	May McAvoy	
From a Pastel Portrait by J. Knowles Hare		
Brickbats and Bouquets		8
Letters from Readers		
Friendly Advice	Carolyn Van Wyck	12
The Department of Personal Service		
Rotogravure:		19
New Pictures: Pola Negri, Claire Windsor, Andree Lafayette, Jobyna Ralston, Lila Lee, Lois Wilson and Pauline Garon		
Speaking of Pictures	James R. Quirk	27
His Name Is "Reggie"		28
But Reginald Denny Packs a Terrible Wallop		
A Star in Search of Her Soul	Herbert Howe	29
Why Pearl White Entered a Convent		
The Millionaire Extra Man's Story	Craig Biddle, Jr.	31
Family and Fortune Meant Nothing When He Heard the Siren Call of the Movies		

(Contents continued on next page)

### Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine — refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 64	
Grumpy.....	Paramount
Enemies of Women.....	Cosmopolitan
Bella Donna.....	Paramount
Page 65	
Safety Last.....	Pathe
Souls for Sale.....	Goldwyn
The Isle of Lost Ships	
Page 66	
Lost and Found.....	Goldwyn
The Leopardess.....	Paramount
The Little Church Around the Corner	Warner Brothers
Vanity Fair.....	Goldwyn
The White Flower.....	Paramount
Page 67	
The Glimpses of the Moon..	Paramount
The Woman of Bronze.....	Metro
The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	Paramount
You Are Guilty.....	Mastodon
Brass.....	Warner Brothers
Page 67	
The Tiger's Claw.....	Paramount
Suzanna.....	Allied Producers
Modern Marriage	American Releasing
The Sunshine Trail.....	First National
The Queen of Sin... Made in Germany	
Quicksands	American Releasing
The Lion's Mouse.....	Hodkinson
Page 68	
Masters of Men.....	Vitagraph
Bucking the Barrier.....	Fox
The Town Scandal.....	Universal
Three Jumps Ahead.....	Fox
Nobody's Bride.....	Universal
The Grub Stake	American Releasing
Our Gang Comedies.....	Pathe
The Fourth Musketeer.....	F. B. O.
The Man from Glengarry...	Hodkinson
Single Handed.....	Universal
Trimmed in Scarlet.....	Universal
Crashing Through.....	F. B. O.
De Forest Phonofilm...	Paul Thompson

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## Contents—Continued

A Wife in Africa She Describes the Thrills That Come Only to Those Who Penetrate the Jungle Fastnesses	Mrs. Martin Johnson	32
The China Doll Anna May Wong Is a True American Girl	Mary Winship	35
How I Discover Them A Few Pointers on Stars That Astronomers Don't Know	Rex Ingram	36
How "The Covered Wagon" Was Made The Production of This Great Film Was an Epic Itself	Frederick James Smith	38
Mary Pickford as Juliet (Photograph)		40
Stepping Out Evenings with the Stars in Hollywood and New York <i>Drawings by Everett Shinn</i>	Herbert Howe	41
The Smart Summer Wardrobe (Photographs) Julia Faye, Betty Compson and Jacqueline Logan Show Us What Can Be Done with Handkerchief Anklets, Pongees, Taffetas, and Silks		46
The Studio Secret (Fiction) A Story of Love and Intrigue You Will Long Remember <i>Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg</i>	Frederic Arnold Kummer	48
The Puritans Arrive in Hollywood (Photographs) And Bring with Them the Famous "Mayflower"		53
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture Chapter XV: The Good Old Days of 1908; the Beginnings of the Most Important Screen Phases of Today	Terry Ramsaye	54
Close-Ups and Long Shots Comment on the Activities of Screen Personalities <i>Decorations by John Held, Jr.</i>	Herbert Howe	56
The Wildest Thing in Canada None Other Than a "Northwest Mounted" <i>Illustration by Ralph Barton</i>	Terry Ramsaye	57
Good Scotch For a' That Ernest Torrence Is a Thorough Villain		58
Rotogravure: "The Glory That Was Greece," Conway Tearle, Margaret Irving, Richard Dix, Evelyn Brent and Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd		59
The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Screen Criticism	Frederick James Smith	63
Gossip—East and West The Latest News of the Film Folk	Cal York	68
Strongheart and Company (Photograph) The "Company" Being Miss Jane Murfin		76
Silencing the Silent Drama (Photograph) Baby May Now Cry Without Causing a Disturbance		78
Shooting a Cyclone (Photographs) How Wind Storms Are Made		81
Movie History	Helen Rockwell	81
Questions and Answers	The Answer Man	83
Why Do They Do It? Screen "Breaks" Caught by Readers of Photoplay		86
Tom—the Family Man (Photographs) Cowboy Mix at Home		88
Casts of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue		112

*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios  
will be found on page 16*

## 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 mealticket to his ability to look like a beach-comber. 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 screendom.

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"*



**POSES** from the seven exquisite dances given by Marinoff as part of his training. There is a Grecian Dance, a Classical Toe Dance, an Oriental Dance, a Butterfly Dance, a Chinese Dance, a Spanish Dance and a "Raggedy Ann" Eccentric Dance.



# Classic Dancing!

Now you can learn at home under the personal direction of **SERGEI MARINOFF**

**S**OMETIME 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. Merriell 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.....



## 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 RINGS 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, palpitating being of itself—it is one of the few pictures with a soul and I love it dearly.

"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 been connected with any 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 to any one. Through his beautiful pictures he speaks to us in the language of the heart and soul that is a redeeming power to mankind.

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.

## Sho' Nuff!

Chicago, Ill.

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. Only recently in "Gossip" in which Gladys Walton was starred, I noticed these mistakes.

MARY B. REDWINE.

## 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 Sheykle" 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 the youngest of the family of Sheykle Ali Ben Hamed Yussef, who, believe me, conducts himself in a manner much different from that of the picture.

It is not fair play 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 no browner than that of the explorers who excavate our ancient palaces and tombs. We dress like Americans, except when travelling in the desert, for which the Bedouin 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. Valentino is the true prototype of many 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 re-

# Brickbats & Bouquets

## LETTERS FROM READERS

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

spects, but it is because they are acquainted only with the faces in the bazars and the camel-drivers who call themselves "sheykle." Thus have they misunderstood my people.

Another thing. No one criticised this cinema for having an oriental tent with occidental furnishings. I will say that this is quite true of Arabs of high caste, especially since the war when several of them fought with the French Army and acquired occidental ways.

The only thing of which 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 back 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 adorable 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 blasé and a fearful actress. For she isn't. She can act, and if she only stars in pictures in which she is not the pampered darling, she will win the hearts of every movie fan.

DOT FOSTER.

## The Glass of Fashion

Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I wish to throw a bouquet at Gaston Glass. I think that he's a marvelous actor and he deserves to be starred in bigger pictures. I saw him do the tango in "Rich Men's Wives." He dances wonderfully and is every bit as graceful as Rodolph Valentino. I think that he is the coming actor of 1923, and if he had good pictures he would easily acquire a Valentino vogue. Not that I don't like Ruddy, for I do, best of all, but I just hope that Gaston Glass will get the right sort of directors and pictures so that he can have a chance to show what he can do.

A READER.

## The Amateur Author

La Crosse, Washington.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: After having my third photoplay manuscript actually stolen from me by grafting, swindling "author's agencies" I have arrived at a stage where I must voice my opinion or "bust"—and who can I rave to unless it is some unfortunate editor?

Producers are continually looking for new stories, original stories from new writers. They admit that the best stories do come from the free lance writers. The free lance writers are supplying a good part of the better photoplays—that is the ones which manage to escape from the clutching hands of agents who flourish a neatly worded "guarantee to sell" in the author's face. There are hundreds of these photoplay agencies in the country which are ninety-five per cent graft—they rob and discourage the amateur writer until he gives up in disgust.

It seems queer to me that the moving picture concerns would allow such graft when it is hurting their interests. I for one make an appeal for investigation—for the sake of amateur writers.

DON W. POTTER.

## Another Honor Roll

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I don't agree with the individual who says "The Star's the thing." Where would even the finest star be without an able director? And where would an able director be without a fair story, at least? I say, divide the spoils, and give each one the credit that is due him. Witness "Foolish Wives"—a superb example of an able director with a poor story and, with one or two exceptions, mediocre players. And "The Christian"—my idea of gorgeous lighting and setting, fair actors, and extremely stereotyped direction.

The man who advocated the honor roll was half right. The one he referred to was conducted, he said, by a trade journal, which is devoted to the producing rather than to the acting end of the industry. But I insist on including directors, and possibly one or two authors in my selection of the twelve who have done the most for the pictures. Roughly, it is as follows:

Lillian Gish,	David W. Griffith,
Mary Pickford,	George Loane Tucker,
Norma Talmadge,	Rex Ingram,
Richard Barthelmess,	Rupert Hughes,
Charles Chaplin,	Douglas Fairbanks,
Harold Lloyd,	June Mathis,

CHARLOTTE J. BURR.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]



OF COURSE Harold and his wife scented trouble, when brother-in-law's youngsters were parked with them over the weekend. But they had only the merest inkling 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 anyway 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 costs?

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.

R

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, 35 West 45th Street, New York. Physical Distributors, Pathe, Inc.



IF you think a comedian is only a clown or a buffoon you will certainly change your mind when you see this poor timid, lovable boy learn the secret of Courage. And shrewd, loving Grandma—she knew what he needed. No wonder "Grandma's Boy" was voted among the best ten motion pictures of the year.



HAROLD and Mildred find in "Never Weaken" that true love runs a dangerous course, often high in the air. Lovelorn Lloyd perched on a girder, doing his level best to get back to solid ground—and to his sweetheart—may not sound funny, but it is an uproarious spectacle.



WHEN a fellow who has never been outside his home town gets into society, and is asked to tell of his African hunting experiences—just what would the book of etiquette advise? Use his imagination, is our guess.

And in "Among Those Present," Lloyd does use his imagination—recklessly and wondrously as you can judge from the expression of his hostess.



IT doesn't seem quite fair to ask a painfully respectable, undomesticated bachelor to play chaperon to a full-of-the-mischief, four-year-old girl in a crowded Pullman. But in "Now or Never" Lloyd does find a way out of his troubles—after his own fashion.

SOMEHOW Lloyd feels that the bathing pool of the Sultan's Harem is no longer safe. Where will he go? How can he rescue his sweetheart from the Sultan's clutches? These are only two of the perplexities which beset Harold Lloyd in "A Sailor-Made Man." When you see his uproarious 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 us each year—chosen because they actually entertain the private audiences who see them in advance.

This line of high grade pictures includes:

Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy," "I Do," "Now or Never," "Never Weaken," "Among Those Present," and "A Sailor-Made Man."

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 theatres.

More than 600 communities have organized such Councils. Every month the members receive impartial reports of all worthwhile photoplays, not Encore Pictures alone. The Council recommends the best pictures to the theatre manager and endorses them to the public.

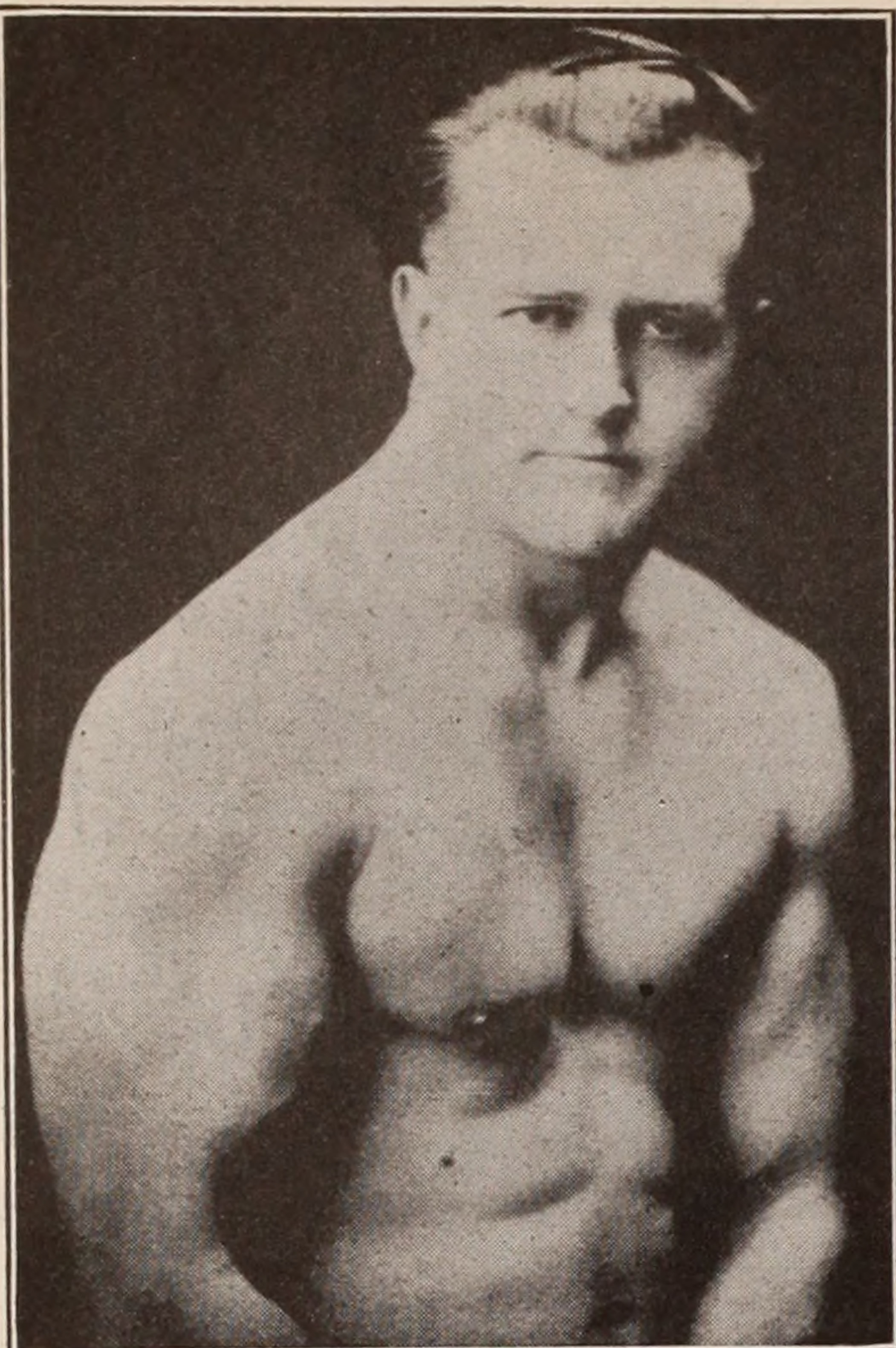
Thus everybody benefits—theatre goers can make known in advance what pictures they want to see; and the theatre owner is assured of good audiences.

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, 7th Floor, 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





Earle E. Liederman  
as he is to-day

## 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 jelly-fish. If he runs 50 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 cake-eater. If you ever knew the joys of a real 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 one full inch on your biceps; yes, and two inches on your chest. But that is only the start. Now comes the real works.

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 surrounding your vital organs. Every breath you take brings a deep inhale of oxygen into your lungs, purifying your blood, so that your whole body will fairly tingle 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. Come 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, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

Dept. 106, 309 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 106, 309 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send 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.....

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

### Mary's Sad Face

Fort Howard, Maryland.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I have a conclave of War Department theater movie fans in my company. 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 a doll's house.

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 twenty-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 PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: After reading so many 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 remarkable.

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, place 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 is it 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 PHOTOPLAY don't be afraid no one will read it!

GEORGE NUSIL.

### Too Much Beauty

London, England.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY 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 is to depict life, this life we are all leading on this earth. As we go about day after day, how many really 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 photoplays, all the girls are 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 watching for a plain girl star, who yet can win her way by her ability and personality without the help of a pretty face.

MRS. NESTA E. HARRIS.

### In Lorna's Defense

Hinsdale, Illinois.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In heaven's name, give us no more superficial reviews like that of "Lorna

Doone." 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 usually 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 *John and Lorna*. I love the book, and I love the play, too, for it is the book. Nor is it in the least uninspired. It has all of Tourneur's sure touch with the classics of the world. This Frenchman—or Belgian, as you will—knows English literature better than any American or English director that ever lived.

Unimportant letters to the editor have always seemed to me a display of vanity, and I abhor them; but now I can't resist the temptation. And you know yourself that telling about two million, five hundred thousand readers that "Lorna Doone" is nothing much save a "bit of beauty"—well, that's not unimportant!

I would like to see every review signed by the critic. Then I might know whether to believe, disbelieve, or assume an attitude of calm neutrality. It's a crime to spoil a film with the beauty and drama and appeal and fine construction and acting of "Lorna Doone." You nearly spoiled it for me; but I determined to see it unprejudiced.

WILBUR NEEDHAM.

### Wants More Barrie Pictures

Johnson City, Tenn.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY 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 really worthwhile features? 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 we are going to see 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 star, rests the burden 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.

Then the author. Although I read 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 picture 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. Gareth Hughes, May McAvoy, Taliaferro, *all* the cast, played their parts with wonderful understanding. *Tommy, Grizel, The Painted Lady, Elspeth*, the old Doctor, all became real people. The actors lost themselves in their parts. But 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 lost their popularity 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 can surpass the 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 Barrie lies the solution to the "better stories" problem.

E. SHIPLEY.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 17 ]





Lost 74 Pounds

Mrs. Mary J. Denneny, of 82 W. 9th St., Bayonne, N. J., who writes: "I reduced from 240 to 166 pounds (74 pounds reduction). I lost 10 pounds the very first week."



Lost 20 Pounds in 3 Weeks

Miss Kathleen Mul-lane, Famous Artist's Model. She writes: "I lost 20 pounds in less than 3 weeks through your wonderful new method."



Lost 13 Pounds in 8 days

Mrs. Geo. Guiterman, 420 E. 66th St., N. Y. City. She says: "I have lost 13 pounds since Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine."



Lost 28 Pounds in 30 Days

Mr. E. A. Kettel, 225 W. 39th St., N. Y. City, who says: "I lost 28 pounds in 30 days, and banished the headaches I always had when I was stout."



Lost 36 Pounds

Miss Anna Queenan, 5570A, Vernon Ave., St. Louis, writes: "I reduced from 190 to 154 pounds (36 pounds lost) in a few weeks, and feel better than I ever did before."

# 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.

**WOULDN'T** you be glad to have a slender, graceful, youthful figure if it could be obtained rapidly, without bitter self-denial, drugs or discomforts?

Especially if the method you used brought renewed 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 fat 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 "frilly" 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 reduce as rapidly as possible. He writes: "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 figures 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 skins smooth, clear and radiant. Many write that they were positively astounded at losing wrinkles which they supposed to be inefaceable!

## 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 easily followed method of regaining normal,

healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together *take off* weight instead of adding to it. Certain 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 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 delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Complete Cost for All Only **97¢** Plus Few Cents Postage

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 health was worth hundreds of dollars to them. Yet for a limited time you are being given the opportunity to purchase this wonderful 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 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. 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. But if you are not thoroughly pleased after a 10-day test of this method you may return the course and your money will be refunded instantly. (If more convenient you may remit 97 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 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 gain 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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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Lost 44 Pounds

Mrs. Eric Capon, of Manhasset, L. I., who says: "I lost 44 pounds and my friends compliment me on my new, slender, youthful and healthy appearance."



Lost 23 1/2 Pounds

Mr. Harry Benson, 231 W. 39th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I have lost 23 1/2 pounds, and I feel like a 16-year-old."



Lost 26 Pounds

Mrs. R. H. Diehl, 109 E. Market St., Danville, Pa., writes: "I lost 26 pounds and now weigh 141 pounds, which is my normal weight; and there I am going to stay, for I now know the secret."



Lost 40 Pounds

Miss Melissa Givings, 53 W. 155th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I reduced 40 pounds and banished acute indigestion also. The method is easy—no discomfort, no risk and no starvation."



Lost 104 Pounds

Mr. John Griswold, of Anthony, Kan., writes: "I lost 104 pounds at the rate of 5 pounds a week. I reduced my waistline 17 inches. Today I am in good health and free from all avoirdupois ailments."



Delighted with Results Mrs. Edith Robinson, of 825 Busserson St., Vincennes, Ind., writes: "The results of 'Weight Control' were immediate and were more than satisfying."



Lost 30 Pounds

Miss Elizabeth Johnson, of 3045 Washington Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I have lost 30 pounds and can cheerfully recommend 'Weight Control.'"



Lost 80 Pounds

Miss Laura Morse, 271 W. 119th St., N. Y. City, writes: "I have lost 80 pounds. I feel better than I have in years and look 10 years younger."

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Without money in advance you may send me in plain 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 my purchase of this course. Therefore, when the course arrives, I will pay the postman only 97 cents (plus the few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days and having my 97 cents refunded if I am not delighted with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name..... (Please write plainly.)

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# When Marriage is FATAL



Men who are serving prison terms for obtaining money under false pretenses—men who have been hanged for killing other men, are not one bit worse than many a man walking the streets today, who has falsely gained the affection of some pure girl, married her and then through his physical unfitness killed her every hope of future happiness. Stop! Think! Don't take that fatal step. Be 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.

**Strongfortism, The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in overcoming your weaknesses and fit you for Marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.**

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Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 414, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

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| .. Hay Fever  | .. Stomach      | .. Gastritis    |
| .. Obesity    | .. Disorders    | .. Heart        |
| .. Headache   | .. Constipation | .. Weakness     |
| .. Thinness   | .. Biliousness  | .. Poor         |
| .. Rupture    | .. Torpid Liver | .. Circulation  |
| .. Lumbago    | .. Indigestion  | .. Skin         |
| .. Neuritis   | .. Nervousness  | .. Disorders    |
| .. Neuralgia  | .. Poor         | .. Round        |
| .. Flat Chest | .. Memory       | .. Shoulders    |
| .. Deformity  | .. Weak Eyes    | .. Lung         |
| .. (Describe) | .. Despondency  | .. Troubles     |
| .. Successful | .. Diabetes     | .. Stoop        |
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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops an erect, and graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, energy and pep, ability to do things, health and strength.



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Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

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# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From *Carolyn Van Wyck*

NELLIE—NEWBERRYPORT, MASS.

So you, too, are anxious to lose some of the superfluous pounds? If you are very much over weight, a simple diet might be a decided help. If your face is broad you should not puff your hair over the ears—do it as flat as possible, and high upon the head. Straightline clothes will make you seem more slender.

BOBBY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I never feel that it is right to advise a girl to marry a man who has only her respect. Marriage without love may be a tragic thing. I fear, from the tone of your letter, that you are contemplating matrimony because your home conditions are so very unpleasant. Surely your father is being both unfair and unkind in his attitude toward you—you should be allowed young friends, and some of the money that you earn. Two dollars a week is not enough money with which to buy clothes.

I am afraid that the house and the good income of this man who has asked you to become his wife are the main points in his favor. My dear, there is a great gap between the ages of twenty-one and fifty! Think carefully before you take such a vitally important step.

GEORGETTE G., AUGUSTA, ME.

Your correct weight should be between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Why not try the Wallace method of reducing to music—it is easy, pleasant and effective? I should also recommend a diet from which you eliminate nearly all starches, fats and sugars.

Perhaps one of the better permanent waves would answer the problem of your bobbed hair. And there are many patent curlers that will take the place of the often harmful hot irons.

E. T., BALTIMORE, MD.

It is very wise of you to pay off all your bills and "get square" with the world before indulging in the luxury of new clothes. And, anyway, spring clothes are so much prettier than the somber winter styles.

I think that the long dresses have come to stay. They are especially flattering to small girls who are inclined to be plump. Yes, silver fox will be one of the smartest spring furs. Get one, by all means, if grey

is becoming to you. It should be, for you are a brunette.

A girl with a long thin face seldom looks her best while wearing her hair parted in the middle. A side parting, and a fluffy side arrangement is better, by far.

Electricity will remove the hairs from your throat. Permanently, I have no doubt.

M. K. H., OHIO.

If you can wear your bobbed hair straight I should advise that you do so. It is much better for the hair, and is also very smart.

With medium brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion you will have a wide range of colors to choose from. All shades of blue, Lavin, Nile and Jade Green, dark brown and, of course, the pastel shades.

A. B. C., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Of course it is not your fault that you are popular with men. But it does seem a shame that you have so very few girl friendships. Perhaps the young women of your own age feel that you do not encourage their friendship—that you do not make the most of their advances. This might be because of your sensitive nature—and because you show too plainly your preference for the society and attentions of the opposite sex. Be more tactful in your relations with other girls—and study your own actions before you judge them too harshly.

A. W., NEW YORK CITY

According to the best authorities, you are not overweight. Why not try giving up potatoes and candy for a while—if it will make you happier? But I hardly think it necessary.

With almost blond hair, hazel eyes and rosy skin you should use rouge in the "Ashes of Rose" shade, and face powder in the tint "naturelle." You will look well in Copenhagen blue, Lavin green, dark brown, violet, bronze, gold and all of the pastel shades.

S. H., WALLACE, IDAHO.

With medium brown hair and blue eyes you will look your best in midnight blue, seal brown, pearl grey, heather mixtures and all of the pastel shades.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I will tell you the names of some removers for superfluous hair.

## 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 dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.*

—The Editor



HELEN, WILMINGTON, DEL.

I am so 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 hereafter 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 give you the names of some worth while aids to beauty.

B. E., CANTON, OHIO.

A girl who is four feet, eleven inches tall should weigh about one hundred pounds. You are not very much underweight. Massage with a good 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.

So 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 untrammelled; too untrammelled, 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—if 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?

"CUDDLES," 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 over weight, 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 having 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.

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A picture? More! A SENSATION!

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Gertrude Atherton's

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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.

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shapes while you sleep—quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. There are inferior imitations but the ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL nasal supporter highly recommended by physicians for fractured or misshapen noses. Self-adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. Awarded gold medal at International Inventors Exposition, New York City, Feb., 1923. Write today for free book, "Happy Days Ahead," and our blank to fill out for sizes. Return blank and your nose adjuster can be paid for when it reaches you. The ANITA Company, Dept. 828, ANITA Bldg., Newark, N. J.



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AMBITIOUS WRITERS SEND TODAY FOR FREE copy America's leading magazine for writers of photo-plays, stories, poems. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 611 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

"HOW TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY," BY C. G. Winkopp, Tribune Building, New York, 50 cents. Contains model scenario, "Where to Sell," "How to Build Plots," "Where to Get Plots."

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Send for free sample copy Publishers SCENARIO BULLETIN-DIGEST

## MODERN MOTHER, TULSA, OKLA.

Yes, the problem of the 1923 mother is far different from the problem of the mother of twenty—or ten—or five years ago! Times have moved so swiftly, of late, that the mothers pretty nearly have to run to keep in step! You tell me that your daughter complains of the fact that you are not a "good sport." And that you "never understand." Well, are you sure that you *do* understand! There are so many things that seem unimportant to you—and that may seem most vital to your child!

Do you always meet her half way in her little confidences? It is rather necessary for a mother, now-a-days, to have the complete confidence of her daughter. Don't act shocked—though you may want to—at her little scrapes and her unique point of view. If you feel that her frocks are bizarre, get out some photographs of yourself at the age of sixteen. You may be surprised! I found a daguerreotype of my grandmother, taken some fifty years ago. And she was wearing quite enormous ear puffs.

Do you always make your daughter's friends welcome in your home? Of course they are noisy, and boisterous. But isn't it better to have them in your own house, being noisy, than in some questionable road house?

I do not want to advise you to be a flapper mother—no, indeed! But please—please—do not be a midvictorian one! Make your child feel really akin to you. Make her love you. And, after you have assured yourself of her affection and trust, begin to use reform methods. But in a very subtle way!

## P. J., NEW YORK CITY.

If your husband thinks that your clothes are old-fashioned and unfashionable, for goodness sake get some new clothes that will please him. It is admirable of you to want to save his money, but quite evidently he does not appreciate the sacrifices you are making—and, so long as it is his money—wouldn't it be best to spend it in a way that will absolutely meet with his approval?

Too many women, after they are married, disregard their personal appearance. You admit that you dressed differently when you were engaged to the man who is now your husband—and that he liked your clothes, then. Isn't it just as necessary to have him admire you now, as it was in the dear days of courtship? I think that it is far more important!

A man likes to take pride in his wife. And, though his wife may be thrifty and a good cook, he cannot take pride in her if she is always shabbily dressed—when there is no necessity for it. I do not suggest a wild career of extravagance, but I do suggest a pretty new outfit—hats, shoes, dresses and silk underthings. Don't worry about the expense—be glad that you have a husband who is anxious to have you spend some money on yourself!

## JANET, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Do not use any preparations or appliances on your neck without first consulting your physician. The thyroid gland should not be experimented with.

## H. B., BOARDMAN, CAL.

Now-a-days sixteen is not too young to do up the hair. Once upon a time eighteen was the age. I shouldn't advise you to wear the extremely long dresses—a medium length skirt would be best for a girl of your years. Always wear simple frocks. Brown, dark blue, heather mixtures and beige for street wear—any of the pastel shades, turquoise, Lanvin green, flame and tangerine for afternoon and evening.

A dark blue suit will be splendid for your trip to Chicago. You will need a separate coat, two afternoon dresses, an evening gown, a street dress, and a sports skirt with some bright sweaters.



# The New Science of Womanly Charm



HOW a demure little wren of a girl was changed almost overnight into an attractive Bird-of-Paradise woman—how she who had been neglected by her young men acquaintances suddenly became a center of attraction, and within a few weeks the radiant bride of the man she had loved in vain for years—this is the theme of a letter received today. Hundreds of other letters just as wonderful have come to us voluntarily from readers of our new, revolutionary book dealing not with sex, but with psychology. "The Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood" shows how any woman who understands certain peculiarities about man's psychology can attract and win the love of any man she chooses. It will be mailed postpaid in plain wrapper on receipt of 10c in stamps.

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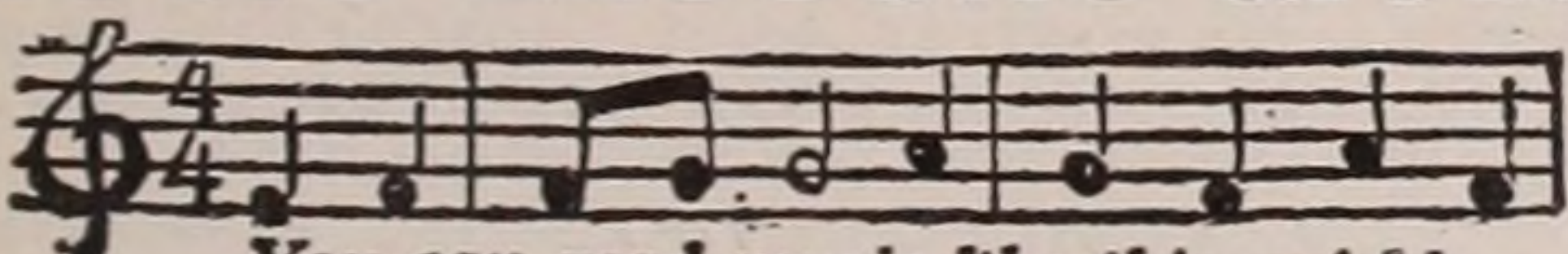
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## How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 3222 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

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Be a parlor entertainer. Make a hit with the crowd. 25 parodies including "Georgette," "Hot Lips," "The Sheik," "Three O'clock In The Morning," "Tomorrow," and all the big hits mailed on receipt of 25c in stamps, special get-acquainted price. TRUMAN BROWN, 6272 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.



C. E. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.

With blonde curly hair and greyish blue eyes you will be able to wear midnight blue, brown and heather mixtures for the street—and any of the pastel shades for afternoon and evening.

Apply an astringent to make the pores of your skin seem smaller—and continue to use the brand of powder and perfume that you are now using. Use vanishing cream, always, before any cosmetics. And a heavy cold cream after washing your face with soap and water.

"JUST GLORIA," CHICAGO, ILL.

Massage your face skillfully, and use an astringent cream quite often. A shampoo with a dash of henna in it will make the hair seem lighter and brighter—and will be good for it, too. A lemon rinse is splendid for oily hair, and often is used to lighten dull tresses. No, I do not think that your sister is too tall for her age. Five feet four inches is a normal height for a girl of fourteen. She has probably almost reached her growth.

M. P., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

You are underweight. One hundred and twenty-five pounds is not enough for a girl who is five feet, eight inches tall, to weigh. I think that you should go on a milk diet—drinking at least two quarts of milk and one-half pint of cream a day.

The colors that I have suggested to H. B. of Boardman, Cal., will suit you. Your hair, eyes and complexions are almost identical.

WAHNEETA.

I think that the parents of the young man you love are very unreasonable. And so is his sister. Never having met you they are unable to judge you fairly. It seems hard that they should be prejudiced against you because you had to leave school at the age of fourteen and go to work. Why not ask the young man to take you to call upon his mother? Perhaps if you knew each other the barriers would melt away. Maybe you would like each other very much indeed. At any rate, after so many years, and at the age of twenty-four, the man should be capable of knowing his own mind and deciding for himself. It is not fair that you be kept in doubt and suspense over the final outcome.

K. C.

You might try the remedy that you mention for superfluous hair. We are quite willing to recommend any of the products that are featured in our advertising columns. Most people find electrolysis the real solution to a growth of hair upon the face, however.

A. D. F., CAL.

If you have had a misunderstanding with a boy that you are really fond of, I think that you should write to him and explain the circumstances—telling him that you are sorry and that you hope the friendship may be renewed. If he is worthy of your high regard I am sure that he will understand—and will meet your advances in the right spirit.

"SCOTTY," JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

Shampoo your bobbed hair often, and treat it with a tonic for oily hair—this will keep it fluffy and free of dandruff. A henna shampoo will encourage the tint of red, and will have a nourishing effect upon the roots of the hair.

R. J. P., MANSFIELD, OHIO.

When you are sixteen it will be time enough to think of using cosmetics extensively. A dust of powder, now—if you wish. In the shade Rachel, as you are a brunette. Being only fourteen, why not bob your hair and wear it straight, in the charming, boyish fashion that is so popular at present? Bangs are very smart, too—especially for a girl with a high forehead. You are not at all overweight. In fact ninety-four pounds is a very small weight for a girl who is five feet tall.



## "I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well.

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. I knew your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work.

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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

Occupation.....  
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

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Guard against further decay. Stop the ache. Treat cavity regularly with Dent's Toothache Gum. It does four things for bad teeth.



## DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

1. Stops toothache instantly.
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Contains no creosote or harmful ingredients. Does not spill or dry up like liquids. At all druggists' 25c, or by mail upon receipt of price. Made for 35 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.





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Our guarantee states that tuition will be refunded to you if, upon graduation, position is not obtained, paying at least \$110 per mo. and expenses.

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Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-61, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

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### "Don't Shout"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." The MORLEY PHONE for the **DEAF** is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over 100,000 sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 789, 26 S. 15th St. Phila.

# Pimples

Your skin can be quickly cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A FREE CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years. \$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. **E. S. GIVENS, 140 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

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So simple a child can play—by numbers instead of notes. **"FUN"** at parties entertainments, etc. **SEND NO MONEY.** Only your name and address. When FLUTA arrives, pay postman only \$2.75. We pay postage. **PUBLIC TRADING CO.**  
404 4th Ave. Dept. 61, New York City  
**FREE ~ 15 SONGS!**

L. E., CHICAGO, ILL.

A party dress for a girl with hazel eyes, medium brown hair and a fair complexion? Why not a chiffon frock in the popular Lavin green, made with a full skirt and wee, quaintly puffed sleeves?

A girdle of soft silver ribbon, held in place with a knot of pale yellow roses, as a finishing touch.

Your skin is probably rough because you use powder and rouge without first applying vanishing cream.

If you will send me an addressed envelope I will give you the names of some reliable brands.

JUNE W., ALBANY, N. Y.

As you are a brunette I should like you in an evening frock of tangerine, with touches of royal blue in the girdle and, if possible, in the slippers, stockings and fan. Made fairly long, and of georgette crepe.

A tissue building cream, used regularly, will be pretty certain to make your arms noticeably plumper.

EDWYTHE W., GREENPORT, L. I.

Your weight is just about right. Don't worry until you are too heavy.

With blonde bobbed hair and blue eyes you will look stunning in a dance frock made of cornflower georgette crepe, trimmed with silver ribbons and wee pastel shaded flowers. Or in shell pink and periwinkle georgette crepe, in combination. Trimmed with flowers in a darker shade of pink.

Wash your face carefully with a good facial soap, and always use a night cream before retiring. Ice massages will be of vast benefit to you.

RUTH, BALTIMORE, MD.

Don't try to disguise the greenish glint in your eyes. Green eyes are charming—many of the most attractive women in history have possessed them. With medium brown hair and the aforementioned eyes you will look your best in jade and Nile green, sea blue, midnight blue, orchid, periwinkle, dark brown and silver grey. Do not try to diet—one hundred and thirty-five pounds is not too much for a girl of your height to weigh. Five feet six inches is tall, but not too tall. Do not worry so much about your size—dress to suit your type and everything will be fine.

If you do not like perfume and jewelry I should not advise you wear it. If you do you will be going against your personality—and that is always a silly thing to do.

VIVIAN DIX, TORONTO, CANADA.

Here are the answers to your five questions—given in order. First of all, the matter of eyelashes. If you will read through the advertising columns you will see that PHOTOPLAY recommends certain creams that promote the growth of the lashes. Plain white vaseline is also beneficial.

The second and third questions are not quite so simple. I can assure you that a brunette usually photographs better than a blonde—especially in front of the motion picture camera. But I cannot tell you whether a girl should or should not be an actress without knowing something definite about her talents, her disposition, her appearance and her limitations.

The fourth question—when should a young girl do up her hair? Sixteen or seventeen is a good age—but again appearances and circumstance have a great deal to do with the matter.

And, last of all. Don't worry because you are shy and inclined to blush. From your other questions I judge that you are quite young—and shyness is a part of extreme youth.

A very charming part, and men who really count will not think less of you because you are shy.

# 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; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

**ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES,** 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Richard Barthelme Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Allen Holubar Productions, Union League Bldg., Third and Hill Streets, Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

John M. Stahl Productions, Mayer Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 6 West 48th Street, New York City.

Louis Mayer Productions, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

**EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION,** 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT),** 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

**FOX FILM CORPORATION,** (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

**GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION,** 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. Marshall Neilan, Maurice Tourneur, King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.

International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

**W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION,** 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**MASTODON FILMS, INC.,** C. C. Burr, 135 West 44th Street, New York City; (s) Glendale, Long Island.

**METRO PICTURES CORPORATION,** 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City. Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif. Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

**PATHE EXCHANGE,** Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City; (Associated Exhibitors). Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Ruth Roland Serials, United Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

**PREFERRED PICTURES,** 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

**PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION,** 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

**R-C PICTURES CORPORATION,** 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

**ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY,** 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

**UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION,** 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Whitman Bennett Productions, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, New York.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

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

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

Charles Ray Productions, 1428 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mack Sennet Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

**UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY,** 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

**VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,** (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

**WARNER BROTHERS,** 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.



## 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 "Manslaughter." 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 showing of such a picture. It can only teach cruelty of the most hateful kind.

C. R. BERKEFELD.

### 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 willing 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

SCOTT'S PREPARATIONS, Inc., 251 West 19th St., New York

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.

Get your supply today!

# Mineralava

## THE BEAUTY CLAY

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK  
Distributor







How do you picture the woman you would like to be? Do you think of her as a happy wife—a happy mother?

## 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-cake 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."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 506 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 506 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

### 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 clear hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.





Edward Curtis Studio

# New Pictures

**T**HE storm center of Hollywood is now making her second American production. Appolonia Chalupcz, 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





Strauss-Peyton Studio

**C**LAIRE 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





Hesser

**A**NDREE 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





Gene Kornman

**J**OBYNA 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





Pach Bros.

**S**INCE 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





Hesser

**L**OIS 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





Pach Bros.

**P**AULINE GARON has been termed "the perfect flapper." A French-Canadian, Pauline first sought fame on the stage. Leads opposite Dick Barthelmess 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.*

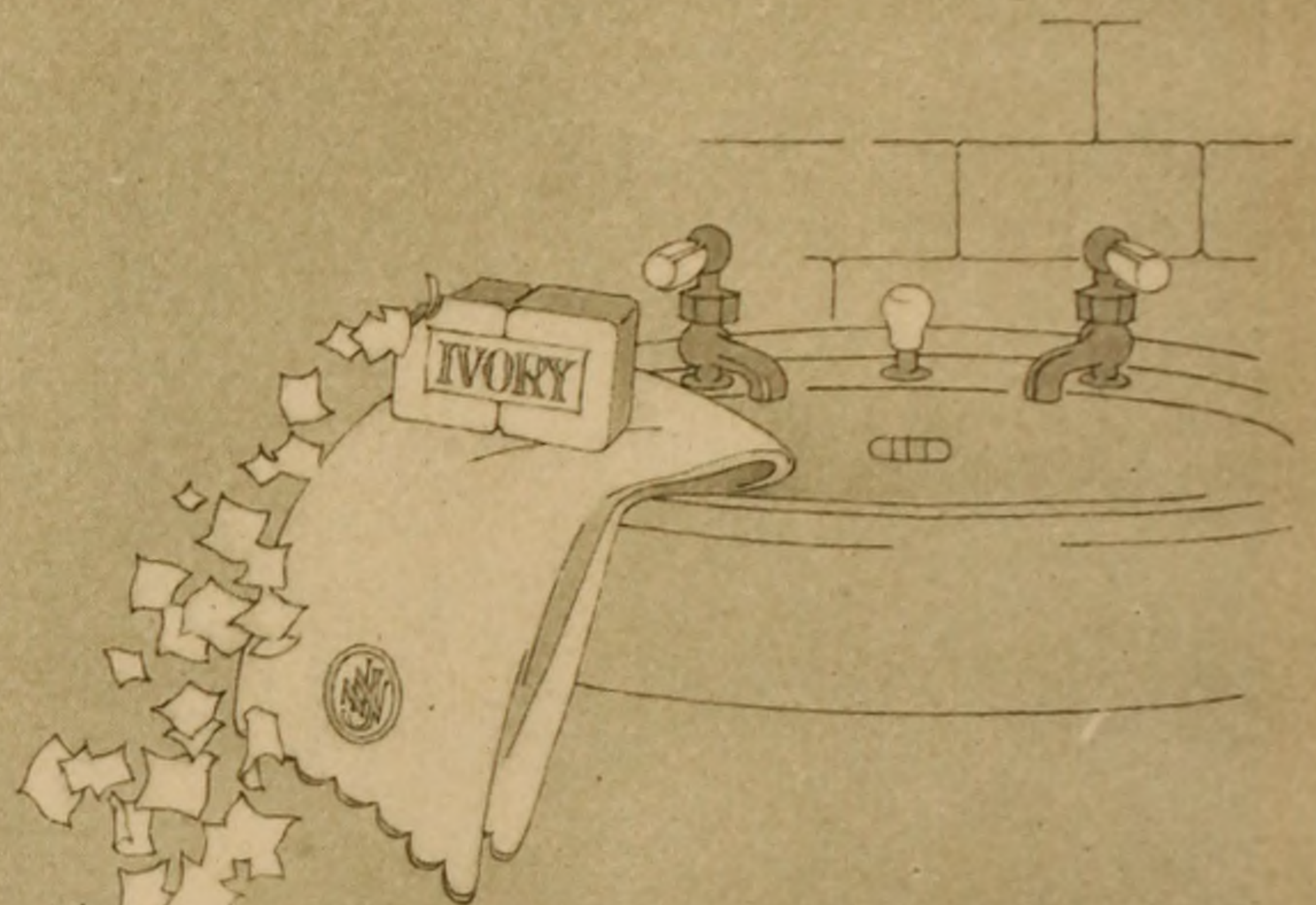
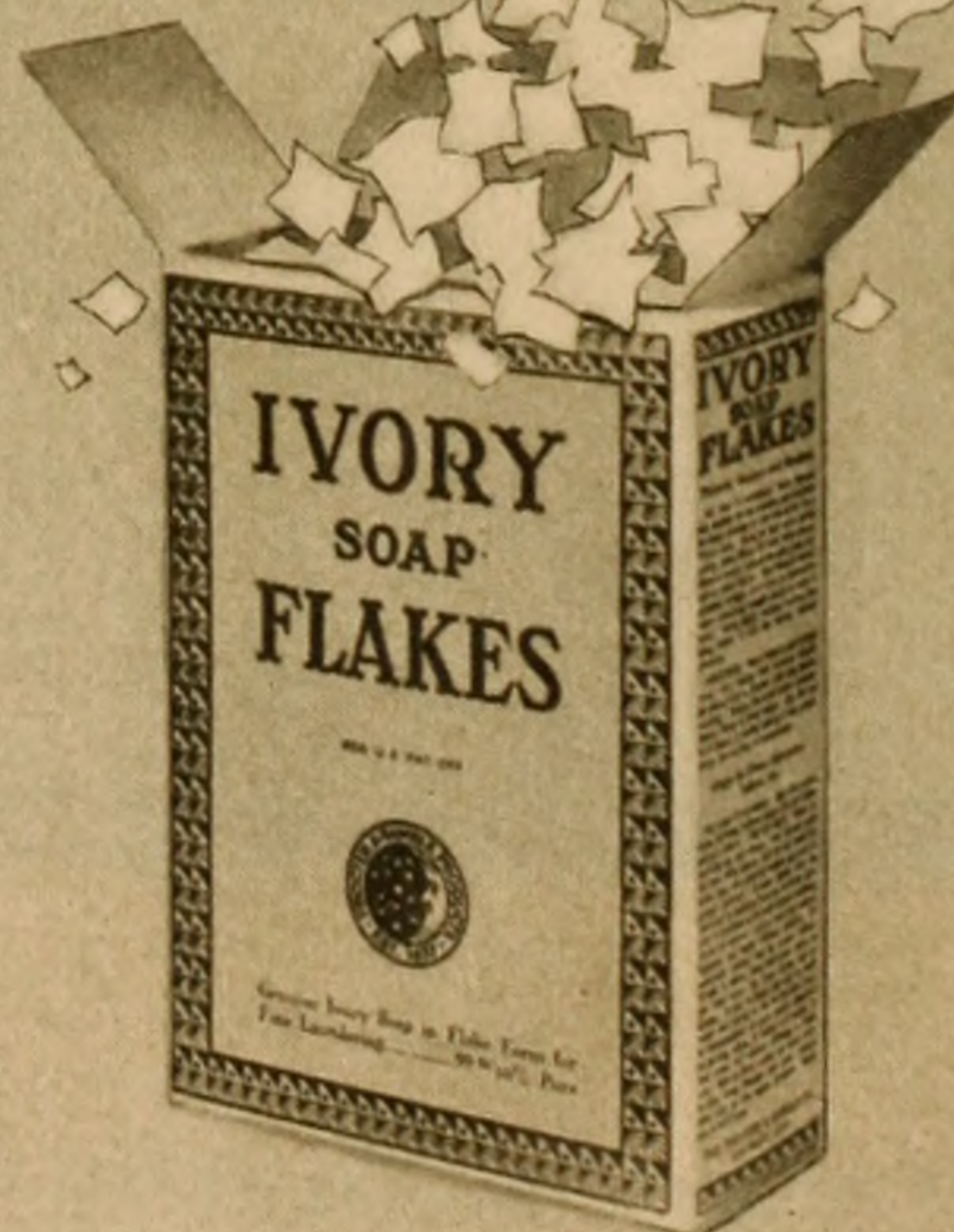
PROCTER & GAMBLE

## 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 Section 45-FF, 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.)*



# 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 every once 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 likker 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.

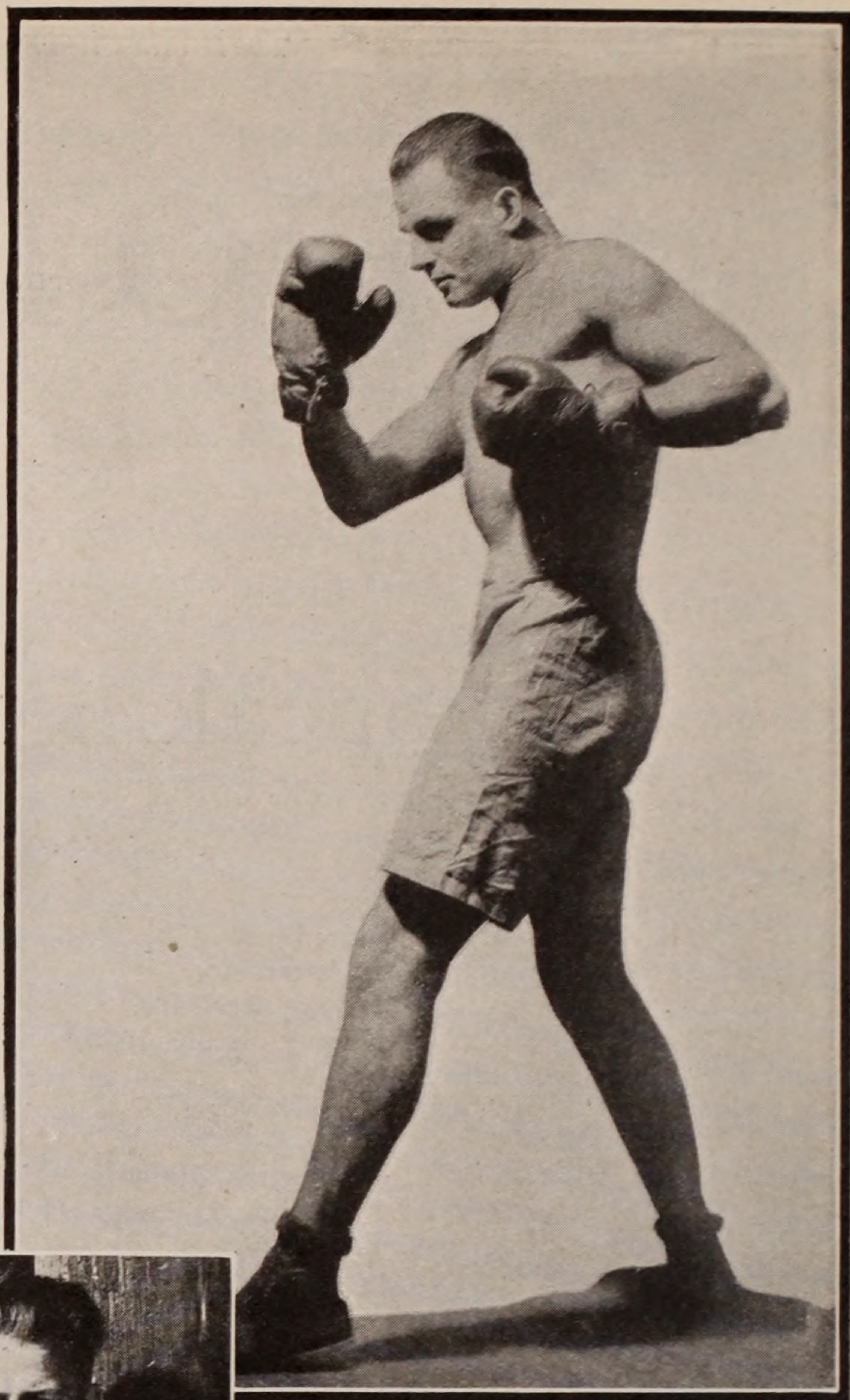
AFTER all, word of mouth advertising is the greatest force of all. Take St. Cloud, Minn., for instance. Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last" went into the theater there one Saturday night. In spite of unusual advertising it got no more than an average attendance that night, but by Sunday afternoon everyone in 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.





*From leads in high comedy behind the footlights to success as a mimic-pugilist in the films is a long step—but Denny made it*



*Denny hit success recently in "The Leather Pusher" series. Oddly, as a boy, he almost took up prize fighting as a profession*

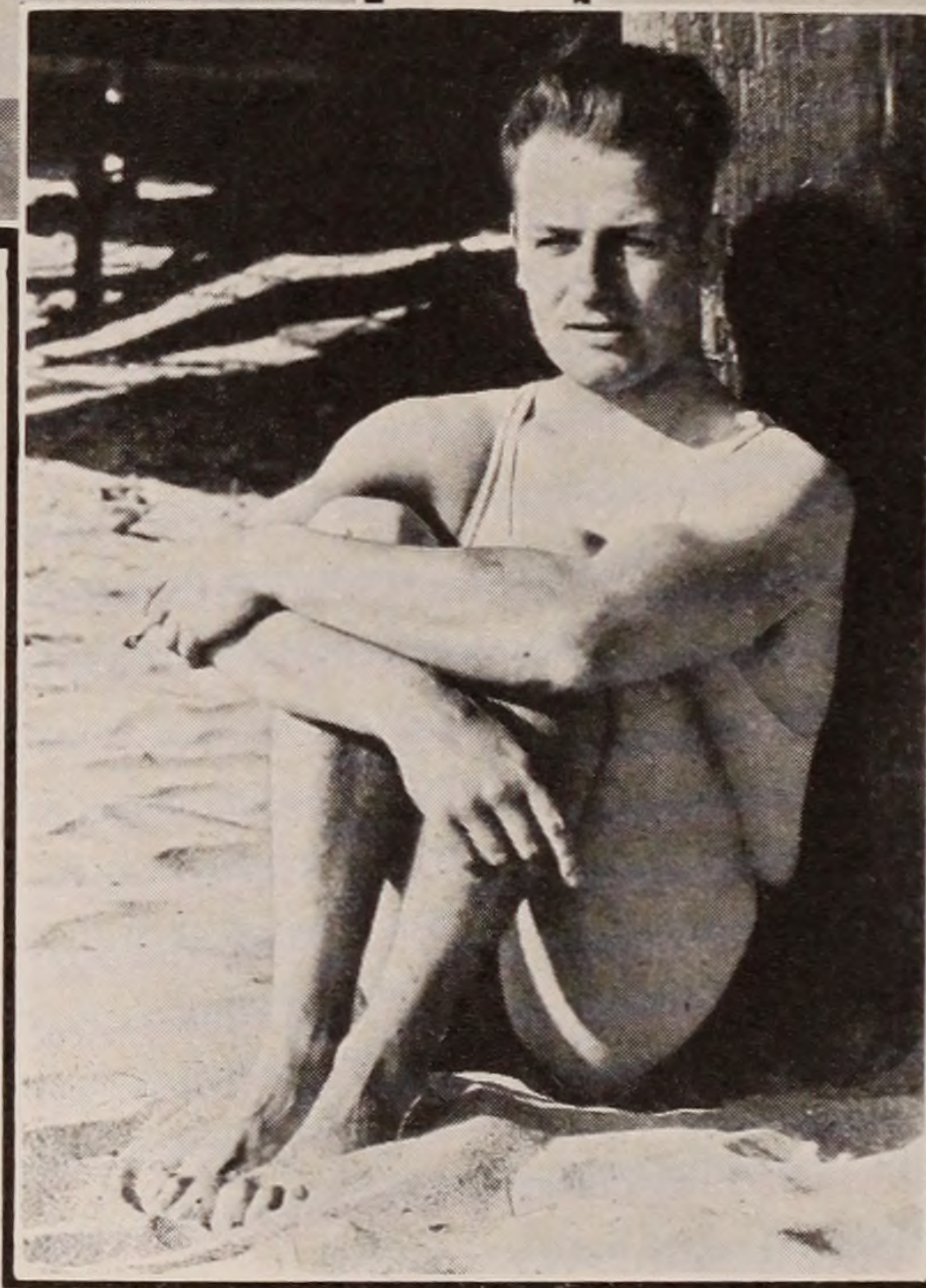
## His name is "Reggie"

**I**S 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 stepped 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



*"Reggie" is six feet tall and possesses a physique second to none on the silver sheet. He holds a lot of swimming, as well as boxing, titles*

## But he packs a Wallop

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 rôles 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

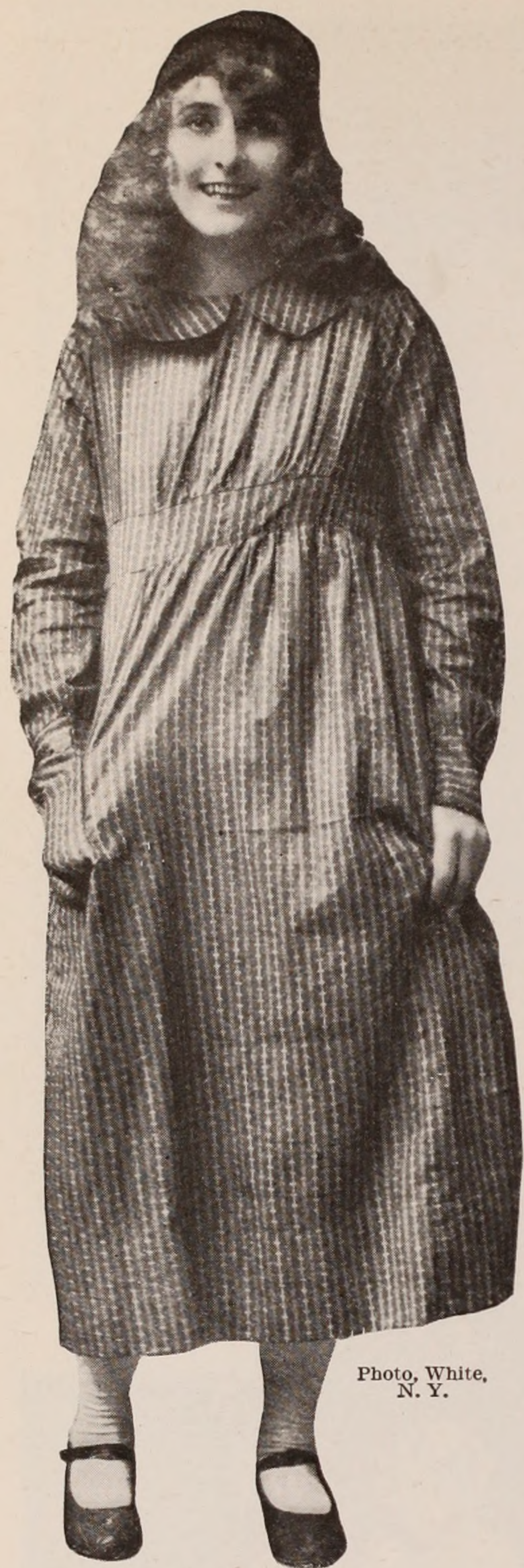
somebody who does not love me. I am going solely in the hope of finding peace. I have looked everywhere for happiness except in the one place it is to be found—within myself."

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





Photo, White,  
N. Y.



*Climbing up from sordid poverty with hands that were literally bruised, Pearl White becomes a dazzling and unique world figure. Then, suddenly confessing her failure to attain happiness, she quit the world for months of solitude in an Alpine convent. At the left, Pearl in her stock company days*

chain as an anklet, who sent a duke rushing through the Parish night for a piece of jazz music, Pearl White whose beauty, candor and sparkling wit have been toasted in champagne by statesmen and by *bon vivants*—Pearl of revelry seeking the peace of Alpine cloisters, where days of reverie flow quietly into twilight vespers, among the little grey nuns.

Skeptics smiled and shook their heads.

Some said, "She loves the gallant young Duke of Vallambrosa,—or is ambitious to be the duchess,—but he does not love her, and the church could not sanction the marriage."

Others declared that her health had been impaired. She had lived too feverishly, and life made too many claims on her vitality.

But the majority here in America dismissed it all as a gesture of publicity.

The Parisian public, however, was not so sure. All these motives had been imputed to another actress, the brilliant Lavalliere.

Lavalliere suddenly quit the haunts of the Bois and the boulevards after the war to enter a mountain convent.

She has never returned.

All the clues to her motive have merged into mystery.

Some say they have seen her, in the veils of a nun, high up on Montmartre in the shadow of the *Sacre Coeur*, distributing sweet cakes to the poor.

But no one really knows where Lavalliere seeks her soul . . .

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 evening. 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 sordid 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 cafe 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 108]





Above, Craig Biddle, Jr., meets his idol, Betty Compson. Right, Biddle is turned down like many another extra by the dean of casting men, Lou Goodstadt



By Craig Biddle, Jr.

# The Millionaire

## Extra Man's Story

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 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]



Craig Biddle, Jr., is one of the studio hot dog man's best patrons. Craig says the dogs taste as good as anything at the Ritz



# 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."

*When jungle elephants wear their ears at this angle, they are mad—and mad clear through. You can well imagine the anger of these two, when confronted with the thought that little Osa Johnson is going to spoil their whole afternoon with a queer little rifle*

*Mrs. Johnson can grind a motion picture camera with the best of them. Right here the Chief of Someplace-or-Other in East Africa has marshalled up his royal palace guard to be enmeshed in celluloid*

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 wifely 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 mule 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 ingenue 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 waterholes 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 wellbred 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 indelicate 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



*Osa Johnson says women are the same the world over. "They considered me more curious and interesting than I found them," she says. "They tried to be wellbred and polite and they didn't laugh at me when they thought I could see them"*

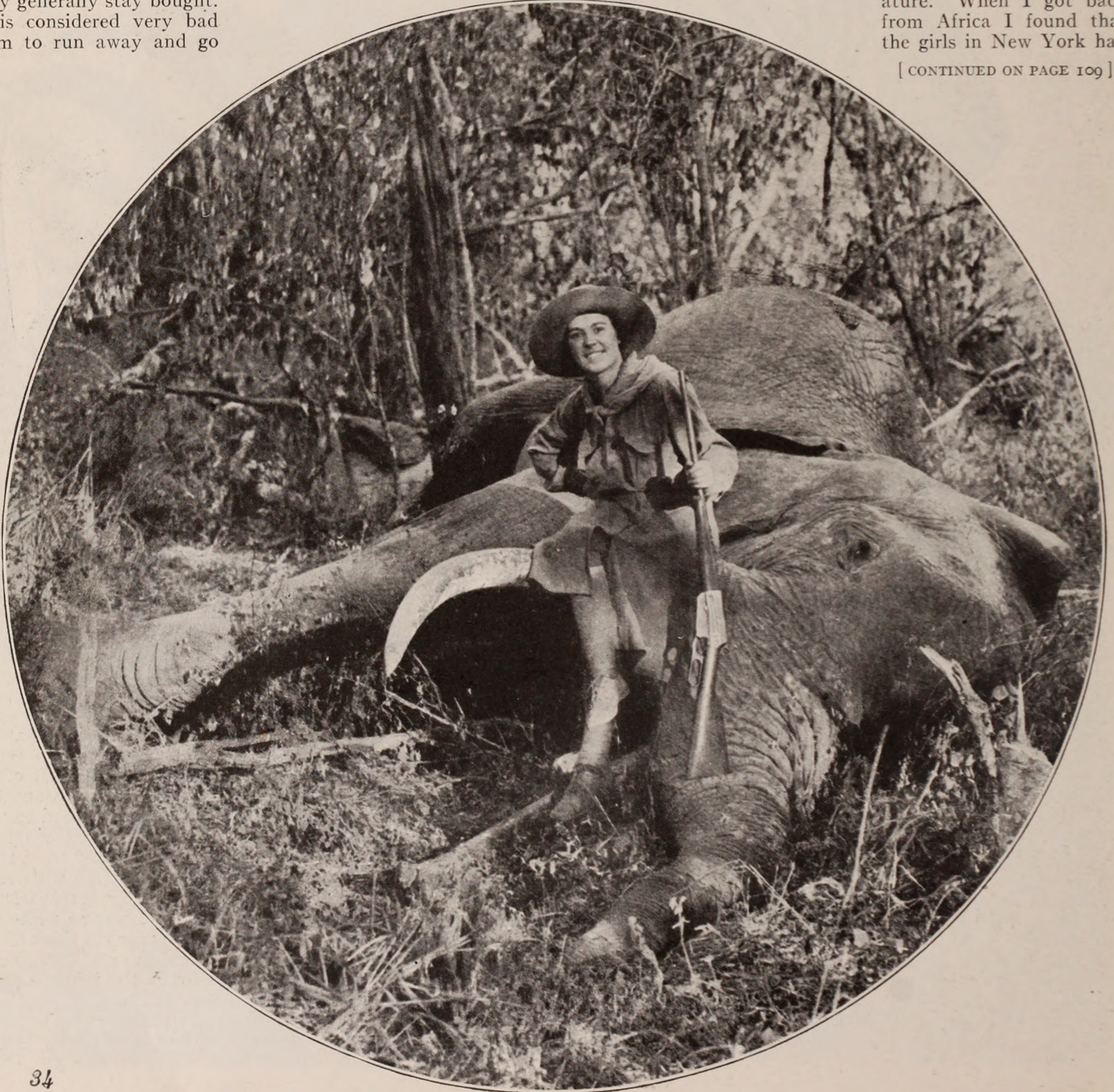
*Martin Johnson taught his wife to fire her rifle at a hundred yards. They simply had to hit the target, particularly as a rhino, for instance, can cover this distance in ten seconds flat. An elephant can do one hundred yards almost as quickly. Mrs. Johnson got this one at less than fifty yards*

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

**A**LMOND-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 joyousness 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!



"My oldest brother went to China and he saw me in a picture," says Miss Wong. "He wrote mama to take me out quick. But I'm keeping right on"





Alice Terry

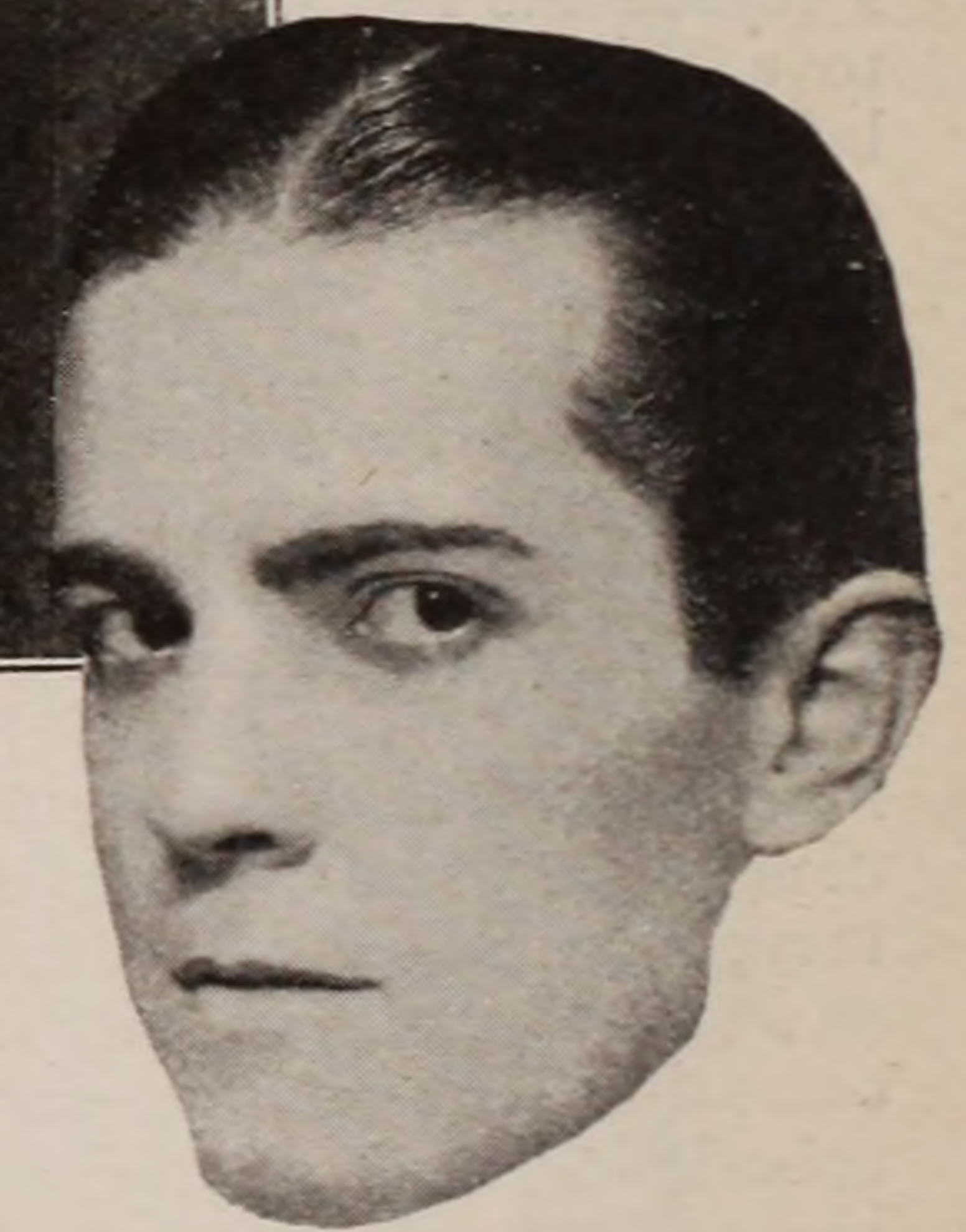
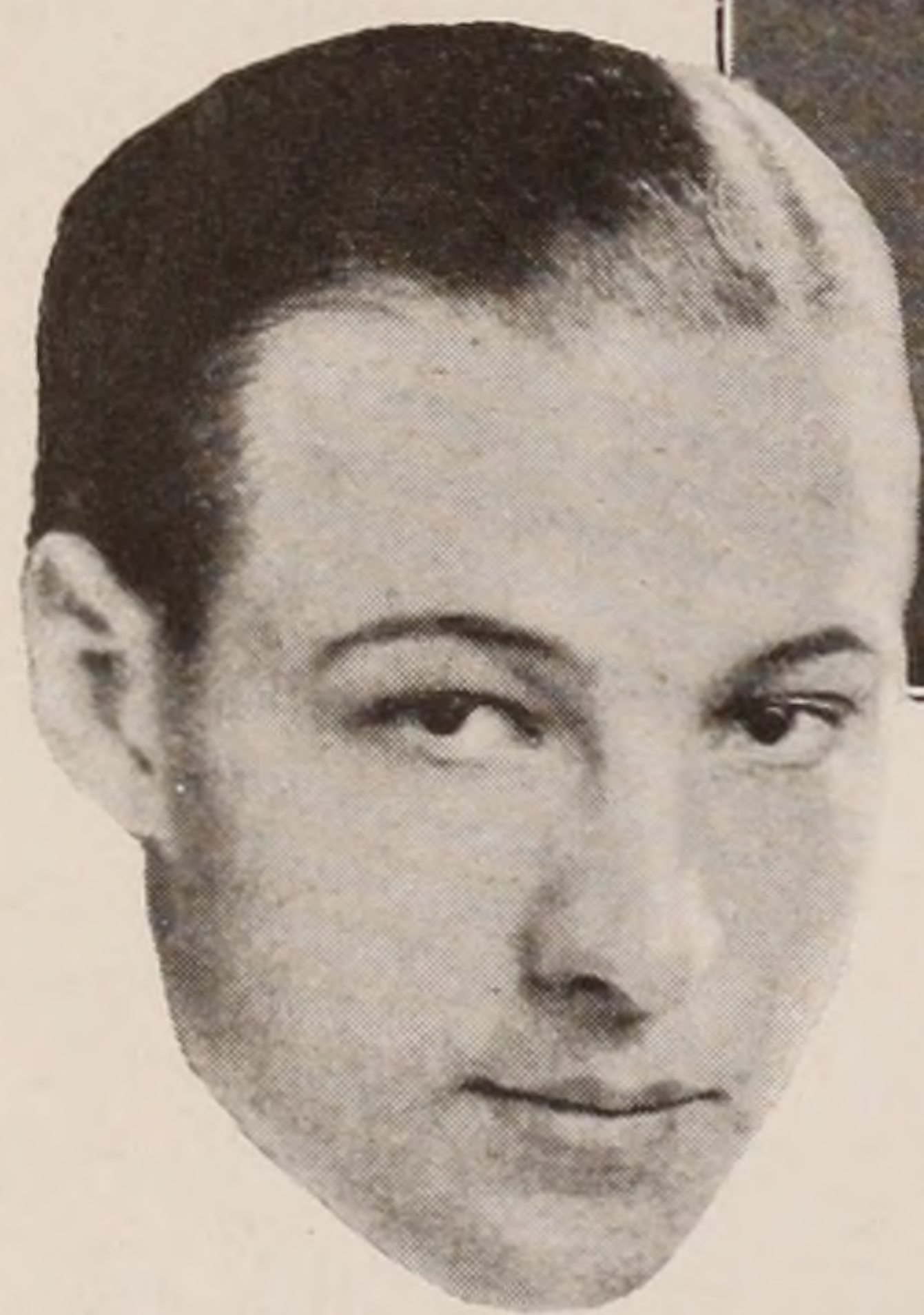


Barbara La Marr



Rodolph Valentino

Ramon Novarro



## REX INGRAM DISCOVERER FROM IRELAND

**H**IMSELF 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;

Ringling 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 bansheed 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 maltreated 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.



# How I Discover Them

By Rex Ingram

**D**ISCOVERING 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 glowered, 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 rôles 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]

## Mr. Ingram Says:

You don't have to do any discovering—they do it for you!

Ten out of every hundred extras are potentially successful players; two or three are star material.

A little encouragement will make ninety-nine out of every hundred people do things on the screen that they did not believe themselves capable of doing.

I first noticed Rodolph Valentino on the Universal lot and was impressed by his personality—while directing him I discovered real dramatic ability and high aspirations.

Ramon Novarro is a truly great actor in the making.

While I was dining in a restaurant one day in walked *Zareda*—the chief character of my story—in the person of Barbara La Marr . . . Soon after she was earning a thousand a week and approaching stardom.



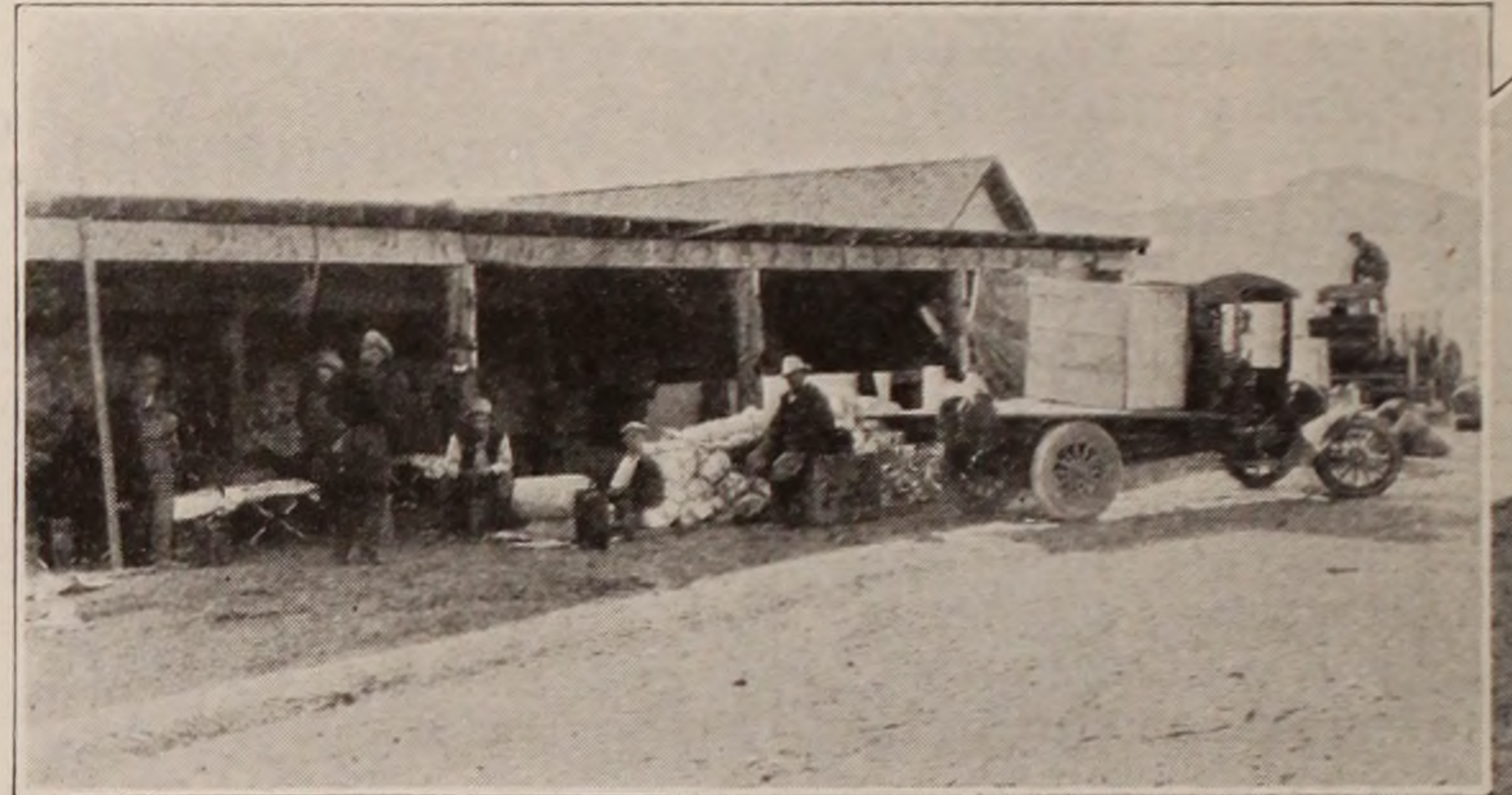
*Edith Allen, discovered by Mr. Ingram in the cabaret at the Boardwalk. Miss Allen, then a hat check girl at a Chicago hotel, first found by William Bustar, was placed in a cabaret in that city*





*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

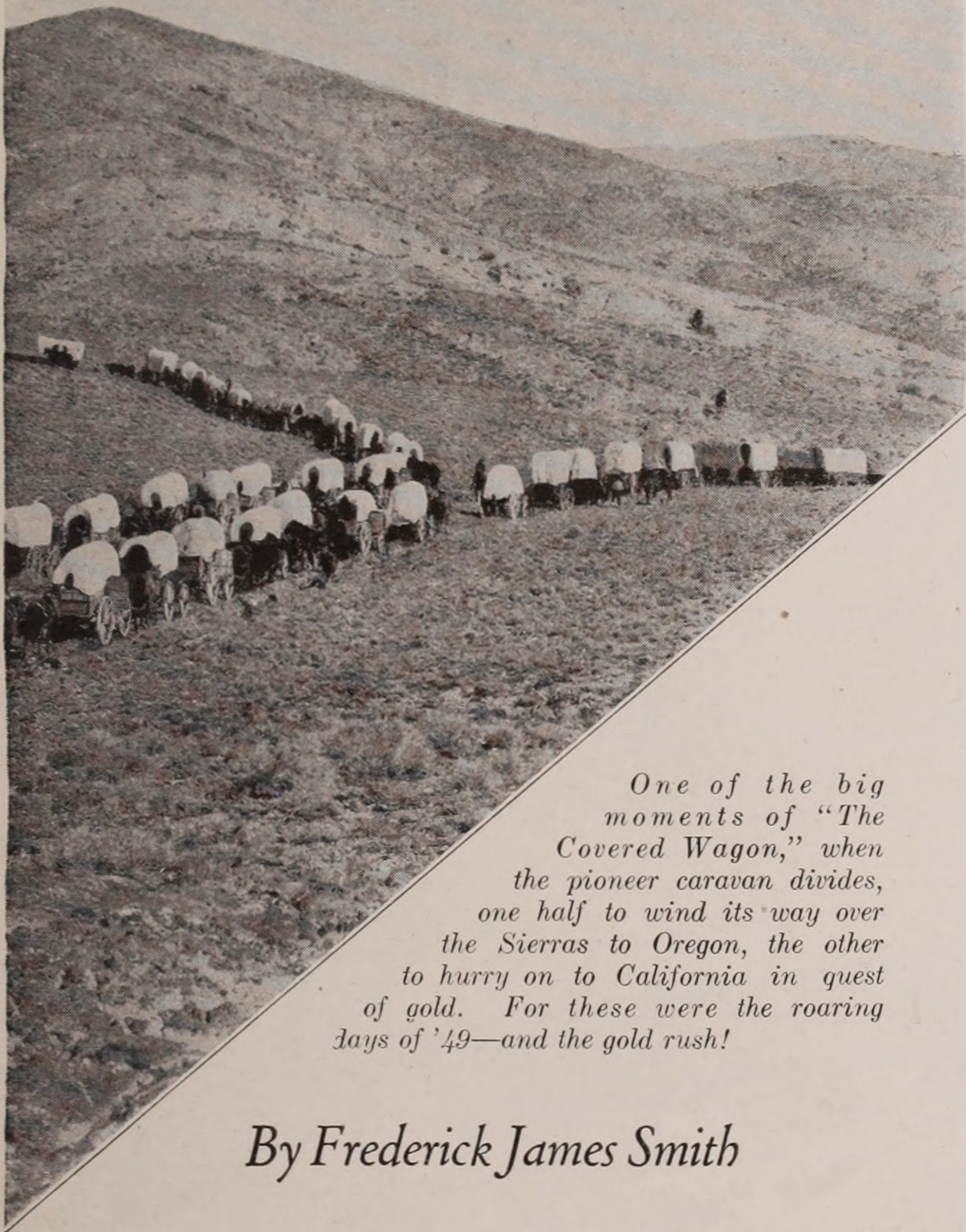
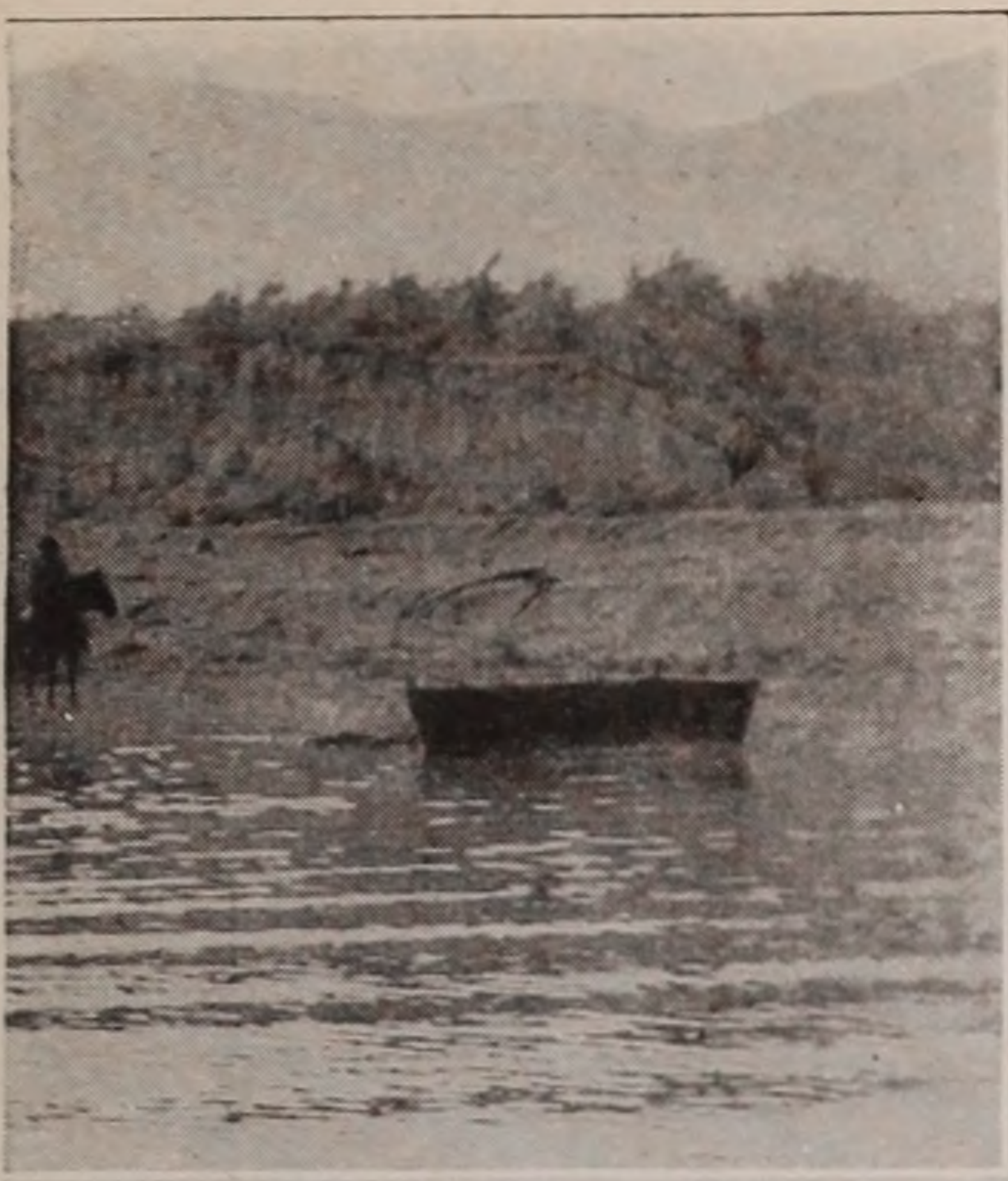


*The commissary department*

*Director James Cruze debating whether or not Lois Wilson's lips are on straight. Miss Wilson is the heroine of "The Covered Wagon"*







*One of the big moments of "The Covered Wagon," when the pioneer caravan divides, one half to wind its way over the Sierras to Oregon, the other to hurry on to California in quest of gold. For these were the roaring days of '49—and the gold rush!*

*By Frederick James Smith*

**H**OW—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

*Director James Cruze borrowed 750 real redskins for "The Covered Wagon." One of the chiefs, from a Nevada reservation, is shown at the top. The buffalo hunt (above), utilizing a herd of 350 buffalo, was staged on Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake*

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 cheek 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.”





The romantic figures of Lillian Gish as Henriette and Joseph Schildkraut as the Chevalier in "Orphans of the Storm" inspired two young dancers to create the dance of Henriette and the Chevalier at the Boardwalk cafe, a nocturnal resort of New York

# STEPPING OUT

## WITH THE MOVIE CROWD IN HOLLYWOOD & NEW YORK

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,

By Herbert Howe

Drawings by

Everett Shinn





Here's intellect! The Writers' club of Hollywood claims both Beauty and Brains, as witness this choice selection: Florence Vidor, Jane Murfin, owner of Strongheart, and Frank R. Adams, who must be getting a great idea for a love story from looking at Florence



So this is Montmartre!—the one and only night resort in all riotous Hollywood. The diversions are dancing and guessing which young man will be lured by Connie Talmadge during the evening



'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."

"Glad to meet you, Countess Itch," 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 Rudie 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-

Texas Guinan, breezy star of western thrillers, has been the official hostess for the eastern cinemese this season. She gave the dramatic Valentino party, which inaugurated a series of motion picture nights at the King Cole club in the Knickerbocker

Even a clodhopper from one of Charles Ray's small towns could dance like Nijinsky when Paul Whiteman's music trips out jazzily at the Rendez-vous. And it's a liberal study in geography to see Gilda Grey demonstrate the quivering beauty of the far South Seas



one had been wearing an Ingersoll he would have been detected instantly.

Then feverish excitement, Texas delirious and begging someone to bring her pet horse, which was down in Waco, Tex., and declaring bitterly that if a mocking bird had her brains it would fly backwards.

But the evening was saved by the superb *savoir faire* of Rodolph. And when he started to dance it wouldn't have mattered if the entire Y. W. C. A. had marched in and claimed him as husband.

It was while chatelaine of the Beaux Arts that Texas first drew the eastern filmers together,





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, Rubye 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 Beaux 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



*Everybody lunches at Levy's on the Boulevard. This scene features Marie Prevost, supported by Albert Roscoe and Kenneth Harlan. Alice Terry in background*

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-curved 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 Ritz, Nora Bayes was asked to sing one of her famous old ballads.







*Irene Castle has been dancing and presenting cups in Coconut Grove of the Hotel Ambassador. One night here Charlie Chaplin was startled to find himself entirely surrounded by such familiar faces as those of Mildred Harris, Mae Collins, Claire Windsor, Lila Lee and Edna Purviance—at adjacent tables, of course*

© C. W. Beam

"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 lunching 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 Rubye de Remer. Rubye, 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 Rubye's manse 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. Rubye 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 on 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,

a little movie theater and a cha-teau, where you can bowl downstairs and have supper above. Returning to the Stewart home toward midnight with Anita and her brother George, we were invited to loot the kitchen and pantry, while Anita stripped off a quart of platinum and diamonds, dropped them in a tin cup, rolled up her lace sleeves and fried the best ham and eggs you could get this side the old farm. Somebody ought to tell Anita that she's a great star—but, then, she wouldn't



*The Club Royale on the road that leads from Hollywood to the sea. Patronized chiefly by younger set. They say Kenneth Harlan proposed to Marie Prevost on the dance floor, but we couldn't hear on account of the music*



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 debts of the films



*The electric center of jeweled Broadway where everyone steps lively within and without. The Palais Royal supplies an alluring jazz accompaniment that magnetizes crowds*



*The sheik and his wives are mural features of the Rendez-vous, also Will Rogers, Peggy Hopkins and a hundred other stars of both the silent and the talkative dramas*

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.

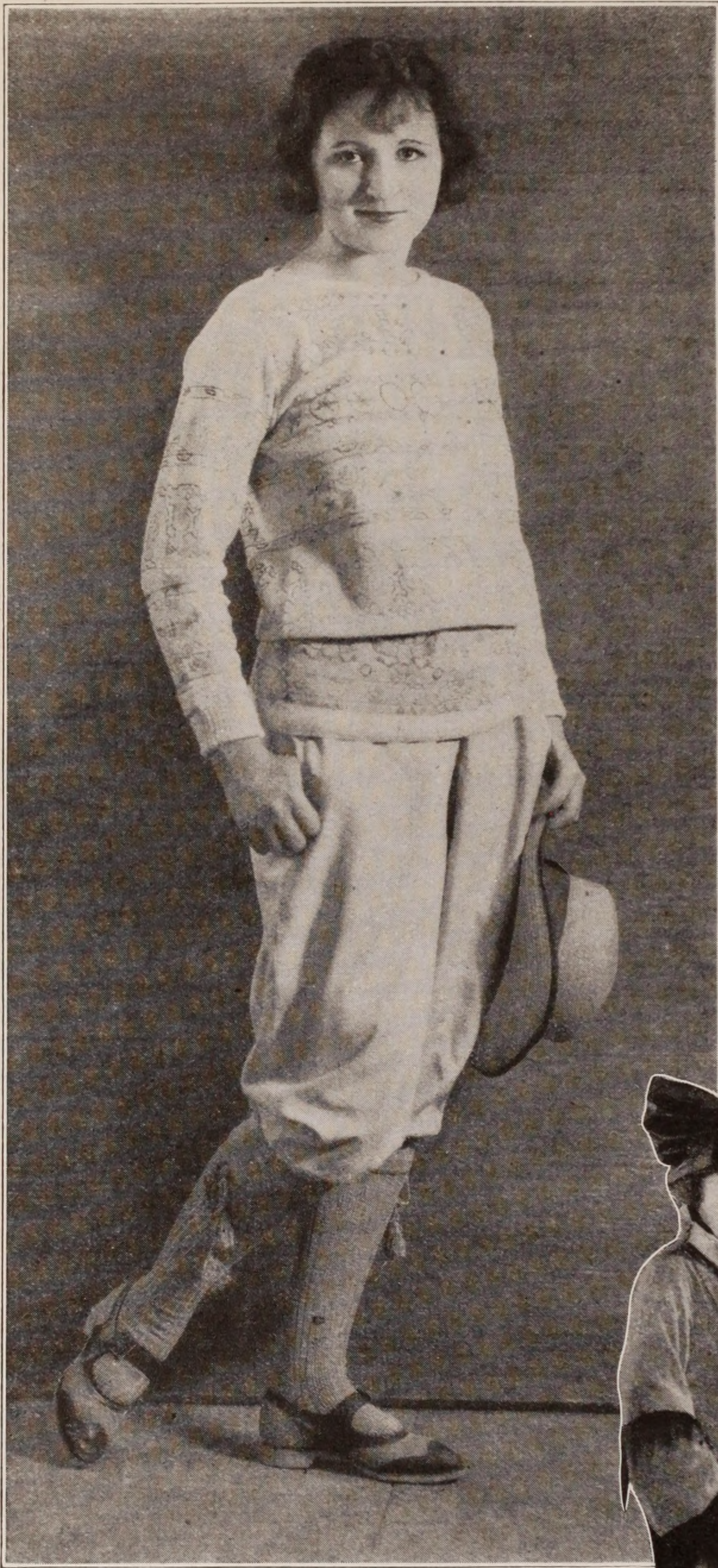
Then there are the races—ah those races! Longchamp is shabby in comparison. The dames in their fashions would stir the heart of Alfonso as it was never stirred at Deauville, although I fear the gals would be too haughty to suit his majesty.

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]





# Handkerchief Anklets, Pongees, Taffetas and Silks



*Julia 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 Compson 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 bow of taffeta*

Photo Keyes



# Play Their Parts in the Smart Summer Wardrobe



The handkerchief scarf and the handkerchief anklet make their appearance simultaneously. The first slightly south of Betty Compson'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 Compson's face, in the intriguing shadow of it, is flower-like!



# The Studio Secret

By  
Frederic Arnold  
Kummer

*A feeling of recklessness filled her, an anger, brought on by Margot Gresham's mocking eyes. With her spirit suddenly released from conventional bonds she moved as though spring itself had crept into her blood. It was a daring thing to do, but something in Miss Gresham's manner had whipped Joy's Irish blood to passionate fury*



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

## 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!



A fascinating  
new  
serial of love,  
mystery  
and intrigue in  
Hollywood

Illustrated by  
James Montgomery  
Flagg



## Chapter IX

**D**ISQUIETING 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 the gay laughter in his eyes, and wondered that anyone could be so vividly, so joyously alive. His whole personality seemed to vibrate virile, exuberant youth; it gripped her keenly, poignantly, 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-leaves in his hair, 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 him 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 habits or morals of 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 everyone else. But to get back 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. Personally I try to 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 sufficiently 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 bath. Some job, too, believe me, jollyng the drunks that rolled in night after night. There was one bird by the name of Salomon used to show up every Saturday 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 him to swim. 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 he brought in, a producer. Well, to make a long story short, I finally 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"—he drew out a gold and platinum cigarette case and regarded it reflectively—"well, I've got ahead considerably, 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. She 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 up at him, her eyes dangerously bright.

"Well," he laughed back, "I *was* thinking of it. 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 Margot Gresham would think, could she have seen her *fiance* 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 primitive methods.

## Bits of Life from this Story

"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."

"Twenty million would make any woman handsome."

"A man's *fiancee*, nowadays, can scarcely expect him to go about wearing blinders. We've outgrown that stage."

"Women in love are as jealous as tigers—all of them—and as cruel."





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*"Here's a picture of the other most attractive woman I know," Romain said. "Margot Gresham." A tiny locket lay open in his outstretched palm. At that moment a white-coated waiter 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 vamp you—steal you away from the woman you love"*

them—even if they *are* married, or about to be. Don't you?"

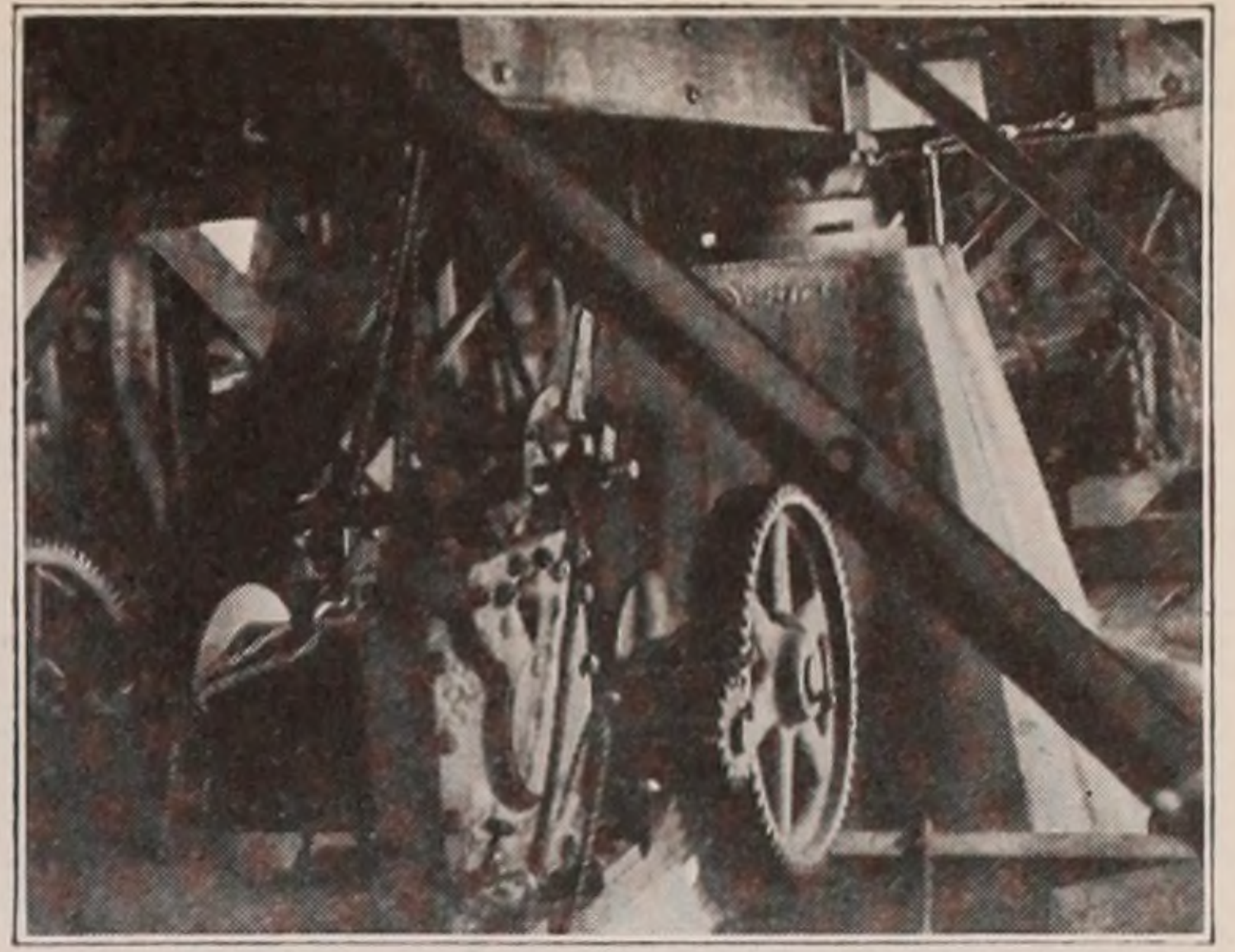
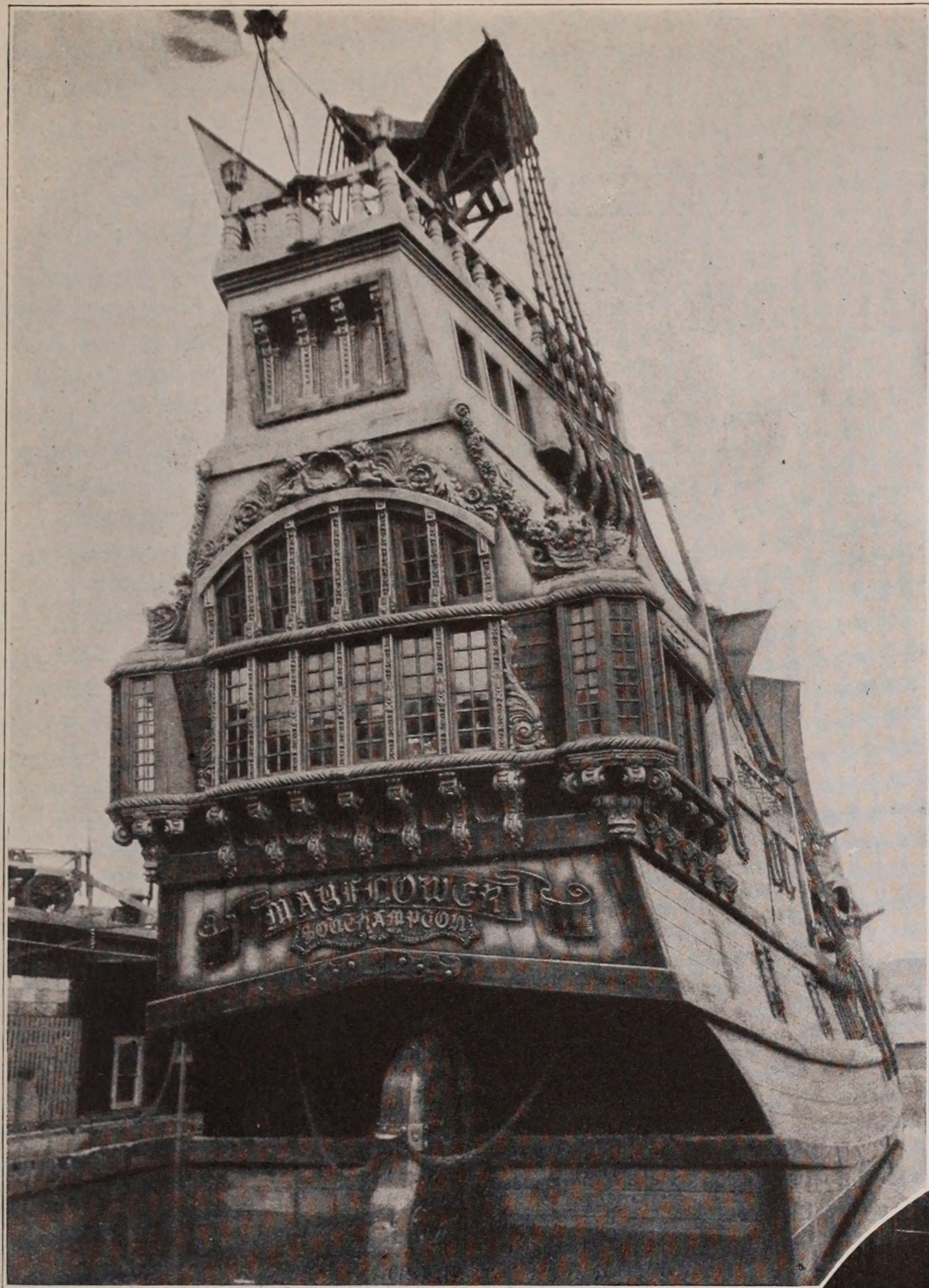
"Why, yes," Joy agreed, puzzled.

"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 something 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 weakling, 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 Gresham, had been just one vivid thrill after another, a sort of glorified epitome of wine, women and song. It seemed incredible. What a vulture gossip was, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]

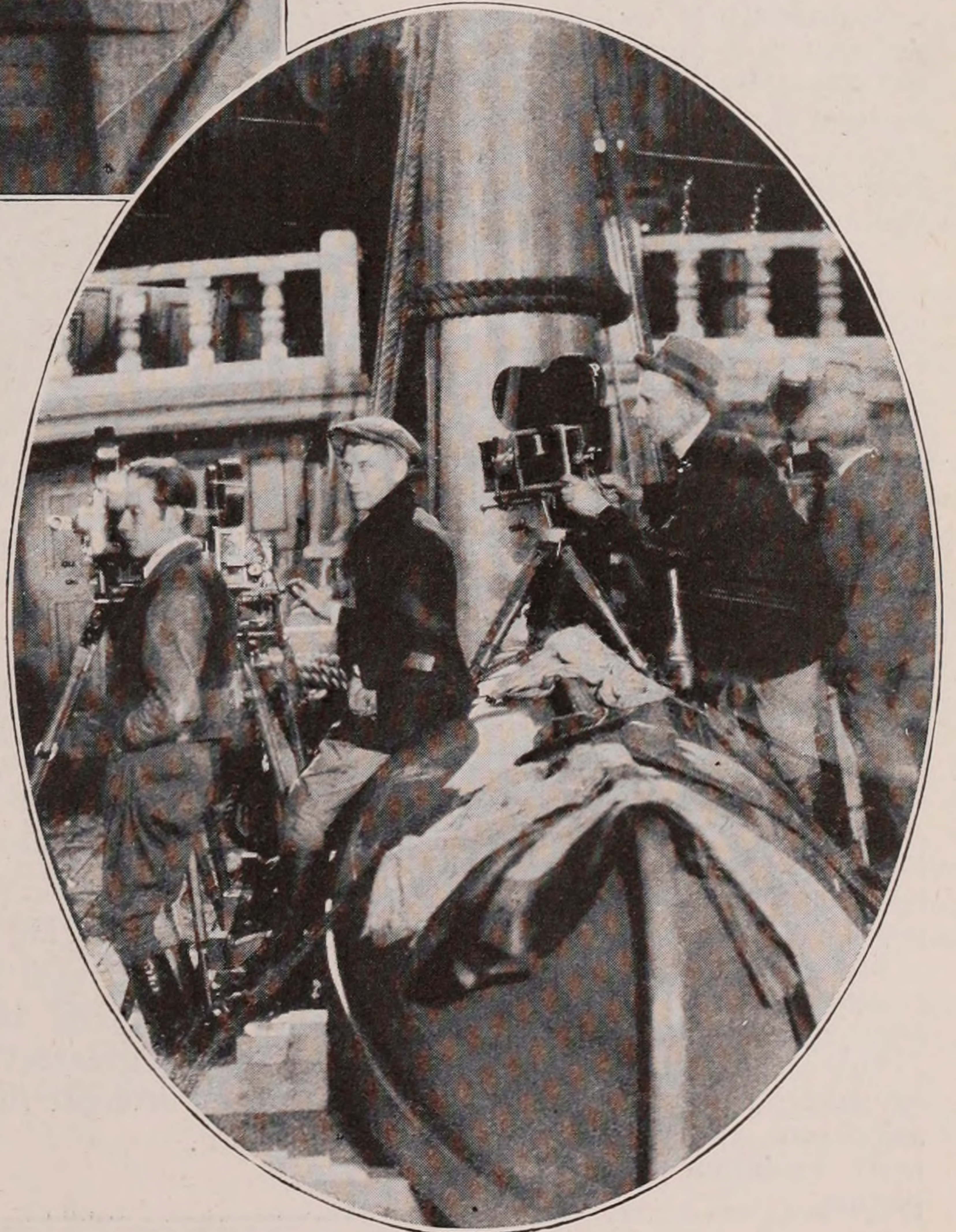
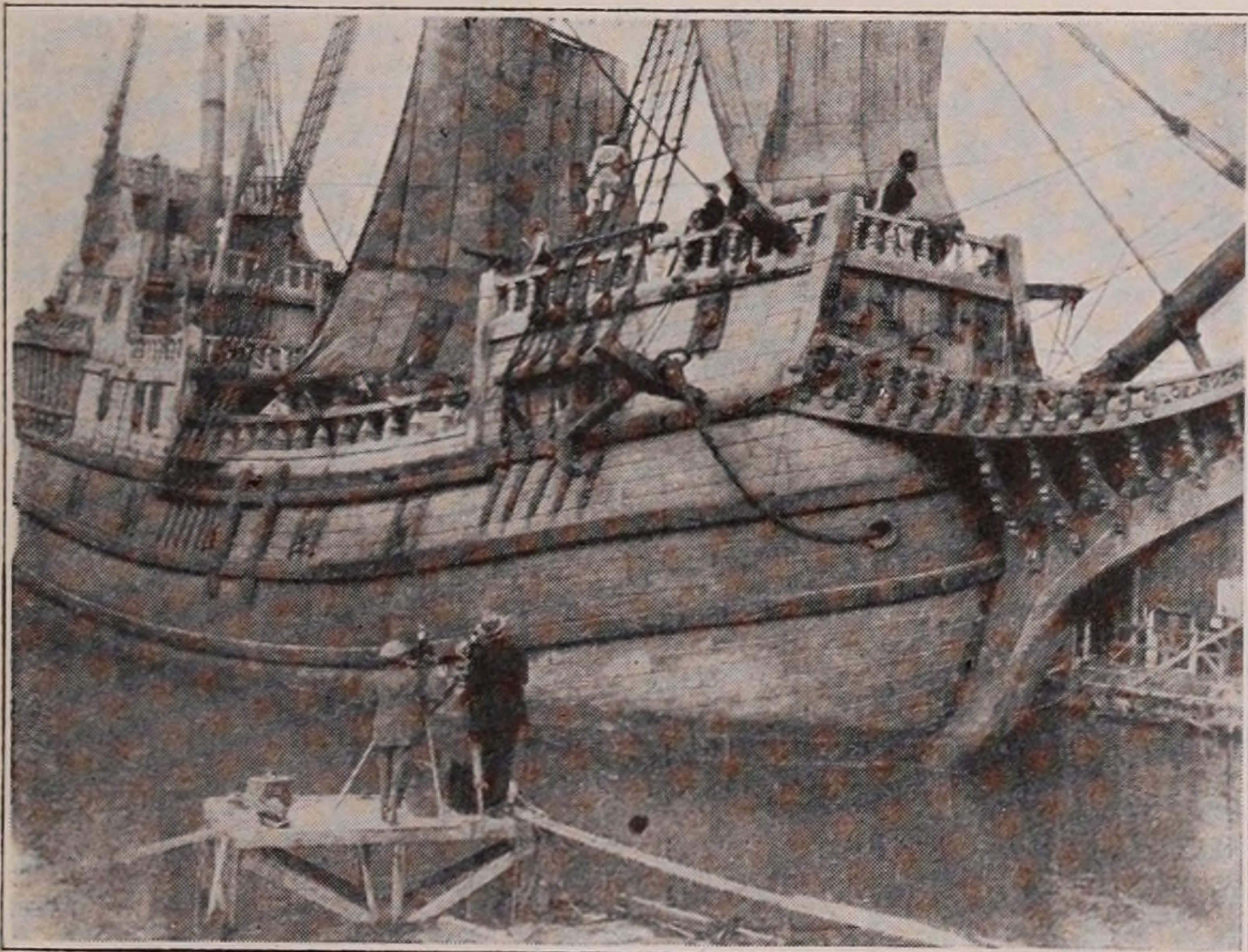




## The Puritans Arrive in Hollywood

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.

*At the right are cameramen photographing night storm scenes on the decks of the historic craft*

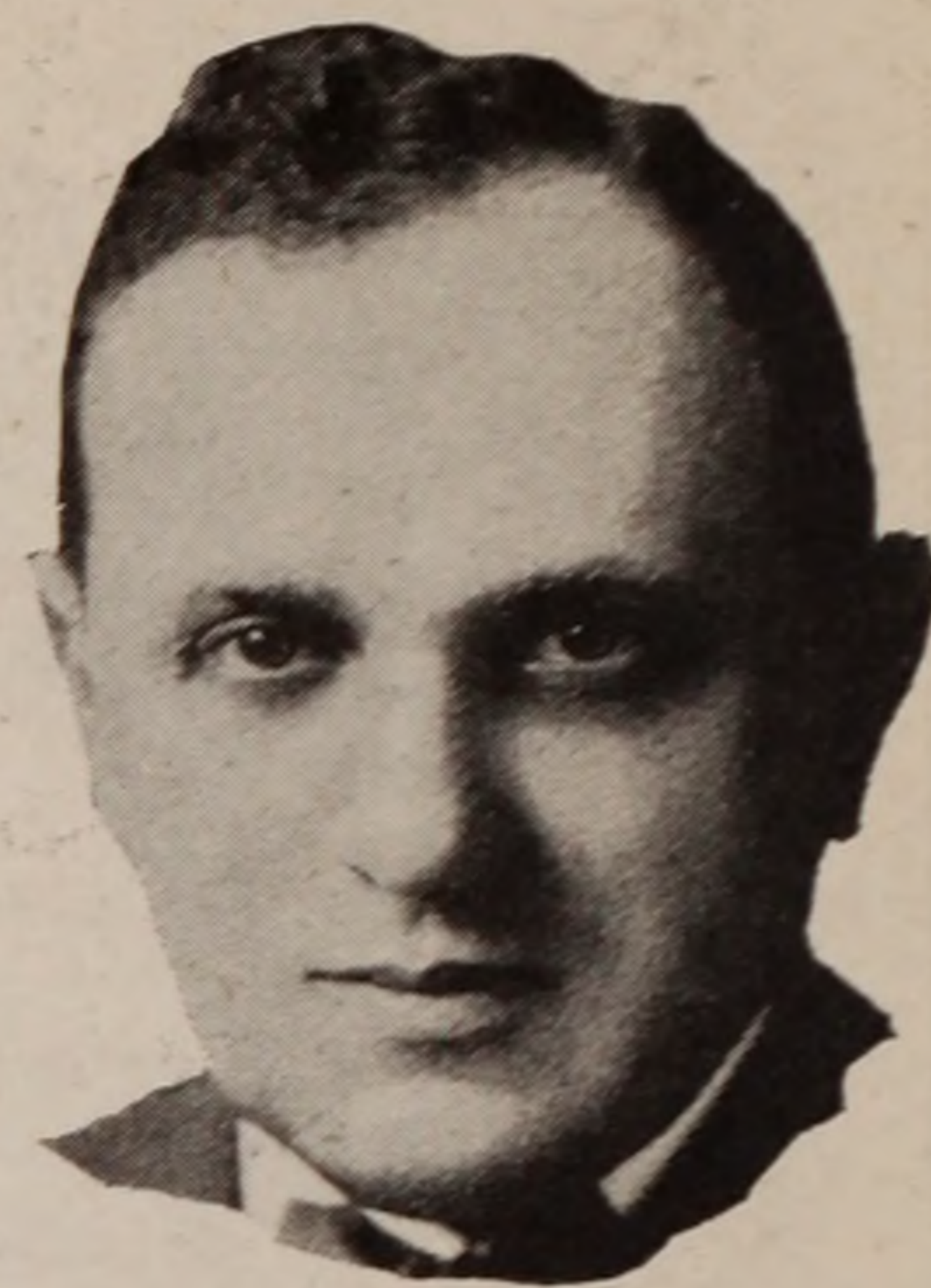






Number Ten Fifth Avenue, New York, where the great peace of the patent war was signed—then the offices of Thomas A. Edison

# The Romantic History of the Motion Picture



S. L. Rothafel, the creator of modern picture presentation

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."

"Right 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 eons 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 Stanner E. V. Taylor on the staff of Biograph solely to handle stories, and Frank Woods 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

By Terry Ramsaye

### Read here of the days of 1908

D. W. GRIFFITH dared to prophesy that he would see the day when motion pictures would be playing right on Broadway!

THE SHOW DOWN in that "fifteen million dollar poker game," the Edison-Biograph war, which ended in the great "trust," The Motion Picture Patents Company.

THE RACE TRACK GAMBLING LAW that made Adam Kessel, a book-maker, into a millionaire and started the career that brought forth Keystone Comedies, Charles Chaplin, and Triangle.

A DISH OF HOT DOGS and a cold stein that sent Samuel L. Rothafel on the trail that made him the world's greatest exhibitor—the man that brought the screen to Broadway.





© 1922, Geo. Kleine

The great Peace dinner of the Motion Picture Patents Company, taken at Edison's library, December 19, 1908. Among those in the group are: (1) Wm. F. Rock, (2) Geo. K. Spoor, (6) L. Lubin, (7) J. J. Kennedy, (9) J. Stuart Blackton, (12) Thos. A. Edison, (13) W. N. Selig, (14) Geo. Kleine

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



### How Mary Pickford got her first job

Millions of words have been written about her, yet no one has ever told that story. It might happen to a hundred girls seeking work in studios today. Mr. Ramsaye tells the real story next month. Also the almost pitiful beginnings of many others whose names now shine in brightest lights.

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]



# C L O S E - U P S

## & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Decorations by JOHN HELD, Jr.

**T**HE 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 huzzahs 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 Barthelmess bounded on. To *Cheng Huan*, poet Celestial of "Broken Blossoms" we thrummed the lute and offered 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's 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 unspoiled, 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 egocentric—not yet self-centered. He receives criticism intelligently and praise with gratitude. His enthronement 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.



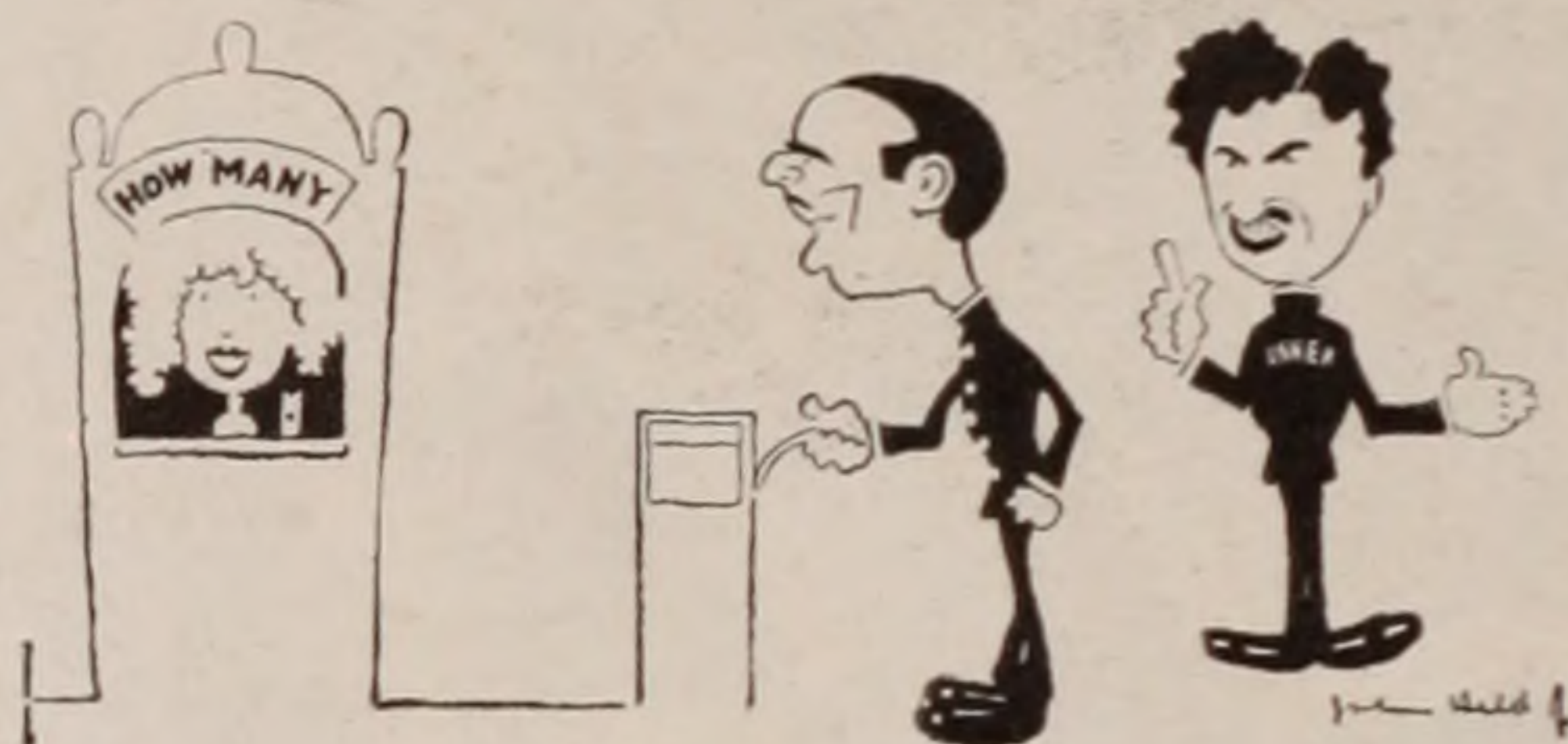
**Books For Young Married Couples:** Dr. C. A. Rutherford has written a book telling about his ill-fated marital romance with Pauline Frederick. This suggests a corking idea. If all the husbands of each movie star would do likewise, whata literature! For instance, what would be more suitable for a wedding gift to a young couple than the complete works of Barbara La Marr's husbands? There's a library for you!

**Our Favorite Literature:** The raging question as to what ten books you would take with you to a desert island led some one to ask us what ten movie players we would take. We replied without hesitation: Mabel Normand.



**Movie Dumbbells:** We hear that there are no brains in the movies. Look at Mary, 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 sumptuous wares. Now I ask you, Abie—and you

too, Mawruss,—if that isn't a producer-to-consumer bizness what is? To cut down expenses still further Mary might sell tickets, Douglas usher and Charlie act as greeter at the door, taking care of troublesome infants when called upon and making such changes as are necessary. That's about the only further suggestion we can offer. But this borders on monopoly. If these dumbbell players keep on they'll crowd out all the old clothes men who have made the bizness what it is today. And then what will happen to Art, Mawruss?



**Mack Sennett's Pied Plot:** Mack Sennett wrote the story of "Suzanna," a picture of early California life, of missions, priests and Mabel Normand. It's lucky that there were windows for people to peak through in those days; if there hadn't been, the plot would have escaped. Knowing Mack as the great im-

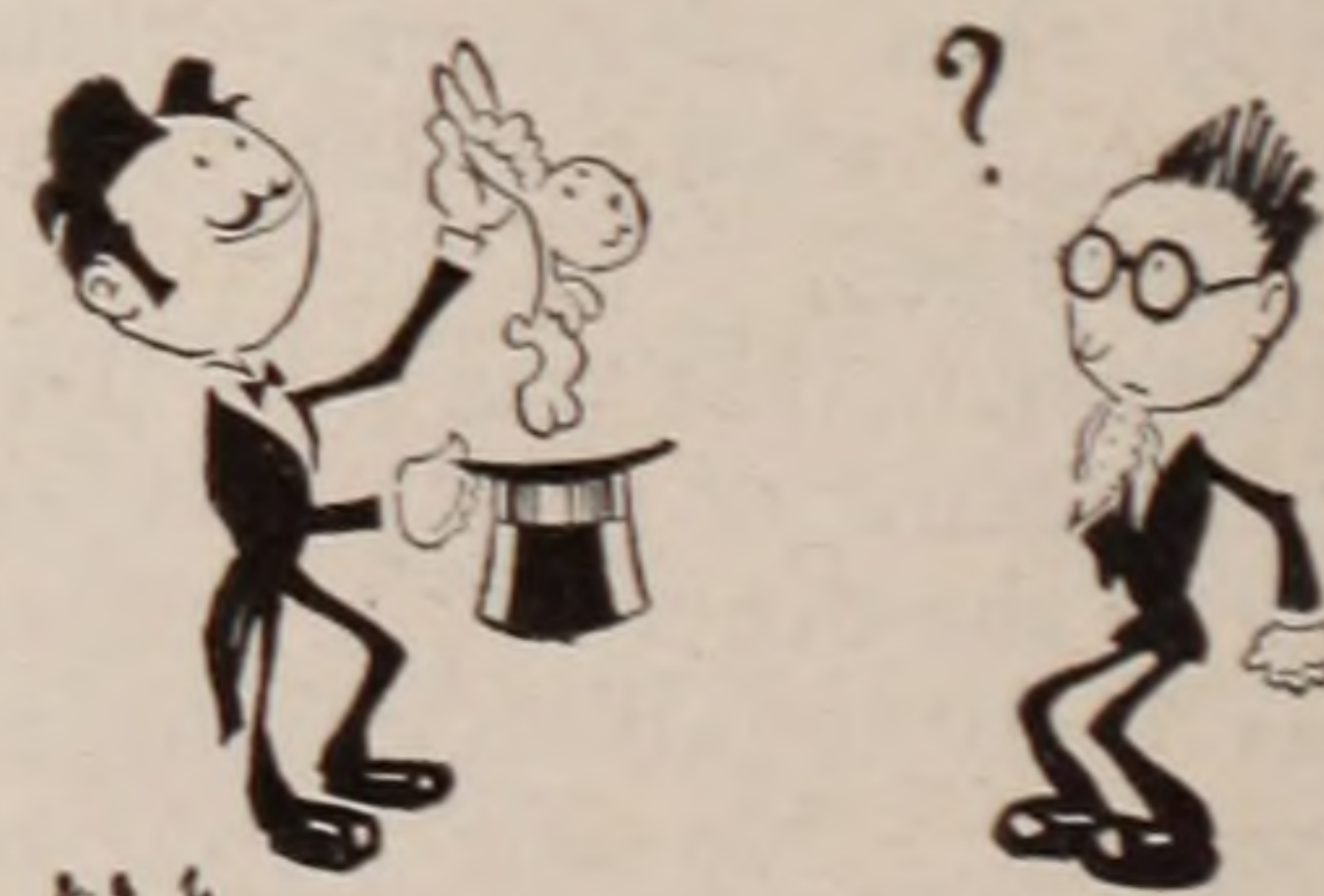
presario of pies I expected the usual refreshment to come flying through the windows. But it never came. It was all plot, no pie, and we went away unsatisfied. Mack Sennett is a bag-panted Pierrot, a genius in burlesque, an impresario whose baton is the slapstick. As a dramatist, Mack, desist. In your hands the pie is mightier than the pen. Buy Mabel 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 dashing youth was recently lodged in a New York hoosgow on the charge of bigamy. Although he had started forth in life as a lowly 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.



**Read 'Em And Weep:** The latest movie manufacturers are the Warner brothers. They produce stories without reading them. Their art is legerdemain. For instance, they could put "Macbeth" in a hat and bring out "Peter Rabbit." They did the stunt with Norris' "Brass"—and it came out Warner Brothers' brass. They are hypnotists, too. In response to their call for subjects, F. Scott Fitzgerald stepped forward with "The Beautiful and Damned." They made a few passes at him and when he opened his eyes and looked at his story he thought he was Louise M. Alcott. No one can say the movies ain't an art. We hear that "Main Street" will soon come forth with marked civic improvements



**The Hollywood Dead:** William P. S. Earle is making an Egyptian story, "King Tutankhamen." Malcolm McGregor plays a prince, and Carmel Myers a dancing girl. We haven't heard yet who will play the royal remains. But it's an easy part to cast in Hollywood.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 99 ]

### Not a Discovery but a Prediction

Concerning The Star of "Where The Pavement Ends"



The Man From Mexico—

### SENOR RAMON NOVARRO

If he doesn't bring about the recognition of Mexico no one ever will.

Furthermore, I predict that Senor Novarro is next in succession to be enthroned Monarch of the American Screen.

*Vive Le Roi!*



# The Wildest Thing in Canada



Illustration by  
Ralph Barton

By  
Terry Ramsaye

**T**HE 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 t epee 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 whimperings, 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 Brinkley 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 headquarters 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.



*Ernest Torrence is the youngest of an Edinburgh, Scotland, family of fourteen and for twenty years he was a musical comedy comedian—yet today he's the most sinister scoundrel on the screen. At top, in a scene of "The Covered Wagon" with Tully Marshall and, at the right, as the heavy of "Tol'able David," his first hit, in which he gave the best individual performance of the year*



## 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. Mountaineer 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!"

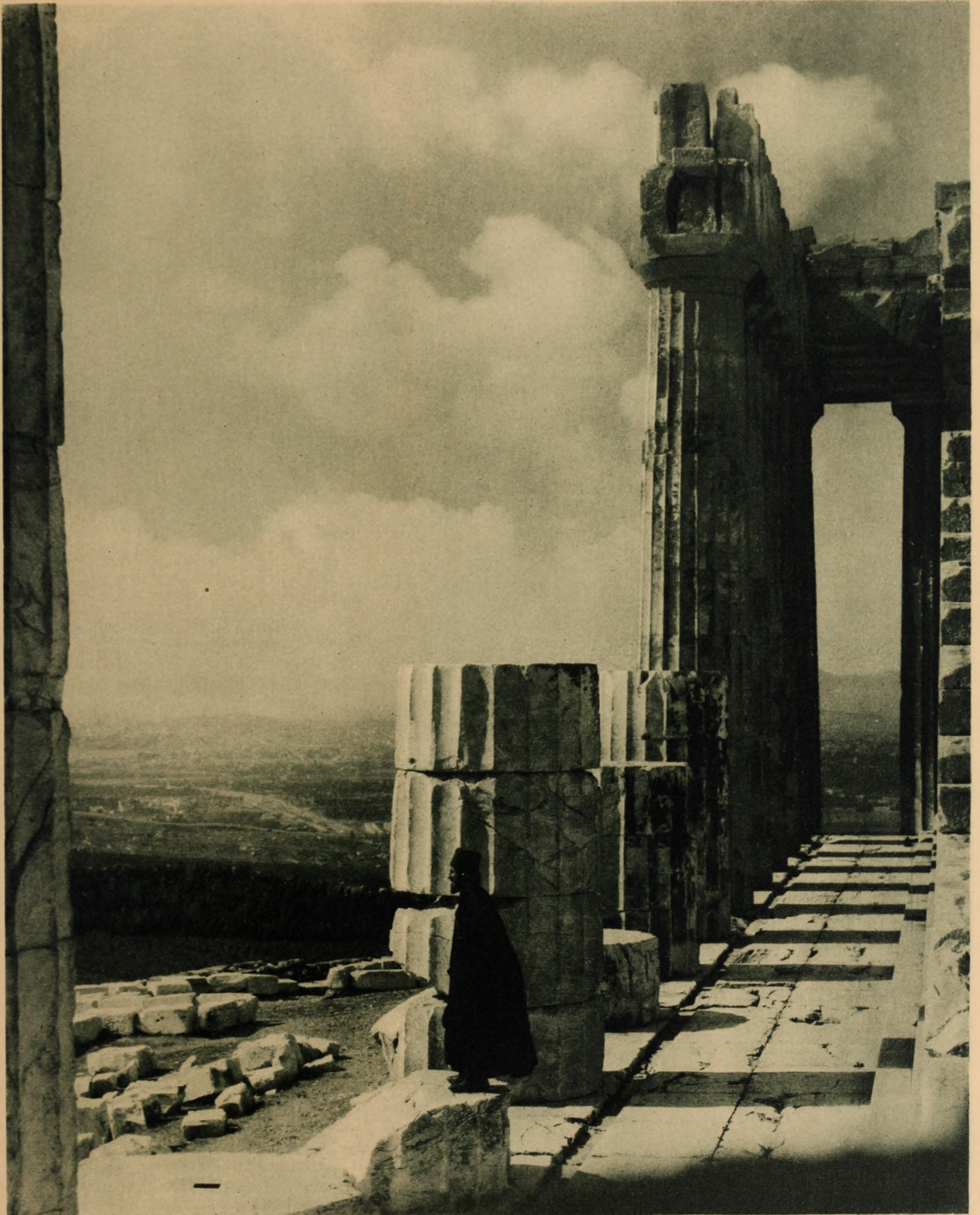
"You're a demon," said King.

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]





Courtesy Clyde E. Elliott, Post Pictures

## “The Glory That Was Greece”

**F**OUR and a half centuries before the birth of Christ the ancient Greeks erected this temple to Athena 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





Keyes

**C**ONWAY 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

**M**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."





Keyes

**R**ICHARD 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

**E**VELYN 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



Hoover





Gene Kornman

**T**HE 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

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

## 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 histrionically 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.

Worse yet, the hectic Robert Hichens novel, of the old fashioned *declassé* lady who fastens herself upon the young chap of great promise, is hopelessly *passé*. It is second rate fiction of ten years or so ago. It creaks.

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 jackal, slinking along the desert sky line in the final flash, 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 No-Man's-Land, and back again. At basis, 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 and striking screen pictures has led to faulty motivation of characters. Hence the big moments fall down emotionally.

You will like Lionel Barrymore's portrayal of the Russian prince who plays with life bitterly and ruthlessly. 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 grouchy old criminal lawyer. And the William de Mille adaptation is straightforward and intelligently worked out. A mystery crime play without violence to personnel 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 darn thing ticks. "Souls For Sale" was built for all the screen-struck Mertons of the world. Indeed, it wanders all over film-land, 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 at directorial desecration of their stories should see what Director Hughes does to Author Hughes' romance.

# \$5,000 In Cash PRIZES

**DON'T** miss the JULY issue of PHOTOPLAY. Go to your newsdealer now and tell him to save a copy for you, or you may miss out. There may not be an issue of PHOTOPLAY on the stands after the first week.

The editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have devised the most simple and fascinating motion picture puzzle contest that has ever been held in any American periodical. A top prize of \$1,000 and a score of others. Everyone has a chance. The idea is absolutely unique and you will not have to know the history of every star to work it out. It will be your own fault if you don't get your share.

## Order your JULY copy today



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures



**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.

## 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



**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 mache*.

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.



**ENEMIES OF WOMEN—Cosmopolitan**

THE novels of Vicente Blasco Ibanez make colorful screen material. Witness the celluloid adaptations of his "Blood and Sand" and "The Four Horsemen." Cosmopolitan approached this Ibanez 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 dissolute abandon. Lionel Barrymore gives an admirable performance of the titled worshipper at the shrine of folly.



# 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"

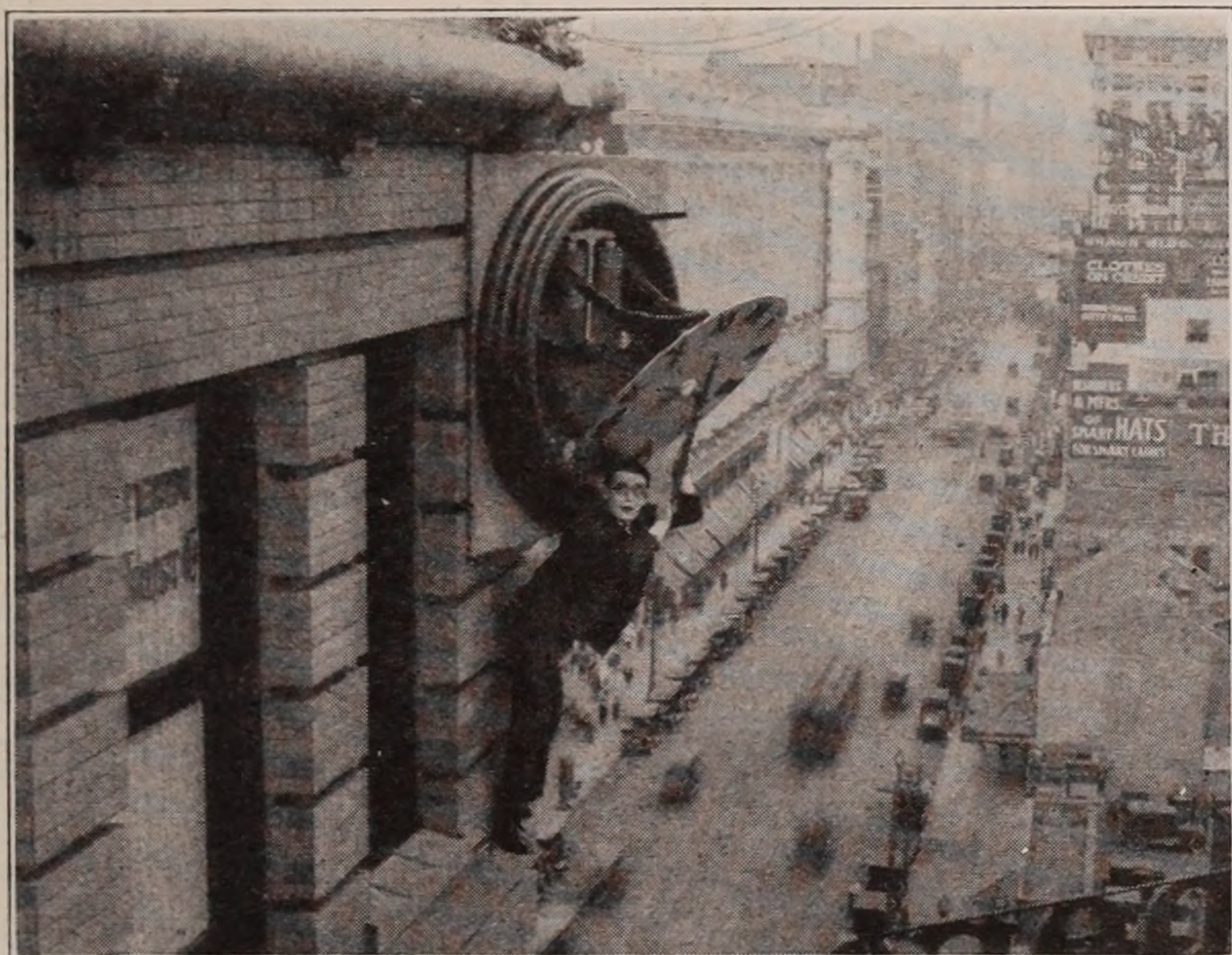
WILLIAM COLLIER, JR., in "Enemies of Women"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 112



**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.



**SAFETY LAST—Pathe**

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 equalled "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 heightphobia? 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 funmaking 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 corking two-reeler.



**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 celluloid. 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.





**LOST AND FOUND—Goldwyn**

**T**HIS 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.



**VANITY FAIR—Goldwyn**

**T**HIS 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 Sharpe*, is here—from boarding school onward. Mabel Ballin plays *Becky* with a bit more shading than usual.



**THE LEOPARDESS—Paramount**

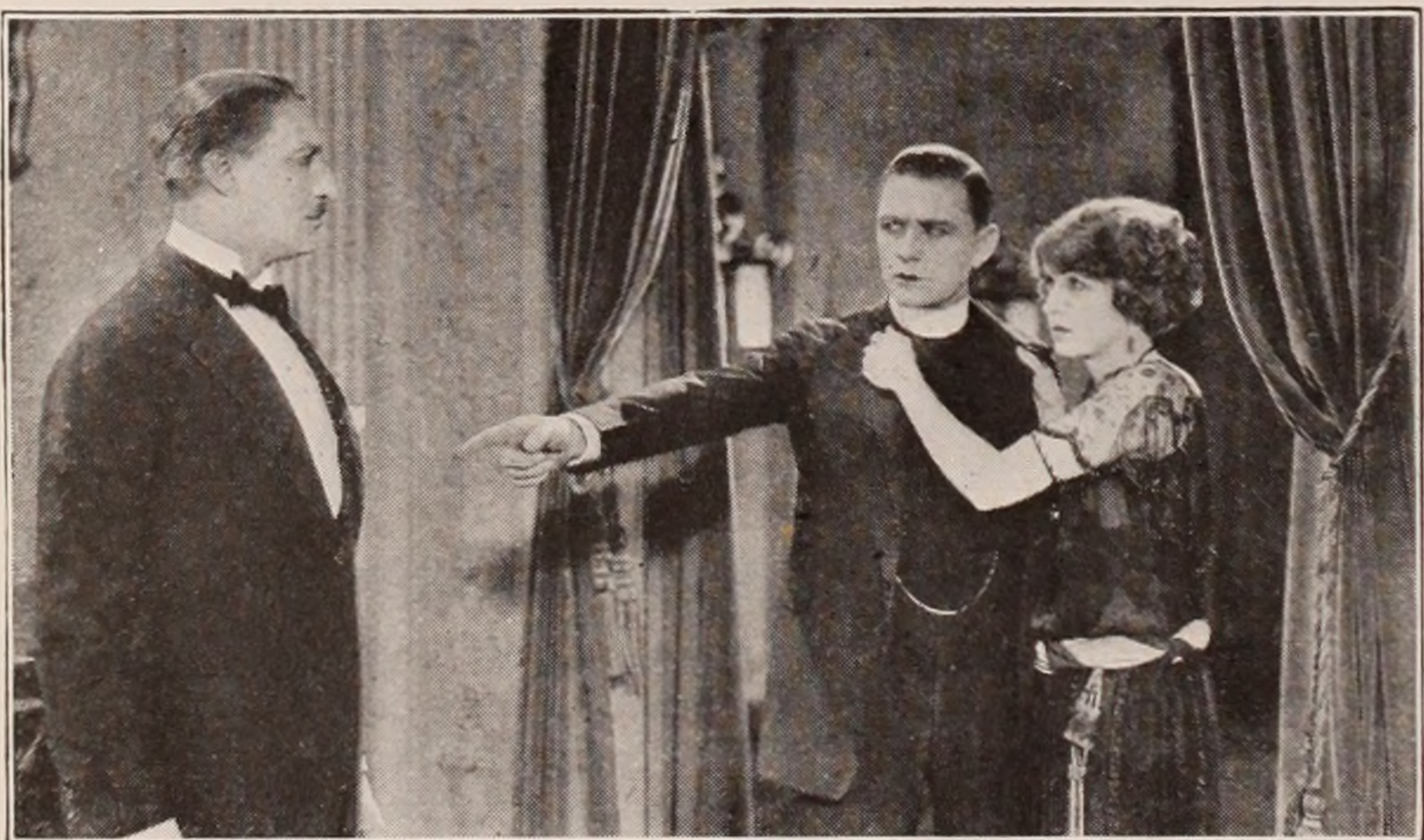
**A**LICE BRADY, as a more or less wild girl of the South Seas—a rôle that is quite becoming to her—is partially tamed by Montague Love as *Quaigg*, a brutal millionaire. *Quaigg*, an exceptionally disagreeable person, is eventually killed by a leopardess that he also tried his skill at training. If the killing had occurred in the first reel the picture would have been far better.

## More Service for You

**S**TARTING 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.



**LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER—Warners**

**O**MITTING 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.



**THE WHITE FLOWER—Paramount**

**B**ETTY COMPSON makes the lure of the Hawaiian Islands more insistent than ever. She has never been more beautiful or appealing than she is in this tropical effort. Unfortunately, the story is a weak affair that seldom, if ever, rings true. And the supporting cast is not brilliant. Betty's admirers, however—and they are legion—probably won't care whether there's a story or not!





**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 dambursts. 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.

## 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.



**YOU ARE GUILTY—Mastodon**

A DISTINGUISHED cast making the best of a commonplace story with all the commonplace situations and subtitles 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 rôle of a woman hater.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 97 ]



# Gossip—East & West

By Cal York



*James Kirkwood posed for a picture with Lila Lee's mother as he departed for Hollywood. "Am I engaged to Lila?" he said. "Well, we're very dear friends." Which may mean a multitude of things*

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 rôle. 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. Mme. Bernhardt was always interested in the photoplay and was one of the first dramatic stars to be won to the films*

TWO more pictures for Leatrice 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" entrenched 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 "Paddy-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 William 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.

THE striking Broadway success of Alice Brady in "Zander the Great" seems to have broken the jinx upon film stars from the films visiting the footlights. The stage season has been studded with their failures. Alla Nazimova found that her stage play, "Dagmar," was a dud. Pauline Frederick hit a



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# Are you especially fastidious about your manicure?



**W**OMEN 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.

# CUTEX

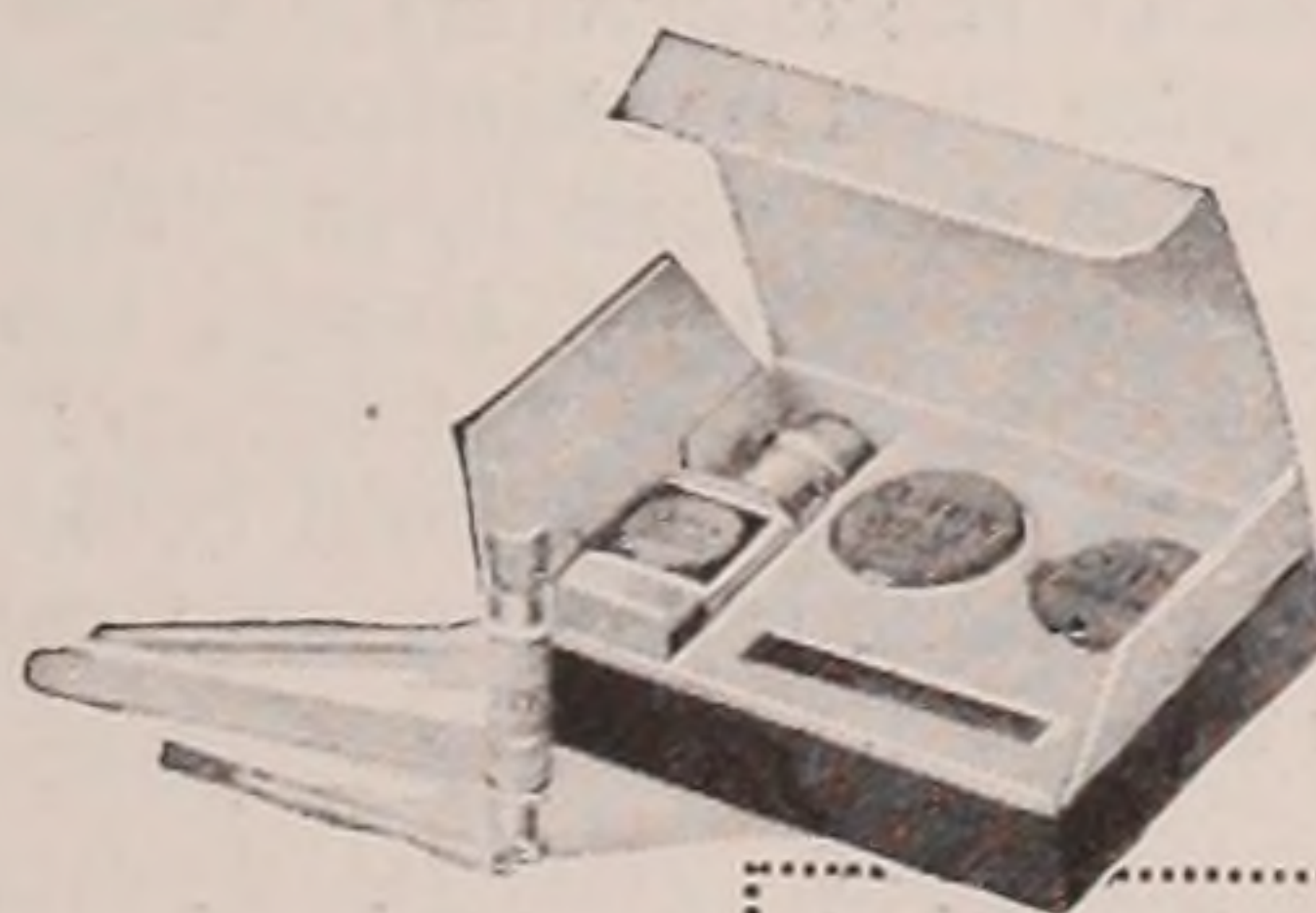
EVERYTHING FOR THE MANICURE

Send for this Introductory Manicure Set—Sufficient for Six Complete Manicures—only 12 cents



New Cutex Powder Polish

A scented, rosée powder of velvet smoothness that gives a dazzling lustre. No buffer required. Just a few strokes of the nails across the palms bring out a full and brilliant polish that lasts for many days. In the attractive rose and black Cutex package. Price, 35c.



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. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or, if you live in Canada, Dept. Q-6, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

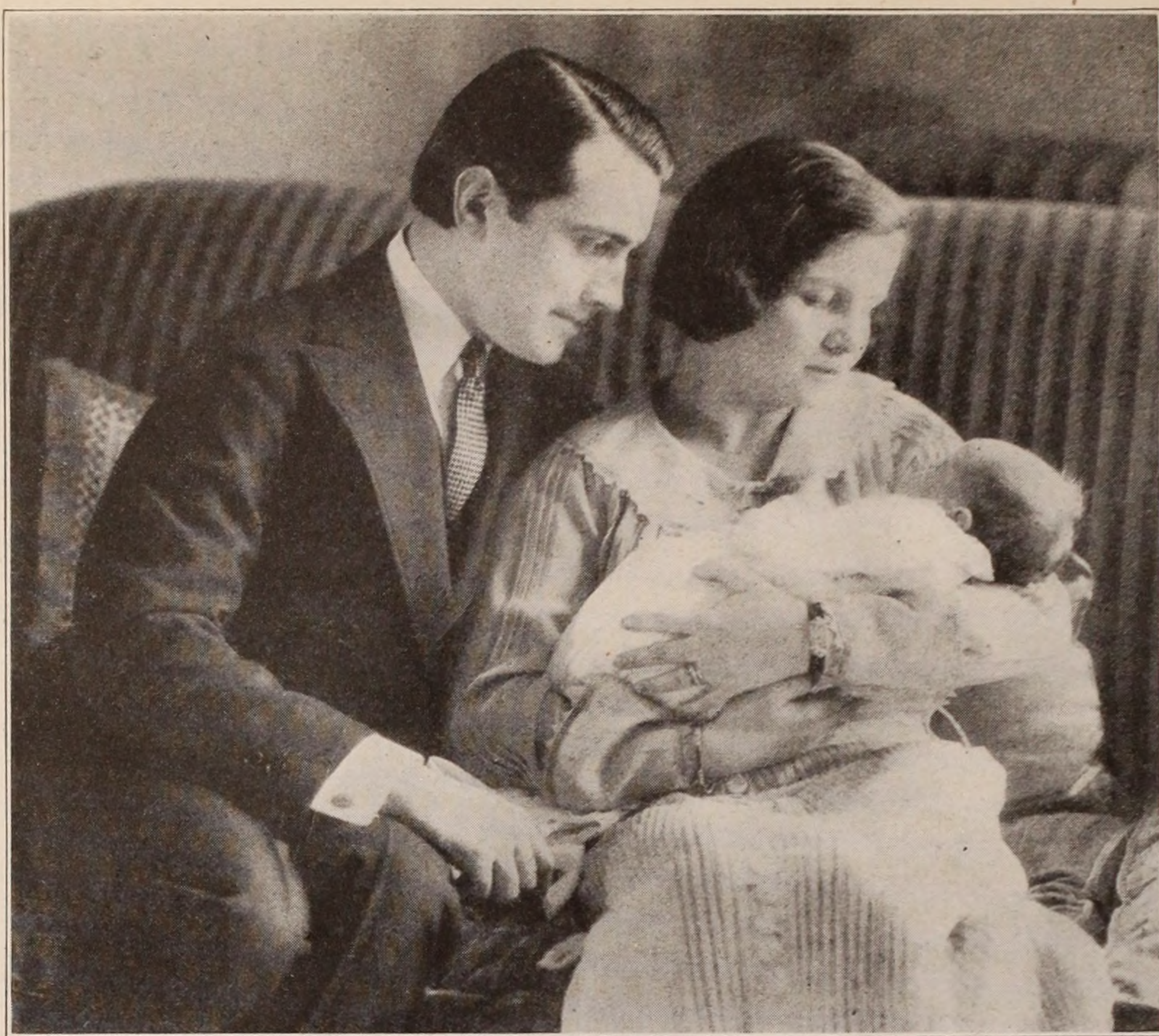
Northam Warren, Dept. Q-6  
114 W. 17th St., New York, N. Y.

I enclose 12 cents for Cutex Introductory Manicure Set.

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Write your name and address plainly on this coupon and mail with 12 cents in coins or stamps today.





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

tough critical reception in her "The Guilty One." And so it went until Miss Brady came to Manhattan in her new "speakie." 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 Nazimova 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, *sotto voce*, 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 say,

"Bon jour, 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 flappers 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 to filmdom as Marguerite Courtot. Old sweethearts, they met again during the filming of "Down to the Sea in Ships"



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# 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—week-ending 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 complexions 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 unending 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*

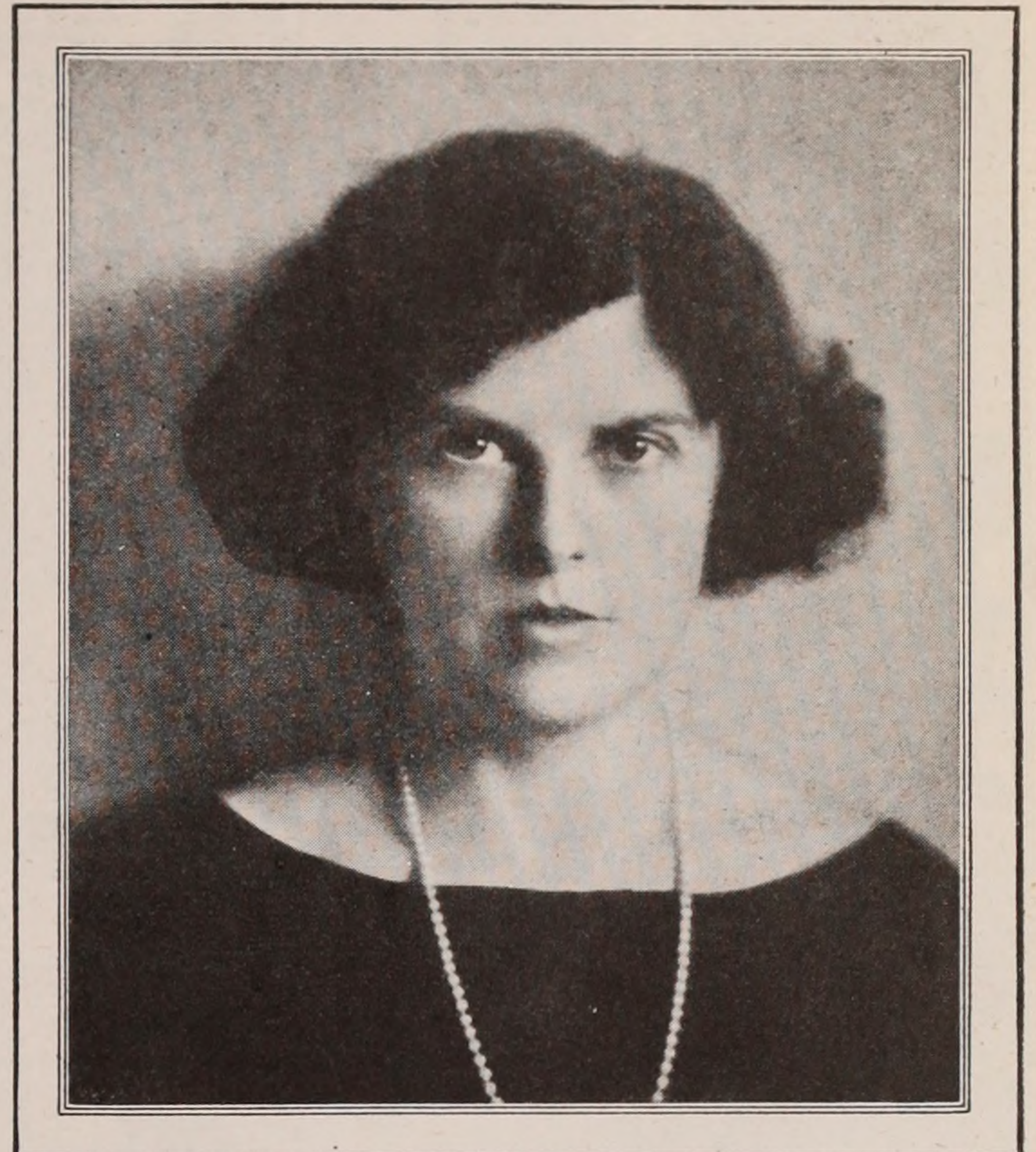
*Do this tonight.* With the finger tips apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Let it stay a minute—now wipe it off with a soft cloth. The black on the cloth will show you how carefully this cream cleanses. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully 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! 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.



removes coarsening dirt—restores suppleness  
defies exposure—holds the powder



*Photo by Victor Georg*  
Florence Nash says she likes Pond's Cold Cream because it leaves her face feeling so refreshed—not heavy and oily. And that Pond's Vanishing Cream really keeps her skin wonderfully smooth and fresh.

## Exposure starts these troubles or makes them worse

**Sunburn, Windburn, Chapping**

The daily repetition of weather damage does more to age your skin than any other single factor. But the process is so gradual that except on specially severe occasions you do not notice it until your skin has definitely coarsened. Do not let this happen. For the insidious everyday exposure use the same method that saves your skin from the excessive damage of a long motor ride or a day on the beach. Keep your skin properly oiled by a nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Then always in the morning, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It forms a delicate but sure protection. This method will keep your skin smooth and young years longer than would otherwise be possible.

**Premature Wrinkles, Scaling, Peeling**

These are especially the troubles of a dry skin. To avoid them you must protect yourself from all exposure and keep your skin soft day and night. Cleanse with plenty of Pond's Cold Cream nightly and leave some on over night. This will give your skin the oil it needs so badly and keep it from scaling and peeling. Then it will not develop little lines that grow into wrinkles.

But do not let the exposure of the day undo the results of this nightly oiling. Every morning smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream liberally, prevent your skin from drying out again. Always carry a tube with you on motor trips to counteract their drying, ageing influence.

**That Distressing Shine**

Sometimes shine is due to a dry, tight skin, and motoring or even the slightest daily exposure aggravates the condition. You must apply an extra amount of Pond's Cold Cream at night after the cleansing and let it stay on. See how gladly your skin will absorb the fine light oil of this cream, how it will soften and relax and the shine disappear. Put on the Vanishing Cream in the morning to keep this suppleness through the day and be sure to carry it with you and use it frequently on any occasion of unusual exposure.

**Accumulation of dirt and fat in the pores**

Sometimes the oil in your skin accumulates in the glands and attracts dirt and bacteria—dust that blows into your face when motoring, or the daily soot of city streets. Your complexion is dulled, disfigured. You need specially careful cleansings. Pond's Cold Cream is so light it penetrates the glands and takes out excess oil and dirt together. Do this every night and always after any motor or railroad trip, and you will avoid a dull, muddy skin.

The Pond's Extract Co.,  
134 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.

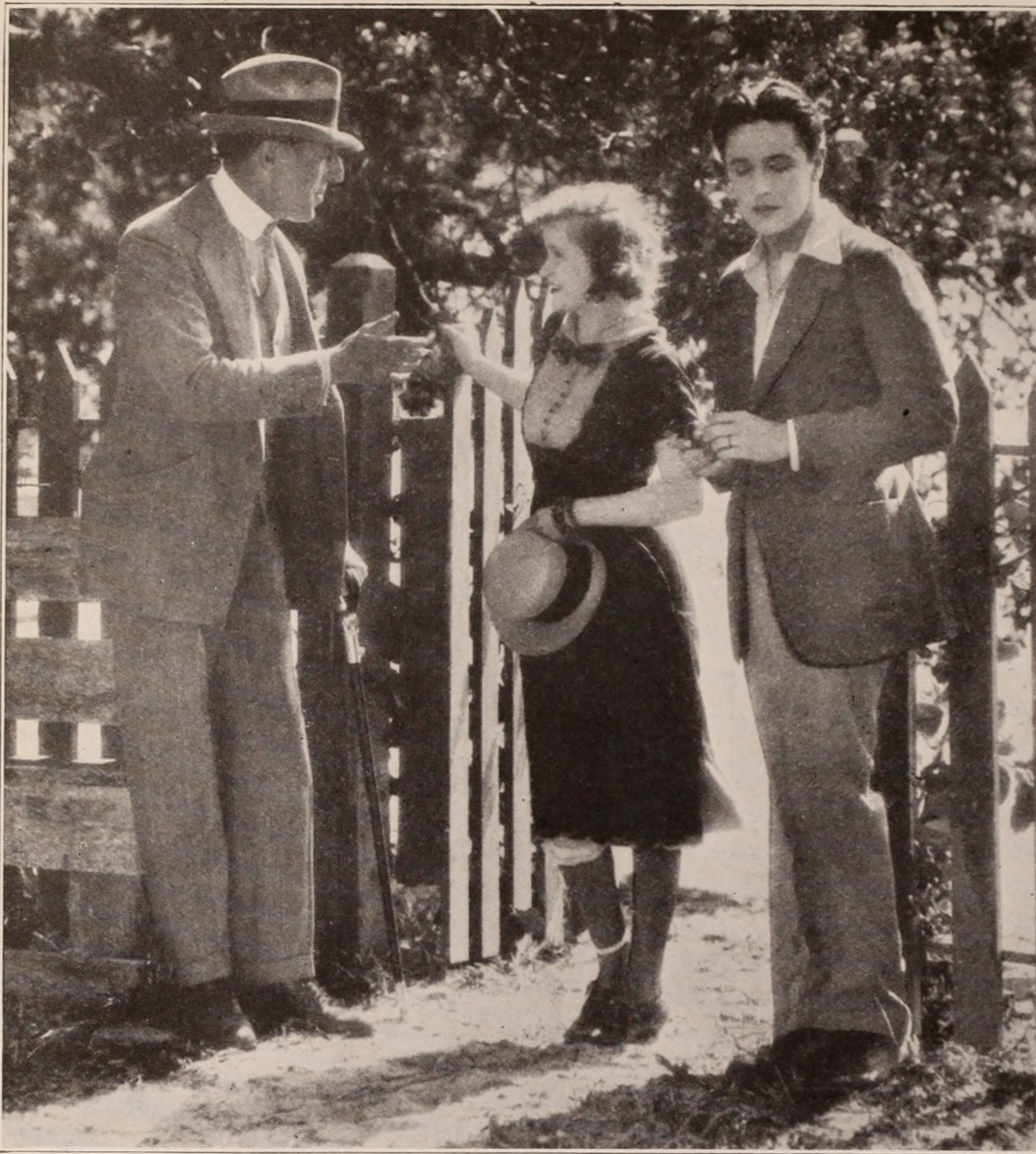
GENEROUS TUBES—  
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Location: Near Miami, Florida. David Wark Griffith rehearsing Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello for a scene in his forthcoming "The White Rose." Those who have seen early "rushes" predict a smashing reception for Novello and a thrilling return-to-filmdom for Miss Marsh

**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 now 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, Jobyna Ralston, Betty Francisco, Dorothy Devore, Evelyn Brent, Margaret Leahy, Ethel Shannon, Laura La Plant, Virginia Browne Fair, Eleanor Boardman, Kathleen Key, Helene Lynch and Ann Perdue.

**NITA NALDI** as Cleopatra! What a barge-ful! Yes, you will behold the Irish-Italian siren in the beads 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!

**O**F 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.

**DO** you remember the day when producers said costume plays simply wouldn't get over with the public? The present schedule looks as though nothing else would: Doug Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" and an Arabian story, Mark Pickford in "Rosita" of medieval Spain, Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Pola Negri in "Don Caesar" and "The Wanderer," Norma Talmadge in "Ashes of Vengeance," Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche" of French revolutionary days, Richard Barthelmess in "The Bright Shawl" and "The Fighting Blade," with such all-star specials as "Vanity Fair," "Peter the Great," "Monna Vanna," "St. Elmo," Balzac's "The Magic Skin," "Rupert of Hentzau," "Ali Babi and the Forty Thieves," "Tutankhamen," "Chu Chin Chow," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Under the Red Robe," "The Virgin Queen" and "Ben Hur."

What in the world are we going to do for our fall fashion styles?

**I**T isn't every screen beauty who has a millionaire society favorite and a world's champion golfer battling for her hand.

But Ann Perdue, the newest Robertson-

Cole star, seems to be 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 Robertson-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 Ferguson, 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 Engel, Billie Dove, Rod La Rocque, Hobart Henley and Gladys Walton, Winfield Sheehan, Bessie Love, Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. The gowns were all the very newest thing in spring loveliness.

**JAMES KIRKWOOD** has returned to Hollywood with laurels.

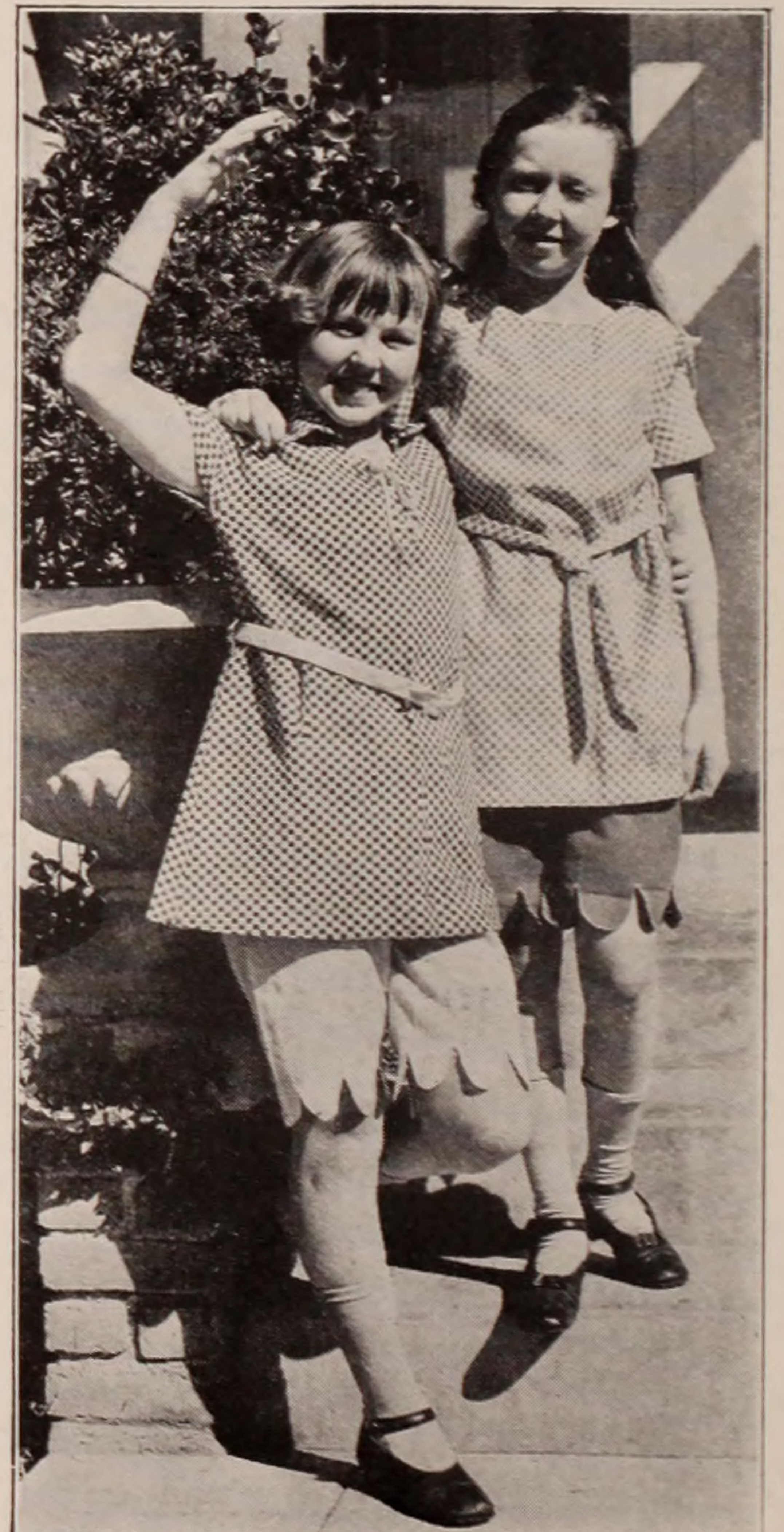
He registered a big hit on the New York stage in "The Fool," Channing Pollock's play.

It was quite a feat, as Jim had not appeared before the footlights for many years and then only in minor rôles.

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 rôle with Mrs. Wallace Reid in "The Living

*The "Lee Kids"—Jane and Katherine—recently visited their Hollywood home. They have been out of pictures for two years now, playing in vaudeville. But they were glad to get back to the old playground again, you can bet*







*The new use for Lux robs dishwashing of half its drudgery  
54 dishwashings in a single package*

## 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 chifon-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.





Last month you read in PHOTOPLAY of Barbara La Marr and her adopted baby boy, Marvin Carville 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 Allessandro 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 rôle in "The Fog," a Maz 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 ]

Dead," treating of the drug evil. When that's completed he starts work with Goldwyn under a long-term contract.

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 rôle of the clown, as well. Ordynski came to the pictures as the protegee 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.

*It isn't often that the camera catches a glimpse of Mrs. Frank Borzage, but here it is. The director and his wife are watching Hakodati trim the lawn of their beautiful Wilshire home*







## The creamy skin that belies grey hair

**G**REY 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 youth-i-fies

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 steal 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.

POMPEIAN NIGHT CREAM	50c per jar
POMPEIAN DAY CREAM ( <i>vanishing</i> )	60c per jar
POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
POMPEIAN BLOOM ( <i>the rouge</i> )	60c per box
POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE ( <i>a talc</i> )	30c a can
POMPEIAN LIP STICK	25c each

### 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.

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Also Made in Canada

# Pompeian Night Cream

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## The Little Bit That is, Oh, So Much

By MME. JEANNETTE

Jane is an old friend, or I'd never have dared to say what I did, the day she came to me bewailing her lack of popularity.

"What was the matter?" she asked wistfully. "I'll never go to one of those dances again."

I knew what was the trouble, but I hesitated to tell her. Then, realizing how much I could help, I said:

"Jane, dear, you didn't look well groomed."

"Why, I took hours and hours to dress and arrange my hair. What more could I have done?"

"Ah, but the elusive charm of the really well-groomed woman does not come with a few hours of primping," I answered. "It's your skin that needs attention."

"A good pure cream used for a few minutes every night is what you need. Bathe your face and neck with warm, not hot water, and then, with the tips of the fingers, gently stroke in the cream. After you have stroked it in thoroughly, remove it with a cloth or piece of absorbent cotton. With the cream will come away all the dust collected during the day. You will be surprised at the difference in the color of your skin. I always use Pompeian Night Cream, it is so pure, and will nourish as well as cleanse. If you will use an upward and outward motion about your eyes, those pathetic lines will become so light they will scarcely be noticed."

The next time I saw her, a week or so later, she rushed up to me and pushed back her hat. "Look," was all she said.

I looked down into a happy, smiling face, and needed no explanation. All the dark patches and rough spots had disappeared. Her skin was wholesome, fresh and smooth. There was about her that indescribable atmosphere of daintiness only achieved by intelligent care.

"How about the next dance?" I asked. "Oh," she answered demurely, "I think I'll go. Two people have asked to take me. I haven't decided which I'll choose."

*Jeannette*

Specialiste de Beauté

### TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES  
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1923 Art Panel of Mary Pickford, and the four samples named in offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Flesh shade powder sent unless you write another below





## Strongheart and Company

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.”



*for Economical Transportation*

# Superior Sedanette

## \$850

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

### *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.**

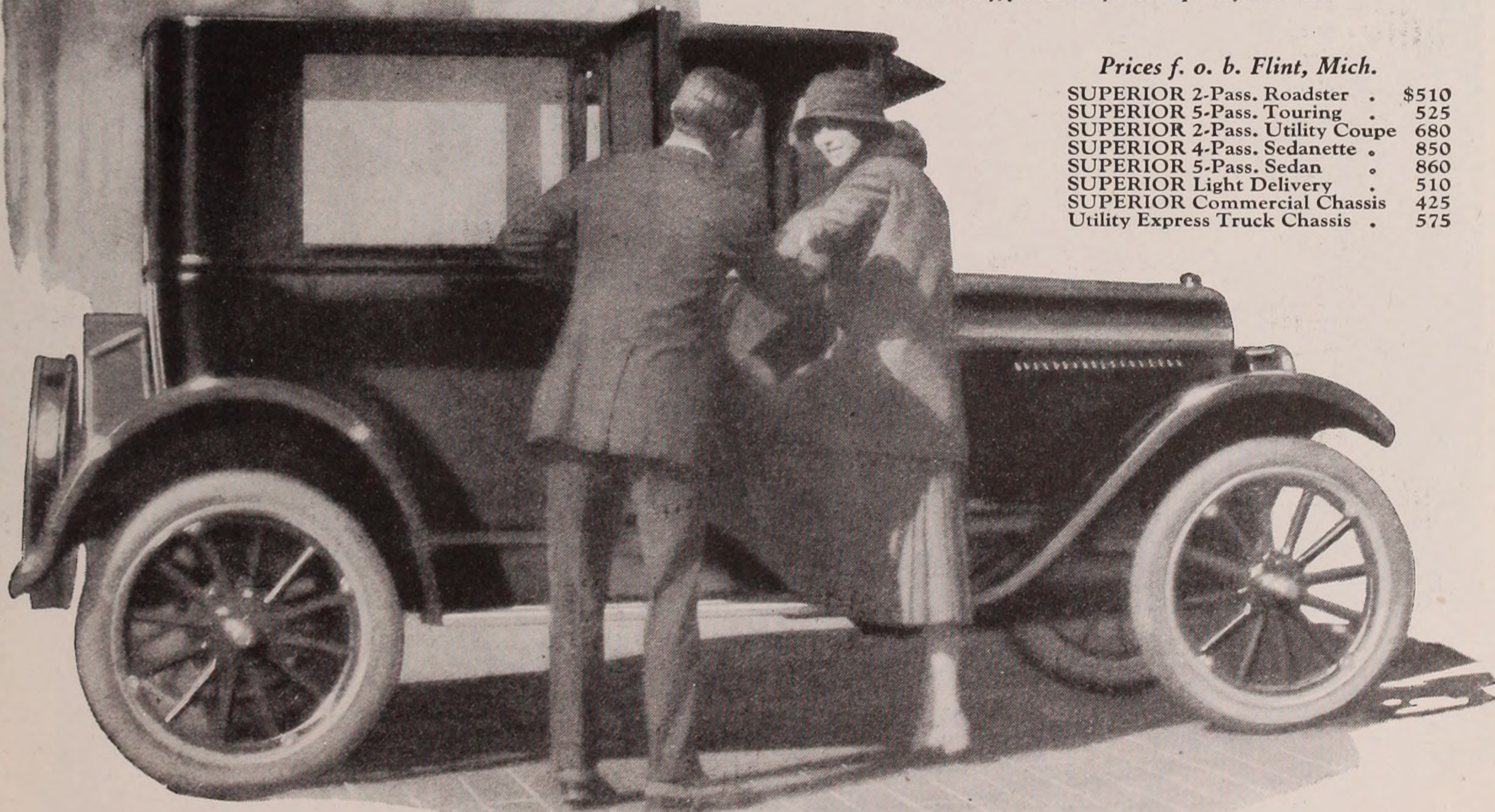
*Division of General Motors Corporation*

**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.*

SUPERIOR 2-Pass. Roadster . . .	\$510
SUPERIOR 5-Pass. Touring . . .	525
SUPERIOR 2-Pass. Utility Coupe . . .	680
SUPERIOR 4-Pass. Sedanette . . .	850
SUPERIOR 5-Pass. Sedan . . .	860
SUPERIOR Light Delivery . . .	510
SUPERIOR Commercial Chassis . . .	425
Utility Express Truck Chassis . . .	575







## 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*





*Palm and olive oils—  
nothing else—give  
nature's green color  
to Palmolive Soap.*

## *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 25c a cake. It is yours at 10c.

Use Palmolive on the wash stand and for bathing.

*Volume  
and Efficiency  
Produce  
25c Quality for*

**10c**







*Each soft caress adds loveliness!*

To lovely women the exquisite GAINSBOROUGH PUFF is the very utmost in puff daintiness and perfection. That softer, finer texture—which invariably distinguishes

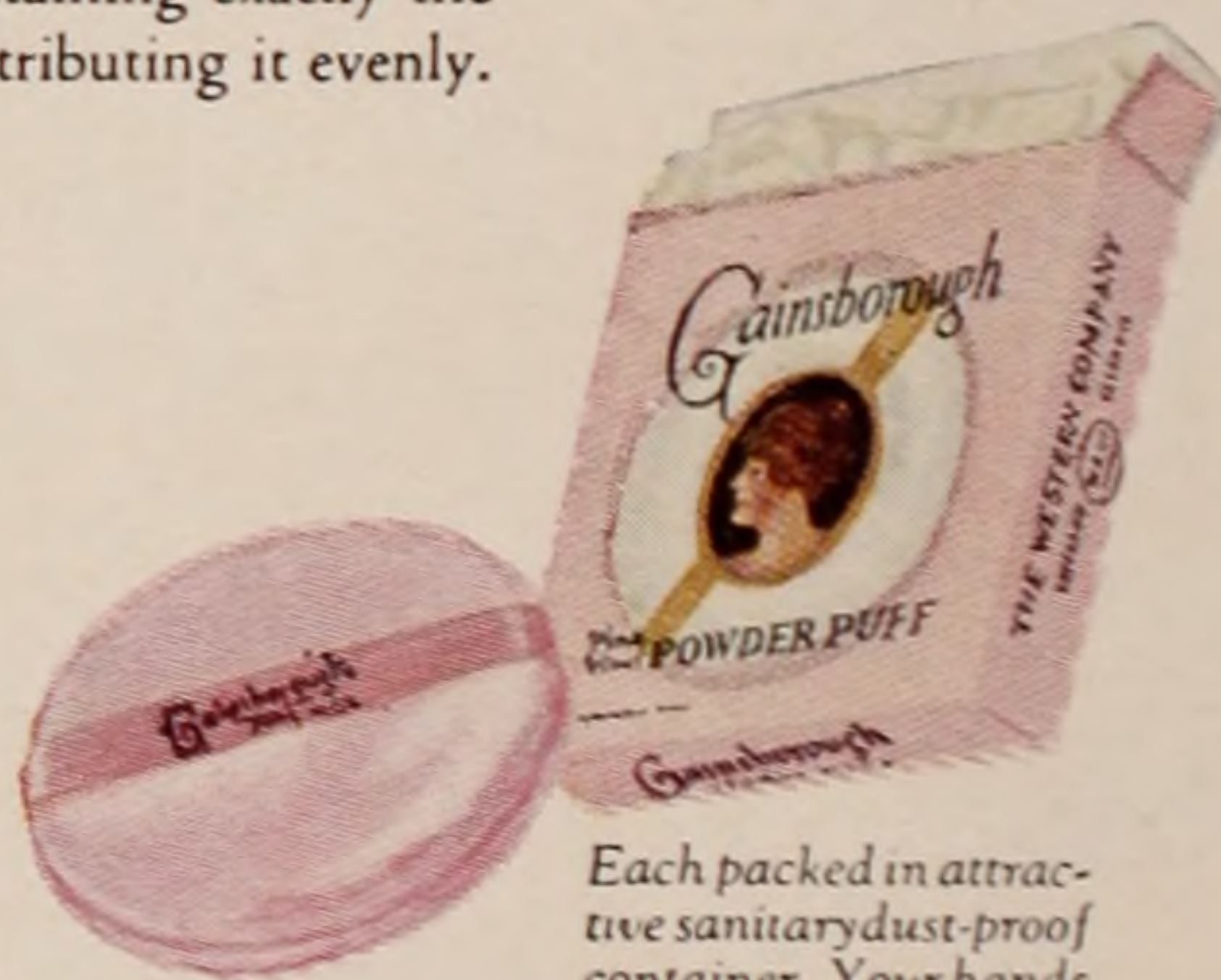
GAINSBOROUGH PUFFS is attained by special looming. And thus the resulting rare quality of retaining exactly the right surface amount of powder and distributing it evenly.

THE WESTERN COMPANY  
CHICAGO · NEW YORK



GAINSBOROUGH POWDER PUFFS are made in all sizes to suit your needs—rich, velvety velour or soft, deep-piled Australian lamb's wool. The workmanship is perfect. Compare them with any puffs you have ever used.

# Gainsborough POWDER PUFF



Each packed in attractive sanitary dust-proof container. Your hands are the first to touch them.

Prices:  
30 cents to 75 cents.

Manufacturers of the famous  
Gainsborough Hair Net



Manufacturers of the famous  
Dr. West's Tooth Brush



# 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-scape. 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*

**L**OT'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 dis-

cover 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 like 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."



*How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking*



WILL GREFF

© THE R. L. W. CO.

## Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

ANYONE 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 coconut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly 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 teaspoonfuls 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.

*Splendid for Children  
—Fine for Men*

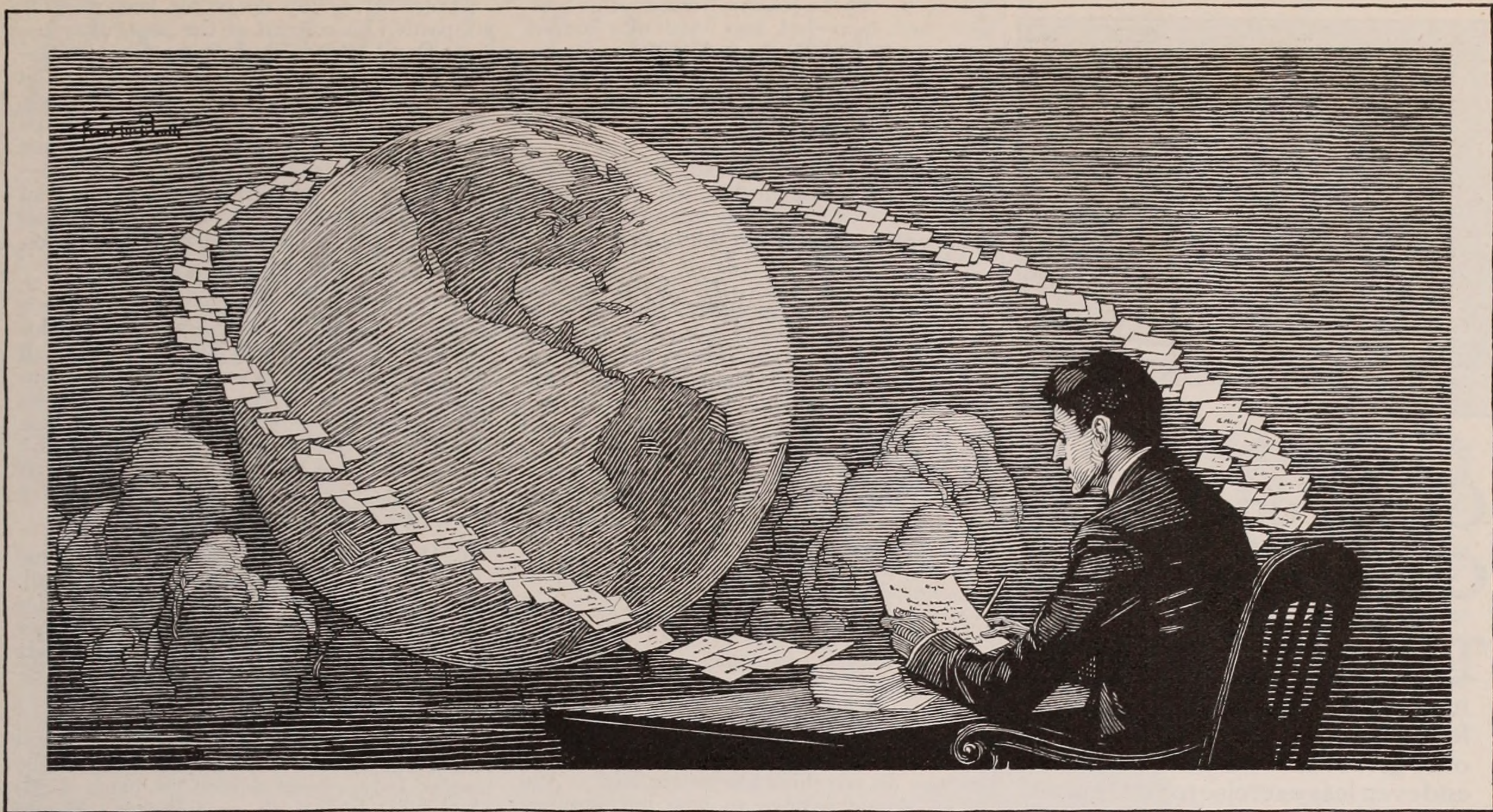
# Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## Cocoanut Oil Shampoo







## 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 29, 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 Ascends," and he can be addressed in care of "Equity Pictures," 723 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 ETTA, 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 Pittsburg, Pa., that he weighs 190 pounds, is six feet tall and has curly dark hair. Cullen Landis was born on the ninth of July, 1895, 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

**YOU** do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

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 Para-

mount. 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 Terry. 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'Neil, Julia Dean, and Bruce McRae. Miss Dean was unexpectedly taken ill and Ethel—who had understudied the part—stepped into the Dean rôle. 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 Terry 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 1903 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

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 attend to 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 Ring. 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 or 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

**T**EETH 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 so little stimulation, they are, in late years, growing soft and flabby, and tooth troubles, due to weak gums—and most of them are—show a decided and 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 unforgetably good. Send for a sample today.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_



In generous tubes,  
at all drug and  
department  
stores—50c.

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, lady—wait until you see him with Alice Terry in "Where the Pavement Ends."

MRS. W. W., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—You're right. Louis Calhoun has left the screen. When I last heard of him he was on the stage—helping Patrova in "The White Peacock."

A. N., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Elsie 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 entirely blamed on her. She is one of the 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 luxurious Park Avenue—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. But I'm not sure about my reaction 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 shyly to the sixth of February. The year of 1899. 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—and he isn't married. 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? Mary Pickford is five feet tall and 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 Kane has been on the legitimate stage, but she is now working with Lillian Gish in the "White Sister." Jeritza, 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' ADMIRER.—So you love the lovely Agnes! Well, she's not hard to describe—the mere words are a mental eye-ful. Golden 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. VALENTINO-CRAZY.—Why, if you're a Valentino admirer, are you asking for the address of Edward Phillips? Aren't you the fickle girl, though! Address him in care of the Cosmopolitan Pictures, 127th 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 and thank the Lord that you'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 for letters? Paper doesn't matter to me—only what you put on it counts as far as I'm concerned. I'm glad that you read the Magazine 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—Gladys Walton is still making pictures, a lot of them, for Universal. You may reach 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, and weighs one hundred and four pounds. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. She is twenty-one years old, not eighteen. James Kirkwood was in "The Sin Flood," "Ebb Tide" and "Under Two Flags." 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 Sennett 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 isn't spoiling her. Harold 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. To Ruth Helms, a non-professional, who used to be associated with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Dorothy Gish is just twenty-four, Milton Sills is married to Gladys Wynn and Tony Moreno played opposite the fascinating Gloria Swanson in "His American Wife."

ALENE, CAL.—We haven't any record of the players in "The Miracle of the Jungle." Look out for this jungle stuff, anyway. Bo-constrictors, and malaria and mosquitoes! Address Anita Stewart in care of the Cosmopolitan Productions, 127th 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. STENUGH, FAIRHAVEN, MISS.—Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902. On April Fools' Day. I can think of others who were born on the same day—and into the same profession. She can be reached, by letter, at 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood. Connie Talmadge is twenty-three years old, five feet, six inches tall, and weighs 120 pounds. She has that enchanting combination—golden hair and brown eyes. And she lives up to it by being a decidedly enchanting young person.

RODOLPHINE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—You don't have to whisper the name of your favorite in my most secret ear. Your *nom de plume* is your undoing. Well, you're in good company, anyway. Half of feminine America is celebrating Valentino day. His address? The Hotel des Artistes, 1 West 67th Street, 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!

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 129 ]



# 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

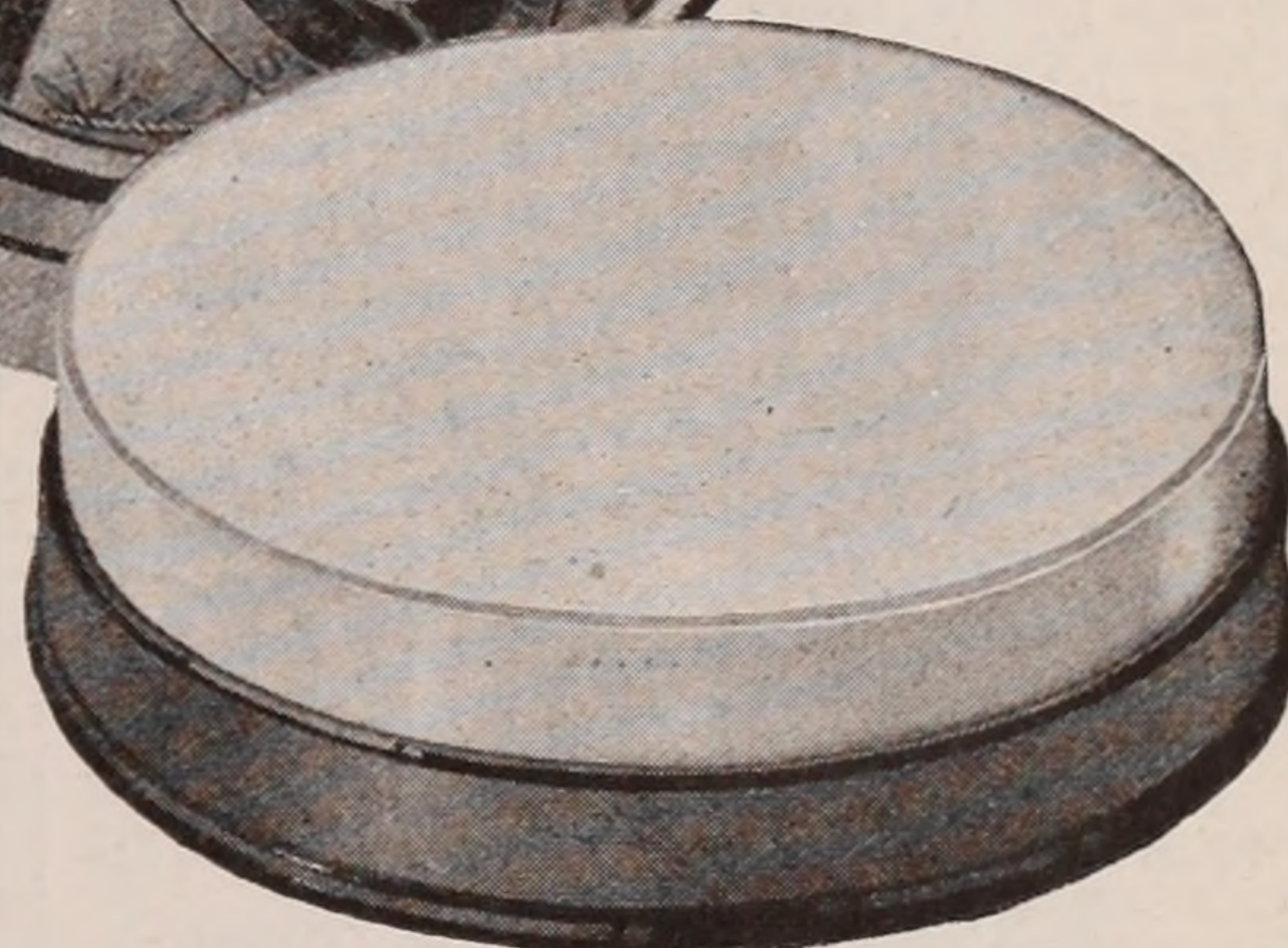
which is distinctively different and better than other powders, because it is so fine and so delicately tinted that it blends exquisitely with the complexion, giving the skin that clear transparency and velvety texture that only a perfect complexion naturally possesses. Delightfully perfumed with a rich 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

50¢

Picture is 2/3 size of box



### 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 windy the day or how long the motor ride.

# The Greatest Hit in Years *Women Everywhere* Pronounce

## CARMEN POWDER 50¢ COMPACTS 50¢

Why not enjoy the satisfaction which comes from the knowledge that your complexion is always beautiful—that under all conditions it will stand the closest scrutiny and inspire the most genuine admiration?

The complexion that wins admiration at a glance is produced by CARMEN POWDER.



Compact is 2 1/2 in. wide

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.

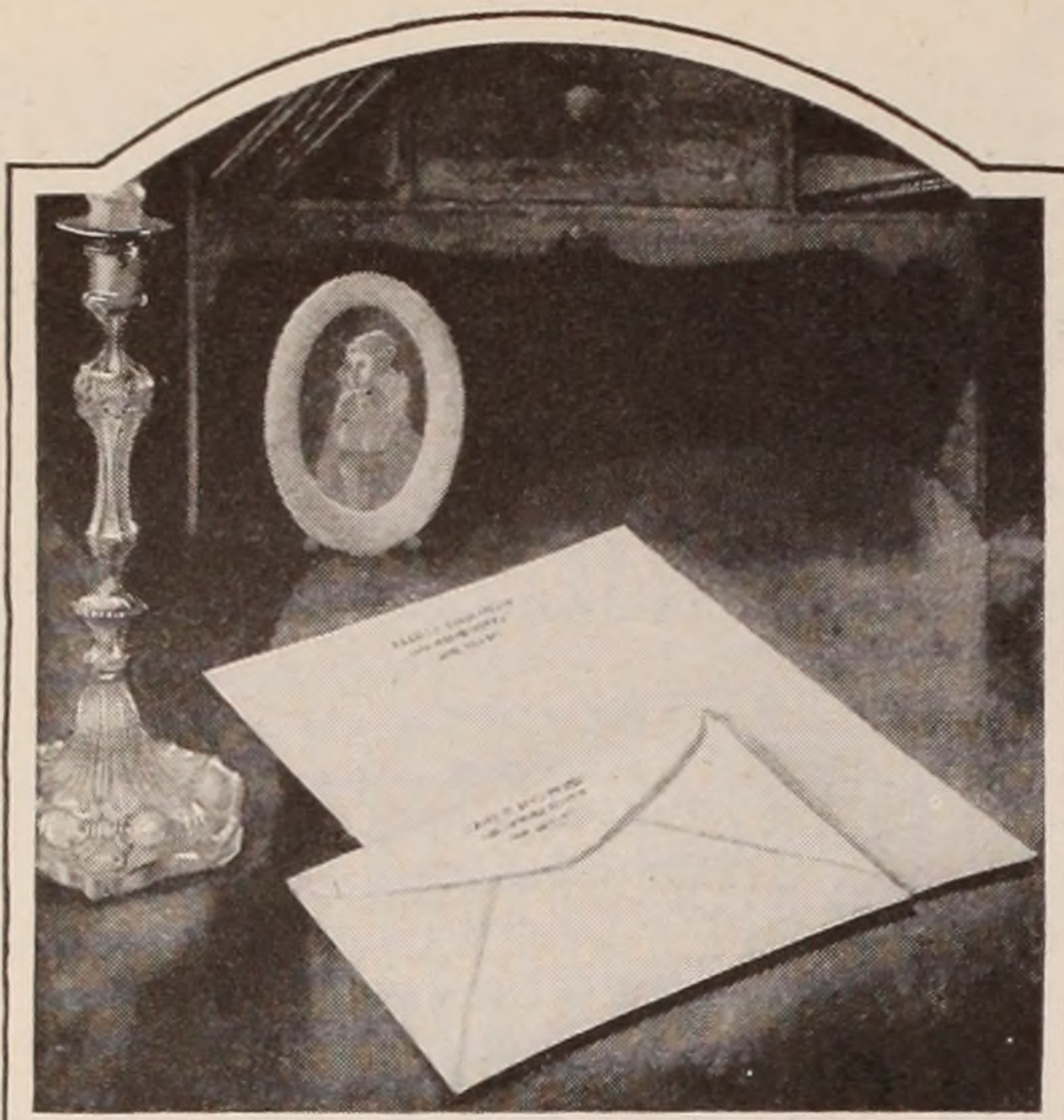
Shades: White, Flesh, Brunette, “L’Autumn”

The new shade, “L’AUTUMN”—now just introduced (only in Compact)—is 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.





AMERICAN STATIONERY

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# Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlife like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



### "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. BASSETT, Bridgeport, Conn.

### FROM A BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL

IN "Tess of the Storm Country," *Tess* 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 RRAJENSKI, 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 *Rita 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 an ignorant 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 Rassendyll* 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 *Rupert of Hentzau*.

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 broke 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 of the size shown would radiate.

I tried it on a set radiating one ampere and had 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 in "Broken Chains." After the fight with the hero, during which he coughs and sputters and plainly displays the space where a tooth had been knocked out, (and which he apparently swallowed), he retires to a couch for forty-winks. When he awakens, he grins broadly, displaying, to the astonished audience, a full set of perfect teeth.

SYLVIA DAVIDSON, 730 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 could never be, but perhaps George Fawcett was the only man poor de Mille had who looked like a judge.

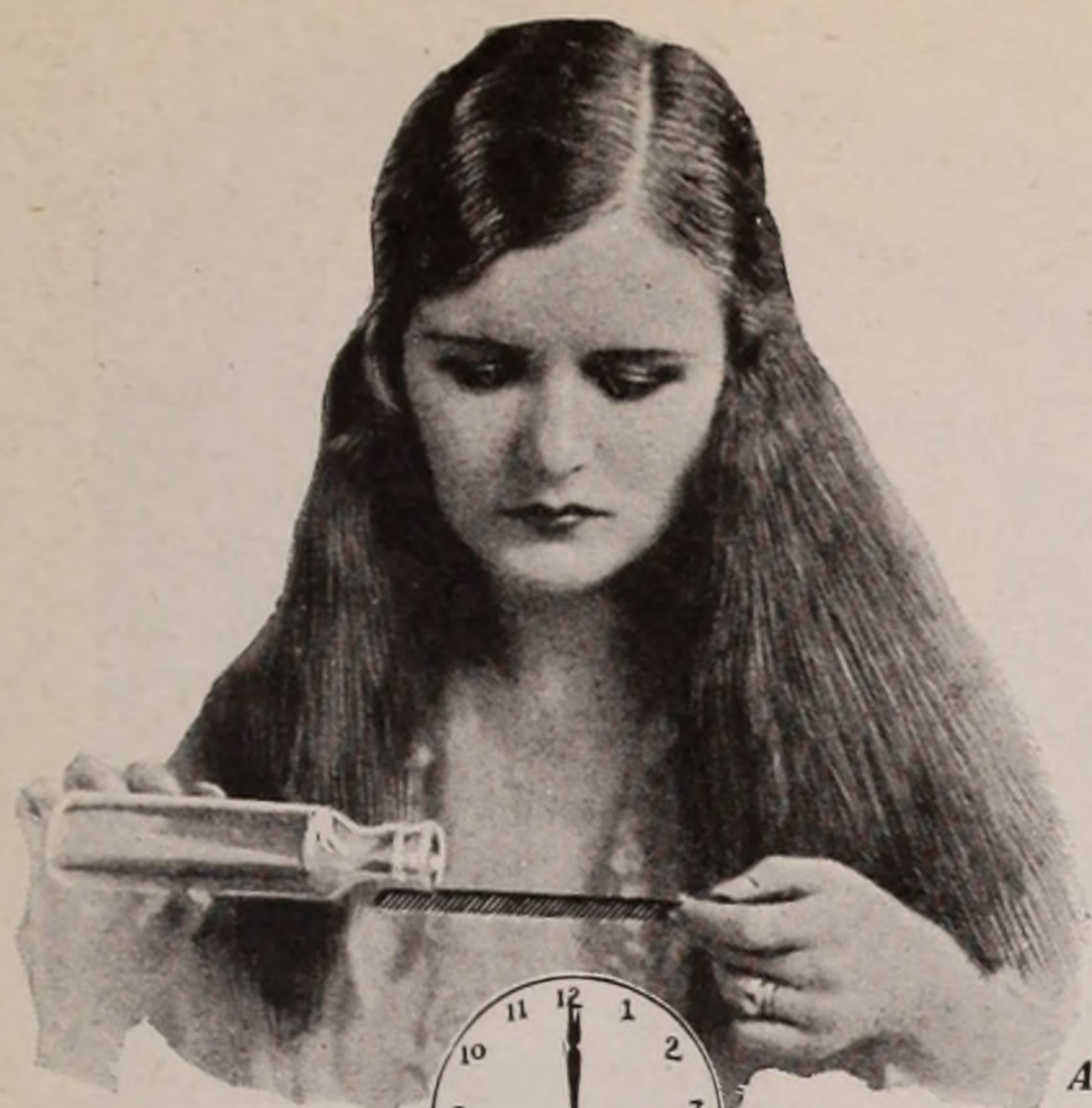
MARIAN M. MOORE, Hampton, Virginia.

### FROM MISSOURI

IN "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., Kirksville, Missouri.





Just a few drops combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.

And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.

## Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

# Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

### The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair 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—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

#### Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcell:



Lovely Curls

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digamelo (tell me) senorita, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. 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 him 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 store. 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, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre 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 to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

#### Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

### Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

#### CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay) Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 144 Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.





*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 ridiculous—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 people say about them.

So many girls are judged harshly by the letters they write to their fiancés, 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 little 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 announcements, just write to me. I will be glad to answer your questions, because 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 Correspondence" and usable samples of Eaton's Highland Linen.

*Caroline De Lancey*

Address me in care of  
EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY  
225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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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.*

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*The newest portrait of Marilyn Miller, star of "Sally" and wife of Jack Pickford. If all goes as it is planned, you'll see Marilyn in the motion pictures ere long*

## 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 film-dom'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 rôle 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 Vidors 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 veery nice?"

"Unkind?" snorted the p. a. "Say, they're handing you *everything*. They mean you are the goods!"

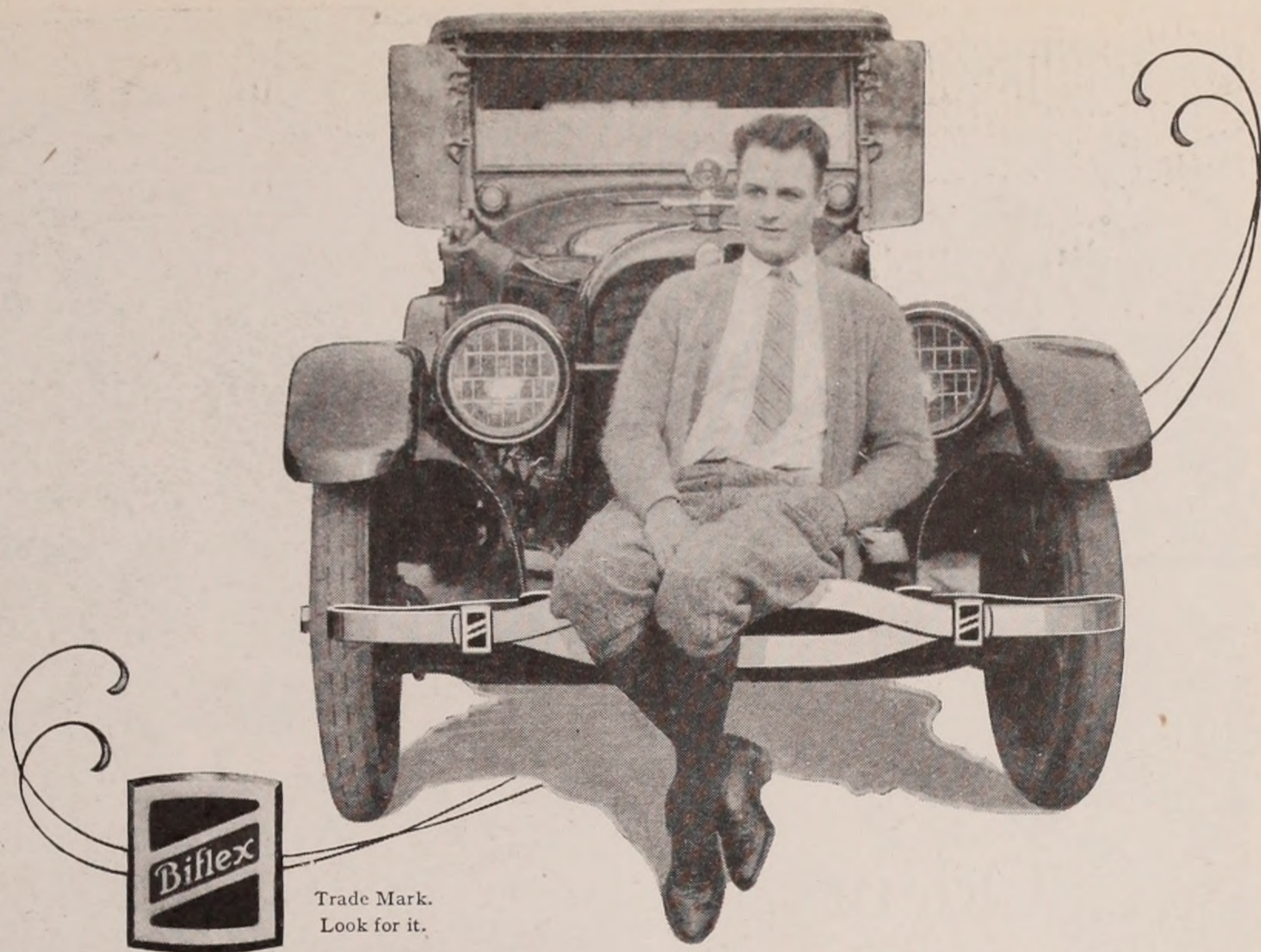
Andree's great eyes filled with tears.

"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."



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 Vaverka who, aside from make-up, bears a striking likeness to the ill-starred monarch



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.

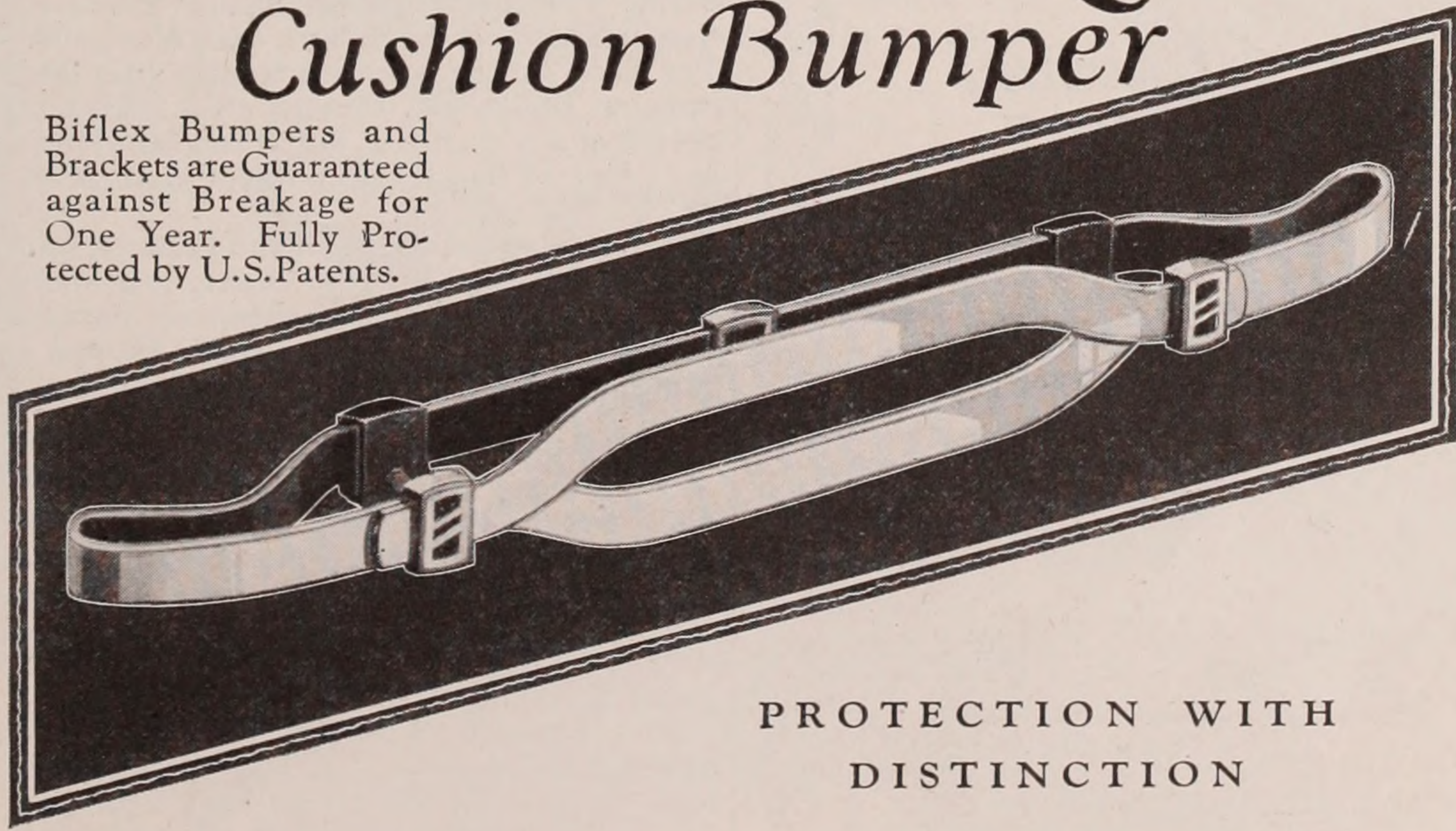
Biflex is always the choice of all discriminating motorists who demand Protection with Distinction. Its brute strength stops terrific crashes; cushions the blows; protects passengers from injury; prevents damage to car.

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, Ill.

# Biflex Cushion Bumper

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## 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 odeurs one now knows as a garden in the spring-time 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 subtlety of a smile!

#### *C'est tres important*

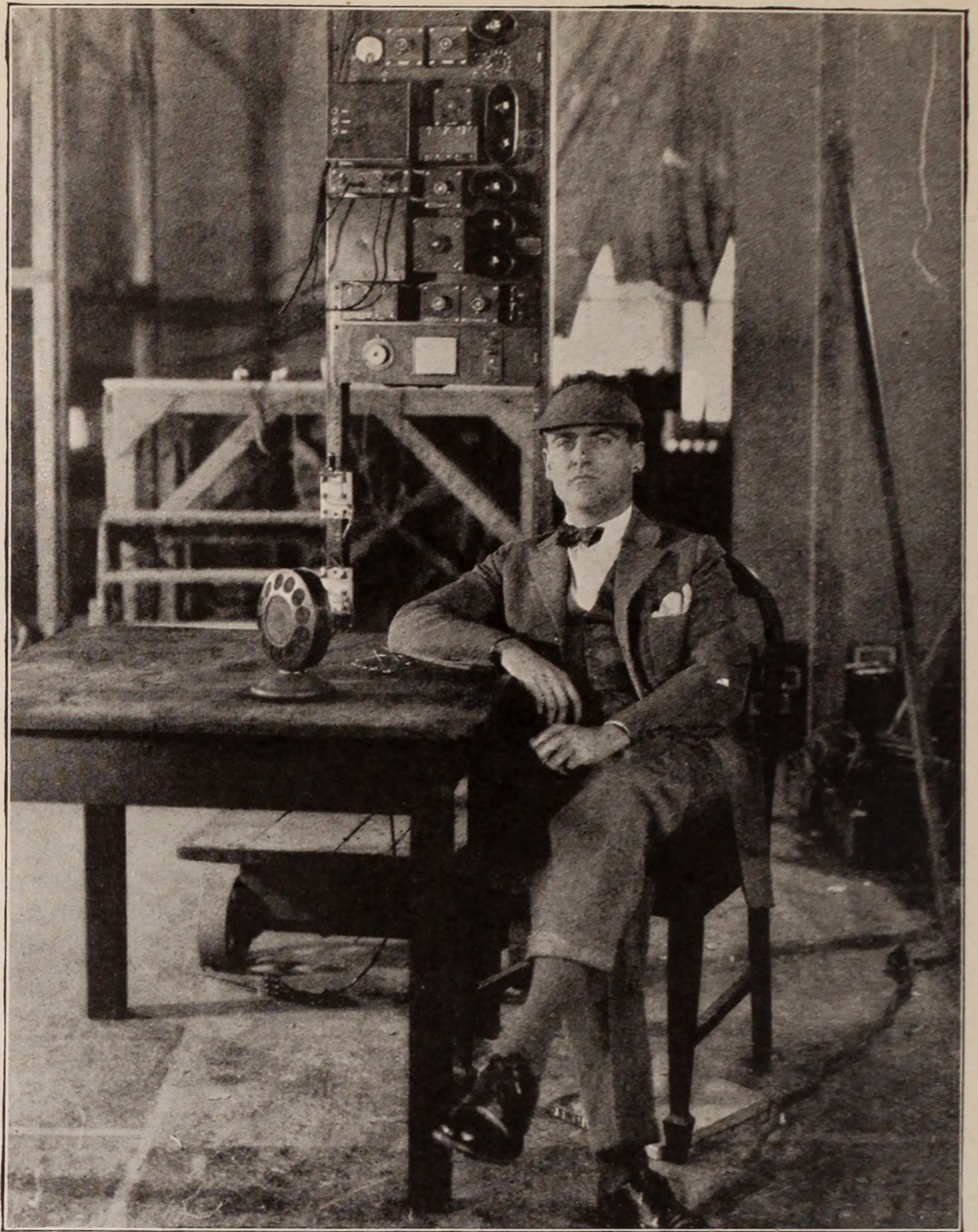
So as to avoid the faux pas of discord in one's scheme of fragrance—a creme of one scent, poudre of another, a rouge of yet another!—L'odeur Vivante wafts its personality throughout all articles de toilette by Lournay.

You may obtain a small vial of Lournay Vivante by sending 15 cents to our American address.

*Lournay*

PARIS  
7 Rue de L'Isly  
NEW YORK  
366 Fifth Avenue

1882



*From all appearances the directorial megaphone is doomed! Here is Marshall Neilan utilizing his new radio device for directing large scenes. Mickey says the contrivance saves his voice and is highly successful, too*

Andree's tears dried, as if by magic. But the puzzled expression did not leave her face. "A darb?" 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 Finneman, 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 now is 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 Farina, and only nineteen months old—a picaninny as adorable as they make 'em. And she—or he—for the name Farina 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 Farina.

"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 rôle of Zouzou, in "Trilby." And he has been signed up on a long term contract with First National.



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 vamp 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.

Seena 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—



Note Gloria's bob. This exclusive close-up of Miss Swanson's newest hair dress was made expressly to show PHOTOPLAY's feminine readers exactly how it's done



## The Story Time Will Tell

IS your skin as soft and glowingly 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.

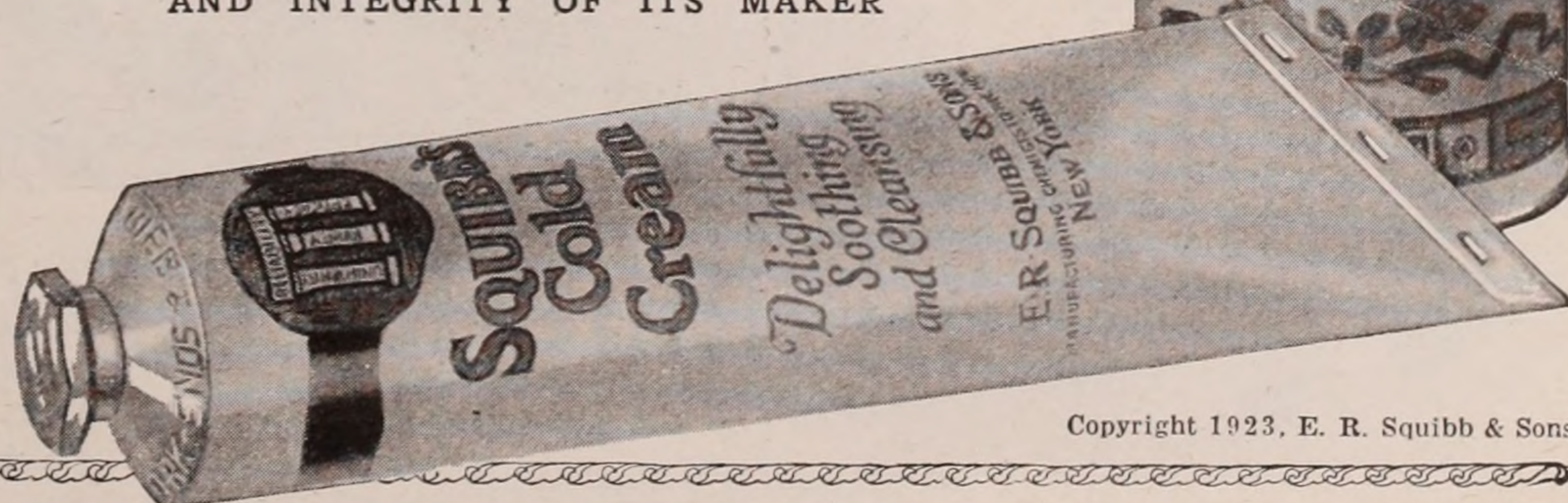
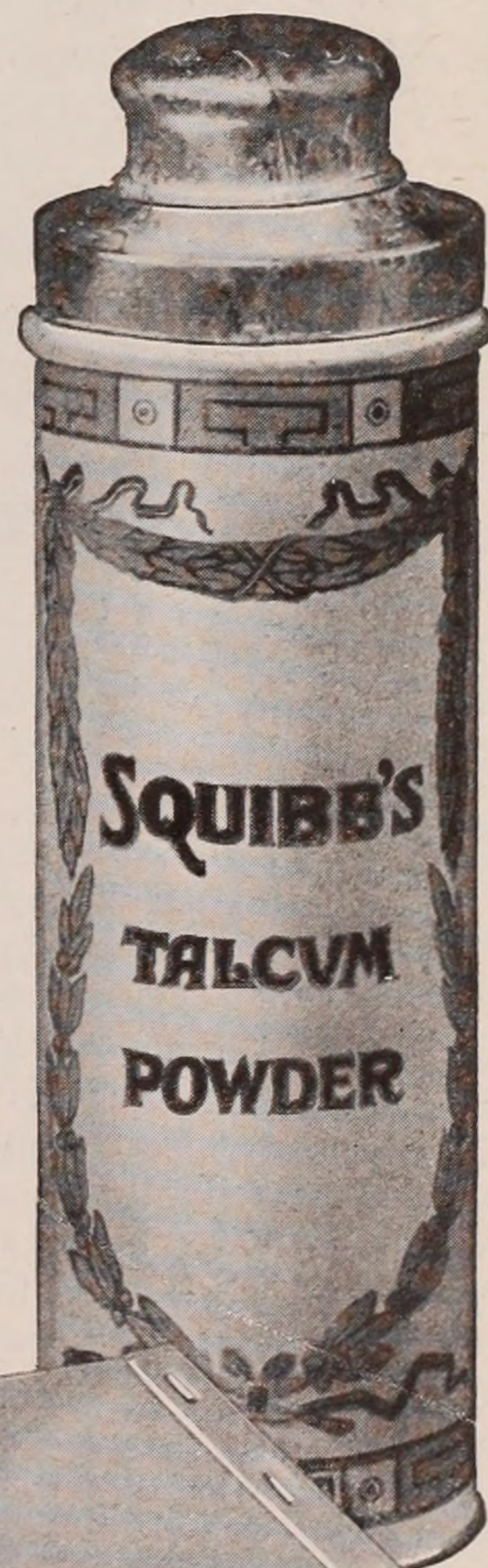
There is a new and better way to preserve the natural beauty of your complexion. Squibb's Cold Cream makes it possible. This delicately perfumed cold cream frees the skin from every particle of dust and dirt. It aids in the removal of unsightly blackheads and blemishes. But it is not absorbed. Rub it 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.

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The appreciation of Day Dream voiced by Miss Lenore Ulric is shared by charming women in every walk of life—women who realize that they owe it to themselves to look their best.

Send 25c for a Day Dream "Acquaintance Box," (containing Perfume, Face Powder, Poudre Creme, Cold Cream and Soap). Address Dept. Y Stearns, Perfumer, 6531 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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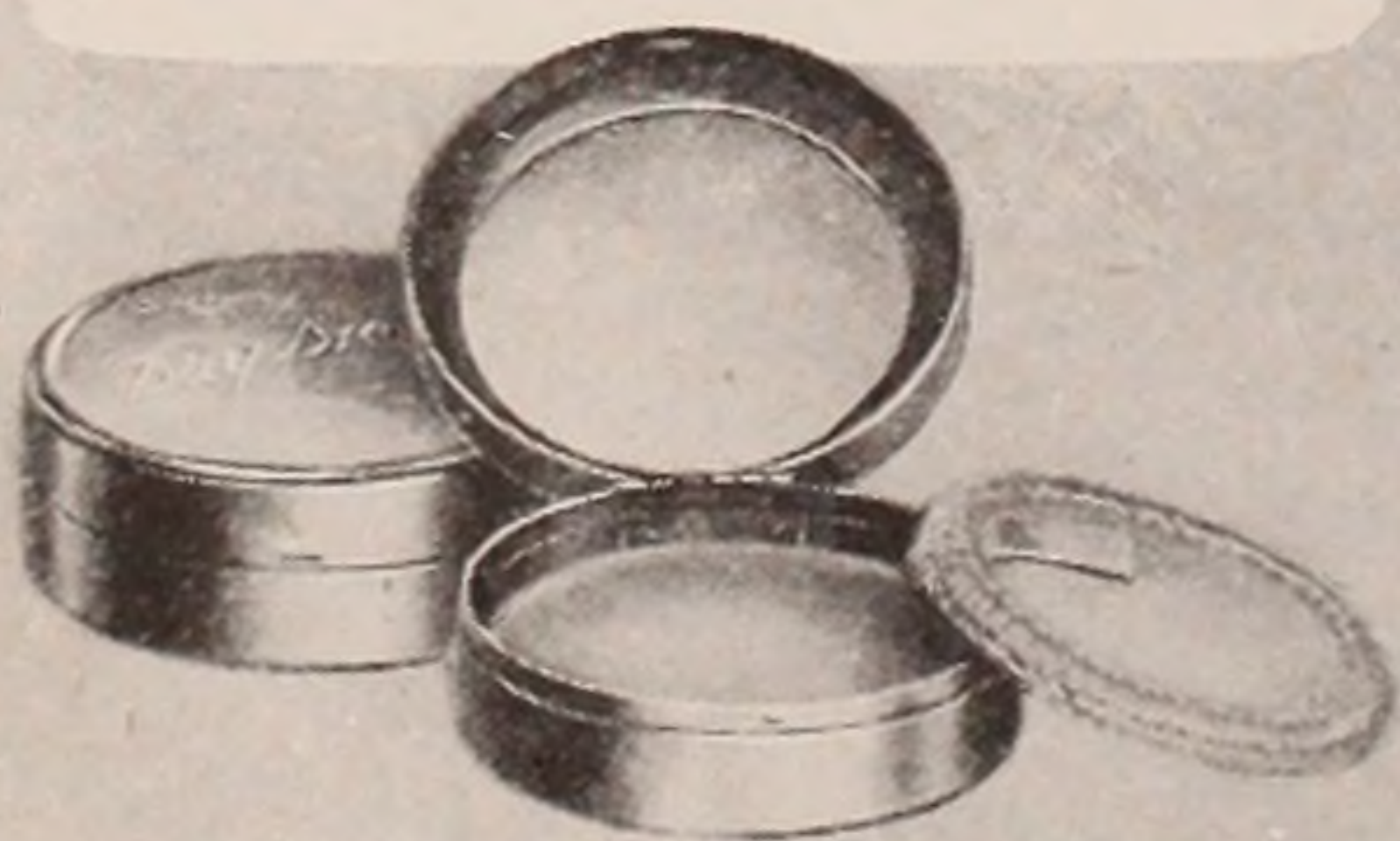
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# Day Dream

"The Girl You Can't Forget"



Here is Day Dream in a new form—Day Dream Orange Rouge—unusually popular because it's such a natural aid to beauty. Day Dream Orange Rouge is already offered practically everywhere that the better type of toilet necessaries are sold. Inquire for it at your favorite shop.



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 oblige 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 comedienne 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 Studios in Hollywood a few days ago. And—take it from the bunch of them—had the time of their young, 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



further convincing. Helen Lynch, Virginia Brown Faire, Sylvia Breamer, Pauline Garon, Andree Lafayette, Charlotte Merriam and a whole flock of others. They also visited sets for "The Meanest Man in the World," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Brass Bottle," "Ashes of Vengeance," "Children of the Dust" and "Trilby." We forgot to mention that the sens and cons were escorted by a platoon of motorcycle policemen. We wonder why?

**SEÑOR JOSE ALESANDRO** is on his way to Hollywood. Armed with letters to almost everybody, from one Blasco Ibanez—who confesses to being Senor Alesandro's friend. Jose started his professional career in Sarah Bernhardt's company, and—in time—became a matinee and screen idol. He has been called the handsomest young man in Spain, is six feet tall, slender and graceful and all the rest of it. When he passes rapidly through an office the stenographers go about, for two hours at least, in a daze.

**LEAH BAIRD** is becoming something of a public speaker these days. She accepted recently an invitation to give an address in San Antonio, Texas, under the auspices of the Federation of Women's Clubs. And all because she is the star of a picture called "Is Divorce a Failure?" We don't know much about Texas as a state of matrimony—but this touching interest in Miss Baird's answer to a poignant question is significant.

**MARSHALL NEILAN'S** former wife, Mrs. Gertrude Neilan, became the bride this month of Jack Alicoate, business manager and part owner of *The Film Baby*, a trade paper. The couple spent their honeymoon abroad. Mr. Alicoate and Buster Collier are authors of "Extra," a play which made a brief appearance on Broadway this season. They also backed their effort financially. When the fates proved unkind, Buster became frantic lest the monetary loss would deter the wedding of friend partner, so he went rushing about to his friends in an effort to borrow ten thousand dollars. I understand Mr. Alicoate was not in dire need by any means, but, anyhow, it's nice to have a friend like Buster.

It isn't often that a fan letter is original enough, or amusing enough, to be published. But the following epistle addressed to Bull Montana seems to be a classic of its kind. It came to the Metro studio postmarked Cebu Cebu and read as follows:

"Dear Montana: It gives me great pleasure to write to you, a star so great and so celebrated in all over the world.

"Your ethereal beauty and your exquisite actings are the qualities which I admire from afar with great interest and devotion.

"Can I be a friend of yours and in return will you do me a favor and to me post a photo study of your own attractive self?

"I trust upon your known liberality and generosity for my request.

"I am most sincerely to be yours,  
"Mr. Jesus Mercado."

A GREAT deal of interest centers in the photography of "The Little Girl Next Door," a production starring Carmel Myers and Pauline Stark made by Blair Coan.

The picture was photographed by Andre Balartier, who for some time is said to have acted as photographer for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The picture shows a number of psychic photographs of what are known as "ectoplasmic emanations" and Balartier claims that they are done in this production in exactly the same way that he made seance photographs for Doyle.

**WILLIAM F. ALDER**, author and scenario writer, and John W. Boyle, cameraman, have disappeared into the uncivilized wilds of the Kia Kia cannibal country of the New Guinea coast and have not been heard from in



## It was a pity no one told him

**HE** was an honor man in his class at college—popular with every one—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 precisely 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 closer 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). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouthwash and gargle.

It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic, that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these peculiar properties as a breath

deodorant. It halts 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. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily routine.

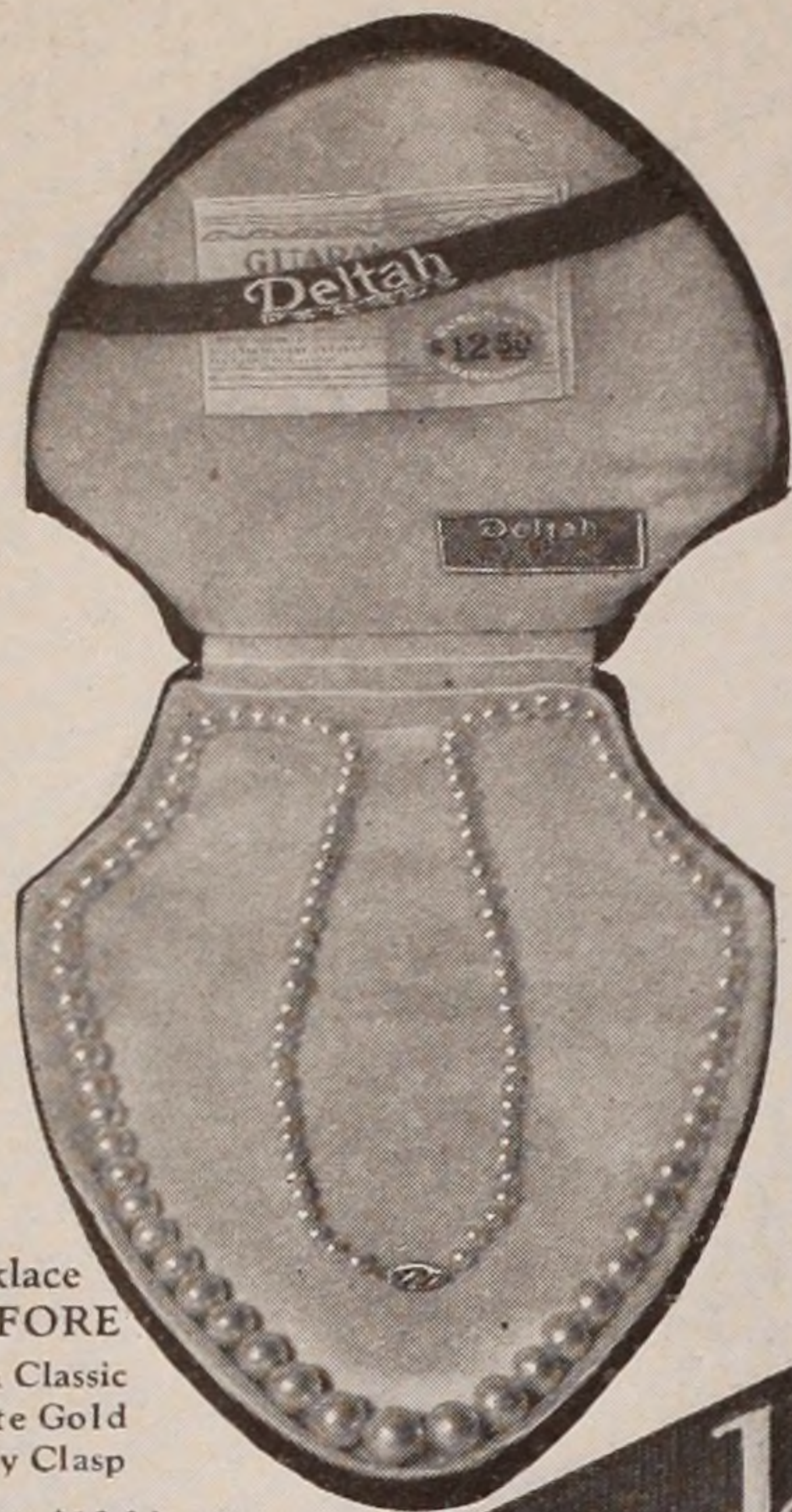
Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

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HALITOSIS



use  
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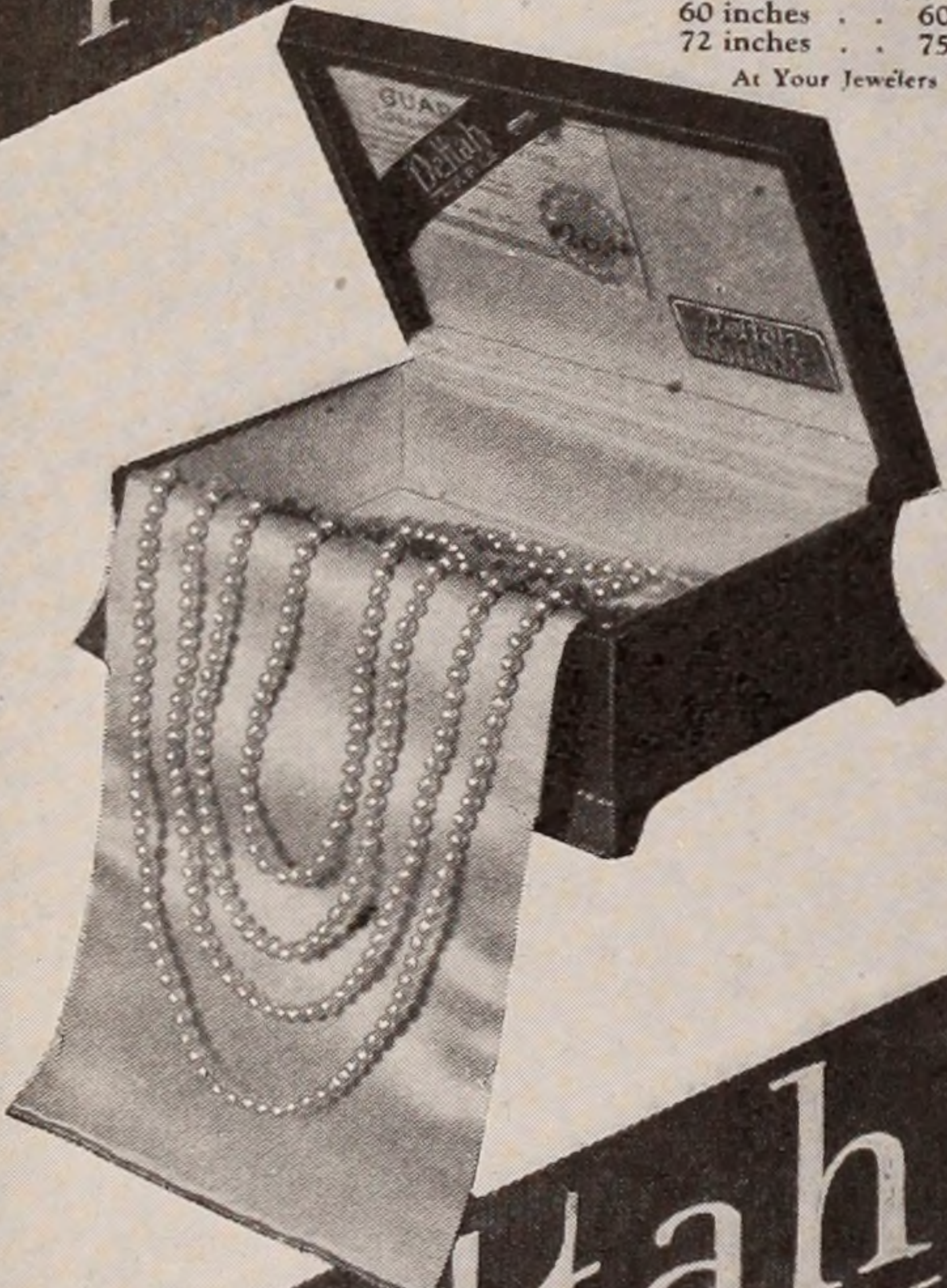




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Seven cameras faced the big fight scene of Thomas Meighan's "The Ne'er-Do-Well" when the Rex Beach picture was "shot" at the Famous Players Long Island studios. You can note Director Al Green wearing the cap in the foreground, with Meighan and his 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 Elliot, 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.

But 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 upstage. 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 stumped. She gasped, and her eyes blazed. Then, swiftly and silently, she reached back with her left foot and caught Sills a fearful kick on the shins. The actor jumped, sputtered, 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 Santchi. Santchi, as *McNamara* in the original version of "The Spoilers," staged a fight with Bill Farnum, never since equalled. 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 fop 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.



## 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. Poison 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—wifely 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 Mac Tavish, with his guileless smile, and Edith Roberts almost convince us.

### THE QUEEN OF SIN— Made in Germany

AN 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 thedabara days. Beds that float in perfumed pools and fur rugs and gorgeous interiors to the contrary! Lucy Doraine 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 rescues and equally 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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## What Beauty Feature Attracts You First?

It is the hair and she who would retain it through life must keep it in a cleanly, healthy condition.

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

is daintily perfumed, is equally 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.

### At All Drug Stores

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.

### Free Trial Offer

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 two-cent stamp to pay postage.

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Hagan's Magnolia Balm (Liquid Powder) beautifies instantly. Removes freckles, eruptions, sunburn, tan. Makes skin like velvet. 4 colors: Brunette, White, Flesh-Pink, Rose-Red for lips, cheeks. Won't rub off. 75c all dealers, or direct, postpaid.

**TRIAL BOTTLE,**  
any color, sent for 3c; 2 for 5c. State color.

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## Magnolia Balm

### MASTERS OF MEN—Vitagraph

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 Earle Williams takes the other male lead. Wanda Hawley and Alice Calhoun share leading lady honors. Their costumes are a joy—and never out of key.

### THE TOWN SCANDAL—Universal

GLADYS WALTON, as a chorus girl, comes back to her home town on a vacation and finds that many leading citizens, who were mighty glad to know her when they visited New York, have forgotten that she exists. All because she needs a job and must earn an honest living! So she starts to write her memoirs for the local paper and—but you get the idea!

### 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. Herbert Rawlinson 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 foils every plot, and does a great deal of fighting against heavy odds, and manages—withal—to make his heroism almost bearable. Not bad—not so very good!

### SINGLE HANDED—Universal

A PICTURE far below the usual Gibson standard. Hoot—pardon 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.

### TRIMMED 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 blackmailing 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 star"—but Katheryn 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 demonstrates this in one 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 Farina*. Scarcely two years old, she goes through each set like a wee, sombre shadow. Clever use is made of slow motion, in one place. For the whole family.

### THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY—Hodkinson

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 logging scenes are fine and the rugged Canadian landscapes are impressive. Ralph Connors' erst-while 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.

JOHNNIE 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 Gribbon 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

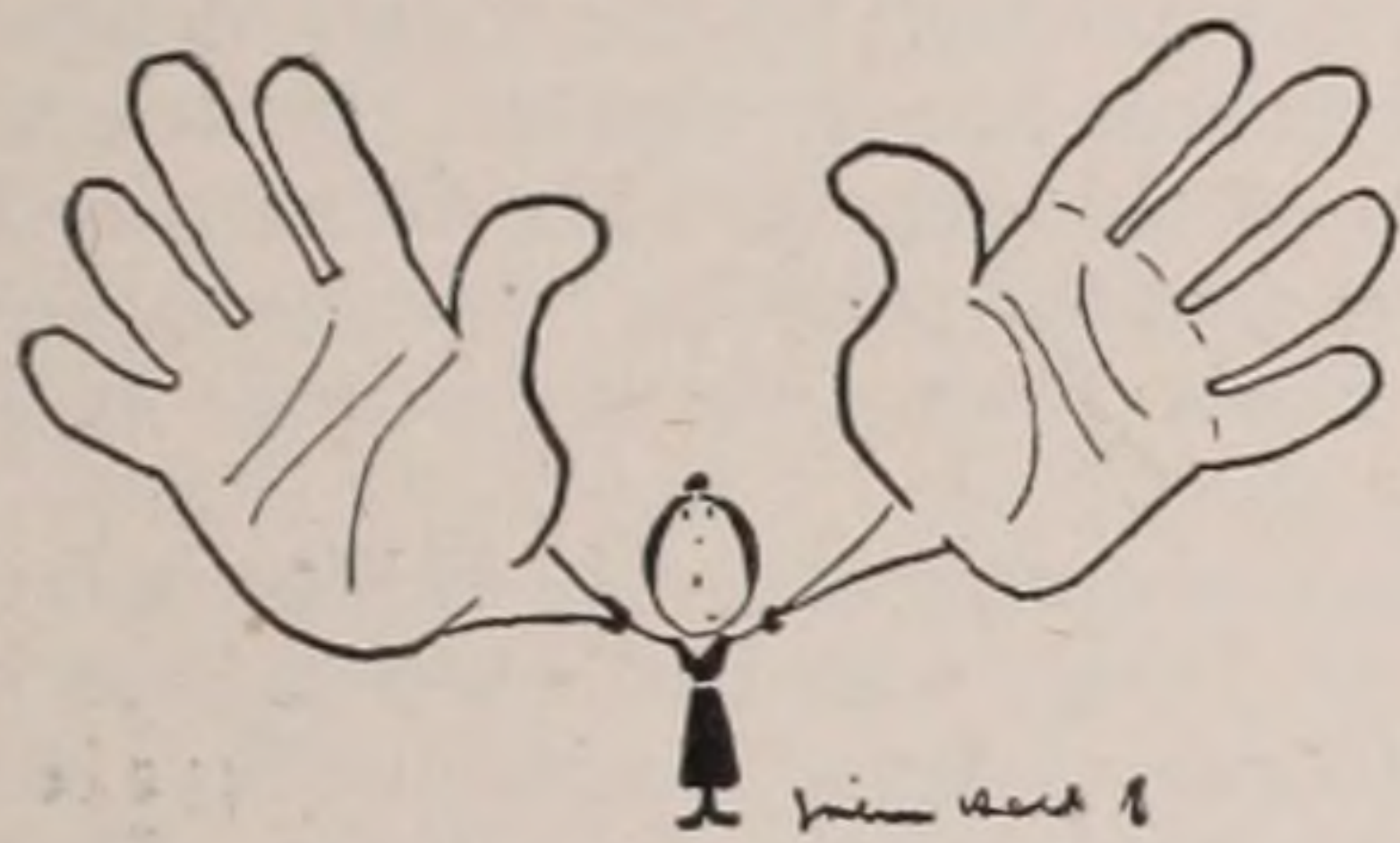
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56 ]

*The Movie Crime Wave:* Hope Hampton performed "Lawful Larceny" and now is heading "The Gold-Diggers."

*A Real Artist, Comrade Colleen!* In a criticism of "Broken Chains" we said Colleen Moore out-gished the Gishes in the way she brandished 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. I loathe, 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 Bolshevik. 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.

*Desecration or Consecration?* There have been indignant protests against naming a hospital for Wallace Reid. Some call it a "dope" hospital, and then shudder, their delicate sensibilities jarred by the word they choose to employ. 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 an 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 concerns 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.

### Had to fight it

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 meth-

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.  
*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

ods 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-coats disappear.

The result will be a revelation, and it may lead to priceless benefits. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free <sup>1090</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 955, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....  
.....

Only one tube to a family



## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

## NEW Butter-Kist Machine Brings BIG Profits from SMALLER Investment!

**B**UTTER-KIST now offers a new and wonderfully improved line of Popcorn Machines with the right model, exactly suited to the requirements of your own business.

And best of all—there's a beautiful, brand-new model that sells at *half what former models cost!*

It's the Gold Mine—and it's a beauty. Mahogany-finished cabinet—gleaming glass sides—polished nickel parts. Takes up little room. Works automatically. Produces thirty 10-cent packages an hour. Has special compartment for peanuts—a chance for added profits.

A better machine in every way! Pops more corn at same cost. And pops it under glass. No springs. Noiseless. Every part interchangeable. New and improved revolving electric sign.

Butter-Kist Popcorn can make big profits for you. H. C. Wallace writes: "In one year we made a gross profit of \$3484". Many are making even more. And remember, out of every dollar's worth you sell, you keep 65 cents as your profit!

The Gold Mine Model is your opportunity. Write for the Butter-Kist Easy Payment Plan. Mail the coupon.

### Butter-Kist Popcorn "America's Oldest Treat"



**HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.**  
World's Largest Manufacturers of Popcorn  
Machines and Peanut Toasters  
2216 Van Buren St. Indianapolis

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,  
2216 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free Butter-Kist book. I also want the Location Chart which I will fill out and return to you.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_

The coupon, filled-in, offers you an easy road to big profits. Obligates you in no way. Fill it in and mail TODAY.

**BUTTER-KIST**  
Popcorn and Peanut Machines

But the situation was hardly as simple as that if one is to consider details at all. Foreign film of a legal status not entirely clear was coming in and there were many "outlaw" machines, both cameras and projectors. And while Edison and Biograph were fighting for supremacy and control, a whole army of infringing concerns, with no legal status whatever, was erratically nibbling at the golden profit possibilities of the screen, like bandits raiding the no man's land of a war harried frontier.

"Duping" 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 makeshift places, all too often located in unsavory districts.

This situation gave opportunity to the enemies of the motion picture, its competitors in the amusement field. Having been hard hit by the financial stringency of 1907 and feeling jealous of the rapidly growing popularity of the screen shows, the magnates of the speaking stage set vigorously to work to destroy the motion picture. They were continually pointing the finger of scorn. Every trivial picture theater fire got publicity attention, and every small boy caught stealing green apples soon learned to say that the motion picture had been his tutor in crime.

"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 ten times as dangerous as dynamite and that its dramatic content was of a 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 sad 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 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 swinging the club of its projection machine patents, especially the "Latham loop." The Edison camp gave out many statements published in the trade journals and elsewhere, assuring exhibitors that the Latham patent was worthless. Meanwhile Jacques A. Berst, the American representative of the Pathé interests, was busy cabling the Paris office for a search of all European patent records and picture experiments in the hope that something might be found to antedate the Latham projector. 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 unhampered 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 pictures, improving continually 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 affairs. Edison had long since quit seriously considering the motion picture. In fact he never had taken it especially seriously. It was one of the many enterprises originating in his busy laboratory that had passed off 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 control at the Edison offices as the iron-handed Bismarck of the organization, an event so swiftly followed by the departure of William Kennedy Laurie Dickson, who went first with Latham and subsequently with Biograph. 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 any rate, at this juncture Mr. Gilmore resigned and went into the printing business in Newark, at the Essex Press, where he may be found today.

Gilmore was succeeded in Edison affairs by Frank N. Dyer, who had been Edison's personal attorney. Dyer, besides being a lawyer, was and is a scientist and inventor. He recognized the complexity of the patent situation, probably more clearly than Edison or Gilmore had before him. Dyer also had, by virtue of long experience, a notion of the perils of the inventor in the courts. He was probably more ready for a peace with Biograph than any one else in the Edison organization.

The situation was for the first time opportune for an intervention.

George Kleine out in Chicago wanted a peace very seriously. He had leaned toward Biograph, and he was the most important importer of foreign pictures. Also he himself was under fire from the Edison legal department for those very reasons, although he had been one of the very first to offer Edison screen products for sale.

Now, Kleine was also one of the few calm, philosophical personages of the motion picture industry of those days. He comported himself with a large dignity and spoke in carefully measured words that were duly impressive amidst the hurly-burly wrangles of the film folk.

Kleine 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 Frank 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 Edison licensee, on the other side of the 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 the leading companies, by way of giving themselves 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, Kleine was personally still acceptable in the Edison



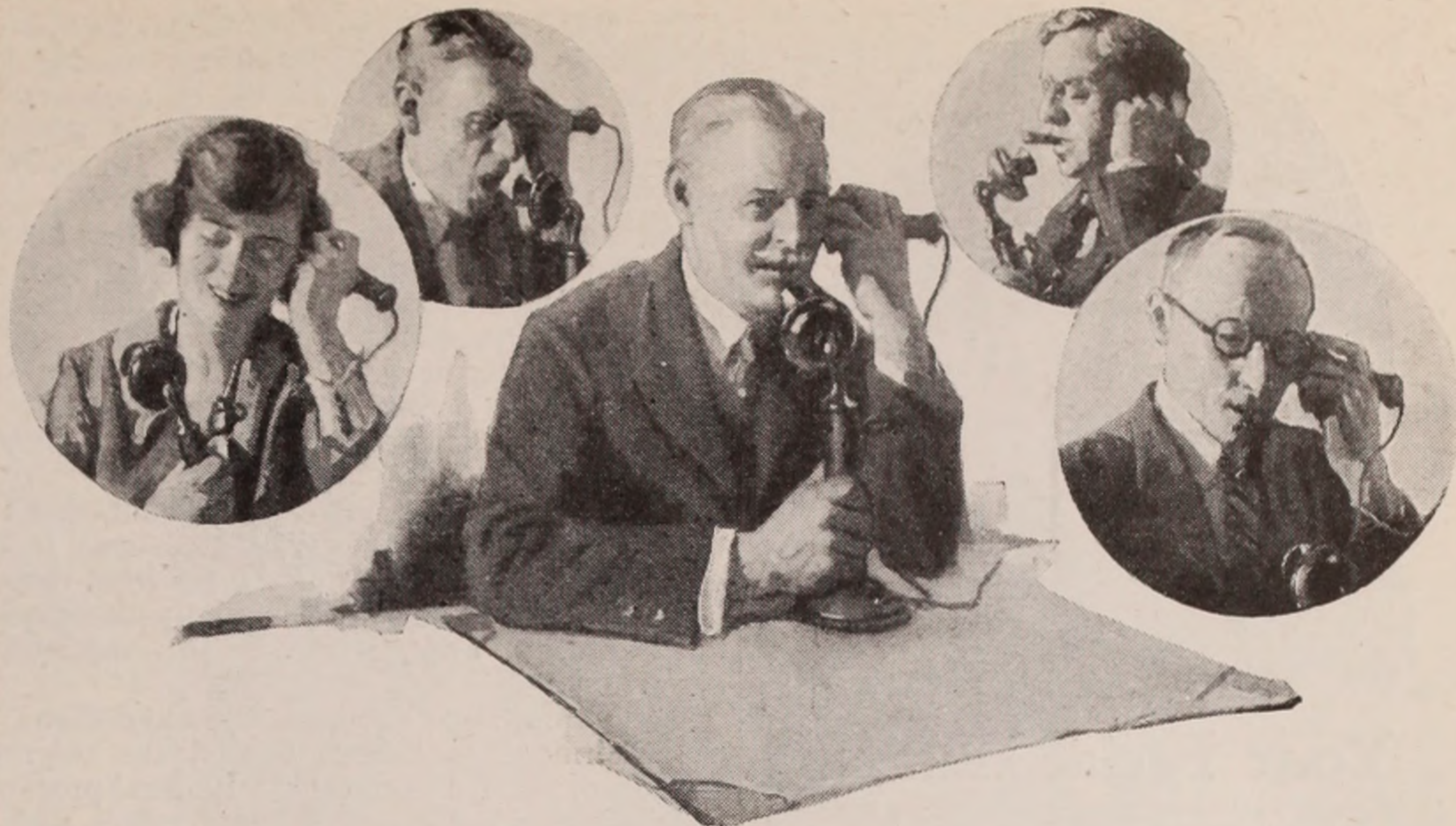
offices. He could talk out the issues without losing all of his temper. One day early in July, 1908, George Kleine quietly dropped into New York and went over to the Republican club in Fortieth Street to lay the plans of some peace-making strategy. This was Kleine's second sojourn of the kind there. The year before he had there introduced Gilmore of the Edison company and the infringing film makers who subsequently became the Edison licensees. The old greystone clubhouse overlooking the Public Library and Bryant Park was destined to become the scene of a deal of film strategy in the next few years, and on occasion its well sequestered parlors even today hear whispered conferences of film magnates and politicians. Eavesdroppers and professional detective shadows have ways of their own for covering hotel conferences, but when the "subject" turns in at the Republican club the shadow is in for a long wait on a park bench outside.

Presently Kleine invited Dyer to a chat up at the Republican club. There was another sly purpose in that. Since it was Kleine's club and Dyer was to be his guest the register would show that the Edison man had called on him rather than that Kleine had sought Dyer. This was a tiny thing and one of no ultimate consequence. It is noted here merely as an indication of the tedious delicacy of the politics of the film war.

Kleine and Dyer had a long conference. It pointed chiefly to the possibilities of a peace. Out of this session came another.

Early in the afternoon of July 11, Dyer, H. N. Marvin and Fighting Jeremiah J. Kennedy of Biograph met at luncheon at the Clairmont restaurant, up on Riverside Drive on beyond Grant's Tomb. This was the doings of Kleine the peacemaker. The major combatants in the big war were sitting across the table from each other, breaking bread together.

As these men sat looking out on the Hudson, sparring with words over the coffee and cigars, it became apparent that Edison's principal



## 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.



George Kleine brought the warring Edison and Biograph interests together in a peace resulting in the powerful Motion Picture Patents Co.

interest was an assurance that he would get a continuing revenue out of his film inventions. Figures were mentioned. It developed that the motion picture was at that time worth about \$87,500 a year to Edison in royalties from the Edison licensees. The Edison license system had been in operation now for nearly a year and a half and this was the first real money that Edison had seen in the motion picture business. It was obvious, too, that it was more than he had ever hoped for from it.



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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

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With its March issue PHOTODRAMATIST of Hollywood, for years friend, adviser and desk companion of writers, broadened its scope, enlarged from 44 to 100 pages and put on a new dress. Its new name is

## STORY WORLD and Photodramatist

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## Your Facial Habits

When you laugh or cry, or express any emotion, your facial muscles draw the skin tense. As the underskin becomes dry, these habits fix lines in your face. What are you doing to prevent time from leaving its record?

# WRINKLES

## The Tragedy of Youth!

Just between yourself and your frankest hand-mirror, haven't you wrinkles? Distressingly deep ones or mere threadlike traceries, they mock at youth and beauty.

It is only now with the discovery of a marvelous treatment—Ego Wrinkle Remover—that women are able to defend themselves from these merciless foes.

Ego Wrinkle Remover removes wrinkles by softening the skin, feeding the starved cells and giving the fibrous tissue the necessary strength to resist the forming of other wrinkles. You will remove the lines and prevent the formation of new wrinkles, if you use Ego Wrinkle Remover. This is the simple way in which Ego Wrinkle Remover succeeds always where other methods have failed. Sold at finer department stores for \$5 a tube or direct by mail. Its results are priceless!

If you have any questions on beauty, write

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Dept. 106 469 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

# EGO

*Just as creases vanish when a handkerchief is dipped in water, wrinkles disappear under the effect of Ego Wrinkle Remover.*

### The Exclusive Beauty Treatments

- Ego Wrinkle Remover . . . \$5.00
- Ego Bust Beautifier . . . . 5.00
- Ego Creme Rouge . . . . .50
- Ego Creme Lipstick . . . . .50
- Ego Deodorant Creme . . . . 1.00
- Ego Perspiration Regulator. 1.50
- Ego Dandruff Remover and Hair Beautifier . . . . . 5.00
- Ego Nail Polish \$ .35
- Ego Sunburn Preventive . . . . . 3.00
- Ego Ankle Cream . . . . . 5.00
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- Ego Freckle Cream . . . . . 7.50
- Ego Skin and Pore Cleanser 5.00
- Ego Hair Curling Cream . . . . . 3.00
- Ego Depilatory 5.00



*Ego Wrinkle Remover does to the skin permanently what the window pane does to the handkerchief.*



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ENCLOSED find \$5.00—for which please send me tube of Ego Wrinkle Remover. I am privileged to return the Ego Wrinkle Remover and have money refunded should I not be entirely satisfied. (Use separate sheet if ordering other products.)

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

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 now 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 get that \$87,500 a year from the licensees that we grant?"

Dyer shook his head.

"Suppose we make it \$150,000 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 the film patents. Even from the peep show beginnings the Edison establishment always underestimated the motion picture.

But despite Dyer's refusal, there and then, the Clairmont conference opened the way. Instead of serving each other with legal processes through belligerent lawyers' offices the fighters of the great 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 purposes had passed. 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 use of Edison machines. The Edison experts vastly doubted if the Biograph camera would make pictures.

Marvin and Kennedy called in Parker W. Page, attorney for Biograph, and held a long session at the New York Athletic club deciding on the daring next step. They determined on a showdown.

Shortly Frank 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. They wanted him to see that Biograph could make pictures without infringing the Edison patents.

The invitation was accepted. For the first time in the history of the industry a studio 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, walked 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 mind if we use a stop watch?" Dyer asked.

"Use anything you want to," responded Kennedy.

The camera clicked away. The scene was a bit 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 handed over to them.

"You can take that over to the Edison plant and develop it—you'll find a dam good motion picture on it," Kennedy advised.

Then the party went over 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 Biograph'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 outline for the formation 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 came 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 and Kennedy snatched it up. He listened a moment. There was an Edison lawyer on the line.

"Say!" Kennedy exploded, "if that agreement does not go through, just the way 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 everybody. If we can't get together and 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. It was settled.

In the afternoon, December 18, the great peace was signed.

The Edison and Biographical officials, George Kleine, and all of those whom Edison had licensed, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Essanay, Pathé, Kalem, and Melies were represented. The Motion Picture Patents Company was born. This was the beginning of the most 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 in East Orange, N. J., served in the great library that adjoins the Edison workshops and laboratories. This dinner was attended by all of the participants in the big peace.

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 print of the picture was made for each guest. George Kleine collected the autographs of those about the table and appended their signatures to his print of the peace dinner picture. By courtesy of Mr. Kleine 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 received a blow engineered by its enemies that reverberated across the continent, the effects of which continue today.

Mayor George B. 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 on Sunday and to go into 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 influences that brought about this action. The theater of the speaking stage was feeling too much motion picture competition.



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, an 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 wires 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 of the law down on the city's motion picture theaters as unclean and immoral places of amusement.

A wail of deep grief and pain rose from the five 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. Israel 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 holler 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.

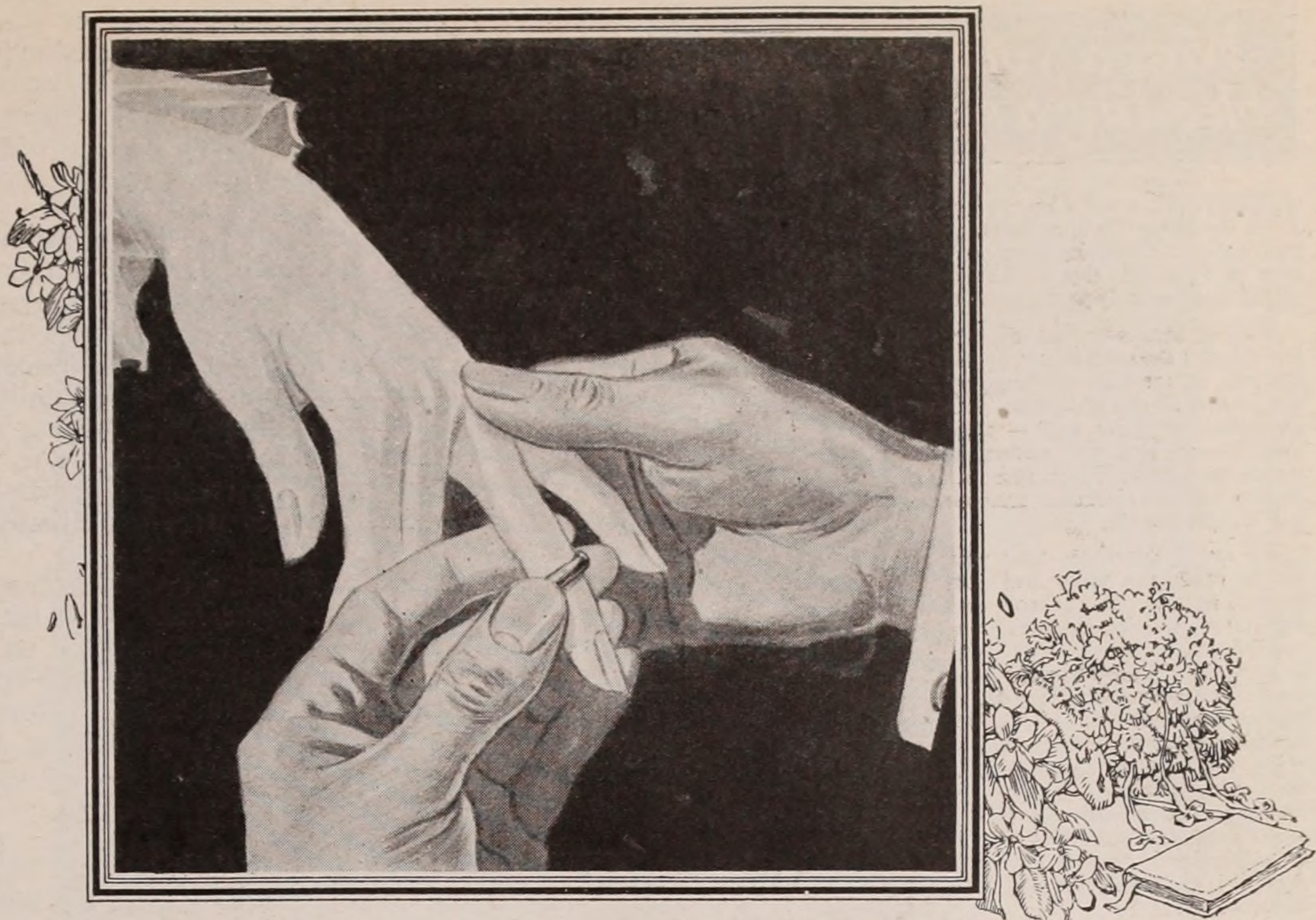
"Lock the doors, before you ask for the money," Steiner whispered to Fox. "These guys will beat it if you don't."

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!



You will find this monogram on many devices that help to make housework easy. On Edison and National MAZDA Lamps, motors that run domestic machines, and electrical devices of many kinds. The letters G-E are more than a trade-mark. They are a symbol of service—the initials of a friend.

"We can't afford servants," said most young married couples fifty years ago. "They cost too much in wages and food."

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# GENERAL ELECTRIC



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**M**EDICAL science knows how serious is the sign of bleeding gums. For it knows that tender and bleeding gums are the forerunners of Pyorrhea, that dread disease which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

If the disease is unchecked, the gum-line recedes, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea poisons generated at their base—poisons which seep into the system and wreck the health. They cause rheumatism, nervous disorders, anaemia, and many other ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult your dentist immediately for special treatment.

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## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

## Bathing de luxe! with No. 4711 Bath Salts

A bath in plain water is merely a wash. Add a spoonful of No. 4711 Bath Salts and it is a dream of luxury set in a temple of perfume.

## No. 4711 Bath Salts

The water becomes very soft, the odor of it delicate and refreshing!

No. 4711 is available in seven perfumes, at any counter where toilet requisites of quality are dispensed.

Produced in U. S. A. by the makers of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap and No. 4711 Eau de Cologne. MULHENS & KROPPF, Inc. 25 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.



injunctions 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 swore he would not go to bed until every picture show was open. Then 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 give them an uplifting 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 lecturers. The lectures were charmingly educational.

At Hammerstein's Victoria a typical lecture was given with a travelogue film. 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." "We are now passing a mountain." The lecture was the best act on the bill. It got a great hand.

**T**HEN 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 the motion pictures to see the villain hurled over the cliff and they hissed at close-ups of bumble-bees buzzing in the clover and the evolution of the rose. From that day onward the worst that could be said of a picture to damn it in the eyes of 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 mind. But out of the misfortunes of Christmas week 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 where the year before the Police Department had begun previewing pictures. The New York picture men were not eager for a censorship, but they were willing to accept any temporary refuge and expedient to avoid closing their houses.

Charles Sprague Smith, founder of the People's Institute and the author of the community center movement in America, 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 motion 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 dance halls. Their report showed "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 that attention must be given them in a constructive way."

It was of vast significance that when the motion picture had not yet evolved standards of art or morals or conduct 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 themselves.

It should be recorded here that neither Charles Sprague Smith nor his associates were exponents of censorship. The ensuing steps were to be guided rather by expediency than theory, however.

"Censorship" became a necessary word, because to satisfy the public and official mind of the day the naughty, naughty motion picture had to be spanked 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 two counts: first, the broad general welfare of the industry; second, a certain added vantage 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 respectability.

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 awkwardness and hesitancy of the scattering independent picture makers who came to contest the Patents Company there remained a certain atmospheric advantage in that direction. The "independents" did not know how to approach the board.

The name of the newly formed organization was most unfortunate, even if expeditious. 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 censorships arisen in the years 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 important influence on the course of motion picture history. It was in June that Governor Hughes of New York signed the bill which forbade race track gambling. Then came raids on the bookmakers at the tracks. Out 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 words of the cartoonist, "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 dollars to a friend, one Charles Streimer. Now was a good time to collect.

**D**OWN at 106 Fulton street Kessel found Streimer. "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 unaccustomed fingers and heaped up in a tangle about him.

"What's these wheels?"

"Moving pictures."

"What do you do with them?"

"I rent them to theaters—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 and a few days later they started out with a horse and buggy and a willow basket full of film canvassing the theaters for customers.

That was the humble beginning of the sequence of film enterprises that the public 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-weary traveller 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.

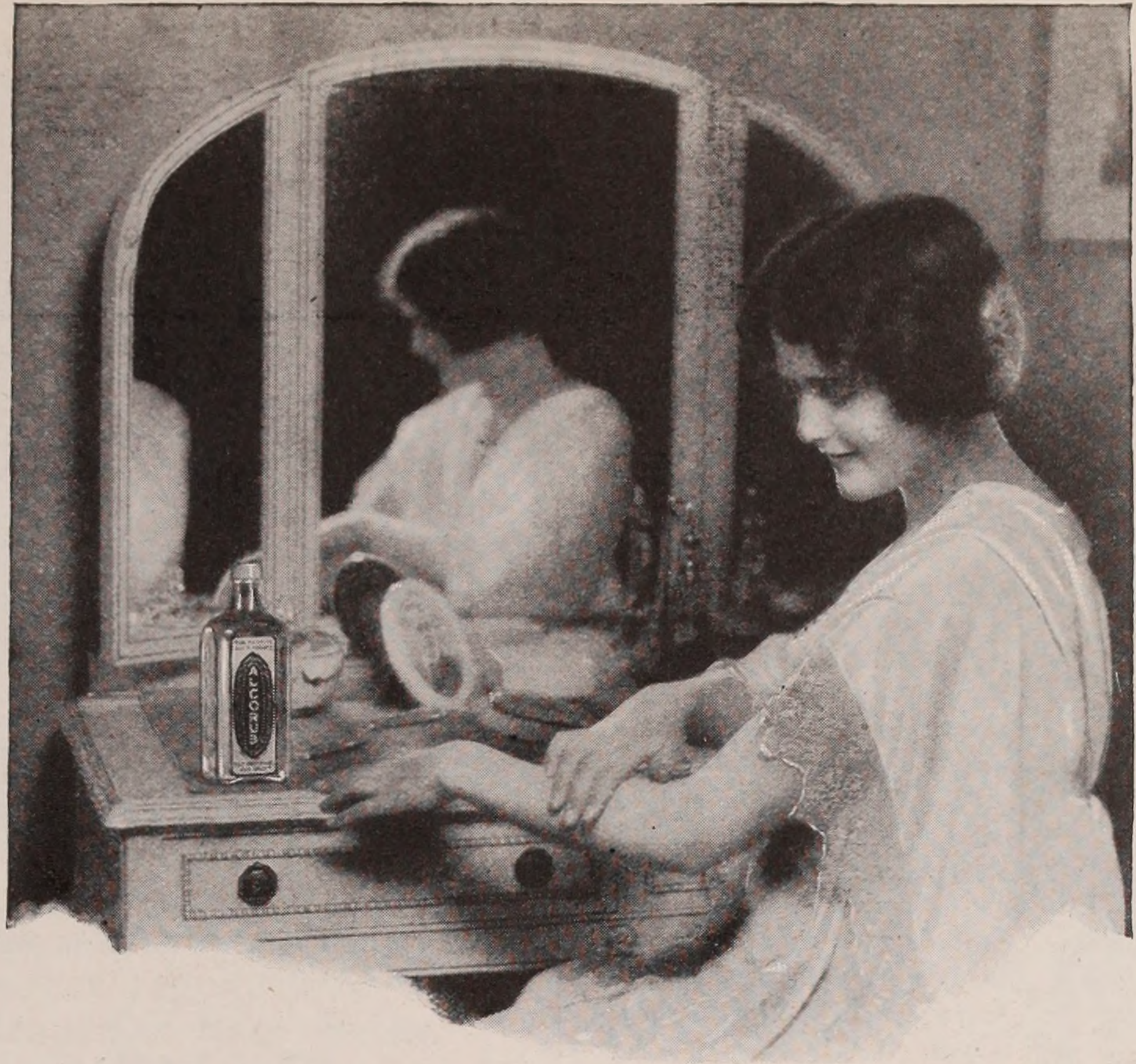
Just before New Year's Day, Forest City awoke to find the village billed for a performance of motion pictures. The showcards were handpainted with effects by Rothafel, the presentation was by Rothafel, the projection was by Rothafel, the music was by Rothafel, the tickets were sold and taken up by Rothafel, 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 successively 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 ]



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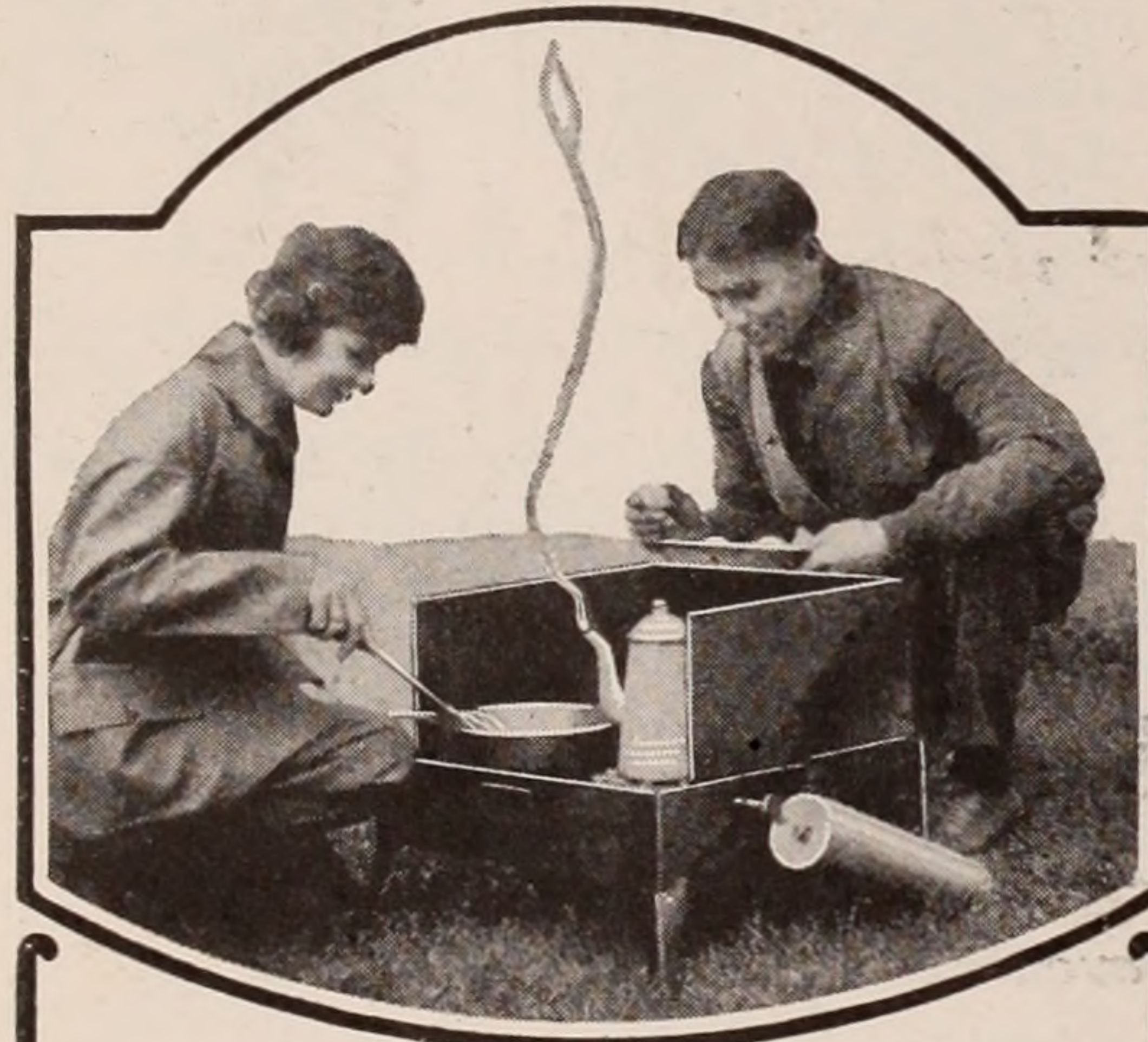
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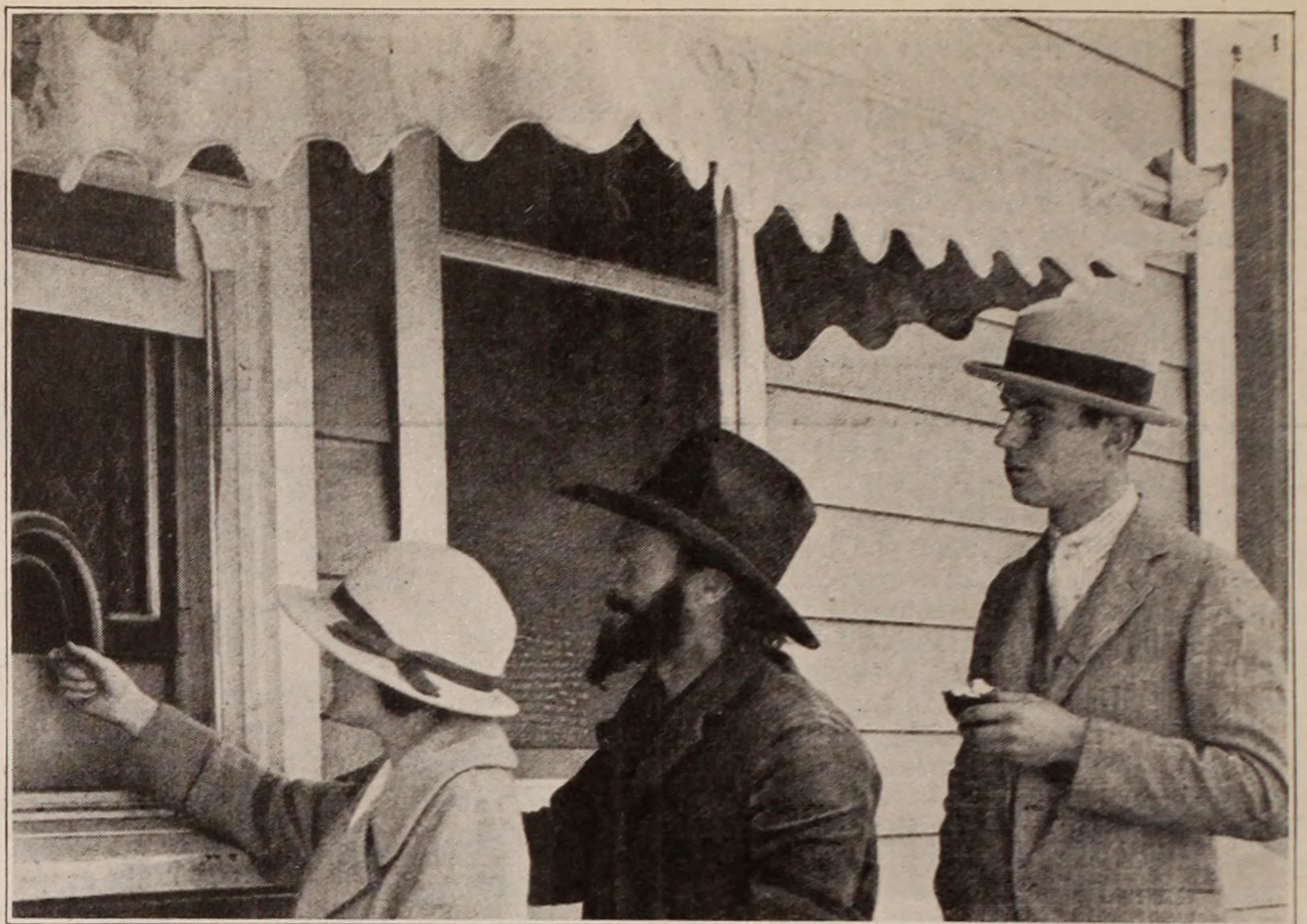
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The Biddle family represents some of America's greatest wealth, but Craig Biddle, Jr., heir to millions, waited in line at the extras' window with the rest of the \$7.50 a day players

## The Millionaire Extra Man's Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

Hollywood. I rode street cars miles to the exchanges where they get mobs. I walked more miles from one studio to another. Without a bit of luck.

Then I met a chap who introduced me to Bob McIntyre, the casting director at Goldwyn's. Mr. McIntyre started right in to discourage me about pictures. He said it was a terribly hard life and I was a fool and a lot of things. While we were talking, a young man in puttees came in and they were fixing up about a big mob scene that night.

I asked him to let me work and he did. Gee, it was tough. Not a bit like you'd imagine those things would be.

It was pouring rain. And for hours I had to stand with a mob of people in the wet and the cold. Then they burned up the circus tent and we had to run, tramping on each other. It was

a terrific experience. Football training helped more than any dramatic ability.

Finally, by perseverance, I began to get extra work. It was a good thing. I'd reached the place where I had to walk to save car fare. I was eating hot dogs off the lunch wagons. And I had been insulted by all the experts in Hollywood.

But I didn't really care. Hollywood is fascinating. Just all and more than I thought it would be. It is a long, hard way, I can see that. Everyone must begin at the bottom. But it is fascinating work and there is always a chance to advance yourself if you work hard and have the stuff.

I'm going to stay right here, begin at the bottom as I have begun, and work my way up. It may take a long time, but it's worth it.

## How "The Covered Wagon" was Made

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

fronted Cruze and his technical chief, Walter Reed. One was the need of lumber. While the rest of America was having its coal shortage, Cruze faced a wood problem. Upon arrival in the Snake Valley, they found all available lumber under contract. Reed succeeded in purchasing all this, together with several unfinished houses in Milford. Reed picked up a barn or two in other towns. These were knocked apart and transported by truck to location.

The job of handling this vast army of extras—far from civilization—was no small one. The commissary department alone had a terrific problem. Some 500 sleeping tents were used by the players and workers, along with the covered wagons. All costumes of the period were shipped from the Los Angeles studios.

"There wasn't a false whisker in the whole crowd," relates Cruze. "But the prize of the lot was the hirsute adornment raised by Tully Marshall as the old trader of the plains. They were whiskers!"

After eight weeks in the Great Snake Valley camp, Cruze took his principals, staff and cowboys to Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake, where the buffalo hunt scenes were shot. Here

is the last big herd of 350 buffalo. Seven of them were sacrificed to art—and "The Covered Wagon."

"Don't grow sentimental over the seven," says Cruze. "The folks out there would like to get rid of the whole herd and they would, but for the sentimental hubbub that is always raised when they talk of rounding out the buffalo. The animals are worthless—there isn't worse meat on earth to eat—and they ruin the whole territory for cattle grazing purposes. So the buffalo remain—sentimental reminders of the America of the past."

After the buffalo hunt, Cruze and his company returned to the coast studios. "At that time 'The Covered Wagon' ended on the plains. There was nothing of the present California and Oregon sequences. We had thought that the continuous scenes of the pioneer caravan winding its way across the country would grow monotonous. So we ended the tale out there near Fort Bridger.

"But, when we returned to California and put the print together, we revised our estimate. The wagon trail curiously became the star, with a personality all its own. Then we decided to show the actual consummation of



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 long ago 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 rôle 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 "barker," 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 leading man in the early days. One of his biggest successes was the lead of the famous Thanouser 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."

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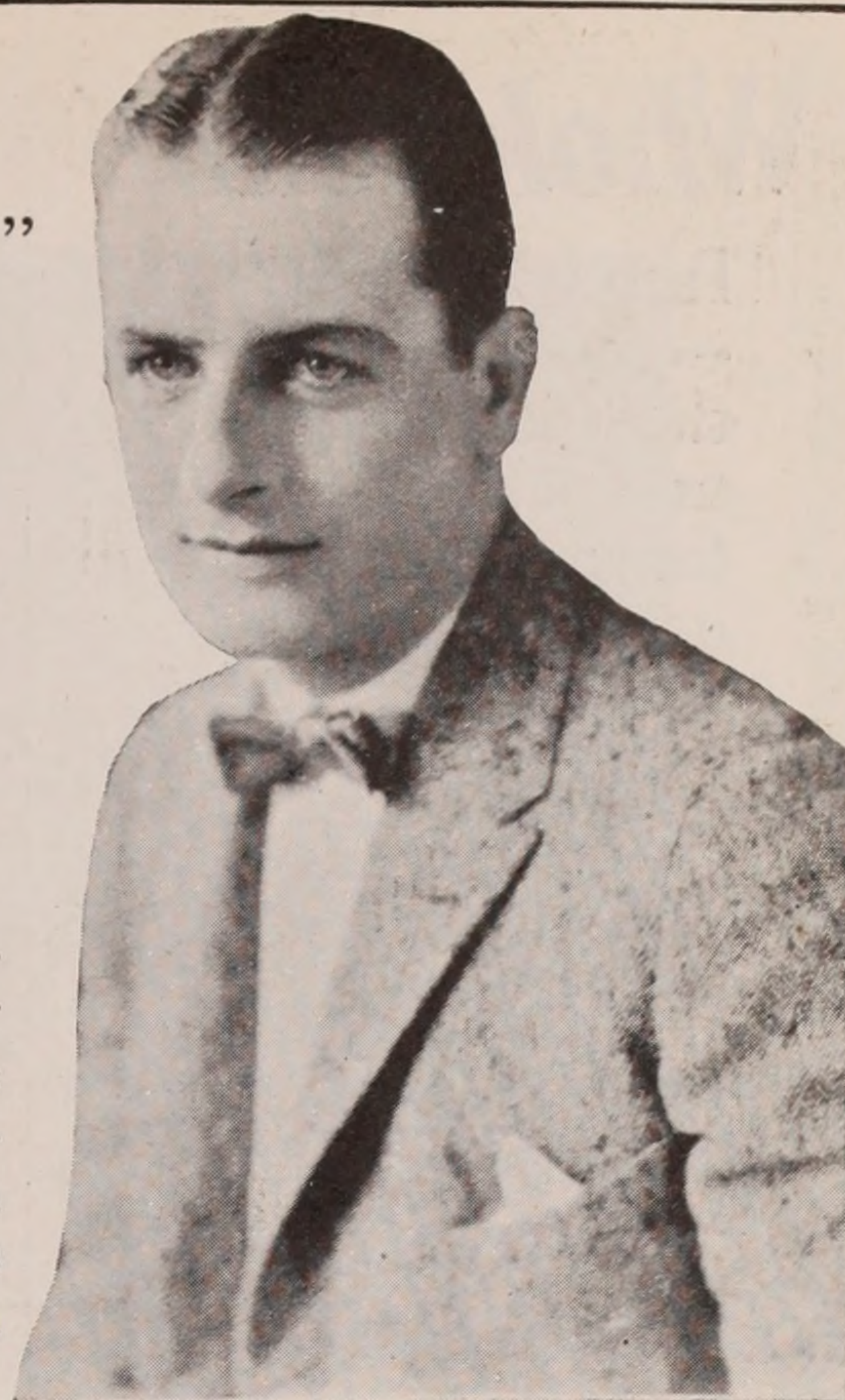
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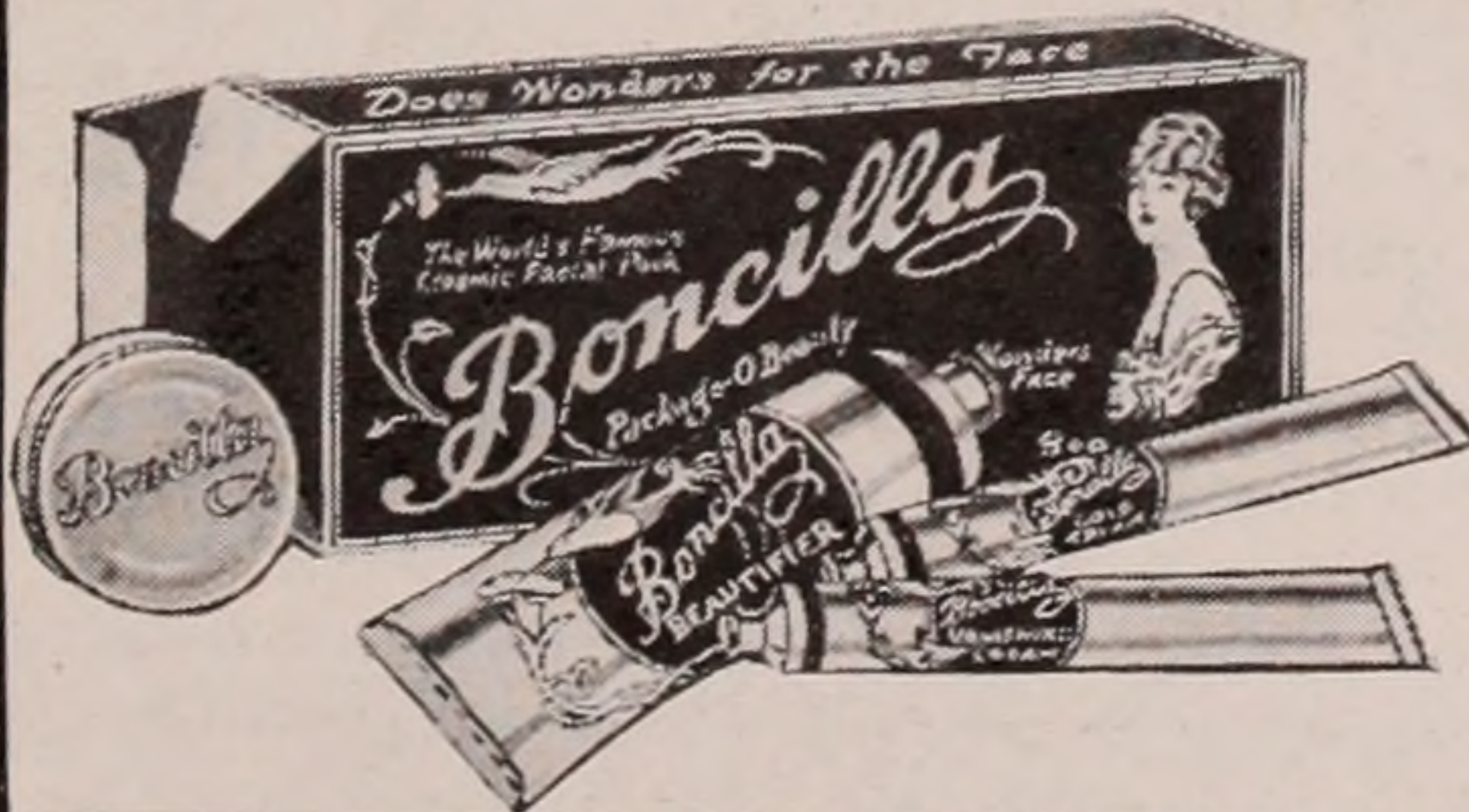
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# A Star in Search of Her Soul

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

then and tried to teach me right and wrong!"

In a travelling 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 one hand on the bar, several ligaments snapped in her puny wrist and she fell, fracturing the collar bone.

A little later, while she was working in a printing office, feeding paper bags to a press from early morning until six at 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 mouldering 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 unbelievable gift of a box of crayons are memories 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 sing. A tattered little mountain gamin 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 went to claim it she found her pennies were not enough. The storekeeper saw the light die out of her face as she turned away—and he gave her the doll.

She was too shy and frightened then to express 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 affection my poor comic little 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 carried a deep undying gratitude for one kindly little act?

She adored her doll for a little time and then put it away. It was like that with her childhood.

AT fifteen, a child thrusting up from the filth, with no more design than a flower seeking the air that breeds beauty, she went to work in a print shop that turned 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 while playing 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, an urge without motive, a seed that wanted to flower.

For this she endured everything. Stranded with a stock company in South Carolina, she worked her way to Cuba as a stewardess, emptying slop jars and making beds—in a cheap Cuban dance hall under the name of "Miss Mazie" she sang American songs and picked up the pesos the Cubans flung at her—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 youngster with a battered old suitcase she came to the door of her father's house in Springfield, a house without curtains or carpets—then to work for a dressmaker, stitching endless seams and delivering bundles, for four dollars a week—and then a nursemaid in a family where she

was blissfully happy because she had plenty to eat.

All this before the age of eighteen!

It is little wonder if Pearl White emerged with few illusions, a frank materialist. 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 ideal of this materialistic age she was a success. She had worked, 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 aside or quitting definitely.

The first time she found an oasis for momentary 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 after making her first picture in two days she was placed on a salary of thirty a week.

The ensuing years brought steady increase. She saved carefully until free of the old terror of poverty. Then for the first time she had leisure, and for the first time realized that there was something wanting in her life. It lacked a vital essence.

Her keen, incisive 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 even the bright illusion of romance. She believed that this was what she craved, and she rushed away to Europe in quest of it with the same determined vigor she had given to work.

For a time the colors of life delighted her. She was absorbed by the social gayeties. But Pearl White was too fundamentally real to be contented for long with the bright external varnish.

True romance eluded her. She thought she had found it in 1914 when she married Victor Sutherland, an actor. Within two years she had pierced the pretense, and, disgusted with the mockery, sought a divorce.

Then she met Major Wallace McCutcheon, war hero and actor. That first meeting seemed to bring the promise of true romance which she sought. Wally McCutcheon, the son of the first director of motion pictures, was a man's man—and a woman's. He had the bearing and splendor of nature that signifies the knight. But the war had worked insidious and secret changes. One day he walked out of the Lambs club and was never seen again. Again Pearl White's romance was shattered. In 1921 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 vengeance.

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 the pinnacle. There were no heights above. 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.

While she continued to play just as gaily with her friends she was not tricked with the artificialities of such pleasure.

The religious instinct had been vital in her as a child, from the day her stepmother sent her to the Congregational Sunday school. Later she entered the Catholic church. Perhaps 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—yet not quite honestly, for she reveals only the worldly self. If anyone were to declare her endowed with great spiritual qualities, she would dismiss the charge with a mocking jest. When an interviewer once asked her about her art, she laughed, "Art—art—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 no thing 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 criticise, expecting 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 more women than they do 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 hoes 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 wild—the lions, 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.

# Warner's WRAP-AROUND



Front View

Back View

Trade-mark

## The Invisible Corset

**T**HIS Warner's Wrap-around is deftly 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.

Price, \$3.50

Other Wrap-arounds for slender, average and full figures, \$1.50 and 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 low-top of the Wrap-around. Prices: \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Wrap-arounds are made only by The Warner Brothers Company, New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Made also in Canada by The Warner Brothers Company, Montreal.

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ELIZABETH ARDEN has developed a wonderful ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM, splendid for a quick afternoon treatment at home. Nourishing and astringent, this cream fills out lines and wrinkles, tightens and smooths the skin. Erases all look of fatigue, makes the skin youthful and satiny. \$2.

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 clinging softness.

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES**

They may be dangerous. Flesh White, Pink or Cream, 50c a box of druggists or by mail. Send 10c for a Sample Box.

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Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush! No scrubbing—no scouring.

Sani-Flush reaches the hidden, unhealthy trap—cleans it, purifies it. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections. There is nothing else that does the work of Sani-Flush.

Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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EYES  
CAN BE  
BEAUTIFUL**



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MAYBELLINE CO., 4750-52 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

I felt peevish about it. I wanted to go back to sleep. It seemed real mean of the government to let the lions stay out that late at night disturbing honest American visitors in their sleep. I was just pulling the covers around me and settling down again when Martin whispered at me—a regular stage whisper.

"I see him—way over there." He pointed across the camp to a little gap in the thorn bush wall we had for protection. Sure enough there was a big lion peeking in.

I grabbed my rifle. Martin seemed to be shivering.

"You either go back to bed this minute or put on your slippers," I told him. I decided that if he was going to fuss around about it all night I'd better take care of the lion myself. I knelt down beside the bed and took a long resting aim at the lion and fired.

The rifle kicked me over and the powder marked a hemstitched pillow case I had packed all the way from New York, ten thousand miles, to British East Africa. The whole camp, including a hundred and ten black porters, woke up and there was lots of excitement. We went out with a torch and there was the lion, a big one with a black mane, stone dead. I felt real proud. Then Martin laughed at me.

"I shot him yesterday afternoon and set him up on some sticks here so you could discover him," he tried to tell me.

"You didn't." I came right back at him, in regular wife fashion. "You are just trying to take all the credit away from me and let on like you were not scared when you woke me up."

Martin knelt down and put his hand on the lion.

"Come on, feel of him—he's cold—been dead for hours."

"Sure, he's cold," I told him. "I knocked him cold with my Winchester—that's how he got that way—don't you try to fool me, Martin Johnson."

Then we did not speak again until after breakfast. Coffee is a great peacemaker.

Anyway I shot that lion last, I do not care who shot him first. It's the last one that counts.

IF that one was on me, I will take this opportunity to tell you how Martin got his first big trophy. He may never forgive me for this, but here goes. It was nearly dark one evening down in the Ol Garyi river country when Martin went out with his rifle. He said he was going to scare away a lot of hyenas that were at a waterhole where we made pictures in the day time. He saw a lot of them snarling over something and took a shot into the midst of them. One of the bunch dropped and the rest scattered. He went whooping and shouting after them, waving his rifle as if he was on a coon hunt in Georgia. Then he came back to camp for his electric torch so he could look at the one he killed. When he turned on the light it proved to be a full grown lioness. He had been skylarking over the plains in the night chasing lions like they were chickens in the garden. Martin was pretty quiet all the rest of the evening and he omitted the usual lectures on zoology after dinner.

It was hot in Africa, and dry, just as dry as it can get at 110 in the shade with no rain. And I had to spend hours and hours in a thorn bush blind, with a motion picture camera, helping Martin get films of the animals when they came to the waterholes. I used to torture myself with visions of a cool white marble soda fountain on Broadway 'way back in New York. I tried to imagine how it would be to sit under an electric fan and have six different kinds of ice cream sodas at once. I used to dream about them at night.

All we had to drink on safari was muddy

water and sometimes a queer sort of lemonade made from canned lemon squash. Sometimes we had to dig deep holes in the dry river bed and wait hours for the water to seep in. That was simple. Then after that the water had to be settled, strained and boiled. After it was boiled we put alum in it to clear it and permanganate to purify it. You can imagine how it tasted.

One day when I was sitting in my blind speculating on strawberry nut sundaes and staring straight ahead in a fascinated way looking at the dry grass, I suddenly became aware that there were some shadows on the ground in front of the blind that I had not seen there before. I had an impelling feeling that I must look up. You know the feeling sometimes that somebody is staring at the back of your neck in church—it was just like that. Well, I looked up and there were three big giraffes looking down on me over the top of the blind. It was like seeing the tip of the Woolworth Tower bent over to take a look at City Hall park.

When I looked up the giraffes ran away. They have no vocal cords, so they never scream, snort, squeal or make noises like everything else in Africa. And I suppose that since they can't say anything they never get into fusses. The giraffe is a big lumbering apologetic fellow anyway. He eats the buds off the thorn trees and minds his own business.

YOU would have enjoyed being with us when Martin started to teach me things about a big game rifle. You have all heard about the generous man who loaned his wife his coat to keep her warm while she cut the wood. Martin was something like that with the rifle. He wanted me to understand it perfectly so I could protect myself while he chased around with a camera having a good time making pictures. He wanted me to be independent.

He came up with a gun about the size of a fence post and laid it in my lap. He pointed to a row of things on the barrel and turned up one of the do-flickers.

"You put that sight up that way for a hundred yard shot," he explained.

I saw another thing just like it farther up the barrel.

"What's that one for?" I asked him.

"That's for two hundred yards—but you won't need that one," he went on. "Don't bother about it. If you are that far away from a lion you can beat him back to camp."

There was lots more sense in that idea than you would think, too. With a couple marksmen like we were blundering around in the jungle it was better to let the man-eaters get so close we could not miss before we did any shooting. But it was rather tedious sometimes waiting for them to get that close. I suppose a rhinoceros can run a hundred yards in ten seconds, but I found it gave me plenty of time to remember all the details of a busy life and think over the safety and comforts of the old home in Kansas. It is wonderful how homesick a girl can get with a one-ton rhino coming up to make an appointment to murder her. It seemed to me that the rhinos were just like New York taxicabs—they charge and charge and charge.

The most fun in Africa is the zebra. He is a silly mule in stripes, like he had just been let out of prison. He is wild and handsome and just made to photograph. There are several of them. The District Commissioner at Meru told us that it was estimated that there were eighty million zebras in British East Africa alone. Martin spent a whole year making friends with them and photographing them. They are his favorites. That's why we are going back to Africa—Martin thinks there are two or three zebras he hasn't photographed yet.

A new feature for "THE SHADOW STAGE"

See announcement pages 66-67, this issue of Photoplay



## Good Scotch

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

him back, you would have felt that your better self had been grievously 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 Ernest Torrence shambles on to a scene in "The Covered Wagon" and rolls a wicked black optic, like a cannonball, from under a thicket eyebrow.

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 appears, whether he's 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 inimitable 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 Edinburgh, 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 study music 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 culture for three years."

Here Mrs. Torrence, a vivid, dark-eyed little woman with a pronounced English accent, interrupted proudly, "And he won the Westmoreland scholarship and the gold medal for operatic singing."

After quitting the Academy with 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 Al H. Woods brought him to this country in "Modest Suzanne," with other musical comedies following.

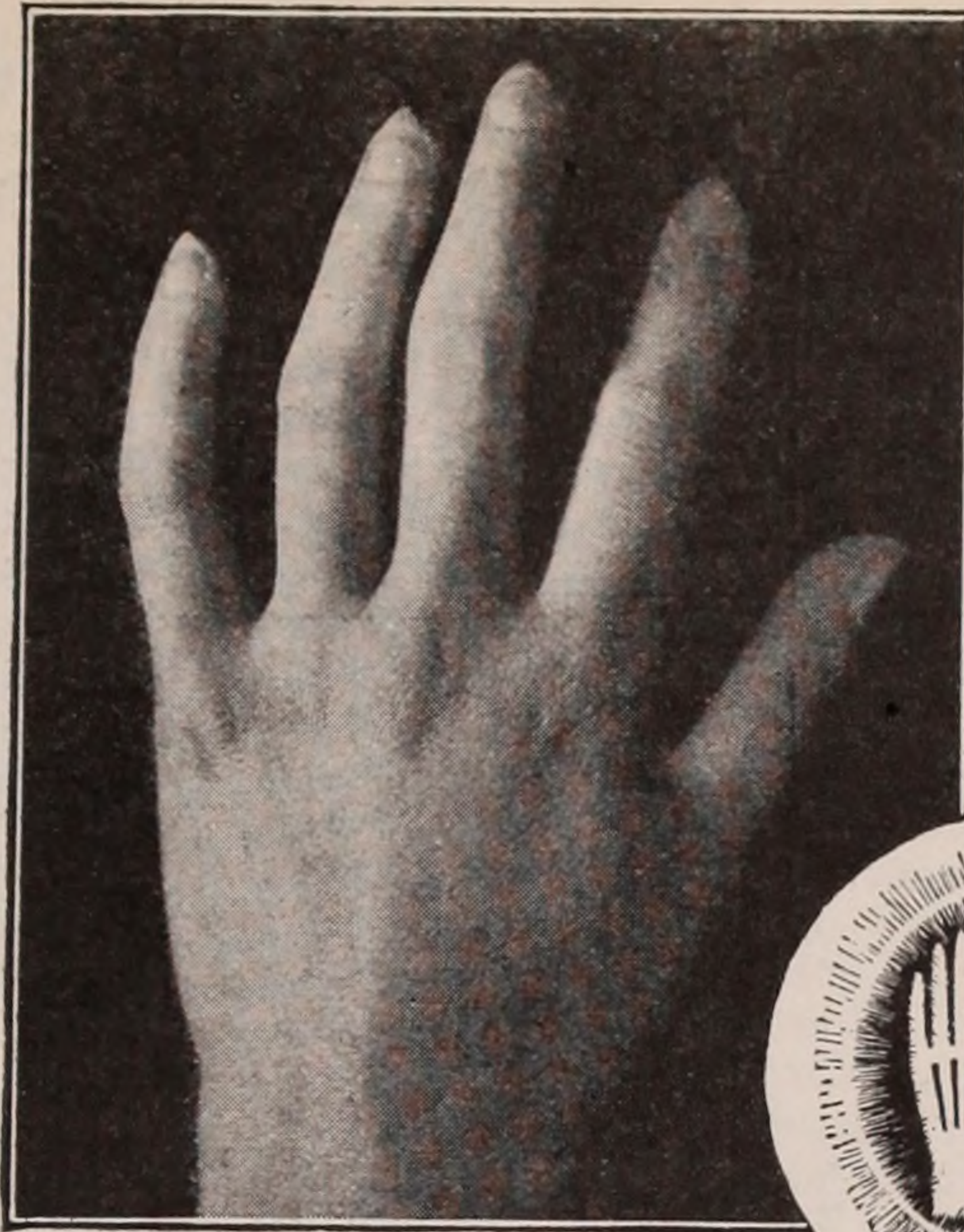
But it looks like he has sung his last song. Immediately upon the release of "Tol'able David" producers were after him to perform other nefarious deeds for the screen. During the year he has appeared in "The Prodigal Judge," "The Kingdom Within," "Broken Chains," "Singed Wings," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Covered Wagon."

Now as the sinister beggar, *Clopin Trouil-lefou*, of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," he reigns 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 youthful appearance, tall and distinctive, with black hair and those intent, concentrative black eyes that roll ferocious glances at screen heroes.

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.



Photograph of hand of Mildred McKamy, LaGrange, Ill., showing hand before wearing Dr. Egan's Magic Night Gloves



Photograph of Miss McKamy's hand after wearing gloves just four nights



# Magic New Gloves that Whiten Hands

A pair of gloves of amazing powers! Nothing like them ever known or dreamed of. Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation in the hands. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth!

Your hands may be "a sight"; they may be a raw red or an "old-age" yellow; they may be dark with tan or blotched with freckles or liver spots; they may be sadly seared by housework, deeply lined, rough and coarse—yet they become hands of the whiteness of snow and the softness of velvet under the magic of these gloves.



**Wear Them While You Sleep or an Hour or Two a Day While Doing Your Work**

### No Hands Are Hopeless

The marvelous gloves are the invention of that great physician, the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. Their magic lies in a remarkable substance with which they are treated or impregnated. This substance or

preparation, perfected by Dr. Egan, is worked into the very fabric of the gloves. And when activated by the natural warmth of the hands, it has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly worn and old take on the beauty of lovely whiteness and softness and become fresh and young-looking under the action of these wonderful gloves.

### Results in One Night

What does it profit a woman to have beauty of face or figure or the clothes of a queen, if her hands are uncouth? By your hands more than anything else, does the world estimate you. What about your hands? Do they attract or repel? Are they hands to show confidently or hands to hide?

The poignant attraction that lies in pretty hands is now yours to command. The magic of Dr. Egan's impregnated gloves makes it possible. Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to show you.

In summer especially you need Dr. Egan's medicated gloves to keep your hands free from tan and freckles.

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for free trial. Note that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attractive container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores for the purpose of quickening the action of the impregnated gloves. Use gloves

with or without Pore-Lax Cream; but preferably with it. Dr. Egan's medicated gloves not only beautify the hands but they make manicuring easy because they soften the cuticle.

### Special FREE Trial Offer SEND NO MONEY

See how clean and pleasant the gloves are to wear—how comfortably they fit—no binding. But above all, note the effects in your hands! Your first night's experience with the gloves will prove a revelation. In a week you'll have hands of a beautiful whiteness and softness to marvel at. For the purpose of introducing the wonders of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves to the readers of this publication, two thousand orders for the gloves will be filled at the special introductory price of \$2.90 (plus postage) which you may pay on delivery. To be sure of securing the benefit of the reduced price, apply promptly. Every pair of gloves sent out on open free trial basis. Your money back if you are not more than surprised and delighted with the results from these remarkable gloves. Act at once and share in the special reduced price offer. Use coupon below or copy the wording in a letter or postcard. Write today—NOW!

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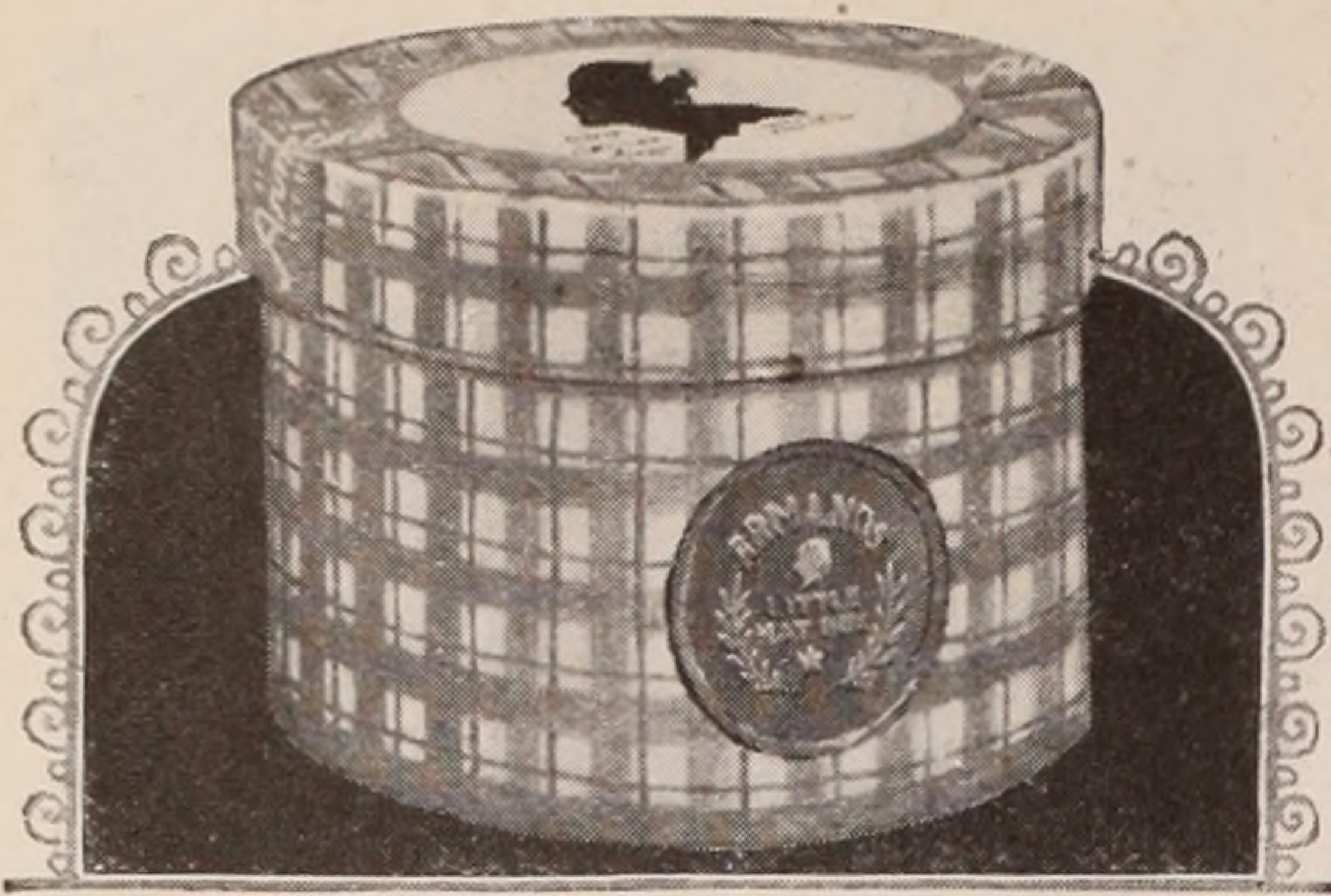
Please send me (in plain package) for free trial, a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for whitening and softening the hands. I will pay postman \$2.90 (plus postage) on delivery of the gloves. (If you prefer, send \$3 now in full payment.) If I am not perfectly delighted with the change in my hands in 5 days I may return gloves and get my money back in full.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"SAFETY LAST"—PATHÉ—Produced by Hal Roach. Story by Hal Roach, Sam Taylor and Tim Whelan. Directors, Fred Newmayer and Sam Taylor. Photography by Walker Lundin. The cast: *The Boy*, Harold Lloyd; *The Girl*, Mildred Davis; *The Pal*, Bill Strother; *The Law*, Noah Young; *The Floorwalker*, Wescott B. Clarke; *The Kid*, Mickey Daniels; *The Grandma*, Anna Townsend.

"LOST AND FOUND"—GOLDWYN—Author, Carey Wilson. Director, R. A. Walsh. Continuity, Paul Bern. Photography by Clyde De Vinna. The cast: *Captain Blackbird*, House Peters; *Lorna*, Pauline Starke; *Lloyd Warren*, Antonio Moreno; *Baby Madge*, Mary Jane Irving; *Madge*, Rosemary Theby; *Faulke*, George Siegmann; *Skinner*, William V. Mong; *Waki*, Carl Harbaugh; *Kerito*, David Wing.

"VANITY FAIR"—GOLDWYN—Director, Hugo Ballin. Author, William Makepeace Thackeray. Adaptation, Hugo Ballin. Photography by J. R. Diamond. The cast: *Rebecca Sharpe*, Mabel Ballin; *Lord Steyne*, Hobart Bosworth; *Rawdon Crawley*, George Walsh; *Capt. Wm. Dobbin*, Earle Foxe; *George Osborne*, Harrison Ford; *Amelia Sedley*, Eleanor Boardman; *Joseph Sedley*, Willard Louis; *Miss Crawley*, Laura LaVarnie; *Mr. Sedley*, William Humphreys; *Sir Pitt Crawley*, Robert Mack; *Mrs. Sedley*, Tempe Pigott; *Old Osborne*, James Marcus; *Lady Jane*, Dorcas Matthews; *Max*, Eugene Acker; *Fritz*, Eddie Jones; *Miss Jemima Pinkerton*, Rose Gore; *Miss Pinkerton*, Mrs. A. Newton; *Mrs. Tinker*, Laura Pollard; *Miss Firkins*, Sadie Gordon; *Miss Briggs*, Georgia Sherart; *Mr. Quill*, Pat Calhoun; *Isadore*, Leo White; *Mr. Moss*, B Hyman; *Mr. Bloom*, Otto Lederer; *Mr. Wenham*; Frank Hayes; *Capt. Machmurdo*, John McKinnon; *Mr. Sharp*, Les Bates; *Mrs. Sharp*, Kathleen Chambers; *Napoleon*, Otto Matiesen.

"SOULS FOR SALE"—GOLDWYN—Author, Rupert Hughes. Director, Rupert Hughes. Continuity, Rupert Hughes. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: *Remember Steddon*, Eleanor Boardman; *Robina Teele*, Mae Busch; *Leva Lemaire*, Barbara La Marr; *Frank Claymore*, Richard Dix; *Tom Holby*, Frank Mayo; *Owen Scudder*, Lew Cody; *Jimmy Leland*, Arthur Hoyt; *Caxton*, David Imboden; *Arthur Tirrey*, Roy Atwell; *Lord Fryingham*, Wm. Orlamond; *Rev. John Steddon*, Forrest Robinson; *Mrs. Steddon*, Edith Yorke; *Pinkey*, William Haines; *Spofford*, George Morgan; *Abigail Tweedy*, Dale Fuller; *Hank Kale*, Snitz Edwards; *Asst. Camera Man*, Auld Thomas; *Company Electrician*, Leo Willis; *Company Prop Man*, Yale Boss; *Company Grip*, Walter Perry; *Company Violin Player*, Sam Damen; *Company Melodeon Player*, R. H. Johnson; *Motion Picture Heavy*, Jack Richardson; *Second Camera Man*, Rush Hughes; *Bady Jane*, Aileen Pringle; *Velma Slade*, Eve Southern; *Mrs. Sturges*, May Milloy; *Mrs. Kale*, Sylvia Ashton; *Quinn*, Fred Kelsey; *Doyle*, L. J. O'Connor; *Magnus*, Jed Prouty; *Boss Canvas Man*, Charlie Murphy; *Leva Lemaire's Mother*, Margaret Bourne. *Motion Picture Crew*: Helen Kessler, Joan Lowell, Jean Haskell, Carmelita Geraghty, Rhea Le Fort, Grace Coleman, Miska Aldrich, Ruth Mitchell, Sarah Thomas, Rita Gilman, Roberta Hewston.

"THE LION'S MOUSE"—W. W. HODKINSON—Produced by Hollandia Film Corp. Director, Oscar Apfel. Photography by Peiko Boersman assisted by Mack Van Lier and Jan Smit. The cast: *Roger Sands*, Wyndham Standing; *Beverly White*, Marguerite Marsh; *Clo Riley*, Mary Odette; *Justin O'Riley*, Rex Davis.

"THE WOMAN OF BRONZE"—METRO—A Harry Garson Production. Adapted by Hope Loring and Louis Lighton from the novel by Henry Kistaemaecher. Translated by Paul Kester. Director, King Vidor. Photography by William O'Connell. The cast: *Vivian Hunt*, Clara Kimball Young; *Paddy Miles*, John Bowers; *Sylvia Morton*, Katherine McGuire; *Reggie Morton*, Edwin Stevens; *Leonard Hunt*, Lloyd Whitlock; *"Papa" Bonelli*, Edward Kimball.

"THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY"—W. W. HODKINSON—From the novel by Ralph Connor. Adapted by Faith Green. Scenario by Kenneth O'Hara. Director, Henry McRae. Photography by Barney McGill, Jacques Beizeul. An Ernest Shipman production. The cast: *Big MacDonald*, Anders Randolph; *Ronald MacDonald*, Warner P. Richmond; *Rev. Alexander Murray*, Harlan Knight; *Kate Murray (his daughter)*, Marion Swayne; *Louis Lenoir*, E. L. Fernandez; *Eugene St. Clair*, Jack Newton; *Maimie St. Clair*, Pauline Garon; *Frank De Lacey*, Frank Badgley; *Colonel Thorpe*, William Colvin; *Kerstin McLeod*, Marion Lloyd.

C. C. Burr presents The Edgar Lewis Production "YOU ARE GUILTY"—MASTODON FILMS, INC. Story by Roy Middleton. Director, Edgar Lewis. The cast: *Stephen Martin*, James Kirkwood; *Alice Farrell*, Doris Kenyon; *Theodore Tennent*, Robert Edeson; *Mrs. Grantwood*, Mary Carr; *"Buddy" Tennent*, Russell Griffin; *Judge Elkins*, Edmund Breese; *Joseph D. Grantwood*, Carleton Brickert; *Murphy*, William Riley Hatch.

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"—COSMOPOLITAN—From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Scenario by John Lynch. Settings by Joseph Urban. Director, Alan Crosland. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Prince Lubimoff*, Lionel Barrymore; *Alicia*, Alma Rubens; *Atilio Castro*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Spadoni*, Gareth Hughes; *Vittoria*, Gladys Hulette; *Colonel Marcos*, Wm. H. Thompson; *Gaston*, Wm. Collier, Jr.; *Duke de Delille*, Mario Majeroni; *Alicia's Maid*, Betty Bouton; *Madame Spadoni*, Madame Jean Brindeau; *Terrorist*, Ivan Linow; *Cossack*, Paul Panzer; *Terrorist*, A. Milar; *Anna*, Claire De Lorez; *France*, Addie Rolf; *Norway*, Helen Lee Worthing; *Sweden*, Polly Nally; *Sweden*, Marie Shelton; *Spain*, Vivian Vernon; *French Beauty*, Annette Earle; *Hindu Beauty*, Mlle. Narcita; *Jewish Beauty*, Joan Le Monte; *Polish Beauty*, Connie Berry; *Swedish Beauty*, Arline Booth; *French Beauty*, Helen Stewart; *French Beauty*, America Chedister; *French Beauty*, Margaret Dumont; *French Beauty*, Marion Moorehouse; *French Beauty*, Lulu Gorey; *Russian Beauty*, Mae Opreska; *Dancers*, Maxina Arnold, Evelyn Arnold, Beatrice Keen, Mary McIntosh, Peggy Raymond, Nellie Savage, Virginia Whitehead, Dorothy Dinsmore. Dancing Specialty by Hannelore. Harp Ensemble by The Salzedo Harpists.

"OUR GANG COMEDIES"—PATHÉ—Director, Robert McGowan. The Gang: *"Sunshine Sammy"*, Mickey Daniels, Jackie Davis, Jackie Condon, Mary Kornman, Little Farina.

"BRASS"—WARNER BROTHERS—Adapted from the novel by Charles G. Norris. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Director, Sidney Franklin. Produced by Henry Rapf. The Cast: *Philip Baldwin*, Monte Blue; *Marjorie*, Marie Prevost; *Wilbur Lansing*, Harry Myers; *Mrs. Grotenberg*, Irene Rich; *Frank Church*, Frank Keenan; *Rosemary Church*, Helen Ferguson; *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. Blaney. Story and scenario by Olga Printzlau. Director, William A. Seiter. The cast: *Leila Morton*, Claire Windsor; *David Graham*, Kenneth Harlan; *Morton*, Hobart Bosworth; *Hex*, Walter Long; *Helty*, Pauline Starke; *Rev. Bradley*, Alex. Francis; *Mrs. Graham*, Margaret Seddon; *Jude*, George Cooper; *Doc Graham*, Winter Hall; *Mark Hanford*, Cyril Chadwick.

"THE SUNSHINE TRAIL" — FIRST NATIONAL—Thomas H. Ince production Director, James W. Horne. The cast: *James Henry MacTavish*, Douglas MacLean; *Mystery Man*, William Courtwright; *Woman Crook*, Josephine Sedgwick; *Man Crook*, Barney Furey; *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; *Cort Mailland*, Ernest Hilliard; *Nita Blake*, Zita Moulton; *Hugh, Jr.*, Frankie Evans; *Elihu Simpson*, Arnold Lucy; *Mammy*, 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; *Ferrago*, Alan Hale; "*Silent*" *Krupz*, Noah Beery; *Colonel Paterson*, J. Farrell McDonald; *Matt Patterson*, George Cooper; *Sergeant Johnson*, Tom Wilson; *Cupid*, Dick Sutherland; *Farrell*, Hardee Kirkland; *Bar-fly*, Lou King. *Members of the Ring*: Walter Long, Jean Hersholt, Edwin Stevens, William Dyer, Frank Campeau, James A. Marcus, Lionel Belmore, Jack Curtis.

"THE GRUB STAKE"—AMERICAN RELEASING CORP.—Story and scenario by Nell Shipman. Produced by Nell Shipman. Director, Bert Van Toyle. Photography by J. B. Walker. The cast: *Faith Diggs*, Nell Shipman; *Jeb*, Hugh Thompson; *Mark LeRoy*, Alfred Allen; *Malamute Mike*, George Berrell; *The "Skipper"*, Walt Whitman; *The Mounty*, C. K. Van Auker; *Wong*, Ah Wing.

"SUZANNA"—MACK SENNETT.—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; *Ramon, his son*, Walter McGrail; *Dona Isabella, his wife*, Evelyn Sherman; *Pancho, the Toreador*, Leon Bary; *Don Diego*, Eric Mayne; *Dolores, his daughter*, Winifred Bryson; *Ruiz*, 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 Dejeans. Director, Val Paul. Adapted by Beatrice Van. Photography by William Thornley and Robert De Grasse. The cast: *Blake*, Harry Carey; *Cons*, Cullen Landis; *Celia*, Myrtle Stedman; *Diane*, Vola Vale; *Saunders*, Charles LeMoyné; *Gracia*, Winifred Bryson; *Holmes*, Jos. Harris; *Allison*, Donald MacDonald. [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 115 ]



## When you dance

WHEN you glide over the floor close to your partner—

Are you one of those fortunate women whose hair is fluffy and soft to his cheek—perfumed with cleanliness?

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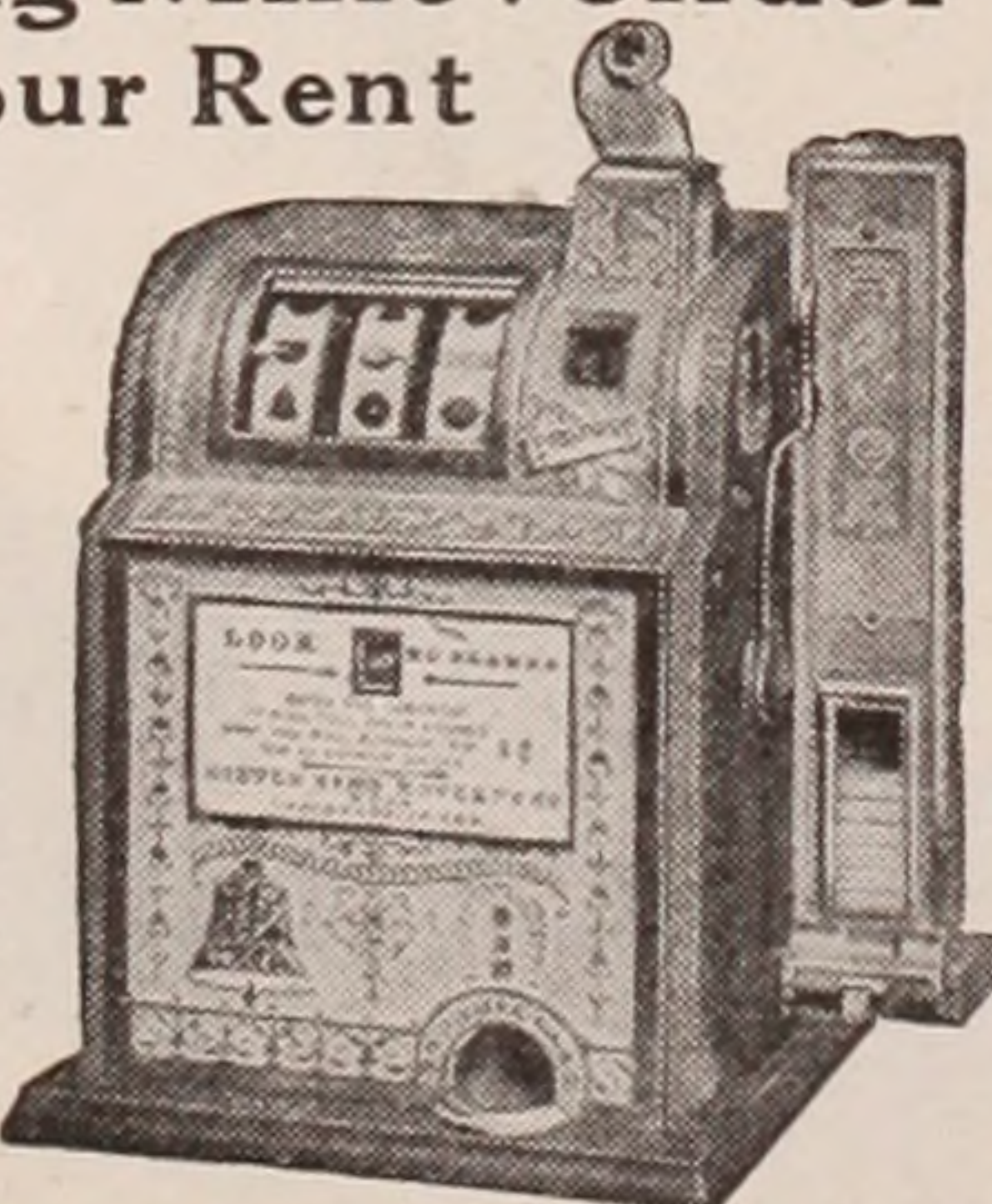
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## Stepping Out

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

limousine, head high and eyes straight ahead she said, "James, the races!" An impudent kid along the road, who had no respect for grandeur, yelled, "Hey, loidy, give us a ride!" Mabel flicked an eye in his direction, tried hard to maintain her hauteur, but finally said, "James, halt the equipage." The kid leaped in beside Mabel, and dignity collapsed. They stopped at every stand along the road for apple cider, and when her stellar majesty appeared in her box the crowds were shocked to see her devouring pop corn with a grimy escort.

"That Gloria Swanson?" asked the kid, staring across at another box.

"Yep," said Mabel, munching.

"Class!" said the kid, "and ain't that swell over there Charlie Ray?"

"Un-hunh," muttered Mabel from the depths of the pop corn bag.

"Queer folks, them movie actors," observed the young tramp.

"Crazy," agreed Mabel.

The kid never knew who his girl friend was until a newsboy pal yelled, "Hey, Stevie, quitsha fussin' Mabel Normand!" Whereupon the kid was stricken mute, and wouldn't be coaxed back to normalcy until Mabel threatened to throw herself headlong on to the race-track unless he treated her nicely. Well, he's just one of a lot of kids in Los Angeles who worship before a photograph signed, "From Your Friend, Mabel."

YOU have read a lot about the night life in Hollywood, that gay and wicked city of high revelry. Until recently Hollywood never had a single night cafe, except John's, where you could sit on a stool and drink coffee out of a smash-me-if-you-can—or out of the saucer if you prefer taking it that way.

Now Hollywood is trying to live up to its reputation with the Montmartre cafe. It's far more swagger and decorous than it's Parisian namesake. If you appear without a dinner jacket you're considered immoral. Above you is a silken canopy, and as you dance, transparent silken draperies, sheer as colored cobwebs, are drawn around. If stars execute a particularly stunning dance the other couples withdraw from the floor and observe them. This is sure to happen when Mae Busch and Reginald Denny appear, or Gaston Glass and Mae Murray, Betty Compson and Walter Morosco, Connie Talmadge and The Latest. Incidentally, one of the regular prize guessing contests is to pick the new suitor Connie will have lured into her train before the evening wanes.

Irene Castle has been dancing and presenting loving cups at the Coconut Grove in the Hotel Ambassador, situated on the border of Los Angeles, a short drive from Hollywood boulevard. On a regular movie night you need smoked glasses to protect your eyes from the glare of the jewels.

One evening at the Grove, Charlie Chaplin was startled to find himself entirely surrounded by such familiar faces as those of Mildred Harris, Mae Collins, Claire Windsor, Lila Lee and Edna Purviance. Just supposing the ladies had started a dispute!

Max Fisher, who used to be court violinist to Cecil B. de Mille on the Lasky set, has opened the imposing Club Royale on the road that leads from Hollywood to the sea. It is patronized chiefly by such young romantics as Barbara La Marr, Anna Q. Nilsson, Viola Dana, Mae Busch, Mae Murray, Jacqueline Logan, Leatrice Joy, Phyllis Haver, Alice Lake and their dance accessories. They say Kenneth Harlan proposed to Marie Prevost on the dance floor, but I couldn't hear on account of the music. No, I can't remember what piece was being played, but probably the one that is used on Kenneth in his emotional scenes at the studio.

If you want good food, try Levy's (Adv. to

be cheerfully taken out in trade). It's on the Boul' Hollywood. The decorations look like scenes from "The Ancient Mariner," with fishy creatures resembling porpoises peering at you suggestively. The ceiling is painted with ocean waves. This gives you the feeling that either the boat is capsizing or you've broken the law. It's fine if you are not subject to *mal de mer*. But you're all right anyhow if you just mind mama,—keep your eyes on your food and don't rock in your chair. There's a piano you're welcome to play if your emotional lady friend feels she must have Puccini with the prunes.

It was here, according to Bert Savoy, that Marjie was playing ragtime on a Sunday morning. A minister, who happened to be breakfasting there, said, "Young lady, don't you know the Ten Commandments?" Marj said: "Whistle a few bars and I'll try to follow you."

Back in New York my soul often yearns for Victor Hugo's cafe in Los Angeles. What a plumpness to the olives, what a crispness to the celery! Ah *ma foi!* It was here that Rudie Valentino initiated me into the mysteries of *zabayan* and other Italian propaganda.

Everybody goes to the American Legion fights on Friday night. The ringside makes the Metropolitan's diamond horseshoe look like a Woolworth window. You are sure to see such society leaders as Agnes Ayres, Anna Q. Nilsson, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mrs. Tom Mix, Priscilla Dean, Barbara La Marr, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Viola Dana—in fact, you don't know whether you're at a fight or the Follies. And if your male idol isn't there you can figure he's on location, dead or in jail. Viola Dana always tells the fighters just what to do. Of course, if a fighter is hard of hearing he just has to stumble on in his own clumsy way until he's murdered.

IF you like comfort and dignity and a little intellect with your meals you might get a bid to the Writers' club on Sunset boulevard, where they serve luncheon on the broad veranda. Here's where many a plot is stolen in jest. You are liable to be introduced to Theodore Roberts and his trained cigar, Peter B. Kyne, Jane Murfin, Marion Fairfax, Frank Condon, Tully Marshall, Frances Marion, Frank Adams and Rupert Hughes. And if you're particularly lucky you may even meet one of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE staff.

Everyone takes to the beach in the summer time. Even the Riviera can't boast such scenery as Santa Monica when the ladies from Mack Sennett's reveal nature's handiwork.

Many stars take houses at the beach for the season. Bill Russell keeps open barracks, and I hope to remember the steaks he serves when I'm in heaven. Bessie Love's wienie roasts are internationally famous. Bessie has done more for the wienerwurst in this country than any other one person. While Mother Love does the work, Bessie strums the uke and sings "Willie, the Weeper" until the little fish come right up on the beach and dance.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks seldom give the tourists a treat. They entertain exclusively in Pickfair. In order to see them at play you either have to know Ma Pickford or the combination on the lock.

Antonio Moreno's bride has been the leader of Los Angeles' four hundred—or whatever the number is. She plans to entertain a great deal during the coming season.

Hollywood is certainly a wild, wild town. Even on Sunday there's the excitement of hearing the church bells and seeing the populace motoring madly for Griffith park or the beach to wreck their paper lunch bags.

You step out in Hollywood at about the same pace as you do in Waco, Tex. That's what friend Texas says. And she certainly ought to know.



## 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. Director, William de Mille. Photography by Guy Wilky. The cast: "Grumpy," Theodore Roberts; *Virginia*, May McAvoy; *Ernest Heron*, Conrad Nagel; *Chamberlin Jarvis*, Casson Ferguson; *Keble*, Bertram Johns; *Rud-dock*, Charles Ogle; *Dawson*, Robert Bolder; *Wolfe*, Charles French; *Susan*, Bernice Frank.

"THE FOURTH MUSKETEER"—FILM BOOKING OFFICES.—Story by H. C. Witwer. Adaptation by Paul Schofield. Director, William K. Howard. Photography by Wm. O'Connell. The cast: *Brian O'Brien*, Johnnie Walker; *Mrs. Brian O'Brien*, Eileen Percy; *Mike Donovan*, Eddie Gribbon; *Joe Tracy*, William Scott; *Mrs. Tracy*, Edith Yorke; *Jimmy Tracy*, Georgie Stone; *Dan O'Reilly*, James McElhern; *Gerald Van Sicklen*, Philo McCullough; *Mrs. Rector*, Kate Lester.

"THREE JUMPS AHEAD"—FOX.—Story and direction by Jack Ford. The cast: *Boone McLean*, Tom Mix; *Ann Darrell*, Alma Bennett; *Burk Taggart*, Edward Piel; *John Darrell*, Joe Girard; *Mrs. Darrell*, Virginia True Boardman; *Alicia*, Margaret Joslin; *Ben McLean*, Frank Forde; *Lige McLean*, Harry Todd.

"THE TOWN SCANDAL"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Frederick Arnold Kummer. Director, King Baggot. Photography by Victor Milner. The cast: *Jean Crosby*, Gladys Walton; *Toby Caswell*, Edward Hearne; *Avery Crawford*, Edward McWade; *Bill Ramsey*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Samuel Grimes*, William Welsh; *Lysander Sprowl*, William Franey; *Mrs. Crawford*, Anna Hernandez; *Mrs. Sprowl*, Virginia Boardman; *Effie Strong*, Rosa Gore; *Mrs. Grimes*, Nadine Beresford; *Mrs. Ramsey*, Louise Reming Barnes; *Trixie*, 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. Photography by Charles Kaufman. The cast: *Cordelia Ebbing* and *Mme. De La Fleur*, Kathlyn Williams; *Revere Wayne*, Roy Stewart; *Faith Ebbing*, Lucille Ricksen; *David Pierce*, Robert Agnew; *Charles Knight*, David Torrence; *Peter Ebbing*, Phillips Smalley; *Fifi Barclay*, Eve Sothorn; *Duroc*, Bert Sprout; *Molly Todd*, Grace Carlyle; *Ruth Kipp*, Gerard Grassby; *Mr. Kipp*, Raymond Hatton; *Count DeSigneur*, Philo McCullough.

"NOBODY'S BRIDE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Evelyn Campbell. Director, Herbert Blache. Scenario by Albert Kenyon. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Jimmy Nevin*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Doris Standish*, Edna Murphy; *Mary Butler*, Alice Lake; *Morgan*, Harry Van Meter; *Vesper Charley*, Frank Brownlee; *Smilthy, the dip*, Sidney Bracy; *Cyrus W. Hopkins*, Phillips Smalley; *Uncle Peter Standish*, Robert Dudley; *Mrs. Myrtle Standish*, Lillian Langdon.

"SINGLE - HANDED"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick. Scenario by George C. Hull. Director, Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Hector MacKnight*, Hoot Gibson; *Ruth Randolph*, Elinor Field; *Prof. Weighoff*, Percy Challenger; *Windy Smith*, Wm. Steele; *Gypsy Joe*, Phillip Sleeman; *Sheriff Simpel*, Dick LaReno; *Milo*, Mack V. Wright; *Macklin*, Tom McGuire; *Rancher*, Sydney DeGrey; *The Boss*, 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 every day see reflected in their mirrors the first gray hairs. These should be carefully considered, for every woman knows that gray hairs pre- sage 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 stage 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.

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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 Rodolph Valentino working in a picture under the direction of Allen Holubar. Before the picture was completed I was interested sufficiently to ask Mr. Holubar about him. The favorable report he rendered influenced me a great deal in giving Mr. Valentino the rôle 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. While directing 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 I made "Trifling Women" I had the story in mind and was visualizing the characters. While I was dining in a restaurant one day I walked *Zareda*—the chief character of my story—in the person of Barbara La Marr. Of all those I had considered she seemed the only woman who could look young enough to play in the prologue and sophisticated enough to play the woman of the actual drama. In order to determine whether or not she had the dramatic ability I engaged her for the rôle of *Antoinette* 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 came to me one day and said that my friend, Ferdinand Pinney Earle, could vouch for his ability. He had proved himself an accomplished dancer of some pantomimic skill at the Hollywood Community theater, but he had had very little screen experience.

I realized that he was handsome in the full photographic sense, but the qualities which struck me particularly 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 as an actor rather than upon any vogue 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 players of the day.

While at New Haven I roomed next door to a young man who used to attract a line of limousines to the Yale gymnasium every Friday night. I recall that the doorman of 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! And I realized that his flashing smile and personality were attractions quite as potent as his aquatic ability. When he eventually came to Hollywood—shortly before I produced "The Prisoner of Zenda"—I engaged him for the rôle 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 wear a uniform almost as well as 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 distinction and repose but also 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 my wife pointed out a young woman at the next table. She had a decided personality that seemed, as I observed her, to be that of *Climene* in "Scaramouche," the picture I was then planning. That is the way I discovered Edith Allen, who is now working

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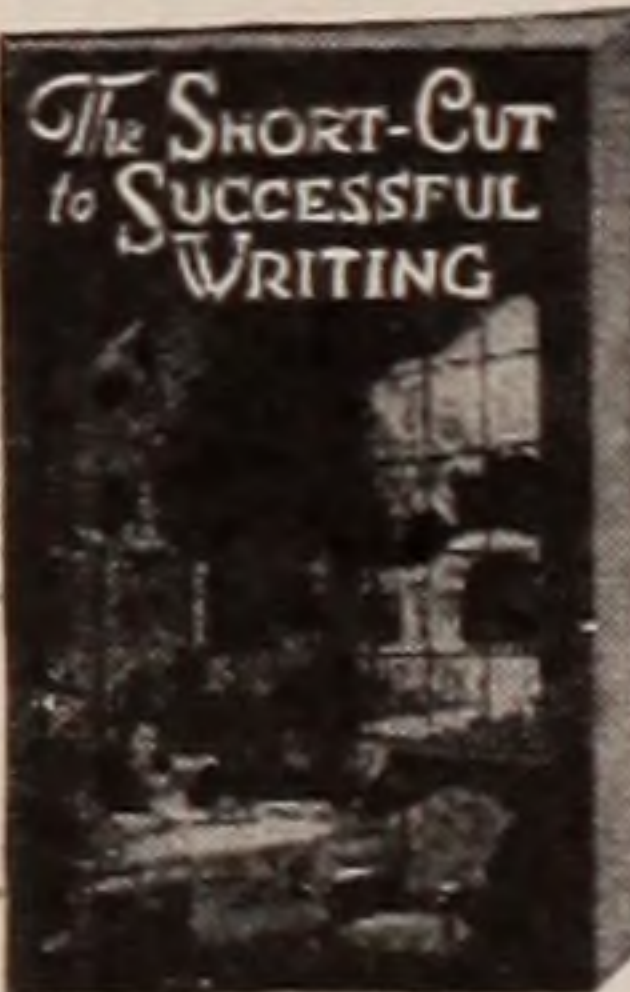
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before our cameras in Hollywood. I have found that she has self-possession and that she screens excellently.

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 observing the action. His expression was singularly 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 Goldbeck, 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 "Scaramouche" 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 characters. 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 believing there is something occult about screen acting.

Give me a person with imagination, sensitive nature and a personality unspoiled 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" declines 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 supported 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 Greeley 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 "Money Mad."

Then—the "Leather Pusher" series.

The following additional facts may be transcribed anent this highly promising young Britisher:

He's in the early thirties.

He's six feet tall.

PHOTOPLAY'S coast representative interviewed Denny and she reports: "He'd apparently 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.

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## The Studio Secret

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52 ]

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ProductionsWesley Barry  
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feeding 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—one of those big spectacular productions Senft is so fond of. From 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—Pharaoh's daughter falls for me—then I get mixed up with a Greek dancing girl, and there's the devil to pay. What's your part?"

"I don't know. Mr. Senft didn't tell me."

"I suppose not. 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." He smiled slowly through puffs at his cigarette. "Life isn't like that, is it?"

"I don't know. I think if I cared enough about anybody—really cared, that is—I'd be willing to sacrifice anything, to make them happy. That is, if I couldn't give them happiness in any other way."

"I believe you would," Romain said slowly, and gazed for a long time out of the window.

JOY, too, fell suddenly silent. She found herself trying to analyze the tremendous sex appeal of this man, 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, quite unintentional, of his ability to create, to give to the world strong, vital children? It was a coldly biological view, but she suspected that it was the truth. Was this the real, basic reason for the attraction of the sexes, 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 that 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 at all, she would have 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 strip of white lace. Everything 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 little 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. She—her ancestors were French—always gay. Senft says my smile is worth half of my salary—that that's why the public likes me. They *do* like me, don't they?" he asked, suddenly boyish again, and quite irresistible.

"Of course they do," Joy laughed. "You're tremendously attractive"—she paused, detecting a smile in his eyes.

"You think so?"

"Certainly. You do yourself."

"Well," his strong, regular teeth flashed in a momentary gleam of amusement, "I think 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 an honest living." There was a 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 caught his eye, 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 the spring turned him 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 of the car.

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 to know 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 she had anticipated, held out his hand. 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 outstretched palm. Joy felt as though 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

"LOS 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 an unpleasant one; 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 was welcome enough, for one thing, and even more welcome was the thought of getting away from Jean Romain.

Not that he had pursued her with his attentions. They had eaten, talked, read together like two old friends, but not once, since the moment when he showed her the locket containing the picture of Margot Gresham had either of them stepped beyond the bounds of ordinary friendship. Joy, at that blighting moment, had dismissed from her mind all thoughts of even 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 thing still smarted 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 matter for hours without being able to reach any definite conclusion. Had the famous star merely been testing her—trying to determine whether she was a shallow flirt, or a woman of sincere and honest purpose? 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 *fiance* of the enormously rich Miss Gresham. Joy would have









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porters who were loading his bags and golf sticks into his car. Miss Gresham's smart coupé stood beside it. "Pile in."

Romain opened the door, helped Joy inside. Then he took his place on the front seat and they whirled off.

Feeling herself quite properly out of it, Joy occupied herself with the scenery. Her impressions were fragmentary. Miss Gresham drove as though the devil himself were behind her; the view through the windows was like a flickering film. Houses, shops, vacant lots, rows of pepper, eucalyptus, palmetto trees, flaming gardens and hedges, brilliant with a riot of flowers, villas and bungalows of every conceivable type of architecture, flashed before her eyes in an endless, bewildering stream. She was too busy with her new impressions to pay much attention to the two on the front seat. Once or twice Romain pointed out something of interest to her, but she scarcely heard him. The artist in her was for the moment uppermost; she was content to drink in new impressions, to live in a world of new sensations. After what seemed to her an incredibly short drive, they drew up before the entrance of the hotel.

Romain helped Joy out, saw that her luggage was safely collected. She put out her hand.

"Thanks, ever so much, for all you have done," she said, then turned to Miss Gresham. The latter's hands were on the wheel and did not leave it.

"Good bye." She nodded pleasantly enough. "Jean tells me you're coming over to his place some day for a swim."

"Why—yes—I'd like to."

"Soon," Romain called back as they drove off. "Before we start work on the picture." Joy watched them disappear in a whirl of dust, then went into the hotel. It was good, in a way, to be alone again, she reflected, as she mechanically signed the hotel register and followed a smiling Jap to her room.

#### CHAPTER XI

A 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 friendship, without giving him as much in return? The thought of injuring him in any way became suddenly intolerable to her. And yet, with a woman's keen intuition, she found herself doubting the whole-heartedness of Romain's love for Miss Gresham. Was he 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. After all, whatever the result of her mission, so far as Romain and his affairs was concerned, she still had six months in which to demonstrate her own ability, her own right to a place in the picture world, and 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 Royal 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 moustache 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," he 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, you know. Everybody's going to be there—our crowd, that is. Good chance for you to meet them. I'll expect you—any time after dinner."

"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." He 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?"

Joy shook her head. "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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do. You run along home and write your letters now—see. I'll pick you up after lunch—say around three or half past. You can dine at my place, after we've had our swim, and go along to Leon's party with us. How about it?"

"But—I'll have to dress."  
 "That's all right. So will Margot. I'll have Hopper, my man, drive you over to the hotel and wait while you change. Senft told me to look after you, you know."

Faced by the prospect of a lonely afternoon, Joy nodded.

"Good!" Romain was as pleased as a child. "Margot and I will stop by for you about three-thirty. Don't forget your bathing suit." He turned to greet a party of friends who drove up in a big open car, and Joy strolled off in the direction of the hotel, convinced that so far as she was concerned, Hollywood was a decidedly hospitable place.

CHAPTER XII

THE swimming pool at Jean Romain's suggested a huge oblong piece of jade, set in a frame of ivory. Beyond this frame a brilliant border of flowering bushes and vines extended almost to the low stuccoed arches which surrounded the patio.

Joy had undressed, put on her one piece swimming suit of silk jersey, in a pavilion at the end of the pool. She stepped out into the warm sunlight to find herself the first of the party to be ready for the plunge.

Just as she had poised herself for a dive she heard someone call to her from the other end of the pool and looking up, saw Jean Romain, emerging from the men's dressing room.

"Hello!" he shouted. "Let's see what sort of a diver you are."

Joy slipped into the clear water like a flashing arrow; she was half-way down the pool before she came to the surface to find Romain beside her.

"Fifty-fifty," he said, brushing the water from his eyes. "You're some little mermaid."

Joy looked at him, laughing from a pure lightness of heart. His arms and shoulders were tanned to the color of Cordova leather; her own by contrast were white as milk. He seized her hand as she slipped momentarily on the smooth bottom of the pool, and as his fingers closed over her own she became vividly conscious once more of the keen physical appeal of the man, the emotional tumult his presence always inspired in her. Standing waist deep in the clear green water they might have been two creatures of pagan myth, a slim and lovely water-nymph—a sun-browned Pan. It is doubtful if the picture was entirely pleasing to Margot Gresham, who suddenly appeared at the edge of the pool, her tall and somewhat statuesque figure encased in silver satin. There was a short, bearded man with her whom Joy did not know, but who was presently introduced to her as Mr. Kramer, the Royal's art director, along with his slim, dark, foreign-looking wife. A little later Mr. Leon joined the party, bringing with him Vesta Lorraine, and the red-haired woman Joy had seen in the casting director's office earlier in the day.

Joy watched Miss Lorraine curiously as she attempted a few languid strokes. Evidently the famous star was not a swimmer through love of it, she decided, and joined Margot Gresham and Romain in a lively dash down the pool. The latter used a powerful crawl stroke, but in the short distances he could not employ it to advantage and Joy slipped by him like a fish, much to his chagrin. Miss Gresham made a bad third; her wind seemed poor. Observing the numberless cigarettes she consumed, Joy did not wonder at it.

There was a tremendous splashing about for half an hour, with Sam Leon, who sat on a stone bench beside the pool, making sarcastic comments on the porpoise-like efforts of Mr. Kramer to keep himself afloat for half his not very considerable length. Miss Lorraine soon joined him; posing her exquisite figure in a flesh-colored suit that gave the impression, a dozen feet away, that she was quite nude.

She was inordinately proud of her figure, but, while as beautifully modelled as a bit of Dresden china, it seemed to Joy equally lacking in vitality. Miss Lorraine had once been a bathing girl, and had never quite gotten over it.

One by one the members of the party, puffing from their exertions, clambered out of the pool and sat about on the benches, the grass, smoking, refreshing themselves with drinks brought out by Romain's butler. Just what these drinks were Joy did not know; their pale opalescence intrigued her, but she took but one. She had seen enough of drinking, in her father's case, and quite without prudishness had made up her mind to keep as physically fit as she possibly could, no matter how great the temptation to enjoy herself. She sat on the edge of the pool, her feet in the water, talking to Helen Kramer, while the others indulged in volleys of repartee over their cocktails and cigarettes. The art director's wife seemed to have taken an immediate interest in her.

"So you're to be in 'Isis'?" she asked.

"Yes—I believe so."

"I've read the scenario. It's going to give Jean a fine chance." There was a queer tremor in her voice as she spoke Romain's name, a flicker of fire in her greenish eyes that aroused Joy's curiosity. This foreign-looking woman, with the broad face and high cheekbones of a Tartar, was singularly beautiful in a sensuous, almost brutal way. What thoughts, what emotions, Joy wondered, lay behind the bright, darting glance she had given Jean Romain?

The latter, as though sensing Joy's thoughts, called to her.

"Join us, you two," he said. "Why so exclusive? Don't fill Miss Moran up with a lot of gossip, Helen. She'll hear it all soon enough." He came over and took Joy by the arm, drew her to her feet. Margot Gresham swept her with an indifferent, almost contemptuous smile.

"I'm afraid Miss Moran doesn't approve of us," she drawled, lighting a fresh cigarette. "Let her alone."

Mr. Leon, who had not been in the water at all, fixed Joy with his bright little eyes. They searched her slim body meticulously, from curving shoulders to bare ankles and feet.

"Miss Moran is going to do the Greek girl in 'Isis,'" he said. "I haven't seen her dance yet." He turned to Joy, who stood dripping at the edge of the pool. "How about doing a few steps for us now?" He laughed, and waved toward the square of close-clipped lawn facing the beaches.

The others applauded. Miss Gresham was especially vigorous.

"Fine!" she exclaimed. "Do your stuff."

Joy hesitated, not quite sure of herself. A certain mocking lilt in Margot Gresham's voice stung her; she felt that the girl was laughing at her. Mr. Kramer had already dashed into the house and with the assistance of the butler was dragging the big victrola out on the lawn. In a moment he had it set up on the concrete walk.

"How about the *Chanson Indoue*; ragged?" he asked, fingering a record.

Joy stood on the bit of grass, pale gold in the late afternoon sunlight.

"Anything—it doesn't matter," she said, a fierce pride curving her scarlet lips. Then, as the music started, she began to dance. A feeling of recklessness filled her, an anger, brought on by Margot Gresham's mocking eyes. With her spirit suddenly released from conventional bonds she moved as though spring itself had crept into her blood. The spell of Romain's presence still gripped her, the physical urge that drew her to him; now she dramatized it, wove it into a dance expressive of primitive human emotions, the sort of bacchanale that might have been danced by devotees in the Groves of Daphne, with the daughter of the river-god fleeing from the amorous advances of the young Apollo. And



because of Margot Gresham's mocking smile, she danced to Jean Romain, drew him insensibly into 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 passionate fury.

The others watched her, spellbound. Sam Leon's small eyes were like pin-points. Even Miss Gresham was still, her full underlip caught beneath her white teeth. Romain stood at the edge of the grass plot, his face a trifle pale. Never once did his eyes leave Joy's whirling, seductive figure. Finally, panting, with arms extended, she dropped on the grass at his feet, and as he bent to lift her up his lips brushed her bare shoulder in a momentary kiss. Joy felt the sweet sting of it in every nerve of her body; she knew that, for a brief instant, he had given himself wholly to her. The others had been too busy applauding, apparently, to notice the little by-play. With quick satisfaction Joy observed 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 at 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 find herself altogether in the spirit of it. Not that the affair differed particularly in its externals 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 these 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, funnels, pie-plates and a dozen other noise-provoking articles commandeered from the kitchen closet? He had not, so far as Joy could see, taken a single drink throughout the entire evening, and yet, his enthusiasm was increasingly 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, from the refreshment table in the dining room to the dancing 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 of it, came in staccato flashes, momentary mental fireworks, to which no one seemed to pay any particular attention. Many of the couples were openly amorous, yet their love-making seemed more or less impersonal; Joy could not resist the impression that they would have kissed just as contentedly had they 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, glancing back for an instant, saw the figure of Margot Gresham, towering like a crimson flame above the squat shoulders of Mr. Kramer. The girl pretended a superb indifference, whenever her handsome fiance 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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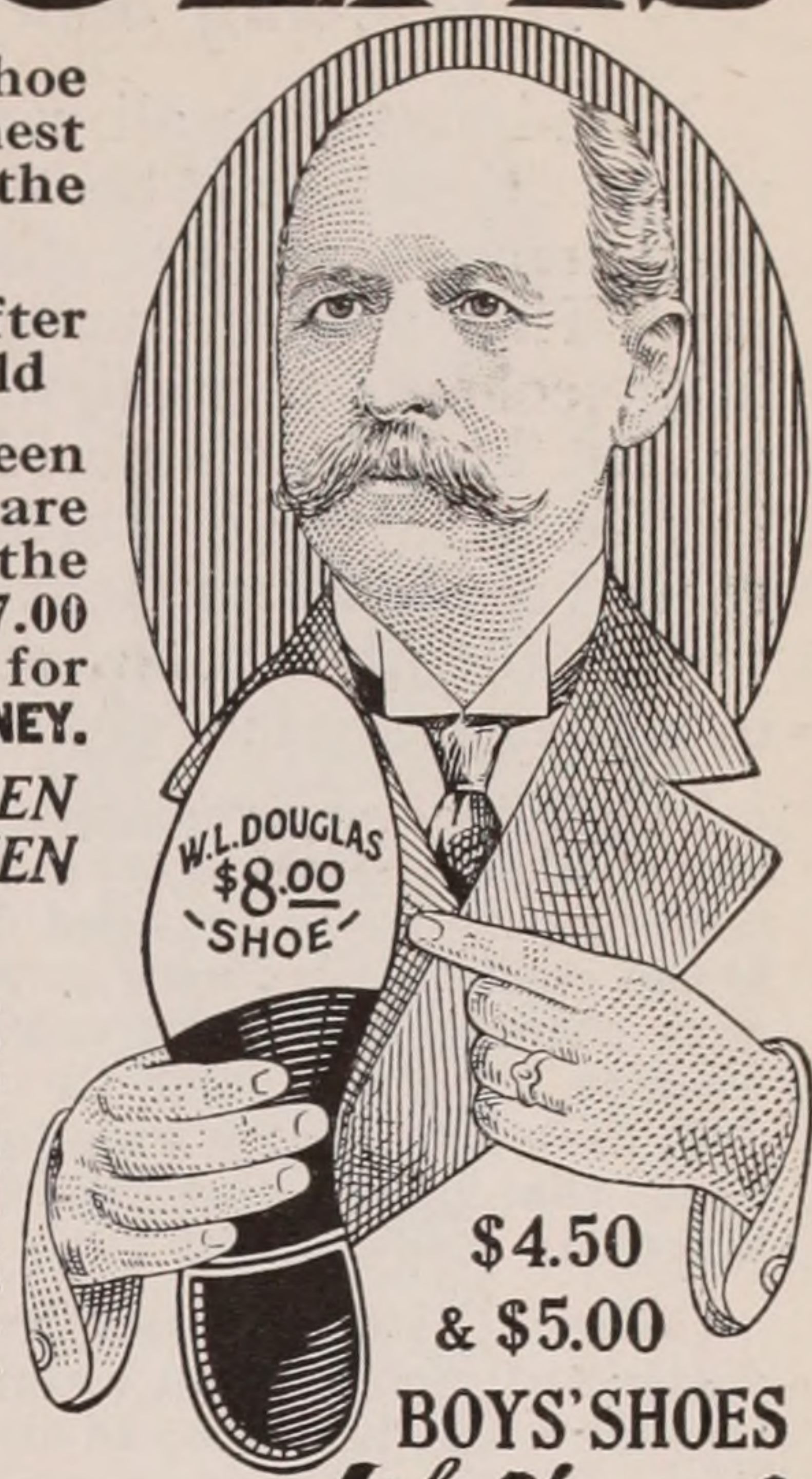
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brought her to Hollywood and went out onto the veranda.

"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 as much inside. "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 fiance gave me 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 I showed you her picture on the train. Anybody might suppose I was a babe in arms."

"You are. All men are, where women are concerned. And why shouldn't Miss Gresham be jealous? I'd be, in her place."

"Would you?" His hand 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—all of them—and as cruel. And I think she saw you kiss me this afternoon—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 concerned of the two. 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 run the risk of his fiance's criticism? Certainly the girl loved him. There was no possible doubt about that. But did Romain love her? And 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 with uncanny precision. 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 felt her companion's 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 mockingly, but the sudden flare in his eyes stopped her.

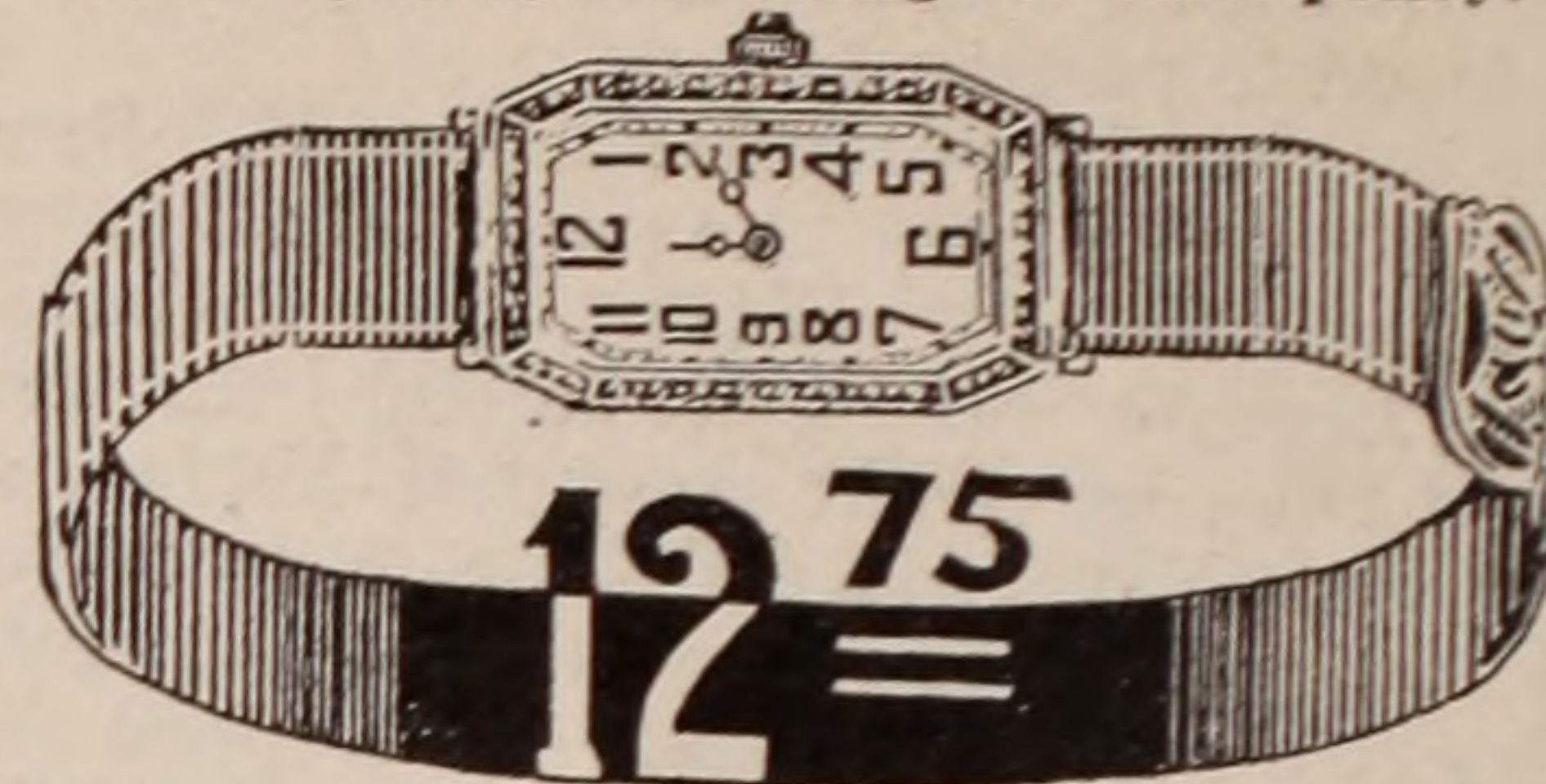
"You could! The devil in you! Or the angel! I don't know which. The compelling fire in you, that danced about me, burnt me like a flame. The thing in women—some women, like you—that gives them power over men." He dropped her hand with a gesture of helplessness and rose. "I didn't mean to say all this—to 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 momentary impulse—the reflection of a pagan mood—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 easier, to dance to somebody. But if it—upset you, I promise never to do it again."

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She rose and moved toward the French window which opened from the sun parlor. "Shall we go in?"

"No." His eager fingers gripped her arm, detained her. "You will do it again. You've got to!"

"Oh, yes." She was thoroughly in command of herself by now. "I forgot. It's in my part in the new picture, isn't it—to vamp you—steal you away from the woman you love. Well, just that once, then. And you go back to her, in the end, so everything's all right, isn't it?" Her voice was careless enough, but his eagerness, his tumultuous words had stirred her; the pressure of his fingers set her heart beating to a wild, primeval tune, his voice throbbled in her ears with the deep note of cellos. It was the same thrill of passion that had swept through her on the train, in the swimming pool that afternoon. She thought of a line in a play she had once appeared in, "Passion is the spark that sets fire to love." But was it? The man seemed dangerous as dynamite—ready, no doubt, to go to any limits, emotionally, if it pleased his fancy of the moment—but keeping one eye carefully on the door, and the millions which lay behind it. She laughed softly. Whatever she had come to Hollywood for, it was *not* to sacrifice herself to Jean Romain's vanity. She stepped quickly into the dimly lit sun parlor. Someone—a woman in black, moved toward them. It was Helen Kramer. How long she had been in the room, what she had seen or heard, Joy could only guess.

"I'VE been looking everywhere for you," Mrs. Kramer said, in her rich, foreign-sounding voice. "You said you wanted to leave early, and as I promised to drive you home, I thought I'd better let you know I was going. It's after four."

"Why hurry?" Romain asked. "It's Saturday night."

"I haven't the least desire to hurry Miss Moran. I'm tired myself. Tell Steve I'm going, won't you? That is, if you can pry him loose from Margot." She looked at Romain, a sulphurous gleam in her eyes.

They had reached the door of the living room by now. Romain bade them a short goodnight, and going over to a group of which Mr. Kramer was one, said a few words to him. Then he whirled Margot Gresham off in a dance.

"What a handsome couple they make," Joy said.

Mrs. Kramer's sensual under lip curled in feline scorn.

"Twenty million would make any woman handsome," she said, as they went to get their wraps.

In the front hall Mr. Kramer dashed up to his wife, gurgled excitedly for a moment, then dashed off again. Joy gazed after him, surprised.

"Isn't he coming?" she asked.

"No. Won't be home till breakfast, I guess—if then. Why not stay with me tonight. I'll lend you anything you need. And get you back safely to the hotel in the morning."

"In this dress?" Joy laughed, glancing at her wisp of an evening gown.

"What's the difference? Nobody will pay any attention to what you have on. Not in Hollywood, my dear. Evening gowns are quite the correct things for breakfast, in some circles."

"Thanks, but I think I'll go home, if you don't mind taking me"—

"Not a bit. Glad to get a little air." They climbed into Mrs. Kramer's tiny car.

"You don't act, do you?" Joy asked, as they drove off. A certain scorn in her companion's voice as she spoke of Hollywood prompted the question.

"Me?" Helen Kramer's fine shoulders rose expressively. "I'm a writer." There was sullen contempt in her manner. "I create. People like—well—like Jean Romain, merely imitate."

"I'm afraid that included me, too," Joy



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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, my dear."

Joy sat quite still, watching the efficient way in which her companion handled the trim little car. What 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, to 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 is 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 fiance, 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 asked, somewhat mystified, "Why on earth is he going to marry her?"

"That, my dear, is something only a very few people know."

"Do you?" Joy asked point-blank.

"Yes. Do you want me to tell you?"



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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, cloying 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 already enmeshed her. Certainly no one, not even Romain himself, need fear the truth. She nodded.

"I don't know of 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 he has been married 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, himself, 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 believes that he and his wife had a bitter 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 he told her. Even if true, it 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



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woman. And an unpleasant thing, too, for the other woman. So, to smooth matters over, Margot swore that Romain was with her until very late, going over costume plates, designs, for a new production. That's her business, you know—costume designing. They'd done the same thing before. And in fact he really was at her studio that night, earlier in the evening. But at the time his wife was shot, he wasn't with Miss Gresham—he was at home! And the bullet that killed her came from a pistol in his hands!"

"God!" Joy whispered, terribly shaken. Then her courage returned. "It seems incredible," she said.

"Of course," Mrs. Kramer went on smoothly, "after what Margot did for him, he couldn't refuse to marry her. She has him in her power."

"Why? To confess would prove herself guilty, as well."

"Only of perjury, my dear. But Romain would have to face a murder charge. So everybody has agreed, from lack of any evidence to the contrary, to suppose that Mrs. Romain was shot by a sneak thief, who was frightened off by passersby before he could steal anything of value."

Joy turned to her companion, cold-eyed. "If you talk about it that way," she said, "they won't suppose so long."

"I don't talk about it 'that way,' in public. I'm telling you, because I know you won't repeat it."

"How do you know I won't?"  
"Well, for one reason, because you couldn't prove the things you said, and that might leave you open to a charge of malicious slander, or libel. That's one reason."

"Isn't the same thing true of you, then?"  
"Not at all. I can prove what I say."

"Then why don't you?"  
"Oh—I have my reasons."

Joy sat trembling, scarcely able to speak. Mrs. Kramer would certainly not have told her all this without some definite reason, some well thought out purpose. What was it? Her quick brain saw but one reasonable explanation—Mrs. Kramer loved Romain herself, he had not reciprocated that love, or had grown tired of her, and now she was seeking the revenge of a woman scorned, by trying to break up both his marriage with Margot Gresham and his friendship for her—Joy. What an astonishing thing, she reflected, that if this was her companion's purpose, it coincided so exactly with her own reasons for coming to Hollywood.

"Will you tell me one thing, Mrs. Kramer," she suddenly asked, as the car drove up before the door of the hotel, "why have you told me all this? And how can I know it is true?"

Helen Kramer's expression was as mysterious as the Russia from which she came.

"I have told you, my dear," she said with her slow, oriental smile, "to put you on your guard against a dangerous man. And you can know it is true, because, when the time comes, I am going to prove it to you." She waved her hand lightly and drove off, leaving Joy in the dark, both mentally and physically, before the silent hotel.

[ END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT ]



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## Casts of Current Photoplays

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115 ]

**"THE QUEEN OF SIN"**—BEN BLUMEN-THAL.—Produced by Sascha of Vienna. Story and scenario, not credited. Director, Michael Kertesz. Photography by Gustav Ucicky. The cast: *Jackson Harber*, George Reimers; *Edward Harber*; *A Goldsmith from Galilee*, Walter Slezak; *Miss Mary Conway*; *The Wife of Lot*; *The Queen of Sin*, Lucy Doraine; *Mrs. Agathe Conway*, her mother, Erika Wagner; *A Priest Tutor at Cambri*; *The Unknown Wanderer*, Michael Varkonyi; *Harry Lighton*, a sculptor; *Lot*, Kurt Ehrle.

**"THE LEOPARDESS"** — PARAMOUNT. — Story by Katherine N. Burt. Director, Henry Kolker. Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *Tiare*, an island belle, Alice Brady; *Captain Croft*, a skipper, Edward Langford; *Scott Quaigg*, a hunter, Montagu Love; *Angus McKenzie*, Charles Kent; *Pepe*, George Beranger; *Evoa*, Marguerite Forrest; *Mamoe*, Glorie Eller.

**"GLIMPSES OF THE MOON"**—PARA-MOUNT.—From the novel by Edith Wharton. Director, Allan Dwan. Scenario by Edfrid Bingham and E. Lloyd Sheldon. Photog-raphy by Hal Rosson. The cast: *Susy Branch*, Bebe Daniels; *Ursula Gillow*, Nita Naldi; *Nick Lansing*, David Powell; *Fred Gillow*, Maurice Costello; *Ellie Vandelyn*, Ruby de Remer; *Lord Steffy*, Charles Gerrard.

**"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the book of the same name by John Fox, Jr. Adapted by Will M. Ritchey. Director, Charles Maigne. Photography by James Howe. The cast: *June Tolliver*, Mary Miles Minter; *John Hale*, Antonio Moreno; *"Devil" Judd Tolliver*, Ernest Torrence; *"Bad" Rufe Tolliver*, Edwin Brady; *Ann*, Beulah Bains; *Buck Falin*, J. S. Stembridge; *Dave Tolliver*, Cullen Tate.

**"THE TIGER'S CLAW"**—PARAMOUNT.— Story and scenario by Jack Cunningham. Director, Joseph Henabery. Photography by Faxon M. Dean. The cast: *Sam Sandell*, an American engineer, Jack Holt; *Harriet Hale-hurst*, Eva Novak; *Henry Frazer Halehurst*, George Periolat; *Raj Singh*, Bertram Grassby; *Chameli Brentwood*, a half caste, Aileen Pringle; *Sathoo Ram*, a Thug chief, Karl Stockdale; *George Malvin*, an inspector, Frank Butler; *Prince*, George Field; *Azun*, Chameli's mother, Evelyn Selbie; *Co. Byng*, Frederick Vroom; *Goyrem*, Lucien Littlefield; *Sothorn*, Robert Cain.

**"BELLA DONNA"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Robert Hichens. Scenario by Ouida Bergere. Director, George Fitzmaurice. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Bella Donna*, Pola Negri; *Mahmoud Baroudi*, Conway Tearle; *Nigel Armine*, Conrad Nagel; *Mr. Chepstow*, Adolphe Menjou; *Dr. Meyer Isaacson*, Claude King; *Patricia*, Lois Wilson; *Ibrahim*, Macey Harlam; *Dr. Hartley*, Robert Schable.

**"BUCKING THE BARRIER"**— Fox — Author, George Goodchild. Scenario by Jack Strumwasser. Director, Colin Campbell. The cast: *Kit Carew*, Dustin Farnum; *Blanche Cavandish*, Arline Pretty; *Luke Cavandish*, Leon Barry; *Frank Fairfax*, Colrin Chase; *Cyril Cavandish*, Hayford Hobbs; *Tyson*, Sidney Dalbrook.

**"THE WHITE FLOWER"**—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by Mrs. Julia Crawford Ivers. Written by Mrs. Julia Crawford Ivers. Photo-graphed by James Van Trees. The cast: *Konia Markham*, Betty Compson; *Bob Rutherford*, Edmund Lowe; *John Markham*, Edward

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"MASTERS OF MEN"—VITAGRAPH.—By Morgan Robertson. A David Smith production. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. The cast: Lieutenant Breen, Earle Williams; Mabel Arthur, Alice Calhoun; Dick Halpin, Cullen Landis; Bessie Fleming, Wanda Hawley; "Pig" Jones, Dick Sutherland; Sawyer, Charles E. Mason; Mr. Thorpe, Bert Apling; Captain Bilker, Jack Curtis; "Nigger," Martin Turner.

"THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS"—FIRST NATIONAL — Author, Crittenden Marriott. Presented by M. C. Levee. Personally directed by Maurice Tourneur. Continuity by Charles Maigne. Photography by Arthur L. Todd. The cast: Dorothy Fairfax, Anna Q. Nilsson; Frank Howard, Milton Sills; Detective Jackson, Frank Campeau; Peter Forbes, Walter Long; Patrick Joyce, Bert Woodruff; Mother Joyce, Aggie Herring; Captain Clark, Hershall Mayall.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]

VIRGINIA, ST. LOUIS.—So you unblushingly admit that you're a Thomas Meighan fan! Well, I can't say that I blame you—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 Ring, sister of Blanche, and he may be addressed at the Paramount Studios, Long Island City, New York. For 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 display the technique—the finesse that I do? If I had a clever secretary she might steal my very livelihood away from me. Why write to me about your dimples? 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 dimples—you would have written to Carolyn Van Wyck. She's the dimple 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. Whew! 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—that's all. Mae Marsh will be seen in a new play very soon. Called "Till We Meet Again."

BLUE EYES.—My, what a popular name. Two "Blue Eyes" already this month, and no black eyes to speak of. It's a record, I'd say. You can reach Pearl White through the Pathe Exchange, 35 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 seldom 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.



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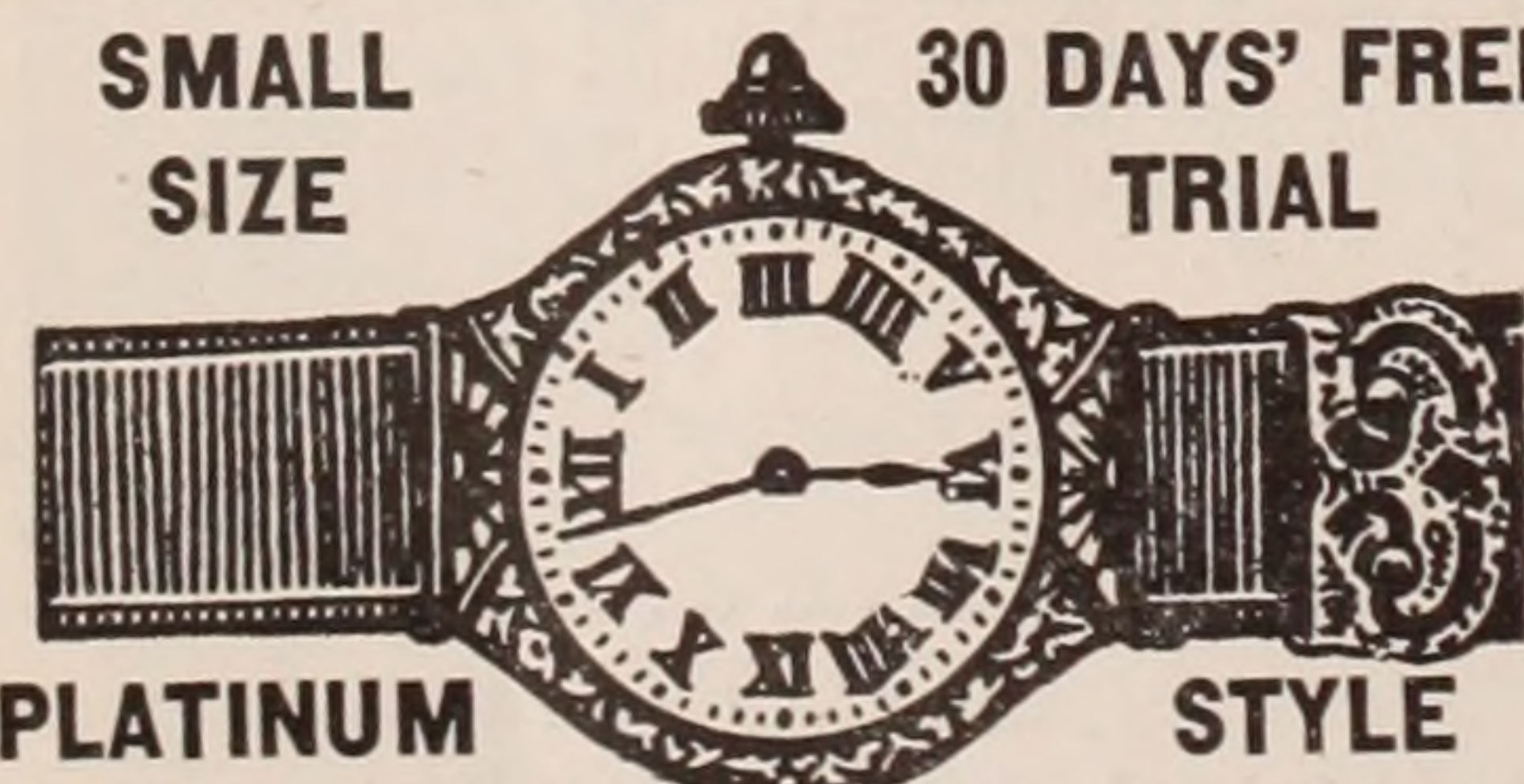
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D. K., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Rodolph—or, to be more accurate—his pretty and efficient secretary, Miss Neff—will undoubtedly send you a photograph. Roddie will perhaps autograph it, who knows? Better enclose a quarter for postage. That's fair.

CLARENCE E.—I'm glad that your opinion of motion picture people is so good. Just think what this published letter of yours will mean to Hollywood. Especially to Jack Hoxie, who seems to be your especial favorite. And Hoot Gibson—my, won't he be puffed up! You can address Jack 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 some medium's little Indian child control? I wonder. Anyway, Harrison Ford'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, even if he does 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 stage success. Viola Dana followed her picture "June Madness" with the saccharine "Crimoline 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 soup plate—Katherine MacDonald. A vegetable dish—Miss DuPont. A sugar bowl—Shirley Mason. A butter chip—our own Roddie. As you fish the dishes from the dish pan you credit yourself with 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 handsome 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 Mason is happily married, Viola Dana is a widow, Bryant Washburn is married and Harrison Ford is divorced. As to ages: Viola is twenty-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," "Clarence," "Kick In," "The Top of New York," "Everything For Sale" and "Grumpy"—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 Walker has dropped out of sight, for the present. The lady of the dimples was pretty popular in her day, and dimples are coming into fashion again. When last heard of Lillian was in vaudeville—on the Orpheum circuit. Her real name was Lillian Walke—her father's name was Andrew Walke, 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 words in it. Why didn'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; *Louise Girard*—Dorothy Gish; *Chevalier de Vaudrey*—Joseph Schildkraut; *Count de Linieres*—Frank Losee; *Countess de Linieres*—Catherine Emmett; *Marquis de Presle*—Morgan Wallace; *Mother Frochard*—Lucile La Verne; *Jacques Frochard*—Sheldon Lewis; *Pierre Frochard*—Frank Puglia; *Picard*—Creighton Hale; *Jacques-Forget-Not*—Leslie King; *Danton*—Monte Blue; *Robespierre*—Sidney Herbert; *King Louis XVI*—Leo Kolmeri; *The Doctor*—Adolphe Lestina; *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) ss.  
County of Cook

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James R. Quirk, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Vice-President of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 350 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 350 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, 350 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hodgkins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa; Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

JAMES R. QUIRK,  
Editor and Vice-President.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1923.  
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,  
(My commission expires January 3, 1927.)



**PENELOPE.**—So you're wild about T. Roy Barnes! It makes me hate to tell you that he's married. And thirty-two years old. You can address a letter to him at 1803 Argyle Avenue, Los Angeles, but you may have to wait for an answer. Well, another lady of your name was famous for her waiting ability—if my knowledge of mythology has not played me false!

**"JACKIE," AKRON, OHIO.**—So you like Neal Hart so much that it scares you to think about him! Better try some sort of auto-suggestion, *a la Coué*. We don't want you to be frightened to death—or wear away—or go into a decline—all from seeing two of his pictures! He is married—happily—and would hate to feel that he was the cause of so much mental agony. So, I'm sure, would his wife. The Harts have a young son. Neal was born in Richmond, New York, is five feet, nine inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and is blessed with brown hair, blue eyes and a sunny disposition. He can be addressed in care of Pinnacle Productions, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

**MARY A., NEW YORK CITY.**—You're not the only girl named Mary who likes Dick Barthelmess pretty well. His wife is named Mary. And so is his young daughter. We're always printing pictures of him in PHOTOPLAY—big and little—for we like him, too. If you will write to Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, I'm quite sure that you'll receive a photograph of him.

**KEWPIE OF BROOKLYN.**—No lodge keeper was given in the cast of "Monte Cristo." But it might have been Charles Gerard. You can send for a picture of Bebe Daniels—always—to the Paramount Studios. She's working in the east, at present. Mae Murray can be reached at the Metro Studios, in Hollywood. It is customary to send twenty-five cents for a picture—not to cover the charge of the print, but to take care of postage and wrapping.

**L. K., CHICAGO, ILL.**—Malcolm McGregor is a Yale man. In his early twenties, and married. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. We published her photograph recently in PHOTOPLAY. Conrad is twenty-six years old.

**G. H. B., BRONX, N. Y.**—Your address sounds like something that died on a certain sad July. But your letter is less tragic sounding. No, I don't get tired of your letters—my friends! (Said with a sweeping gesture, and a deep bow.) I like 'em. That is, most of them. Write to Samuel Merwin, the author of "Hattie of Hollywood," in care of this Magazine—and we'll forward the missive. He'll be glad, I'm sure, to straighten out any point about the story that isn't clear in your mind.

**EDW. PINA, BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—It isn't often that a man sends in a request for Rodolph Valentino's picture. Many men dislike him—purely jealousy, of course. In fact they refuse to admit, usually, that he's either handsome or a good actor. The magazine which printed his portrait upon the cover was the issue of July, 1922. It was a good likeness.

**DREAM GIRL, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.**—Well, I've heard from a number of aviators that there are quite a few dream girls in Fort Worth. It's an intriguing title, though—very much so! I'm glad to get a letter that doesn't go into raptures about R. V. In fact, the term you apply to him—which I won't quote here—gives me a certain throb of joy. Even though it's unbecoming to a person who goes by such an ethereal title as Dream Girl. Niles Welch, you say? Yes, he is nice. And all too often neglected by the hero-worshippers. I'm glad that you like him well enough to go out hunting for his pictures. And I'm glad that finding him made you feel rewarded. Here is all that I know about him—all, I mean, in a general way. Yes, he is married. He has blond hair, blue eyes, and is five feet, eleven inches tall. His address is 1611 Gardner Street, Hollywood.

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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.

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**T**HE 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.

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**W**E have recently entered the producing field in addition to our educational and sales activities, and are producing the better stories for the screen.



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 Rex Ingram, *Director and Producer*  
 C. Gardner Sullivan, *Scenarist to Thos. H. Ince*  
 J. L. Frothingham, *Producer*  
 James R. Quirk, *Editor, Photoplay Magazine*

### Educational Staff Officers

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