

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

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September

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**Better than "The Birth of a Nation"** "Hitherto, our standard of superlative films was 'The Birth of a Nation.' I am afraid the Rocketts' Lincoln has set a new high-water mark in our enthusiasm."  
—*Frederick William Wile, (International correspondent).*

**Thrills Pathos** "Full of thrills and pathos, it engages your attention throughout with keen anticipation."  
—*S. F. Glatfelter, (Congressman—Pennsylvania).*

**Strikingly Realistic** "It is a wonderful picture, and strikingly realistic."  
—*E. T. Clark, (Secretary to the President).*

**Fires Imagination** "It touches the heart and fires the imagination."  
—*Edwin Markham, (The poet).*

**Holds Spellbound** "From beginning to end, the picture holds the audience spellbound."  
—*Martin B. Madden, (Congressman—Illinois).*

**Remarkable Production** "It is a remarkable production. I wish every citizen of the United States could see it at once."  
—*Oscar E. Bland, (Judge U. S. Court of Customs Appeals).*

**Stupendous** "Stupendous! Beyond a doubt the greatest picture I have ever seen."  
—*R. A. Hearn, (A Southerner).*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

**Sweet Love Story** "I was very glad you brought the sweet story of Anne Rutledge into the picture. I believe we never would have had the Abraham Lincoln we loved—the tender, gentle, merciful and sympathetic Lincoln—if he had not loved wildly and madly, even as you and I."  
—*Richard Yates, (Congressman—Illinois).*

**Aesthetic Appeal** "The aesthetic appeal of the picture will educate our people to a finer appreciation of beautiful things."  
—*Dr. John J. Tigert, (Commissioner of Education).*

**Touches Heart** "Makes a direct appeal to the heart that cannot be resisted by any type of theatregoer."  
—*Frank Morse, (Banker).*

**Better than Drinkwater** "Gripping from first to last. It is infinitely better than Drinkwater's play."  
—*W. H. Crawford, (Attorney).*

**Makes People Think** "An absorbing, stirring picture. It will make people think. We need more like it."  
—*Edna M. Colman, (National President League American Penwomen).*

**Wonderful Impersonation** "I never expected to see Abraham Lincoln—living, walking and talking, as he seemed in your picture."  
—*Dr. Nellie Hooper Barrett.*

**Its Beauty will Captivate You!**

**Its Realism will Startle You!**

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**FRANCES MARION**

Directed by  
**PHILIP ROSEN**





# THE FAMOUS FORTY Paramount Pictures

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Paramount's schedule of new pictures for fall and winter out-ranks, picture for picture, any other program ever released anywhere. It combines the greatest picture-making talent and materials of the age!

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**"The Ten Commandments"**  
Produced by CECIL B. DE MILLE.  
To be played at legitimate theatres during season 1924-25.

**"Manhandled"**  
Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.  
ZANE GREY'S

**"Wanderer of the Wasteland"**  
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery, Billie Dove. Adapted by G. C. Hull and Victor Irvin. Filmed in color.

**"Changing Husbands"**  
With LEATRICE JOY. From "Roles" by Elizabeth Alexander. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. Supervised by CECIL B. DE MILLE. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin.

**"Monsieur Beaucaire"**  
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO. SIDNEY OLCOTT Production. With Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman. From Booth Tarkington's novel and the play by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

**"Worldly Goods"**  
Starring AGNES AYRES. By Sophie Kerr. Directed by Paul Bern.

**"The Enemy Sex"**  
JAMES CRUZE Production. With Betty Compson. Owen Johnson's novel. Adapted by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew.

**"Lily of the Dust"**  
Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a story by Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon. Adapted by Paul Bern.

**"The Side-Show of Life"**  
HERBERT BRENON Production. Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson. From Wm. J. Locke's novel, "The Mountebank" and the play by Ernest Denny. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

**"The Covered Wagon"**  
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

**"Sinners in Heaven"**  
ALAN CROSLAND Production. With Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix. By Clive Arden. Screen play by James Creelman.

REX BEACH'S  
**"A Sainted Devil"**  
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO with Nita Naldi. JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From "Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

**"The Man Who Fights Alone"**  
Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. WALLACE WORSLEY Production. With Lois Wilson. By Wm. Blacke and J. S. Hamilton. Screen play by Jack Cunningham.

**"Feet of Clay"**  
CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Ricardo Cortez, Theodore Roberts. By Margaretta Tuttle. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Milhauser.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S  
**"The Alaskan"**  
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. HERBERT BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

**"Open All Night"**  
Viola Dana, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Jetta Goudal. By Willis Goldbeck. From Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

**"Her Love Story"**  
Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. From "Her Majesty, The Queen" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

**"Empty Hands"**  
VICTOR FLEMING Production with Jack Holt. Supported by Norma Shearer. By Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

**"The Female"**  
Starring BETTY COMPSON. SAM WOOD Production. From "Dalla, The Lion Cub," by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston.

**"The Fast Set"**  
WILLIAM de MILLE Production. Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

**"Dangerous Money"**  
Starring BEBE DANIELS. Adapted from "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick. Screen play by Julie Herne.

**"The Story Without a Name"**  
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Victor Irvin.

**"Forbidden Paradise"**  
Starring POLA NEGRI with Rod LaRocque. LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina" by Melchior Lengyel and Lagos Biro.

**"Merton of the Movies"**  
Starring GLENN HUNTER. JAMES CRUZE Production. With Viola Dana. From the novel by Harry Leon Wilson and the play by Kaufman and Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

**"Whispering Men"**  
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Booth Tarkington.

**"Unguarded Women"**  
ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor. Story by Lucy S. Terrill. Screen play by James Creelman.

**"The Golden Bed"**  
CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From Wallace Irwin's novel.

**"Manhattan"**  
Starring RICHARD DIX. R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From "The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol.

**"Argentine Love"**  
ALLAN DWAN Production. Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

**"A Drama of the Night"**  
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Leroy Scott. Adapted by Anthony Coldeway and Walter Woods.

**"The Beautiful Adventuress"**  
A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring BETTY COMPSON.

**"Headlines"**  
Starring RICHARD DIX. Directed by Paul Sloane. Supervised by Forrest Halsey. From "The Jungle Law," by I. A. R. Wylie.

**"Peter Pan"**  
HERBERT BRENON Production. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From Sir J. M. Barrie's famous story. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

ZANE GREY'S  
**"The Border Legion"**  
With Antonio Moreno. Directed by William K. Howard.

**"Tongues of Flame"**  
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Peter Clark Macfarlane.

**"North of 36"**  
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall. By Emerson Hough.

**"Miss Bluebeard"**  
Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregely. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

**"A Woman Scorned"**  
Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production.

**"Playthings of Fire"**  
Starring AGNES AYRES. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. By Forrest Halsey.

**"Wages of Virtue"**  
By Percival Wren. Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

**"A Broadway Butterfly"**  
WILLIAM de MILLE Production. By Clara Beranger.



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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVI

No. 4

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## What Their Clothes Cost

WE know that one actress spends over half a million a year on her clothes. PHOTOPLAY has been investigating for several months the question of what actresses pay for their clothes, and in the October issue will tell you exactly how much the leading actresses and actors pay for their wardrobes, and will also tell you what they do with their hundreds of gowns and accessories after they have used them in pictures.

## Last Chance for the \$5,000 Prize Money

The October issue of PHOTOPLAY will contain the final installment of the great radio story, written by *Arthur Stringer*, and from which Famous Players are completing a remarkable melodrama. The winning title of the story will be the name given in the picture.

## OCTOBER ISSUE

*Out September 15th  
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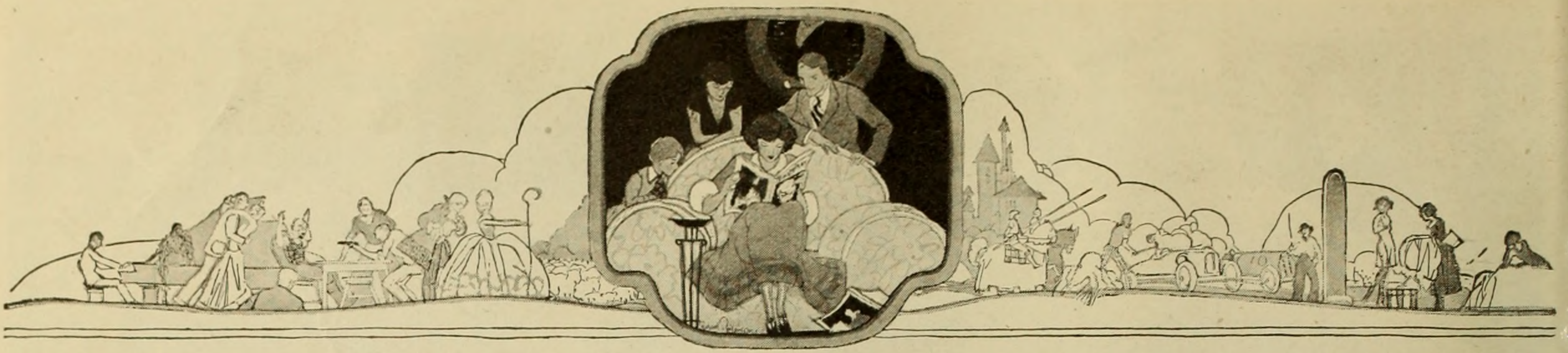


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These warm summer days, there is no more restful and refreshing moment than to stop at a cool and cheerful soda fountain and enjoy Coca-Cola . . .





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (March.)

**AFTER A MILLION**—Aywon.—Story of Russian coosack with a trick will. Plot too involved for tired business man. (August.)

**AGE OF DESIRE**—First National.—A woman, desiring riches, sacrifices better things. Interesting picture, well done. (March.)

**AMERICA**—D. W. Griffith.—Almost another "Birth of a Nation." Not quite perhaps, but an epic film, nevertheless. Of absorbing interest to every American. (May.)

**ALIMONY**—F. B. O.—Just an ordinary program picture, neither better nor worse. (April.)

**ARABIA'S LAST ALARM**—Fox.—A joyous comedy, with a clever child, a bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

**ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE**—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n' everything. (June.)

**AT DEVIL'S GORGE**—Arrow.—Just another Western, that's all. (June.)

**AVERAGE WOMAN, THE**—C. C. Burr.—A defense of the flapper, as typified by Pauline Garon. Melodrama, fairly well done. (June.)

**BAG AND BAGGAGE**—Selznick.—A time-worn story of the country girl who gets her millionaire. Happens only on the screen. (May.)

**BEAU BRUMMEL**—Warner Brothers.—One of the most interesting of the costume pictures, with John Barrymore doing exceptionally fine work as the Beau. Don't miss it. (May.)

**BEDROOM WINDOW, THE**—Paramount.—A mystery story hinging about the murder of a wealthy old man. Interestingly told. (August.)

**BELOVED VAGABOND, THE**—F. B. O.—Made from W. J. Locke's story, but most of the charm and whimsicality are lost. (June.)

**BETWEEN FRIENDS**—Vitagraph.—A remade version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story. A sordid tale told in ordinary fashion. (August.)

**BLACK OXEN**—First National.—A good picturization of the popular novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Corinne Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (March.)

**BLIZZARD, THE**—Fox.—A Swedish picture and nothing to be ashamed of either. A stampede of reindeer is a novelty. Good audience picture. (May.)

**BLUFF**—Paramount.—A fashion parade with Agnes Ayres as a dress designer who wins recognition by bluffing the big shops. Amusingly told in a light vein. (July.)

**BOY OF FLANDERS, A**—Metro.—Jackie Coogan's latest and one of the best he ever has done. The boy is developing and this picture proves it. (June.)

**BOY OF MINE**—First National.—A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March.)

**BREAKING POINT, THE**—Paramount.—Good cast, fair story, good direction and action galore. Fine entertainment. (June.)

**BREATHLESS MOMENT, THE**—Universal.—A commonplace story which the whole family may see. (April.)

**BROADWAY AFTER DARK**—Warner.—A humanized melodrama well-directed, cast and played. (August.)

**BROADWAY BROKE**—Selznick.—An interesting picture of New York theatrical life forty years ago. Mary Carr excellent. (March.)

**BROADWAY OR BUST**—Universal.—A Hoot Gibson vehicle below his average. Both director and scenario writer overlooked much in producing picture. (August.)

**CAUSE FOR DIVORCE**—Selznick.—A lot of troubles about which no one can possibly care. (April.)

**CHECHAHCOS**—Associated Exhibitors.—Story of the Alaskan gold rush. Not much of a plot but wonderful scenery never before shown on the screen. (July.)

**CIRCUS COWBOY, THE**—Fox.—Good circus story with Charles (Buck) Jones doing some breath-taking riding. (July.)

**CONFIDENCE MAN, THE**—Paramount.—The always likable Tom Meighan in a new version of the redemption theme. Amusing, well done and worth while. (June.)

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

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

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

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

**COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE**—Asso. Exhibitors.—Charles Ray's latest and most ambitious effort, which doesn't quite register. (March.)

**CYTHEREA**—First National.—Far above the average picture, although differing largely from Hergesheimer's book. Alma Rubens, Lewis Stone and Irene Rich are excellent and settings and photography beautiful. (July.)

**DADDIES**—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mae Marsh and Harry Myers heading the cast. (April.)

**DAMAGED HEARTS**—F. B. O.—Conventional story, with good acting by Mary Carr and others. The long arm of coincidence is stretched again. (May.)

**DANCING CHEAT, THE**—Universal.—The love of a dancer for a gambler. Lots of romance—little interest. (June.)

**DANGER LINE, THE**—F. B. O.—Japanese picture made in France with Sessue Hayakawa giving excellent performance. Highly dramatic and worth seeing. (July.)

**DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE**—Universal.—Light and frothy but entertaining. All about foolish father's letters to vamp recovered by clever flapper daughter. (July.)

**DANGEROUS COWARD, THE**—F. B. O.—Poor entertainment provided by story of a cowboy who refuses to fight and is dubbed "yellow." (August.)

**DARING YOUTH**—Principal.—A racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

**DARING YEARS, THE**—Equity.—A good little boy falls in love with a chorus girl. You know the rest. (April.)

**DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE**—Principal.—Here is another one that lives up too closely to the title to make it suitable for the family audience. A good cast. (August.)

**DAUGHTERS OF TODAY**—Selznick.—Another preachment against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

**DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE**—Paramount.—Clean healthful entertainment for the whole family, well directed and acted. (June.)

**DEFYING DESTINY**—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

**DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS**—Apollo.—Formula of the man who gets rich while his wife gets old. He steps out, but is cured. (May.)

**DO IT NOW**—Renown.—The troubles of young love with father. Fair entertainment. (May.)

**DON'T CALL IT LOVE**—Paramount.—The screen version of "Rita Coventry," extremely well produced and acted. (March.)

**DON'T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND**—Metro.—Viola Dana and Alan Forrest take an ordinary story and put life into it. (August.)

**DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL**—United Artists.—Great combination of Mary Pickford and Marshall Neilan and the historic novel by Charles Major. Don't miss it by any means. (July.)

**DRUMS OF JEOPARDY**—Truart.—Someone steals a lot of emeralds and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to much. (May.)

**ENCHANTED COTTAGE, THE**—First National.—A charming fantasy, beautifully hand ed, with a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthelme and May McAvoy. (June.)

**EXCITEMENT**—Universal.—One of those wives-who-can't-stay-home films. (June.)

**FAST EXPRESS, THE**—Universal.—Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire stuff. (April.)

**FIGHTING AMERICAN**—Universal.—Comedy born of sheer nonsense and filled with lively entertainment. (August.)

**FIGHTING COWARD, THE**—Paramount.—A satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. (June.)

**FIRE PATROL, THE**—Chadwick.—An old-time melodrama with every old film thrill worked in. (August.)

**FLAMING BARRIERS**—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragic note in it. The forest fire is worth the admission. (April.)

**FLAPPER WIVES**—Selznick.—The faith-healing theme, with nothing new in the story. Fair. (June.)

**FLOWING GOLD**—First National.—Rex Beach melodrama of the oil fields, full of excitement and thrills. Film entertainment for everyone. (May.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 13 ]



# First National Pictures



## And Now at Last—"Tarnish"!

A GREAT play, sooner or later, becomes a great motion picture. "Tarnish," the sensation of the Broadway stage, has at last reached the screen under the guiding hand of Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures). George Fitzmaurice directed this "great American comedy drama."

Above, Marie Prevost as the pretty manicurist starts the trouble and the story by vamping father. May McAvoy and Ronald Colman play the leading roles and supply the romance. It's a picture for everyone who enjoys strong drama and wholesome romance.

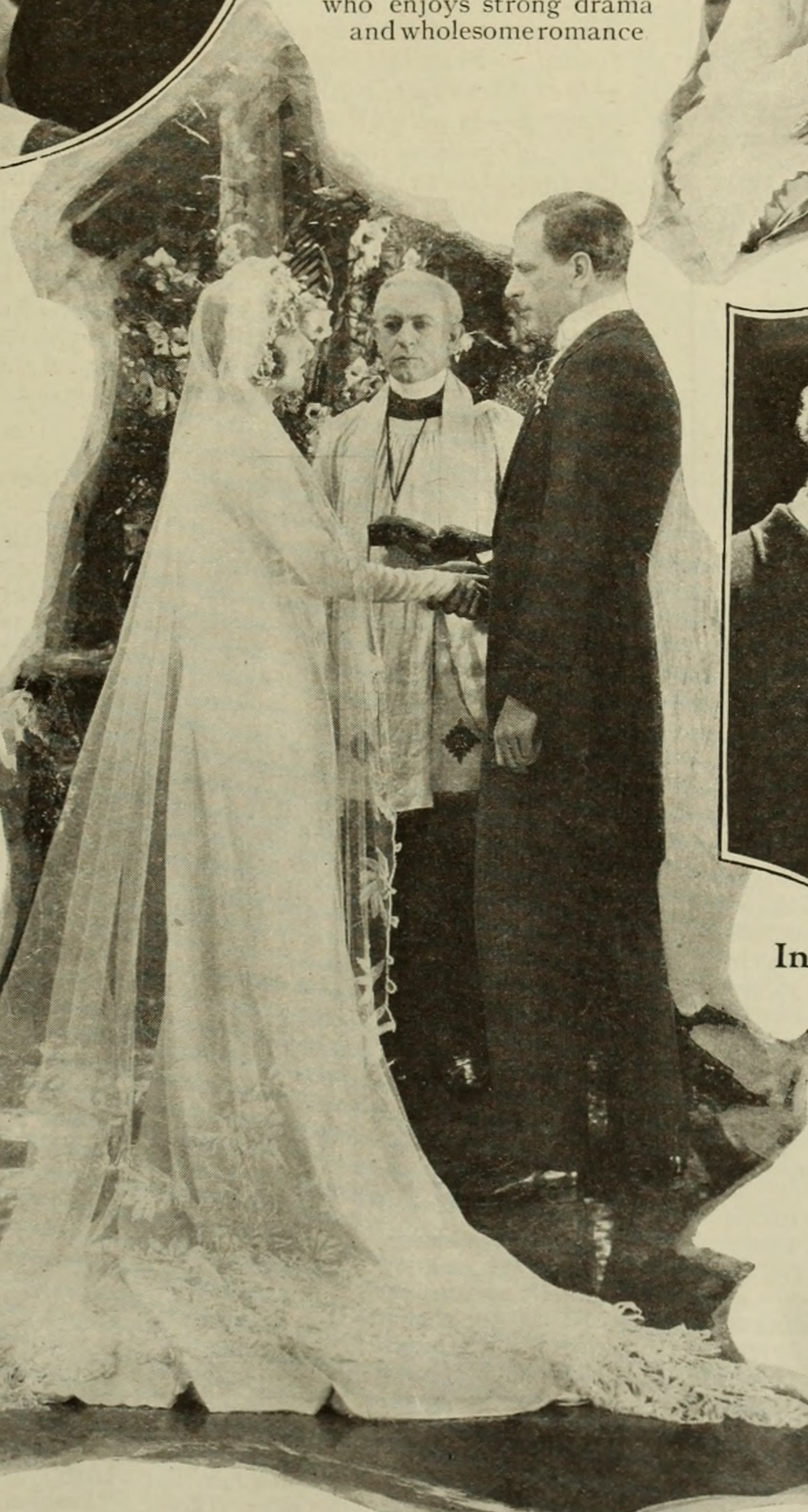


## "Born Rich"

IT looks as if something had come between Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell—but it's nothing more than a demi-tasse.

Lytell and Miss Windsor have the leading roles in "Born Rich," a new society drama of people who are born with diamond studded spoons in their mouths. It would seem from the story that the sons and daughters of the wealthy do not always have a smooth and easy road to happiness.

Will Nigh is directing this picture, which promises to be the outstanding movie of the summer season. Among the principals in the cast, in addition to Lytell and Miss Windsor, are Cullen Landis, Doris Kenyon, Frank Morgan and Barney Sherry.



## In Search of "The Lost World"

THE expedition—the wildest, the most thrilling expedition in the history of exploration—is about to start! Above, Bessie Love is pleading with the bewhiskered Wallace Beery to be allowed to join it. "The lost world" in the heart of South America is the goal, and there are more thrills and laughs in the trip than you've ever heard of or imagined. "The Lost World" is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel, filmed by arrangement with Watterson R. Rothacker.

## The Beginning, Not the End, of a Story

NOW comes the well-remembered Corinne Griffith of "Black Oxen" and "Lilies of the Field" as a blushing bride, and Milton Sills, erstwhile galley slave and fighting corsair of "The Sea Hawk," as a dignified groom. The picture is "Single Wives" and the wedding is the opening scene of one of the screen's most dramatic stories.

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## Bobbed vs. Non-bobbed

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I cannot help feeling indignant at the way some of the actresses talked when asked for their opinion of bobbed hair in recent numbers of PHOTOPLAY. Because they have bobbed hair is that any reason why they should indulge in rude remarks directed at the girls who have not? I refer more particularly to the views expressed by Mae Murray and Anna Q. Nilsson. However, Irene Castle's views were nothing to be proud of.

I am young enough to bob my hair. I am eighteen. But I really do not like it. It makes the bobbed people so alike. No individuality. They are like custom dresses, all the same.

ELLA MORTON.

## A Gale from Kansas

Wichita, Kan.

I have been seeing "A Society Scandal." I'm bursting to say that Miss Swanson's acting is superb. No one shall say in my presence that she is a "clothes rack" and live. Clothes are the merest accessories with her.

And a word for a rising star. Watch that dainty little baby twinkler, Lucille Ricksen. Watch her, I say.

JANE GORDON.

## Stick to Comedy, Connie

San Francisco, Calif.

Let me offer Constance Talmadge a word of well-meant advice. That is, "Stick to comedy," instead of trying heavier pieces. I have always admired Connie. She is next to my favorite actress in my esteem. But I was English until three years ago and, knowing English manners, cannot commend her in "A Dangerous Maid." United States of America was marked all over her.

FRANCES NORTON.

## The Bobbed War Rages

Los Angeles, Calif.

I was amazed to read in PHOTOPLAY the comments of our screen players on "To Bob or Not to Bob." Intolerance, thy name is legion. If a woman wants to bob her hair let her. But why the caustic comments and cutting remarks toward those who have not bobbed their hair? There are thousands of highly intelligent girls who would not bob their hair for anything in the world. I write this at the request of ten girls who ask me to express their wrath as well as my own.

ELLA CANNON.

## Fragrance for "Rodie"

Philadelphia, Pa.

I think "Rodie" gives the best answer he could to all Valentino "successors" and their advocates by bringing from France a young man who looks more like him than do any of the predicted "successors."

It looks as though "Rodie" has no fear nor jealousy. Either his egotism makes him superbly indifferent or he has a kind and generous heart. I think he is a fine, manly, lovable human being. He has sanity and balance and high ideals.

ALICE M. TAYLOR.

## Attention, Press Agents

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The many traces of genius and judgment to be found in all of Conway Tearle's performances are evidence of his perfect command of the actor's art.

His polished methods, exceptional versatility of expression, and the imagination and power of his acting lift the most banal "movies" to the plane of artistry. By a combination of finesse

# 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.*

and fervor he succeeds in being romantic without sacrificing humor, depth and shading.

His winning and delightful appearance and personality, his dark, arresting face with its haunting beauty of features, and rare, enchanting smile, create a sufficiently distinguished magnetism, but wedded to that are the fine sensitiveness and easy charm of his acting. He lends to the screen enduring excellence.

JOSEPHINE LEIGH.

## Love That Endures

Paris, Texas.

Let us see Wallie Reid's beautiful features again in your pages. Even though he has left us he will be my favorite always.

DOROTHY TREAT.

## The Antipodal "Who's Who?"

Auckland, New Zealand.

Would you like to know "Who's Who?" in this remote (from you) part of the world?

First, let me say that the later releases are better, with few exceptions, than the old.

Pola Negri holds sway, though we believe we have never seen her in plays that show her to advantage. If she did she would equal the greatest. Mary Pickford holds an entrenched position here, though we agree with her that all would like to see her in older rôles. Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, the Gishes, Barbara La Marr and Leatrice Joy are immensely popular.

Of the men, John Barrymore ranks first. Then poor Wallie Reid, with Rodolph Valentino, Douglas MacLean, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, handsome Mahlon Hamilton, little Jackie Coogan and George Walsh. We don't care much for Charles Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" though we all admired Edna Purviance.

## The Quiet Comers

South Bend.

Some fine actors who are safe and sane are not mentioned save in the reviews of their work and by admiring members of their audiences. They yield place to those who are "too beautiful" or who have mislaid several of their spouses, or who have guns that just won't behave.

I read a fan letter in your fine magazine in which some ardent writer vowed he would trust John Bowers with anything. So would I. Yet he is seldom mentioned in the other publications, although he has been giving sincere portrayals for several years.

There are a great many, like Mr. Bowers, who are quietly coming to the front, without aid of publicity or notoriety. Some sort of tribute is due these sane, quiet workers in the vineyard. I pay a small fraction of it.

CAROLYN ASHE.

## The "Glorious Gloria"

Wahoo, Neb.

I am a music teacher, living near Lincoln, Neb., and see many good movies there. One of your readers recently wrote entirely in praise of Gloria Swanson, saying that she proved her worth in "The Humming Bird" and "A Society Scandal." I, too, am an admirer of Gloria Swanson, and I wonder why the appreciative reader did not mention "Zaza" as being one of the best pictures she has made. I think it is one of her best. Perhaps her best.

MILDRED E. JOHNSON.

## Doesn't Like "Perfect Lovers"

Philadelphia, Pa.

Maybe I am a crank, but this "perfect love" business makes me sick. I don't think it helps a player to be dubbed a "perfect player." One thing I notice about the actors so bracketed is that they are all alike. Their faces might be taken haphazard from an hundred pictures. It's all the same. There is only one exception. That is Valentino. He is not pretty. He is full of character. Why was not Richard Barthelmess included in your article on "The Screen's Perfect Lovers"? Perhaps he is too human and natural as a lover. Doesn't pose prettily enough. I think he is one of the front rankers.

MILLIANT JAMES.

## Another Griffith

Parkersburg, W. Va.

I would like to compliment Mr. Ray Griffith on his keen and excellent acting. As a "Crime Deflector" in "Red Lights" he did well. I do believe his innocent eyes and playful ways would deceive most any highwayman or criminal and, if possible, he would make good as a detective. But tell Raymond not to try it. He plays a good thief also. I say he plays one.

HAROLD F. YOUNG.

## Mae's Latest

New York City.

Evidently M. L. Jacobs (of Dartmouth), whose letter appeared in PHOTOPLAY, did not see Mae Murray in her latest picture—for he says she can't act! I declare she can—and I have hopes that she will give us more portrayals similar to the immigrant sister in "Fashion Row"!

F. A. W.

## A Suggestion

San Francisco, Calif.

Romeo and Juliet! Richard Dix and Mary Philbin! Can you find two personalities more suited to play these immortal lovers? Richard the lovable—Mary the shy—the budding flower, so sweet, yet with a depth unsounded.

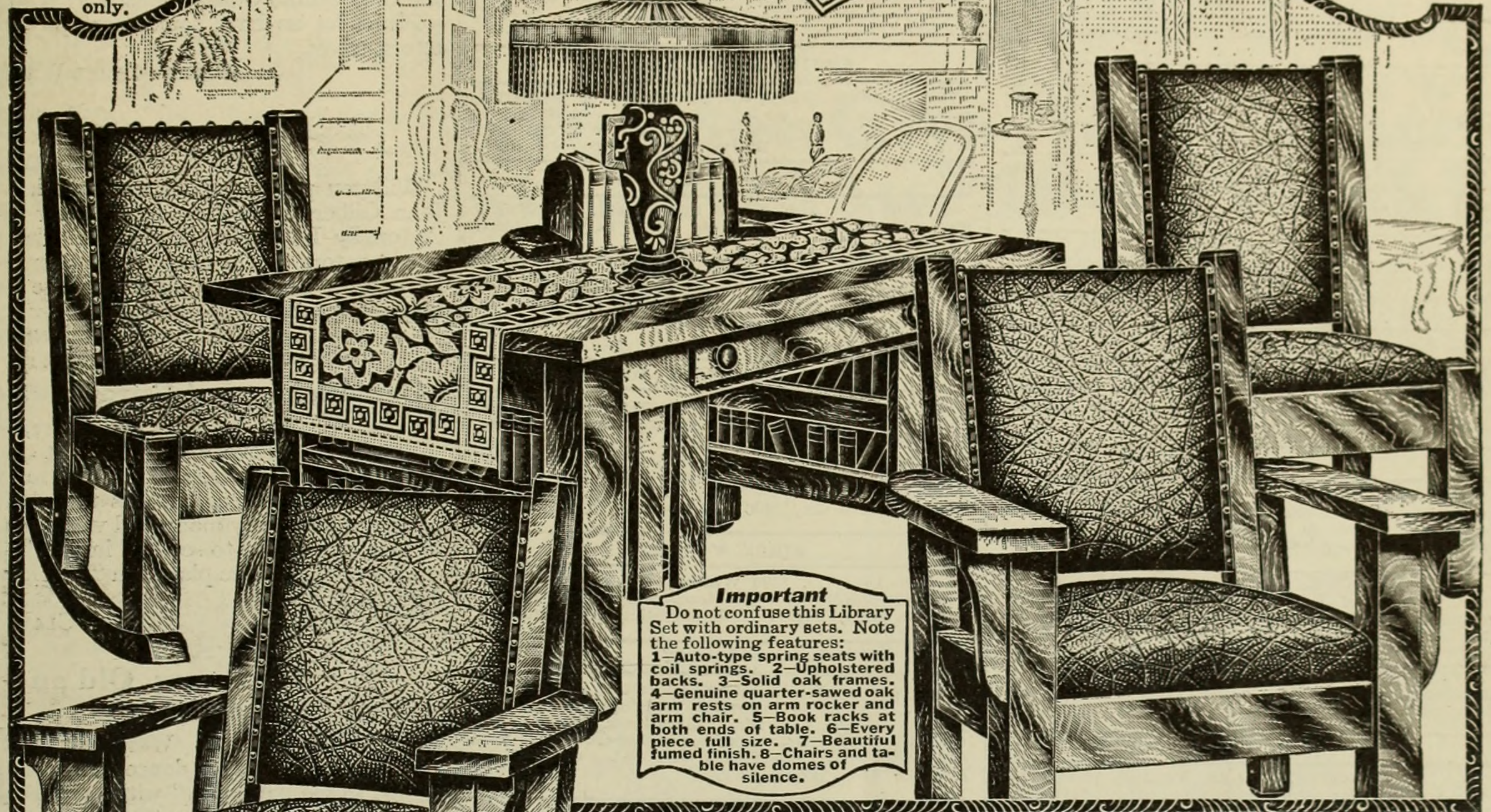
ONE WHO KNOWS.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]



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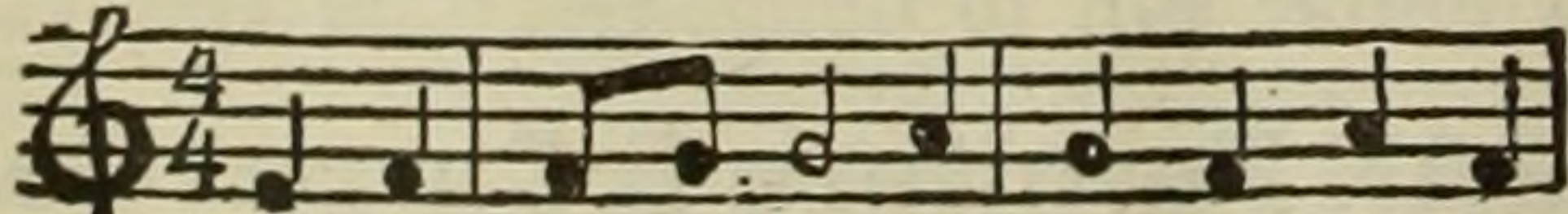
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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

### Meet the Wife

Charleston, W. Va.

I am a great lover of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and want to say that no other screen magazine can equal it for giving us intimate glimpses of the actors and actresses. Naturally, fans are interested to know about the home life of their favorites and you certainly know how to write them up.

I like very much the Answer Man's column and the "Studio Gossip—East and West."

Please let us have some more pictures of actors' wives.

MRS. MABEL WILSON.

### No Press Agent

Seattle, Wash.

Will you please publish an interview with John Gilbert some time in the near future? Personally I consider him one of the finest screen actors of the day but apparently very few editors share my opinion, or else he has no press agent.

GERTRUDE WESTENBERG.

### Convincing and Unrestricted

Baltimore, Md.

Lytell is, I believe, one of the most convincing actors on the screen. He is not restricted to a particular type, but has the ability to portray successfully many and varied rôles. I, for one, would like to see him in another part similar to the one he played in "To Have and To Hold."

HELEN CLAYTON.

### For the Young, Old and Indifferent

Washington, D. C.

I gave up a very good dance, to be held in my honor, to see "Daddies" with my husband—who hates dances! I must say I do not regret the dance.

I never enjoyed any picture so much as "Daddies," and I think every one on earth should see it, young, old and indifferent.

MRS. KATHRYN BENNETT TRACY.

### A Most Wonderful Person

Minneapolis, Minn.

I wish to say that all the available bouquets in the world are due Marion Davies. She is simply wonderful. I saw "Little Old New York" last night, and the "grouchiest" man in town sat next to me. Would you believe it—he actually cried with her, laughed at her, and went out with misty eyes proclaiming her "a most wonderful person!"

MISS GAIL J. LAWRENCE.

### Gripping and Vivid

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have just seen "West of the Water Tower," and I think it one of the best pictures of its kind.

Despite the editing of Homer Croy's novel, this is an entertaining picture. I will admit that Glenn Hunter's portrayal of *Guy Plummer* was Mertonized, but the narrative was gripping and vivid.

CHARLOTTE SHEPLER.

### A Plea for New Faces

New York City.

Why can't we see more of the very new players? George O'Hara, for instance, who scored such a success in the clever "Fighting Blood" and Alberta Vaughn, who plays the telephone operator in Witwer's "The Telephone Girl," another of those clever series. Why don't you give the new faces a little more space in the columns of PHOTOPLAY?

FLORENCE STIENBERG



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**FOOL'S AWAKENING, A**—Metro.—Proves that happiness can't be built on a lie. A picture of the better class. (April.)

**FOOL'S HIGHWAY**—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

**FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS**—Universal.—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

**GAIETY GIRL, THE**—Universal.—English picture with slow action and poor plot. (August.)

**GALLOPING ACE, THE**—Universal.—A Jack Hoxie Western, with Jack doing some of his best riding and heroic deeds. (June.)

**GALLOPING FISH, THE**—First National.—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

**GALLOPING GALLAGHER**—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

**GAMBLING WIVES**—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

**GIRL SHY**—Pathe.—All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

**GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST**—F. B. O.—Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by the author herself. (July.)

**GOLDFISH, THE**—First National.—Constance Talmadge finally succeeded in getting back on familiar ground—a sparkling comedy with this comedienne at her best. (July.)

**GOOD BAD BOY, THE**—Principal.—Story of the worst boy in village who is really good at heart. Worth while. (August.)

**GOVERNOR'S LADY, THE**—Fox.—A most appealing picture, at times touching greatness. Pathos well done. (March.)

**GREAT WHITE WAY, THE**—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted. (March.)

**GRIT**—Hodkinson.—Glenn Hunter in a play of gangsters and the underworld. Not new, but fairly interesting. (March.)

**HAPPINESS**—Metro.—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners' play, with Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

**HEART BANDIT, THE**—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

**HER REPUTATION**—First National.—A flood, a forest fire and a persecuted heroine, all good. Plenty of thrills. (March.)

**HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE**—Paramount.—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns are. Ernest Torrence best of the cast as usual. (April.)

**HIGH SPEED**—Universal.—Story of an athlete in love with a banker's daughter. Herbert Rawlinson retains his popularity. (August.)

**HILL BILLY, THE**—United Artists.—Jack Pickford in a truly appealing role. His best picture in a long time. (June.)

**HIS DARKER SELF**—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for Al Jolson and done by Lloyd Hamilton, it proves Jolson should have done it. (June.)

**HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE**—F. B. O.—The third of the Palmer prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

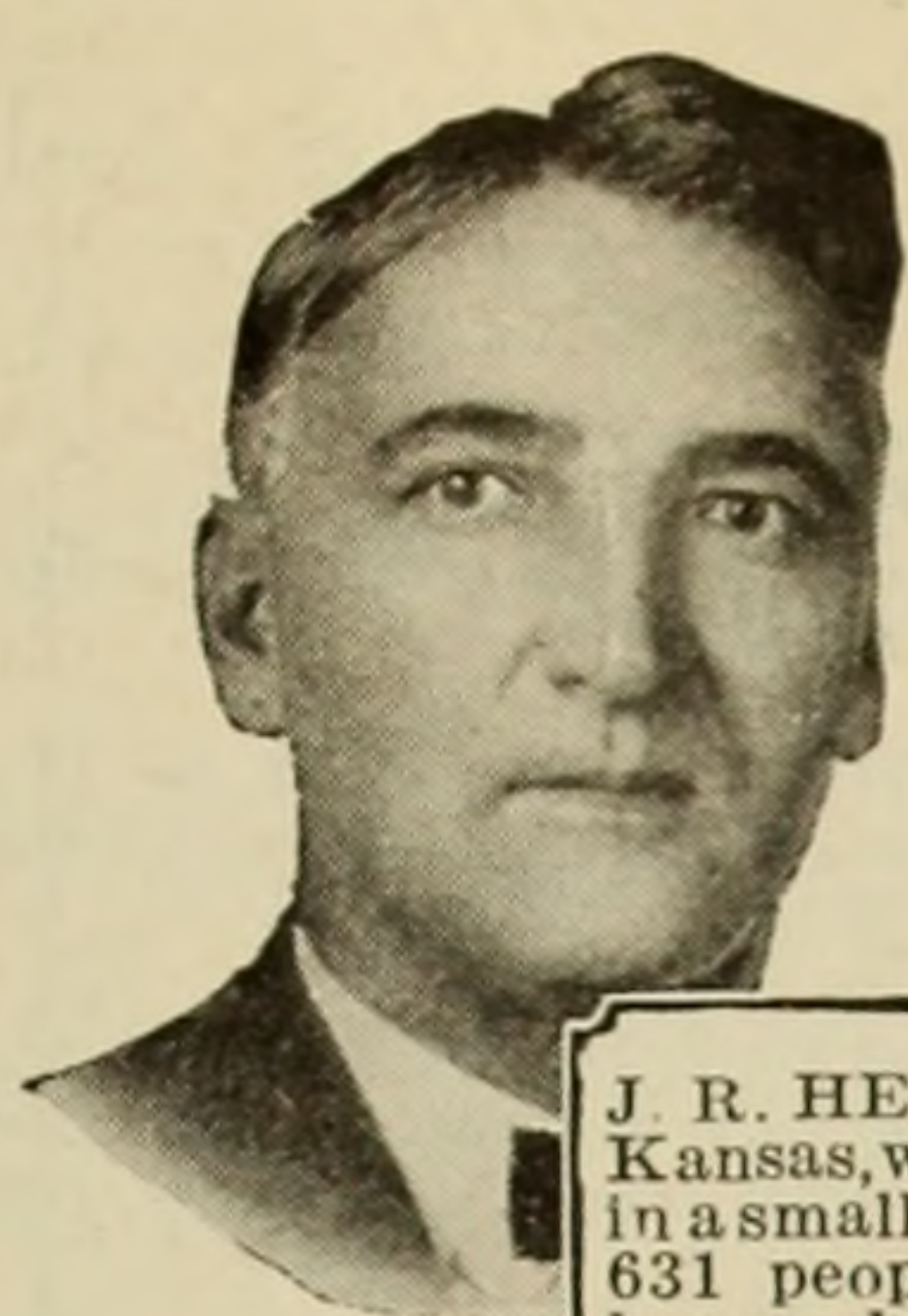
**HIS MYSTERY GIRL**—Universal.—The old story of a serious man who gets a little lesson in romance. Herbert Rawlinson is good. (March.)

**HOLD YOUR BREATH**—Hodkinson.—An amusing thriller with a human fly and funny situations. (August.)

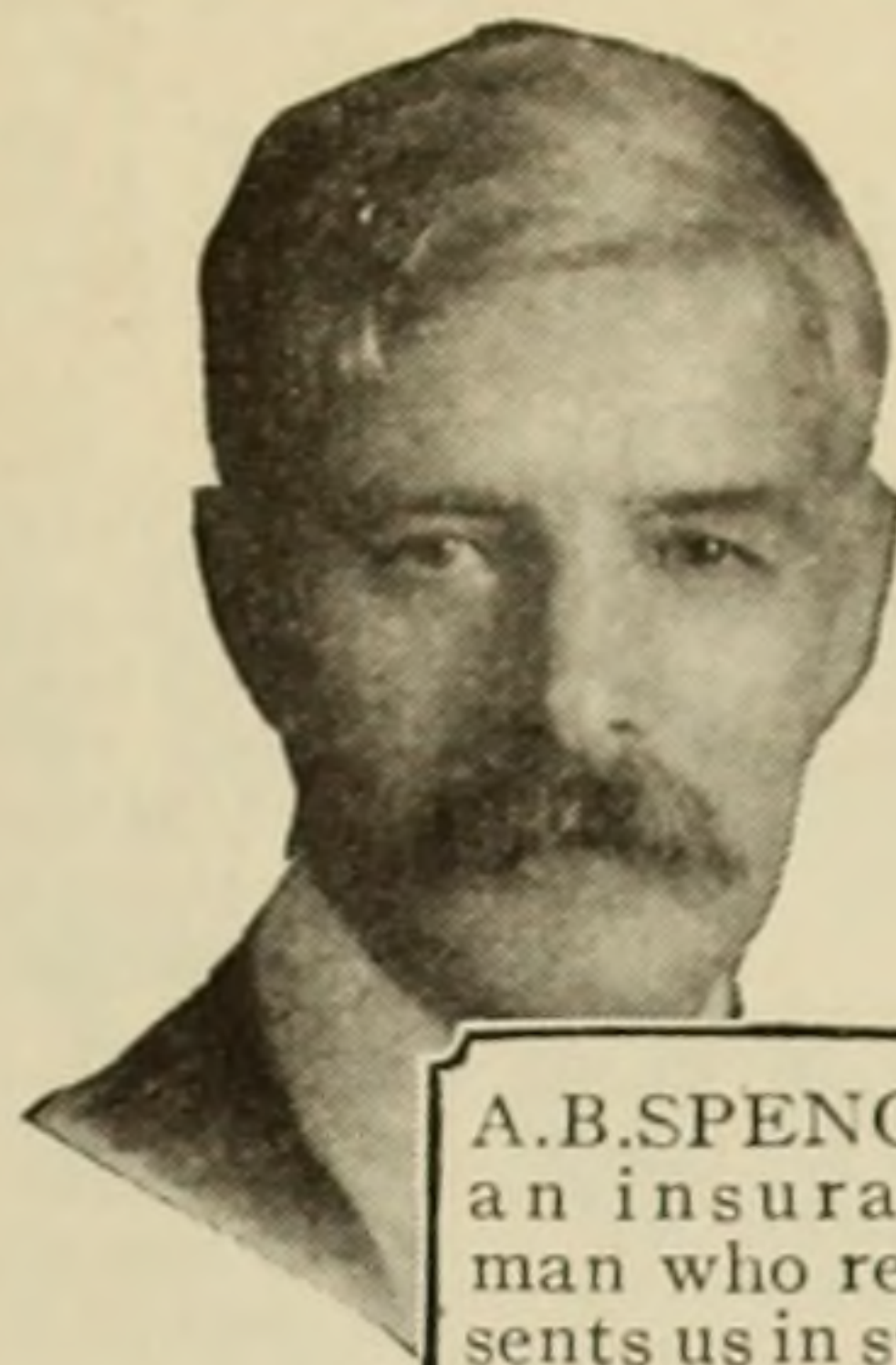
**HOODMAN BLIND**—Fox.—An old stage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama with ideas. (March.)

**HOOK AND LADDER**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a fireman, with a pretty love story and lots of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]



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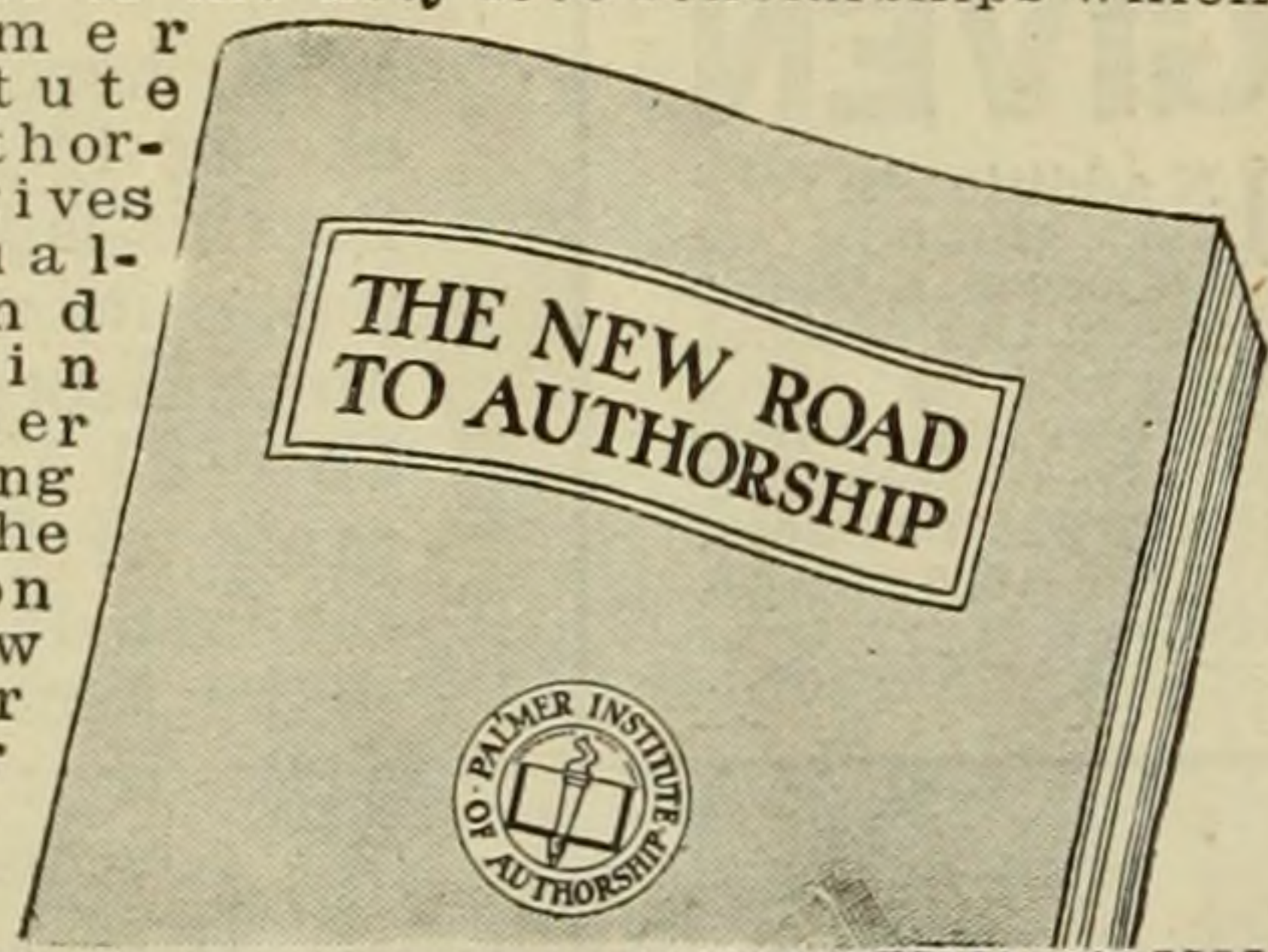
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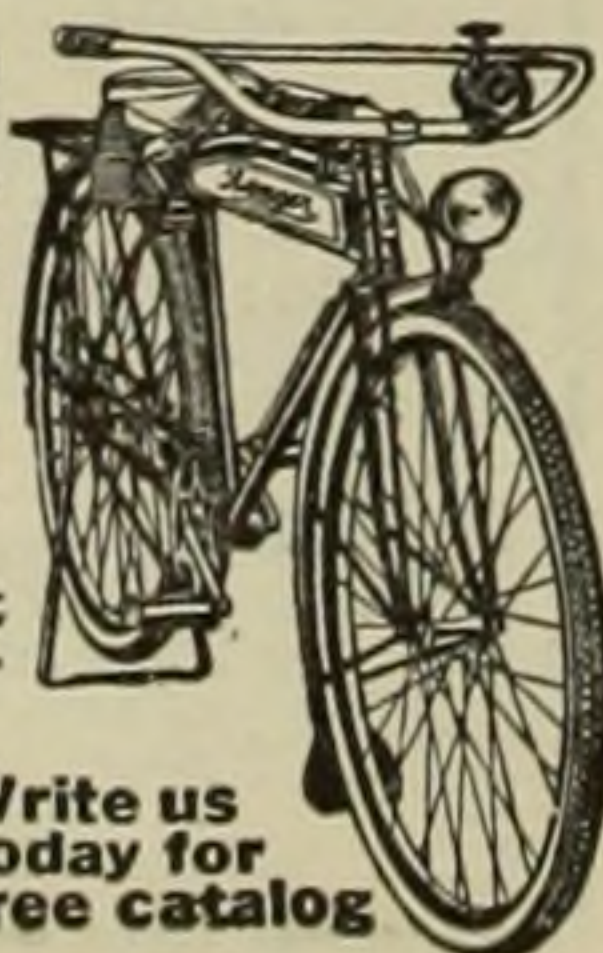
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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13 ]

**HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE**—Hodkinson.—A worthy effort to picturize an old best-seller, but it's rather too slow. (June.)

**HUMMING BIRD, THE**—Paramount.—The best thing Gloria Swanson ever has done. One of the best pictures of months. (April.)

**ICEBOUND**—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

**IN FAST COMPANY**—Truart.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

**INNOCENCE**—Apollo.—An ineffective melodrama with Anna Q. Nilsson as a redeeming feature. (March.)

**JACK O' CLUBS**—Universal.—Lots of trouble for no reason, except to be photographed. (April.)

**JEALOUS HUSBANDS**—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane Novak. (April.)

**JUDGMENT OF THE STORM**—F. B. O.—The Palmer School's prize photoplay, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

**JUST OFF BROADWAY**—Fox.—A swiftly moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

**KENTUCKY DAYS**—Fox.—Old Kentucky again with "Covered Wagon" trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

**KING OF WILD HORSES**—Pathe.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Shots of wild horses never equalled. *The Black* a worthy star. (June.)

**LADIES TO BOARD**—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

**LAW FORBIDS, THE**—Universal.—Again Baby Peggy, to whose talents the story has been subordinated. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

**LEAVE IT TO GERRY**—Ben Wilson.—A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

**LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER**—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

**LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

**LISTEN LESTER**—Principal.—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (July.)

**LONE WOLF, THE**—Paramount.—A revival of an old favorite with plenty of intrigue and adventure and love interest. Worth seeing. (July.)

**LONE WAGON, THE**—Sanford.—If it hadn't been for the "Covered Wagon," this wouldn't have been made. Who cares? (May.)

**LOVE LETTERS**—Fox.—The moral is, don't pour out your troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

**LOVE MASTER, THE**—First National.—Strongheart is the star, and Mrs. Strongheart the leading woman. The others and the story are not so much. (March.)

**LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL**—Hodkinson.—A crook story of the better sort, with James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. Plenty of thrills and holds the interest always. (May.)

**LOVING LIES**—Allied Producers.—Mediocre, in spite of Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

**LUCRETIA LOMBARD**—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

**LULLABY, THE**—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

**MAN FROM WYOMING, THE**—Universal.—A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

**MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE**—Metro.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmon of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

**MAN'S MATE, A**—Fox.—John Gilbert and Renee Adoree do their best, but the result is pretty bad. (June.)

**MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE**—Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitsch which results in a strikingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

**MARTYR TRAIL, THE**—Capital.—What one brutal man can't do to two poor females! But regeneration of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

**MAYTIME**—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty musical play. (February.)

**MEN**—Paramount.—Typical Pola Negri film concerning an actress who is the idol of Paris. Not for children. (July.)

**MIAMI**—Hodkinson.—A flapper story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)

**MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN**—Sanford.—"Just another movie" and about as poor as possible. (June.)

**MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO**—Fox.—Tom Mix again—dauntless as ever—and, with the help of Tony, just as entertaining. (June.)

**MISSING DAUGHTERS**—Selznick.—Thriller dealing with white slave traffic done in old-style melodrama—first a tear and then a laugh. (August.)

**MLE. MIDNIGHT**—Metro.—Mae Murray in a black wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

**MORAL SINNER, THE**—Paramount.—Screen version of "Leah Kleschna" makes a rather mediocre crook drama. (June.)

**MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION**—F. B. O.—An old picture revived because of the notoriety of Count Salm, who is in it. (May.)

**MY MAN**—Vitagraph.—Dustin Farnum as a cave man political boss. Just passable. (April.)

**NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE**—F. B. O.—Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several great situations. (August.)

**NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL**—Goldwyn.—An old thriller, done with a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (April.)

**NET, THE**—Fox.—If you like Bertha M. Clay novels, you might see this one. (April.)

**NEXT CORNER, THE**—Paramount.—Not so good. Direction is bad and picture drags. (April.)

**NIGHT HAWK, THE**—Hodkinson.—Harry Carey at his best in a Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

**NIGHT MESSAGE, THE**—Universal.—Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

**NO MORE WOMEN**—Allied Producers.—All right if you've nothing else to do. (April.)

**NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER**—Fox.—If you like melodrama, this will please you. Genevieve Tobin as a sort of perfect specimen. (May.)

**NORTH OF HUDSON BAY**—Fox.—An excellent story of the Far North, with Tom Mix as hero. Filled with thrills and well worth seeing. (April.)

**NORTH OF NEVADA**—F. B. O.—An old story with good Western stuff in it—the fight on the cliff and other sure-fire features. (May.)

**OLD FOOL, THE**—Hodkinson.—Starts with a good idea, but loses it in favor of conventional crook story. (March.)

**ON TIME**—Truart.—Richard Talmadge doing athletic stunts around a very poor story. (May.)

**OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS**—Apollo.—A sporty father meets his daughter at a swift party, but all ends happily. (March.)

**PAGAN PASSION**—Selznick.—Starts well, but gets off the track and becomes tiresome. (June.)

**PAINTED PEOPLE**—First National.—A story of a small town girl who becomes a real somebody. Colleen Moore's work excellent. (April.)

**PAL O' MINE**—C. B. C.—A human story of a wife who feels the urge to take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August.)

**PHANTOM JUSTICE**—F. B. O.—Rod La Rocque with a toothache in a weird and wild melodrama. (March.)

**PHANTOM RIDER, THE**—Universal.—Jack Hoxie in the kind that has made him popular. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

**PIED PIPER MALONE**—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable as Tom himself. Simple and charming. (April.)

**POISONED PARADISE**—Preferred.—Again someone tries to break the bank at Monte Carlo, but Clara Bow is the only winner, getting the boy she loves. Formula. (May.)



**PREPARED TO DIE**—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (March.)

**PRINCE OF A KING, A**—Selznick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)

**PRINTER'S DEVIL, THE**—Warner Brothers.—A well-worth while picture with Wesley Barry at his best. Story lives up to title with lots of thrills. (August.)

**PURE GRIT**—Universal.—The Western formula, with Roy Stewart heading the cast. (March.)

**RACING LUCK**—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the funniest pictures ever made. (August.)

**RECKLESS AGE, THE**—Universal.—Slapstick. Impossible situations but amusing despite that fact. Not for highbrows. (August.)

**RENDEZVOUS, THE**—Neilan-Goldwyn.—The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (March.)

**RENO**—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. For adults. (March.)

**RESTLESS WIVES**—Commonwealth.—Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

**REJECTED WOMAN, THE**—Distinctive.—Fine story served with thrills. All about opera singer (Alma Rubens) who loses her voice and wins a husband. (July.)

**RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA**—Universal.—Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hoxie. (July.)

**RIDERS UP**—Universal.—An old favorite, Creighton Hale, in a good role. That of a racetrack wastrel whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)

**RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE**—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

**ROUGH RIDIN'**—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

**ROULETTE**—Selznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)

**SEA HAWK, THE**—First National.—A romantic tale of the seven seas that reaches superlative heights. (August.)

**SECRETS**—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)

**SECOND YOUTH**—Goldwyn.—A comedy that, instead of being funny, is ludicrous. Just bad, that's all. (June.)

**SHADOWS OF PARIS**—Paramount.—Pola Negri as an Apache—one of the types she does so well. Well directed. Worth seeing. (May.)

**SHERLOCK, JR.**—Metro.—Buster Keaton with a new bag of tricks. Don't miss it if you like Buster. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (July.)

**SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW, THE**—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (June.)

**SIGNAL TOWER, THE**—Universal.—A compelling story of an isolated mountain railroad signal station. (August.)

**SILENT STRANGER, THE**—F. B. O.—The great open spaces, mail robbers, a handsome stranger, the poor girl and the rest. (June.)

**SINGER JIM McKEE**—Paramount.—A typical Bill Hart picture which surely will please all his admirers. (June.)

**SOCIETY SCANDAL, A**—Paramount.—Another surprise by Gloria Swanson. Totally different type from "The Humming Bird," but none the less well done. Well worth seeing. (May.)

**SONG OF LOVE, THE**—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (March.)

**SON OF THE SAHARA**—First National.—Good picture of "The Sheik" type. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor do splendid work and are supported by good cast. (August.)

**SPIRIT OF THE U. S. A.**—F. B. O.—Another attempt to use the flag to get your money. (August.)

**SPORTING YOUTH**—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good. (April.)

**STEADFAST HEART, THE**—Goldwyn.—Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (March.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 ]

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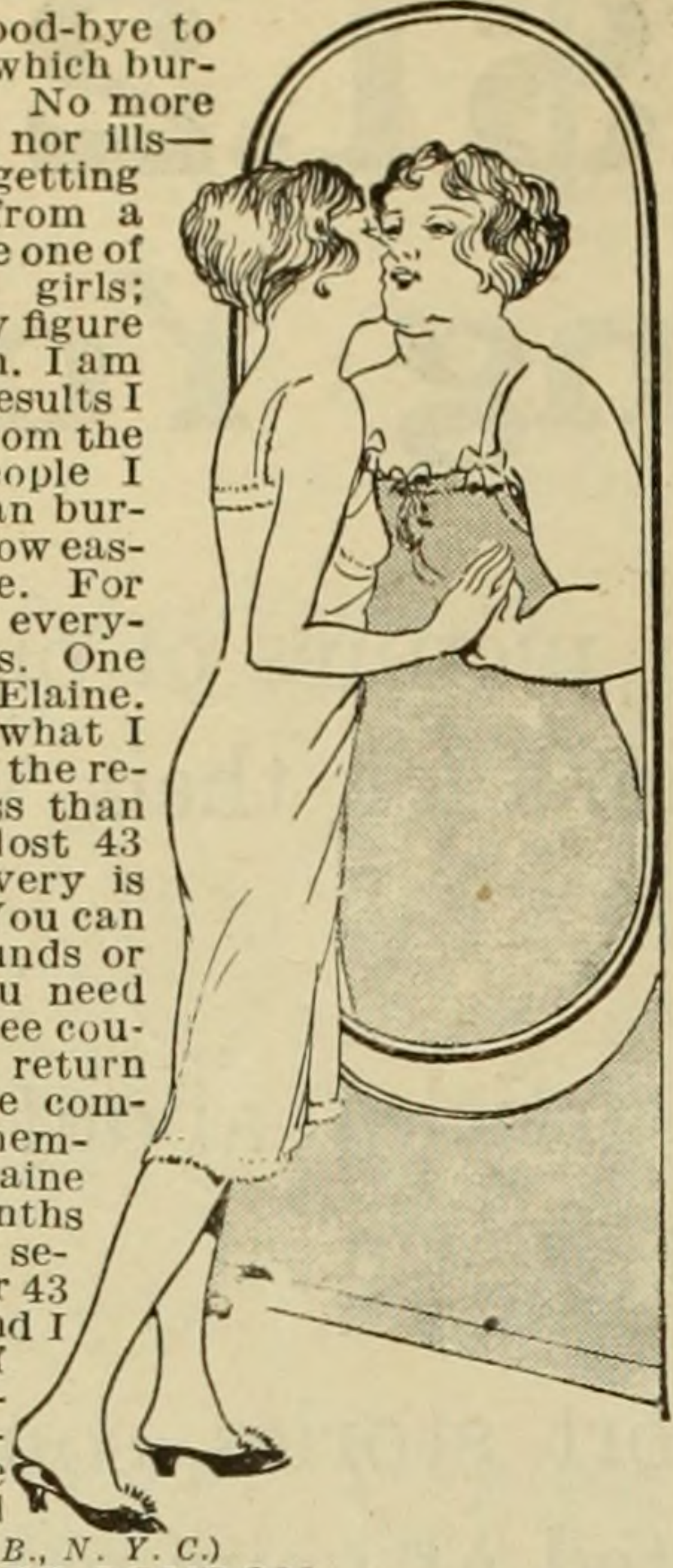
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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15 ]

**STOLEN SECRETS**—Universal.—Another crook drama with a pretty girl solving the mystery and reforming the chief crook. (May.)

**STORM DAUGHTER, THE**—Universal.—Priscilla Dean in an interesting and well-acted drama of the sea. But it ends too suddenly. (June.)

**STRANGER FROM THE NORTH**—Biltmore.—The only difference is that, in this one, the city feller makes good. (June.)

**STRANGER, THE**—Paramount.—This picture starts slowly, but picks up and tells an absorbing story in direct and effective fashion. (April.)

**SUPREME TEST, THE**—Renown.—The country boy in the wicked city, the mortgage on the farm and the rest. (March.)

**SWORD OF VALOR, THE**—Capitol.—Contains one of those interfering fathers and proves a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any clime. (August.)

**TELEPHONE GIRL, THE**—F. B. O.—A screen version of the slangy Witwer story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comedienne, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)

**TELEPHONE GIRL, THE**—F. B. O.—Another of the series of hilarious comedies from the short stories of H. C. Witwer, called "The Square Sex." Only fair. (July.)

**THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks' latest and greatest. A picture of magic and beauty. The Arabian Nights brought to life. Should be seen by everyone. (May.)

**THOSE WHO DANCE**—First National.—A thriller, well directed and acted, through a maze of bootleggers, hijackers, police pursuits, pistols and jazz. (August.)

**THREE MILES OUT**—Kenna.—Madge Kennedy and a lot of rum pirates provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March.)

**THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING**—C. C. Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance Binney as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

**THREE WEEKS**—Goldwyn.—A lavish picturization of Elinor Glyn's novel, with lovely settings. (April.)

**THROUGH THE DARK**—Cosmopolitan.—A Boston Blackie crook story, dealing with the redemption of a man through a woman's faith.—(March.)

**THUNDERGATE**—First National.—Conventional story with scenes in China. Owen Moore good. (March.)

**THY NAME IS WOMAN**—Metro.—A tragedy, told simply and effectively, with some beautiful sets and photography. Barbara La Marr excellent. (April.)

**TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE**—Biltmore.—Old formula of country girl and city chap, and not well done. (April.)

**TROUBLE SHOOTER, THE**—Fox.—Tom Mix in a part that lets him act. A simple story sustained by his straightforward acting and enlivened by little Kathleen Key. (July.)

**TRY AND GET IT**—Hodkinson.—An impossible story, but with many laughs. Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove in cast. Good entertainment. (June.)

**TURMOIL, THE**—Universal.—Booth Tarkington's story of a little middle-western town. Besides one big scene the picture is fair. (August.)

**TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK**—Selznick.—George Arliss in a comedy that is by no means worthy of him. A weak farce. (June.)

**TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED**—Pathe.—One of Will Rogers' burlesques and a clever one. Great, if you've seen "The Covered Wagon." (April.)

**UNTAMED YOUTH**—F. B. O.—A pretty good story of a gypsy (Derelys Perdue) whose unconventional ways merit the disapproval of the small town and the love of the village catch. (July.)

**VAGABOND TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Again the brawn of Buck Jones conquers all wickedness. (May.)

**VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Lee Bradford.—Annette Kellerman still good in water but inadequate to the emotional lines on land. (August.)

**VIRTUOUS LIARS**—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

**WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND**—Paramount.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

**WANDERING HUSBANDS**—Hodkinson.—Lithesome Lila Lee wins in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

**WANTED BY THE LAW**—Aywon.—Neither worse nor better than a hundred other Westerns. (July.)

**WANTERS, THE**—First National.—Wealth, fine clothes, Fifth Avenue, and the moral that we don't always want what we think we do. (June.)

**WATERFRONT WOLVES**—Renown.—The title tells everything except how bad it is. (May.)

**WEEK END HUSBANDS**—F. B. O.—The picture is weak at both ends and in the middle. (April.)

**WESTERN LUCK**—Fox.—Lives up to name without a thrill left out. (August.)

**WEST OF THE WATER TOWER**—Paramount.—An exceptionally good picture, in spite of the cutting and changes, required by censorship. (March.)

**WHAT THREE MEN WANTED**—Apollo.—Mystery story. Dull and unentertaining. (August.)

**WHEN A GIRL LOVES**—Associated Exhibitors.—A love story that is entertaining. (August.)

**WHEN A MAN'S A MAN**—First National.—A Harold Bell Wright story, well made. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April.)

**WHICH SHALL IT BE**—Hoffman.—A picturization of an old poem with real sentiment and heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June.)

**WHISPERED NAME, THE**—Universal.—Interesting and full of action, with Ruth Clifford doing excellently. (March.)

**WHITE MOTH, THE**—First National.—Story is garish and tawdry. Dull and marked with poor directing and bad acting. (August.)

**WHITE SHADOW, THE**—Selznick.—Good story of twin sisters. Could be handled better, especially in puzzling situations. (August.)

**WHITE SIN, THE**—F. B. O.—The second Palmer Photoplay story and well up to the standard of "Judgment of the Storm." Interesting throughout. (May.)

**WHY MEN LEAVE HOME**—First National.—A farce by Avery Hopwood done seriously. Title is a bait. (August.)

**WILD ORANGES**—Goldwyn.—An interesting and gripping picture, based on Hergesheimer's weird story of fear. (March.)

**WINGS OF THE TURF**—Fidelity.—A racing melodrama, brought from England, and as good as the usual home product. (April.)

**WOLF MAN, THE**—Fox.—John Gilbert at his best in a *Jekyll-and-Hyde* sort of role. A bit gruesome at times, but with redemption at the end. (May.)

**WOMAN ON THE JURY**—First National.—A strange story of a gay philanderer and a jury containing one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

**WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE**—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the hackneyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and chee-ild for a ne'er-do-well, she's bound to be sorry eventually. (July.)

**WOMEN WHO GIVE**—Metro.—A story of the sea and the fishing fleet. Conventional, but interesting, with a good storm scene. (May.)

**YANKEE CONSUL, THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—A remarkably fine comedy, with Douglas McLean as star. By no means miss this. (April.)

**YANKEE MADNESS**—F. B. O.—Thin story, but lots of action in a Central American revolution. Good if you like excitement. (June.)

**YOLANDA**—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgeous spectacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story. Worth regular prices, but no more. (May.)

The last chance to cast your vote for the Best Picture of 1923. Fill out the coupon on page 64

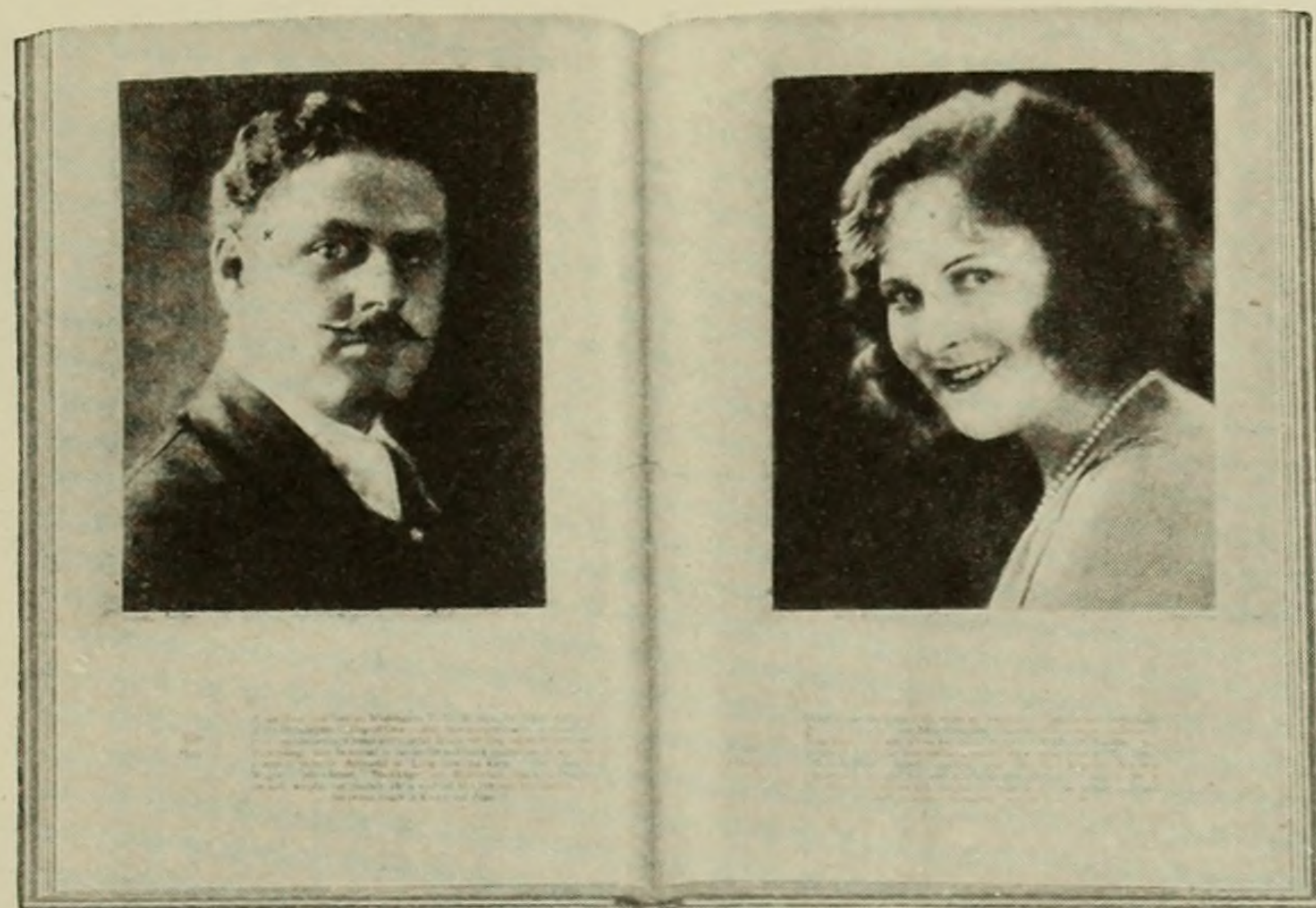


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# A Sensitive Skin should be cleansed *this special way*

Once in a while a woman will tell you, "I never use soap and water on my face. My skin is too sensitive."

It was an old superstition that washing the face with soap was irritating to a sensitive skin. But today scientists have discovered that the real danger to a sensitive skin is *dirt*.

Dirt irritates and inflames—increases natural irritability—even causes skin disorders, by carrying bacteria and parasites into the pores. If your skin is of the very sensitive type, be sure, first of all, to keep it clean—free from the layer of dirt and natural oil that accumulates inevitably when soap is not used.

Use the following method of cleansing to keep a sensitive skin smooth and soft, yet healthily resistant:

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



*If your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, it needs especially to be protected against dust. Dust increases natural irritability, and is a real danger to a sensitive skin.*

Woodbury's Facial Soap is based on a special formula, the result of years of scientific study of the skin and its needs. Only the purest and finest ingredients enter into this formula. In consequence, Woodbury's Facial Soap can be used with extremely sensitive and tender skins, which often react unfavorably to other toilet soaps.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and see what an improvement its regular use will make in your complexion. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for

regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

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A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap  
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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!



# New Pictures

**M**ARILYN MILLER (Mrs. Jack Pickford) in her stunning new "Prince of Wales" sport suit which she designed herself and which is the envy of Hollywood. The jacket is of blue flannel with navy brass buttons. The hat is of the same material as the jacket and a white flannel sport skirt with this severely tailored blouse completes the outfit.







Henry Waxman

**A** SCREEN veteran of nineteen summers. Mary Philbin made a distinct place for herself in "Merry Go-round." She is one of the beauties of the younger set, and at an age when many girls are just out of high school she is getting over \$1,000.00 a week





Edwin Bower Hesser

**W**ILL Estelle Taylor marry Jack Dempsey? She may have by the time this appears. One of the real beauties. She reached dramatic heights as *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments," and as *Mary, Queen of Scotland*, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"





Edwin Bower Hesser

**A**N unusual picture of Constance Talmadge in which she seems more like a demure sub-deb than ever before. Looks all the world like a little home-body waiting patiently for her chaperon to call and take her to that long-anticipated coming-out party





JULANNE JOHNSTON, the Princess of "The Thief of Bagdad," snapped by PHOTO-PLAY's photographer at a recent lawn party in Hollywood. Her whole costume is black and white. "I do insist on comfortable clothes above all else in summer," she says





Seely

**A** CHARACTER study of Claire DeLorez, whose fine work in "Enemies of Women" and "Three Weeks" stamps her as the new motion picture find. Miss DeLorez has just completed her work in "Captain Fearless," a Reginald Denny Jewel for Universal





Russell Ball

**E**VEN if Corinne Griffith did run off and get married without a word of warning to her thousands of screen admirers, they still call devotedly to see her in pictures. This study of First National's beauty was taken in her home especially for PHOTOPLAY





# Clothes hampers are prison cells!

Don't suffocate your delicate garments.

For delicate silk and woolen garments, the family clothes hamper is truly a prison cell—damp, dark and airless.

The silk blouses and undergarments, the sheer stockings with which fashion has replaced the cotton and lisle of a few years ago, should never be thrown into a hamper or bag, even though they may not show soil. After being worn, they contain impurities which, if allowed to remain, soon injure the fabric and fade the colors.

Here is an easy way to avoid such catastrophes:

Save a few minutes each day for the quick, gentle

washing of such garments in mild, cleansing Ivory suds. If you have no immediate time for ironing, dry the articles, and lay them away clean until ironing time comes.

Your filmy silks and fluffy woolens will reward such care with longer life and fresher appearance.

To wash with Ivory suds is so very simple—a quick whipping of the soapy water to a froth, then a few moments of squeezing the suds through the fabric—that is all. And you are sure of absolute safety, because Ivory suds is as harmless as pure water—indeed, millions of women use Ivory every day to protect lovely complexions.

Wouldn't you like to have *all* your washing done with Ivory suds? Try it, and see how sweet and clean your clothes are. The extra cost is negligible.

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It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

*"Would I use this soap on my face?"*

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

## Points to remember in handling fine fabrics

White silks are yellowed easily by hot water, sunlight, or hot irons, and should be washed in Ivory suds barely warm. Use a little bluing to obtain a clear tint.

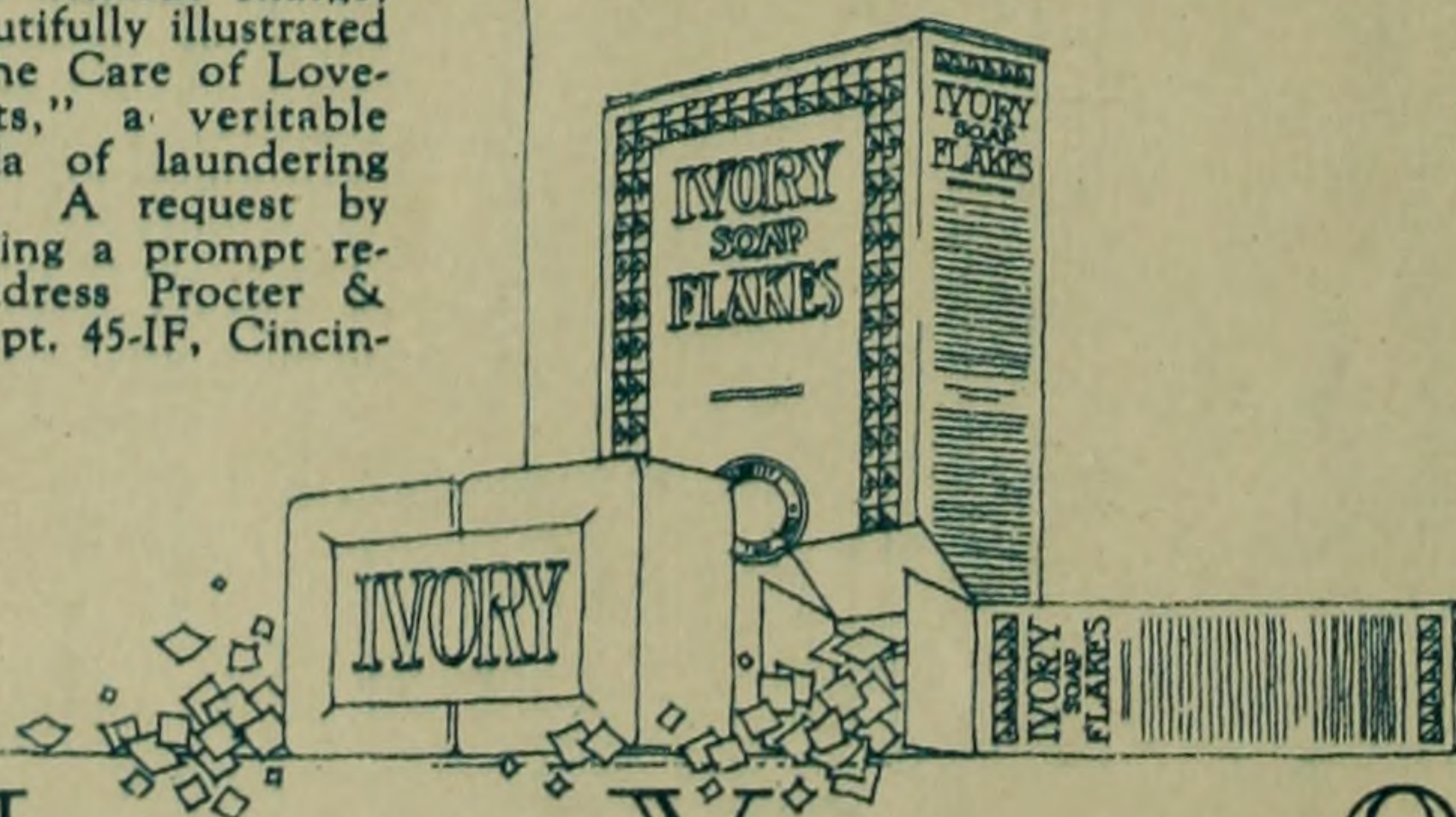
When washing sheer white cotton or linen fabrics, put material through one boiling rinse and one of very cold water containing bluing and stiffening. Hang in sun until partially dry, then iron without sprinkling.

Dry colored garments inside out in shade.

Permanent finish organdie should be rolled in a towel, without stiffening or drying, and ironed while very wet.

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# PHOTOPLAY

September, 1924



## Speaking of Pictures

*By James R. Quirk*

SOMETHING has happened to the Valentino of "The Sheik" and "Blood and Sand." I am afraid the dyed-in-the-wool Valentino fans will be a little disappointed in their idol in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Rudy is trying to be an actor at the expense of the personality that made him a sensation. The production is lavish and beautiful, but throughout the entire picture every personality, including Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson and Doris Kenyon, is thrown out of focus.

Rudy plays the part of a prince of France, and, except for one or two situations in which he puts over rattling good sword fights, the old spark disappears. He doesn't look a bit dangerous to women.

The fact of the matter is that they like their Rudy a little wicked. He had what is known in pictures as "menace" to a higher degree than any actor on the screen. In "Beaucaire" he has about as much of this quality as Charlie Chaplin.

The entire picture was made inside the studio and that detracts somewhat from the convincing quality of the production. Mrs. Valentino supervised the entire production and while her artistic ability has resulted in beautiful sets and costumes, the picture gives you the impression of a terrific striving for something that was not quite attained. It is beautiful but self-conscious.

OVER a month ago the government tax on all admission prices of fifty cents or under was repealed. Yet thousands of theaters are maintaining their old prices. When the war tax was taken off ten cent admissions in 1922 only one-third of the theaters lowered their prices. If your exhibitor has been charging an odd price like 28 cents or 33 cents, and he continues those same prices, he is holding out on you without any excuse. And if he has been charging 55 cents he should reduce it to 50 cents.

You have been paying the admission tax for years, and if your exhibitor continues to charge it under one guise or another, he is deliberately picking your pocket. Tell him he isn't on the level, and then patronize some other theater.

RIGHT now many exhibitors are worrying about how to fill their theaters. The answer is simple. Give the public its money's worth. Be honest with the folks who support the motion picture industry, the vast majority of families whose income is under \$2,500 a year.

Barnum's method was all right for a circus. He played a town only once a year. But the exhibitor who is short-sighted enough to emulate him forgets that his theater is not on wheels. He's on skids.

THERE is a good deal of controversy among producers as to whether or not the fans want "better pictures." They claim that the pictures which are endorsed as fine are too often box office failures and that the very people who clamor for improved films fail to support them when they come.

In this connection there is a small story connected with the recent meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in Los Angeles which might have point.

The committee of clubwomen appointed for the Southern California district to report to members of films, selected "Boy o' Mine" as the best picture available to be shown to the Federation during the week of their visit. Loew's State Theater agreed, upon their request, to run this picture for the week, and the word was sent to the convention that this was a picture endorsed and approved by their own committee as a splendid, worthwhile production.

The picture did a very bad week's business, while some other films of a very different calibre which happened to be running simultaneously drew big audiences.

THERE are a number of organizations throughout this country that review pictures and send out reports to their members. But these reports have about as much effect upon attendance as prohibition does upon temperance. The opinions of the National Board of Review, a group of well-meaning people, dedicating their names, and a few of them their time, mean nothing.

You might think that the film reports of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, with their hundreds of thousands of members, might have some weight. But I'll wager that more of those good home-loving women saw "Blood and Sand" than saw "Peter Ibbetson."

WITH scores of spectators cheering his impassioned plea, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, former motion picture star now appearing in vaudeville, won the right to finish his engagement at Long Beach, Calif.

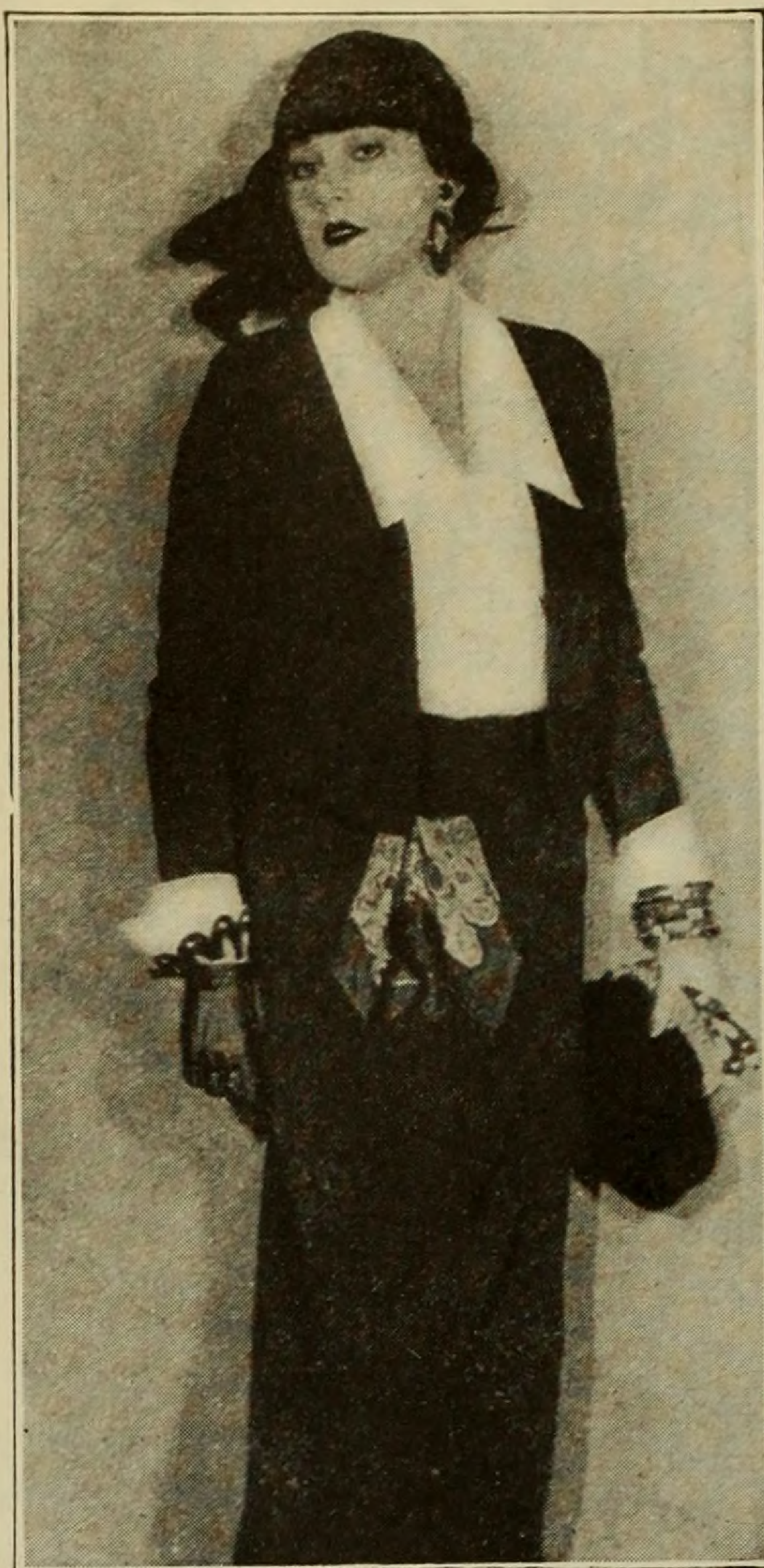
The Long Beach Ministerial Association was responsible for bringing Arbuckle before the City Council, when it filed a petition demanding that the theater manager be forced to cancel the actor's engagement of one week.

The surprise of the case was when Arbuckle himself, perspiring freely, made a dramatic and unexpected appearance before the city fathers and eloquently begged for the right to earn his living and pay his debts.

Arbuckle declared that he is in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



# The Stars Tell How They



## The Pineapple and Lamb Chop Diet

By E. W. BOWERS, M. D.

THESE beauties of Hollywood and other favored cities who have adopted the pineapple and lamb chop diet have done well.

For those who have taken on flesh through lack of exercise or over eating it is efficacious. The lamb chop provides the lean meat necessary for maintaining the strength. It supplies sufficient protein to repair the waste of body. Yet it contributes no fat. The pineapple supplies enough of sugar to keep the fires of strength burning.

When, as is often true, the superfluous flesh has a deeper origin, when it results from the inactivity of any glands, these glands should be treated.

*Simply by eating lamb chops and pineapples, Nita Naldi has lost twenty pounds. Instead of eating and growing fat she eats and grows thin. The lamb chop and pineapple diet is urged by its disciples as the safest, surest, sanest way to keep slender*

*Wanda Hawley has always waged a fight against unnecessary tissue. Recently she found herself growing too heavy, so she took up a system of exercising which cut off the excess poundage as the picture in the bathing suit shows*

**F**AT! Man's pet aversion, woman's most dreaded foe.

"Nobody loves a fat man" is a joke. "Nobody loves a fat woman" is tragedy, because in this day of the "boyish" figure fixed by fashion as femininity's final form, it is too, too often true.

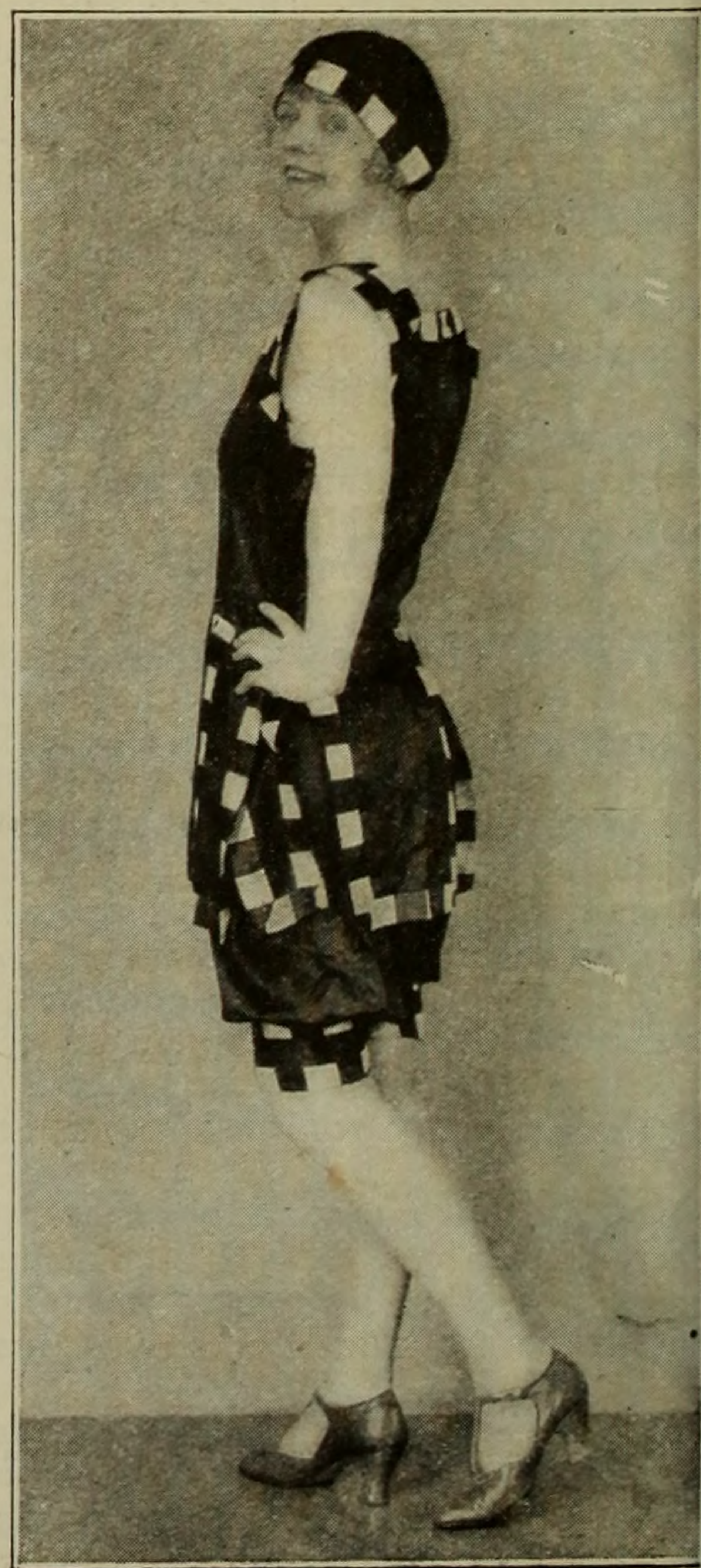
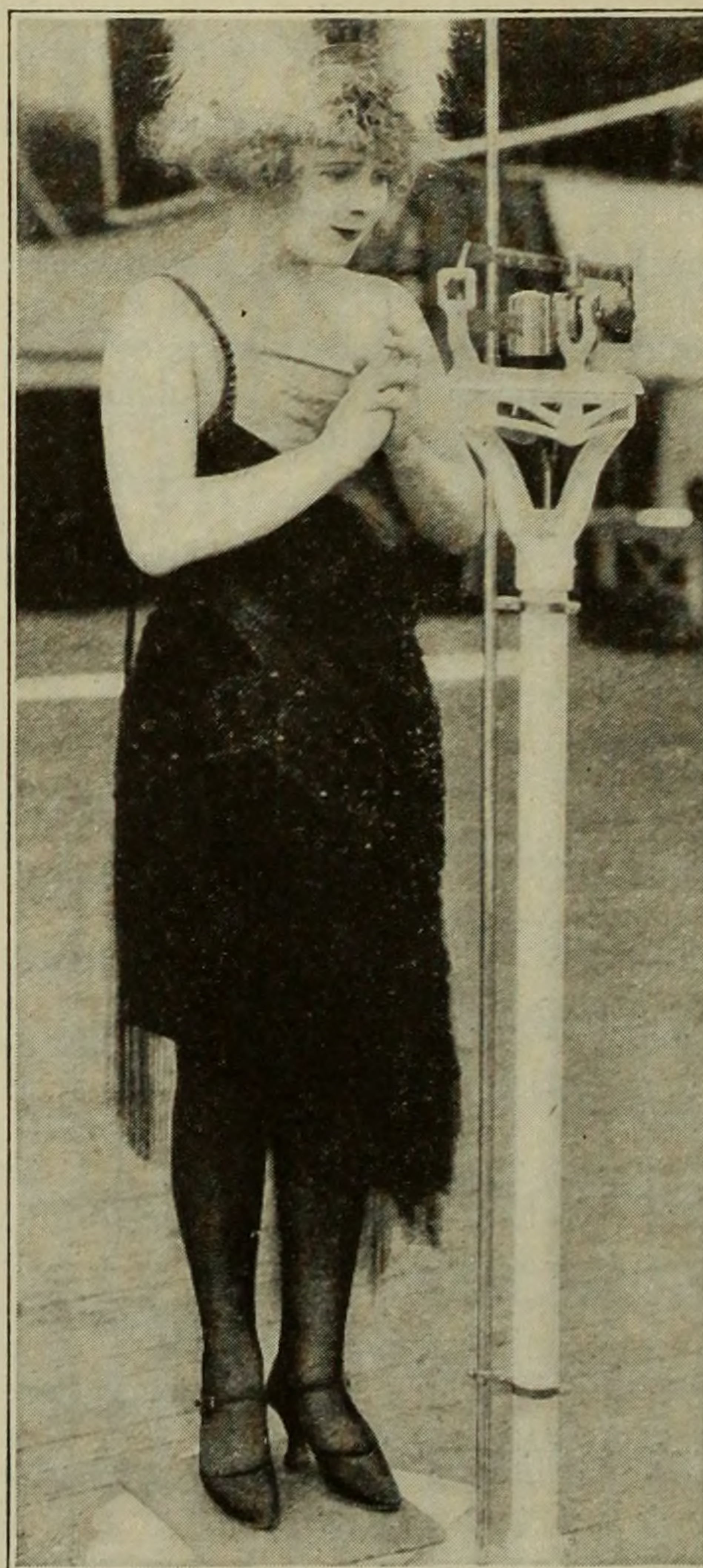
Grand-dad used to like 'em hefty. That was before the days of the motion picture and the Ford car. Bulgy curves above and below the wasp-like waist ravished the eyes of the beholders of such famous spectacles as "The Black Crook," "Lydia Thompson's British Blondes" and "Billy Watson's Beef Trust." Two hundred pounds didn't mean anything to the stout springs of a side-bar buggy or the stouter horse that pulled it.

It takes more elbow room to drive a Ford, and a fat girl does spill over the side so! And imagine fat motion picture stars! Fat's only function on the screen today is to provide comic relief. The fat woman, in short, is out of it.

Where have the fat girls all gone? Listen to secret Number One. *They haven't gone; they've merely parked their fat!*

You wouldn't believe it, to see them in the pictures, that any of the film favorites ever was or ever could be fat. But look at the pictures. Compare Mary Miles Minter when she was working for the screen with Mary Miles Minter today. Look at Nita Naldi, struggling with superfluous pounds of "too, too solid flesh," then see her on the screen and take heart, plump little sister!

*You can do it, too. That's Secret Number*





# Keep Those Girlish Lines

Two; but O, Girl! you've got your work cut out for you. Read how they keep the curves down, and then say the life of a film star is an easy one! Easy enough if—

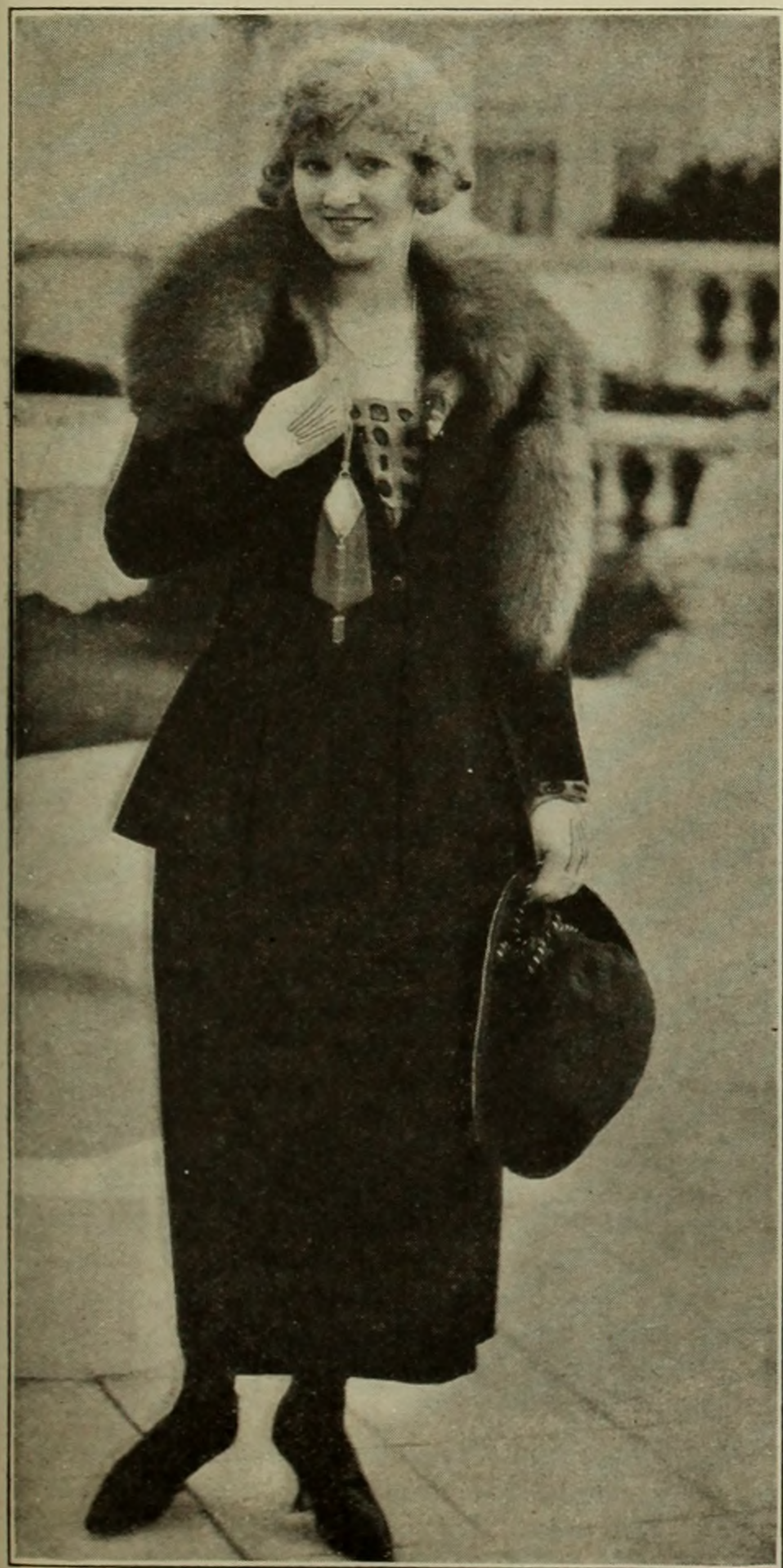
If you want a life of work and diet, exercise and starvation; for that's the answer. It's what they all say, what they all have to do. And, as Nita Naldi says, some of them suffer what she politely calls Hades, to keep slim enough to hold their jobs.

Sure you can do it! If you don't believe it, just try some or all of the methods these loveliest girls of the film have found effective.

## Exercise Does It, Says Bebe Daniels

I never diet. One reason is that I never feel the need of it. I also dislike the gash-like lines in the faces and the irritability in the voice and manner of those who adopt starvation in the name of dieting.

I rely upon four kinds of exercise to keep my figure under control. While I am at work I do not even use these. I am convinced that a screen actress's work is severe enough to provide all the exercise she needs while she is engaged in making a picture. While I was at work in Nassau in the West Indies I lost sixteen pounds in three weeks.



*Mary Miles Minter (3 years ago—at left) and today (above). She always was a plump little beauty, but recently she has indulged in sweets, forgotten her exercise and just see what happened. The famous actress will probably start in one of these days and get back to the girlish figure the smaller picture shows. Her sister stars tell her in this article how to do it by diet and exercise*



# What Every Woman Wants To Know—



When Viola Dana found herself becoming too heavy, she induced her sister Shirley Mason to put on roller skates and scoot around the cement behind their home in Hollywood. The miles they skate proved too much for the extra pounds and Viola has a typically boyish figure as a result

In "off seasons," that is between pictures, I swim and fence and golf and ride. I like best swimming in the surf in either ocean; that is, at the time, my neighbor. I prefer it to fresh water because of the tonic action given by the salt upon the skin. Golf I advocate and practice because it keeps those of us who think we do not like to walk covering miles in unconscious pedestrianism. Fencing is needful because it causes quickness of action. That quickness develops grace. Rapid movements reduce fat. Riding brings into play practically every muscle in the body.

## Eat Lamb Chops and Pineapple, Urges Nita Naldi

Yep, I have adopted the lamb chop and pineapple diet. Up to now I've been taking it for a month. It has pulled me down twenty pounds. But I've kept on taking steam baths and massage.

As nearly as I can tell the lamb chop and pineapple diet cuts down your weight because it plays hob with the stomach. I

know its advocates say it couldn't possibly, but they haven't lived with my stomach. I have. The finest lamb chops and freshest pineapple have lively scraps within me. My stomach keeps saying, "Eat, Eat, Eat." And I don't.

The old saying that one must suffer to be beautiful is true, but it doesn't tell all the truth. One must suffer Hades to be thin. Don't believe anyone who tells you a different story. They are camouflaging an eternal truth. Why, one day, while I was giving an interview for publication I nearly fainted. My stomach yelled, "Eat." I didn't and it turned everything black before me and I was dizzy. Vertigo? Yes, I was ashamed to tell the interviewer that I was faint because I was starving. All I had taken into my tummy that day, and it was five o'clock, time for tea, was water.

O, yes, the lamb chop and pineapple diet. In the morning I have a cup of coffee, black preferred for the diet. At noon one lamb chop broiled, for of course no article of food should be fried, not even an egg. Any dietitian will tell you that. O yes, the lamb chop and pineapple diet. Remember, nothing for breakfast, unless you call a cup of coffee something. I don't. One lamb chop and one slice of pineapple for luncheon. Two lamb chops and two slices of pineapple for dinner.

That's the simple life of the would-be-thins.

## Regularity Keeps Gloria Swanson Slender

I just don't eat much. Why are people so much interested in food? I never have been. It is boresome. There is little variety in it. It seems to me endless



Norma Talmadge has one of the prettiest figures on the screen, but even the fair Norma has to watch her weight. Recently she found, as this picture shows, that she was too heavy by fifteen pounds. She took it off by dieting and exercising



# How To Lose Weight or Gain It

repetition. I try to eat regularly, for regularity in all things is the law of life, but amazingly little compared with what is the average meal.

In the morning, if I am not working, I eat no breakfast. I don't need it nor want it. If I am working I have a slice or two of toast, an egg and a cup of tea. For luncheon, in any case, a green salad, preferably one of hearts of lettuce with French dressing. For dinner a little of what is ordered for me. A mouthful or two or three of a little square of toast. A green salad. Why should any one want more? I never could rate the desirability of any restaurant by the quantity and richness of the food served.

refresh myself with tea at three and dine at seven unless some emergency requires a change of hour. For breakfast I have toast made of white bread. I have no repugnance for bread of its original color. An egg or perhaps two eggs, in any way my fancy dictates. For tea I have toast, jam, cakes, even a chocolate or two if I like. I am not conscious of any taboo. At dinner my tastes govern my menu. I eat many things, but only a little of each one, at any time. With my meals I always drink tea.

I depend upon an active out-door life to keep me slender. For many years I have kept my weight at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. When it has risen several pounds, even five or six, it was because I had not had an opportunity for exercise. I had been touring and had been on a train instead of on my feet.

I ride, I swim, I walk, I play tennis. I don't care for golf. It seems to me a lazy sport. I have a good deal of endurance. I have been in the saddle for six hours, stopping only for luncheon. I am well acquainted with a six-mile walk. I indulge my enjoyment of a swim wherever and whenever I can. Tennis I prefer to many games because of its active nature. It develops a poised mind and a poised body. Incidentally it stretches the wee cushions between the vertebrae that were better not too closely packed.

## Green Vegetables Keep Anita Stewart a Perfect Sixteen

I am rather proud, or let us say content, that I am rated as a perfect sixteen. That means that I can step into any garment made for a girl of sixteen and wear it away without waiting one second for alteration. I am flattered that fashion editors of women's magazines have begged me to show the girls of sixteen by being photographed in gowns and wraps and shoes and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



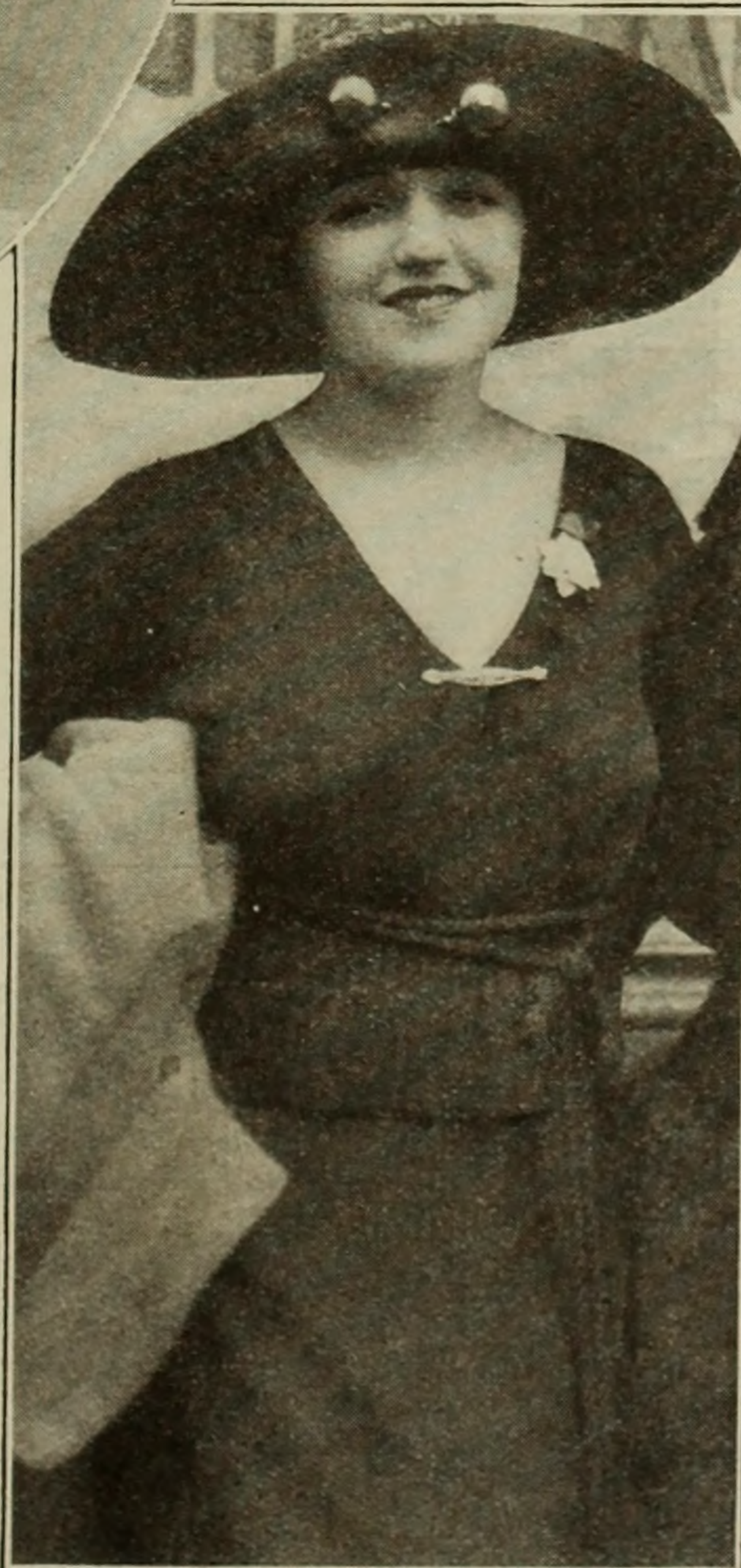
*Agnes Ayres, slender and beautiful, proved a sensation upon her arrival in New York. Those who remembered the famous actress before she left for the Pacific coast recalled her growing stoutness. When she returned she was as slender as a miss of fifteen. Hard work and a simple diet reduced her fifteen pounds*

I have no system of exercise, I don't care for sweets. It has never been a hardship to abstain from them.

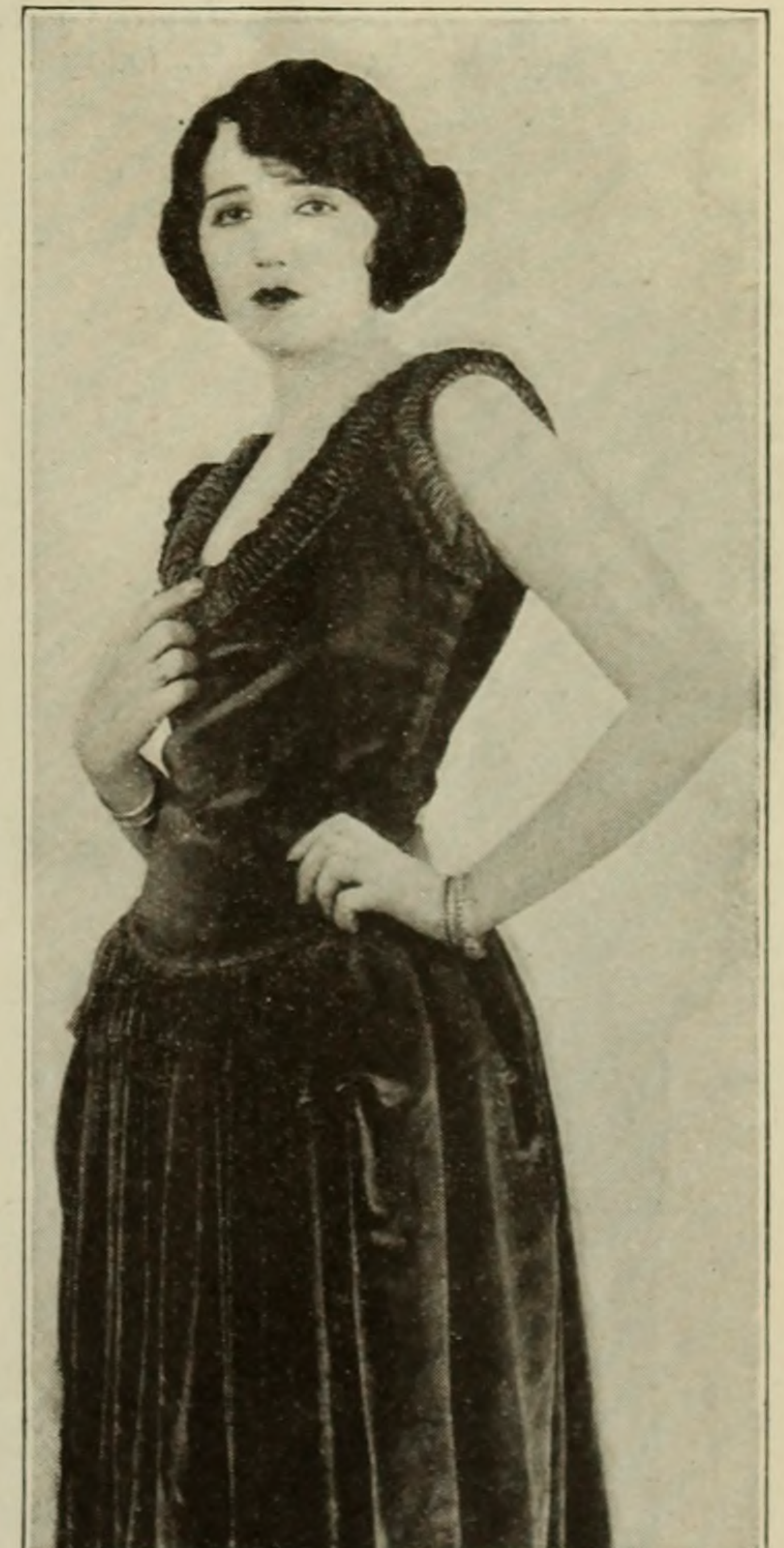
I do not vary from year to year more than three pounds because I am one of the mortals who are indifferent to food. So all my friends say, and I do agree with them. I believe that fat is a glandular disease. I think eating has little to do with it. Treatment of the glands removes excess fat. Starvation only drives it away for the time.

## Elsie Ferguson Eats Three a Day

I have three meals a day. But not the usual three meals. Luncheon is stricken from my day's programme because I think it is a boresome meal. I breakfast at eleven,



*Sixteen pounds lost in three weeks is the proud record of Bebe Daniels. She never diets but resorts to exercising when she is not working. She has four favorite exercises and they have never failed her, she says*





# "I Knew Him When—"

*A wonderful human interest story  
of an old man who knew  
a great director "when—"  
and a great director who  
did not forget*

*By Ivan St. Johns*

**T**HIS, my friends, is the story of a Prince—a Prince whose realm was Hollywood—and how he made an old man's dream come true.

I was standing one afternoon watching Jimmy Cruze shooting "Merton of the Movies" at the Lasky studio when a much bewhiskered old gentleman cornered me and insisted he had a story to tell. So I listened. There was nothing else to do, for he had a firm grip on both my coat lapels.

His name was Luke Cosgrave and you may remember him as the delightful old father in "Hollywood."

And this is the yarn Luke spun for me:

You see the lad over there? (He pointed a gnarled finger at the strapping blackhaired man who directed "The Covered Wagon.") Well, my boy, you're looking on one of the whitest, squarest men that ever lived. The greatest director of the year, and not one bit of a swell head. I know, and you just stay here and let me tell you why I know. It's worth hearing, what I know about James Cruze.

You know his real name ain't James Cruze at all. It's James Bosen, and he was born in Ogden, Utah, of real pioneer stock. His daddy was six feet seven—one of the biggest men in the state—and the theme of his great picture, "The Covered Wagon," which he made in Utah, was mighty near to the heart of Jimmy Bosen.

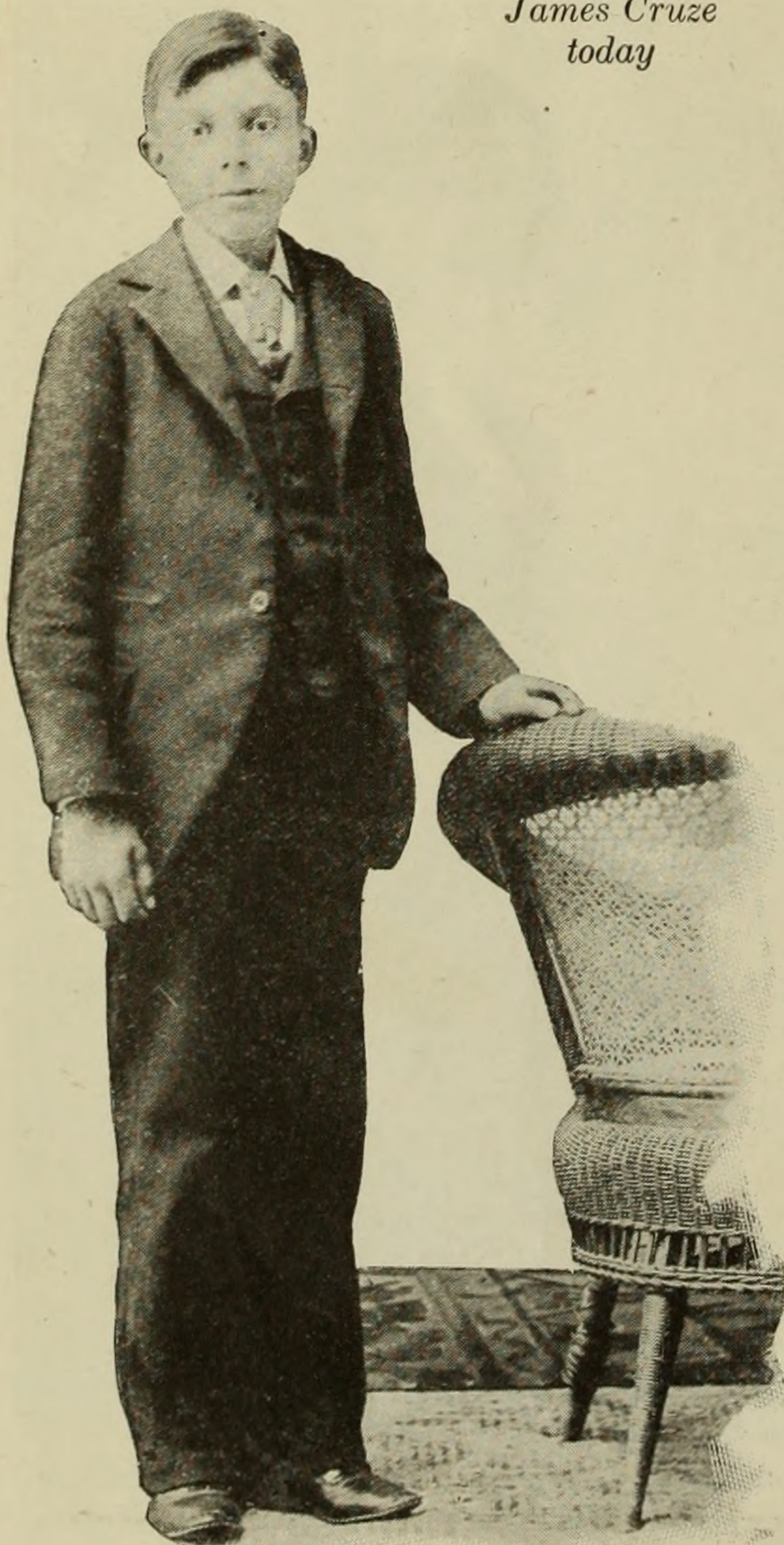
I first knew Jimmy when he was a lad of nineteen. That was 'way back in 1904, and I had a little stock company in Boise City, Idaho.

It was a tough town in those days and my juvenile had just left me flat, owing to an overdose of liquor, so I wires to an agency in San Francisco for one Chester Bishop.

Well, I starts to meet the trains when it's time for Bishop to arrive, but it wasn't 'til three days later that a tall, gangling lad with the snapping black eyes of an Indian drops off the coast train and inquires for Luke Cosgrave.



*James Cruze  
today*



*Jimmy Cruze as he looked at nineteen, when he became juvenile for Luke Cosgrave in the latter's little stock company, Boise City, Idaho. His surname was really Bosen, and that's the name he went under at that time*

*At the age of thirteen. He started his business career early—he was driving a milk wagon then, in Ogden, Utah. This was Jimmy's first pair of long pants. He bought the necktie especially to have this photograph taken*



"That's me," I says. "And who might you be?"

"I'm your new juvenile," says the hungry-looking youngster.

I takes a look at him—and then another and longer one. I've never seen Chester Bishop but this lad don't look any more like Bishop's pictures than I do.

"Is that so? Your name's Bishop?"

"Nope," says the kid. "My name's James Bosen and I'm sure some actor."

Well, friend, he didn't look it and I was a trifle prejudiced from the start, but he sure proved he had the goods and I soon found myself liking my new juvenile downright well.

He had a widowed mother and a lot of little brothers and sisters up in Ogden and dropped off on his way to Boise to see them. That's what made him late.

After me and Jimmy got real chummy he let me in on how he come to be an actor.

You see, he was hopping bells at the theatrical hotel in Ogden, helping support the family on his tips, when he decided to be an actor. So he asks Frederick Ward just how a kid set about being a good actor. Ward didn't tell him to pray like *Merton* but advised a course in a San Francisco dramatic school.

Convinced that this was the only way to achieve his ambition, Jimmy Bosen started for San Francisco, and he didn't ride the cushions either. Brake beams wasn't healthy but they was cheap. He landed with less than three dollars in his pocket and immediately interviewed the head of the dramatic school.

Jimmy was out of luck. They didn't need a janitor or anything. All that dramatic school needed was pupils at the rate of \$300 per.

"I'll be back in a year and lay the cash on the line. Then you'll make an actor of me?"

With these few words James Bosen, alias James Cruze, dropped from sight, but in less than a year he was back at the dramatic school and paid his tuition in advance. He had \$400 left over, most of which he sent to his mother in Ogden.

No, he hadn't exactly robbed a bank. He'd just slipped over to the waterfront and signed before the mast for a whaling cruise in Alaskan waters and Jimmy's share of the catch in a little over ten months was \$700. That's how bad he wanted to be an actor.

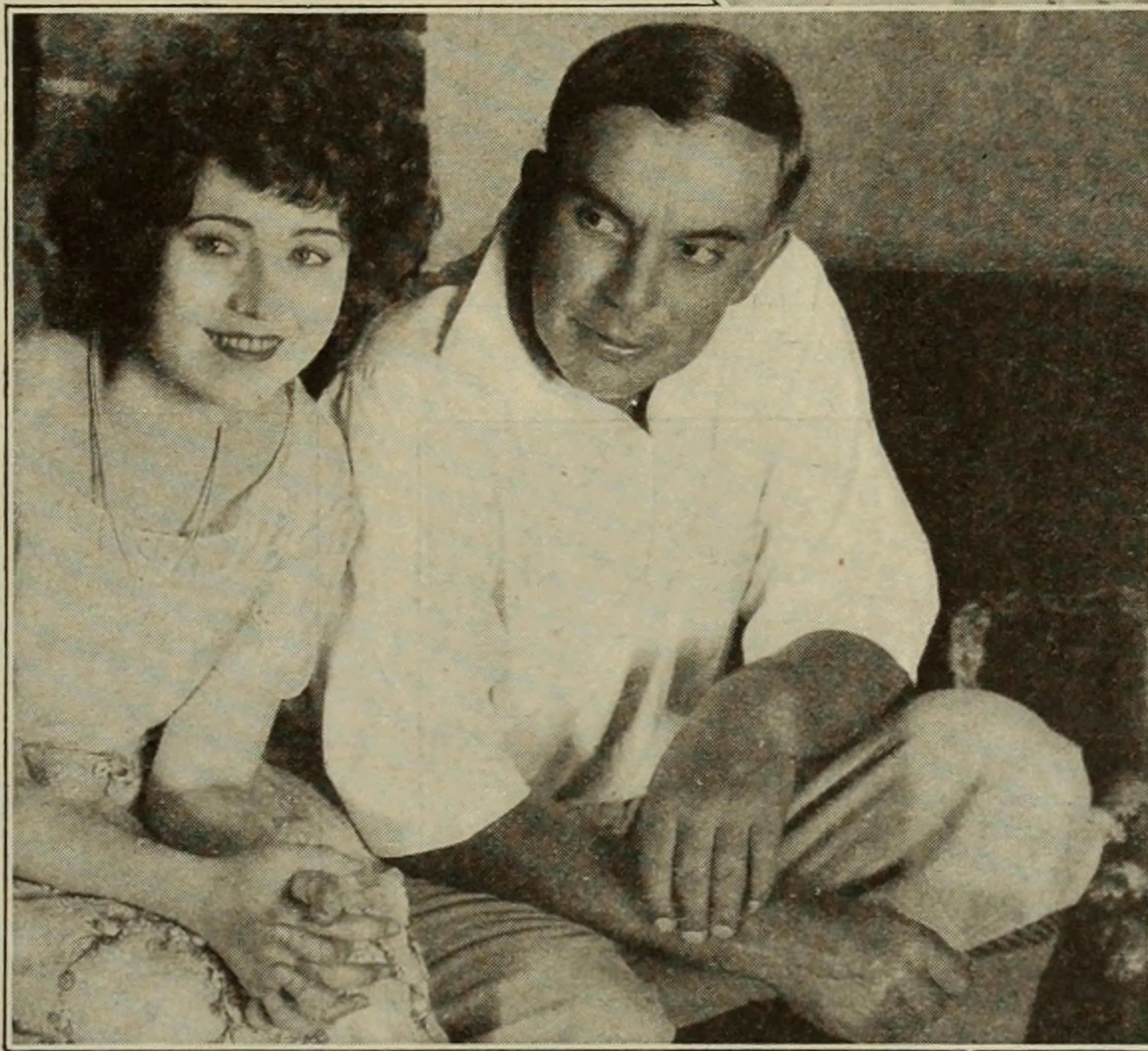
Now James Bosen had some very pronounced views on acting, even in those days. He soon decided there was too much arm waving on the part of his instructor, who was of the old school. Young Bosen wanted to do things his own way and pupil and teacher were soon at a deadlock. They arbitrated and the ambitious Jimmy agreed to forget the \$300 if his instructor would get him a job acting.

His first engagement was with a tent show playing northern California towns, and he was just back from this tour when I wires for Bishop. Now this lad didn't want to leave San Francisco and Bosen did, and that's how Jimmy Cruze come to be my juvenile. Though I didn't think so at the time, it sure was a lucky meeting for me.

We was doing pretty well in Boise when George Melford persuades a hotel owner in Salt Lake to wreck his place and build him a \$25,000 theater on its site. There was plenty of vacant real estate in Salt Lake then, but no other spot would suit Melford.



*Luke Cosgrave (right) who tells this story—in a scene from the picture "Hollywood"*



*Left: His career has been romantic and now, in his prime, Cruze finds another great romance—that of love, with Betty Compson and himself playing the stellar—and only—rôles in the picture*

He decides to open the new theater, the Utonah, with "Thelma," and selects Elsie Gresham for the title rôle. Then he offers both Jimmy and me good parts and we accepts.

In all, we was with George for four months and then decides we can do better for ourselves, so we gives notice and beats it over to the little

mining town of Park City, Utah, which was booming, and Jim and me becomes full partners in a stock company.

We did pretty well, but Jim, who was always ambitious, decides we'd draw better if we had a little vaudeville between acts. He'd come from Frisco and had big town notions.

So we hires a song and dance team—a feller and a girl—and a funny thing happens when they is rehearsing their act with the orchestra—one piano.

I was down front watching 'em. Jimmy hadn't reached the theater yet. The curtain went up and they started through their act. I noticed a miner, pretty well loaded, lurch in and drop into a seat but didn't think anything of it, as I'd left the front door open.

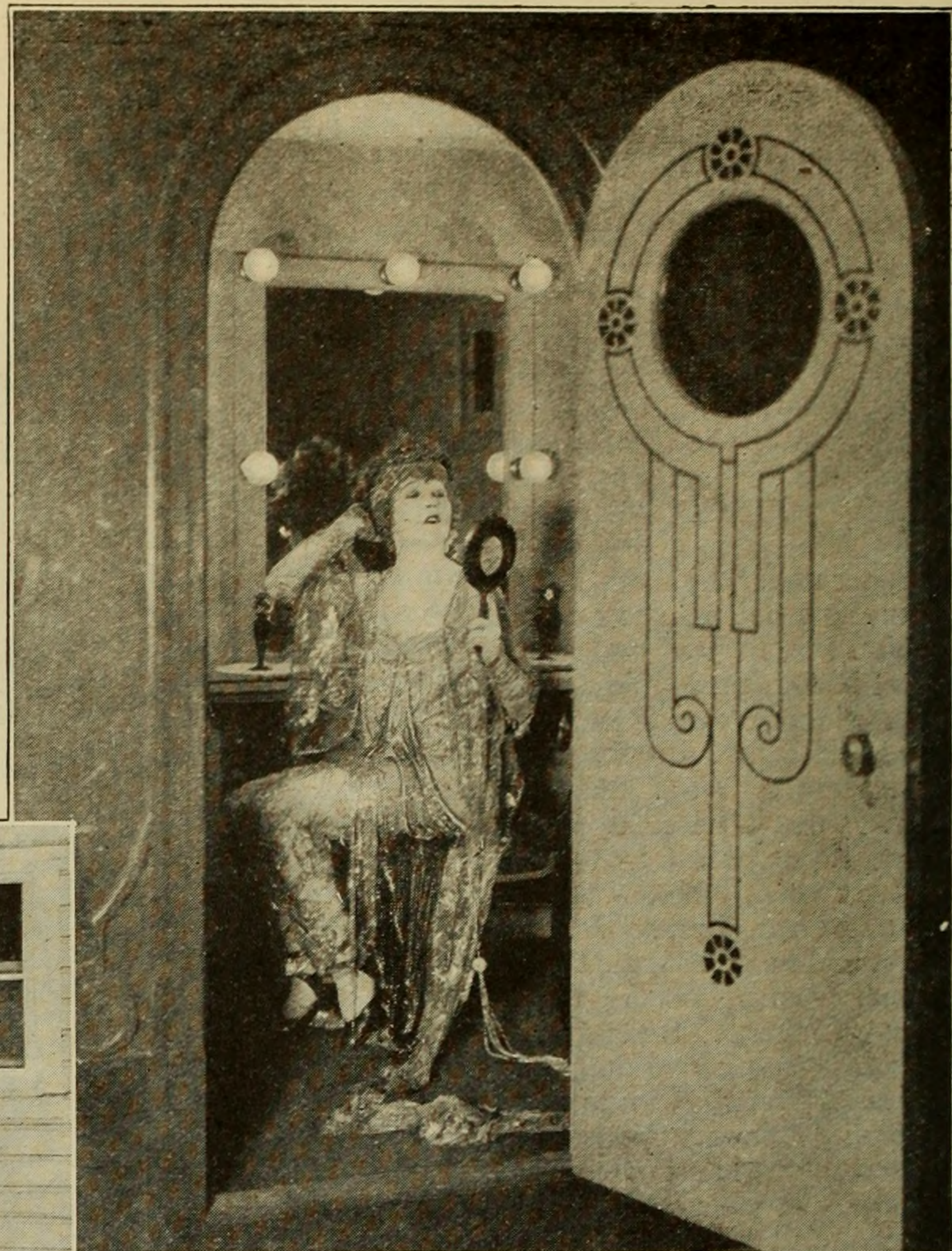
Pretty soon Jimmy comes down and heads into the box office. When the act is through the new performers thank the piano player and the curtain rolls down. Also the miner rolls out.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 ]

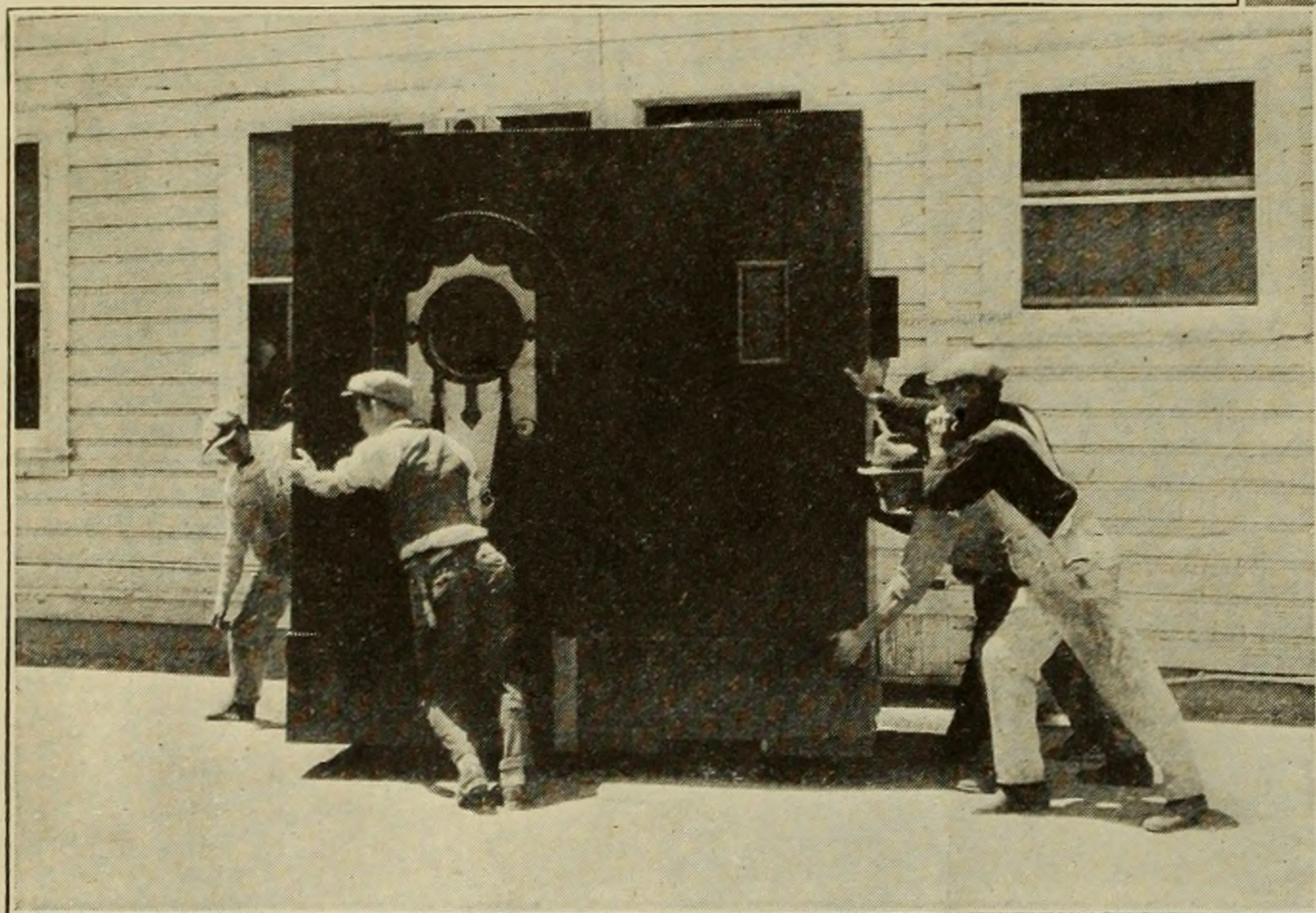


# Odds & Ends the Camera Caught

What a paradise a motion picture lot would have been for the great showman, P. T. Barnum! He would have junked his freaks for the far more pleasing eye-arresters on these two pages



*Running to her dressing room for a dab of powder, or to straighten her hair, caused Mae Murray to waste a lot of steps besides losing a lot of time. So she had this portable dressing room built. It is one of the prettiest yet designed. The other picture shows it being moved about the lot*

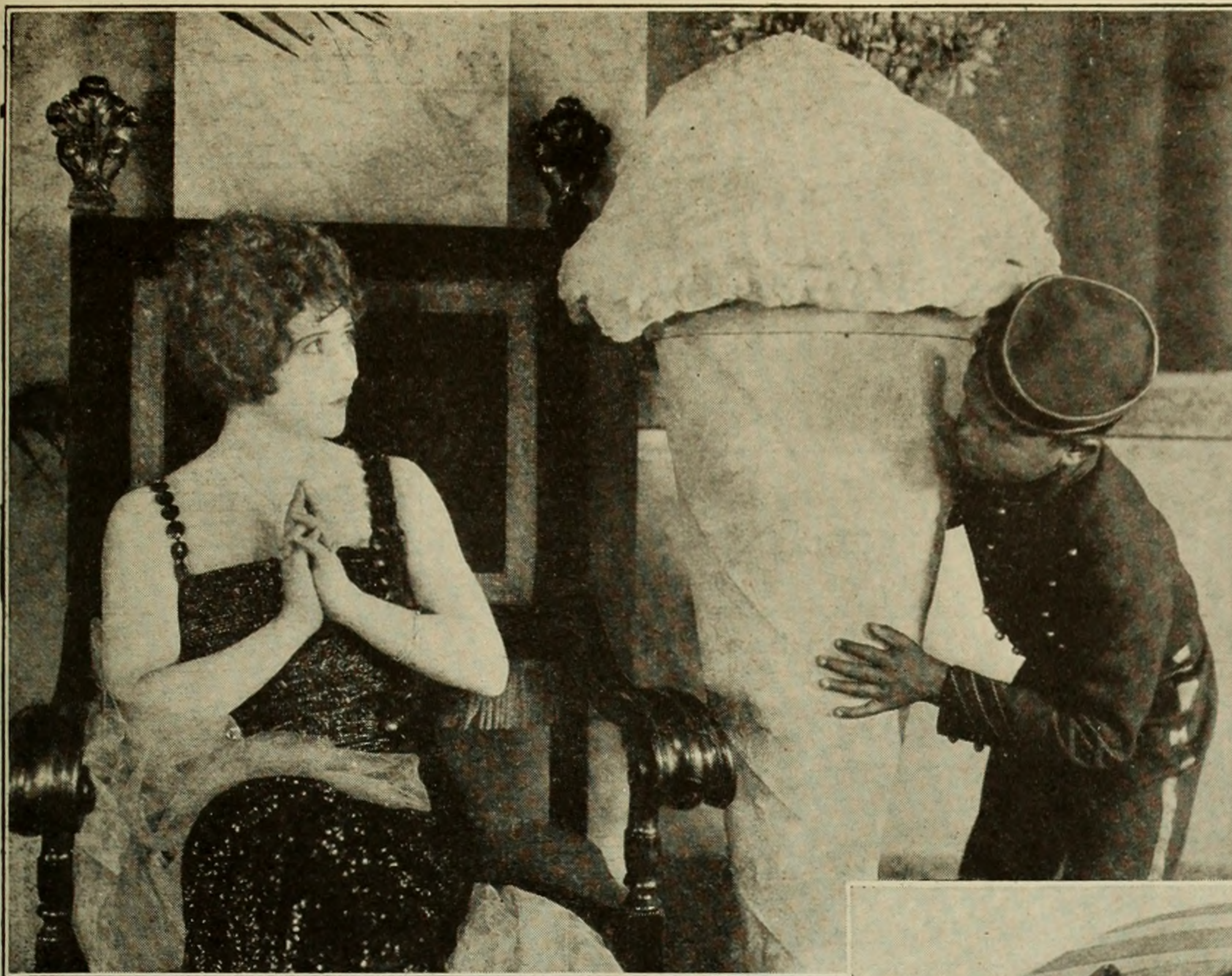


*We always knew there was some catch to these girls in a bathtub. If you look at the left hand edge of the tub you will see enough to know that Viola Dana wears more in the tub than many girls wear on the beach. Also note the nifty book rack that enables her to read while tubbing*



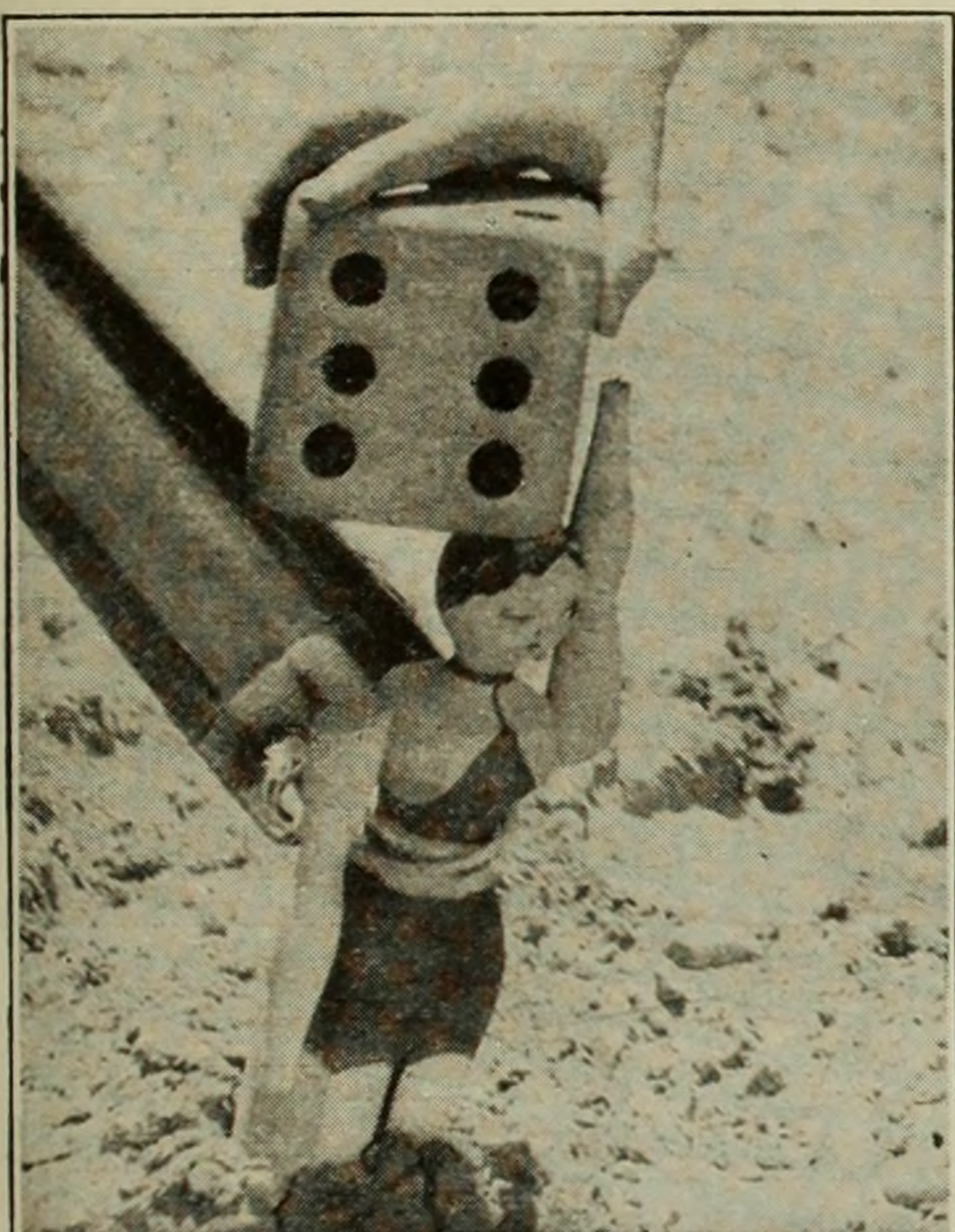
*Whenever Julia Faye goes in swimming she comes out with a net full of fish. The fish, like the net, however, are part of the novel bathing suit she wears in "Feet of Clay"*



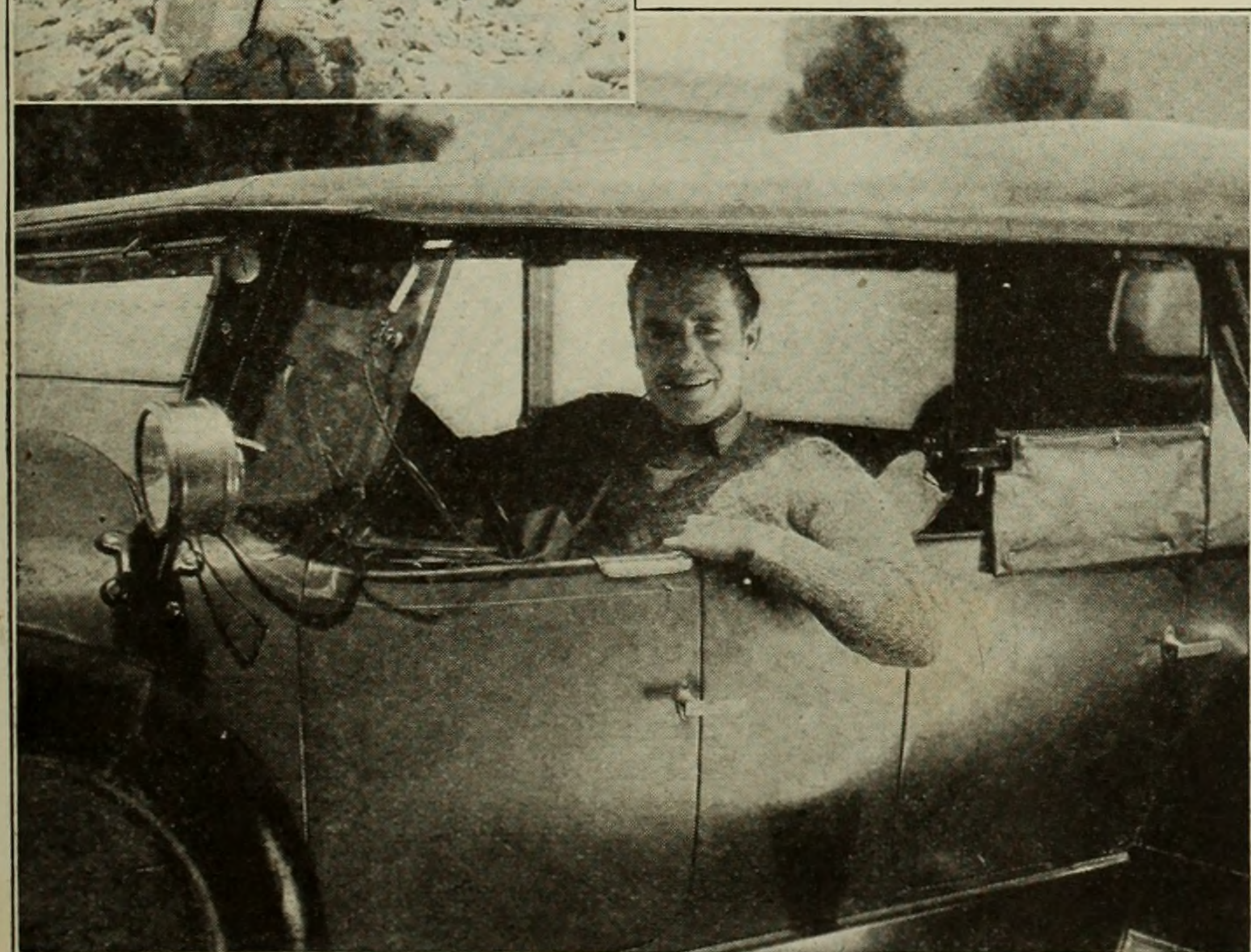
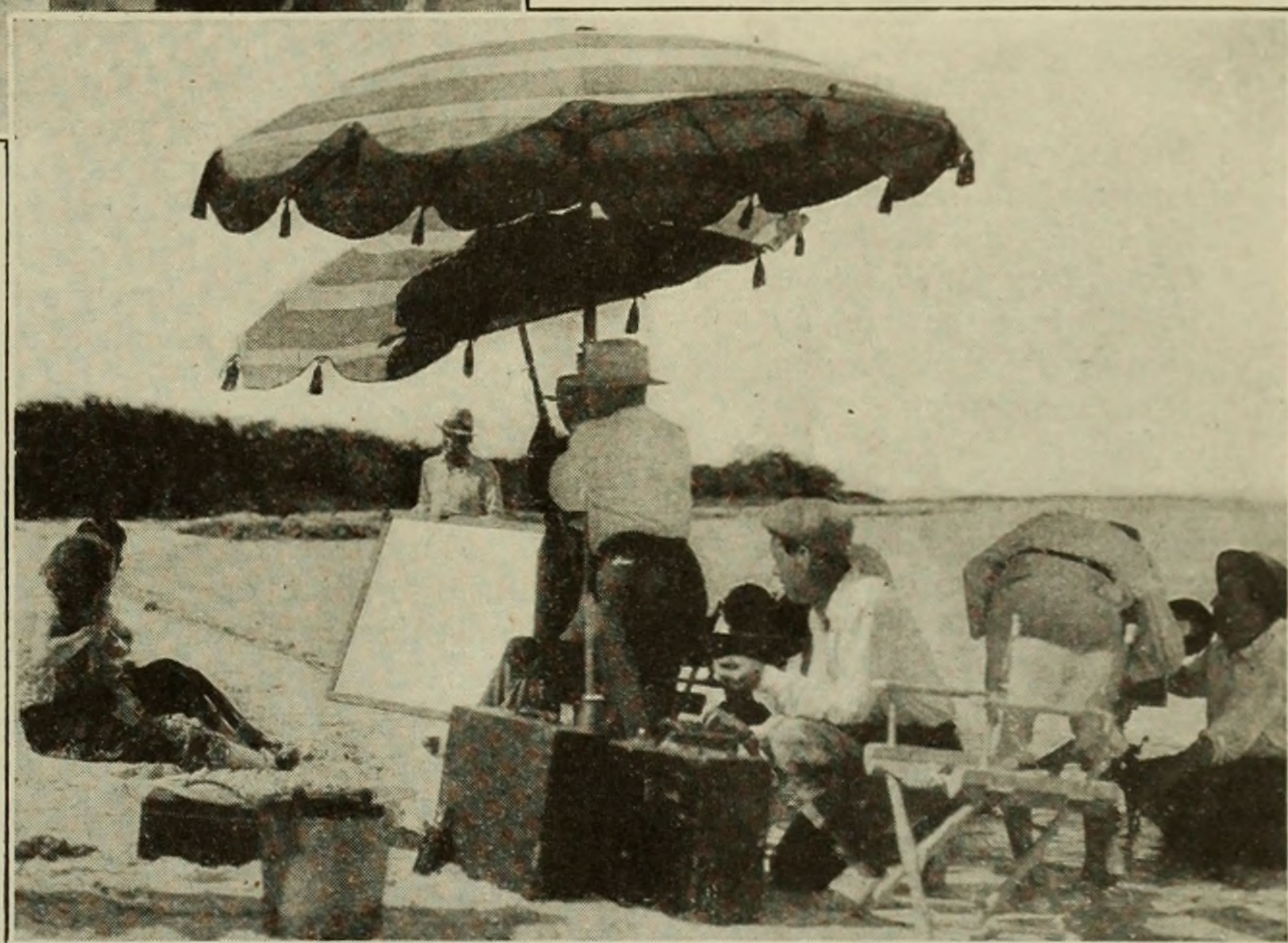


"Is this here cone big enough, Miss Compson?" asks the dusky youth of the fair Betty, or words to that effect. The beautiful screen star keeps the Paramount staff busy running over to the cafeteria for ice cream cones for her. So Noah Beery, Warner Baxter, Dorothy Cumming and Freeman Wood induced the mechanical department to secretly make this huge cone containing four gallons of ice cream, or what looks like cream

Below—Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix on the beach at Nassau, in the Bahamas, where they are filming "Sinners in Heaven." The big umbrellas are not for comfort. They are used, with the huge tin mirror, to get the proper lighting effects



Pity the poor little tent peg. A ruthless hand is driving it into the sand with a beach dice. The peg is one of the many novelties used by C. B. De Mille in making "Feet of Clay"



One might think John Gilbert a lazy sort of person but he isn't. He invented this novel cigarette holder just to keep the ashes out of his eyes while driving. It is an ingenious idea and one that should be to the liking of those who prefer nicotine with their air



Stuart Holmes decided he would use his faithful dog as a valet. Wherever Holmes is the dog is. And on his back is a kit bag containing Holmes' makeup outfit

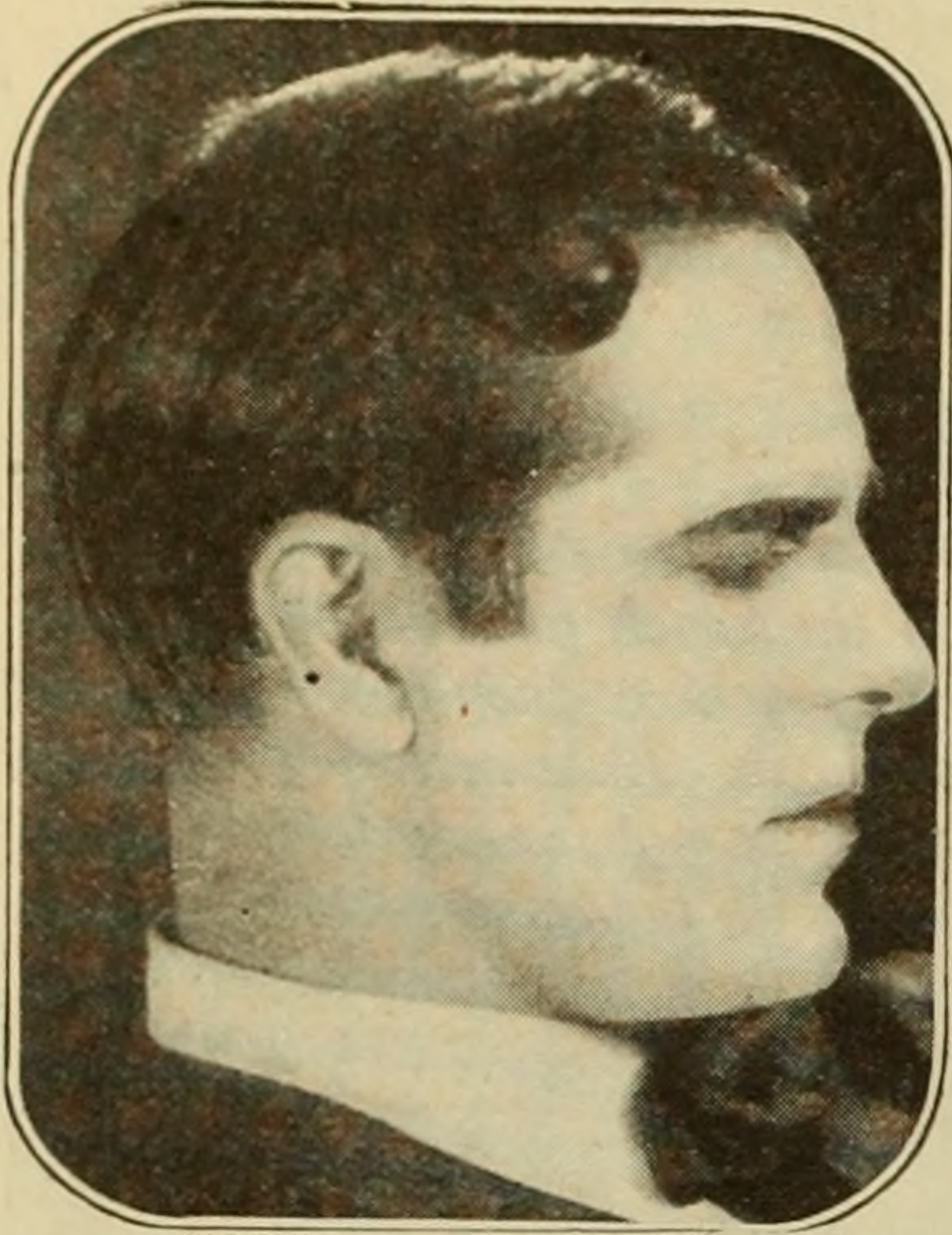


# The Story

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

# Without a Name



*Antonio Moreno, who plays the part of the hero, Alan Holt, in the film version of "The Story Without a Name," being made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation*

## Chapter V

ALAN, after being flung unceremoniously ashore on his narrow island, lay inert and stunned on the warm sand as Mark Drakma and his yacht steamed stolidly away. Then the will to live reasserted itself and the castaway rose unsteadily to his feet, staring uncertainly about him.

All he saw was a bald and bone-white cay shone on by a bald and scorching sun. Midway between the two points of the cay, which stood without growth of any kind, was a rough shack of corrugated iron, rusted red with the rain and spray of many months. But outside of that the island lay as empty as a tomb, a spit of desolation alone in the flashing turquoise seas, a place of sinister and unbroken silences.

Yet a tatter of hope revived in him as he made his unsteady way up towards the lone iron work-shack on the headland. As his enemy had promised, he found a meagre supply of food and water stored there. On the sheet-iron work-bench opposite the rough bunk his assessing eye took in the diminutive sending and receiving set, the "frame" slightly rusted with sea-water, vacuum-tubes in a broken-fronted cabinet, a gloomy array of storage-batteries, some of them half-sunk in the sand under the shadowing table-top. In the corner of the shack, behind a galvanized dunnage-box filled with scrap iron, he found a useless generator under a stained tarpaulin, as ironic in its solitude as a cart without a horse. Along the shelf at the back of the table his wandering eye took in still other evidences of some unknown electrician's past activities—a litter of wrenches and pliers and lead plates and induction coils, carbon and wax and copper wire, sheets of zinc and a stray box of "spaghetti," a small jar of shellac and a can of engine oil, insulating tape and a row of acid bottles, a broken belt pulley, an alcohol lamp, and a blow pipe. The strange conglomeration gave a friendlier feeling to the lonely shack. They seemed almost to smile up at him, the familiar old tools and metals that had meant so much in his life. The one thing that weighed down on him was the

## What has gone before

IF Robert Louis Stevenson were alive today he would be reading "The Story Without a Name." It is just the kind of adventurous tale that would delight the nimble mind of the author of "Treasure Island." Imagine how he would revel in the following exciting situations and then you will realize how he, like you, would pursue the story to its finish.

Alan Holt has just perfected for the War Department a strange radio device by which he is enabled to bring down airplanes, wipe out armies and destroy battleships. Drakma, an international spy, kidnaps the young inventor and his sweetheart, Mary Walsworth, just as Alan is about to turn his death-ray machine over to Uncle Sam.

Drakma and his gang of spies and rum smugglers takes the pair to a lonely ocean island. There he devises a fiendish scheme to force Alan to surrender the secret of his invention. He offers Alan the choice of giving up his instrument or seeing his sweetheart turned over to a merciless crew of thugs, smugglers and murderers.

Mary, true daughter of an American admiral, refuses to allow Alan to yield. They are torn apart and Alan is placed on the island while Mary is sequestered on the schooner under the watchful eyes of the world's lowest riff-raff. To make the torture more exquisite Drakma supplies the pair with radio sets so they can communicate with each other daily. Then he sails away in his yacht.

If you want to know what Mary and Alan said to each other over the radio read the following installment and then enter the contest.



*Agnes Ayres makes a beautiful and winning Mary Walsworth in the great radio romance. As the heroine she shows all the daring and all the courage of a typical American girl!*

absence of wood. The inside of the shack, like the island without, held nothing that would float, that would carry him where it was essential he should be carried.

Then his eye wandered back to the work-table. And on the far end of it, under a square of blue denim tied down with manila cord, he found his first triangulator model in its slightly battered case, the triangulator that had been stolen and spirited away from his tower. He smiled as he saw where some perplexed and patient hand had been trying to piece out its imperfections. And as he smiled his hand instinctively felt for the cigarette case still hidden away in his inner pocket. And he stood fortified with a new sense of power. Then his restless gaze moved on to the radio instrument towards the center of the table. Almost automatically he clamped the head-set over his ears, turning his tuning dial, and heard a voice out of the silence. He caught a cadence or two, lost them, and again caught the ghostly accents.

"Alan, can you hear me?" said the tremulous voice of the woman he loved. "I've been calling and calling, but I've had no answer from you. And I'm afraid something has happened. Oh, Alan, can you hear me?"

They seemed suddenly close together, thus linked by the waves that science had made vocal. And a little of the desolation went out of the listening man's heart as he turned and tested the roughly-built sending set and called hurriedly back to Mary Walsworth across the intervening waste of waters. He could hear her cry of relief and the added tremor that crept into her voice as she answered him. They were separated and yet they were mysteriously together as they talked back and forth, telling of their love and counseling courage and proclaiming that deliverance would soon be at hand. Yet Alan's face hardened as Mary told him of the conditions about her. "I intend to be brave, dear," she said. "And I want you to be the same. But the one thing I'm afraid of is this man Kurder. He is evil, through and through."



THOUSANDS of Photoplay readers are sending in titles for "The Story Without a Name." They are eager to win one of the cash prizes or radio sets to be given as prizes for the best titles and sub-titles submitted.

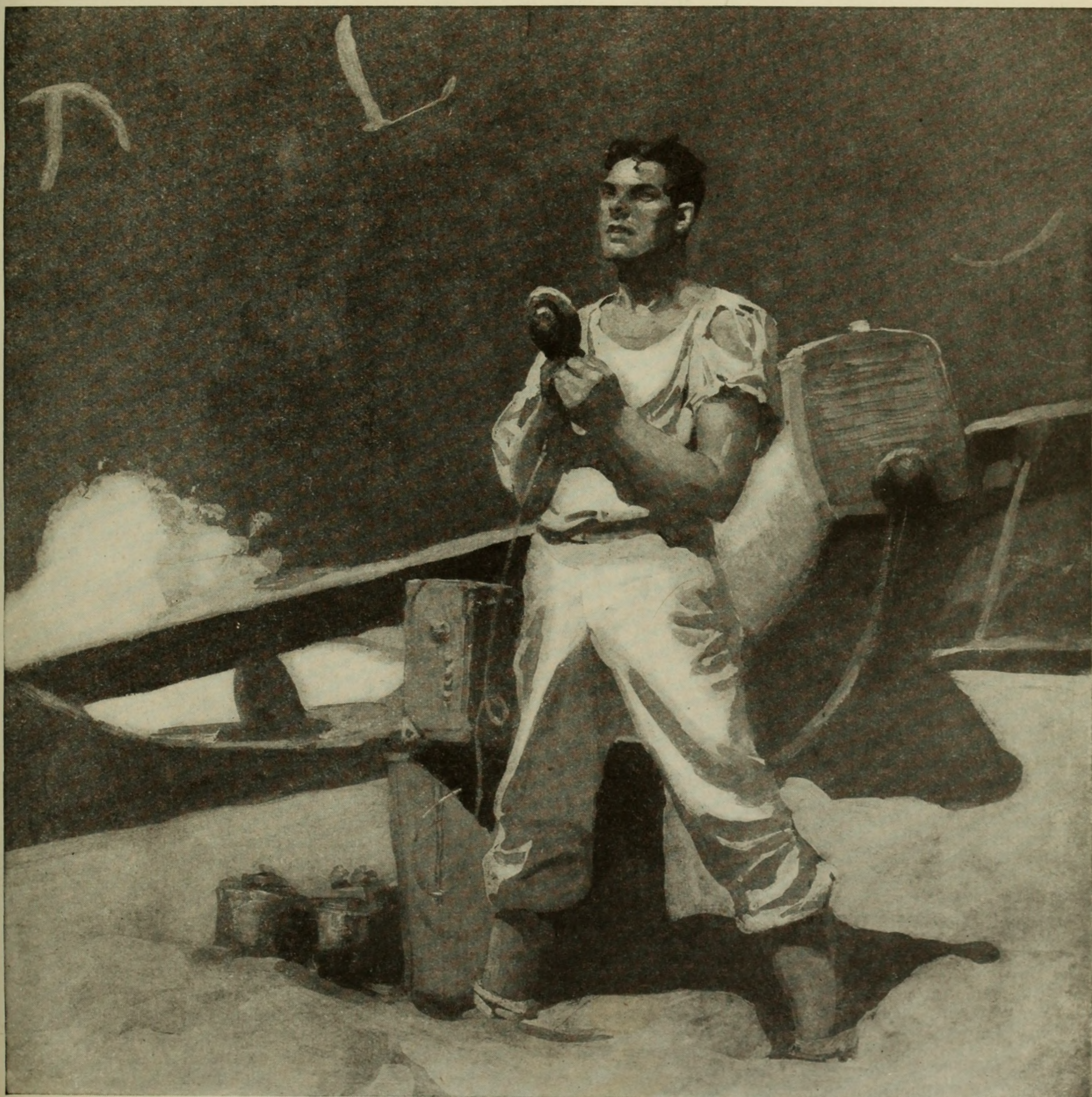
The first cash prize is \$2,500. The smallest is \$25. Four De Forest D-12 Reflex Radiophones will also be given as prizes.

Many radio broadcasting stations are announcing the contest to radio fans. They are offering an additional \$500 cash prize.

Read the conditions, then read the synopsis and present installment of the story, it will enthrall you—and—enter the contest.

# \$5,000 in Cash Prizes

*Read the conditions of the contest  
on page 82*



*On a hundred thousand instruments four million waiting ears listened to a strange and unexpected message*



# A Most Exciting Romance that



*He saw the leather-clad body of the pilot half rise in his*

"You will not have to endure him long!" cried Alan, desperate-eyed, as he smote the table with his fist. "God knows how, but in some way we'll get out a call!" He tried to talk calmly again as he outlined a rough programme of speaking back and forth at sunset and sunrise and high noon. But when he finally took the phones from his ears he sat back in his rough workroom with a more determined light in his eyes.

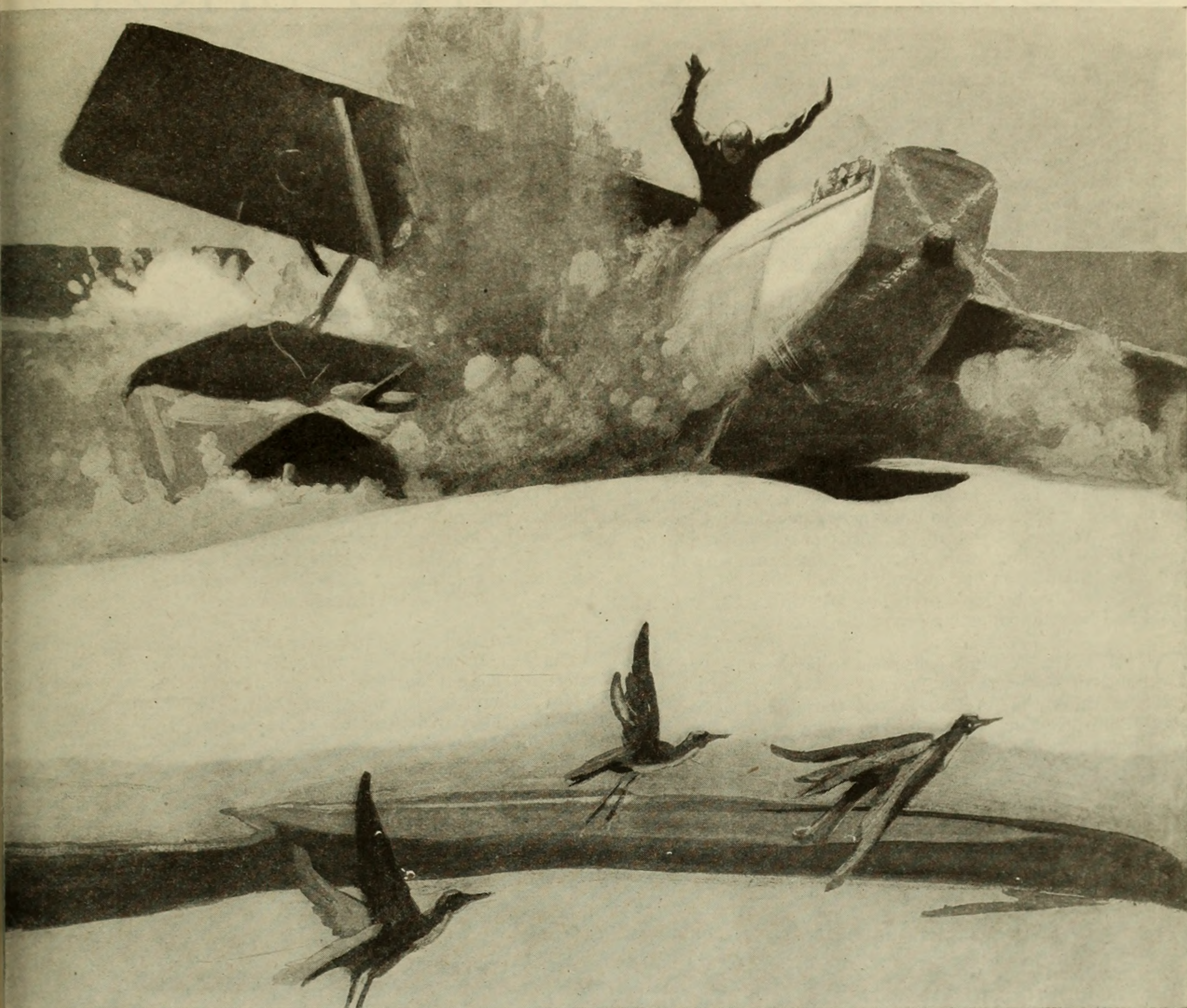
He inventoried the apparatus all about him, trying to decipher some plan whereby he could build up his power and increase his sending-range so as to call for help. Yet there was little to hope for from the meagre stores of his work shack, and still less from the barren spit of sand that fell away to the beryl-green lagoon between the broken lines of the coral reef. There was a distinct limit, he knew, to both the life and the strength of his batteries. They were precariously feeble even as they stood. Drakma, with his devilish cunning, had put his prisoner's voice on a leash, leaving it to range as far as the sloop and little farther. And Alan's enemy had left him with no source of energy either to recharge those tired batteries or to bring him the power he needed to bridge the waste of silence between him and his friends. That, he realized, had been a part of the trick to force his hand, giving him a taste of speech and then taking it away from him again. And it seemed worse, infinitely worse, than the ancient Chinese torture of confronting a starving prisoner with the pleasant fumes of cookery.

He awakened to the fact, as his first day slipped drearily past, that he could not hope to reach the mainland by radio. Yet as evening deepened into night, the clear and pellucidly calm night of tropical peace so ideal for transmission, he sat before his rough table with the ear-phones adjusted, ranging through wave-length after wave-length in a lonely hunger for some word from the outer world. And as he listened there different far-off etheric voices began to sound in his ears. He caught faint echoes of the talk between the radio-officers on the American fleet maneuvering off Guantanamo. He heard orchestra music, winging its way out over the Atlantic, from heaven knew where. He heard an official call to the scout-cruiser *Cincinnati*, remembering with a wayward glow of pride that it was the fastest warship afloat, and wondering through what waters its pointed prow was plowing. He heard the notes of a saxophone, disturbingly clear, and surmised it to be coming, as a code message, from some cay or craft controlled by Drakma and his colleagues in outlawry. He sat depressed at this thought, bent low above his table, when out of the night there arrowed in to him another and a newer voice. It was a voice with a familiar ring to it and a quick needling of nerves thrilled his body as he listened.

"If you hear this, Alan," said that voice out of nowhere, "remember that Don and his friends are fighting for you." For he knew that it was Don Powell speaking across the night to



# Thrills with Love and Mystery!



*seat, throw up his hands, and fall back against the fusilage*

him. And after a moment's silence a fainter and more tremulous voice spoke. It was his mother's voice, bringing a gush of tears to his eyes as he listened. "Whatever has happened, Alan, your old mother believes in you. Wherever you are, my boy, she is praying to God for you, asking God in His goodness to bring you back to her."

A far-away look crept into the exile's eyes as he heard that message. He no longer felt so alone in the world. If others were fighting for him he, too, must keep up the fight. He must, he reminded himself, in some way send out a radio call. And remembering Mary Walsworth's plight, he must in some manner fight his way to Sig Kurder's sloop and stand beside her in her peril. And as he tossed and groaned in his sleep that night he dreamed that Mark Drakma was strapping him in an electric chair and compelling Mary to turn on the current which was to burn his body to a crisp. He wakened, roused by his own shout of terror, and in the breaking morning light his wavering glance fell on the triangulator standing on the table above his bunk. And around that instrument his reviving hopes seemed to cluster, though he could not quite decipher in what manner it could be made to serve his ends. But serve his ends it must!

*\$500 extra. See page III for additional prize offer in the great Radio Contest*

## CHAPTER SIX

WITH the coming of daylight Alan's will was stronger and his mind clearer. After carefully exploring his island and estimating his food and water supply, he set feverishly to work building a canoe. It would, he soon saw, be a strange and flimsy craft, but all he asked was something to carry him as far as the sloop, which he could just see anchored on the skyline. He decided to make it a sort of catamaran that could carry a rag of sail, a roughly modeled canoe with an out-rigger to steady it in those uncertain seas. The framework of this canoe he was compelled to fashion from a few scattered firkin hoops, helped out with a few feet of rusty band iron. As he had soldering irons and an ample supply of solder on his work table, he devised a waterproof outrigger by cutting and soldering together a number of empty gasoline cans, saving two of the cans to be used as a sea-case, later, for his precious triangulator.

But the graver problem presented itself when it came to finding covering material for his canoe frame. To do this he harvested every rag of cloth the cay shack offered, every stray fragment of canvas, every foot of bleached old canopy

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



# CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

**T**HE movies are threatened by just one menace after another. The European invasion, the Latin lovers and now the animals. The more or less human actors of Hollywood are becoming cowed, dogged and aped.

Just as it looked as though no one could supplant the seraphic Valentino along comes the Galloping Fish to break records. Even the austere critics trumpet the new Ince discovery. Here at last we have a star who doesn't pretend to be anything but what he is, a fish. Naturalness and modesty make for a great appeal these days.

How far Mr. Ince's seal will go I cannot for the moment predict. If the ebon sleekness of Signor Valentino's turret had anything to do with his success, as some allege, then the seal ought to be the biggest fish in the swim next season.

These animals are scoring real histrionic triumphs. PHOTOPLAY recently listed the performance of Rex, the horse, ahead of Jack Pickford and other estimable face flexers.

**T**HESE stars are insisting upon good supporting casts, too. Alice Terry was seriously considering the signing of a long term contract when Eleanor Boardman came dashing into the studio. "Who do you play with next?" asked Alice. "With Peter, the dog," said Eleanor. Alice arose with dignity and made the door in one queenly bound. She'd sign no contract, she screamed, they'd probably be getting a cow next and she'd find herself supporting Jerry, the Jersey.

**D**UMB brutes or dumb-bells seem to be the question in the minds of producers right now.

If you think I'm facetious about the animal menace just peruse the boxoffice records. The Warner Brothers signed John Barrymore, Ernst Lubitsch and other high-jacked artists, but Rin-Tin-Tin actually saved the day for them. That's cold fact.

Now Mr. Ince, after starring Dorothy Dalton, Bill Hart, Charlie Ray and other bean-getters, has taken to fish. In his first picture the seal cleans up, and all Mr. Ince has to give him is his board, which is only a little more than he paid his human stars.

**L**ET me interpolate at this point that I am not handling the seal's publicity, although I'm seriously considering donning a diving suit and going after it.

Mr. Hal Roach is starring the whole barnyard in "The Dippy Do Dads," and has bought himself a Rolls-Royce off the earnings of Suzie, the goose.

Joe Martin, who is temporarily making personal appearances with a circus, according to a wire I just had from him, has enabled Mr. Carl Laemmle to gamble and lose fortunes on inferior human stock. Mr. Martin wires that he is returning to the silversheet following his tour.

A director of my acquaintance declares that no one with brains ever could be an actor. This is obviously absurd in view of the success the animals are making.

**S**ERIOUSLY, it is a momentous menace for all of us. As an interviewer I'm as worried as any actor. When I'm invited out to lunch with a star I don't want to have to eat bailed hay. I've swallowed a lot but never timothy. On the whole it would be easier to interview animals because so long as you feed them they don't kick. But I like to get a kick out of my work. I don't bruise easily.

There's this advantage: Movie petting parties can be staged in the barnyard without giving Hollywood a bad name. I hope I am not being a cad in saying I know from experience that one can pet Madame Julie without getting a bark out of M. Strongheart.

Another advantage: Any picture made in the barnyard is certain to be a clean picture.

**G**ENIUS was born to unhappiness. Chaplin is said to be the unhappiest of mortals. Some one demanded an explanation for this from Jim Tully, his publicity aid. "Well, what

good are his millions, his estates and his fame," replied Jim, "if his girl breaks a date with him?"

Come to think of it, genius is human, I suppose.

**C**OMMENTING on "The Merry Widow" which she will do under Von Stroheim's direction, Mae Murray told me that she did a burlesque of it in "The Follies." "That was in 1908," said Mae,—adding, "When I was fifteen." Pads and pencils, please!

**J**AMES R. QUIRK, editor of PHOTOPLAY, warned a member of his California staff against California gin. "What he mean?" demanded Pola, perplexed. "Why he say that about California gin?"

Which proves, of course, that Pola has become a loyal daughter of California. Gin may be bad, but why pick on California gin? Such is Pola's sentiment.

**I** WAS considering the purchase of a house in Hollywood, situated among sycamores with a view of Whitley heights. The lady who owned the place informed me that Valentino and Barbara La Marr lived just above. "But," she added hastily, "they can't use this street, it's a closed road." It was a good sales argument perhaps. But I didn't buy the house. The honest woman admitted that sound does carry.

**I**T IS becoming more and more difficult for a director to select a male cast without including some of Barbara La Marr's adorers. King Vidor couldn't get around it in "Mary The Third"; there were so many male rôles. Ben Lyon, a current admirer (this is being written in June) played the lead while Bill Haines played second. Ben appeared one morning with one of those slave bracelets inscribed, Mizpah, God bless you, and all that sort of thing. He didn't try to hide it to spare Bill's feelings, though it was known that Bill had also been a hopeful courtier. This was too much. Bill shot back a wicked cuff and displayed a handsome wrist watch from the same fair donor. "Mine cost more than yours did!" he squealed diabolically.

Mr. Vidor had to call off work for the day because the scenes required that Ben register happiness.

**I** ENCOUNTERED Alice Terry entering a Hollywood bank with a bundle of checks under her arm. The Mona Lisa of the screen had that twinkle in her eye which always suggests she has a joke all to herself.

"When I deposit this," she said, "I'll have a hundred thousand dollars all in my own name."

"Capitalist," I said scornfully, "the next thing you'll be wanting a million."

"Not I!" retorted Alice, "I didn't even want the hundred thousand!"

**D**OWN in Durango, Mexico, the birthplace of Ramon Novarro, an unscrupulous exhibitor advertised Rupert Hughes' "Souls for Sale—With Ramon Novarro." The whole town turned out to do homage to its pride and joy. When Ramon failed to appear among the stars of Hollywood, the fiery Spanish citizenry turned on the exhibitor with righteous blood in the eye. The shuddering gentleman explained that Ramon didn't appear, true, but that he directed the picture!

But that didn't help Ramon's reputation any. Durango has critical sentiments similar to Bob Sherwood.

**L**AATEST scandal note: King Vidor and Florence Vidor, husband and wife, were seen lunching together.

**T**HEDA BARA'S "returns" almost equal the late Bernhard's "farewells." Theda is ever on the point of returning, but she never quite makes the grade. It was reported that she would do Zoe Aikens' "Declasse," which Ethel Barrymore did on the New York stage. But Corinne Griffith has obtained that for her productions. Truly, the retribution meted out to the vampire is a terrible one.





**I**T'S great to be famous, but it is greater to be loved by the one and only woman (or man) in the world. Maybe that is why Mr. and Mrs. Milton Sills are smiling. They are among the happiest couples in the film colony. Mrs. Sills is a non-professional, but is loved by all who know her because she is a typically gracious American woman, sincere, and without affectation.





**BEING RESPECTABLE**—Warner

PHIL ROSEN, the director who made "Abraham Lincoln," has handled this variation of the domestic triangle with discretion and good taste. Grace Flandrau's best seller dealt with three people: a young woman, striking, appealing but *declassé*; another, wealthy, plain and correct socially; and, of course, the much sought young man. The man slips into a marriage with the society girl before he realizes it, although he cares for the other. Years pass. Then the girl of the old romance returns, along with the old emotional urge. What will the man do? Monte Blue is adequate as the distraught husband, Irene Rich gives an unusually fine performance of the wife, and Marie Prevost reveals further histrionic improvement as the third angle of the triangle. We divide honors between Director Rosen and Miss Rich.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



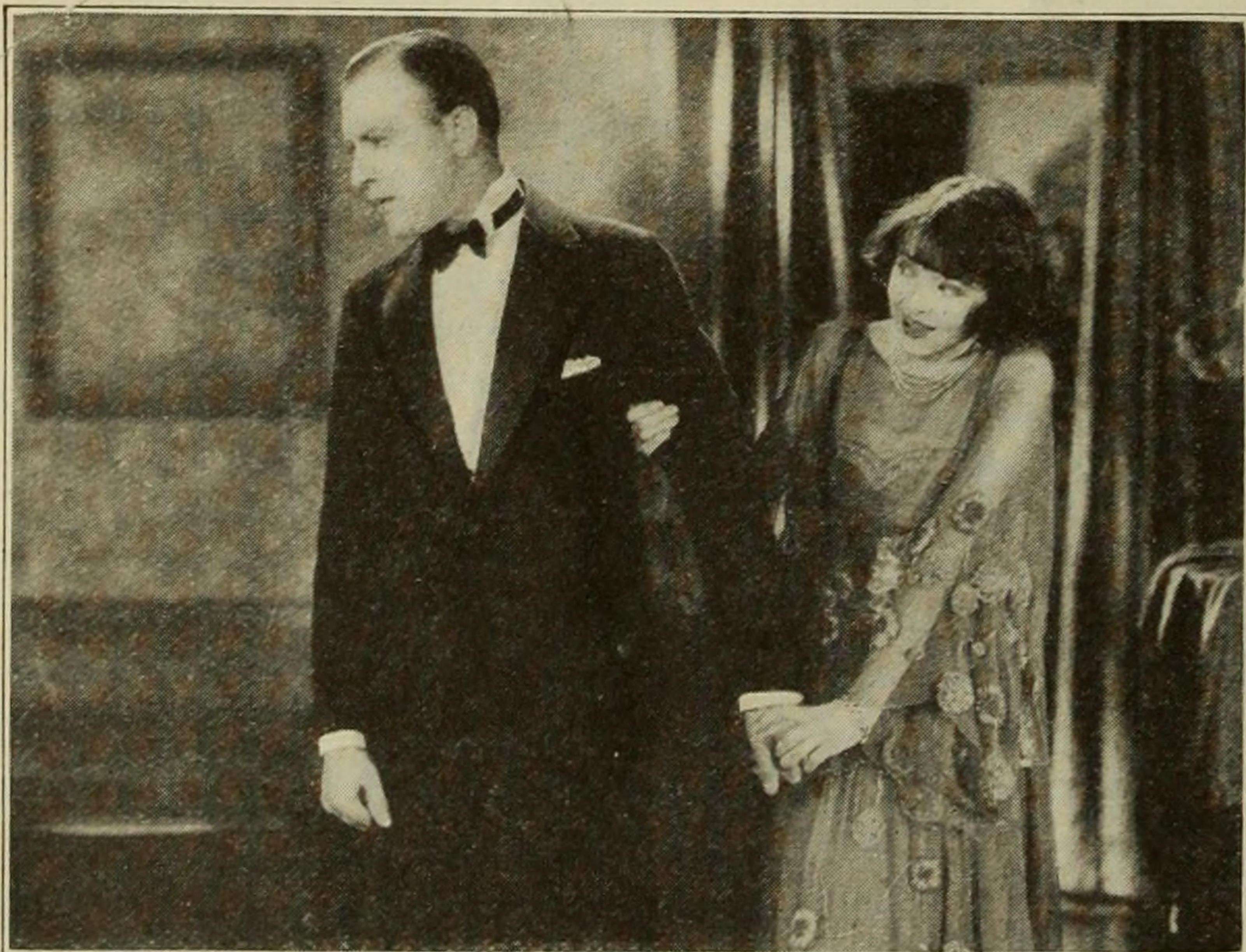
**BABBITT**—Warner

WHEN Sinclair Lewis turned from the small town of "Main Street" to the small city of "Babbitt," he retained his remorseless pen. The Zenith of *George F. Babbitt*, aged 46, of the *Babbitt-Thompson Realty Company*, has its self centered population of Rotarians, Boosters, Elks and so on. Lewis probed their foibles and weaknesses with a cruel savagery. But his *Babbitt*, for all his unromantic puffiness, has his yearnings. Lewis felt that tragedy and comedy were to be found in middle-aged successful America and he proved it in "Babbitt."

This film version follows the novel within certain celluloid bounds. There are changes and exaggerations but, on the whole, *Babbitt* becomes a pretty real character in the hands of Willard Louis. The film follows his restlessness, reveals his romance with *Tanis Judique*, teacher of music, pauses with him as he debates the possibility of sacrificing his position in Zenith on the altar of glamorous adventure and follows him back home again—to *Myra* and their children.

There are changes, as we have said. *Tanis* is made into a rather conventional screen siren. The producers have soft-pedalled Lewis' hatred of boosterism and his rapier punctures of small city-ism. "Babbitt" becomes simply the story of the last escapade of a man just over the threshold of middle age.

*George F. Babbitt* is admirably played by Willard Louis, who came into celluloid prominence with his *Prince of Wales* in "Beau Brummel." He makes *Babbitt* a very real person, sympathetically and sincerely drawn. Mary Alden's work is satisfactory as *Mrs. Babbitt*, although she isn't the character of the novel. Nor are the other members of the Babbitt household quite as Mr. Lewis drew them in words.



**THE PERFECT FLAPPER**—First National

IT was inevitable that, after her boxoffice hit as the irrepressible flapper of "Flaming Youth," Colleen Moore would go on doing rôles of the same type. "The Perfect Flapper" is a made-to-order result. Here she is *Tommy Lou*, a quiet mouse who decides to flap her way into male popularity. She does it with a vengeance, becoming the life of at least several parties and a co-respondent as well. And she wins an old fashioned young lawyer, giving up her jazz flapperisms. The plot is of little substance and what there is moves along mechanically. The director, too, is uninspired and there are far too many close-ups of Miss Moore. Still, we suspect this has certain popular qualities. As for Miss Moore's performance, it all depends upon whether or not you like her. To us, her work is pretty forced.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Six Best Pictures of the Month

BABBITT    BEING RESPECTABLE    THE ARAB  
THE PERFECT FLAPPER    MANHANDLED  
CAPTAIN JANUARY

## The Six Best Performances of the Month

GLORIA SWANSON in "Manhandled"  
WILLARD LOUIS in "Babbitt"  
IRENE RICH in "Being Respectable"  
HOLMES HERBERT in "Swords and the Woman"  
LUCILLE RICKSEN in "Behind the Curtain"  
BETTY COMPSON in "The Enemy Sex"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 131



MANHANDLED—Paramount

ONCE again we can record a further stride ahead for Gloria Swanson. This story by Arthur Stringer isn't very much but the star lifts it into genuine interest and vitality. *Tessie McGuire* is a little shop girl, whose sweetheart is a garage mechanic with an invention for a new carburetor. *Tessie* catches her boss' roving eye, gets invited to a wild party, plays with fire for awhile, becomes an imitation Russian countess in a smart modiste shop, and, tired of the men she continually encounters, returns to her old love, now a millionaire by way of his invention. Pretty inferior stuff as dramatic literature, but you will forget all that in Miss Swanson's absorbing work. She does a Charlie Chaplin imitation that will surprise you and has several really moving moments. Incidentally, the story is sexy-plus.



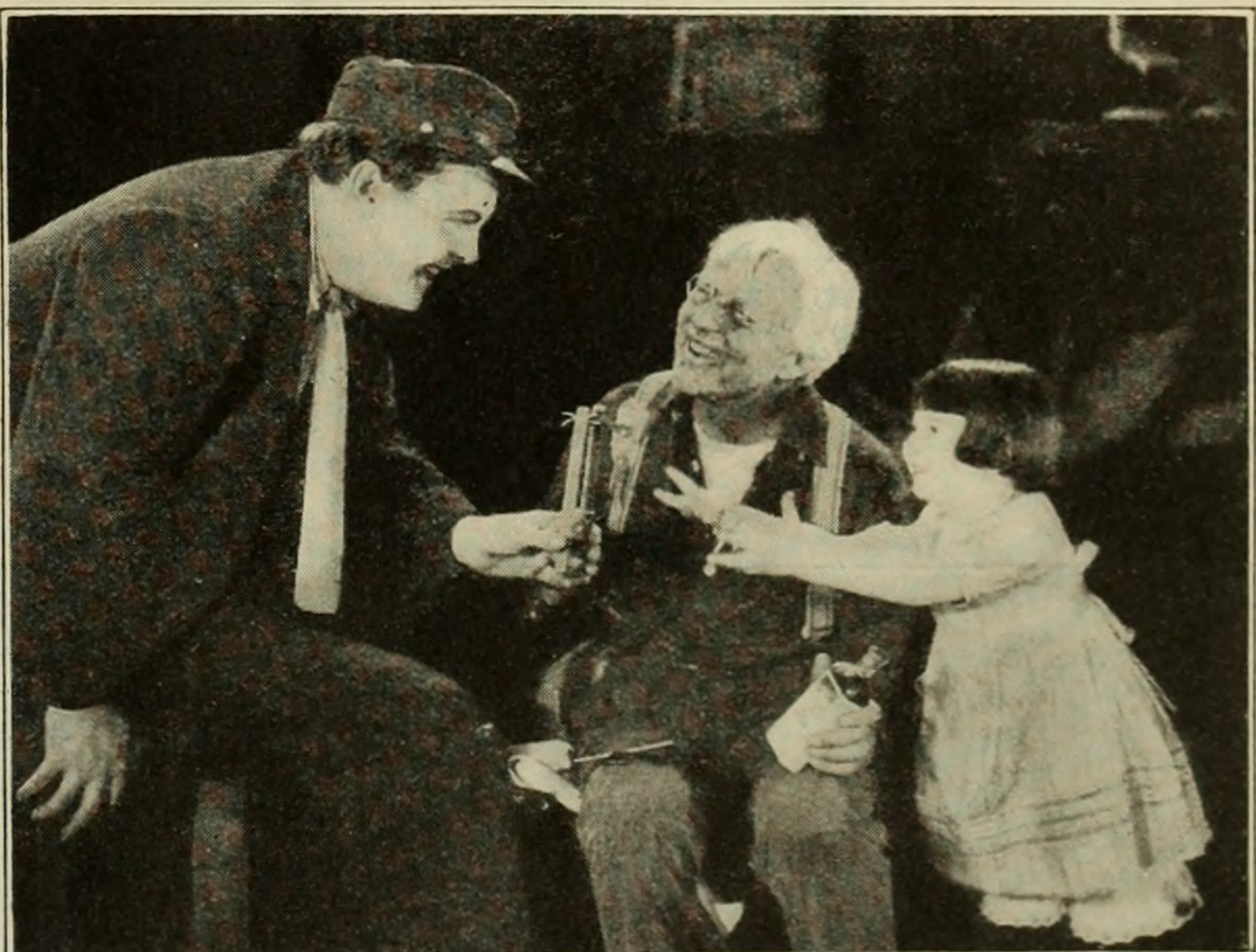
THE ARAB—Metro

THIS latest—and possibly final—directorial effort of Rex Ingram has a fascinating background, the very Sahara itself, but the story limps. The action revolves around a missionary and his daughter, with a young native on the sentimental horizon. In this it is suggestive of "Where the Pavement Ends." But there the comparison ends.

This mission is a pawn in the hands of the wily Moslems. They plan to send away the government troops, let the desert tribesmen wipe out the Christians and politely disclaim all responsibility. But the dashing dragoman, *Jamil*, son of a desert chieftain, prevents the tragedy. There is an indefinite ending, with the girl returning to America but promising to come back. All this may sound like a story of considerable action. "The Arab," however, is turgid. There are few romantic scenes and the sentiment is meager. The Moslem attack is worked up without creating any real suspense. But there is more than a measure of picturesqueness in the rôle of the dragoman, *Jamil*, who has politely lied his way in and out of Christianity four times. And there is a distinct pictorial appeal to Mr. Ingram's production.

Mr. Ingram seems to have fallen down most in his plot development but he has performed something of a miracle with his native players. They seem excellent actors, indeed. There are some finely atmospheric scenes of the East, notably in the Algerian dance halls and in the streets of the Oulad Niles.

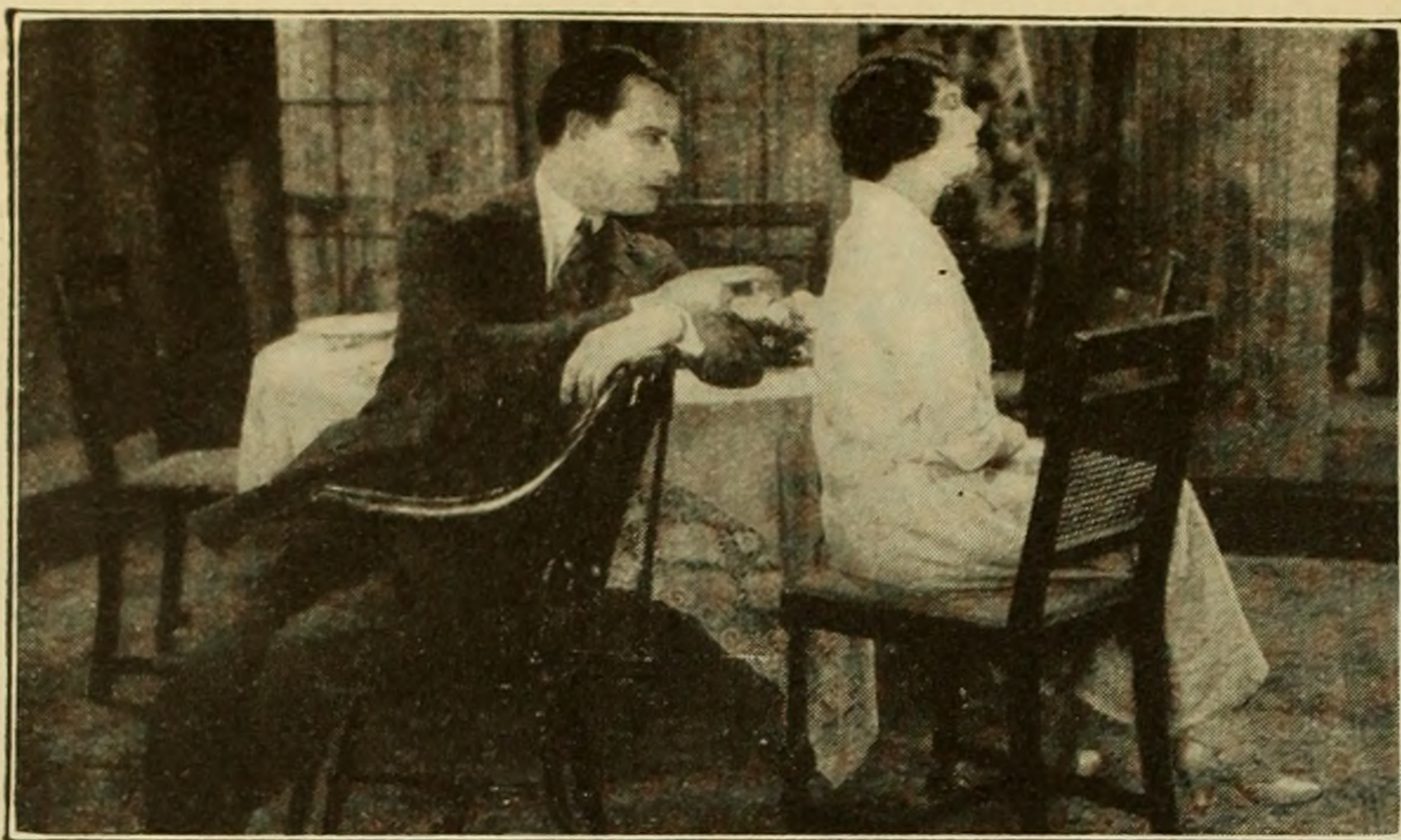
Ramon Novarro is the *Jamil* and the rôle seems to us to be better played than anything this young actor has yet done. Alice Terry is the missionary's daughter and Alexandresco, a vivid Russian actress, makes her film debut in the colorful rôle of an Oulad Nile.



CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal

MILD and sentimental is this tale of a waif and an old lighthouse keeper. The child has been washed ashore and the keeper of the light on the Maine island brings her up with the aid of a cow, *Imogene*. *Daddy Jeremiah* calls her *Captain January* and everything moves along with saccharine sweetness until the baby's real folks come to take her home. Then there's a tearful separation, followed by a tearful reunion when *Captain January* comes to *Daddy Jeremiah* and *Imogene*. "Captain January" is slender in texture, but probably Baby Peggy can cause enough pull to the average emotions to get it by. There are times when the little star with the shoe button eyes seems a bit too actory and lacking in spontaneity. Hobart Bosworth gives a careful performance of the old lighthouse keeper.





**BREAD—Metro**

**C**HARLES G. NORRIS' novel pointed the moral that, with all of woman's modern independence, her true sphere was the home. The heroine is successful in business, marries, is unhappy, leaves her husband and is even more wretched. The film ending brings the couple together again. This is dull, save for Mae Busch's performance of the girl in quest of happiness.



**DARING LOVE—Truart**

**B**ROKEN by his wife's unfaithfulness, the hero slips to the depths, only to be regenerated by a dancer in a questionable resort. The wife tries to lure him back but little *Bobo* wins her man in the end. Mild stuff jazzed up with a "box office title." Hardly the picture to go to if you have anything better to do. Elaine Hammerstein is the self-sacrificing *Bobo* who, like *Kiki*, is "a good girl."



**THE MARRIAGE CHEAT—First National**

**R**OMANCE with a South Sea background. A young wife leaps overboard from her wicked husband's yacht and finds refuge on a small isle. The local missionary falls in love, just as the husband follows in quest of his wife. Passable melodrama with an unknown, Laska Winter, running away with the hit as a native girl. The triangle consists of Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont and Adolphe Menjou.



**TIGER LOVE—Paramount**

**C**ONVENTIONAL Castilian story even if an opera has been based upon it. Another dashing outlaw robs the rich to aid the poor. Another kidnapping of the heroine at the altar rail just as she is being forced into a loveless marriage. And the bandit turns out to be of noble blood. This romance is screened with a measure of color and dash. Antonio Moreno is the debonair outlaw.



**REVELATION—Metro**

**S**OME years ago Alla Nazimova flashed across the silver-sheet in this colorful story of a dancer who finds spiritual redemption in posing for a study of the Madonna. It was folly to attempt to reproduce this with Viola Dana, a pleasant little player in her way, in the rôle calling for a wealth of emotionalism and variety. This version seems an exceedingly weak effort to duplicate a success.



**SWORDS AND THE WOMAN—F. B. O.**

**T**HIS version of Baroness Orczy's "Scarlet Pimpernel" romance of the French Revolution was filmed in England and France by Henry Kolker. It has a good measure of charm, spirit and taste. Briefly it is the ill-starred romance of a young French girl for a nobleman who killed her brother in a duel. Holmes Herbert is capital as the *Scarlet Pimpernel* of many disguises and Flora Le Breton is a pretty heroine.





**THE ENEMY SEX—Paramount**

SOME years ago Owen Johnson's "The Salamander," the story of a girl who went through fire untouched, created something of a sensation. That was before the flapper. James Cruze has filmed the gay career of *Dodo Baxter* into a presentable photoplay, providing Betty Compson with her best rôle in a long time. But this sort of story isn't what Cruze can do best. Too sexy for family entertainment.



**BEHIND THE CURTAIN—Universal**

THIS picture starts out to be a light summertime romance and develops into a mystery melodrama in which a fake spiritualist is involved. The story is awkwardly told and is decidedly unconvincing. The mystery doesn't build as it should. The director seems to have been handicapped by a rigid hand upon the expenditures. The picture demonstrates the steadily growing possibilities of Lucille Ricksen.



**CHANGING HUSBANDS—Paramount**

A LIGHT celluloid farce based upon the preposterous idea that two women can look so much alike that when one of them, an unmarried actress, masquerades as the other, a young wife, the husband doesn't guess the difference. This skates along the edge of being daring and is a pretty sophisticated comedy. The farce falls down in its acting, although Leatrice Joy differentiates the doubles pretty well.



**THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.**

AN English made picture revolving around the efforts of two rival syndicates to get possession of a rich radium field somewhere in the Balkans. Built along serial lines and full of holes. Better done than the story deserves. One faction outwits the other by utilizing two men who look exactly alike. Clive Brook is satisfactory in the dual rôle and Catherine Calvert appears as an unscrupulous pawn.



**A SELF-MADE FAILURE—First National**

A HOPELESS bum is mistaken for a gymnast and masseur who had been expected by the crooked proprietor of a flourishing sanatorium. Circumstances compel him to adopt the bluff and essay the job. There are incriminating documents, a daughter and her lover-poet, mystery and laughs. Ben Alexander is the bum's ward. Splendid comedy work is done by Lloyd Hamilton.



**FOR SALE—First National**

STOCK plot No. 2A: the girl who is put upon the matrimonial auction block to save her bankrupt father. The poor lover sinks to the depths but finally redeems himself. Obvious tale with artificial theatrical "big scenes." The atmosphere does not ring true. Earl Hudson's story is trite and the direction of George Archainbaud old fashioned. Acting as good as material permits. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



# Star or Wife?

*Which proves that the sugar-coating of fame, although sweet for a while, sometimes turns to ashes in a woman's mouth*

*By Octavus Roy Cohen*

*Illustrated by R. Van Buren*

WHEN Roger Mason learned that his wife was to be guest of honor at the regular weekly luncheon of the Rotary Club, his initial impulse was to remain away. But on second thought he decided to attend.

He was curious to see what she looked like.

Seven years. He thumbed the leaves of a kodak album and gazed ruminatively upon a snapshot of them taken seven years before. The man in the picture was more slender than the Roger Mason of today, but there was no greater strength in the line of jaw or set of lips; no more directness in the wide-set eyes. It was easy to look from the snapshot to the reflection in the mirror and to see that time had dealt with him in kindly fashion.

But as for Jeanne. . . . There were the two pictures of Jeanne . . . the little snapshot in the album and the striking halftone on the official program of the Rotary Club:

## MISS JEANNE ARMSTRONG

Foremost Star of the Silver Screen, Who Will be Guest of Honor and Principal Speaker at the Weekly Luncheon of the Rotary Club on Thursday, April Seventeenth.

Roger didn't know the woman whose picture stared at him from the glazed surface. The features were familiar, yet they were strange in a vague, indefinable way. He scrutinized closely the lines of face and figure: it was well nigh impossible to believe that this woman was his wife—or ever had been. He smiled faintly at thought of the tongue-wagging which would start should it become known that he, president of the Rotary Club, was the husband of Miss Jeanne Armstrong, movie star.

Jeanne's visit to the city was in the nature of a silent challenge which he calmly accepted. Of course she knew he was there; they had kept in casual touch for the seven years of their separation—chatty, friendly letters which used many words and said nothing: the formality of correspondence between two persons who have meant much to each other, who were linked together by ties which they had chosen not to dissolve—and yet who had nothing in common save a mutual—if rather impersonal—respect.

Of course Jeanne didn't know that he was president of the Rotary Club; or at least he presumed that she did not. He had never considered the fact of his elevation to that office as being worthy of particular mention. The studios of Hollywood were a far cry from the presidency of a Southern Rotary Club. . . .

Memory of their brief, flaming affair came back to him now: classmates at a big university—campus companions—social inseparables—good fellows. Then a ripening of friendship into



*The Jeanne he had married had been a child; unworldly and effer-*

love, the soft sensuous radiance of the spring preceding commencement—and marriage. Their tiny incomes were merged when he accepted his first engineering job in Mexico and after that had come Honduras and later a year in Venezuela; always in the untrodden wastes where women do not belong and cannot go . . . and while he was garnering experience and building for himself an enviable reputation she was utilizing her independence as an unfettered married woman to test her yearning for the stage.

She had done well enough in a small way and mere chance had plunged her into the movies. She screened well and she brought to the cinema all of the poise and quiet assurance which was hers by right of birth. Too, she was fine-looking; some regarded her as beautiful, a few as pretty; the real secret of her screen effectiveness was summarized by an office boy at the studios in the graphic phrase: "Jeanne Armstrong? Say, that dame has got the real, ginuwine class!"

And so by the time the railroad was completed in Venezuela Jeanne's real, ginuwine class had won for her a firm footing in the photoplay world: she was a competent leading woman and an excellent foil for the doll-like prettiness of most of the stars with whom she worked. She was quiet, repressed and unaffected.

For a brief space of time Roger had remained in the New York office. He had known about the movie venture, but distance stripped the situation of all significance. Now he wakened to it when she wrote that contracts made it impossible for her to join him in the east. Later when he was made general manager of the company's biggest subsidiary works in a Southern city he journeyed alone to his new home . . . and





rescent; this was a woman of experience, breadth, culture

realized that something must be done to bring his domestic situation down to the firm basis of a status.

Jeanne was doing well; she was happy and contented. Their romance had died of malnutrition. The boy she had married was grown to manhood; his girl-bride was now a woman of the world; they did not know each other or care particularly. He offered her a home—which she refused. He suggested divorce and rather welcomed her negation of the idea. And so it was agreed that they would remain married to one another until such time as either desired freedom; no need, they agreed, for the noisomeness of divorce courts unless it became necessary or desirable.

So, for the first time in his life, Roger Mason became an integral part of a civic community. He was head of the biggest industrial plant in the district; he occupied a three-room suite in the city's biggest hotel; he was reputed to be a married man, but he had no intimates and so it never became known that Jeanne Armstrong of screen fame was his wife; his keen mind and likeable personality opened the doors of exclusive clubs . . . and sheer ability in civic affairs elected him eventually to the presidency of the Rotary Club.

As such it would devolve upon him the next day to introduce to his fellow-members the woman who was his wife. He chuckled as he reflected upon the florid speech he would make—concealing, of course, the fact that he was her husband. Imagination would play a great part in this formal introduction; he was not a movie fan, but he had followed with considerable interest Jeanne's screen career. He knew that she was a featured player who had never attained stardom and, in all probability, never would. But she was well known to cinema

lovers and well liked by them . . . sufficiently popular to have assured the success of this personal appearance tour which she was making during the parlous times when Hollywood was in the grip of a sudden depression caused by inflated production costs, overstocking of finished films, panicky fear of overhead and the shutdown of two of the largest studios. Her tour was being conducted by the booking office of a national chain of vaudeville theaters which played split-week bills, the personally-appearing luminaries serving as headliners on the rather cheap programs. Jeanne was coming the next day—Thursday she would make three appearances at the theater; then three more on Friday and another trio on Saturday. Then a move to the next city.

Mason's paramount emotion was one of amusement. Rather a queer way to renew the acquaintance of the woman who had been his bride rather than his wife. A good deal had happened since their last meeting . . . he was now a solid citizen; she was a success in her chosen field. He, as an engineer, was rather contemptuous of screen actors; it was all very well, of course, but there was really no substance to the profession . . . that was his reaction. He never paused to consider how she might regard him. It was with a feeling of conscious superiority that he looked forward to their meeting . . . but somehow he did not sleep particularly well that night. After all, stranger though she was, there was no escaping the fact that she was his wife.

The following morning he was distraught. The office force decided first that he was grouchy and second that he was worried. As a matter of fact he was neither; he was occupied in concocting a brilliant, sparkling speech. . . .

At ten minutes before one o'clock he entered the ballroom of the big hotel which, every Thursday at that hour, was filled with long tables for the Rotary Club luncheon. A few of the members were already there; an air of expectancy hovered over the room. From a table Roger selected a huge, white, celluloid button which he pinned on his coat:

ROGER MASON  
"Roger"  
Engineer

The table reserved for officers, honor guests and speakers was on a raised platform. Near the center of the table was a bowl of short-stemmed roses. The entertainment committee had bought white ones—they looked queerly like bride roses. Roger was interested; he wondered whether she would think he had done this.

And then, through the door at the far end of the hall came Jeanne Armstrong—Mrs. Roger Mason. She was escorted by Tom Farnsworth, chairman of the entertainment committee, and Tom was grinning like a Cheshire cat—awkward and self-conscious and, strangely enough, not at all patronizing.

Mason, staring, found that he was the victim of amazement. It was difficult to believe that this slender, willowy, undeniably beautiful woman was the girl he had last seen seven years before. Her clothes were perfect—a heavy, shiny black material with deep collar and cuffs of leopard fur; a tiny hat trimmed with leopard; a single glittering ornament at the waist and above it a corsage sent by the entertainment committee. She moved slowly down the hall, apparently oblivious to the frankly curious stares of the assembled Rotarians. As she approached he rose to meet her—her deep violet eyes flashed to his and he saw that recognition was instant. But not for a second did her exquisite poise desert her, nor did she give a hint that this meeting was a surprise.

And now she stood close to him and he heard Farnsworth's smooth, unctuous tones:

"Permit me to present Mr. Mason. Mr. Mason—Miss Armstrong. Mr. Mason is our president. . . ."

Her warm little hand touched his. "I am delighted to meet Mr. Mason. . . ."



Assurance. Personality. Self-control. How securely they were hers!

"Miss Armstrong . . . I'm glad to welcome you . . ."

And then they were seated side by side while other members of the organization made excuses to speak with Roger and thus were introduced to the visiting celebrity. Her cool, even voice was soothing to his ears—he could not reconcile himself to the fact that

*'Come?' he echoed—"Where?"  
'With me,' she invited softly, and now there was a smile on her lips*



she was his wife. She seemed an absolute and utter stranger . . . and then the clatter of silver rose above the hum of conversation and he found himself talking with her.

"I didn't know you were coming, Miss Armstrong—not until I read the announcement yesterday. . . ."

"Really? And I didn't know I was to have the pleasure of sitting next to you. What an imposing figure you are—dean of these solid, business men! You must feel quite prideful!"

Was she laughing at him, or was she sincere? A half-hour before he would have believed the latter—now he was non-plussed. He doubted himself . . . his scintillant, carefully-prepared speech struck him suddenly as being rather silly. Yet, confound it, the situation was absurd; he was exquisitely embarrassed.

"You've changed, Roger."

"Think so?"

"Yes. Your waist has increased and that streak of gray at your right temple is simply bewitching."

"Thanks. I wouldn't have known you. You're stunning."

She shrugged. "One learns to dress in Hollywood."

"It's hard to realize—our position—"

"Then why worry about it? I'm here today and gone tomorrow." Her eyes sparkled. "But what a shock we could give these nice gentlemen if we were to announce our relationship. . . . Don't grow pale! I'm not contemplating any such atrocious act. Tell me—how are you getting along?"

"Pretty well." It seemed to him now that his material success was of little consequence. This soft, sleek creature at his side seemed so far removed from such a ghastly thing as industry. . . . "I'd like to have a chance to talk things over with you while you're here."

"Fine. I'm in this hotel."

"So am I. I've lived here for five years. We can chat—"

"Dare you?"

"Dare?"

"Prominent clubman infatuated with celebrated movie actress—scandal, gossip—"

"I'll chance it. And now—" His gavel tapped the table and he rose. His speech of introduction came haltingly . . . the things which had seemed to him to be quite clever were flat to his ears. He fancied her eyes mockingly upon him. Confound Jeanne, anyway! What right had she to come back to him an entirely different woman—a stranger? A splatter of applause greeted his words, but as she rose [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113





*Max, Moritz, and Pep, three comedy stars of the Fox West Coast Studios, are here presented in a pleasing little tableau, illustrating the Chinese proverb, "Hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil." Mr. Howe says some of the humans in their profession would do well to emulate them.*

# Little People of the Films

*By Herbert Howe*

**W**HENEVER I want to discover who the next pictorial idol is going to be I project an ear into a movie party and hear who's being panned. Listen to them pan and you'll know whom to praise.

I've found this an infallible guide.

It makes prophecy pleasant for a lazy seer, obviating, as it does, the strict necessity for attendance upon movie shows for which I may not have the most passionate yen.

I recently attended a friendly little affair which for shivers of carnal delight surpassed anything Caligula could have staged with forty thousand Christians and as many Bengal tigers.

Talents, morals and manners were torn dripping from the absent victims with ecstatic gurgles. Now and then there was feverish praise as a sort of *aperitif* to the feast. The praise was always extended to those who had cinematically declined or were breathing their last.

The guests of the occasion, all concerned in the motion picture industry, delivered black eyes with a precision and force that Dempsey might have envied. Yet whenever the outsider levels criticism at the industry these defamers rush angrily to the nearest pulpit to howl about persecution. They are as ridiculous, without being as honest, as Maggie, who, upon being arraigned in court and asked if she were the defendant, replied, "No, I'm the woman who stole the stuff."

They brew the scandal for the industry and then rush into press and pulpit as defendants.

They are the little people of the films. Their natural

enemies are the big. Their method is ambush, their motive envy.

The newcomer is logical prey because the sniper is not noted for the courage of his aim;

it takes more courage to shoot at the person already pedestaled than at the one just scaling the grade.

One year ago this company of valiants was out after Pola Negri. They decreed her impossible as a woman and an actress. They wanted to boil her in oil. The virulence of their animosity indicated enormous power on the part of Pola. Today that same clique proclaims her a great woman and eagerly participates in ovations for her. The lady from Poland has been firmly pedestaled by the public.

Negri was resented: first, because she came to this country in a triumph that threatened terrific competition for the native poser; second, because she curled a scornful lip at the sycophants who salaamed before her. The ladies disliked her because she didn't care for their teas and talk; the swains could see nothing to her because she didn't roll her eyes ecstatically and exclaim "hot dog!" when they cast the hypnotic glance upon her.

One gallant informed me that she had atrocious manners. He said that when he was presented to her she put a handkerchief to her mouth, a damnable insult. Since she could have blown into a bandana and still have charmed me I argued in her behalf that perhaps the action might be construed as politeness; perhaps she was merely stifling a loud laugh. Gentlemen of renowned sex appeal sometimes appeal to one's sense of humor.

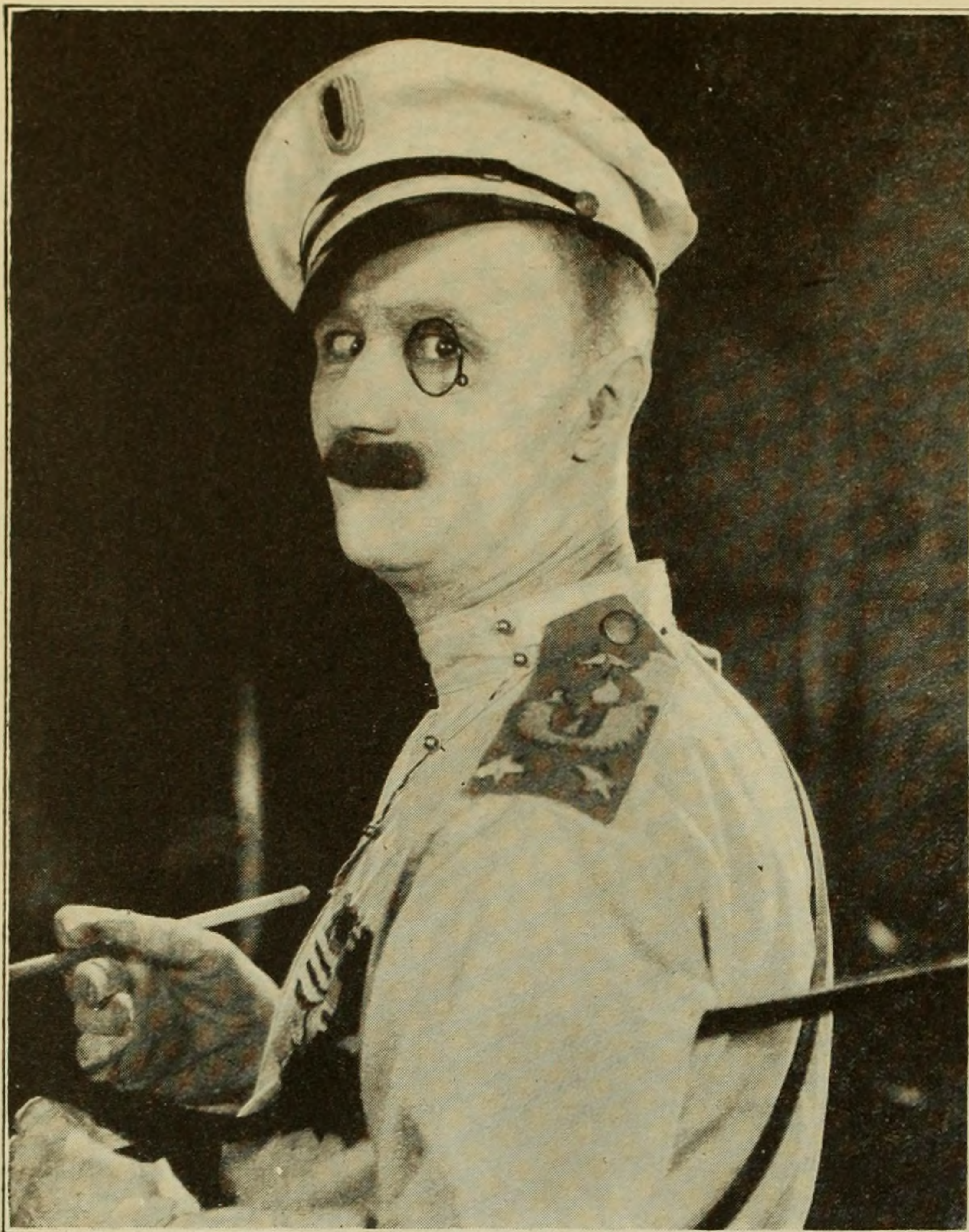
As I say, the panning of Pola [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



# Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of  
the Hollywood and New York Studios.  
If you read it here it's so



Ben Turpin's next Sennett picture will be his own conception of his favorite actor—Eric von Stroheim—although he will use a burlesque on Mme. Glyn's "Three Weeks" rather than "Foolish Wives," in which Von vamped the ladies.

But that's what happened to Marilyn Miller Pickford. Jack and Marilyn were vacationing in their camp at Oceanside, when burglars broke into their home in Los Angeles, opened Mrs. Pickford's jewel safe and stole some of her most valuable jewels. The theft was discovered by a maid and the police went to work at once, but so far no clew has been discovered nor have any of the jewels been recovered.

MR. AND MRS. HARTLEY MANNERS (Laurette Taylor) have left Hollywood to return to New York and prepare for the coming theatrical season. While in the West Miss Taylor completed one picture, from her husband's play, "One Night in Rome."

WHEN Ramon Novarro was thirteen years old his family wasn't wasting its money on photographs of the film star. Probably they might have spent a few dollars in such enterprise had they known of the young man's future. Then again they mightn't.

You see, it was this way. Fred Niblo wanted a picture of

HEARD on the Boulevard:  
Bob Frazer: "If you have enough money, Huntly, come and see me in 'Bread.'"

Huntly Gordon: "You've got a lot of crust saying that. I hear it's a crumby picture and you loafed all the way through it. I don't see why you took the part. You must have kneaded the dough terribly."

THE whole world of motion picture fans will be grateful for the marvelous escape Norma Talmadge had the other day when a huge cable on the set where she was working broke and struck her on the head.

Norma herself doesn't think it was so much of an escape because she ended up with six stitches in her head and a lot of her lovely hair shaved off, but eyewitnesses declare that if the cable had struck an inch further forward it would have marred her beauty for life, or if it had struck harder it undoubtedly would have killed her.

The cable, which was on a ship set at the Goldwyn studio where Miss Talmadge was working, snapped, and the end grazed Norma's head, making a deep flesh wound. She refused to take anything while they sewed it up, and the following day, when her friends tiptoed to the door expecting to find her attended by a bevy of nurses, she was sitting up receiving as usual.

But work has been discontinued until the wound has a chance to heal properly, and Norma is rejoicing that it will not even leave a scar.

IT isn't a bit nice to go away on a vacation and have \$40,000 worth of jewels taken from your safe while you're gone.



This picture might be called "The Taming of the Sheik" but isn't. It is just one of the tender love scenes portrayed by Rodolph Valentino and his leading woman, Helen D'Algy, in "A Sainted Devil," his last picture



# and Gossip East and West

the dashing Ramon when he was thirteen. Novarro couldn't supply it, but he suggested that he send for his younger brother, Eduardo, who, he said, looks just as he did when he was that age.

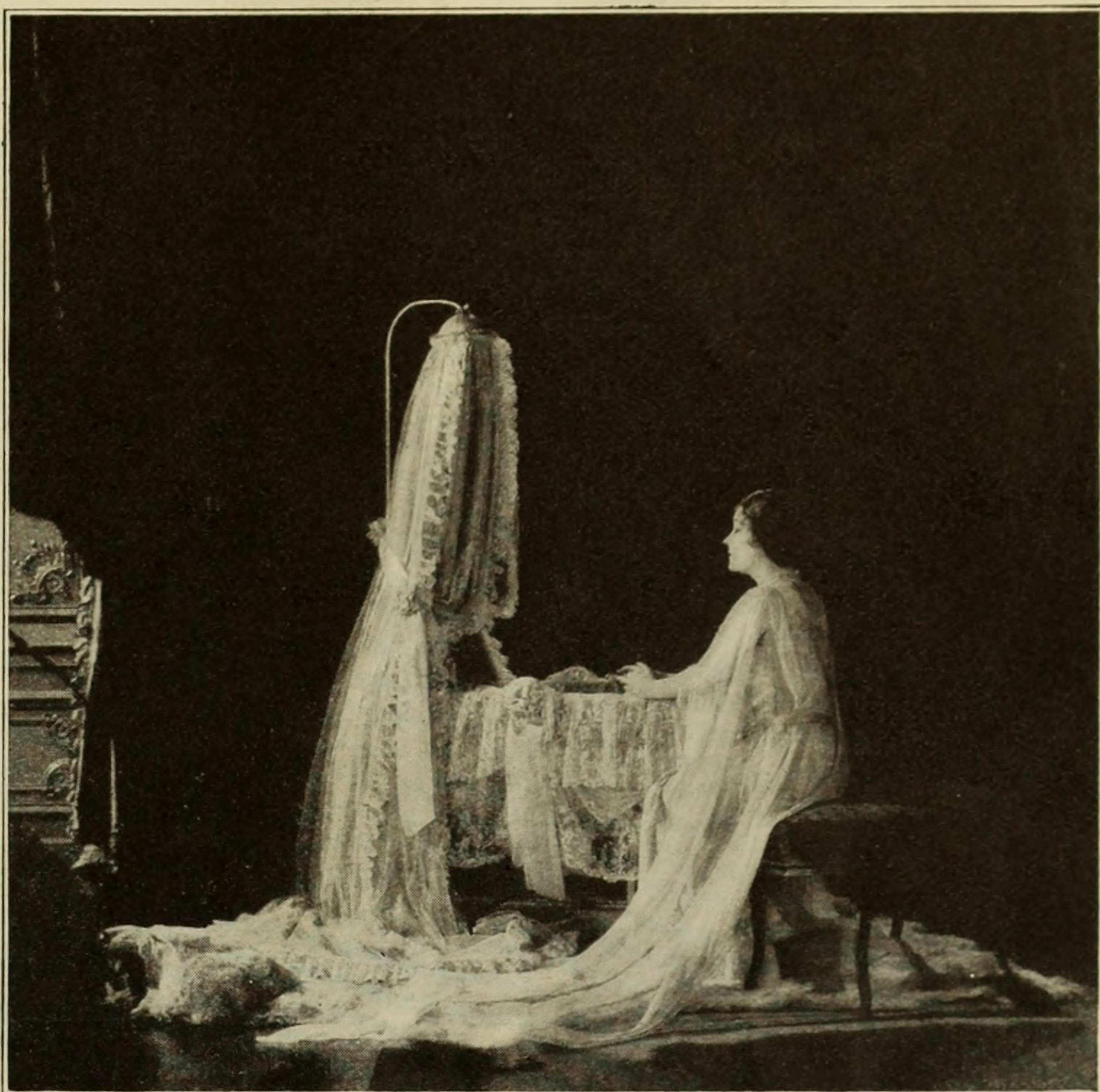
So Eduardo was given a free trip to Hollywood at his elder brother's expense and, after a few minutes on the set, was ordered to get into costume and play Ramon at thirteen.

All of which leads to the speculation of what the Novarro family will supply to the film world a few years hence. Will Eduardo succeed his brother in the hearts of film fans? If two are successful, what will the other eight brothers and sisters of this family do for the screen?

**DOUG FAIRBANKS** should be about ready to quit. He has worked all these years trying to build up a reputation around his name and the Germans refuse to recognize it.

When Doug and Mary arrived in Berlin the comedian found that he was simply "Mr. Pickford." It's a fact. Everybody has to register upon their arrival in Germany and when the famous film celebrities looked at their registration cards they found they were "Frau and Herr Pickford."

It was the nearest to a knockout punch the pair received on their trip abroad. Mary was nearly overcome with laughter and Doug by the "kidding" he got from his better half.



*What every mother dreams her baby will have. This beautiful bassinet, made of the filmiest lace and softest silk, was used by Gloria Swanson in "Her Love Story," and was most jealously guarded because of the delicate material*



*Who would ever have dreamed of Nazimova consenting to play anything but solo star parts? Yet here we have the great little actress co-featuring with Milton Sills in "Madonna of the Streets." Temperament, or what?*

**T**HERE are a good many devoted wives in Hollywood, but the palm, we think, should be awarded, without question, to Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

Mrs. Nagel and Lois Wilson have always been particularly close chums, so when Lois found she was to make a trip to London she invited Ruth Nagel to go with her. Ruth was overjoyed and rushed about to get ready in the few days before they were to leave Hollywood. She got her passports, her traveling clothes, and her trunks and then—suddenly decided that she simply couldn't leave Conrad and her small daughter Ruthie.

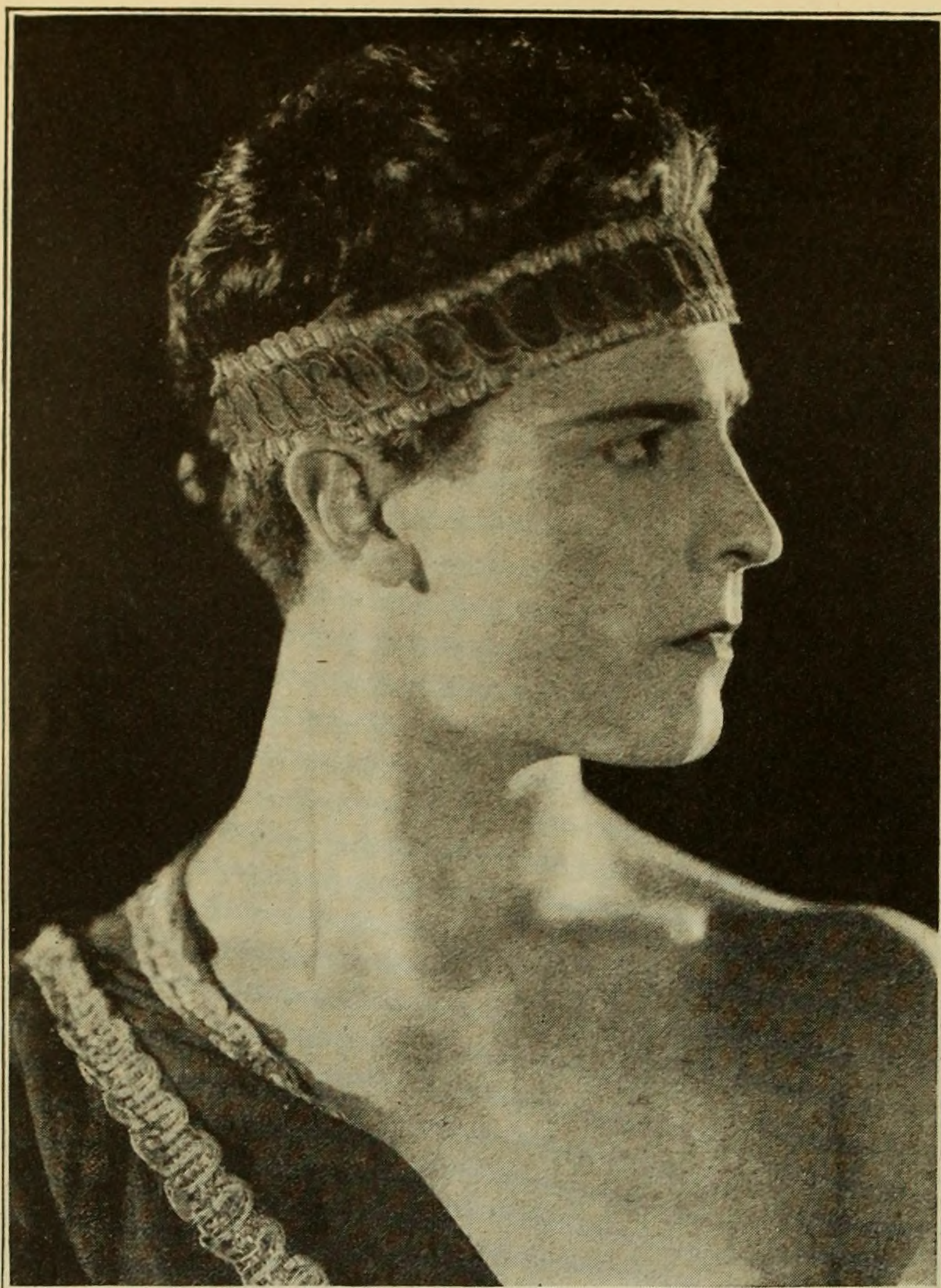
She called Lois on the 'phone and explained that Conrad was working so hard and it didn't seem right to leave him. So Lois was obliged to go alone.

The Nagels have just celebrated their wooden wedding anniversary—five years—and Conrad gave a delightful surprise party for his wife on the evening of that day. Among those who attended were Lois Wilson, Beverly Bayne, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Holt and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert (Leatrice Joy).

**M**ARY MILES MINTER does seem to have a most difficult time trying to retire to a life of quiet, social ease and recreation outside the public eye.

It's just one thing after another with poor Mary.





*Ramon Novarro is now playing "Ben Hur." Even after George Walsh had been selected, Novarro felt so sure he eventually would be called that he made up for the part and had his picture taken*



*Here is the latest Follies girl to be drafted into the movies. She is Jane Winton, who was recently signed up by Paramount for a long-term contract just to see what she could do if given a chance*

Now it's a former maid, Katherine Herlihy, who is causing all the trouble. Miss Herlihy has sued the former screen star for \$5,000 damages, charging false arrest. And Mary will have to stop her round of social gaities in the Pasadena smart set long enough to defend the action.

The story runs something like this:

Katherine Herlihy had been engaged in Miss Minter's charming Pasadena home only a few days when she objected to the number of guests who filled the house, and caused her more work. Miss Minter discharged her immediately. But the maid, according to Miss Minter's original complaint, didn't wish to be discharged and became abusive and insulting and caused such a disturbance that the police were called and placed her under arrest.

The maid was locked up and released the next day on a \$50 cash bond, and neither Miss Minter nor Dr. Raymond B. Mixsell, prominent Pasadena physician, who was in Miss Minter's home at the time of the trouble, and to whom Mary has been reported engaged, appeared to press the complaint.

All seemed to be well until the maid, on the following day, filed the damage suit for \$5,000. Miss Minter appeared in court after this and gave her version of the arrest. The case will come to trial in a short time.

**F**RANK KEENAN, sixty-eight-year-old character actor and screen star, was married recently in Honolulu to



*How Irving Hartley used to make his living. Dorothy Gish discovered him when he took a news picture of her*

Mrs. Margaret White, twenty-four, a divorcee and musician.

It takes something a good deal out of the ordinary to startle the Hollywood motion picture colony, but the wedding of Keenan within two months of the sudden and tragic death of his first wife, came as a shock and a surprise to many who had known the Keenans during the thirty years of their married life.

Keenan and his bride have started on a honeymoon tour of the Orient.

"We find that age is no bar to love," said the new Mrs. Keenan, who is forty-four years younger than her famous husband. "Mr. Keenan has been the dominant note in my life for some time past and we shall be very happy."

As Margaret White, the bride gave music lessons to the children of several prominent screen folk and also to Mr. Keenan's grandchildren, during a visit they made to the Keenan home. She was a protegee and friend of the first Mrs. Keenan, who died at The Writers Club during an evening of one-act plays in which her husband was appearing.

By her marriage, the bride acquires two step-daughters older than herself, one the wife of a prominent army officer, and one, Mrs. Ed Wynn, wife of the famous comedian.

**F**LORANCE LAWRENCE, who ten years ago ranked beside Mary Pickford as one of the premiere favorites of the screen, and who is in Hollywood staging a game fight for a "come back," has had her nose made over.



Following the lead of Mrs. Tom Mix, Helen Ferguson and others, this film actress, who is known to thousands of film patrons, called in surgical experts and now has a nose conforming with the Grecian style of beauty.

At the height of her success, Florence Lawrence was injured in a fall from a burning building while making a picture. This was nearly ten years ago, when she was twenty-one, and forced her retirement.

Now at the age of thirty-one—almost forgotten by stars of today who were extras when Miss Lawrence was at the top of the ladder—she is in Hollywood and trying her best to make a comeback—not as a star but as a character actress.

There are many in Hollywood who join us in hoping the nose operation will help this game young woman in her fight for recognition.

**W**HEN James J. Corbett, former film star and once world's champion heavyweight, was in Los Angeles lately playing a vaudeville engagement, he was introduced to the crowd gathered at the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood for the weekly four-round boxing contests.

"Gentleman Jim," as handsome and debonair as ever, appeared in the ring wearing the niftiest pair of goggles ever seen on the Pacific coast—they made Harold Lloyd's famous "cheaters" look like nothing.

But they didn't look quite right to at least one person present, for no sooner had Corbett smiled his preliminary ingratiating smile and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen," than a spectator with the voice of a bull yelled in a tone of command:

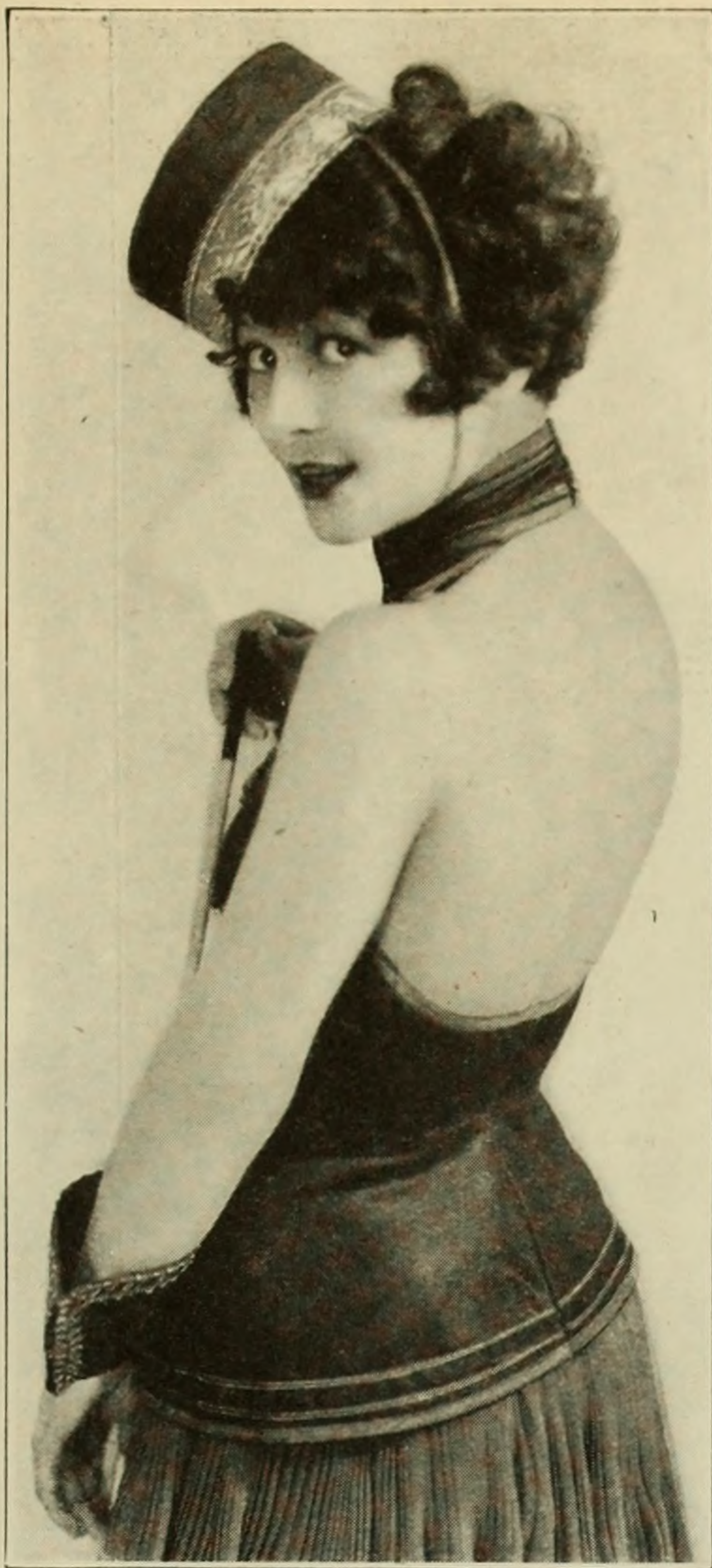
"Jim, take off them wind-shields."

Perhaps it was Jimmy Horn, who used to direct "Gentleman Jim" for Universal. Anyway Corbett fell for it.

Off came the "wind-shields" and the speech went on.

**E**NTER the aristocratic extra!

Those girls in Hollywood who own enough clothes to be



*You might think that Ann Cornwall had her back up about something, but she hasn't. She's just taking this way to announce that she has renounced the drama to become Bobby Vernon's leading woman in Christie comedies*

independent of the wardrobe mistresses at the studios, have organized themselves into a club. They call themselves "Hollywood's Four Hundred," and have acquainted the casting directors with the fact that they are ready at any time to wear as much or as little of their very own gowns as may be necessary.

Of course they want more money than is paid to the extras whom the studios must outfit.

**E**VERYONE who has seen "Penrod and Sam," "Boy o' Mine," or "A Self-made Failure," has been touched by the friendship which has been shown to exist between Ben Alexander, the boy actor, and his dog.

And "shown to exist" is right, because now it comes out that, despite the tears that little Ben's scenes with his four-footed pal have wrung from sympathetic audiences, Ben, in real life, never has owned one single dog.

He 'fessed up to "Hap" Ward, who owns the trick dog, "Cameo."

"And what's more," said Ben, "I don't like dogs half as well as I like camels. If ever I have a pet I'm going to get me a camel."

**T**HOMAS H. INCE has spent considerable money trying to make a trade mark of his name. He is one of the pioneers of the motion picture industry and until recently thought himself fairly well known to the picture-goers of the country. He doesn't feel the same about it now, however.

The blow came during the convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, recently held in Los Angeles. All of the studios held open house and a big crowd of delegates visited the Thomas H. Ince studios, where they saw Florence Vidor, Charles Ray and Mrs. Wallace Reid at work.

The guides were showing the visitors around the beautiful plant, which looks more like a Southern plantation than a motion picture studio, when one of the women held up the party and exclaimed:

"Oh, look, they have made a mistake in their sign!"

She pointed to the huge letters [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



*Hello, Pauline! Glad to see you back on the screen. This is Miss Frederick and Lew Cody as they appear in "Three Women," her first venture in filmland for, lo, these many days. Looks as if Pauline is giving Lew orders*



*Unable to walk after his illness, Theodore Roberts planned to play in "Feet of Clay" in his wheel chair. Here he is with Cecil B. De Mille going over his part. But he decided he wasn't strong enough, so the role was assigned to Victor Varconi*





*Clara Beranger lives away from the studios as much as possible so she can write stories for the screen that will truly depict life as it is*

*By Frederick James Smith*

CLARA BERANGER believes that the photoplay produced at a moderate cost will be the savior of the screen. "The screen must stop plunging a fortune in an attempt to make two fortunes," she says.

This sort of photoplay will be done sanely from start to finish. The script will be carefully developed, the production will be conscientiously thought out and the making will move along *sans* temperament and extravagance.

Miss Beranger thinks that William de Mille, whose scripts she has written since "Lulu Bett," comes closest to this scheme of things.

"It would seem that an infallible system could be developed by which it would be impossible to go wrong in writing a scenario," she says. "Hundreds are filmed a month and there ought to be some way to create a sure-fire test on paper. Principally, I think the script must have at least one character so well drawn that he or she lives even on the typewritten sheets. Then, if this rôle reaches the screen as vitally real as it was created, the photoplay is sure of success.

"Audiences are always interested in the experiences of any character they believe in. The actions and reactions of any living person, down to the lowliest ditch digger, are interesting—if the ditch digger has flesh and blood. Photoplays are dull in ratio to the sawdust in the characters. A dash of vitality—and any film will race along to success. This is true of the stage, too. Witness one character making 'Rip Van Winkle,' 'Lightnin',' and 'Rain.'"

# Money doesn't make The Film

*Vitality instead  
of sawdust needed,  
says  
Clara Beranger*

Miss Beranger, by the way, has been writing for pictures for exactly twelve years. So she has had a hand in some great changes in the technique of the scenario. Years ago she did original stories for Baby Marie Osborne. She is a college graduate and was a magazine and newspaper writer before she was attracted by the films.

Miss Beranger has an odd system of working. She has a studio where she creates, at a considerable distance from her home. (Incidentally, she is married.) She dictates her scripts in detail but never operates a type-

writer herself. She has no set hours of work. She depends upon her moods.

Miss Beranger visits California twice a year, but she prefers to work far from the studios, untouched by any atmosphere of the Cooper-Hewitts.

She has a practical reason for this. It is solely a matter of her work.

"I'd lose my perspective otherwise," she explains.

Miss Beranger believes that the screen must develop its own writers.

"Film playwrights are slowly evolving now," she says, "and the time will come when scenarists will be carefully schooled from the ground up. I will not live to see this, but the photoplays of the next generation will come from just these trained men and women.

"Then the screen will stop aping the stage—and go adventuring upon its own."

Miss Beranger believes that the motion picture producers let New York City influence them too much.

"They judge a play, a novel or even a short story wholly by its vogue in Manhattan," she asserts. "Actually, New York means nothing in the country at large. New York always raises an outcry when the rest of our land doesn't see a play or a novel under its original title.

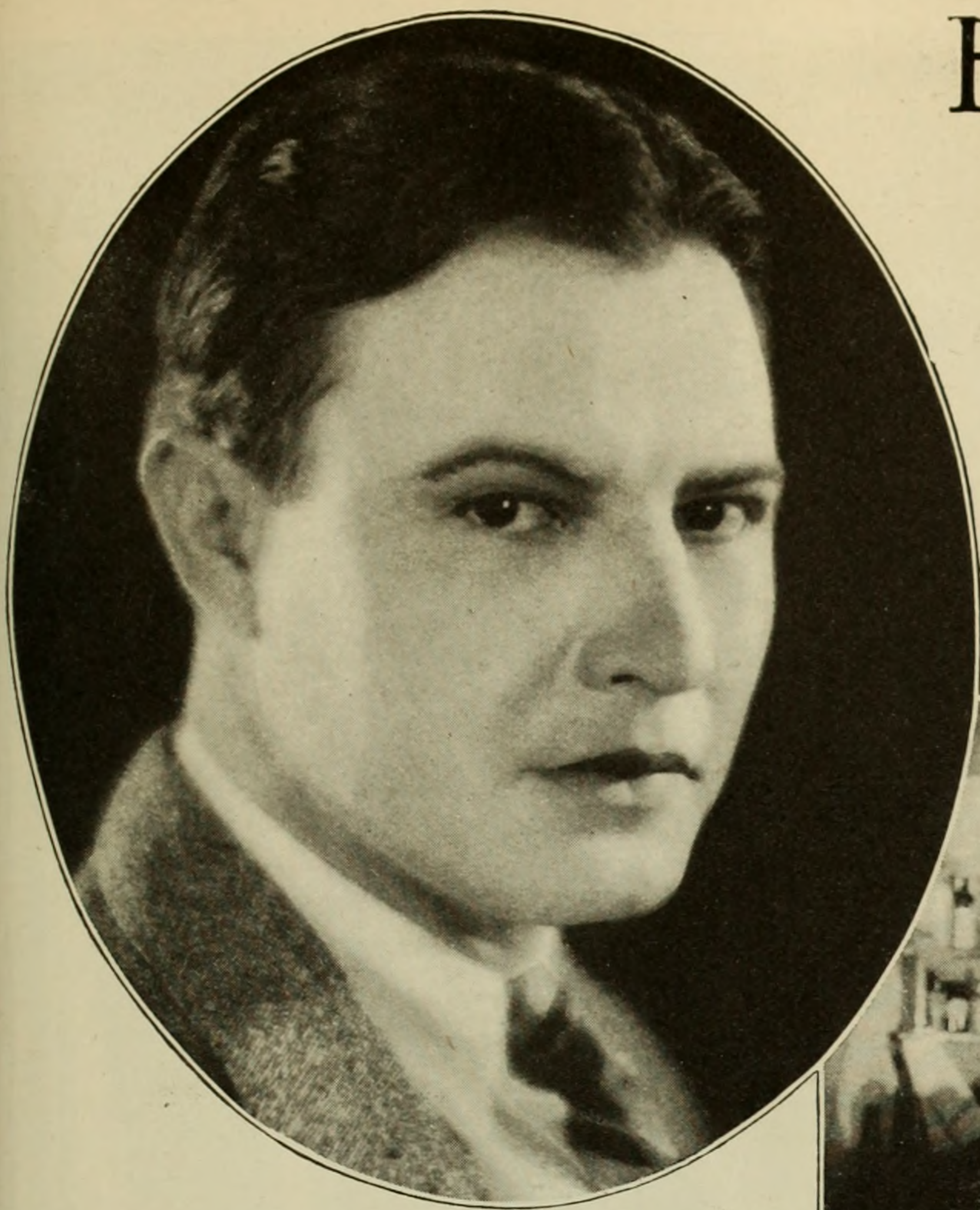
Remember the anguish caused by Mr. de Mille's change of Julian Street's 'Rita Coventry' to 'Don't Call It Love.' That change meant over \$50,000 profit in the boxoffice, at least. Mr. de Mille's change of 'Spring Cleaning' to 'The Sporting Set' will mean at least \$50,000 more.

"That's how much New York titles and New York fame means to the small towns."



# Hollywood's Champion Radio Bug

By Herbert Howe



*He has played *The Christ* a hundred times, and Pola Negri calls him "the perfect lover"*

**H**E'S a chemist. He's a portrait photographer. He paints in oil. He has invented a dozen different devices. He has played *The Christ* a hundred times. And he's Pola Negri's "perfect lover."

If that isn't versatility I'm willing to consider my hat a cream puff and eat it.

Furthermore, he's been an actor for fifteen years or more and yet has an unmortgaged sense of humor.

The paragon is Robert W. Frazer, married continuously since his *éclair* days some ten years ago, and to the same Mrs. Frazer.

He has a contract which brings around a thousand each week, yet he lives in a bon-bon bungalow. It has a garage, but he parks his car four blocks down the street so as to use the garage for a laboratory. It is equipped with chemicals of all kinds, a power drill, electric buzz-saw, a photographer's complete outfit, including an automatic syphon for a hypo tank which he invented to take the place of the old pans, and a device for automatic timing in the enlargement of pictures, also of his invention.

In the house is the largest radio receiving set of the present moment in Los Angeles, with some of his own improvements. For the victrola he has devised an arrangement that plays twelve records one after the other without manual change.

Before entering pictures he played on the stage, with Julia Arthur in several Shakespearean plays, opposite Mary Nash in "Thy Name Is Woman," the title rôle in "The Wanderer," and the leading male rôle in "The Mirage" with Florence Reed.

When Doug Fairbanks quit the stage for pictures, Frazer replaced him in "The Show Shop." He was chosen because he was physically fit to throw the villain over the cliff.

His physical fitness may have had something to do with his ability to hold his own against the tempestuous Pola in "Men," though he swears no player can hold his own with Pola.

He likens her acting to the eruptions of a volcano, sudden pyrotechnic outbursts and then a stillness almost of extinction. Through his experience he is usually able to detect a player's mechanics. But he couldn't with her. She is so spontaneous, he avers, that everything she does is as new as if just born.



*He tinkers on a thousand a week. He's a chemist, photographer, inventor and paints in oil, does Robert Frazer*

In the Montmartre cafe where we lunched everyone saluted him as Bob. He has been in Hollywood less than a year, yet he seems to have found time from his acting, chemical experiments, inventing and painting to get acquainted with the entire colony.

He exchanged repartee with Priscilla Dean, who sat at an adjoining table, explaining that she used to play foolish virgins with him in V. L. S. E. "And now look at her," he added, "she's the siren of Seville."

As he at that moment happened to be playing in "The Foolish Virgin," Priscilla caustically reminded him of his better days when he played *The Christ* in "Light at Dark," "Thus Saith the Lord," "The Holy City," and "The Last Supper."

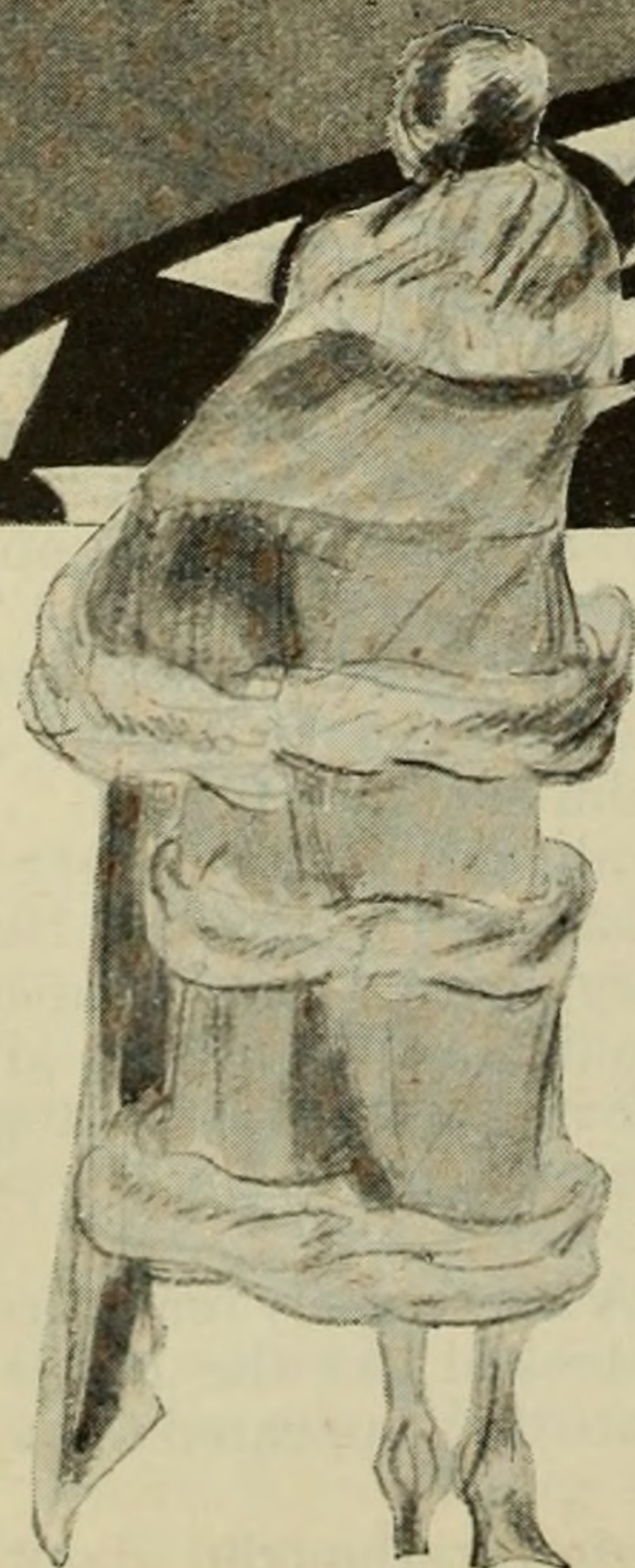
His recent endeavors, particularly "Jazzmania" and "Fascination," hardly have the same spiritual cast, he admitted. Now he prefers rôles of romance, pointing out that every movie monarch of today has won his realm romantically.

There's keenness of vision in his almost-black eyes, the effect of eagle alertness accentuated by an aquiline nose. He's six feet of forceful teetotaling vitality, with the accompanying clarity of mind, incisive and analytical. When he is given a rôle the first thing he does is to take it apart and put it together again with some new devices of his own, providing the powers permit.

He can take a tip from anyone. A fan recently remarked that his hands in a workingman's rôle looked like the hands of a workingman and yet in a society part they appeared to be those of an idler.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I never thought about that before. It's a point worth remembering."





THE two costumes illustrated above are correct in every detail. At left—Aileen Pringle, as she appeared in "True as Steel," wearing an unusually lovely formal gown of white velvet with pearls. Miss Pringle takes exception to the straight-line mode, a thing to be avoided unless one's figure permits such revealing lines. Miss Pringle's clothes are too individual to be copied faithfully by the majority—but her ideas are very good, and with few changes, furnish interesting and smart fashions. At right—Alma Rubens, in black velvet and glittering brilliants; another very good costume for formal evening wear, and smart, from bandeau to slippers. Worn in "Cytherea"

MISS CORSON Selects





THREE more costumes, worn in photoplays, that Miss Corson has chosen to present here as examples of correctness, style and distinction. If your type is suitable you need have no hesitancy in adopting them. The two costumes at left above are worn by Constance Bennett in "Cytherea." A straight-line coat with unusual neck line, and sleeves lined with a contrasting material. Miss Bennett's taste in particular may be followed by all girls of her age and type. Center—Smart little suit, made different by a close-fitting short sleeved underblouse of silver cloth with flat black velvet bow and silk cords. (Embroidered envelope purse.) At right—Aileen Pringle, in an interesting gown, suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear, of plain black—open at side—banded with white ermine, with small plain bow at hip

BEST SCREEN CLOTHES of the Month



# An Impression of Blanche Sweet

IF I were a man—which, thank God, I am not—there is just one woman in Hollywood I would care to marry.

That one woman is Blanche Sweet.

Yet I vouch for neither her disposition nor her character.

There are a good many things in life that I dread—boiled fish, and not having enough work to do, and being roped into a dinner party where they play mah jongg afterwards. But the supreme dread of my life is being bored.

And whatever else she might do, Blanche Sweet would never, never bore you. She couldn't. There would probably be times when you wanted to smack her, but I have never met a personality so stimulating, so intriguing, so full of interesting vibration, as Blanche Sweet's.

The thing that interests me about a person is what I call their sum-total. The this and that, the petty details and the tremendous difficulties of a person's life aren't so important. But that something which you feel from contact with them, that estimation which you form from the little test-spots along the road of friendship is. There we find the true character.

The sum-total of Blanche Sweet to me is that I don't know anybody I'd rather have for a side-kick in a tight place than Blanche.

Do you ever wonder how you'd behave in a really desperate situation? Do you ever wonder if you'd keep up your nerve and be able to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" as the boat went down? Or if you could manage a feeble joke and a bit of dignity when the canteen sprung a leak in the middle of Death Valley? I do. And then I wonder who I'd like to have with me, who would be the best companion if I had to go over the top in the gray dawn.

I don't know anybody that I'm more certain in my own heart would keep cool and courageous and smiling, I don't know anybody before whom I'd be more ashamed to show a yellow streak myself, than Blanche.

If she'd been a young officer at Chateau-Thierry, her men would have followed her to hell and back, with a smile and without heroics.

For somehow you get a great sense that Blanche would—what is it the poet says—?

"Understand the speech and feel a stir  
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight."

That is her sum-total in my eyes and not many people have a higher one.

In Hollywood, where all things come in time to a great sameness, Blanche has managed to avoid the mold. She is different. I am not even sure I should call her beautiful, with the signs of power in the aristocratic curve of the thin nose, the indications of a dangerous and brilliant wit in the small and humorous mouth, the proofs of great knowledge and great suffering in the terribly alive blue eyes, and the record of self-domination and high thought in the high and lovely brow.

But then, I am not sure I should call the ocean beautiful. Only I never tire of it. I never cease to be amazed at its thousand differing aspects. When it turns to a sheet of flame beneath a young moon—when it dances, garbed in dainty lace frills in the summer sunshine—when its tremendous menace lifts great, dark, sullen passionate waves in green and purple darkness—I am fascinated. I cannot bear to leave it for fear I shall miss some new sheen or shine of it.

Probably there is no finer artist in motion pictures today than Blanche Sweet. In the early days, with Griffith, when she scored great personal triumphs in "Judith" and "The Escape" and "The Avenging Conscience" she was rated by public and critics alike as a screen actress of the greatest power and finesse. I think most of us looked to see her keep her place

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

beside Mary Pickford and develop into the first dramatic actress of the silversheet.

Then came the years of absence from the screen—the long illness. Some day, per-

haps, the story of those years can be told. Some day, when we are all old and gray and the sting of things and the joy of things no longer burns so brightly. But not now. Because much of that time, Blanche walked in the valley of the shadow where—I think—we have no right to follow her.

From it she emerged—the woman of today, wearing a new, deep sweetness, a new charm, a new power. She has come back in "Anna Christie" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" to contest the title of the Duse of the films with any of them.

I have an idea that we, from the outside, cannot estimate the fullness of that victory.

And she herself has gained immeasurably. Blanche didn't used to be a particularly popular person. She was a bit arrogant, and very young, and sometimes the button came off the rapier of her wit. It still does, but she handles it more deftly—more dazzlingly. There is more control to her thrust.

A very well-known European artist, who has lived for many years in Paris and is regarded in certain places of importance as a man of unquestionable judgment and culture, came to Hollywood not so long ago. He wanted to see some of the world-famous screen stars, because he said he wanted to contrast them with the famous women of the stage and society whom he had known abroad.

So I took him one evening to a dinner party where there were seven of our most successful stars and beauties. I watched him, during dinner, and was amused by his puzzled air.

On the way home, I said to him, "Well, how about it?"

"I had an extremely interesting and—rather surprising evening," he said slowly, "but there was only one woman there who, personally, could be a triumph

with us. Your friend—Mrs. Neilan—I think you called her Blanche."

"Blanche Sweet," I said.

"Yes—Blanche Sweet. Delightful. She has wit, charm, intelligence, poise, conversational brilliance, and a most gracious manner. She reminds me of Sarah Bernhardt in her youth."

I nodded. "She has always suggested Madame Recamier to me," I said, "Recamier in the days when all the distinguished men of Europe clamored for admittance to her salon."

"Exactly," he said, "she might even succeed as an ambassador."

One night at a party at Corinne Griffith's house, I happened to be standing in the hall at the foot of the broad, carpeted stairway when Blanche started down. Now if there is a test of a woman's grace, that is it. Blanche did it perfectly. She wore, I remember, a gown of golden-brown velvet—the shade of goldenrod under maple-trees in the autumn. Beneath a tight little bodice the skirt flowed in full, heavy folds. Rippling from her shoulders was a collar of rare old lace. Her hair—that retains its natural shade of gleaming ash blondeness—was piled in a multitude of soft little curls on top of her head, and she had that haughty look of being alone on a desert island that she usually wears in public.

But the turn of her slender foot, the grace of her hand on the railing, the erect way she held her slight, frail body, made one of those pictures you carry in the treasure chest of your memory.

And then, the very next night, I saw her sitting with her husband, Marshall Neilan, at a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

**Mrs. St. Johns doesn't accuse Blanche Sweet of being a comforting personality. Far from it! But she does find in her rare charm, a spirit that would face death with high courage, and a soul that has been tempered in the fires of life.**





Henry Waxman

**T**HIS is not the Blanche Sweet of yore. The assurance of extreme youth has vanished. In its place have come the knowledge and understanding, and some of the mellowing influence, that maturity alone can give. A woman of personal charm and fascination





Abbe—Paris

ONE of the most remarkable photographs of Mary ever made. She is seated at a window looking out into the gardens of her hotel at Aix-Les-Bains, France, where she and Doug are resting up for new screen triumphs. Mary is the picture of happiness





Abbe—Paris

WITH Doug in the quaint old wall enclosed garden of their hotel at Aix-Les-Bains. The little boy who smiled his way to fame and the little girl who grew up to be the best known woman in the world—they make here a perfect love scene from real life





Richee

"I'M a coward," says Kathlyn Williams. "So danger fascinates me." Who would have believed this of the heroine of so many perilous situations of the screen! Yet she's going adventuring in the Orient and says she wants to ride on elephants in India



# A Surf Board Flapper

*The story of the search for the perfect flapper and what happened to her in Hollywood when they found her*

*By Ivan St. Johns*



*Sam Wood started out to find a perfect society flapper saw Vera Reynolds on the street—and found she had been in films all her life*

ONCE upon a time there was a nice, hard-working, intelligent young motion picture director who needed a perfect flapper for his picture. His name was Sam Wood and he knew exactly what he wanted. Exactly. He wanted someone to play the pert, impudent, ultra-modern kid sister of Gloria Swanson in a production to be called "Prodigal Daughters." He wanted someone who would embody all the mad jazzmania of the twentieth century—a girl of seventeen already weary of "petting parties," already forced to search for new thrills, eager for life and living.

He couldn't find her anywhere. No casting office produced her. No casting director brought her forth.

It was in the height of the football season, so Sam started out to find the real thing by haunting the games, both high school and college, looking for the girl. He hung around the Montmartre on Friday night, when the high school kids come up to dance. He even visited the fashionable luncheon and tea rooms, always with his eye peeled for his flapper.

One day, when he was strolling up Hollywood Boulevard after lunch, a vision dawned upon him. She pirouetted down the stairs from a beauty parlor, her hair all a-tremble, with dark-brown curls thrown impudently back, her hazel eyes sparkling with deviltry and mischief, her lips curled in the perpetual bored sneer of the flapper.

She swaggered across the sidewalk, leaped into a flivver that stood by the curb and had almost escaped when Sam Wood, breathless and almost incoherent, grabbed her arm.

"Please—wait a minute—who are you?—I need you in my picture—would you consider going into pictures—?" he gasped.

The girl frowned at him, cocked her head saucily on one side, and then giggled.

"Say," she said, "I played with Wally Reid when I was twelve and I've been in pictures ever since. I'm a Christie comedy girl and my name is Vera Reynolds."

So Sam Wood found Vera Reynolds—not in high school, college or society but from a comedy lot, where Gloria and Bebe



*Vera is a fearless flapper, too. Here she is doing some maritime broncho busting with Julia Faye. The flag is flying from the speed boat towing the two*

Daniels and Marie Prevost and any number of our most adorable screen favorites have come from, and she played the kid sister in "Prodigal Daughters." It was her introduction to the drama and then—what happened to her?

She has realized the dream and attained the seventh heaven of every comedy girl's life. She became one of Cecil B. De Mille's leading ladies.

And there is an odd little story back of that, too.

For she got her big chance, the chance which has put her where her name in electric lights on Broadway isn't so far away, because she could ride a surf board.

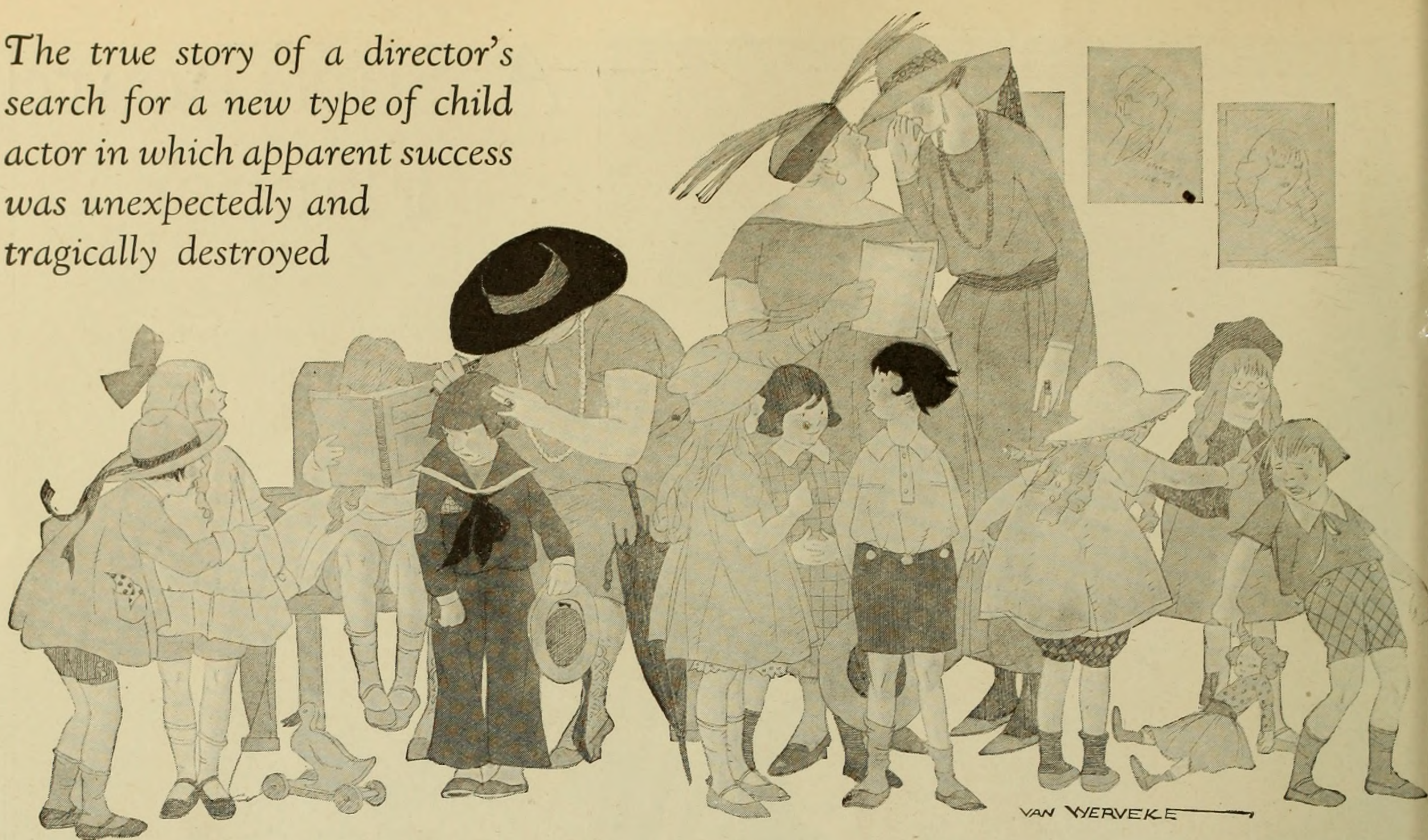
Can you imagine making your dearest dream come true because of a surf board?

Of course there were a few other qualifications—little things like beauty and dramatic ability—but the main thing was the surf board.

Estelle Taylor, the dark and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



The true story of a director's search for a new type of child actor in which apparent success was unexpectedly and tragically destroyed



Illustrated by  
George van Werveke

# The Prettiest Princess

By Allan Dwan

YES—I agree with you—there is nothing childlike about the vast majority of the children in moving picture plays. But what are you going to do about it? Perhaps you think it is an easy matter to run out and pick for yourself a sweet and simple child, and then transplant that sweet simplicity to the screen. I thought so, once. I decided to spring a revelation upon the eager public, and give the world a picture of a real child. The story of how I didn't do it may interest you.

For several months there had been a steady flood of pictures with juvenile stars—most of them impossible, precocious youngsters, who aroused no other emotion than an intense desire to spank their parents. The little boys had bobbed hair and rouged lips. The little girls had rouged lips and long curly hair. They were about as much like the real child, whom you ride on your back and teach to call you "uncle" and provide with information concerning Santa Claus, Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant-Killer, and the other great historical characters, as a wax wreath is like a garden of flowers. I decided to change all that in a single picture, and set a new standard for film juvenilia.

I had the story all worked out in my mind. It is there yet. The central character was a little girl. She would have to be pretty—of course. But she should not have corkscrew curls or rouged lips. The principal thing about her, however, was that she must be a living symbol of make-believe. Whenever two or more children get together, the beginning of all their activities is two words, "Let's pretend." My little girl was to be the greatest little pretender the world has ever seen. She was to be a poor, neglected child of the slums, who, through her wonderful spirit of make-believe, turned her tenement home into a glorious castle of wealth and happiness. And because she made these things seem so real to herself, little by little her vision was transmitted to the other members of her family and to all her friends, so that by and by they all became better, kinder, more ambitious, and prosperous. I make no claim of originality for the idea, but I did propose to use it as the medium for introducing a real child to the screen. I would call her the Prettiest Princess.

Obviously, if I wanted a child who would look natural in slum scenes, the place to find her was the slums. So the next

time I was in New York I went down into the lower East Side expecting to find my "star" without difficulty. And I did.

Seated in a window that opened directly upon the sidewalk the bottom of the window just about level with my shoulders a little girl looked out between two struggling geraniums. She was painting in a big book spread on the table before her deeply absorbed in her work. I stopped and stared, for I recognized my Prettiest Princess immediately. She merely glanced at me, and went back to her painting.

She was rather thin and very pale, and this made her forehead seem a little too high for her other features, but it was the forehead of a dreamer. There were dark shadows under her eyes. These defects would soon disappear, I knew, as soon as she had plenty of nourishing food, fresh air, and happy surroundings. Her hair was thick, golden brown, and never a sign of a curl. When she looked down at me again I saw that her eyes were deep violet. They contained a story of suffering of tragedies of childhood, that gave her just the expression I wanted. I went closer to the window and spoke to her.

"What are you painting, little Princess?" I asked. To be addressed as "Princess" was the most natural thing in the world, it seemed, for she replied without hesitation:

"I'm painting a tulip. Fairies sleep in tulips at night. The storybook says so, and so does mother."

"Of course they do, except the bad fairies and they have to sleep in thistles. Is your mother at home?" I asked her.

"No sir, but she'll be back soon. Mother sews. Benny takes care of me while she's away, don't you, Benny?"



VAN WERVEKE

"I'm painting a tulip. Fairies sleep in tulips," she said



Benny, eight years old and suitably dirty, appeared from somewhere and grinned.

"Is Benny your brother?"

"How funny! Course he's not my brother, are you, Benny? He lives upstairs. Benny, go and wash your face and comb your hair—we've got comp'ny."

Benny disappeared a few seconds and reappeared as before.

"So you know about the fairies," I said to the Princess. "But do you know that a lot of fairies live right in this house?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Mother tells me all about them.

That's why she bought the geraniums, 'cause they like best to come to places where there's flowers, to play hide-an'-seek in. But there's one great big fairy that can't get into the flowers. Mother calls her Hope. I'm 'most nine years old. Have you any little girls?" She chattered away, fluttering from fancy to fancy like a humming bird in a flower garden.

"No, I haven't any. Did you ever hear the story of Cinderella and how a fairy godmother rescued her from a cruel step-mother? A Prince married her, and took her to his castle."

"Oh, yes, mother told me that story, too. She says that some day my fairy godmother will drive her pumpkin-coach right up to our door and away we'll go to fairyland with her."

"Wouldn't it do just as well if a fairy godfather came for you in a big shiny automobile, and took you to a place where little girls all have big blue hair-ribbons and lots of candy?"

The Prettiest Princess held her head sidewise a moment, and

considered the subject gravely. It seemed to be a problem that she could not quite solve, and she went back to her painting.

"Oh, Benny," she called to her still grinning companion, "get me some clean water, please, and wash your face and comb your hair—we've got comp'ny—Yes, sir, I like pep'mint candy and nice hair ribbons, and some day, when the right fairy turns the wishing ring for me, I'll be a Princess like Cinderella. And then I'll have a home in a garden where there's nothing but flowers and flowers and flowers. And ev'ry morning when the buds open I'll put a little piece of honey on them for the fairies' breakfasts. Won't that be nice?"

Benny returned with the water and his grinning but still unbathed countenance. At last he ventured upon speech.

"She purtends all the time, she does. Her ma calls her Darlin'. I'm eight years old. I made a kite onct, but there ain't no place 'round here to fly a kite."

"You pretend, too, don't you, mister?" Darlin' asked. "I think you pretend awful nice. You can have my red tulip that I'm painting, for pretending with me so long. I wish you lived around here. Do you?"

"No, but I'm going to come back and see you often, if you like," I said.

"Yes, sir, please. Lots of people pretend with me. Mother is the best pretender, but I like you too because when you pretend you don't have to stop and cry like mother does. I guess it's because she has to work so hard since father died. That's why we're poor. Fathers work hard and make lots of money, but mothers get tired and then they cry. Why don't fairies help mothers that have to work?"

"Perhaps it was a fairy sent me to help you and your mother," I suggested.

"Can you sew?" she asked. "That's what you'd have to do to help mother. Benny's mother sews too. I hope you don't mind Benny looking like he does. He looks that way all the time 'cept mornings when he goes to school. Next time, you come I'll paint a boat for you."

"No, I can't sew," I confessed.

"But it's true about a fairy sending me. And when your mother comes I'm going to ask her to let me take her and you away in a big shiny automobile to a beautiful place where she won't have to work any more. All she will have to do will be to look after your pink and blue silk dresses. I know the good fairies very well, and I'll get them to teach you to sing and dance, and play ever so many games. You'll be the Prettiest Princess."

"You do pretend awful nice," she replied, clapping her hands. "Specially about taking mother with us. Mother teaches me everything—how to paint and read and sing. I know lots more than Benny, and Benny goes to school. I'd kind of like to go to school though, and when the fairy turns the wishing ring for me I will."

"But I'm not pretending," I told her. "I mean what I say about taking you and your

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



# Chaplin's New Find

A rare beauty  
who has blossomed from  
a skinny youngster  
of a few years ago

By Ivan St. Johns

Rumors flew here and there. First, it was a dark and beautiful vampire, well known upon the screen, who was mentioned. Then a blonde ingenue—formerly a star, but somewhat in the background. Then, finally, a girl unknown and unsung.

The last was right.

Charlie's new leading lady is Lita Grey. She has appeared upon the screen but once—when she played a bit in Chaplin's "The Kid." And Chaplin not only says she's going to knock 'em cold with her rare beauty, but that she has "the spark."

Here's how it all happened—and every girl in the world who dreams of some day becoming a screen star, or who longs for screen laurels, will read the story of Lita Grey's amazing luck with a lot of excitement.

Lita Grey was born and brought up in Hollywood. Can you imagine that? She is absolutely the first screen discovery who was actually born upon the spot where later grew the capital of the film industry. More than that, she must have been one of the very first babies who ever saw daylight for the first time within the circle of Hollywood's poetic hills. For eighteen years ago, Hollywood was a couple of stores, a few streets of California bungalows and a few fine old Spanish estates.

It was upon one of these estates that Lita Grey arrived on the scene. She comes of old California-Spanish stock and she is a typical beauty of her race. She has all the characteristics of the famous Spanish beauties—her ancestresses—who were belles in the days of mantillas and guitars.

Her longing to be an actress led her mother to allow her to play a bit when it was offered her in "The Kid." Later she attended a dramatic school in Los Angeles and she had just graduated from that school when one day she visited the Chaplin studio again.

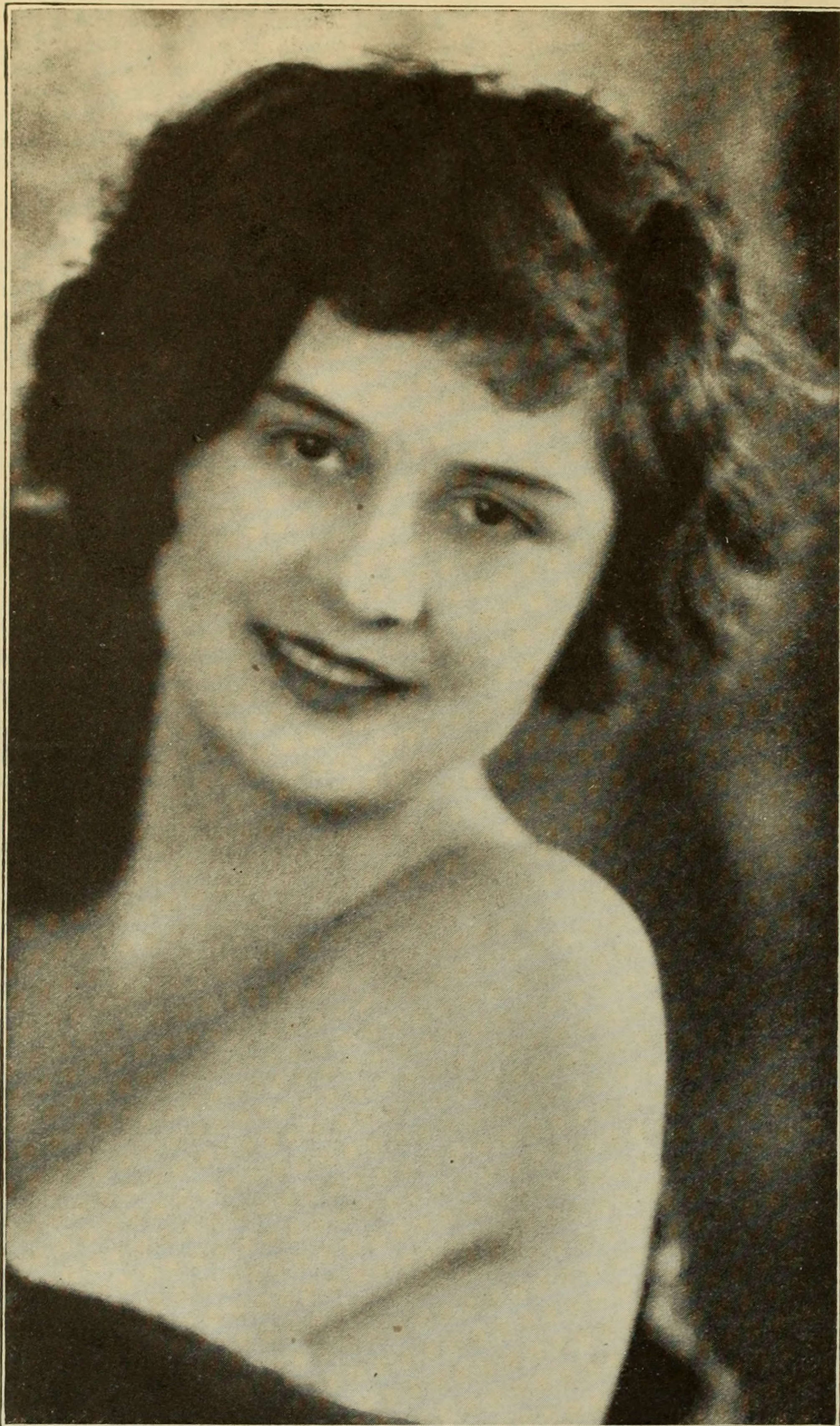
Charlie was in the midst of making screen tests of almost every available or possible beauty in Hollywood.

"Oh, you promised me, when I was a little girl, that when I grew up I could be your leading woman," said Lita Grey, blushing.

Chaplin looked at the radiant and dusky-haired young beauty who had blossomed from the skinny youngster of by-gone days.

"Did I?" said he. "Well, that's one promise I'm going to keep."

Ten minutes later a test was made and the contract was signed.



*Born on the spot that in her eighteen years of life has become the film capital of the Pacific coast, Lita Grey, typical beauty of old California-Spanish stock, has been selected by Charles Chaplin as his leading lady. She is the second one he has ever had, Edna Purviance having filled the rôle for seven years*

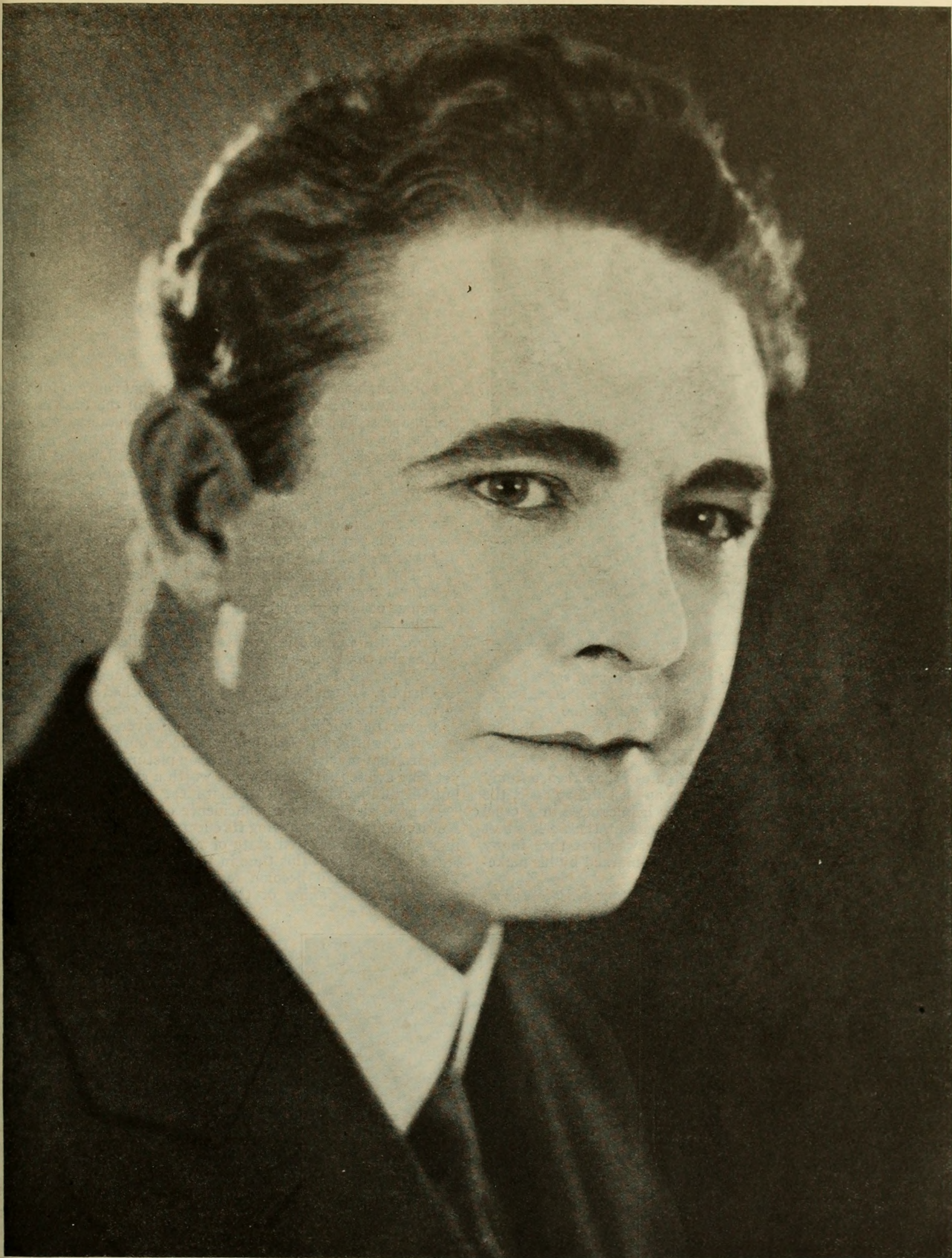
**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN has had but one leading woman since he became a screen star. For seven years, whenever the world saw Charlie upon the screen, it saw that lovely, dimpled blonde opposite him—Edna Purviance.

The situation was a unique one in the world of Hollywood. No other combination has ever lasted so long, endured such periods of hard work and idleness and achieved such heights together.

But when Chaplin directed "A Woman of Paris" with Miss Purviance as the star—everybody knew she would no longer be his leading woman.

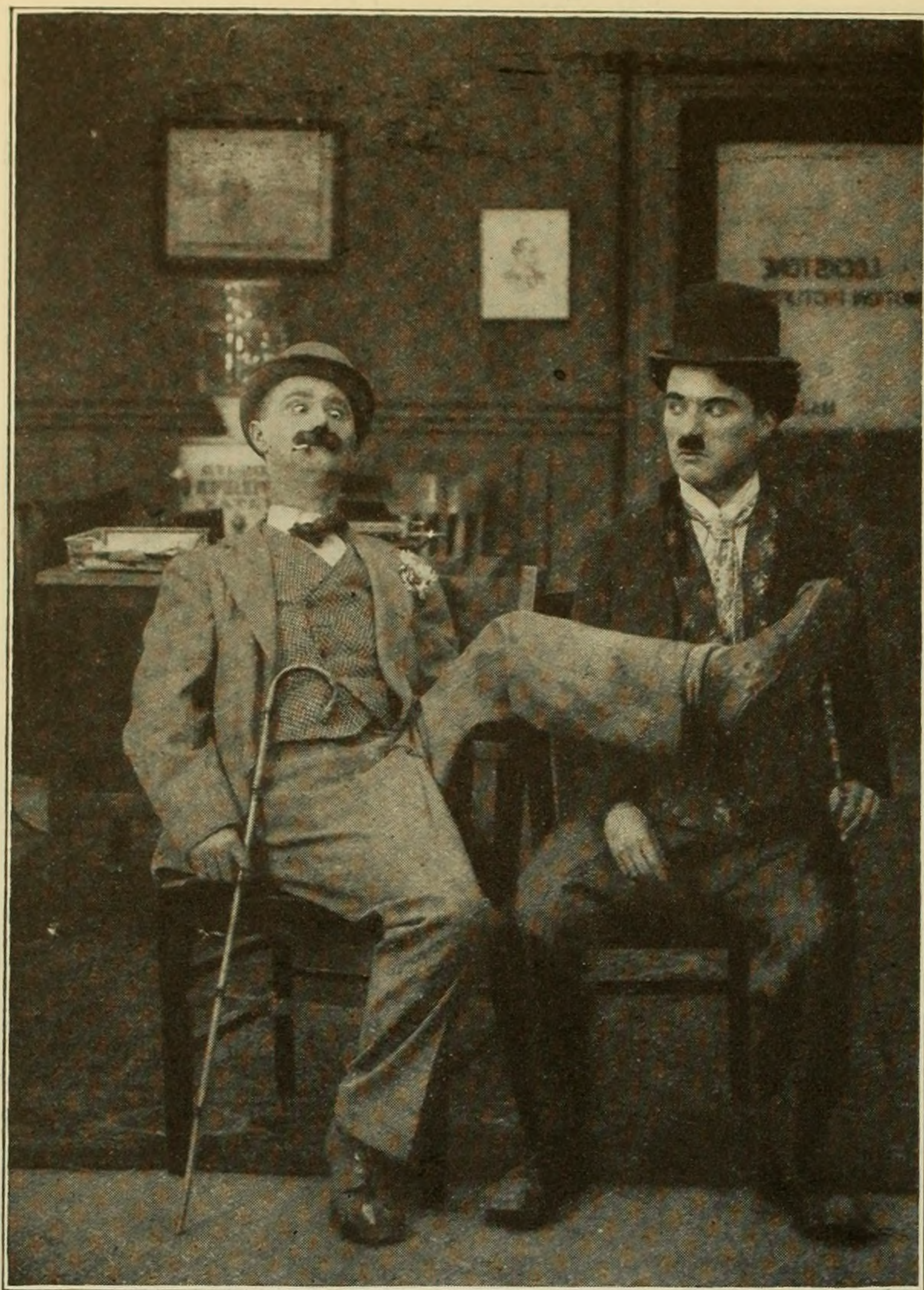
And the general question was: "Who is going to be Charlie's new leading lady? Who's going to get this prize in the motion picture game?"





IT is with a sincere feeling of regret that we record William Farnum's intention of quitting films forever, now that he has completed "The Man Who Fights Alone" for Famous Players-Lasky. He will form his own stock company and play the leads in it. Here is his very latest photograph. Mr. Farnum has amassed a fortune in pictures, but the stage has always been nearest to his heart. His great fight in "The Spoilers," ten years ago, won him film fame.





*Charlie Chaplin in his first picture for Essanay entitled "His New Job," made in 1915. Ben Turpin started crossing his eyes for the screen in that picture*

### Chapter XXX

**N**OW enters the most tragic figure of the screen, a funny little man with baggy pants and a bamboo cane, the personification of an inferior helplessness in a cruel world. Today he is Charlie Chaplin, the world's best known personality. Then, in 1914, he was just that funny little fellow in Keystone comedies, trade-marked by his make-up, nameless but famous.

Also again comes Broncho Billy into our story, this time as an agency in delivering to the screen world the Chaplin of today.

Here we find anew evidences of the continuity of the strands of destiny in the making of the motion picture institution. It was this same Broncho Billy—G. M. Anderson—who went west from his contact with "The Great Train Robbery" of 1903 to evangelize the industry with the idea of "story pictures."

Keystone comedies began and saw their prime before the star age of the screen, just on the eve of it. Chaplin, working in the Keystone studios along with Mabel Normand and all that merry company under Mack Sennett, was as anonymous as all of the rest to the public.

The stars of the time were making themselves on the screen, without the aid of ink or ballyhoo. The public looked for likenesses on the posters. There were no names for the vast majority of the favorites then.

The Keystone comedies, purveying the genius of Chaplin, were among the vital components of the program distributed by the Mutual Film Cor-

# The Romantic Motion

*By Terry Ramsaye*

poration, but hardly recognized within that concern for their full value. The indiscriminate method of the time in buying and selling film service in bulk as programs made recognition of individual merit, in either picture or player, slow.

A Keystone poster on the theater meant business for the box office, which helped the Mutual program more than it helped Keystone, and vastly more than it helped Chaplin.

Anderson was working, an actor-director-manager, at the western studio of the Essanay Company at Niles, California, while his partner, G. K. Spoor, officiated at the Chicago establishment in Argyle street.

This Chaplin person attracted Anderson's enthusiastic attention and led him to make visits to Los Angeles in the course of his continual ranging about from Niles. Broncho Billy and his increasingly western ways made an acquaintance with Chaplin easy. He was considerably impressed. Chaplin can be just as funny when he is not working.

Anderson began a tentative sort of negotiation with Chaplin. Broncho Billy was rather shocked at the esteem and valuation which this obscure but conspicuous young player put on his services. He discovered that Chaplin was downright foolish on the screen only, others had to learn that much later. The motion picture industry was not yet fully aware that Chaplin was worth a great deal of money, but Chaplin had begun to get that idea.

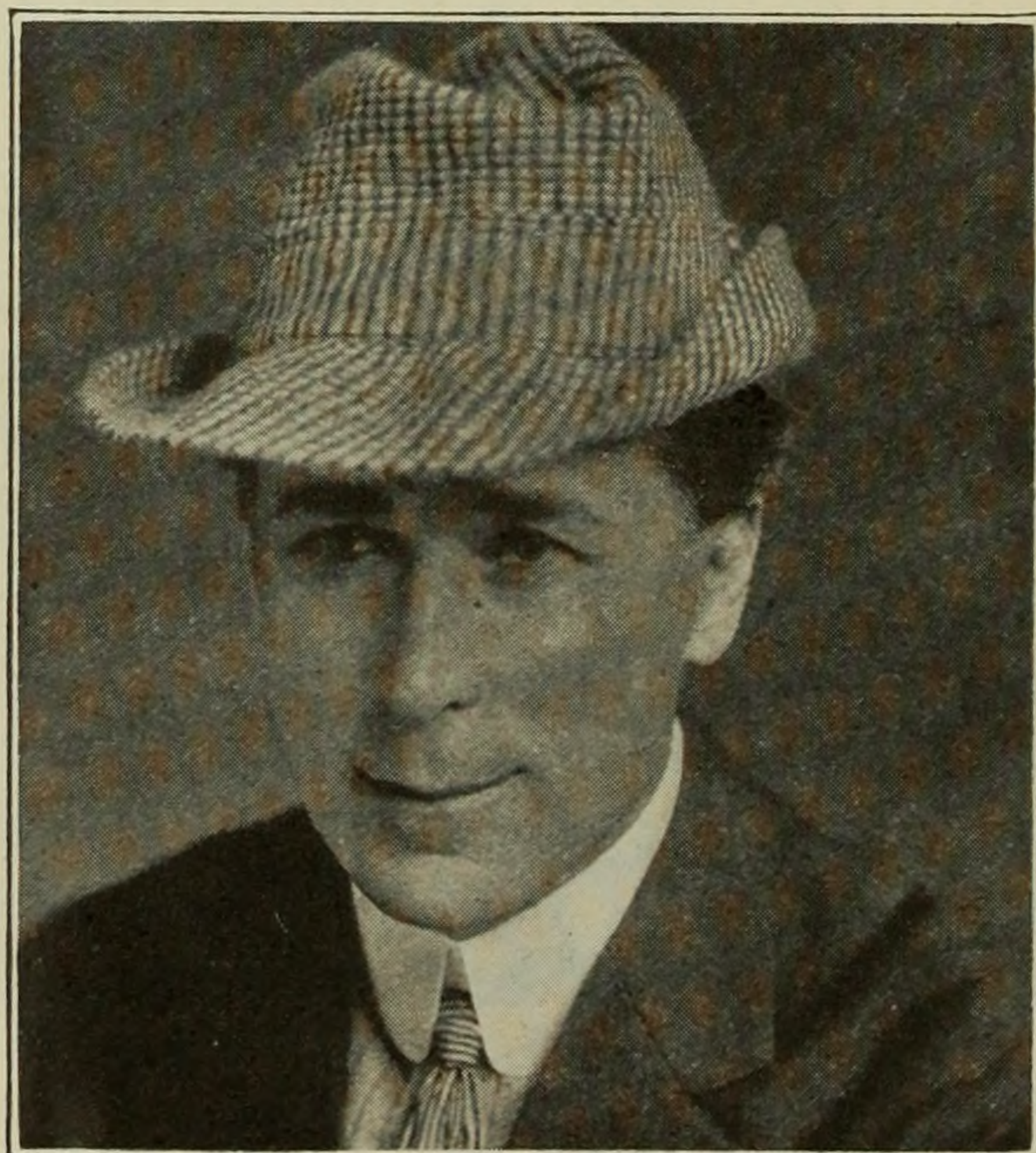
Perhaps also a certain coincidence of the ambitions of the Keystone studio was having its effect toward producing Chaplin's somewhat elevated state of mind. Everybody in Keystone was rather at this time in the business of self-assertion. Mack Sennett had become really in a relative way rather famous in the making of the one reel Keystone comedies.

But after all he was a maker of one reelers, and one reelers regardless of merit were merely a part of the program product, with that certain casualness which program presumes. Meanwhile Sennett saw D. W. Griffith and Thomas Ince, his contemporaries in the producing group, growing world famous with their new long feature pictures.

This meant that if Sennett was going to be important he should have to make a picture now and then that was not necessarily greater but considerably larger than the ordinary Keystone.

Sennett's answer was the making of "Tillie's Punctured Romance" in six reels—the world's longest comedy effort of the screen up to that time, and as sensational a departure in its field as "The Birth of a Nation" was in the realm of spectacle melodrama.

"Tillie's Punctured Romance" starred Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. In the casting of Miss Dressler for a part we can see the continuing influence of the stage idea,



*Bill Hart entered pictures ten years ago at \$75 a week. Four months later found him \$540 behind. So he quit—to return to Hollywood a few months later at \$125 a week*



# History of the Picture

FOR so many years that many of the patrons of the motion picture do not know their beginnings Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford have been the foremost stars of the screen. In this absorbingly interesting chapter we can trace the first steps of their greatness of today. Mr. Ramsaye, without disputing the importance of other famous stars, argues that the little fellow with the big pants and the little girl with a curl have exerted the greatest influence in making the screen of today what it is.

We are ever given to thinking of players in terms of plays and pictures. Here we see an unknown but equally interesting side in a revelation of the business aspects of their art.

JAMES R. QUIRK.



Marie Dressler, in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," Mack Sennett's first ambitious effort beyond the one-reel *Keystones*. Chaplin, co-featured with her, sprang into the big money class, and began to draw \$1,250 a week

the "famous players" concept which Adolph Zukor had. Miss Dressler was exceedingly well known to the thousands of the stage audience and not at all known to the millions of the motion picture.

The Tillie picture went into production at Keystone in April, 1914, with elaborate rehearsals and it was not completed until in July. In view of the fact that Keystone could produce a one reel comedy of the day's best standard in less than a week, it is plain that Sennett was making a supreme effort.

"Tillie's Punctured Romance" had had its premier showings and was a proclaimed success when the Chaplin-Anderson negotiations began. Chaplin had the authority of this picture behind him and its confirmation of his internal impression that he was perhaps important.

Then, too, the whole screen adventure had a tinge of fantasy and improbability about it for the canny Chaplin. He had, in a manner most miraculous to him, gone from an insignificant job in a vaudeville turn on the road at fifty dollars a week, living the life of the second and third class theatrical hotels, into a motion picture studio among the orange trees of California at one hundred and fifty dollars a week. This was an experience against a background of direst youthful poverty in the darkest slums of London. It was now proven not a dream but a material fact which could be verified at the marble framed window of the paying teller. Chap-

lin was one of the few screen players of that day who knew there were banks.

Having recovered from the astonishment of his successes, Chaplin it seems, as befitted one of such inquiring mind, set out to see what might be the extent of this new and wealthy wonderland of the screen. He led Anderson on to more and more ambitious offers.

Presently all this came to the attention of Mack Sennett and was relayed by him to Adam Kessel and Charles O. Baumann in New York, the owners of Keystone.

They were selling the Keystone comedies to the Mutual Film Corporation for ten cents a foot for the positive prints. This print sale was considerable, but it was built on the old program idea of volume production, not star value. It was recognized in a dim way that this little comedian in the baggy pants was considered very funny, but that was just part of the product. Chaplin was just as unknown and important at Keystone as Griffith had been at Biograph.

Now Chaplin's price was going up, not a little but about ten-fold. This was exciting, amazing.

Kessel and Baumann, notified the Mutual Film [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



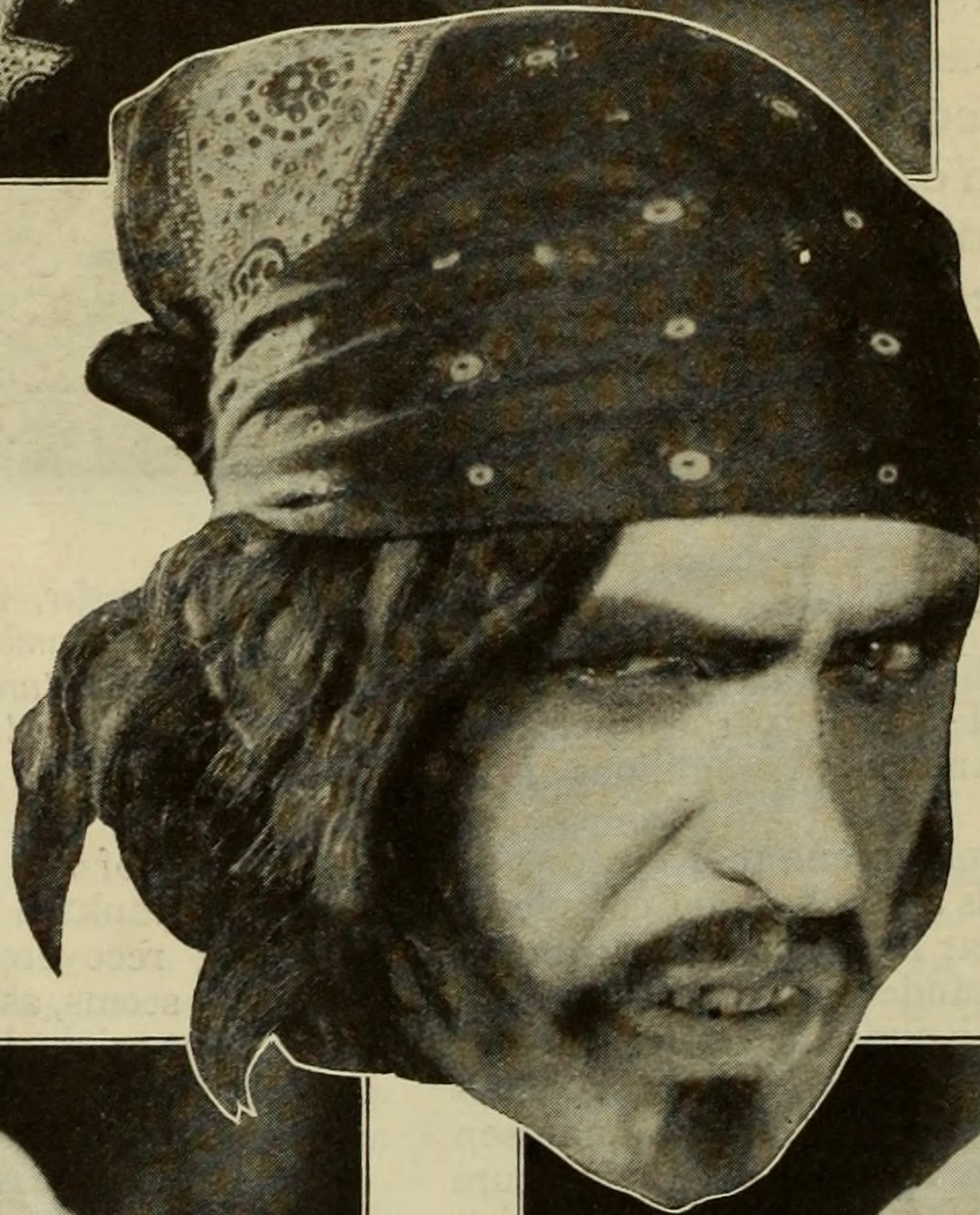
Mary Pickford in one of her first Famous Players pictures, "Such a Little Queen," 1914. About then her salary, \$52,000 a year, was doubled. Carlyle Blackwell was her leading man



# The Magic of Make-up



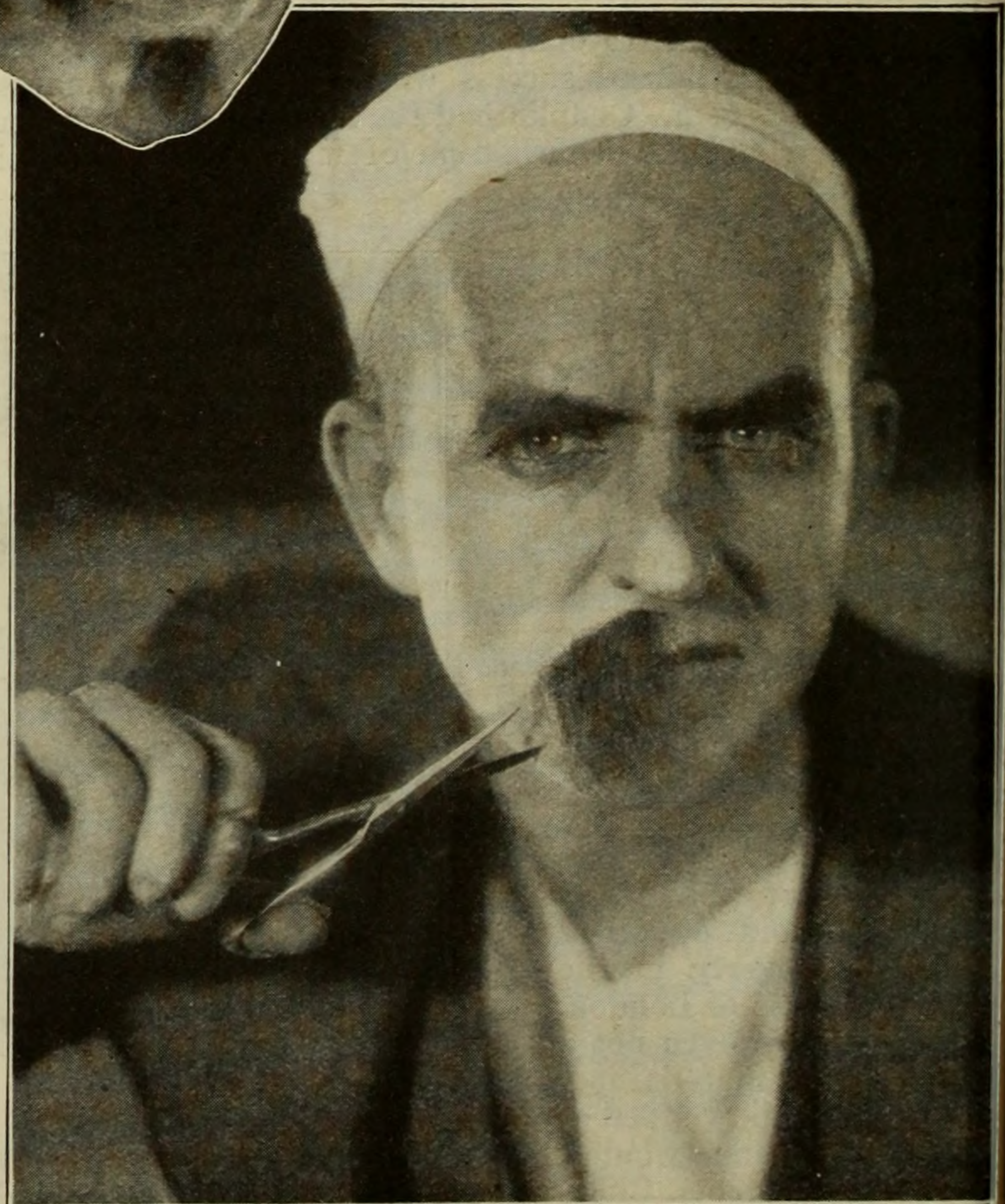
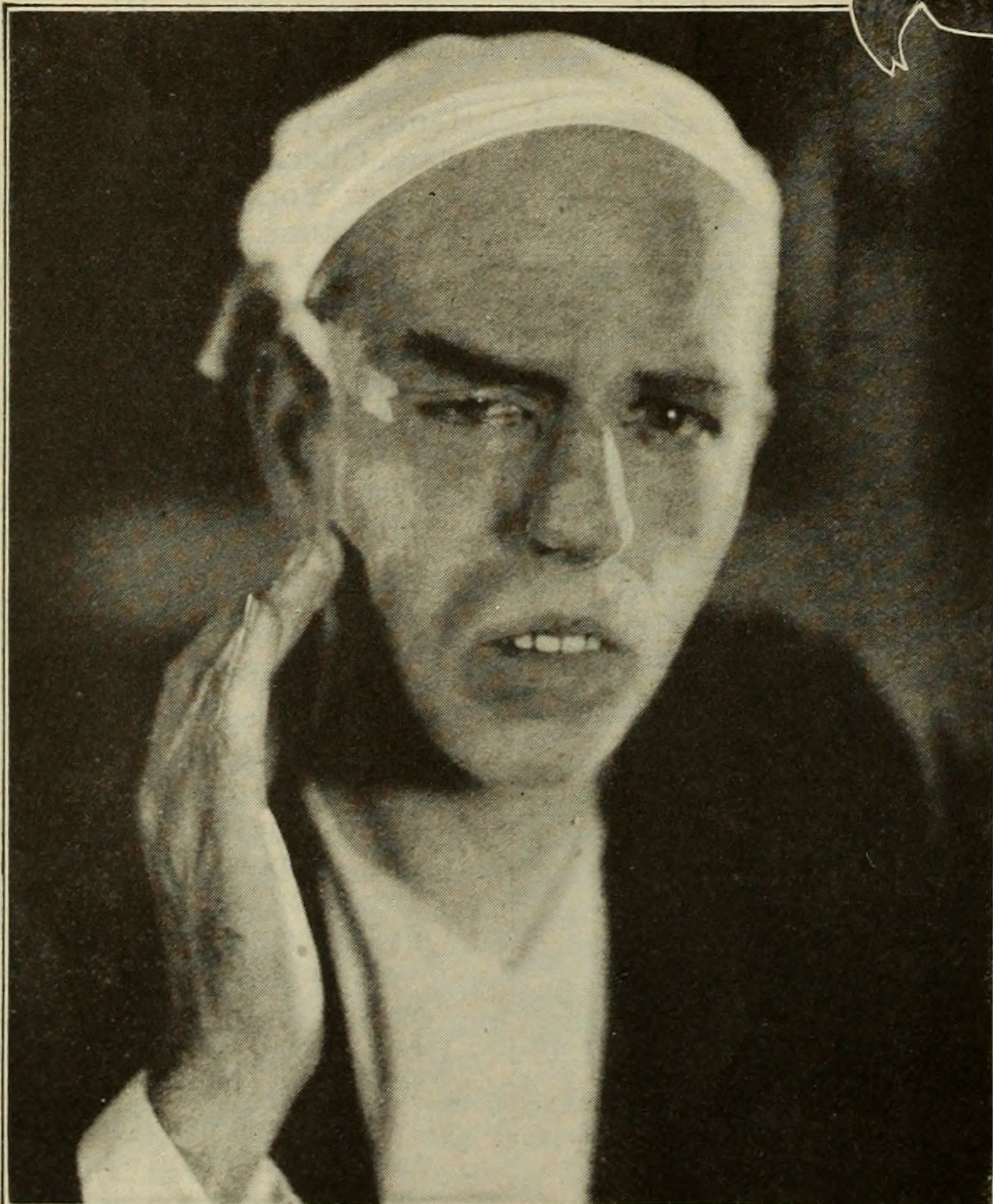
*A small round mirror, a battered tin box and a slim paint brush. And Lucien Littlefield is ready to maintain his reputation as a make-up man*



*The finished product. Murder, rum and pieces of eight—this piratical countenance suggests them all! Notice, especially, the subtle wrinkles, and the de tail of the teeth*

*Putting in the villainy by means of adhesive tape—which gives a wicked Chinese slant to one eye—and wax, which is moulded onto cheek, jaw-bone and nose. A sinister effect*

*A false mustache is the hardest part of make-up—and the easiest. Easy to adjust, but hard to get away with. Littlefield makes his secure with glue, and trims it after it's pasted*





# A Liquid Polish *that doesn't crack or peel off*

The most famous manicure house in the world has perfected the ideal liquid polish—as good for a lasting brilliance as Cutex is for soft smooth cuticle.

One that won't peel off!

One that was especially formulated to spread smoothly and quickly and leave no ugly ridges or brush marks.

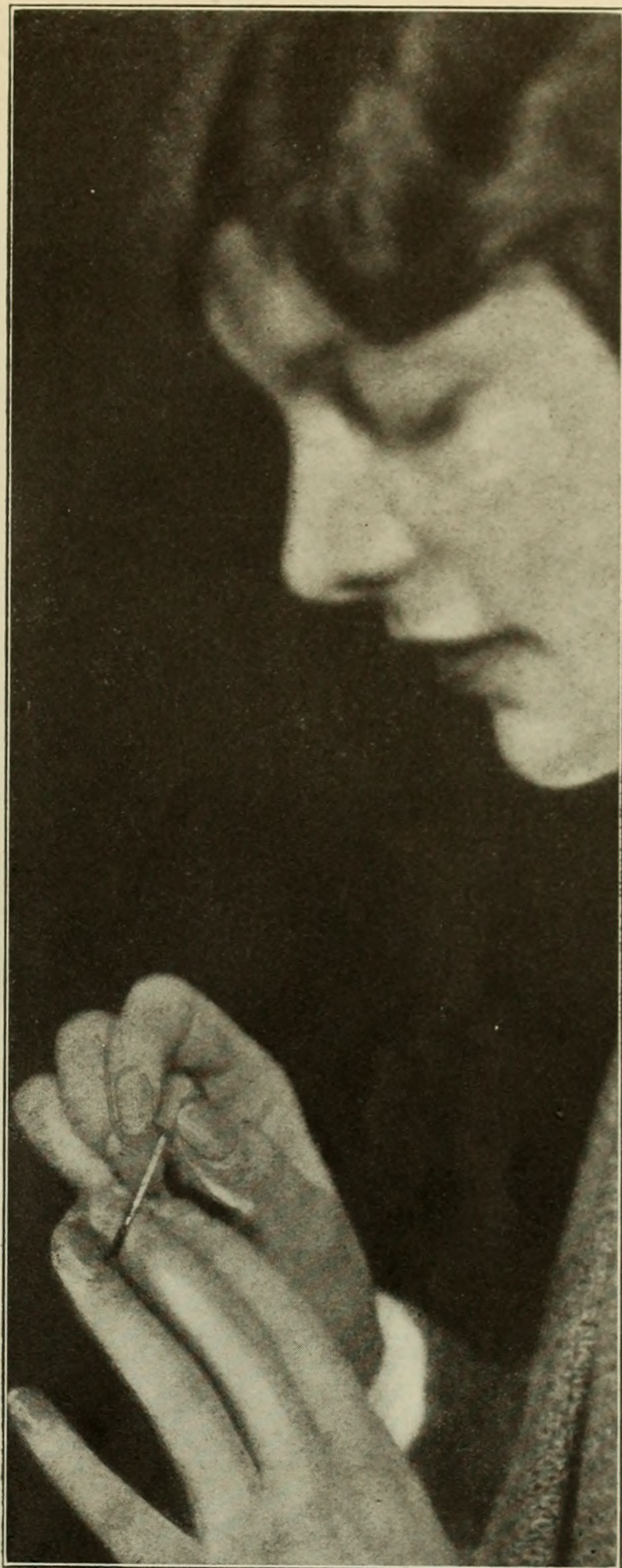
One that gives the nails just the rose color of today's smartest Parisian manicure.

Try this perfect new Liquid Polish at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the way it keeps your nails.

Its brilliance lasts and lasts; even housework or dishwashing will not crack or peel the smooth glowing surface. Not until tiny dull places begin to show do you have to give the nail a new application.

Always be sure to have the nail clean and absolutely dry before applying the polish. This polish needs no separate remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail and wipe it off before it dries.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and all the other Cutex preparations for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. And it comes in two of the complete Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.



*A single drop of Cutex Liquid Polish spreads its lovely lustre all over the nail, so thin, so firm, you yourself can hardly see it*



## CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q9  
114 West 17th Street, New York

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

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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### THE COMPLETE MANICURE Send 12c for Introductory Set

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

Send the coupon with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q9, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.





Photo by Stagg

## A Remarkable Monument To Wally Reid's Memory

**T**HE Wallace Reid Foundation sanitarium is at last an established fact. This humanitarian memorial to her husband which Mrs. Reid has planned ever since that day, over a year ago, when Wallace Reid himself fell a victim to the horrors of drug addiction, has come into being and stands ready to begin its mission of mercy. Mrs. Reid's dream of a permanent institution for the cure of unfortunate drug addicts has been realized.

The Reid Foundation sanitarium is located on a beautiful knoll in the heart of the Santa Monica mountains, in a big, rambling cottage covered with vines and surrounded with flowers. Here sixteen patients can be cared for at a time and can be given the marvelous new cure, the discovery of which caused Mrs. Reid to start her Foundation at once.

Although she has done it so quietly that only her most intimate friends were aware of it, for more than a year Mrs. Reid has been working among drug addicts and she has spent very large sums of money in rescuing drug victims and aiding their families. From all over the country these unfortunates have flocked to her, begging for help, and if the story of her work could be told it would form one of the most remarkable chapters of woman's labors of mercy ever imagined.

But always she has been searching for some *definite* cure. She has, with the help of doctors, investigated hundreds of methods and so-called cures without finding what she sought.

Some months ago a young man named Du Bry was presented to her attention. He claimed that he had a cure which was effective in seventy-two hours without the terrible suffering attached to most withdrawal methods. Mrs. Reid was skeptical, but she has never refused to look into anything presented to her in this line. She put several penniless addicts who came to her, some of them from the jails, through this cure with remarkable success.

In time, Mrs. Reid hopes and believes that the Wallace Reid Foundation will grow into a great institution, a home of salvation and hope to all unfortunate sufferers who need its saving cure.



# Natural coloring is of greatest importance in choosing rouge

*And of almost equal importance is the  
natural way in which you apply it*

*Mme. Jeannette*

*Specialiste en Beauté*

**I**N a day when we acknowledge the use of rouge as frankly as yesterday we acknowledged the use of powder, it is well to stress, a little, the points that have given rouge this acceptance.

**T**HERE are two intriguing facts that have given the world a favorable attitude toward women using rouge: one is the fact that it gives an added effect of beauty and health; the other is that it is possible to find a rouge so natural-looking that it is easily mistaken for the natural flush of youth and health.

This rouge is known to thousands of women who use cosmetics artistically. It is the famous Pompeian Bloom, which has earned its favor through merits of "exact coloring," and the complete purity of its ingredients.

The medium shade of Pompeian Bloom is so perfect for the average American woman that it would seem almost to fill a national demand! Yet, because among American women we find extreme types, we find Pompeian Bloom in the light ruddy tone for the one (Light Pompeian Bloom)—or in the dusky damask-rose tone (Dark Pompeian Bloom) for the others. And there is yet another type—brilliant and interesting—the woman with honey tones in her skin. She often has hair with tawny tones of coppery gold or bronze. Her skin is not olive, nor white, nor ivory, nor pink, but a skin with some of the sunshine in it—and this type wears admirably the new addition to Pompeian rouges that is called Orange Tint.

### How to select your rouge tone

This matter of selecting the right tone of rouge is one in importance with selecting the right shade of powder, for when these two agree in color-relation with the requirements of your



*Beautiful women accentuate their beauty by the artistic way they apply their Pompeian Bloom. They select the right shade of this rouge for their own color tone and blend it to duplicate nature's own coloring.*

skin, you have arrived at the triumphant point of cosmetic success.

**The Medium shade** of Pompeian Bloom should most often be used with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. There are some exceptions, of course, but in the great majority of cases this is true.

**The Light shade** of Pompeian Bloom should be used with Naturelle, Flesh, or occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder, depending on whether the skin tends toward yellow, pink, or the colorless white skin.

**The Dark shade** of Pompeian Bloom should be used most often with Rachel and in some cases with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

**The Orange Tint** has an exceptional value in tone and obtains slightly varying results with different powders and types of skin. It is quite

gold or orange-colored in its compact form, but when it is rubbed onto the skin it becomes a rarely delightful tint that has the natural brilliancy of a maiden's cheek with its first touch of sun-kisses.

This rouge is often affected by women during the summer, as it combines beautifully with the warmer tints of the skin exposed to out-of-door activities. It is also the most successful rouge for the woman "with honey tones in her skin." It complements the Naturelle, and occasionally may be used with the White or the Rachel shade of Beauty Powder.

### How to apply your rouge

Having selected your shade of Pompeian Bloom, and found its complementing shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, your attention should be centered on the necessity of "How to apply it so that it looks completely natural."

The color in your cheeks forms an area that is somewhat triangular in shape. It begins at the highest point of your cheekbone and sweeps outward toward the upper line of your ears, then slanting downward it approaches the corners of your mouth. But never with hard lines! Never with any circumscribed rule of covering cheeks—rather with a perfect blending of rosy cheeks with a clear skin.

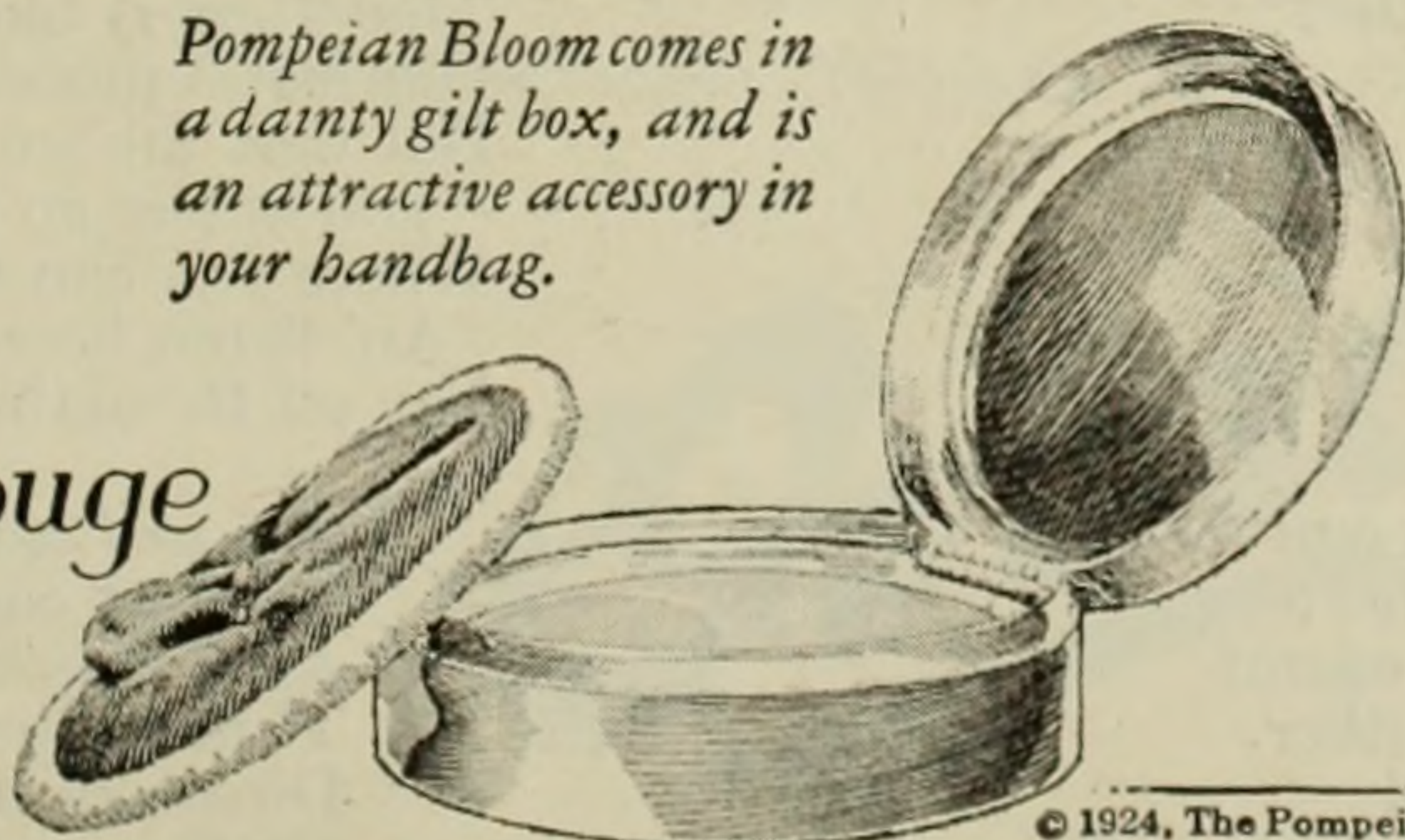
Pompeian Bloom, 60c. (In Canada, 65c)

After reading my descriptions of types of skin and rouge-tones, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Bloom your skin needs. Price 60c per box. (In Canada, 65c.) If you are in doubt between two tones, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

MADAME JEANNETTE

# Pompeian Bloom—a rouge

*Pompeian Bloom comes in a dainty gilt box, and is an attractive accessory in your handbag.*



© 1924, The Pompeian Co.

MADAME JEANNETTE, Pompeian Laboratories  
Dept. 621 Cleveland, Ohio  
Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which tone of Pompeian Bloom is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

*Please check the two shades desired for test*

Medium  Dark  Light  Orange Tint





I

*Some folks said I had Mary Pickford's hair,  
An' some said I had Swanson's nose an' smile;  
An' some folks laughed an' told me—"Kid, you're there!  
You beat them bathing beauties by a mile.  
You'd oughter be an actress on the screen,  
An' show them other women up!" they said,  
I ain't conceited—you know what I mean—  
But people says I got a business head!*

*An' so I went out, to a studio,  
Where they was shooting mobs fer some big play;  
Of course, I didn't have no way to know  
That I'd be standing there almost all day  
Before somebody spoke to me. . . . This earth  
Ain't got no use fer class an' honest worth!*

II

*At last, when I was getting pretty tired,  
A feller come out through a little door,  
A door marked private—say, but he looked sore,  
An' angry with th' world, like he'd just fired  
A leadin' lady. He walks close to me,  
An' says—"It's just a shame a girl like you  
Is waitin' in a line all day ter see,  
If she can get a little work ter do.*

*"Look here," he says, "let's you an' me go out  
An' have a bite ter eat, an' get acquainted."  
I sorter wonders what it's all about,  
An' if his money's good—or if it's tainted!  
I says—"Are you some big director—what?"  
He says, "I'm a 'lectrician on th' lot."*

III

*I left him pretty cold, I'll hope ter say,  
Though he was quite a handsome boy, at that;  
But when a girl is out t' make her way,  
She's got t' leave th' pikers pretty flat!  
I stood in line, with all th' rest, an' then  
When I was tired so I like ter died,  
A little guy, dressed same as other men,  
Come to a gate an' motioned us inside.*

*We passed by him, in line, an' some he sent  
One way, an' some of us he sent another;  
His look was high an' cold. I seen I meant  
No more t' him than if he was my brother.  
I tried to catch his eye, but all he said  
Was, "Hurry—dressin' room's first door ahead!"*

IV

*I guess he wasn't such a much, although  
He had the old D. Griffith haughty look—  
I told myself that some fine day he'd know,  
He couldn't treat me like I was a cook!  
An' then I sorter shook him from my mind,  
Because of all the goin's on around . . .  
I helped a girl t' hook her dress, behind,  
An' she told me where powder could be found.*

*An' then they herded us like so much sheep,  
Into a place with hooks and weights and wires,  
An' there we stood, while my feet went asleep,  
An' my eyes burned with half a thousand fires.  
An' then they led us down from off our shelf—  
An' then it was I seen th' star—hissself!*

V

*Say, he was better than the pictures tell,  
His hair was shinier than I had guessed;  
An' he was stately as a king, an' well,  
I can't begin t' say how he was dressed!  
I stopped right short, an' looked up in his face.  
Big-eyed, I guess, as any yearlin' calf—  
An' he looked down at me, an' all the place  
Rang with his shouts—as he begun t' laff!*

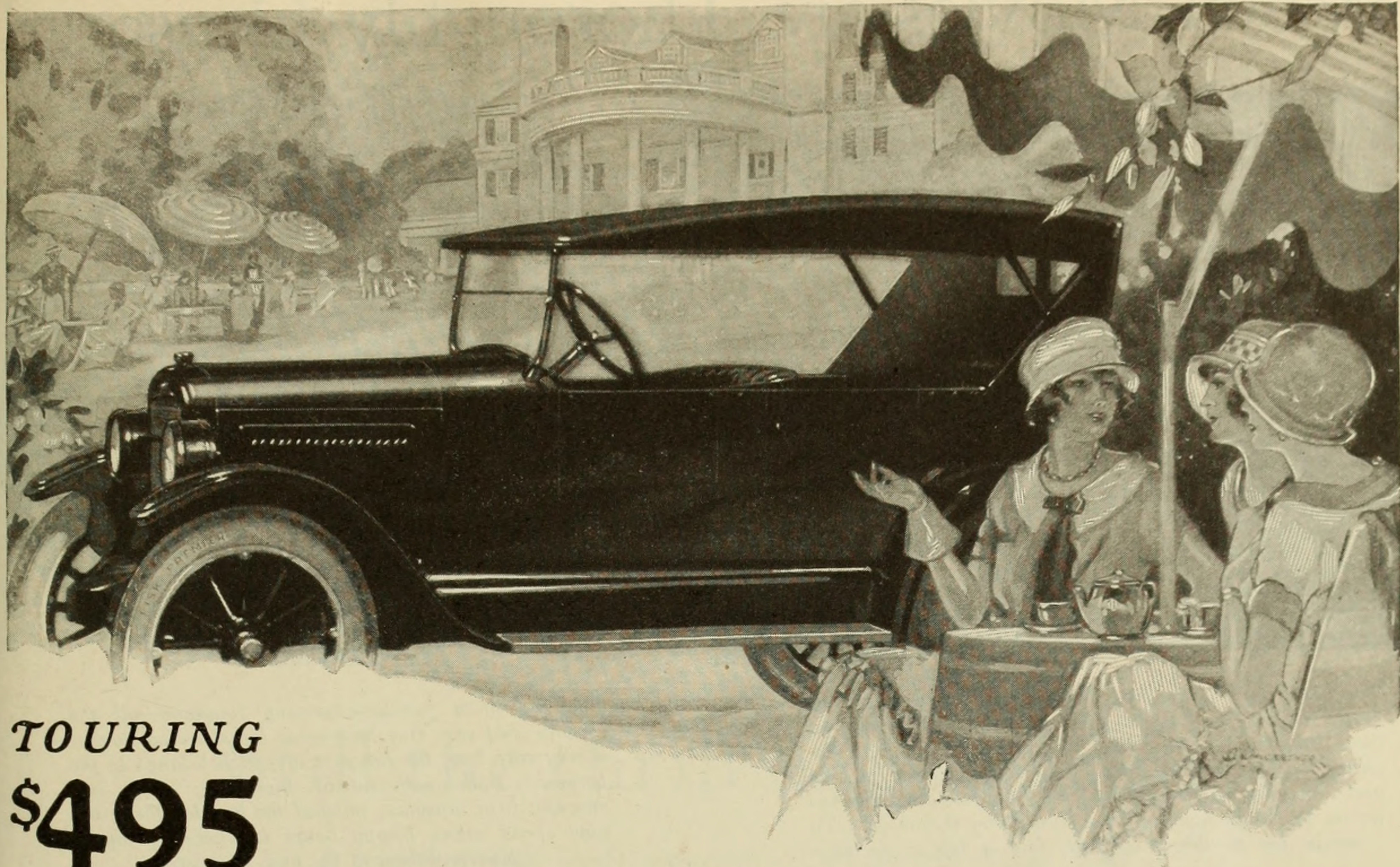
*The little d'rector guy took me away,  
An' I could see that he was pretty sore,  
He says, as cross as cross, "You ruint th' play!  
An' don't you never come here any more.  
We was to shoot a scene where tears was shed.  
You'd draw a giggle from a morgue!" he said.*

VI

*An' then he told me, an' he spoke right out,  
That stars is temperamental and when one  
Has lost a mood, there isn't any doubt  
But that the work, for several days, is done.  
"You better go in for some such position,  
Where you can wear a mask," he says t' me.  
"An' listen here—this is my one petition—  
Lay off th' actin' . . . let th' movies be!"*

*An' so I wandered out of th' same gate,  
Where I come in—all filled with hope an' pride—  
An' I was thinkin' if it was too late  
T' meet that e-lectrician boy outside.  
Directors, stars an' such, they get th' can—  
Me fer a good old-fashioned workin' man!*





TOURING  
\$495

*f. o. b. Toledo*

## Women Do Value Mechanical Excellence

**W**OMEN everywhere favor Overland because women everywhere have a sharp eye, a good ear and an unerring sixth sense in matters of value. In these modern days, the daughters of Eve are as car-knowing as the sons of Adam!

With true feminine insight, women see greater safety in the Overland touring car's *all-steel* body—and appreciate the enduring beauty of its baked-enamel finish—and realize that Overland engineering gives greater reliability—therefore, *greater pleasure and less worry*.

Women thrill to the power of the big Overland engine as keenly as any man—and enjoy the cradled comfort yielded by Overland's *patented* Triplex Springs—and

have absolute confidence in the steadfast sturdiness of the big Overland axles (tough Mo-lyb-den-um shafts fortified by Timken and New Departure bearings). *All's well on any road.*

Everybody likes Overland's easy-driving conveniences—the dependable Auto-Lite starting and lighting system—the enclosed disc-type clutch—the handiness of brake and gear shift levers—the easy-parking wheelbase.

Finally, all the Overland economies—in upkeep, gasoline, oil, tires, everything—appeal to a woman's inborn desire to save. When you total up the benefits and superiorities of Overland it is clear as crystal why owners call Overland the most automobile in the world for the money.

Other Overland Models: Chassis \$395; Roadster \$495; Coupe-Sedan \$655; Business Coupe \$650; Blue Bird \$725; Sedan \$795; Spad Commercial Car \$523; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change specifications or prices without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Can.

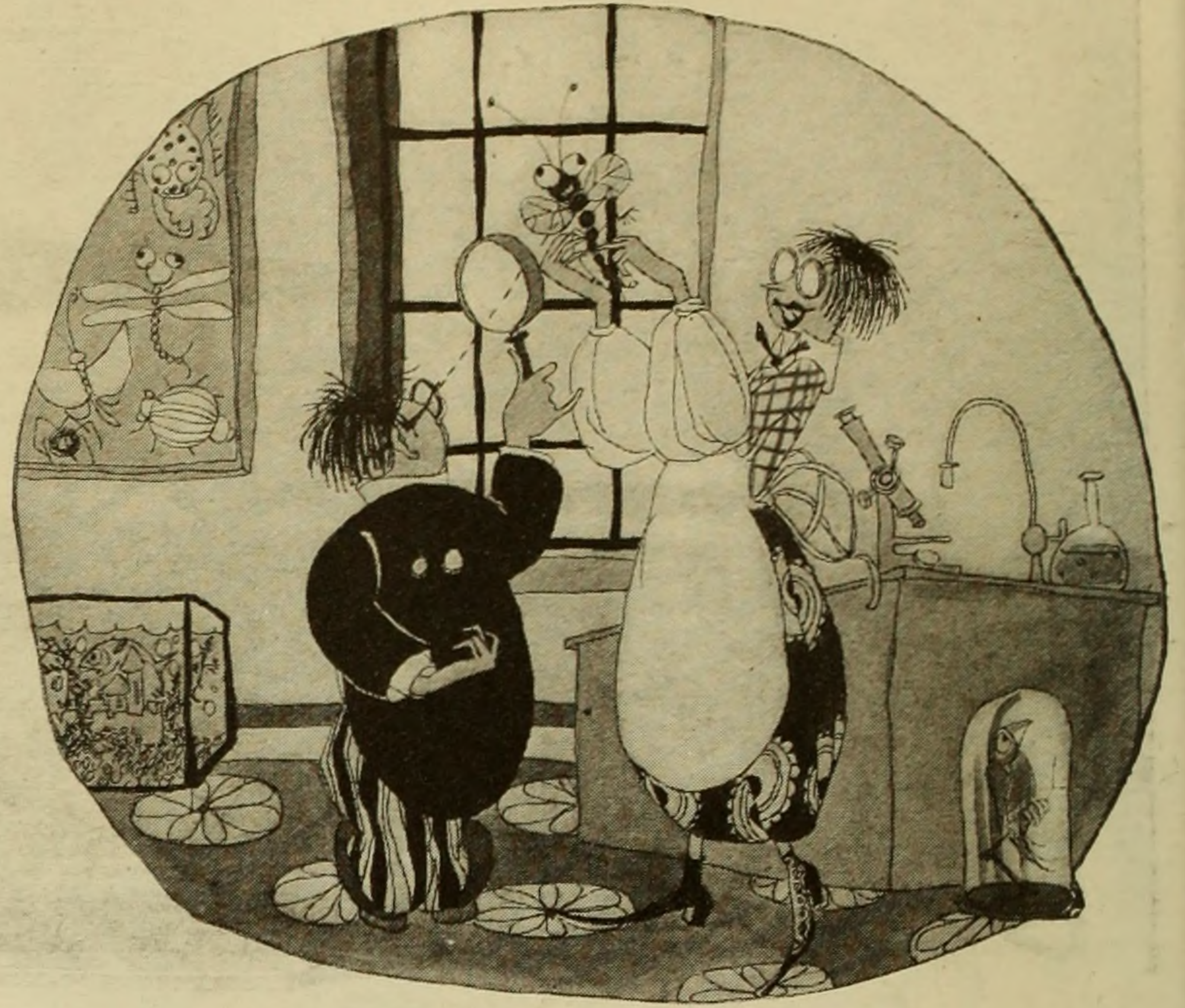
# Overland



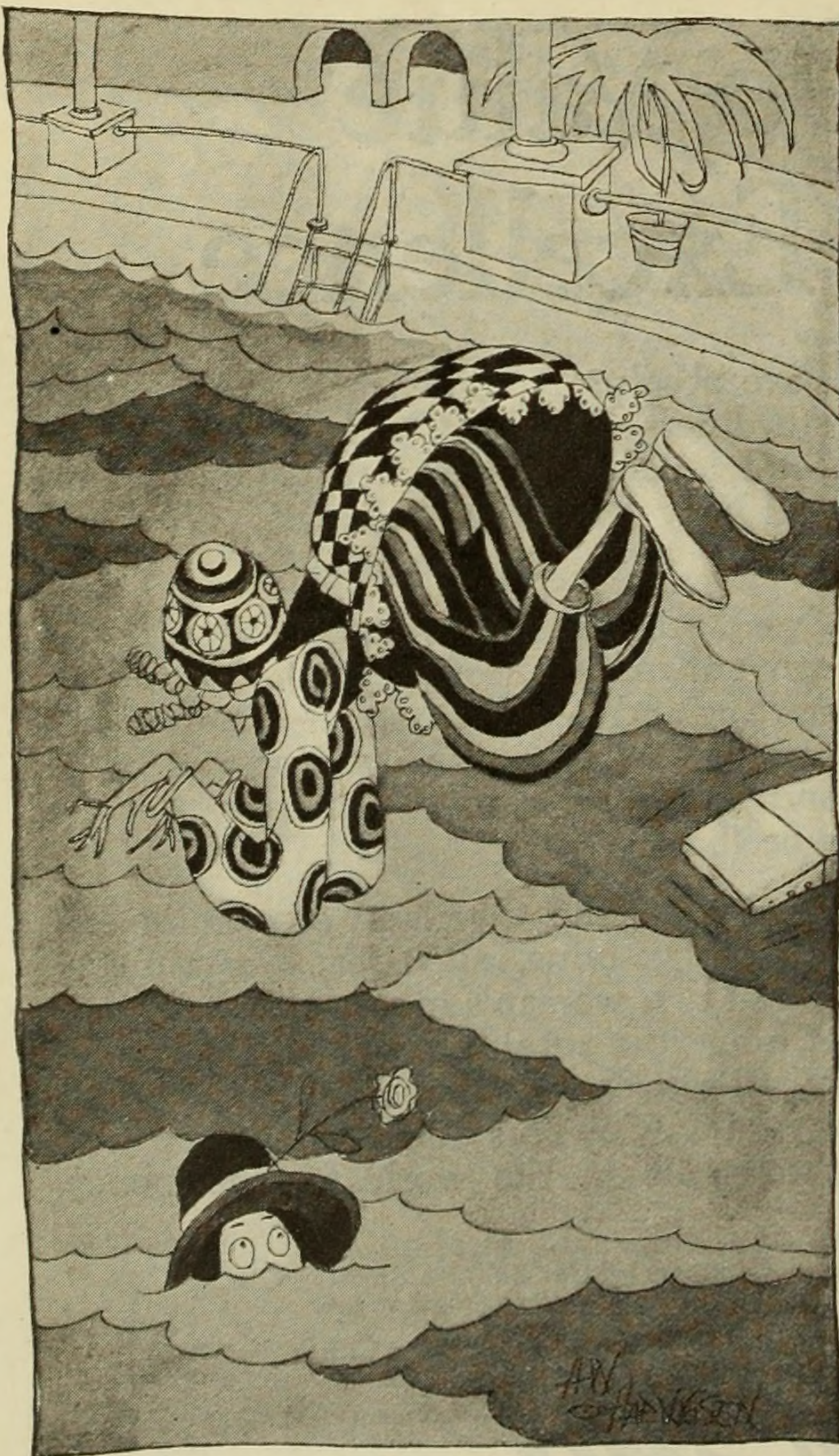
# When Movies are Thoroughly Censored



The battle for the heroine's hand is being waged. The rivals (censor-proof types) meet in a deserted shack and there engage in a tense, soul-stirring game of tiddle-de-winks. Physical encounter having been decreed vicious and unworthy of our better selves, the traditional encounter on the cliffs has been supplanted by the above. To escape the gambling element, fate is left to decide



The end of a just-too-charming romance—all the censors said so. Our hero owns the stern portion of a very rare bug, the forepart of which belongs to the heroine. Both enthusiastic biologists, they met one day in a museum, patched the bug together, and now spend many happy hours together—in joyous contemplation of the bug, of course



Following much bitter contention among the censors, some of whom were openly accused of forgetting the higher things, it was decided that the bathing-beauty comedy might continue to be shown, provided the ladies be seemingly garbed and remain submerged except when engaged in a dive. The public must be protected



After a sizzling courtship, during which the hero has, on three occasions, read polite portions of the Bible to the heroine over the long-distance telephone, this passionate meeting has been arranged. It was necessary to exercise great caution in the selection of settings and costumes for so risqué a scene. And even then, it barely slid by the censors





## Still the thrill of courtship

Is your skin fresh, lovely, attractive? Or have you allowed it to become sallow, oily?—Women who do not protect their complexions age unnecessarily. Here is the simple secret all may know.

THE supreme test of a wife's charm, a famous novelist recently was quoted, comes after two years of marriage!

Sparkling life and warm cheeks, wives who are ever brides—how few women realize the part these play in modern life. Today is a day of youth prolonged, with freshness and charm at every side—no woman can afford to neglect herself.

You may not be beautiful, but you can be charming, and that surpasses all beauty. Start with correct skin care—not costly beauty treatments, but common-sense, daily care. The means are simple, as thousands will tell you, just the balmy lather of palm and olive oils—scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

*Today begin this simplest of all beauty methods  
See what one week will bring*

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

*The world's most simple  
beauty treatment*

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

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

*Volume and  
efficiency produce  
25c quality  
for only*

**10c**

*Note carefully the name and wrapper.  
Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped*







Always Look  
for This  
Gold Seal



Above is  
shown Gold-Seal  
Pattern No. 516.

## For a spotless nursery— a sanitary Congoleum Rug!



Pattern  
No. 532



Pattern  
No. 323



Pattern No. 386

Perfectly appointed, dainty and attractive—exactly the nursery a woman dreams of for her baby! And the Congoleum Art-Rug with its artistic design and coloring completes the picture.

So varied are <sup>Gold Seal</sup> Congoleum patterns it's no wonder they're popular with housewives! From the host of styles—rich Oriental motifs, fresh-looking, dainty floral effects like the rug illustrated, conventional tiles and wood-block designs—you can make an appropriate choice for any room.

They're so easy to clean, too. Made all in one piece of a sturdy, waterproof material, they have a smooth, firm surface that cannot take up dirt and spilled things.

Just a few easy strokes with a damp mop and these sanitary rugs are again bright as new.

No trouble at all to lay, either. *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs hug the floor without tacks, cement or any other fastening—they never curl at the edges.

### Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6 ft. x 9 ft. \$ 9.00	9 ft. x 9 ft. \$13.50
7½ ft. x 9 ft. 11.25	9 ft. x 10½ ft. 15.75
	9 ft. x 12 ft. \$18.00

Pattern No. 386 (shown below) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.

1½ ft. x 3 ft. \$ .60	3 ft. x 4½ ft. \$1.95
3 ft. x 3 ft. 1.40	3 ft. x 6 ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

### CONGOLEUM COMPANY INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco  
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh  
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro  
CONGOLEUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd. . . . . Montreal

# Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS



# A Child of Destiny

That is what Hollywood calls  
Philippe de Lacy,  
whose baby eyes first opened during  
an air raid in the Great War

By Larry Jansen

**D**O you believe in destiny?  
Do you feel that certain people are marked  
by Fate to hold a certain position in life and  
are guided safely through the many obstacles  
that crowd their path?

It seems that Destiny had a hand in the life of  
Philippe de Lacy. Fate must have watched over his  
troubled babyhood days, saving his life for big things.  
That he is destined to occupy a prominent place in the  
sun, there is no doubt. His power to express emotion,  
pathos, laughter; his uncanny understanding of cer-  
tain moods, of expressing sorrow, anger and longing,  
is simply amazing.

Imagine being born during an air raid! Think of  
being the flower that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]

There is  
a sweetness,  
a shadowed  
sweetness,  
about little  
Philippe de  
Lacy.  
His face has  
the softness,  
and the  
wistful smile  
of a pansy  
flower



With Jane Novak, in "Thelma." A little king of the Vikings  
—who takes his responsibility seriously



He played in support of Mary, in "Rosita." With him, in this  
picture, is Edythe de Lacy—his foster mother



# Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

Do you want \$2,500? Do you want one of the finest radio receiving sets made?

Thousands of photoplay and radio fans do.

They have entered the great \$5,000 radio contest by submitting titles for the story and sub-titles for the first installment of Arthur Stringer's absorbing mystery romance, "The Story Without a Name."

The third installment of this great adventure tale appears in this issue.

Somebody will receive one of the splendid De Forest D-12 Radiophone Receiving Sets for submitting the best sub-title for it. It might as well be you.

Remember, this is the latest receiving radio set manufactured and is complete in every detail, including batteries and loud speaker. Its inventors and designers have left nothing undone to make it the finest of the instruments on the market.

Irvir Willat, noted director for Famous Players-Lasky, is busily engaged with a wonderful cast filming this story of love and adventure. Antonio Moreno, Agnes Ayres, Louis Wolheim, Dagmar Godowsky, Tyrone Power, Maurice Costello and Jack Bohn are only a few of the greatest film favorites taking part.

Moreno and Miss Ayres are doing the best work of their careers and Jesse Lasky has ordered that no expense be spared to make it one of the greatest screen productions of the year.

A wonderful story, a wonderful picture, a wonderful cast, a wonderful offer of \$5,000 in cash and four wonderful radio receiving sets make this contest the most talked of, most enticing and most popular of any ever conducted. It is a remarkable opportunity for you.

Read this installment of the story and then send in your title and sub-title.

Send in your suggestions as early as possible. Send as many as you want, but send them one at a time.

## The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

First Prize . . . . \$2,500.00  
 Second Prize . . . . 1,000.00  
 Third Prize . . . . 500.00

Five \$100 prizes, five \$50 prizes and ten \$25 prizes—all cash. Four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets, complete with batteries and loud speaker

second prize will be \$1,000; the third \$500; \$100 will be given to each of five persons submitting the next five best titles and sub-titles; \$50 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and \$25 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next best ten titles and sub-titles.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give a De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set complete with batteries and loud speaker.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will be considered in the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or photoplay.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire.

They are urged to send them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of the Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although use of this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms to the coupon in size and shape. This is for convenience in handling and classifying the suggestions.

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will be at liberty to disregard sub-titles for which radio sets have been awarded. Their judgment in all awards will be final.

8. If more than one person submits the same titles and sub-titles for the story and installments which win cash prizes, and gives reasons for selecting them in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate radio set will be given in every instance to each such person.

9. All awards will be announced in December PHOTOPLAY.

10. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better, in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title for the story and award the person who submitted it the first cash prize.

11. All suggestions submitted are to become the exclusive property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

12. The contest will close at midnight, October 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

13. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

## Conditions of Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which started in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be known as "The Story Without a Name" in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest. Suggestions are invited for a title and \$5,000 in cash and four radio receiving sets will be given away under the following rules:

1. Any person, except an employee of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, or members of their families, may enter the contest. By submitting a suggestion a person becomes a contestant and as such agrees to abide by these rules.

2. To the person submitting the best title for the story and best sub-titles for the installments of the story, together with his, or her, reason why such titles and sub-titles are best suited to the story and installments, and expressed in 100 words or less, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give \$2,500 in cash. The

## CUT OUT THIS COUPON

This coupon may be used to submit suggestions in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest for which \$5,000 in cash and four De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets will be given away. Read the conditions carefully and then send all suggestions to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Radio Contest Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

Title for Story.....

Sub-Title for September Installment.....

Name of Contestant.....

Street Number.....

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

Reason for selecting title and sub-title.....



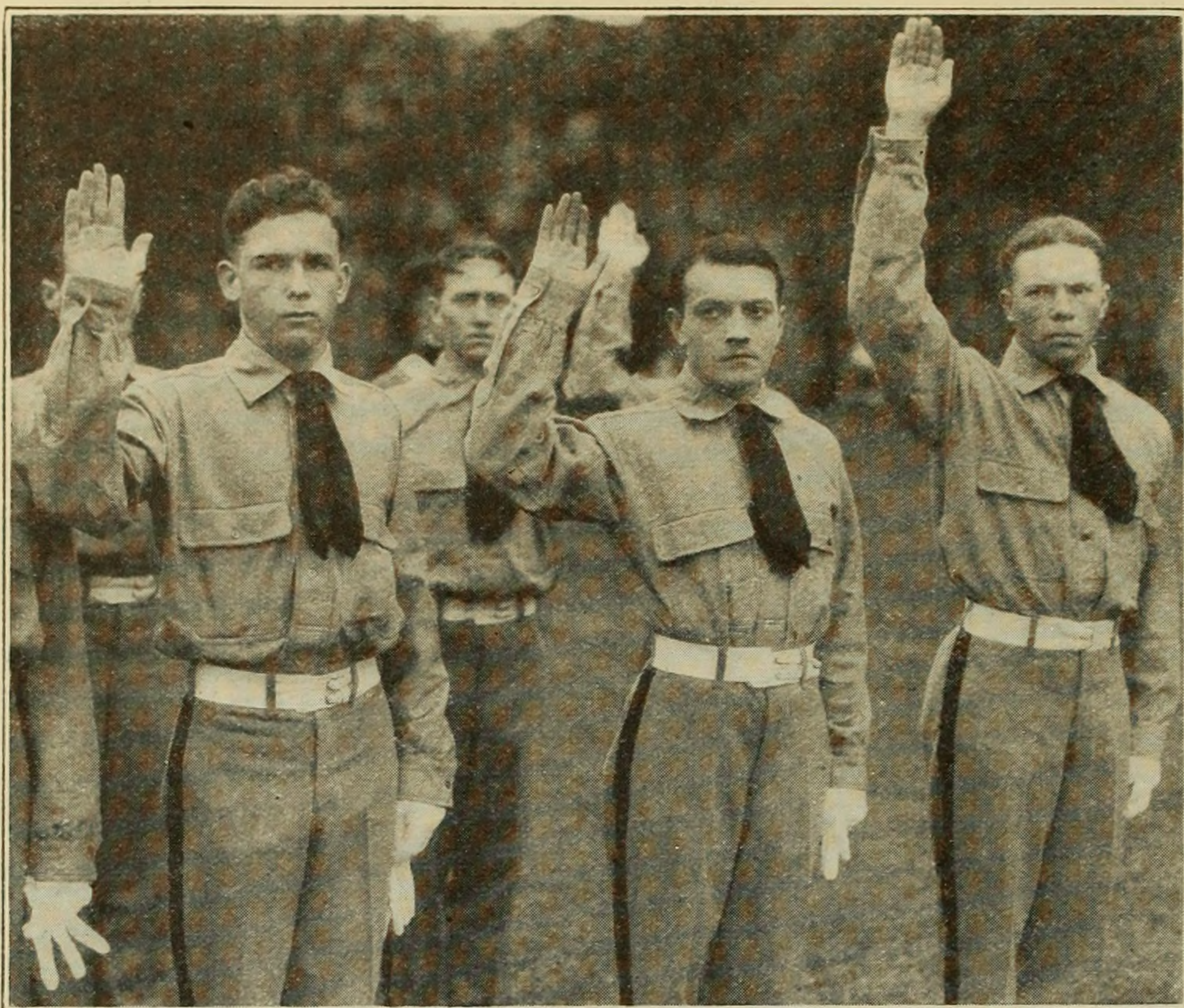


*All out-doors invites your Kodak*

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*





© Russell Ball

*Not many male motion picture stars could appear in an ensemble of real West Point plebes under the cruel eye of the camera. But Richard Barthelmess has youth and his forthcoming appearance in "Classmates," an old time play by William de Mille and Margaret Turnbull, ought to be of unusual interest. Here is Dick and a squad of real plebes taking the oath of allegiance to the flag at historic West Point*

an actor now and can't go around in lavender tights and bathrobe all the time—he simply must have a wardrobe.

And Jack has a wardrobe now.

A recent issue of a national "what-men-should-wear" magazine carried a photograph of Jack Dempsey, his manager, Jack Kearns, and Jim Coffroth at the Tia Juana track and captioned it "The Three Worst Dressed Celebrities in the World."

The accompanying story accused them of being two years behind fashion and rubes of the first water.

Coffroth, international sportsman, laughed and ordered some more clothes of the same old-fashioned style.

Not Kearns. No sir, and NOT Dempsey.

The champ blossomed out with a dozen new suits of the latest vintage. He wasn't keen for the pleats in the vests and trousers and the flare in the bottoms of said trousers, but when the tailor convinced him they were NOT extreme but simply six months in advance of anything west of Broadway, the champ decided to grin and bear 'em.

The heavyweight champion insists that his motion picture work has nothing to do with his change in personal adornment or his brand new Rolls-Royce, but admits that a certain Hollywood star "suggested" he get in line with the sheiks.

"Just as soon as I can get around to it," said Dempsey, as he stood first on one foot and then on the other while we admired his clothes, "I am going to have this flattened nose of mine filled out by some of these new fangled face rectifiers and then, hot diggity dog!—look out, you Valentino."

The office boy took one look, sniffed and muttered: "He's a helluva lookin' fighter, ain't he?" [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]

which spelled "THOMAS H. INCE STUDIOS."

"You don't abbreviate Incorporated that way—it should be just INC."

Such is fame.

GLORIA SWANSON fled to Europe for a brief vacation after completing "Her Love Story," with Allan Dwan directing. She went to London and then on to Paris. Rumor had it that she made the flying trip to confer with Sir James Barrie about playing the name part of "Peter Pan." Be that as it may, the identity of the player to get this much coveted part is still a secret. We hear that Barrie himself will come to this country to watch the making of the fantasy.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has been spending several weeks in the Florida Everglades. Hardly the place to spend the hottest weeks of the summer, particularly when you are a highly paid film star. But the life of a filmer isn't as easy as it sounds. Not only has Dick been summering in the Florida swamps, the center of interest to millions of tropical insects, but he has been wearing a four-week-old crop of whiskers as well. For he is playing the rôle of a chap who, upon being expelled from West Point, goes upon an expedition up the Amazon to redeem himself. Hence the swamps and the whiskers.

Three other players have been working in these scenes with Mr. Barthelmess under the direction of John Robertson. They are Reginald Sheffield, Beach Cooke and James Bradbury, Jr. Following the Florida scenes, the Barthelmess company has been doing the remainder of the picture at West Point with the co-operation of the government officials.

JACK DEMPSEY, the champ, has blossomed out in all his Henglish glory and now looks more like a sailor than the world's greatest fighter. He even admits it himself. But Jack's



*Ian Keith seems about ready to slip a ring on the fair hand of the fairer Gloria in "Her Love Story." He also seems to hesitate. Maybe he is thinking about his divorce suit with Blanche Yurka, who accused Marjorie Rambeau of being too friendly with the leading man. Miss Rambeau denied the charge*





ADOLPH MENJOU, *Famous Players Star*

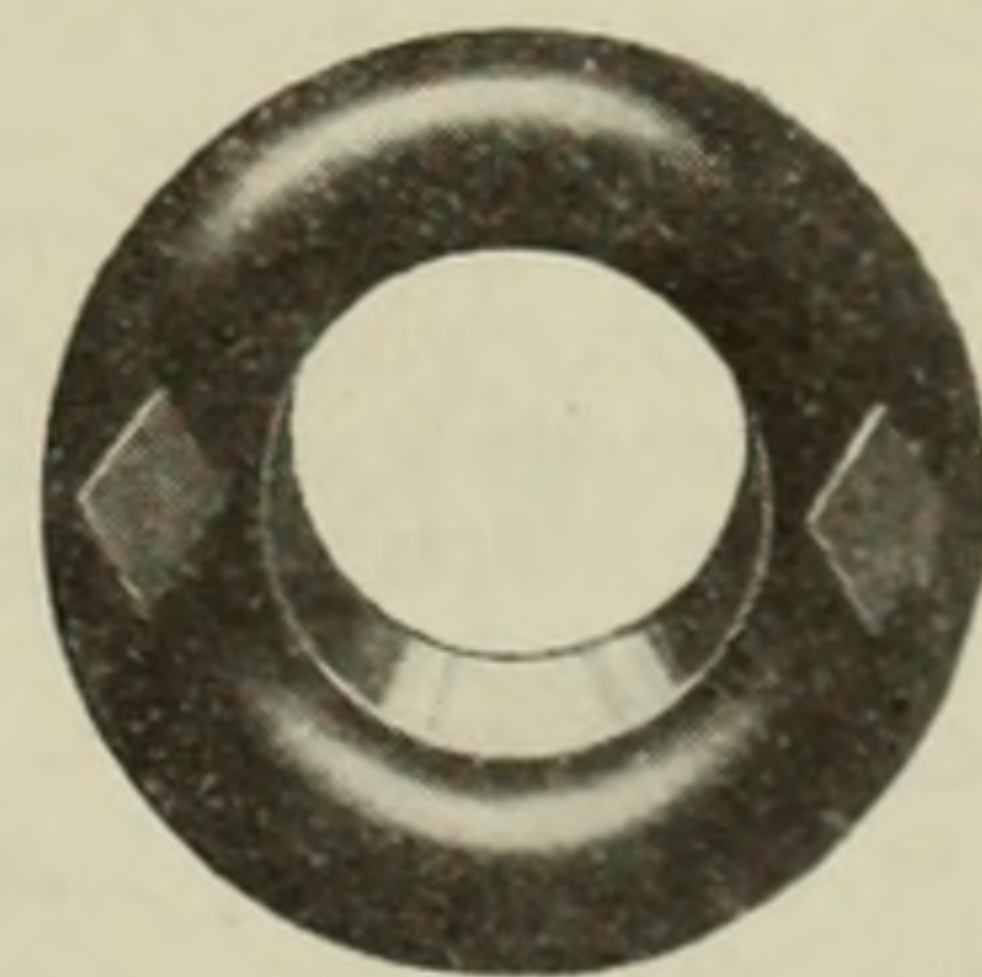
## *Beloved Villain!*

**A**MONG the screen's gallery of villains, none is more thoroughly lovable than Adolph Menjou. His sophistication adds greatly to the success and entertainment of every photoplay in which he is cast.

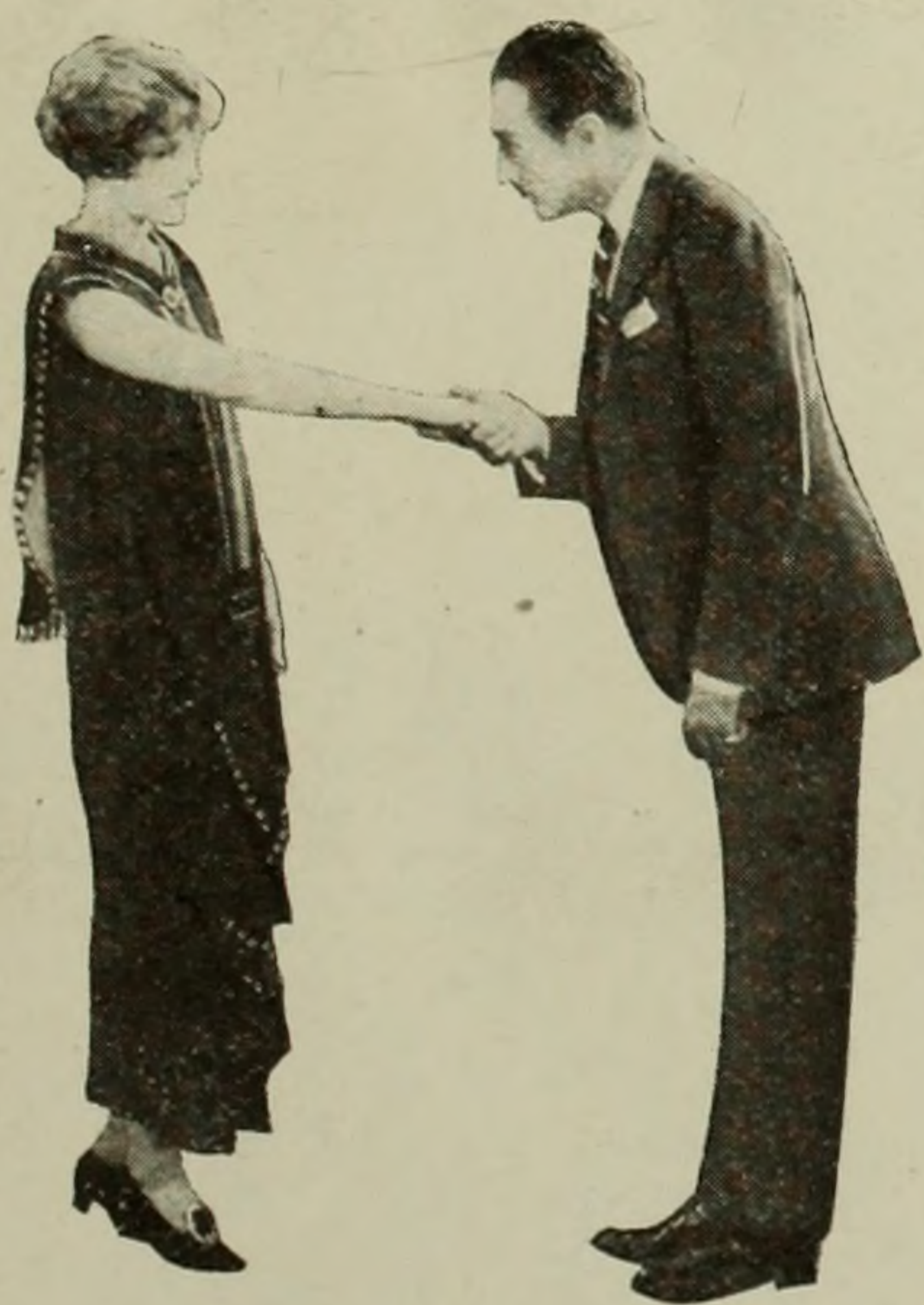
On the screen as well as off, Mr. Menjou typifies the well groomed man. Visible eyelets are one of the smaller but important items which Mr. Menjou finds necessary for the correct and fashionable appearance of his footwear. Visible eyelets are decorative, they add comfort and long wear to your shoes and they are essential for the perfectly finished appearance which is so desirable on all footwear.

Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that cannot wear brassy and that actually outwear the shoe. They can be identified by the two tiny raised diamonds on their surface. Look for the diamond, only the genuine Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have this trademark.

Look for  the Diamond Trade Mark



Always insist on Goodyear Welt Shoes with Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.



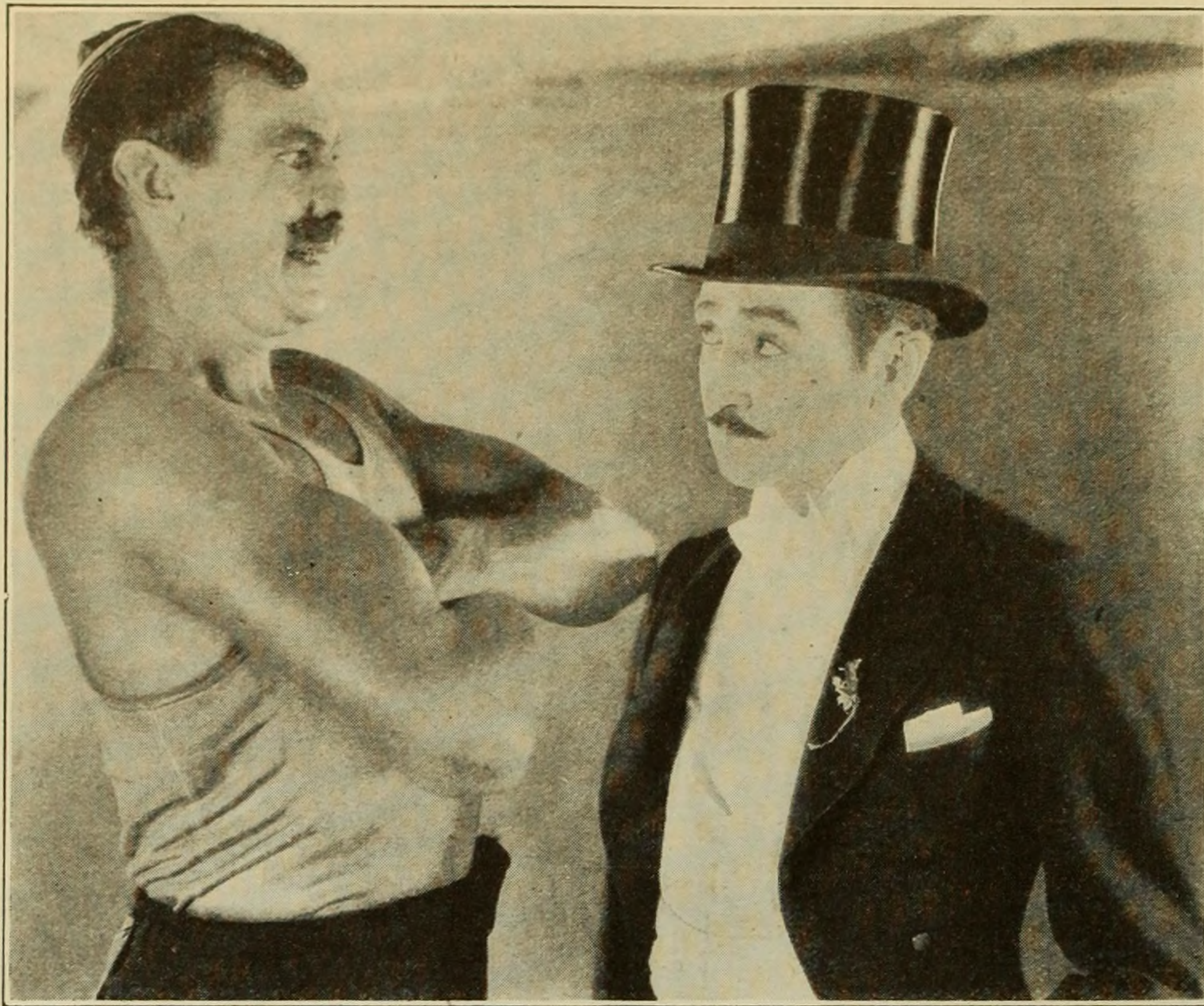
*Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!*

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

*Manufacturers of*

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS





*Girls, take your choice. Here is a cave man and a twentieth century type. Maurice Flynn does the stone age stuff as the French champion bicycle rider, while Adolphe Menjou gazes at him in "Open All Night"*

**W**ILL someone please page Kitty Gordon? We wonder what she'll have to say to this. From Mack Sennett, the Flo Ziegfeld of Hollywood, comes the announcement that Madeline Hurlock not only is the most perfectly proportioned girl that has ever been on his lot (and there have been some nice ones), but that she has the most perfect back of anyone on the stage or screen.

Here are her measurements and "specifications" which Mack offers as proof. Try 'em and see how closely they agree with yours.

Height, 5 feet 3½ inches; weight, 120 pounds; neck, 12½ inches; bust, 34 inches; waist, 24 inches; hips, 36 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 7½ inches; forearm, 9 inches; wrist, 5½ inches; upper arm, 10 inches; thigh, 21 inches.

**W**ALTER HIERS, jovial screen star, is going around Hollywood with three ugly scratches across his face.

And as Walter is very happily married the comedian's calm countenance caused considerable comment (pardon the alliteration) in the film colony.

Finally Walter explained that a cat had gotten up in a tree in front of the Hiers home and was afraid to climb down again.

Being the nice kind of a guy that he is, Walter climbed up to give it a lift. Not appreciating the Samaritan's intentions, however, tabby took a mean swipe at Walter's face with its paw. It was either let go of the tree and fall or else take the blow.

And Walter, appreciating his own weight, preferred the latter.

**C**HARLES J. BRABIN didn't stop directing "Ben Hur" because of illness. Brabin says so himself in a statement he issued when he filed suit against Metro-Goldwyn asking \$583,000 for breach of contract. The complaint states that when Brabin arrived in Italy to start production the equipment necessary had not been provided, and that a general condition of "chaos and futility" existed.

**A** NUMBER of Metro-Goldwyn officials "sat in" at a private view of Eric Von Stroheim's "Greed" just a few nights before this issue of PHOTOPLAY went to press. The

production was then in twenty-five reels and ran exactly seven hours. The officials staggered out a bit groggy but Rex Ingram, who had been invited to view the proceedings, came

out declaring that "Greed" is "the greatest motion picture I ever saw." We shall see!

**I**F what one newspaper said Ramon Novarro said is true, then his chances have doubled for his legion of feminine admirers. However, girls, just remember the line forms at the right and no crowding will be allowed.

According to the newspaper, the dashing Ramon said he was going to have two wives. Now what do you think of that? Neither do we, but we thought we would tell you all about it just the same.

Novarro was supposed to have been asked if he had as yet chosen the one and only woman for his wife. He is also supposed to have replied as follows:

"Yes, I have, but I am not going to marry her for the next four years. And I am not going to marry her alone. I am going to have one more at least.

"The first one will be my real honest-to-goodness wife. She will stay home and take care of the children. The second one—ah, she will be my companion. When I go out of an evening she will go with me. The first—she must have nobody upstairs—empty-head, I think you call it. The less she knows, the better I'm off."

This is supposed to have been said as Ramon was seated in his cabin on the Leviathan, just about to cast off for Europe.

**Y**OU can't keep a good man down—especially if he weighs close to three hundred—assert friends of "Fatty" (once Roscoe) Arbuckle. The big comedian went right back to San Francisco, city of desolate memories, and staged a big comeback—in vaudeville.

He appeared in the Pantages house in the Bay City and the crowds were so great that the newspapers had to give extra space to the achievement of the rotund one. That extra



*Betty Blythe is singing one of the latest songs she heard in Paris while the studio musicians improvise an accompaniment. The fiddler seems to like the song immensely. Why shouldn't he?*





# No more shiny nose!

*Discovered—a new principle! Shine and oiliness stopped for hours at the touch of a dainty cream*

Something to keep your nose from getting shiny—

Something to rid you of that unsightly oiliness on chin, forehead, etc.—

Something *lasting*, to save you the embarrassment of repeated dabbing and fussing!

How often have you wished for this magic "Something"!

And now at last you have it—in a new cream that does not just cover up shine, but helps to *correct* the conditions that cause it. A cream that gives you a delightfully soft, smooth finish that lasts for hours. A cream that holds your powder as never before, giving you *double protection* against shine and oiliness!

**Increasing benefits—reduces enlarged pores**

Vauv is based on an entirely new principle; made from a secret new formula, perfected only after a year of laboratory research. It *absorbs excess oil*, it *reduces enlarged pores*! These are the conditions that commonly cause shine.

Vauv does not clog the pores in the least, but helps to cleanse them; for all the impurities absorbed by the cream are carried away when it is washed off. For this reason, as you continue to use Vauv regularly every day, you will be troubled less and less with blackheads and other blemishes!

Vauv is *absolutely harmless*. Hundreds of women are writing to praise its many benefits. They like it because it protects from sun, wind, dust; because it dulls over freckles, tan and sunburn; because it can be used to whiten neck and arms.

**Men praise Vauv, too**

Men find in Vauv the same relief from shine and oiliness, the same delightful finish. And in addition, they find it an ideal after-shaving cream that closes the pores, tones up the skin and gives them a refreshing feeling of cleanness that *lasts*!

THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)  
249 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

**"Worth 10 times its cost!"**

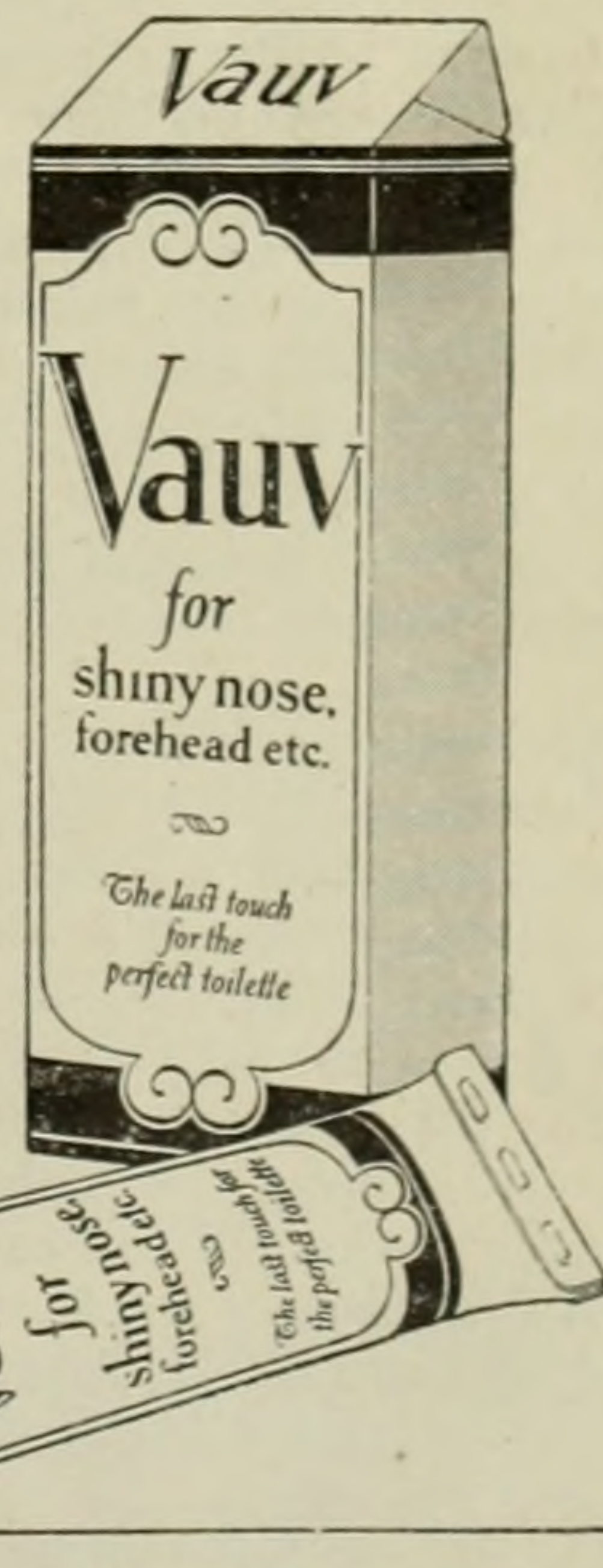
"I have found that Vauv is invaluable to me, because my skin was so shiny, that even constant and bothersome powdering would not relieve it. I have found that Vauv applied in the morning quickly removes all trace of this and my face is never shiny, throughout the entire day. I hope that the money enclosed will reach you safely because I am sure Vauv is worth 10 times its cost."

—MRS. L. C. B.,  
BALTIMORE, MD.

**Send for sample!**

Vauv is on sale at all drug and department stores, price 50c for generous tube. Or, fill out coupon below and send it to us with 10c for sample tube that will last a week

**At drug stores and toilet counters**



# Vauv

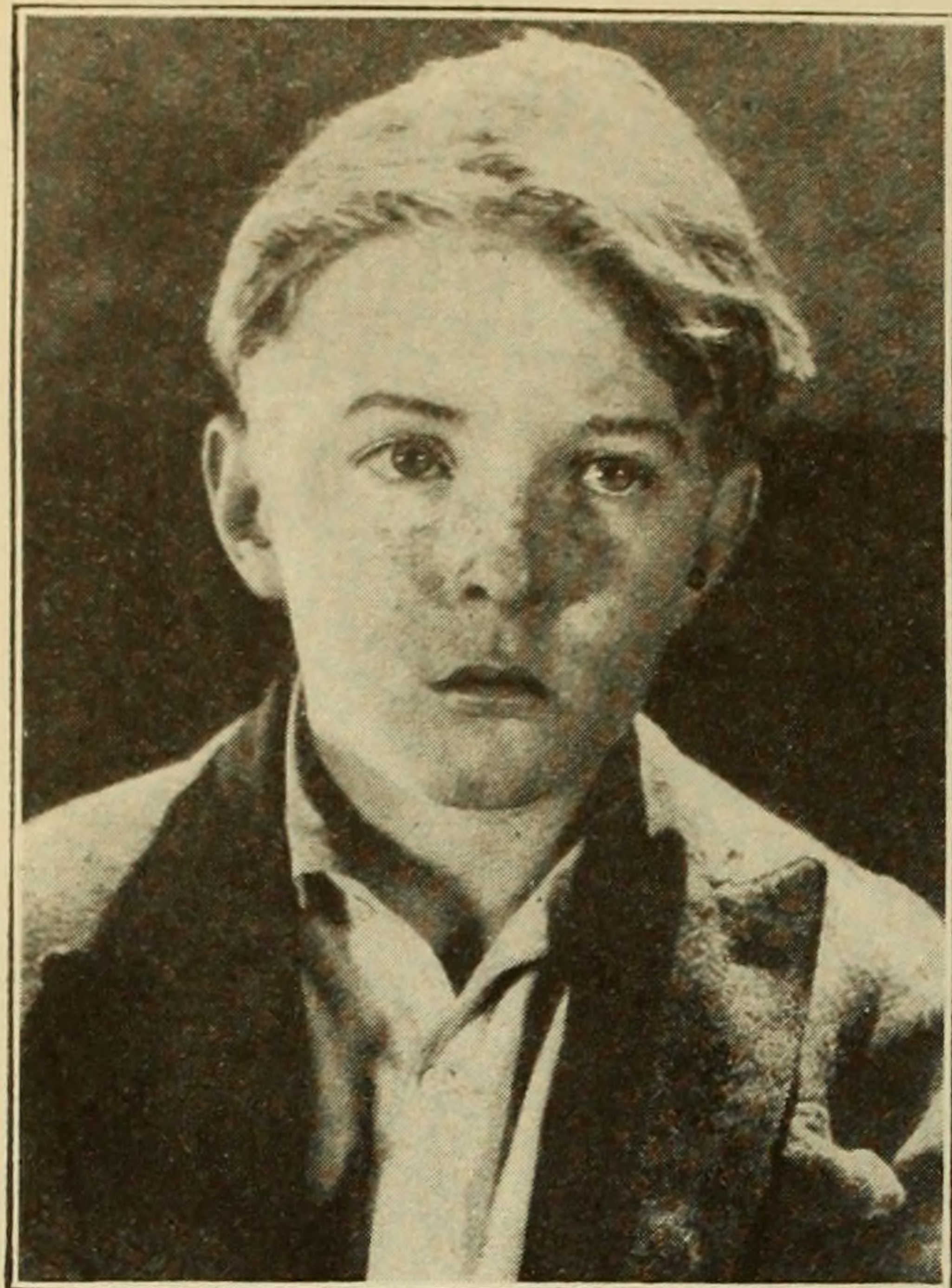
PRONOUNCED VŌVE

*Keeps the shine off and the powder on!*

THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)  
249 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Please send me at once sample week's-size tube of Vauv. I am enclosing 10c.

Name.....  
Street (or P. O. Box).....  
City.....State.....  
Your dealer's name and address.....





*Ben Alexander seems worried about his freckles in the first picture. But glance at the other one and see how he expresses gratitude to the make-up man who gave him "that schoolgirl complexion" in "A Self-made Failure"*

space was the basis for a great deal of speculation as to whether "Fatty" would be allowed to return to the screen. So far it is still speculation. "Fatty" started to win fame as a vaudevillian. There are lots of men who have tried for a "comeback" in their chosen fields. Most, if not all, got a licking of which James J. Jeffries was the initial and most spectacular example.

"Fatty" has been successful in his vaudeville "comeback." His friends predict that he will return to pictures because of a popular demand. Well, the public will is supposed to be supreme in this country.

**HEDDA HOPPER**, who won fame in three ways, namely, by the stage, by marrying De Wolf Hopper and by screen success, has made another bid for popularity.

As soon as film actresses reach anything like stellar proportions they move out to Hollywood and buy the biggest house they can find. That's what Miss Hopper started to do. But she wound up by taking the smallest in the California film colony and says she wouldn't trade it for a king's palace. She's happy in the tiny bungalow and says that the only excuse for having a house of any kind is to enjoy it. Happy Hedda Hopper.

**DID** you ever run ten blocks to a fire and then find that it was only some measly little woodshed burning? Sure you have and so have we. In fact that it is about the only kind we ever did run to until recently. And then we felt repaid for all the futile miles we had run.

For this fire was different. It was a garage fire and among the eight garages blazing was one that belonged to Mabel Normand. And in her garage was a spick and span limousine. It was and still is the pride of her heart, despite the fact that the flames damaged it about \$1,000 worth.

But it was not the burning or saving of her limousine that made the fire such a success from the spectators' viewpoint. The fair Mabel furnished the excitement. Aroused from peaceful slumbers, she rushed to the garage clad only in her pajamas, slippers and a filmy something thrown over her shoulders. She has appeared in many fire scenes in pictures but never to better advantage than she did that early morning.

The dashing comedienne took command of the firemen in directing their work of saving her garage and limousine, and no firemen ever worked harder or more valiantly than did those gallants of the Wilshire fire station.

B. De Mille, she will henceforth be known to fame as the first woman to fly a commercial seaplane between California ports and Catalina Island. Carrying passengers across the thirty-mile stretch of ocean was as easy for her as writing a scenario, and she did it just as successfully. She has been a licensed air pilot for some time but none of her friends ever thought she would dare take the huge passenger-carrying planes for a flight over a stretch of the mighty Pacific.

**ONCE** more the stork has made the film colony happy. Barbara Bedford, otherwise Mrs. Alan Roscoe, is the happy mother. A tiny daughter came to the Roscoe home and will be known as Barbara Edith.

**A** MONKEY party is just one bite after another. Vicious bites. Jealous bites. Amorous bites.

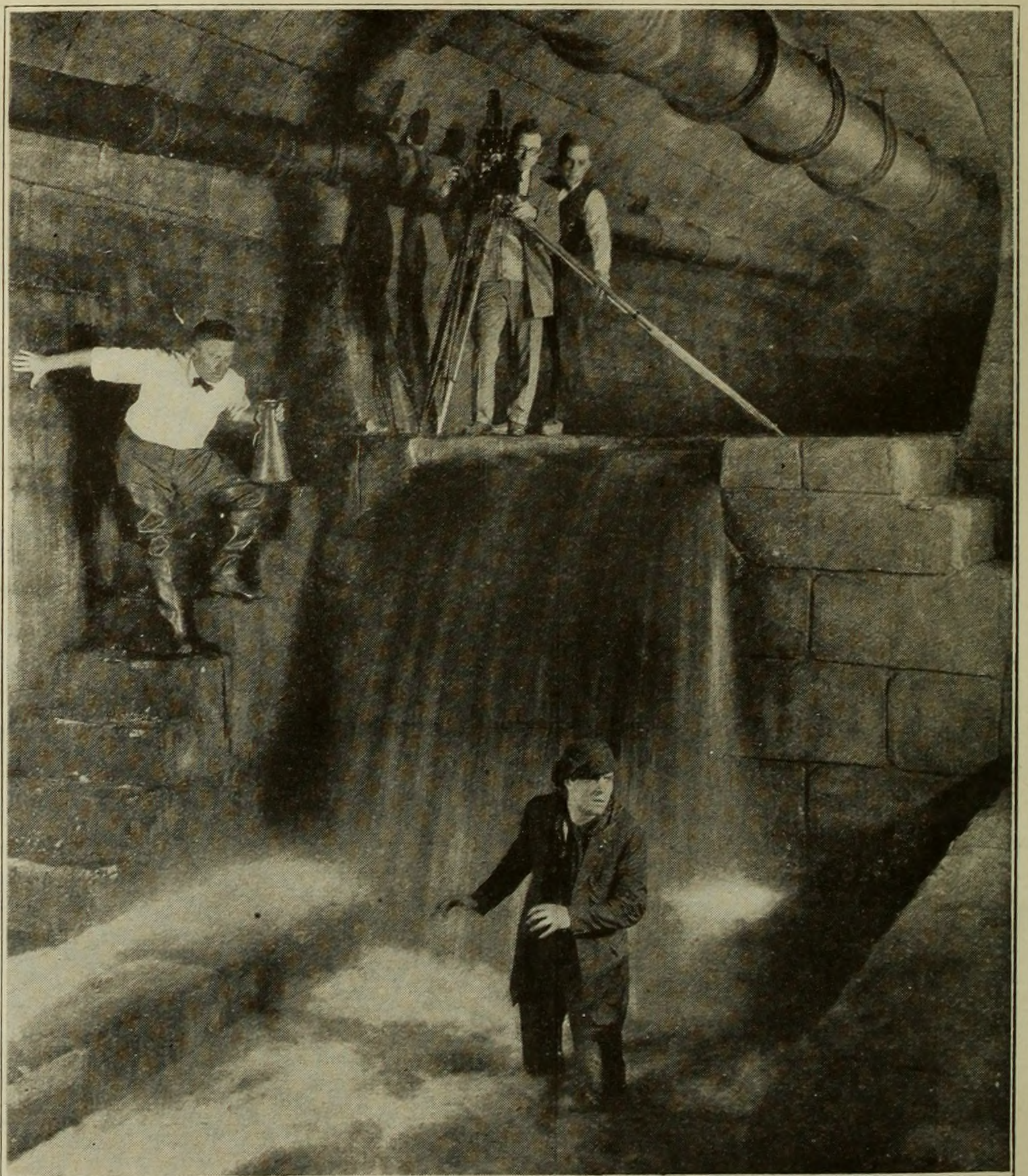
When Gilda Gray, arrayed in white embroidered in red, stood at the door to receive a professor from Princeton University, Ford Maddox Ford, Charles Belmont Davis, other celebrities and still others, a long-legged, pink-eyed white ape from Singapore that perched on her husband's shoulder stared at each one and shook his head. None of those who passed under his scrutiny received his O. K. He shook his peaked head and wrinkled face. But he did not bite. He did not even nip. Though I must say he ate a mango in unmannerly fashion.

The three baboons from the Hippodrome that were there to receive the stranger, though he would have none of them, were the ones that bit and bit and bit. They bit the knees and ankles and fingers of Miss Gray and her women guests. Courses in the luncheon at the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

When it was all over she took them into her house and served breakfast. It was some fire and some breakfast.

**JEANIE MACPHERSON** has reached out and taken new honors unto herself. In addition to being a special scenario writer for Cecil



*This only shows to what depths a great artist can descend. Ramon Novarro is shown as the crook in "The Red Lily" and the scene is a duplication of the sewers of Paris made at Culver City, California*





**Interesting News!**  
 Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available. While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations. **They are 25 cents a package**

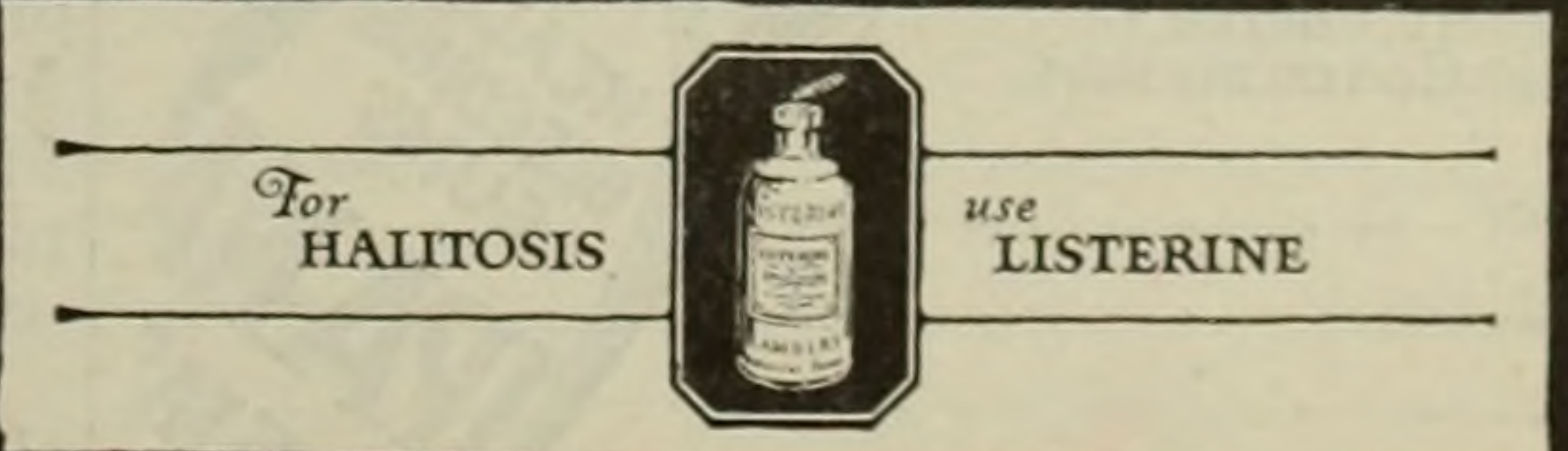
**“I’m going to quit!”  
 —if he’s that way again today**

HER friend saw her hesitate a moment before entering his office. This was the dictation that she dreaded every day. The other stenographers felt the same way, yet, of course, none of them would have dared to discuss the real reason with him. It became a matter of general office gossip.

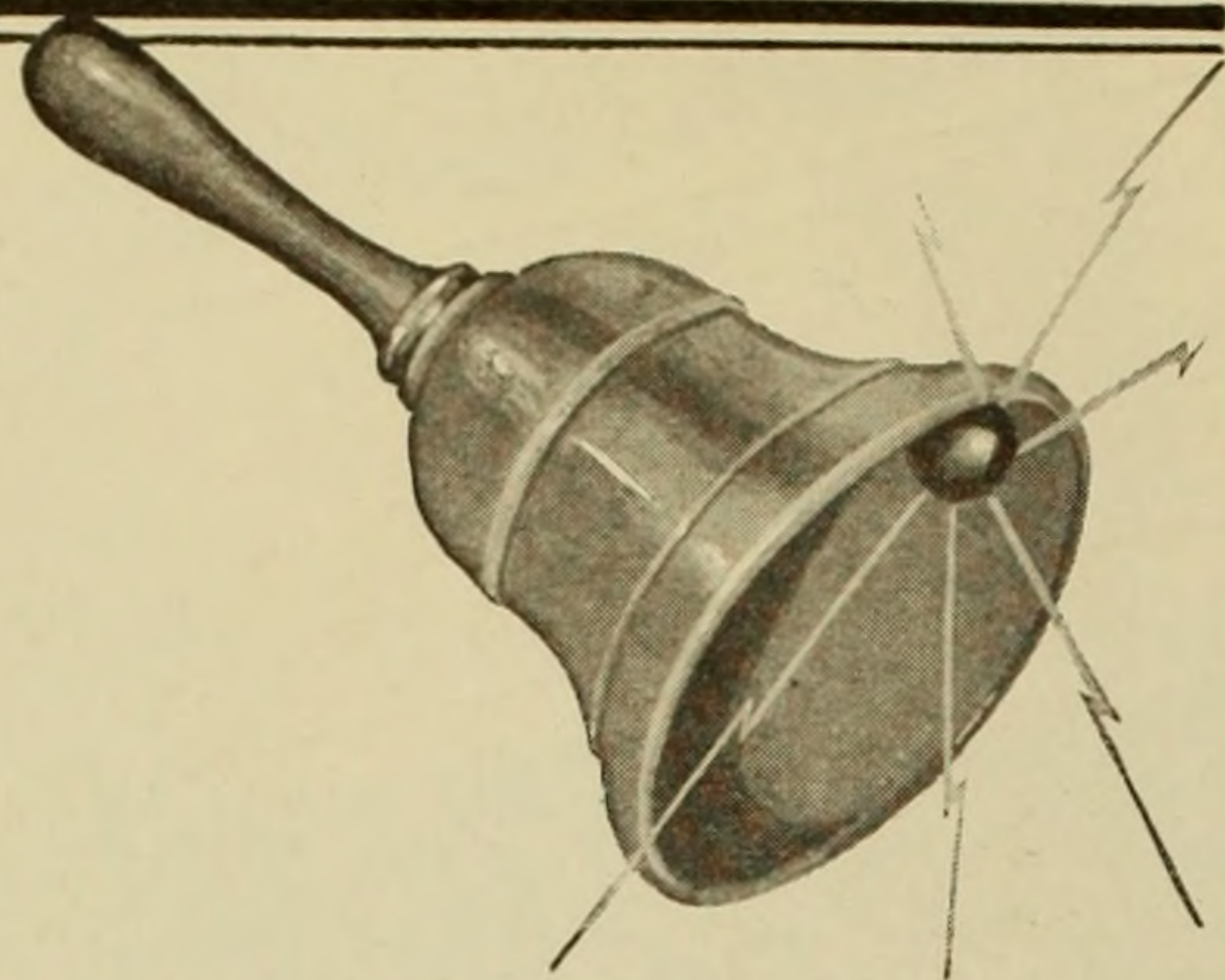
\* \* \*  
 You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That’s the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won’t tell you. Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortu-

nately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodorizing effects of Listerine this way: Rub a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears. This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.







# Wake up your gums!

*It will lengthen the life of your teeth*

**T**HE IMPORTANCE of healthy gums in the preservation of your teeth cannot be over-estimated. The threat that the "pink toothbrush" brings cannot be made too clear.

Under a diet of soft food, our gums lack the stimulation which they need so much.

*Does your toothbrush "show pink"?*

Dentists will tell you that the best thing you can do for your gums is to keep them healthy and hard. Today they are preaching and practising the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth.

Thousands of dentists have written to tell us how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana. Many prescribe a gum massage with Ipana after the ordinary brushing with Ipana, for Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

**Try a tube of Ipana today**

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

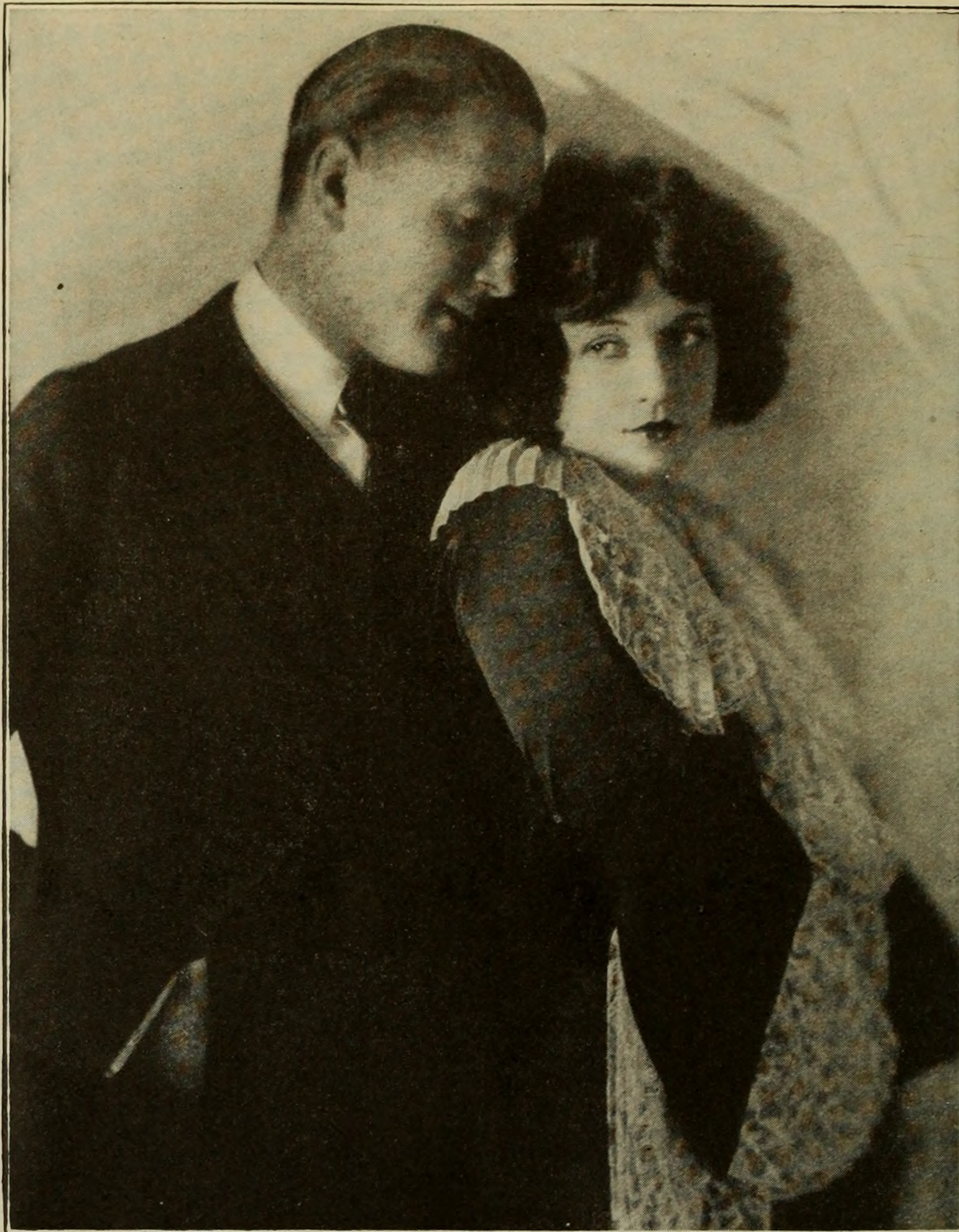
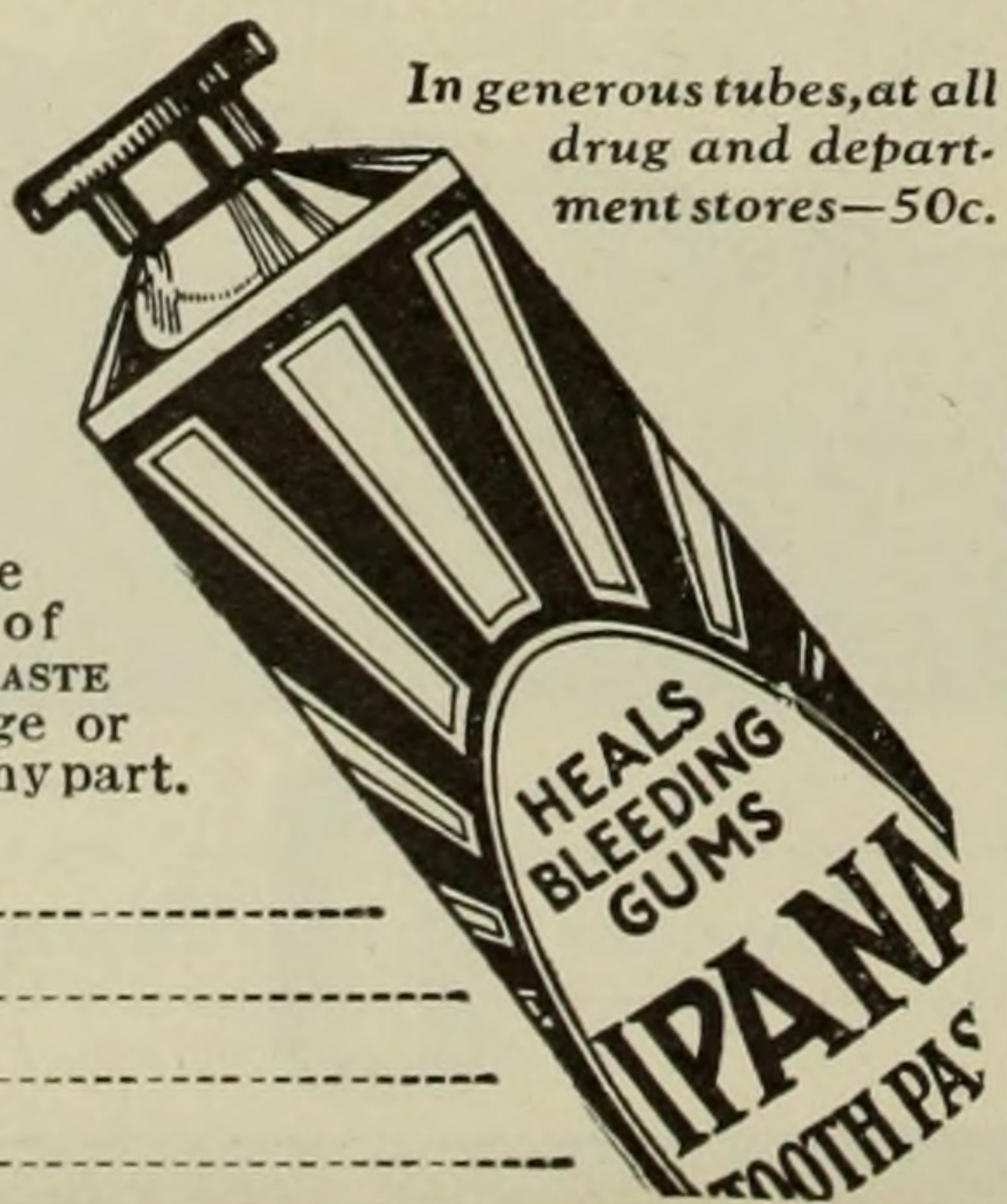
—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

**Bristol-Myers Co.**

Dept. I-9  
42 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 \_\_\_\_\_



© Strauss-Peyton

*Orange blossoms and wedding bells are going to mean a whole lot to these two screen favorites one of these days. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan admit they are going to be married, but when and where they refuse to divulge to their closest intimates. Maybe by the time this picture is published they will be receiving the congratulations of their legion of friends*

## Studio News and Gossip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

Majestic which Miss Gray gave for the home-sick simian were punctuated by screams from the women who were bitten.

The men were annoyed by quite different attentions. The prototypes of our alleged ancestors climbed to their heads and industriously scratched their scalps as though seeking, seeking—ever seeking.

**T**HE excitement surrounding the making of "Ben Hur" in Italy goes on and is about as interesting to the film colony in Hollywood as the picture itself is likely to be. If they wanted to make the title of "Ben Hur" better known to the public by this mystery and manipulation, that object has certainly been accomplished.

Ramon Novarro has been spirited out of Hollywood—going to a small wayside station by car to board the train, none know exactly why—to play the title rôle. George Walsh, originally selected, will be removed at once. Fred Niblo replaces Charles Brabin as director. May McAvoy leaves Hollywood this week to play *Esther*, in place of Kathleen Key, who went over in the first place.

How long this present arrangement will stand no one seems to know, but it looks pretty definite.

The answer to the whole thing is that when the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer merger took place the new officials had new ideas about their biggest feature picture and decided to make the above mentioned changes. June Mathis, who wrote the continuity and has been the ruling spirit, has been removed from her supreme authority over the production, and Fred Niblo will have entire charge.

Working conditions in Italy have not been of the best and Brabin faced tremendous difficulties, with no preparation, and the organization behind him in the chaos of a complete transformation.

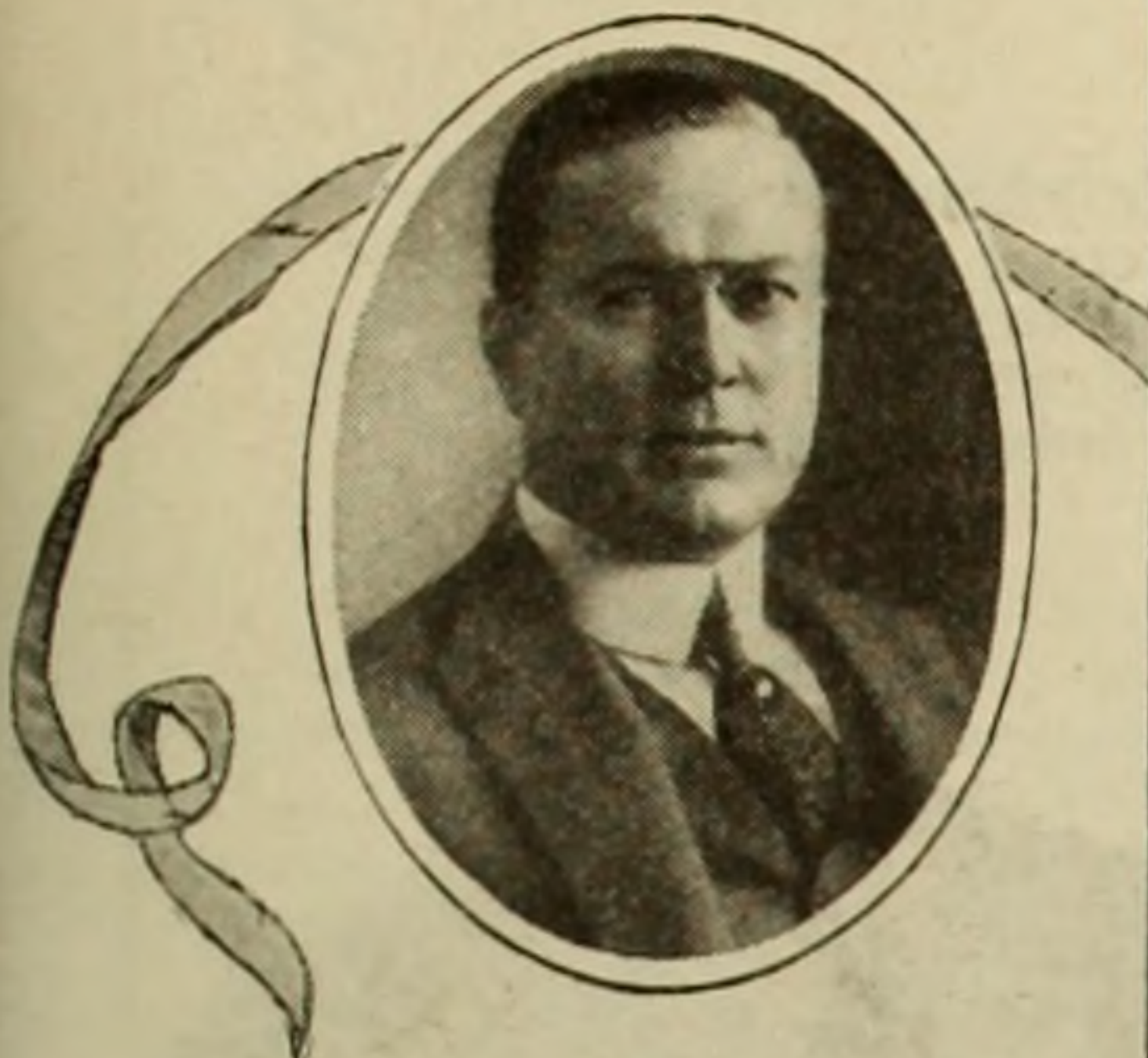
**L**UBITSCH, the great foreign director, went into the producers' offices the other day and said to them, "I want a gag man. On my next picture I must have this thing what you call a gag man."

The producers, much surprised, protested. Gag men were only for comedies. They were only employed by comedians. What in the world did he want with a gag man?

"These other directors that make comedies, they have gag men. I want a gag man too—he should make me laugh while I am making the picture."

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 94 ]





**Porter M. Farrell**  
New President of Philipsborn's

**750,000 new customers since January 1st!**

That's what superior styles, wonderful values and extra prompt service have accomplished so far this year. And Mr. Farrell, Philipsborn's new president, said: "I want our New Style Book to be so full of bargains that it will double that record before the end of the year!" Here it is!—a book full of surprises—see coupon.



Fall and Winter Styles  
1924-1925  
**PHILPSBORN'S**  
Porter M. Farrell, President  
Chicago, Ill.

# Style Book Free Just Out!

Latest New York styles, a book of *authoritative* information, 268 pages, 141 color illustrations, accurate descriptions in *every detail* showing exactly all the various features of up-to-date styles in dresses, coats, millinery, shoes and general wearing apparel—and *wonderful* bargains in all kinds of women's, men's, children's clothing. See coupon below.

You'll know *what* to wear, you'll know prices, rock-bottom prices—when you've looked through this Style Book.

# Send Coupon

The number of extra copies for free distribution is limited. Learn about the latest styles and about bargain prices. Don't miss getting your copy. So be sure to send the coupon *now*.

# PHILPSBORN'S

Porter M. Farrell, President

## Bargains!

**I**N this new Fall and Winter Style Book are America's real rock-bottom prices on wearing apparel for women, men and children. Think of it—only \$7.98 for the smart, all-wool velour, tailored dress pictured! Latest straight line model and most popular Fall fabric. Fully described and illustrated on page 71 of our new Style Book. And this is but one of many equally big values shown. Just get this book and *compare* the prices.

Here is a partial list of bargains:

- Women's Coats, \$4.98 to \$37.98
- House Dresses, .59 and up
- Other Dresses, 2.79 to \$19.98
- Sweaters, .49 to 8.98
- Furs, 1.98 to 24.50
- Women's
- Hats, .79 to 4.98
- Shoes, .43 to 6.48
- Hosiery, .10 to 2.25
- Corsets, .69 to 6.44
- Knit Underwear, .10 to 5.59
- Children's
- Coats, 2.98 to 18.98
- Boy's
- Suits, 2.98 to 12.90
- Men's
- Suits, 11.95 to 24.85
- Men's Dress Shirts, .89 to 4.48

Complete Supplies for the Baby, Dry Goods, Toilet Goods, Novelties, and hundreds of other items for all the family. Send coupon!

Here is what Mr. Farrell, the new president of Philipsborn's, said to the new directors:

"We must publish this Fall the best Style Book in the history of the business. We must show the most authoritative styles and absolutely accurate descriptions. And besides, we must give the greatest bargain values we have ever offered.

"We want to make the end of the year 1924 a climax to show what the new management of Philipsborn's has accomplished in satisfying customers."

Only a limited number of extra copies of this Fall and Winter Style Book are reserved for free distribution. Send coupon for yours *now* while they last.



**Philipsborn's, Dept. 1726, Chicago, Ill.**

Absolutely free and without obligation, send me your new Fall and Winter Style Book showing latest New York styles and great bargains in women's, men's and children's wearing apparel.

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....  
State.....





"Patent Pending"

1 After moistening hair with Spanish Curling Liquid, furnished free with every Curling Cap, place cap over the head and pull the hair forward through the rubberized cross pieces with the fingers.

2 The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces and allowed to dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.

# Marvelous New Curling Cap Marcelle Waves Any Hair

*Startling new invention makes marcelling quick and easy*

**H**ERE'S the greatest beauty news you've had in many a day! It makes no difference whether you wear your hair bobbed or long—whether it's thick and fluffy or thin and scraggly—for this great beauty invention insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls *all the time* at practically no expense to you and with only a few minutes' time every few days.

Like all great inventions, McGowan's Curling Cap is very simple. There is no complicated apparatus. Nothing to catch in your hair or get out of order. It is a simple device that applies the principles of the curling iron, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling fluid—Spanish Curling Liquid—in the place of water and heat.

You can see at a glance how the Curling Cap works. Elastic head bands hold the six rubberized cross pieces in place. The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces until it dries, when the Curling Cap is removed, and you have a beautiful Marcelle that would cost a dollar or more at a Beauty Shop and take about an hour's time.

### *A timely aid to beauty*

There never was a more timely invention than this, when nearly all

girls and young women are wearing bobbed hair—and wondering how they will keep it curled through the summer. Tennis, golf, boating, swimming and other summer sports always have played havoc with Marcelles and make it nearly impossible for the average outdoor girl to keep her bob looking as smart as it should. But now she can laugh at her former worries, for with McGowan's Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid she can have a fresh Marcelle every day in less time than it took to comb her hair when it was long.

### *Curly hair's the thing now*

No matter what style of bob you favor, or even if you wear your hair long, you've got to keep it curly and wavy if you want to be in style. There never was a style more universally becoming and there never was one more rigidly demanded by the arbiters of fashion.

It makes no difference, either, whether you prefer the waves running across your hair or from front to back. The Curling Cap is adjustable either way. When not in use the Cap may be folded and carried in your handbag.

### *Read this amazing offer*

If you are familiar with the price of other curling devices—none of which is to be compared with the Curling Cap—you would expect this one to cost at least \$10 or \$15. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price because it is



3 After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the cap is removed and your mirror reflects as beautiful a Marcelle as you ever had in your life.

easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his great invention, so he decided to put the price within reach of all. By selling in tremendous quantities it will be possible for him to make a price of \$2.87 for the entire outfit, which includes a large sized bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Curling Cap. This delightful hair balsam is not only a marvelous curling fluid but a splendid tonic as well. It makes the hair glossy and promotes luxurious growth. There is no heat to sear the tender strands of hair and dry out the scalp.

**Send no money—just mail the coupon**

You don't even have to pay for this wonderful curling outfit in advance. Just sign the coupon and in a few days the postman will deliver the Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid to you. Simply pay him \$2.87, plus postage—and then your Marcelle worries will be at an end. If you don't find it the greatest beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of Marcelles just as we promised—if you are not satisfied with McGowan's Curling Cap and Spanish Curling Liquid in every way just return the outfit and your money will be refunded.

### COUPON

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES  
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 608, Chicago  
Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit to you and you are to refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

W. B., ALCO, GA.—If Agnes Ayers is about to be married she has deceived the poor old Answer Man. In conversation with him these words passed her lips: "I have no intention of marrying for a long time, if ever." Gloria Swanson is divorced.

LILLIAN, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VA.—Lois Wilson certainly has stirred your admiration. She has brown hair and hazel eyes. She measures five feet, five and a half inches. Make it five? All right. Her home is at Hollywood. She was born June 28, 1896. How old is Lois?

J. C. L., ATLANTA, GA.—Mary Pickford has returned from Europe. Address her Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.

FRED, EAST ST. LOUIS, MO.—No, Fred. Helene Chadwick is not married at present. She was born November 25, 1897. Figure it out. Her height is five feet, four and three-fourth inches. She lives at Hollywood.

KATHERINE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Certainly. The thirteen baby stars named in 1923, in a published list, were Develys Perdue, Betty Francisco, Virginia Brown Faire, Evelyn Brent, Eleanor Boardman, Helen Lynch, Jobyna Ralston, Dorothy Devoe, Kathleen Key, Laura la Plante, Ethel Shannon, Pauline Garon, Margaret Leahy.

NORMAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—How you girls and boys admire a tall man! Ever read the list of the great little men, Napoleon, Alexander, Hamilton, Disraeli and several hundred others? Well, here goes. Rod La Rocque is six feet, three inches tall. Norman Kerry is within an inch as tall and within a pound as heavy, his weight being one hundred and eighty pounds and Rod La Rocque's one hundred and eighty-one. Rod is twenty-six and Norman about thirty years old. Ramon Novarro's height is five feet, ten inches and his weight one hundred and sixty pounds. His age is twenty-five.

M. V., CHICO, CAL.—Marion Davies' chief lovmaker in "Janice Meredith" is Harrison Ford. "A Chip from the Flying U" and "A Gentleman from Indiana" have been filmed. No, old fellow, you have kept within the quota of questions. Thanks for your very sincere compliments. Here's my hand.

GERTRUDE, BLOMINGDALE, N. J.—Theodore Kosloff was a Russian dancer of distinction when he was brought to this country by Morris Gest. He has not lost that reputation. He was born in 1878. Here's your table. Johnny Walker is married. Norman Kerry, not married. Douglas MacLean, married. Theodore Kosloff has appeared in "Law of the Lawless"; "Children of Jazz" and "Don't Call It Love."

FRANCES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Rod La Rocque is unweighted by wedding ring or matrimonial vows.

GRACE, CHICAGO, ILL.—If you asked Marguerite Clark why she does not return to the screen she would give you one of two sincere answers. Both are true. They would be, "I don't have to" and "My husband won't let me." Norma Talmadge enjoys the prestige and wisdom of her twenty-eighth year.

LOU, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Harold Lloyd would, no doubt, be interested in the resemblance if you are sure it is marked. Why not send him the photograph and ask him whom he sees there pictured?

REGINALD, TOLEDO, OHIO.—It's clubby of you to call me "Our Answer Friend." Reaches the sub-cellar of my experienced heart. The other Reginald (Denny) is an impressive person of six feet height; in poundage, one hundred and seventy, and in age, thirty-three years. He should be glad to know that you enjoy his screen work. He married an actress, Irene Haisman, who is not seen in pictures. John Gilbert is Leatrice Joy's husband. Lois Wilson is not married. But I make no promises.

T. O. B., SCRANTON, PA.—Lloyd Hughes is married. No children. Your other favorite, Ben Lyon, is single. Mr. Lyon's recent work was in "The White Moth," with Barbara La Marr, and "Compromised," with Pola Negri. Lloyd Hughes was seen in "The Heritage of the Desert," with Bebe Daniels and in "The Sea Hawk," with Enid Bennett.

EMMA G., OCONOMOWOC, WIS.—The man whose power you regard as supreme was once a member of President Harding's cabinet. Will Hays' office is at 522 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

CONNIE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Minneapolis, Minn., is the city that claims to be the birthplace of Richard Dix. It maintains its claim. So does Mr. Dix. Marjorie Daw's husband is "Eddie" Sutherland. No relation to Victor of the same name.

THELMA, KEARNEY, NEB.—Jack Hope is married to Marin Sais. He is about thirty-five. Further specifications, Thelma? All right. Height six feet, two inches. Weight, one hundred and ninety-three pounds.

BETTY, GALESBURG, ILL.—Warren Kerrigan is a "darling even if he is married." That's generous of you, Betty. Louisville, Ky., is his birthplace. He has reached the age at which a famous author said, men begin to be interesting to women, thirty-five. Coloring, eyes, hazel; hair, black. Height, six feet, one inch. Weight, one hundred and ninety-five pounds. Not married at the moment of my writing.

ROSALIE, MCALLEN, TEX.—Just "Answer Man" will do, sweet Rosalie. Your list of favorite players is a good one.

M. N., PORTLAND, MAINE.—A letterful about Edna Murphy. As you like, Rose of Maine. Miss Murphy has gray eyes and blonde hair. She is the cuddlesome height of five feet, two inches and the also cuddlesome weight of one hundred and eighteen pounds. She has been seen in "The White Moth," "The Golden Phantom" and "Wanted by the Police."

DORA, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Greetings, fair Australian. I am glad to learn that your countrymen like the pictures produced by mine. Charles de la Roche is Count de la Rochefort. He was born in Vendome, France. He is a healthy specimen of six feet in height and in weight, one hundred and ninety pounds. He was seen in "The Marriage Maker," "The Ten Commandments," "Shadows of Paris," "The White Moth," and "Love and Glory."

HILDA, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Barbara La Marr's age is twenty-four. Marguerite de la Motte is engaged in the Vitagraph production "Behold the Woman." Simply call you, "Ramon Novarro's favorite." Do you mean that, Miss Hilda?

T. M. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Thomas Meighan was born April 4, 1879. His eyes are blue. His hair is three shades this side of black.

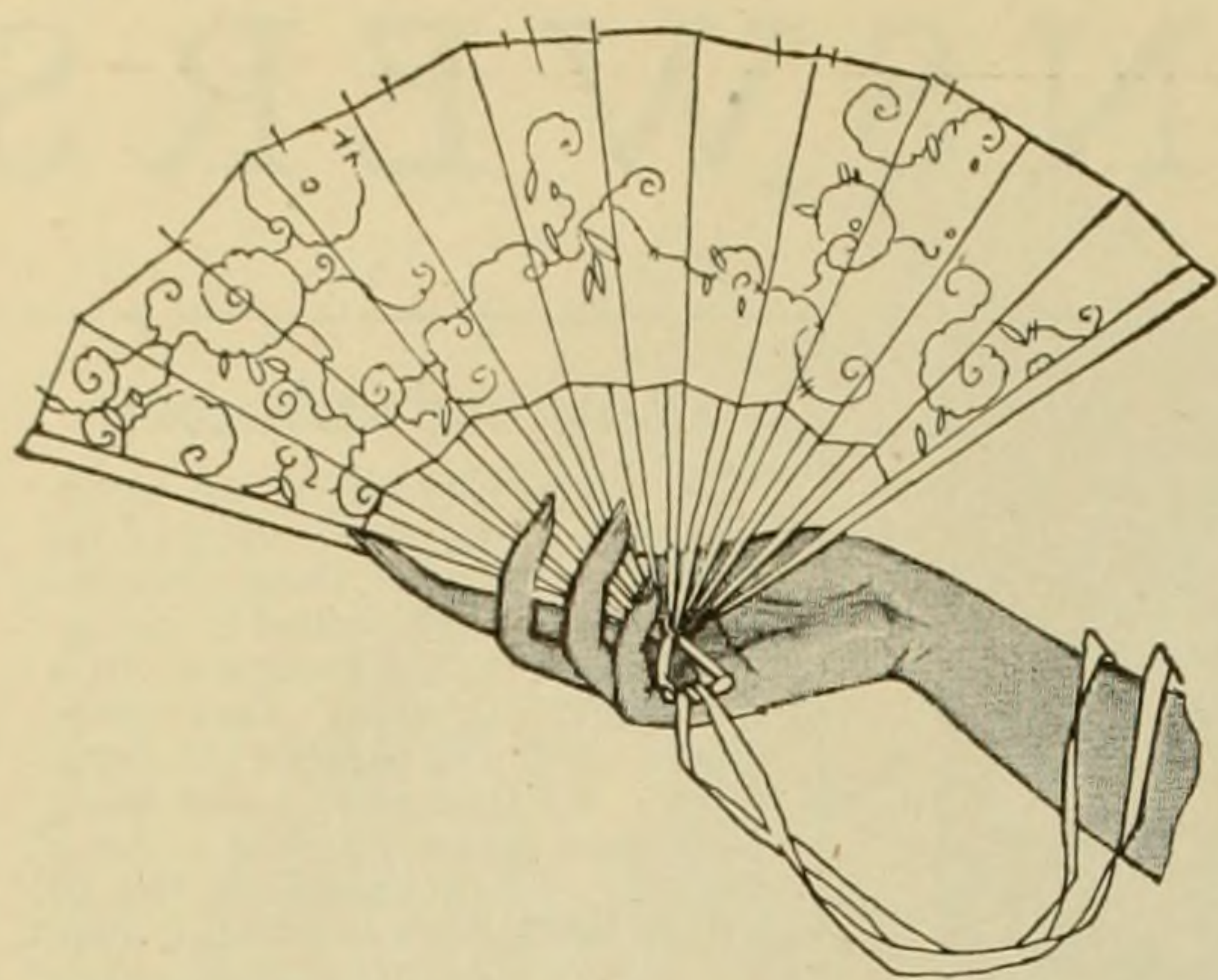
ELEANOR, PORTLAND, MAINE.—Charmed to be of service, Eleanor. Write Jackie Coogan through Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer Studios for his photograph. Don't forget to enclose a quarter to cover the expenses. Richard Dix's new play is "Sinners in Heaven." Corinne Griffith is a wife.

GRACE, TULSA, OKLAHOMA.—Busy? Yes. But she should be interested in "a girl who looks enough like her to be her twin." Send her your photograph and ask whether she notices a resemblance. Or get a photograph of her and make a searching comparison with your own. If you "will not be happy until you have written her" do so, by all means. Why be miserable?

"SUN FISH," GREEN POND, N. J.—Why the piscatorial *nom de plume*? Many brave actors and beautiful actresses have appeared in photographic semblance on our covers and many more will appear.

SUNBONNET SUE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Dear Southron, you couldn't "pester" me even if you were so unkind as to try. Glad I cure your blues. Glad too, that you call me "Dear Old Questions and Answers." I know the "old" is an adjectival endearment. The height of one of your objects of admiration, Eugene O'Brien, is six feet. Art Acord tops him by an inch. Wesley Barry has shot up to five feet, six inches. Claire Adams is five feet, five inches tall. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]





*Your nails are always  
under observation*

KEEP THEM BEAUTIFUL  
WITH GLAZO

Remember, your friends and acquaintances are constantly "sizing up" your nails just as you are theirs. Good taste demands that you keep them in perfect condition, glowing with soft, shell-pink lustre.

Thanks to GLAZO, you no longer have to spend hours each week polishing and buffing to attain the lustre that Fashion demands. It's now just a matter of a few seconds—a thin coating of each nail with the dainty GLAZO brush, and your nails might well be envied by a queen.

**You Need the Remover for  
Perfect Results**

GLAZO is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and get the GLAZO package. It will mean lovely nails always, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50c at all counters.



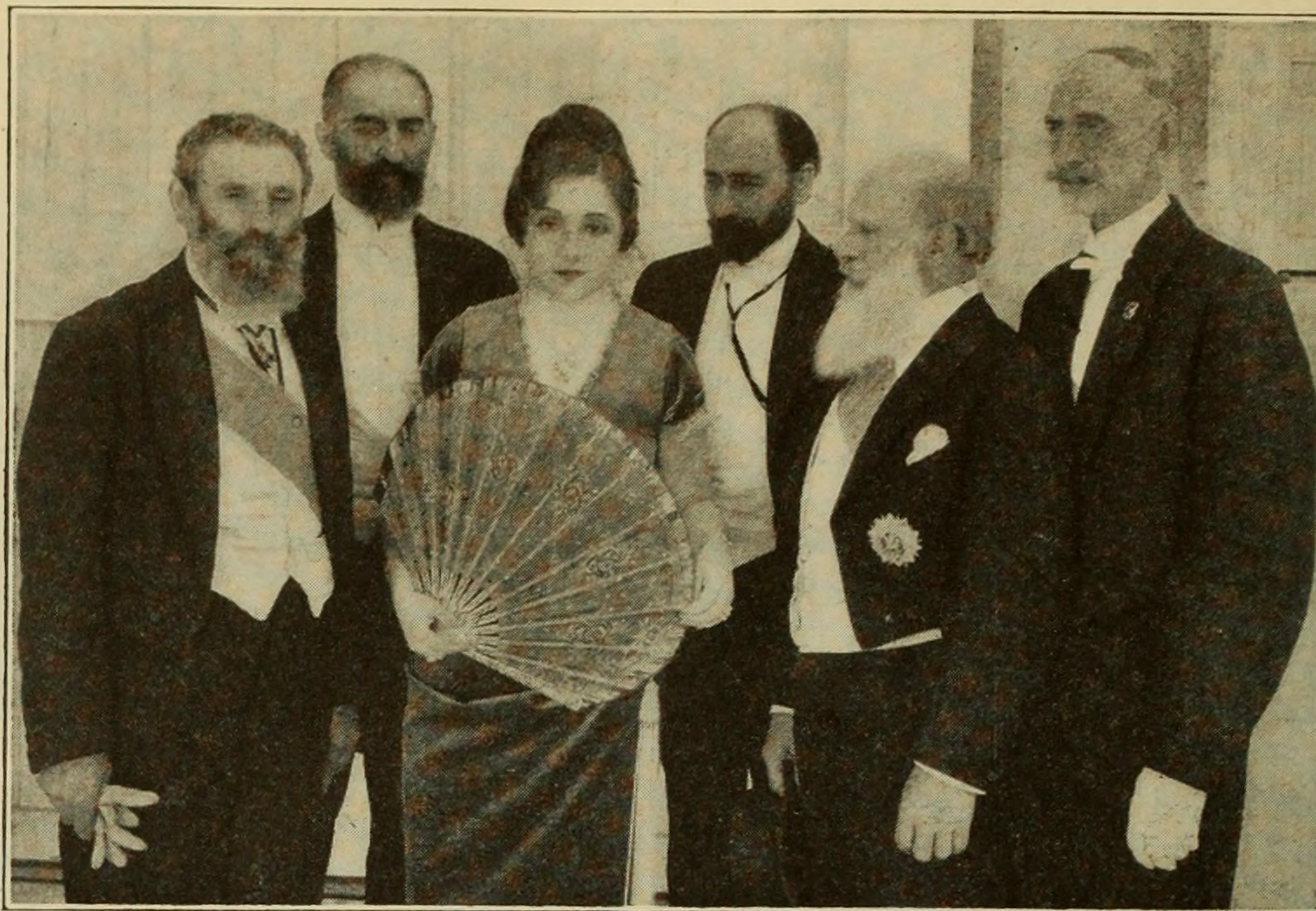
**GLAZO**

NO BUFFING NECESSARY

Try GLAZO Cuticle Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and  
keeps it even and healthy

For trial size GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in space below, tear off and mail with 10c to  
**The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.**



*These whiskers are worth \$112,500. At least they earned their five owners that much as extra men in the past ten years. They are all being used in support of Laurette Taylor in "One Night in Rome"*

## Studio News and Gossip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

**NORMA TALMADGE** has bought a new home on Hollywood Boulevard. It is the famous mansion which once belonged to the Jack Cudahys, and is one of the show places of Hollywood. She expects to move in as soon as it can be redecorated.

By the way, Norma was on the Boulevard the other morning wearing the cunningest frock. An orange and white checked gingham, sleeveless and straight with a little narrow belt, and ornamented on one side with a big cluster of padded silk flowers, applied onto the dress. They were in all the bright colors and ran from hem to waistline on the right side.

**CONWAY TEARLE** and Howard Hawks, scenario editor of Paramount, are contesting hotly the title of the best tennis player in the film colony.

It seems to have settled down to a duel between these two, though George Fitzmaurice, George Archinbaud and Maurice Flynn have been giving them a close race.

**JETTA GOUDAHL** is a well-known vampire on the Eastern circuit, and has been seen to great advantage on the screen as the Hindu dancing girl in "The Green Goddess" and the spy in "The Bright Shawl." She came West to appear in Paul Bern's first picture, "Open All Night."

After making an apparently valiant attempt to make an appropriate entrance to Hollywood, she arrived on the set one morning and said to Viola Dana, playing another rôle in the same picture, "Oh—my dear—I am delighted. You don't know how glad I was when I heard they had got Viola Dana to support me."

Now Miss Dana has been a consistent and popular star for some time and "to support" another actress is something not quite in her category.

She cocked one eyebrow at Jetta, but said not a word. That night, however, there was a consultation in the office, and Miss Goudahl learned quite definitely that Miss Dana wasn't supporting her. It was an all-star cast, with Miss Dana and Adolphe Menjou as equally important members.

**THEDA BARA** is leaving Hollywood for New York and Hollywood is very disconsolate over her loss. She has been a brilliant addition to social life in the film colony.

Miss Bara has been looking for a story to

serve as a vehicle for her return to the screen, and as yet hasn't found one. She is very anxious to get back to her chosen work and all arrangements have been made for her first picture as soon as she finds a story.

"If I can't find one," she said, "I shall get some playwright in New York to write one especially for me."

She will join her husband, Charles Brabin, who is returning to New York from Italy.

**DORIS KEANE**, the famous stage actress, whose only picture was her most successful play "Romance," has been in Hollywood for some weeks and is enjoying it immensely. Whether her love for the Western film capital and her delight in her charming bungalow will lead to her making a picture during the summer isn't yet known, but there are rumors.

IT isn't any wonder that Pauline Frederick simply stood on the stage speechless with emotion, her eyes filled with tears, the night she opened in Los Angeles in "Spring Cleaning"—her return to the speaking stage in California after many years' absence.

Never was anyone given such a reception in the history of the town. When the curtain went up and Polly made her appearance, the audience nearly dislodged the rafters.

At the end of the second act the ushers began to bring down flowers but they actually couldn't get them all on the stage, and Polly stood there amid enough blossoms to start a flower shop, bowing and trying to smile through tears.

It was a most interesting and distinguished audience that greeted her, too. Probably no one else except Miss Pickford could have brought forth such a demonstration from a gathering of film celebrities.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joe Schenck, were there, Norma in flowing white chiffon with red silk flowers caught in the skirt; Charlie Chaplin, Constance Talmadge, Theda Bara, May McAvoy, Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray, Mae Busch, Florence Vidor, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor, Doris Keane, very regal in old rose satin; Viola Dana, Paul Bern, Jetta Goudahl, Lew Cody, Betty Blythe, Mr. and Mrs. Monte Bell, Monte Blue and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 96 ]



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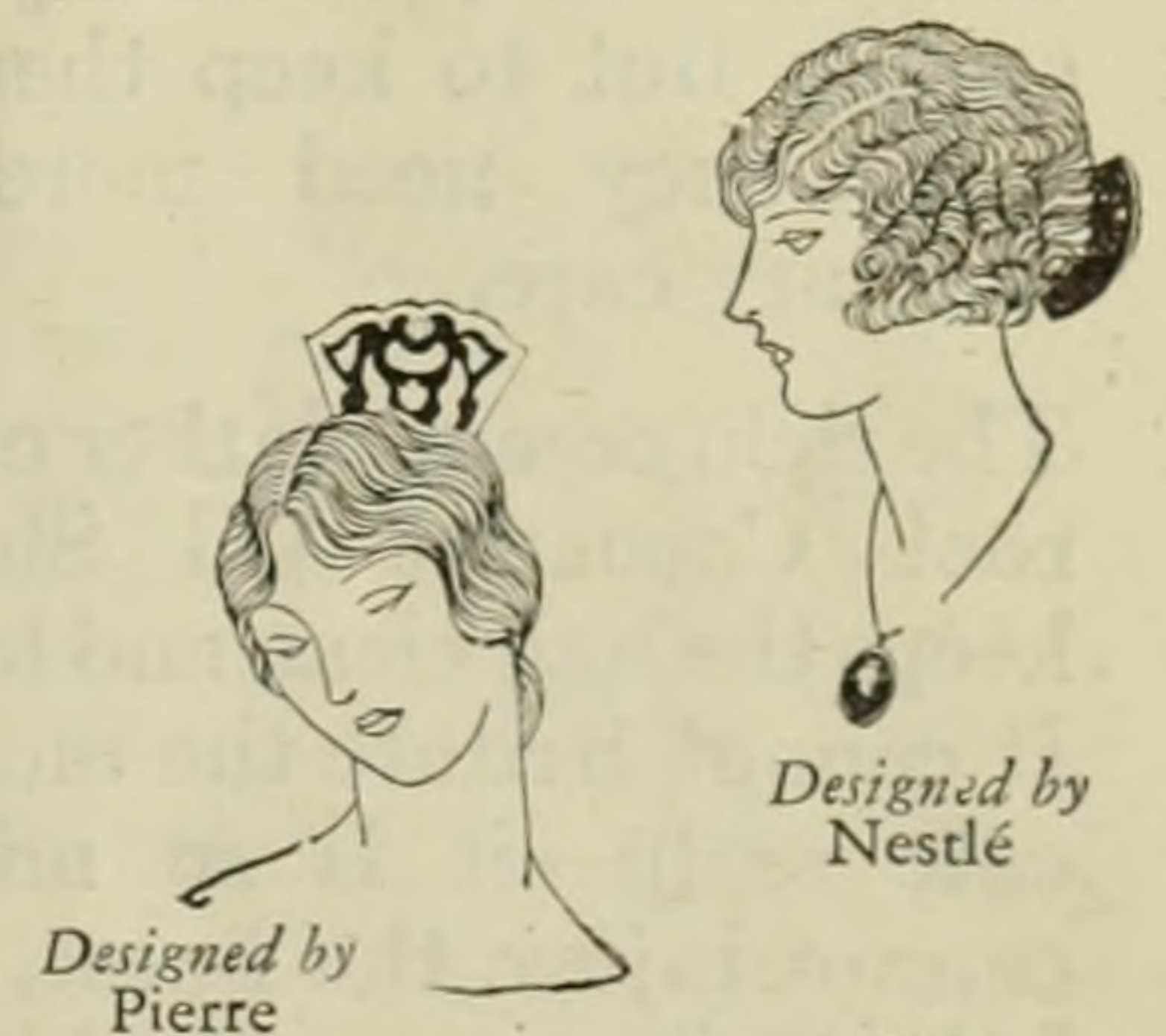
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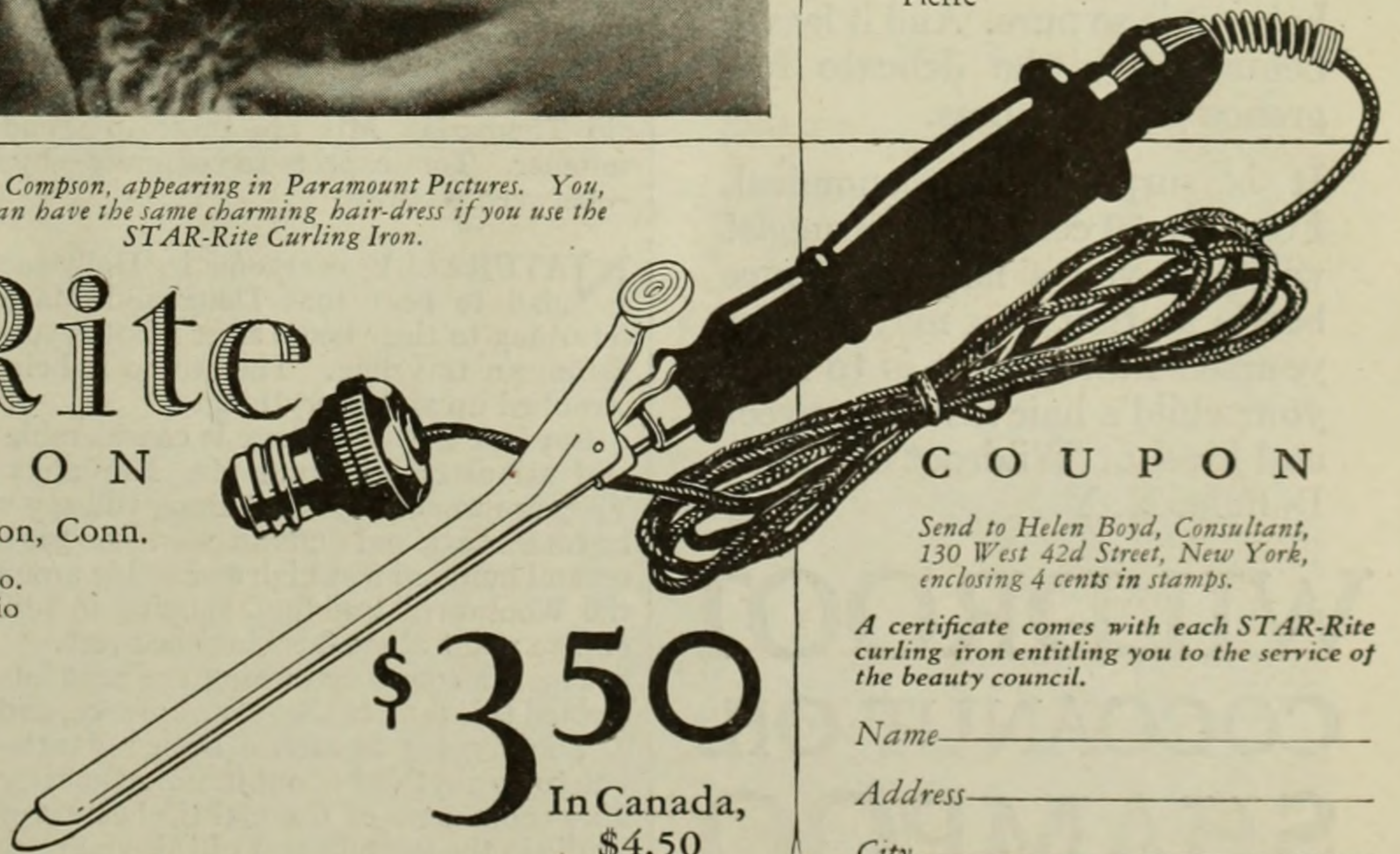
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**E**VEN healthy, strong youngsters have delicate, soft scalps. That is why mothers should never wash children's hair with ordinary soap that is harsh and ill-smelling.



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## WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



*Peter the Great signs his contract with his footprint. The great rival of Strongheart is to star in "The Silent Accuser" under the direction of Chester Franklin*

**T**HE biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs held in Los Angeles recently was a most interesting time for the film colony, and was the first opportunity given the players to get in close contact with the vast body of clubwomen who are today such a power in the land.

Hollywood certainly did its best to give the visitors a royal reception. The studios were thrown open to them for visits and several interesting entertainments were given. Thomas H. Ince gave a most beautiful luncheon for them at his Culver City studios, in the form of a garden fete, and the beautiful Colonial studio, surrounded by gay tents and big umbrellas, never looked more attractive.

Mrs. Wallace Reid was the honored guest at an Americanization luncheon given during the session and attended by more than a thousand women.

Charles Ray and Lois Wilson were speakers on other occasions.

All the women expressed themselves as delighted with their visit to Hollywood and meetings with film stars.

Hollywood enjoyed the Federation and believes that much good was done by having its members visit the Hollywood film colony.

**W**HEN Mrs. Tom Mix got back from her recent trip to Europe, she found a "coming home" present from her devoted husband awaiting her. In her absence, Tom had bought a beautiful house at Catalina Island, furnished completely, and now Mrs. Mix and three-year-old Thomasina Mix are there to spend the summer. Tom expects to commute—by boat—between pictures.

**N**ATURALLY everyone in Hollywood is glad to hear that Doug and Mary are returning to their home after months spent in European traveling. The studio is being all scrubbed up and everything.

But just the same there is considerable fear and tribulation around the Fairbanks lot. They are wondering what Doug will say when he comes back and finds an enormous gas tank, several hundred feet high and as big around as the Woolworth Building, looming in brilliant orange paint above his cherished sets.

The gas company owning the next lots has erected this tank in the star's absence, and it is certainly going to arouse Doug's wrath—too late to do anything about it, unfortunately. It does spoil some of the artistic beauty of the studio in the foothills and will also make shooting difficult, as any shot in that direction cannot avoid the enormous tank.

**L**OUISE DRESSER, musical comedy and stage star who is now rapidly winning herself an important place in pictures, decided to reduce a little. Miss Dresser is of the statuesque blonde type and of the old school that didn't regard hips as a crime.

While she was waiting to begin work with Jimmy Cruze in "The Cafe of Fallen Angels," in which she has a great rôle, she decided that she ought to follow the fashion and take off a little weight.

She did. Fifteen pounds. When she came on the set Cruze looked at her and said, "What's the matter with you? You look funny. You've been reducing."

Miss Dresser admitted it frankly.

"All right," said Cruze, "you go and put back every pound of that weight before we start a scene. I liked you the way you were or I wouldn't have cast you."

So poor Louise, after her struggles to get thin, is now eating pounds of chocolates and drinking quarts of cream in an endeavor to replace the fallen pounds.

**N**OBODY in the film colony seems to know just what the Jack White-Anne Luther litigation now proceeding in the Los Angeles courts is all about. There is a great deal of curiosity about the whole affair.

The facts seem to be that Miss Luther is suing Jack White, a comedy producer, for \$100,000 because of his failure to carry out a verbal contract for her appearance in his productions, for which appearances she claimed she was to be paid \$100,000. Miss Luther has been on the screen in the past.

White has summoned a number of prominent film stars, but for just what purpose isn't known.

The feeling in Hollywood is that the whole affair is unnecessary and that the industry will be made to suffer for the actions of irresponsible people venting a personal grudge through the courts.

**T**HE world-famous trial of Horace Greer for the shooting of a young Denver clubman, Courtland Dines, in his apartment in Hollywood on New Year's Day in the presence of Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance is over and resulted in a verdict of not guilty, which set Greer free. At the time of the shooting Greer was employed as a chauffeur by Miss Normand.

The trial lasted several days and both Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance took the witness stand for the prosecution. Greer refused to take the stand in his own defense, stating that



he would rather "go to the pen than say anything against Miss Normand."

Evidence showed that Greer went to Dines' apartment to get Miss Normand and drive her home. He took Miss Normand's gun with him from her home and when he arrived at the apartment and found a party in session, he fired at Dines, shooting him twice.

The jury based their acquittal upon self-defense, though several jurors stated later that they voted for acquittal because they were not convinced that Greer shot Dines. Neither Miss Purviance nor Miss Normand testified to seeing the actual shots fired.

The engagement rumored at the time between Edna Purviance and Courtland Dines seems to have been without foundation, as Dines is now living with his people in Denver and refused to return to Los Angeles for the trial.

THE film colony is sending condolences to Wallace MacDonald and Doris May over the loss of their baby, who lived only a few hours. Mrs. MacDonald is recovering and is once more at home.

OF course Mildred Davis Lloyd would have the prettiest baby that anybody ever saw. Hollywood has decided that Harold and Mildred are just about the two luckiest people in the world, but it's all right because they deserve to be.

Little Gloria Lloyd at the age of six weeks looks like a beautiful French doll, all eyes and dimples, and beautifully pink and white. More than that, she actually has quite a nose, for such a little baby.

Interesting boxes of all sizes and shapes arrive at the Lloyd house all day long for Gloria.

"But I do wish," said Mamma Mildred, plaintively, "that the dear fans who send her presents had put in their addresses so I could thank them. Gloria has received some of the loveliest gifts from all over the country and no name attached to them. Anyway, she and I and her daddy all thank the generous givers just the same."

MILDRED HARRIS, former wife of Charlie Chaplin, is about to realize her life ambition—she is to tour the European continent as a dancer and study vocal at a Paris conservatory preparatory to a career on the musical comedy stage.

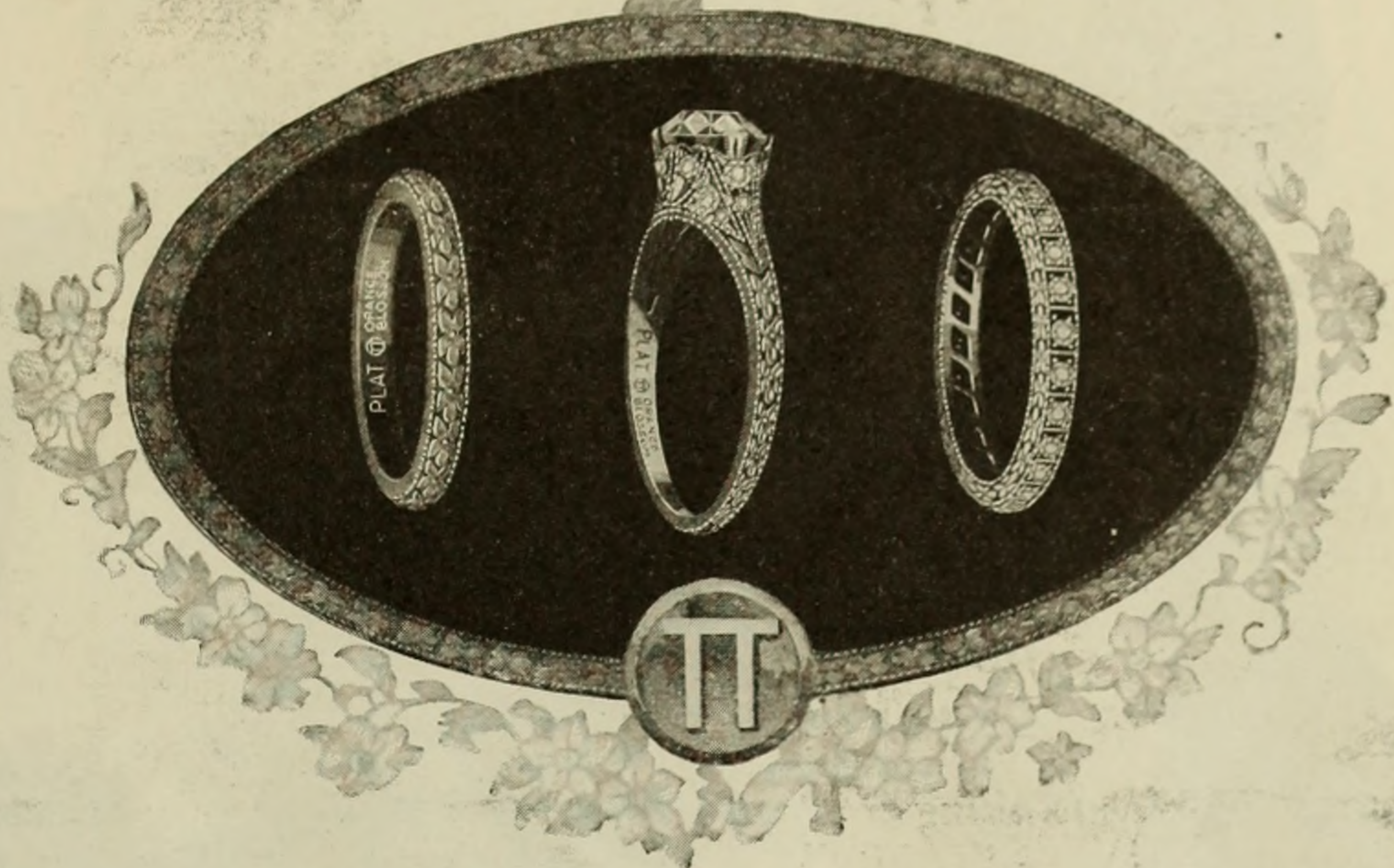
It is understood that Chevalier Du Brac, a Spanish dancer, is to be Miss Harris' dancing partner on the tour.

According to present plans, Miss Harris will go abroad as soon as she completes the picture in which she is starring. Following an engagement at the Coliseum theater in London with



Irvin Cobb once facetiously wrote that New Yorkers were all front and no back. That's where Madeline Hurlock differs from New Yorkers. Mack Sennett says she has the most perfect back on stage or screen.

# Fashion Decrees Orange Blossom Rings



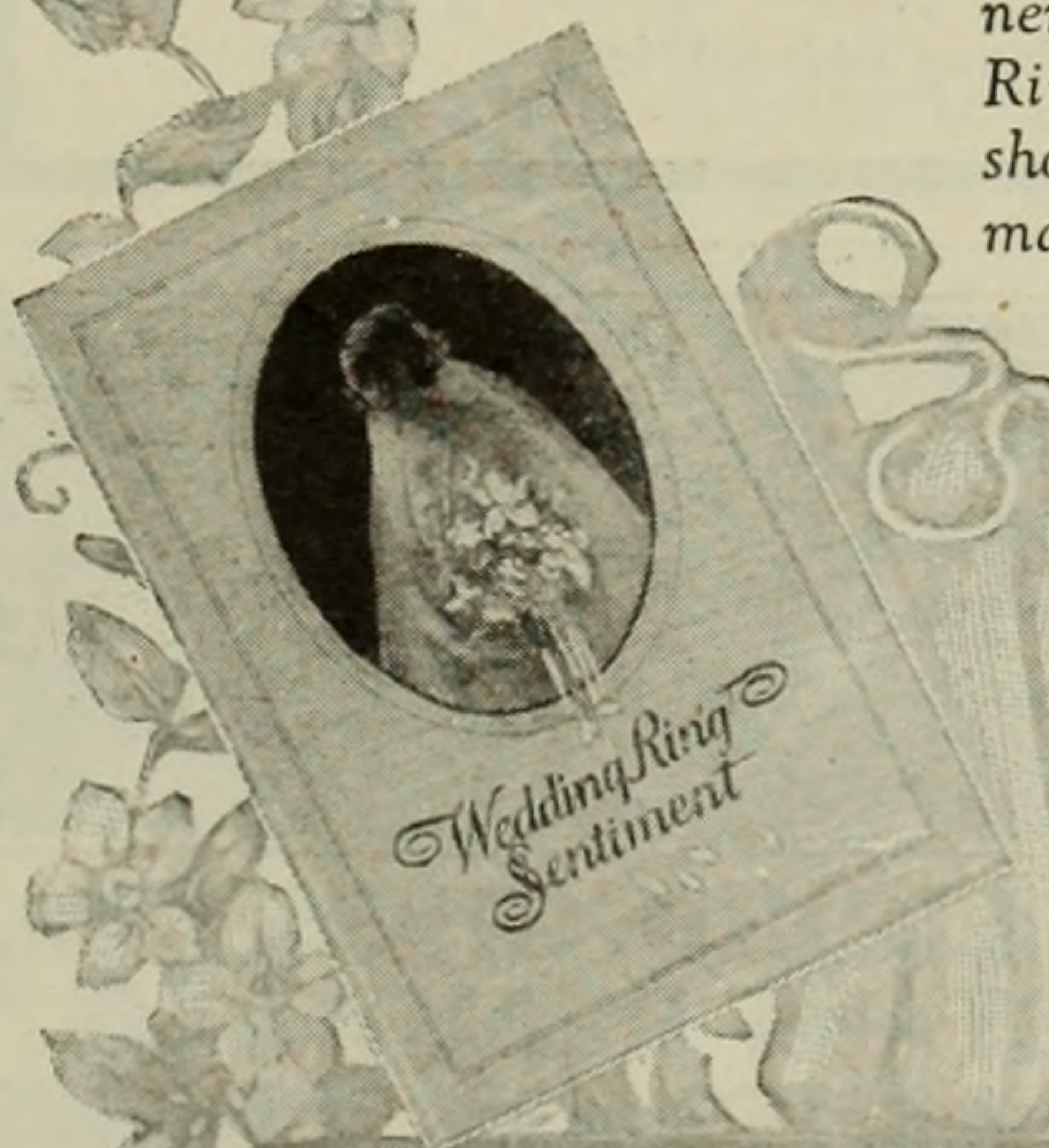
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her sketch, "Movie Mad," Miss Harris will be a featured attraction at the Embassy Club, famed high spot in London night life. Other engagements will take her to Monte Carlo, Deauville, Bordeau and Berlin.

"All my life I have wanted to dance and sing," says Miss Harris, "but this will be only a sort of a long vacation, for I do not intend to desert pictures permanently. After all, there is only one Hollywood and it is always going to be my home town."

JUST to prove that villains on the stage and screen are usually the best sort of guys and not at all hard to get along with—also that some marriages last, even in Hollywood, I want to tell you about Allan Hale, the hateful heavy in "The Covered Wagon" and many other pictures.

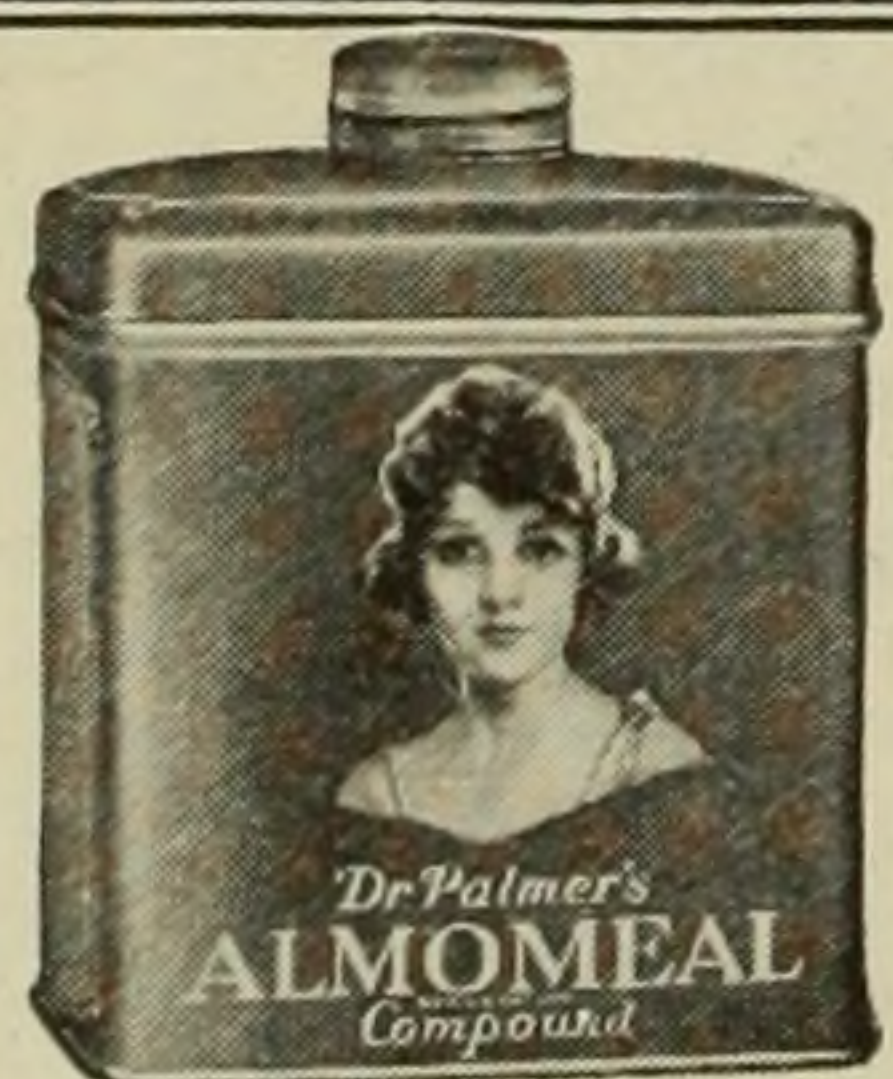
Allan has the cutest kind of a little wife (formerly Gretchen Hartman), two youngsters (boy and girl), a police dog and a bull pup, and when I dropped over to see him in their charming little California bungalow home the other day none of them bore scars of battle—not even the dogs.

The Hales have just celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary and from the way things looked to me they're a cinch for a golden wedding anniversary if their luck holds.

CAN you imagine a bunch of stars—Adolphe Menjou, Colleen Moore, Sidney Chaplin and Frank Mayo—playing extras—just so much atmosphere—in a picture? We couldn't until we saw a pre-view of First National's great cattle picture, "Sundown," and sure enough there they were standing around as background for a Hollywood sequence. John Francis Dillon, who directed "Flaming Youth," was also part of the "mob." "Sundown," which has for its theme the passing of the cattle barons and cowboys, those picturesque figures who wrested the West from the wilderness and the Indians and brought law and order, is without a doubt a screen classic. It's BIG—they don't have to tell you so in the subtitles—you feel it, and when the picture is over you feel as if you had lived through something tremendous and still more than a little sad.



*This looks as if the bull fighter were "throwing the bull." At least Renee Adoree seems to take it that way. However, the gentleman, Emanuel Granada, is one of the most noted bull fighters in the world and was hired especially to fight the bull in "The Bandolero." It will be the only honest-to-goodness bull fight ever shown in a screen play, the producers say.*



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**Free Trial** For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product—Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing, shipping and send it at once to **LASHBROW LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 29, 417 Canal St., New York City**



**C. P. (CHICK) MORRISON**, veteran horse-man of the screen and brother of the Western star, Pete Morrison, was killed while riding an Arabian stallion at the Hal Roach studios. Morrison, one of the best known horsemen in the west, was training the animal for use in a picture when it fell, pinning Morrison against a fence and crushing his life out.

Chick Morrison was also a veteran of the motion picture industry and was known to everyone. Beside being an expert horse trainer, he was at one time manager of the old American Film Company at Santa Barbara.

His first screen experience was in the old days with Bill Hart at Inceville and for a time he was one of the Triangle cowboys, when they numbered some of the greatest riders and ropers in their outfit. After Hart left, Morrison and his brother, Pete, worked with Roy Stewart in a series of westerns.

Chick Morrison was a true son of the West. He was born 49 years ago at Morrison, Colorado, a little town named after his family. All Hollywood turned out at the funeral to pay him tribute.

**FAREWELL** lip stick.

Good-bye rouge.

Enter the Non-Make Up Club, organized by Colleen Moore, the screen's "perfect flapper," with every member pledged against the use of artificial coloring on the face.

This reactionary movement was started at the United Studios and Miss Moore made all the members of the club, which includes, beside a few prominent actresses, stenographers, film cutters and extra girls, sign the pledge.

It was noticeable that bobbed hair was not mentioned, however. Colleen's tresses rank with the shortest of the short.

Now Hollywood is wondering just how long it will last, for two violations of the pledge brings expulsion from the club.

**PAULINE FREDERICK** has become temperamental—and there's a reason. Pauline is working night and day—every day. She is playing eight performances a week in "Spring Cleaning" at the new Play House theater in Los Angeles—six evening shows and two matinees—and is spending the rest of her time working for Bob Vignola in "Mrs. Paramor," in which she has the title rôle. Others in the cast include Mae Busch, Conrad Nagel, Huntly Gordon and Frank Elliott.

The reason we say Pauline is showing a dash of temperament is that the other day when we were at the studio the set was entirely shut off and everyone barred.

Who wouldn't be temperamental in this hot weather if they were working night and day with only "forty winks" between studio and stage?

"I WOULD rather see one moth-eaten geranium in Hollywood than all of the widely heralded beauties of Banff and the Canadian Rockies."

So writes beautiful Estelle Taylor from the Canadian garden spot, where she is working with Tommy Meighan on "The Alaskan."

However, in her long and piteous letter, Estelle fails to mention whether it is the Hollywood geranium, the climate or Jack Dempsey, who is also of Hollywood, which she misses so much that she's desperately homesick.

We might lay a little bet, however—risk just a tiny wager—that if the Champ were in Banff it would be the most beautiful spot in the world to that charming actress.

**SOME** people have all the luck.

There's Lois Wilson, for instance. She's getting a free trip to Europe with no work to do and gets her salary too. Pretty soft. It was this way. Jesse L. Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, went to Europe and found that the English were all wrapped up in the British Empire Exposition at Wembley, one of the greatest affairs of the kind ever



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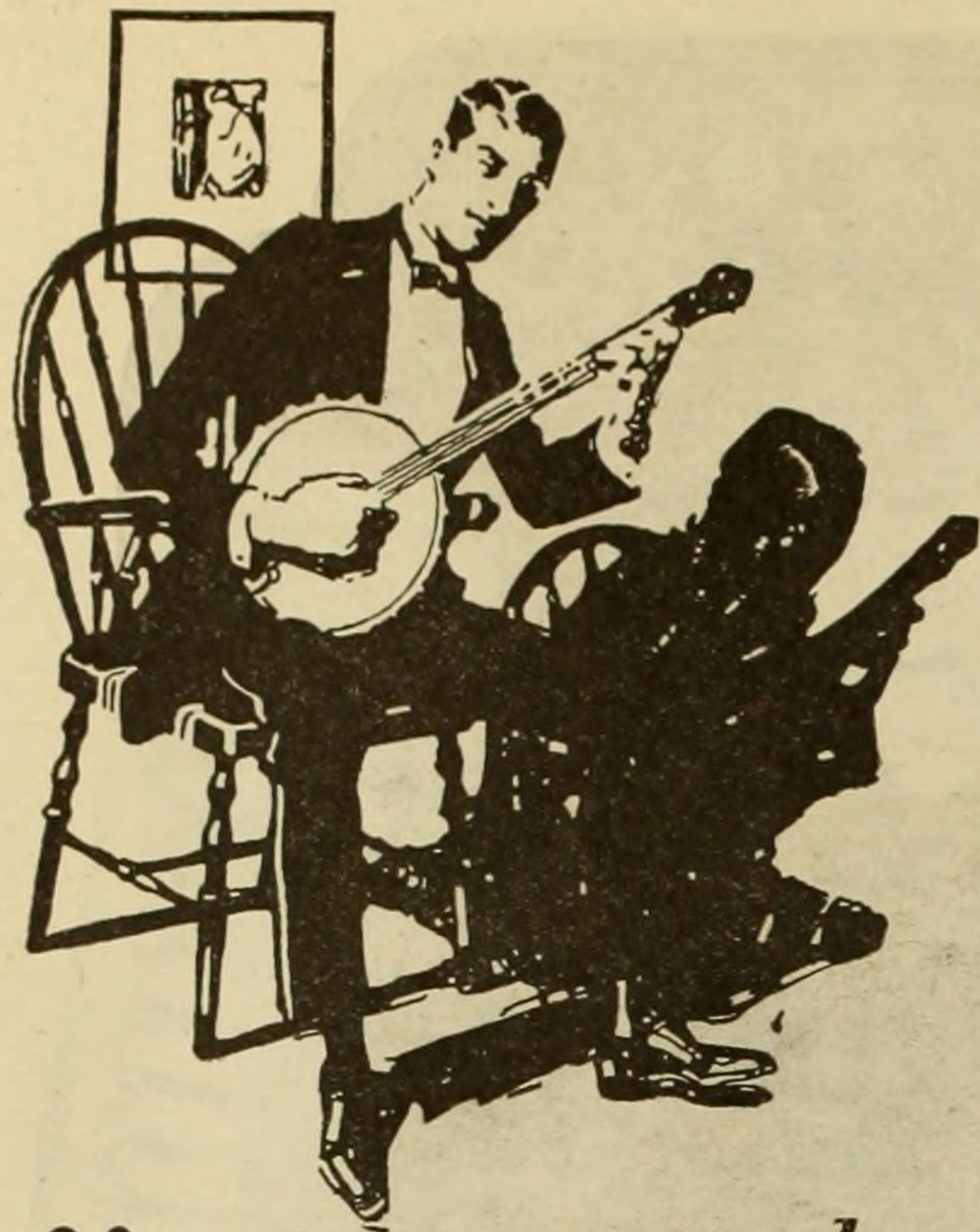
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held there. The motion picture industry had arranged, as the feature of their part of the exposition, a cinematographic garden party, and they desired to have an American star present in person. So they consulted Mr. Lasky and he cabled the New York office of his company.

Lois Wilson had just completed "The Man Who Fights Alone" with William Farnum and had nothing to do for a few days. "Send her over," said Mr. Lasky. "She'll do fine." So all Lois had to do was to make the long train trip from Hollywood to New York, board a steamer for England, appear at the garden party and charm all the English, as she does the Americans, and come home.

FROM Nevada comes word that Dustin Farnum, who established a residence there six months ago, has filed suit for divorce from Mary Conwell Farnum on the grounds of desertion. Farnum and his wife have lived apart for many years, "Dusty" most of the time in Hollywood picture-making and Mrs. Farnum at her New York home, so the news of the suit is no surprise to their friends.

Farnum's first wife divorced him in 1904, and a year later he married Mary Conwell and the separation took place some ten years ago.

It is expected that if he is successful in gaining his freedom, Dustin Farnum will marry Winifred Kingston, well known English stage star who has appeared with him in a number of his pictures and who now resides in Hollywood, where she is a popular member of the most exclusive screen and social circles.

THE old Metro studios, where some of the greatest stars of the industry have worked and some even have started their careers as extras, are now almost as deserted as one of the ghost cities of the West. I say almost, because there is still one company working there and by some strange trick of fate it is the youngest star of the screen—Jackie Coogan—who is making the final picture at that landmark of the industry.

And speaking of Jackie reminds me of one I overheard the other day—never mind where.

A well known director and scenario writer were discussing the tour Jackie is about to make for the Near-East Relief.

"They sure take wonderful care of that kid and are giving him every advantage," said the scenario writer. "He has private tutors, his own gymnasium and gym instructor and everything, and now he's going abroad."

"Yes," agreed the director, "they're teaching him French and geography and history and music but I don't notice them teaching him any arithmetic."

MILADY'S portable boudoir. This is fashion's latest in Hollywood, which is watched by the women of the world for the last word in styles.

This new fad—perhaps we had better say fashion, for it seems to have come to stay—was originated by Norma Talmadge, for she was the first Hollywood star to have her own little boudoir right on the stage where she worked. It was attractive and roomy enough and still small enough so that the stage gang could carry it from set to set.

Miss Talmadge found it a great convenience—so much easier when she wanted to fix her hair or her make-up or change a costume than having to dash over to her bungalow dressing room, which might be blocks from the stage on which she was working. She also found it a great time-saver, and time is often a great deal of money in the picture business.

So the portable dressing room was adopted by Sister Constance as well. Then Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith followed suit and now Mae Murray is using one in her new picture "Circe." And Miss Murray's little boudoir outshines them all. It is simply exquisite, a bright canary yellow with its walls paneled with mirrors. Miss Murray has profited by the experiments of the other stars and her miniature boudoir would make any woman green with envy.

FATE is a great jester but she plays some exceptionally funny pranks in Hollywood.

For instance, when King Vidor began his picture career it was as an actor—an extra man to be exact—and Jack Gilbert began as a director.

Now King Vidor is directing Jack Gilbert in "His Hour," one of Elinor Glyn's stories, and Madame Glyn is hailing Gilbert as her greatest romantic discovery.



This jazz orchestra gets \$10,000 a week—not for playing jazz but for playing before the camera. Conway Tearle, who plays the piano, isn't in the picture, but the other five are, left to right, Gil Pratt, director; Creighton Hale, John Miljan and Raymond McKee. Earl Metcalfe is sitting on the floor. They are mighty popular at Hollywood social affairs



"THE happiest couple in Hollywood" has parted. For that is what they called themselves when they came into the limelight recently over a spirited battle waged as their car sped through the streets of Hollywood. It was only "a lover's tiff," they explained at the time.

Ora Carew, film beauty, is seeking a divorce from John C. Howard, son of a millionaire manufacturer, on the grounds of cruelty, charging that on frequent occasions her husband threatened her life and several times inflicted bodily injuries upon her. And it would seem that this time it is no more than a lover's tiff, if rumors about their trouble are to be believed.

So far Miss Carew has refused to make any other statement than the one in her divorce complaint, but from other sources it is reported the filing of the divorce action was directly caused by a sensational episode which terminated early one morning in the emergency ward of the Los Angeles Receiving Hospital, when a man giving his name as "John Smith" was treated for an overdose of veronal.

He was taken to the hospital by a woman describing herself as "Lulu Smith," who drove a limousine later identified by the police as one owned by Ora Carew.

When first questioned by detectives, "Smith" said he had been on a wild party for a week and had taken the veronal to induce sleep.

Later, just before he was whisked away in a private ambulance, he said he had just come from San Francisco and denied he had swallowed the veronal with suicidal intent.

Upon discovering the limousine was owned by Ora Carew, officers asked "Smith" if his real name wasn't John C. Howard, and he said: "Well, I guess you know me, but let's forget all about it."

Further questioning by the detectives brought the admission from "Lulu Smith" that she resided at a Hollywood address which is listed as Miss Carew's home.

Howard and his film star wife came into the limelight several weeks ago when they admitted to the police that they were the couple seen in an automobile speeding through Hollywood. Witnesses of the incident told officers that the woman was fighting furiously and screaming at the top of her voice while the man held her tightly and stepped on the gas.

"We are the happiest couple in Hollywood," they said when interviewed the day following this escapade. "Just a slight tiff. We merely had an argument about driving, as most husbands and wives do."

The young millionaire and the film beauty were married in December, 1922, and Miss Carew gave up her career.

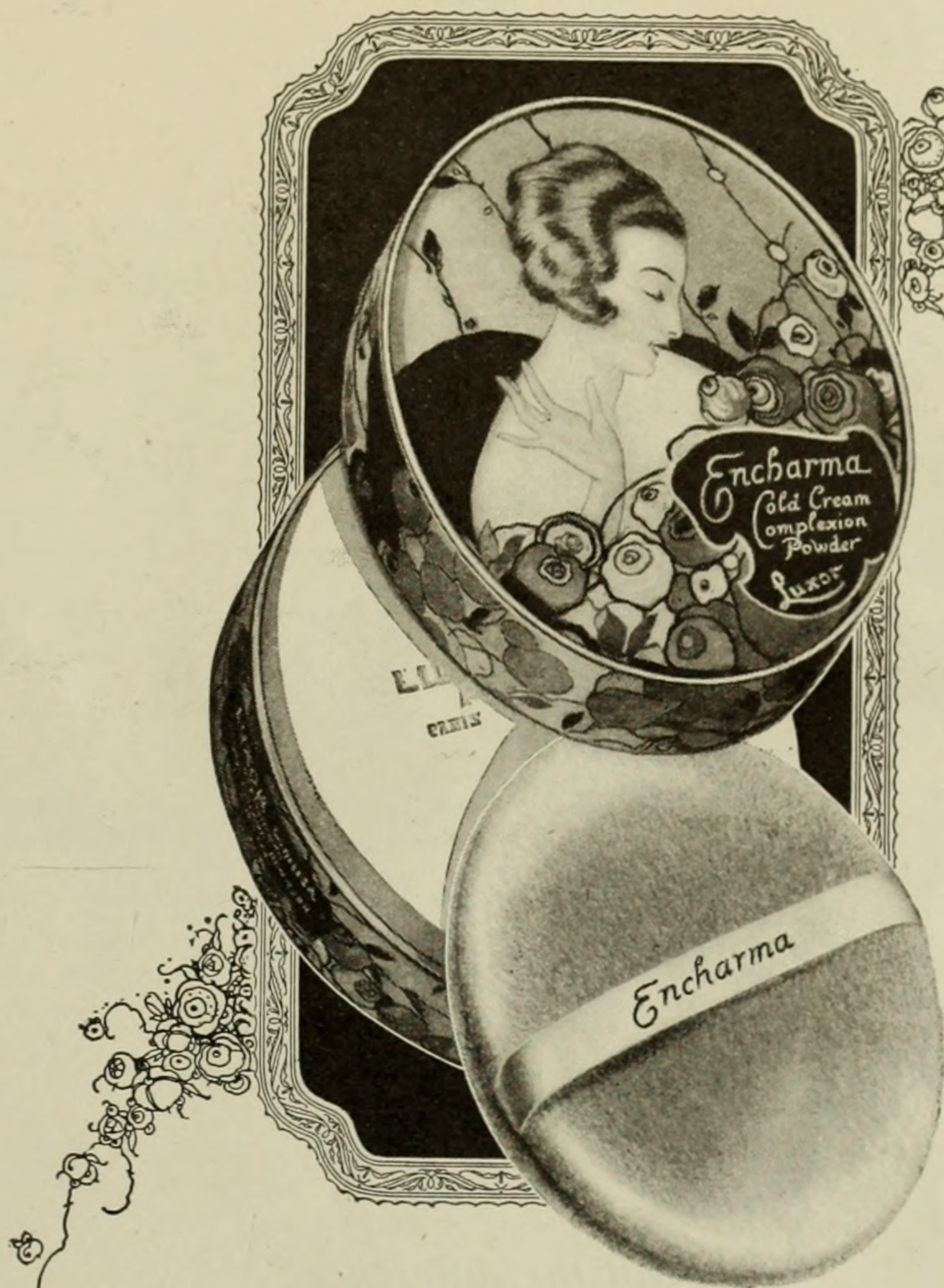
TWO of the most promising new directors of Hollywood today, men whom the industry is following with a great deal of interest, are Monta Bell and Renaud Hoffman.

Both have made two pictures in recent months and all four of these pictures have been more than a mild sensation. Bell's first effort was "Broadway After Dark" and the industry watched with interest for his second to see whether it was just a mistake or whether Bell, who is a former newspaperman, really has something on the ball. With his second picture, "How to Educate a Wife," the verdict was unanimously "Yes."

And it was much the same in Hoffman's case. Formerly an art title man, he produced a little picture called "Not One to Spare." It broke all motion picture traditions—there was no hero or heroine—no villain or love story—and yet the public liked it—was crazy about it.

Now Hoffman has followed this first effort with a picturization of Frank Condon's "Legend of Hollywood" which appeared in PHOTOPLAY. It is a dramatic story of the heart-break side of Hollywood life and critics are unanimous in their unstinted praise of this picture. They declare the atmosphere is true and highly interesting and are hailing it as the first picture to tell the true story of most of the

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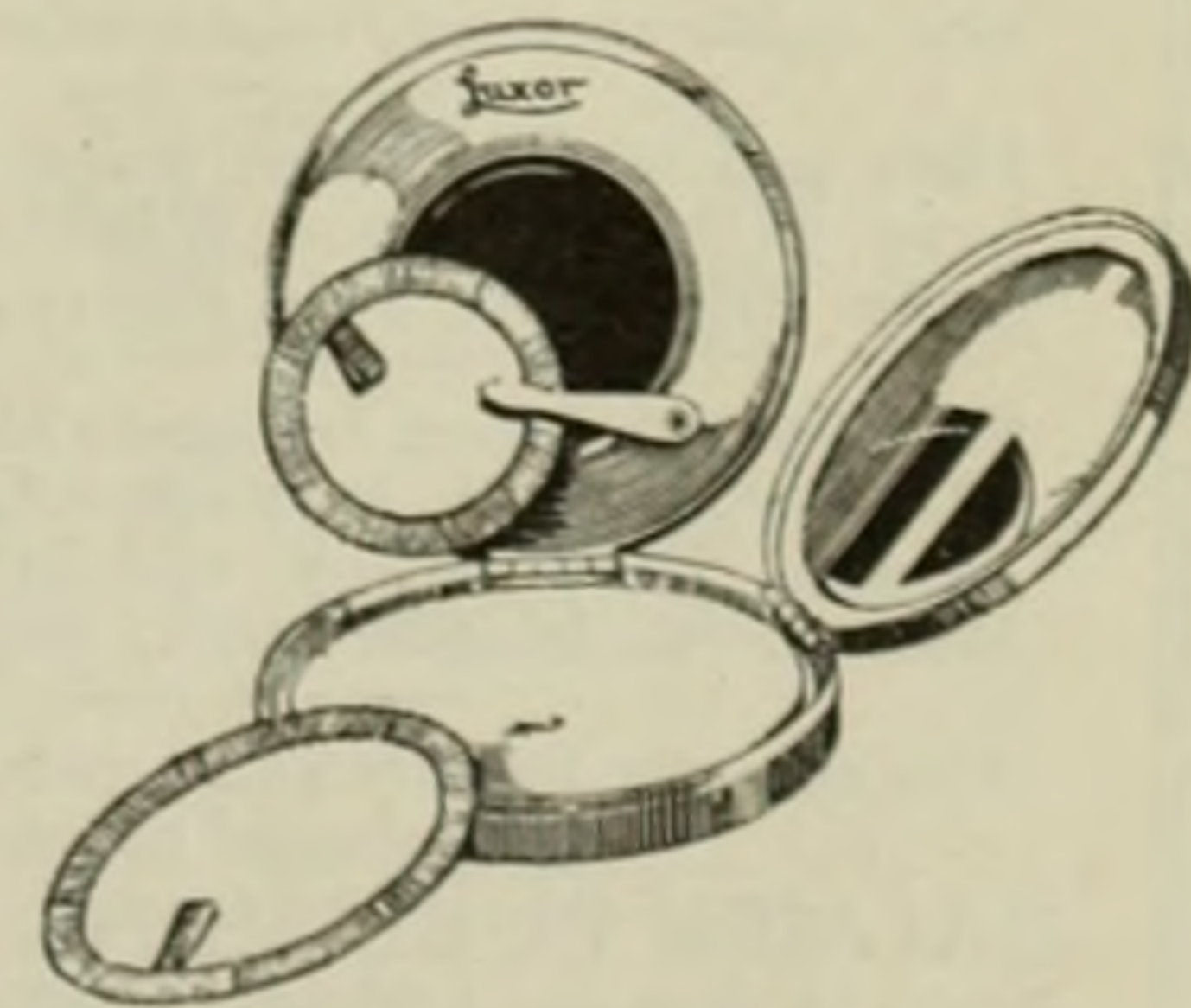
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—all the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

people who are lured to Hollywood by gilded hopes of fortune and fame.

Much is expected of both these new directors and it is rumored that Bell, who is under a personal contract to Harry Rapf for one year at a nominal salary, is being besieged by others to sign for three more years (also at a nominal salary). To date it is understood Mr. Bell insists on waiting until his Rapf contract has expired before talking terms.

At last we've found two Hollywood celebrities who do not deny their engagement. They are pert, vivacious little Marie Prevost and big, handsome Kenneth Harlan. And they brazenly admit it—even going so far as to admit the date has been set for sometime in the fall. This is one of the Hollywood rumors which has been speculated upon a great deal in the colony of late. They must have their little secret, however, and will not divulge the exact date, even to their most intimate friends.

Following her final Los Angeles performance of “The Laughing Lady,” Ethel Barrymore was given a farewell party at the home of Conway Tearle, once her leading man on the stage, at which many prominent Hollywood artists joined Tearle in a tribute to the great actress.

It was Miss Barrymore who first interested Tearle in pictures when, in 1917, she induced him to leave the stage to support her in “The Nightingale,” the first screen appearance of both. Since that time Tearle has confined his efforts almost entirely to motion pictures.

Among the guests were Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, Pauline Frederick, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Moore, Tom Moore, Bessie Love, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartley Manners (Laurette Taylor), George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chadwick, Charles Coleman, Frank Mayo, Louis Payne, Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, June Elvidge, Cyril Keightley, Vivian Martin, Donald Brian, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Edwin Brophy and Mrs. Blanche Flynn.

“I COULD dance all night to that orchestra,” I said the flapper who was getting a little peek into Hollywood life. She had been invited to an intimate little party by a friend who worked in the pictures.

And no wonder she liked the orchestra, for it was Hollywood's \$10,000 jazz band. Small but very good. Its six members included Conway Tearle, Creighton Hale, Raymond McKee, Earl Metcalfe, John Miljan and Gil Pratt.

This orchestra is very much in demand at little gatherings of the colony's artists and for two reasons. They play exceptionally well and—their salaries are paid by the producers. They get paid for acting and play for their friends for fun.

NORMA TALMADGE is the latest star to demonstrate that sometimes jobs, like charity, may begin at home. For in her current production, “Fight,” there appears as a gilded youth a handsome young actor who, until Miss Talmadge's discerning eye fell upon him, was an auditor in the business office of the Talmadge organization.

Wally Davidson's thoughts were all ledgers and daybooks until Miss Talmadge, by whom he has been employed for two years, decided that he was a type. She called the handsome young Mr. Davidson to the attention of her husband, Joseph M. Schenck, whose only expression of opinion was that he might spoil a good auditor to make a poor actor.

But Miss Talmadge had her way and her protege's success in “Fight” has led other members of the Talmadge office force to do some intensive thinking as to the relative merits of working and acting.

Not to be outdone by Miss Talmadge, her

**Writers!** You are invited to meet around the council table of your fellow creative artists which convenes every month in—  
**STORY WORLD**

Magazine and photoplay editors, successful writers and newcomers every month exchange advice, encouragement, information.

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old friend Dorothy Gish has done a little "discovering" on her own, with the result that a perfectly good newspaperman has "gone wrong."

He is Irving Hartley, once popular along Park Row, where he handled a graflex for a big daily, but who has given up his honest toil to become a juvenile with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Miss Gish first saw Hartley when he photographed her at the pier as she was sailing for Europe. Later Hartley was in Hollywood and Miss Gish wrote Irving Thalberg about him. After an interview, the boy producer signed the graflex man to a three-year contract.

**P**OOR Laurette Taylor must feel like a rank outsider, socially speaking, in her latest picture, "One Night in Rome," which she is now making. For they have almost completely surrounded her with titled aristocracy in the minor roles.

In this adaptation of J. Hartley Manners' stage play there is a real princess, a countess and a baron. They are:

Princess Thais Valdemar, widow of a Russian general and former political prisoner in Petrograd.

Countess Lola Marianna Noya Devcich, who has the part of a court lady in the Italian episodes.

Baron William von Bricken, who is seen as an ambassador to the Italian court.

Dimitri Buchowetzki still has the Hollywood record for employing needy nobility, however. One day, during the filming of the Russian's first picture with Pola Negri, "Men," there were ten men on the set with Pola and only one, Bob Frazer, the leading man, was an American.

The other nine included a Russian and Spanish prince, a German baron, two counts, a titled Roumanian and an English remittance man who had served with the Canadian Mounted. They were all good types and needed work, so Buchowetzki hired them.

Nowhere can titles be rented cheaper than in Hollywood, it would seem.

**G**EORGE MARION, JR., son of the veteran actor who gave the unforgettable performance of *Chris*, *Anna Christie's* father, in Blanche Sweet's great triumph, has established himself in the Hollywood colony as a fabricator of two-reel comedies. Another scion of a celebrated sire who is also a comedy maker in Hollywood is Bryan Foy. His father is Eddie Foy, the well known comedian, and to Bryan is given the credit for having written the words to the celebrated song "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheehan."

**W**HEN Lew Cody left Hollywood for Europe, where he will work with Blanche Sweet in Marshall Neilan's picture, there was a smile on his face that reminded me of a kid when school is over and the summer vacation just started.

But Lew declared it was not going to be a vacation at all. You see it's his first trip abroad and he expects it to be a liberal education.

"Mickey Neilan has been over before—knows his Paris and everything," confided Lew. "I've been well coached by Mickey and we'll start in just where he left off before. Of course Blanche being along may cramp Mickey's style, but I have no wife to worry about."

And I'll let you in on another little secret. Lew has a system which he plans to try out at Monte Carlo. It's the same one that Fred Niblo and George Fitzmaurice worked out before Niblo started on his mysterious European mission, which later, it developed, was to relieve Charles Brabin as the director of "Ben Hur."

Niblo, Fitz and Lew have been trying it out on every wheel they could find in Hollywood and so far it has worked—their paper profits are enormous.

"If the system works I don't," was Lew's parting promise. "My only fear is that Niblo, who will beat me to Monte Carlo, will have

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# Where Pyorrhea Starts

Is frequently in that dangerous film on teeth—(run your tongue across your teeth and you can feel it)

The simple new tooth care that foremost dental authorities now urge as scientific hygiene—what to do and how.

**A**RE you living in dread of pyorrhea, think maybe you are susceptible to it? The hygienic rule most widely urged is very simple. Follow it, say men of science, and you will have better protection.

*Combating film at least three times daily: that, in a few words, is what all are urged to do.*

This offers you a 10-day test free of the new way to fight it. Simply use the coupon.



### Look for film—then do this

Most tooth troubles today are traced to a film that forms on teeth. A viscous film that you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

That film is the chief enemy of good teeth. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth. If your present dentifrice doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. *And they, with tartar, based on film, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.*

### Now new methods fight it

For years men of science have given their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film.

Ordinary tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Harsh, gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Soap and chalk were judged inadequate. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has found

two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Its action is to curdle the film. Then, harmlessly, to remove it. A scientific method different in formula, action and effect from any other dentifrice.

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Throughout the civilized world, leading dentists urge this new method.

To millions it has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. To millions it offers daily a better protection against pyorrhea, tooth troubles and decay.

It meets better the exactments of modern tooth hygiene.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Note, too, that it results in glistening teeth quickly. Under that film is the tooth clearness you envy in others.

What you find will surprise you. You are urged to make the test. It will cost you nothing.

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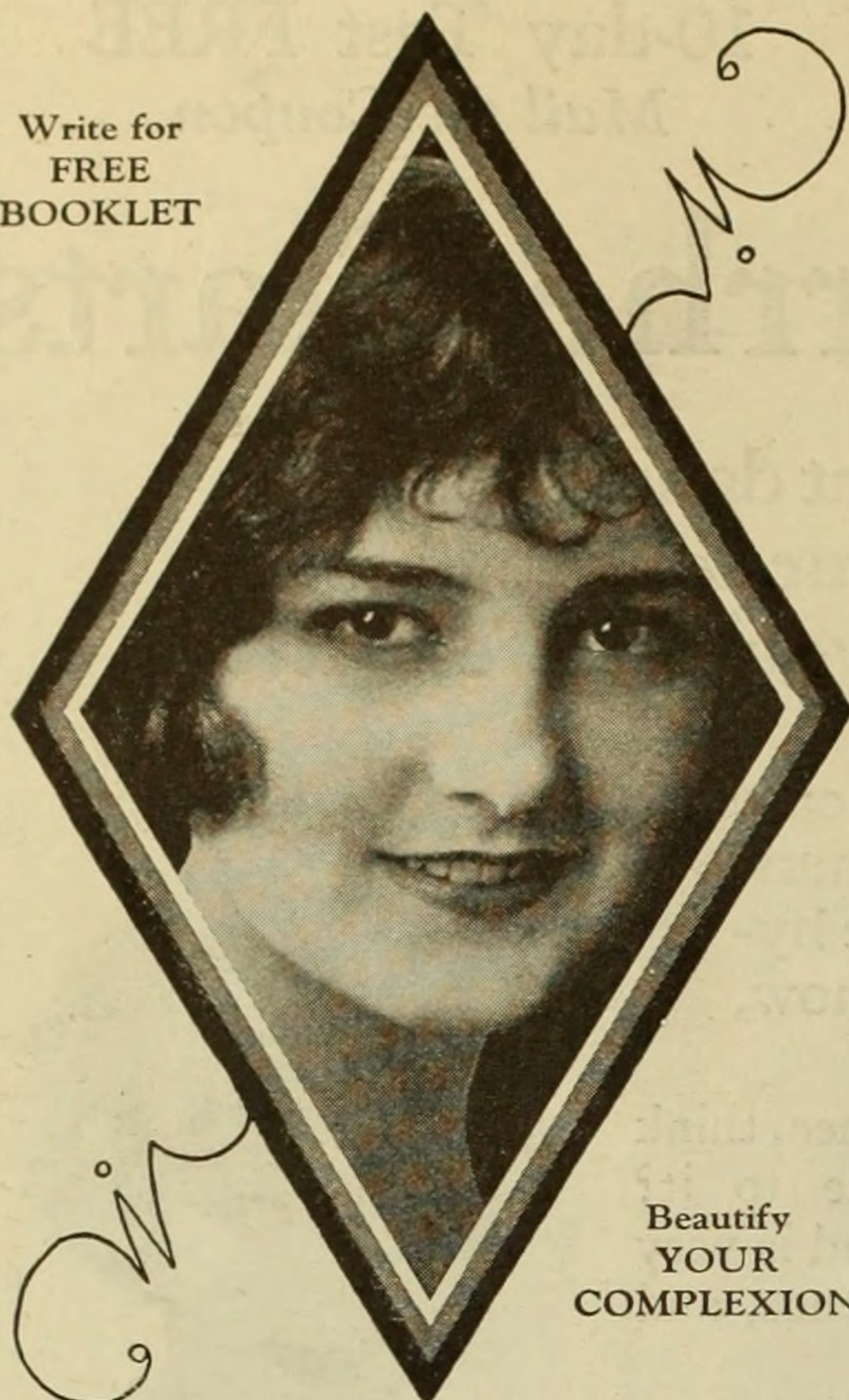
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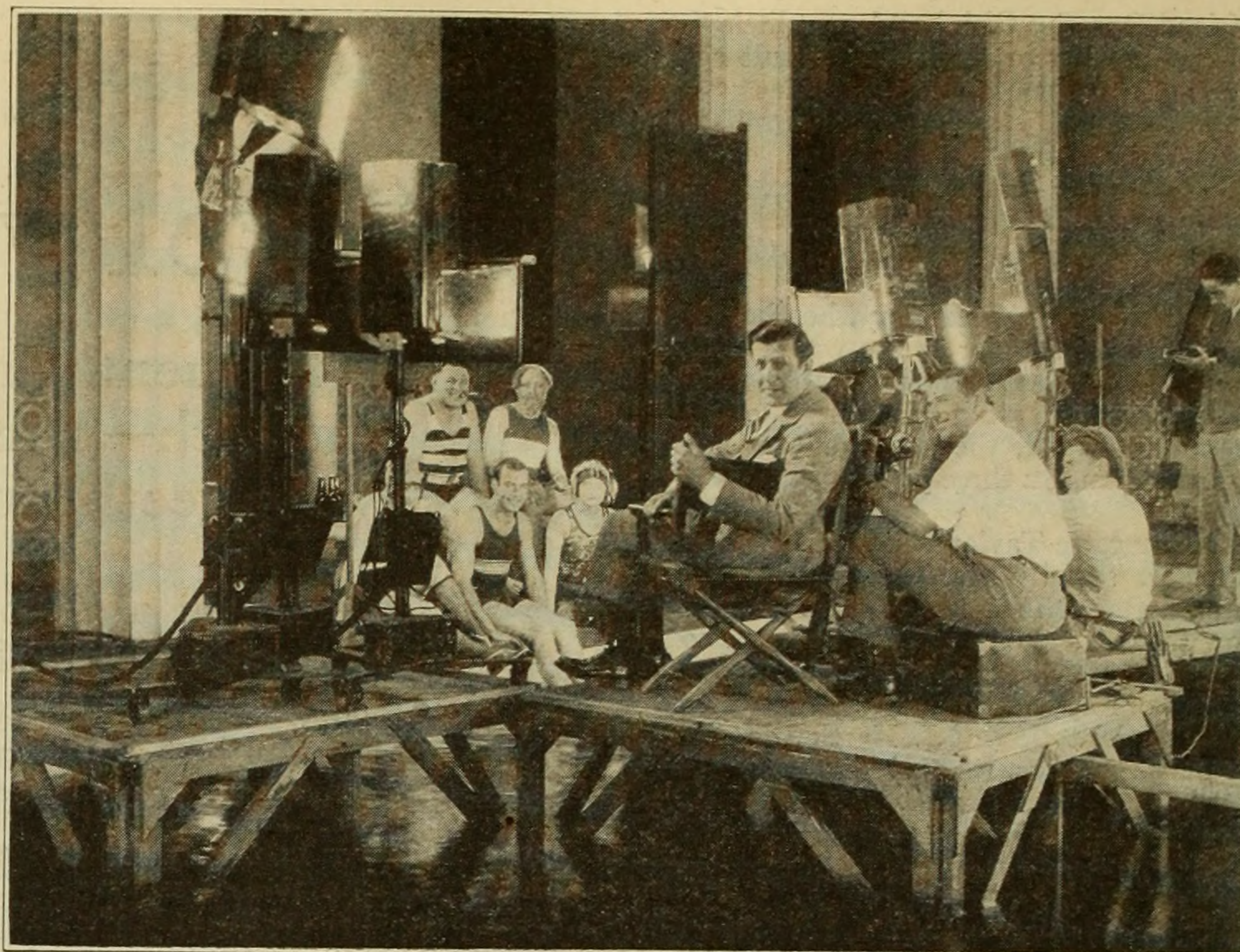
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With a swimming pool in nearly every backyard in Hollywood, Hobart Henley was too busy to leave the studio to visit any of them. So he had one built on the stage where he was making "Free Love." It contained eight feet of water and gave no end of trouble to the cameramen because of the lighting effects

busted the bank or will have the system barred before I can get there."

We hope you won't win so much, Lew, that you will leave the screen flat.

J. K. McDONALD, a producer whose greatest success, so far, was "Penrod and Sam," found himself in need of an office manager, so he advertised.

The next day he appeared at the Hollywood studios, where he makes his pictures, and found eighteen candidates for the job waiting for him.

"What's your name?" he asked the first man in the line.

"Penrod," was the applicant's answer.

"You're hired," said McDonald. "The rest of you can go home."

Yet some people say there's no superstition in the motion picture business.

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Matt Moore are now seen together off the screen almost as much as they are on. And the same goes for John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte, for this pair is almost inseparable.

GIRLS who have won beauty contests in various cities and who have come to Hollywood to raise the standard of pulchritude on the screen, and there are many of them, have taken to calling themselves after the names of the cities in which the contests have been won.

And Hollywood just now is full of Misses This and Misses That.

At a party a group of these were being introduced under their geographical names.

From the corner came in dulcet tones the voice of a girl who had never won a beauty contest and who, perhaps for that reason or some other, has not been any too successful in getting jobs.

"Now that we've heard the time-table," spoke up the hard-boiled one, "you can all come over and meet me. My name's Miss Fit."

UP a tree, mates! Up a tree! Barbara La Marr is threatened with matrimony again. Still possessing a perfectly good husband (number three) in the person of one Jack Daugherty, the movie vamp is rarin' for to go and get a divorce so she can marry Ben Lyon. It's all report, however, because the fair Barbara, aside from saying "What's the use of being married anyhow?" or words to that effect, according to one newspaper, called the whole thing ridiculous. Never again will she be interviewed, she added, intimating that all newspaper people are not liars but that some liars are newspaper people. Ben Lyon accused a press agent of starting the rumor. However, such things are usually denied and if Barbara gets a divorce and marries Ben it won't be news when it happens. The newspapers beat them to that, or did they? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

### YOUNG IDEAS—Universal

A SLENDER idea made to go a long way and pounded into jelly with a lot of slapstick. A young girl has a lot of sponging relatives, would-be invalids every one of them, until her sweetheart devises the idea of having her quarantined and the near-invalids pushed out into the world to make their way. Laura La Plante does passably in the leading rôle and T. Roy Barnes is the young man with the idea.

### THE TELEPHONE GIRL—F. B. O.

FURTHER adventures of Gladys Murgatroy, the telephone girl, otherwise the much photographed Alberta Vaughn. No. 9 of the

series, "Bee's Knees," deals with the efforts of a press agent to get a picture of Gladys' legs to use as a hosiery advertisement. Slapstick comedy built upon the theory developed by Mack Sennett, that a comely pedal extremity covers a multitude of slapstick sins.

### UNGUARDED WOMEN—Paramount

HERE is a drama as lurid as life, but one, at last, which bears some resemblance to it. A good picture of social square-shooting with Bebe Daniels doing great work as a *declassé* and heart-broken war widow who drifts into a convenient *liaison* with a cad and kills herself when she awakens to the irrevocable mess of



her life. An emotional rôle, and Bebe Daniels with her sombre beauty is well-suited to it. Richard Dix co-stars with her as a veteran who sacrifices his own happiness in order to repay a wrong to her soldier-husband. And Mary Astor's fragile charm animates a rather sappy and ungrateful rôle, that of his fiancée. The picture is well-done and absorbing. An adaptation of Lucy Stone Terrill's Saturday Evening Post serial "Face."

#### THE GUILTY ONE—Paramount

THIS is a murder mystery which begins as a farce, has enough dance and party shots to qualify as a musical comedy, shows possibilities of drama, and then almost winds up as a burlesque. The old story of the work-absorbed husband, the fretful wife, the fascinating roue with an apartment full of rare curios, a scandal, a shot in the dark—and then the perfectly obvious denouement, with innocence rampant at the finish and the husband convinced that his real career should be tangoing with a singularly vacuous and uninteresting wife. Agnes Ayres plays this petulant individual mechanically. In fact, none of the cast is what you'd call inspired. Only fair entertainment.

#### DARK STAIRWAYS—Universal

HERE is a mystery story as unplausible and impossible as an old penny-novel, and just as absorbing. As such frank trash goes, this is satisfactory. Herbert Rawlinson is starred as a young banker who is framed and sent to prison for grand larceny, escapes (via a passing airplane!) and devotes the rest of the footage to bringing the real crooks to justice. An honest hokey-thriller and not bad entertainment.

#### THE SAWDUST TRAIL—Universal

THE spoiled son of a wealthy man is placed with a wild west show to find himself. Incidentally, he finds one "Calamity Jane," who has come to hate men. The rest is inevitable. Western stars no longer seem to want to do their stuff. The nearest the star, Hoot Gibson, comes to riding in this is to be tossed from a mustang. Still, this is within the Gibson average, possibly a bit above it.

#### ROMANCE RANCH—Fox

STORY improbable but picture is entertaining. John Gilbert is a pleasing hero with too little to do. Tale hinges about a lost will and the rightful heir to gain possession of a vast estate in Southern California. The will is found and a happy settlement reached when the hero marries the daughter of the dishonest relative and burns the paper that would give him the property. Rest of cast is good.

#### BETWEEN WORLDS—Weiss Bros. Artclass

THIS is an imported picture of exceptionally beautiful photography but remote popular appeal. A company of singularly unattractive, however gifted, players moves through a succession of allegorical examples of the selfishness of love. We have a Chinese, a Hindoo legend, etc., all sensitive and artistic pictorially but not wildly interesting. A fine enough picture, but caviar to the native fan.

#### WINE OF YOUTH—Metro-Goldwyn

"MARY THE THIRD," Rachel Crothers' Broadway success, has been made into a good picture. A grandmother, mother and daughter live under one roof. The daughter, frightened by the seriousness of selecting a husband from among her suitors, decides to take two of them to a mountain camp on a trial honeymoon. This precipitates horror and trouble at home, of course. But things come right in the end. The cast is exceptionally heavy with stars.



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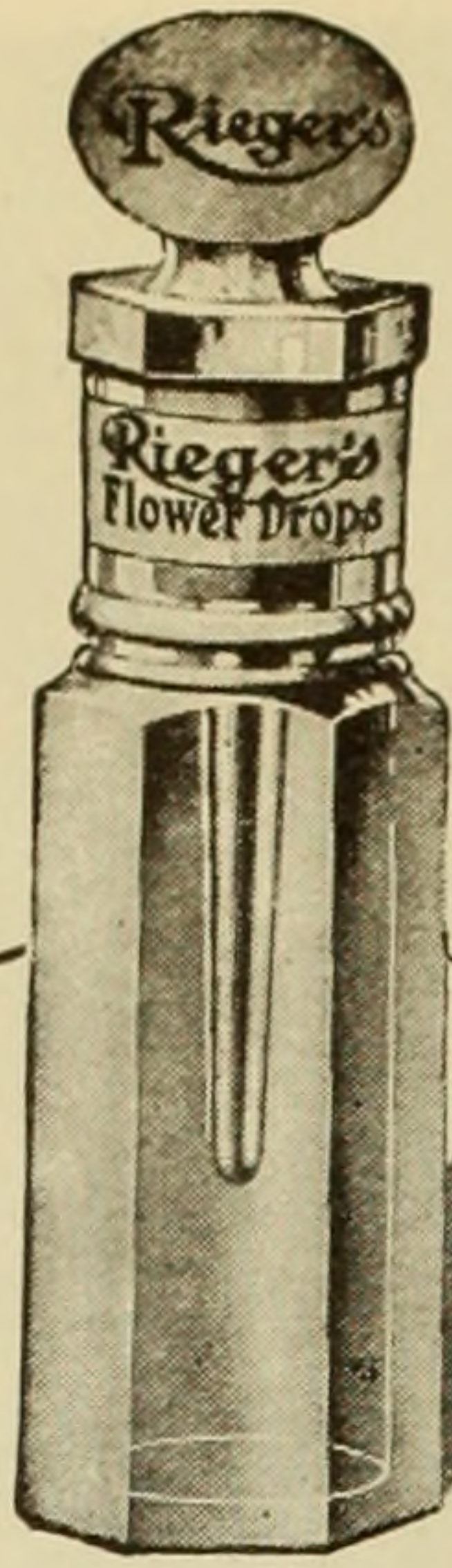
Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



" I Knew Him When — "

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

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- Rose
- Violet
- Romanza
- Lilac
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Name.....

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Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

As he passes the box office, he says to Jimmy: "Damn good show. 'Stoo bad business 'srotten."

Then Jim knows where the dollar comes from he found at the box office window.

When the Park City Loom lets up, my kid partner and me moves on to Provo, Utah, and things is going pretty good here when Jim suddenly announces he wants to go to New York to seek fame and fortune.

I didn't try to argue him out of it 'cause all my life I'd been cherishing the same sneaking desire, only I was past forty-two and didn't have the nerve. I hadn't seen the big town since I come through on my way west from County Mayo as an Irish immigrant kid in my teens.

However, I didn't think it right friendly not to give the kid fair warning, so I tells him better men than him has starved to death trying the same thing.

Now, if you know Jim, you'll admit he's more'n ordinarily obstinate and that decides him. He was sure going to have a try at it, so off he goes and that's the last I see of my boy partner for nearly twenty years.

OF course I heard of him off and on. He lands with Belasco before he's clear starved out and makes a hit in a piece called "The Heart of Maryland." Some luck for a lad of twenty!

Then I hear he's on the road and years later I read of him as a motion picture leading man and then a director making pictures with Wally Reid.

But it wasn't 'til he made "The Covered Wagon" back in his native state of Utah that I realized just how important my kid partner had become.

I was past sixty then and playing through Utah and Arizona in "wagon stock," as we call it. A couple of flivvers carrying our company, wardrobe and scenery. Short stops and lots of jumps. I owns half the show. 'Taint the easiest life in the world—that.

Me and my partner was playing in Phoenix early in 1923 when some vaudeville performers from Los Angeles gets to talkin' about pictures and the conversation drifts around to James Cruze, the great director, and what a czar he is in Hollywood. I just couldn't resist doing a little bragging and told 'em how I KNEW HIM WHEN—all about how we was partners once and all.

Well, they gets to kidding me, and my partner and the rest says sure he wouldn't remember me now that he's so important and rich.

"Say, some of them stars and directors gets the swell head so bad they even forget their own mothers and fathers back in Iowa and Indiana and think their ancestors was lords and dukes," says one of the vaudeville fellers. "If you met him now he'd hand you nothing but the icy stare."

This gets me real sore and I lays a little bet with my partner that I'll write the great Cruze a letter recalling the old days when Bosen and Cosgrave was partners and that he not only won't forget but will write me a nice friendly answer.

One of the terms of our bet is that my partner opens the reply—if one comes—which he still doubts.

But he didn't know Jimmy.

An answer came and it came darn quick. Here it is:

And Luke lovingly produced a much thumbed telegram which read:

"WHEN WILL YOU BE AT LIBERTY ANSWER QUICK

JIMMY CRUZE"

I was at liberty right then and nothing could be quicker than my answer.

Well, sir, in less than no time I was in Hollywood and now I'm no longer a traveling actor

of past sixty. I'm a real picture artist with regular home an' everything. Sure I'm working in "Merton of the Movies," and I worked in lots of other pictures since the telegram came from Jim.

An' that ain't all. The first thing my partner did for me was to make my dear dream come true.

When I arrives in Los Angeles Jimmy met me at the train. An' it wasn't the great Cruze but Jimmy Bosen himself. A little older and little heavier but still my same old partner. Now I'm only an old ham actor off the small of small time, but the way the year's greatest director grabs me when I steps off the Pullman you'd think I was Booth and Barrett all in one.

And almost his first words were: "Luke, how would you like to see New York and Broadway?"

Says I: "Don't kid me, son. Hollywood almost too good to be true. I'm an old man now and my heart ain't none too strong."

"Well, you're going," says Jim. And go did.

He gives me a fine part in "Hollywood" and takes me and that little Drown girl to New York with him. We're the only members of the cast that goes East.

And while we're in New York working I got my first and probably last chance to set foot on "the boards of Broadway." And now I'll be content.

It was like this. We was in New York for the opening of "The Covered Wagon" and there was to be some special showing for charity.

They want Jim to give 'em a little talk before the picture goes on, but he says:

"No! Luke Cosgrave's the man. He knows the West before I was born."

And that's how I got my chance to get up and speak my little piece on Broadway.

It's been like a fairy godfather waving his wand, though there was a time at first when I thinks Jimmy had let me in for a pretty bad season.

YOU see it was like this. For six weeks I works both in New York and Hollywood and don't get no pay.

Finally I goes to Jim and asks him to stake me to a hundred bucks.

"What d'you want \$100 for, Luke?" says Jim. "Been gambling or blowing your cash on the girls?"

So I explains to Jim I didn't have none of much surplus when I hit Hollywood and that has all been used up. An' that I wants the hundred so's I could get back home to the wagon show.

"You old fool," shrieks Jim, "ain't you had no pay?" An' he grabs me and hustles me to the cashier's window where I finds six pay checks waiting for me. It's more money 'an I ever had at one time in my life.

You see in my show days the boss always come around and paid us off each week—thats is if he had the dough—and I'd been expecting Jim to hand me my pay. I thought I was workin' for him personal and that we'd had a bad season an' he couldn't pay. I'd made up my mind it was about time to quit the movie.

Say—don't let anyone tell you that James Cruze is a czar—he's a prince if there ever was one.

\* \* \* \* \*

Luke was still clutching my lapels when I finished, but he didn't need to. You couldn't have driven me away once he was well started, for, while Hollywood is as full of stories as O. Henry's "City of the Four Million," not many of them are as fine and as human and as touching as the one this old actor so longed to tell.

Now it is easier for me to understand why James Cruze made "The Covered Wagon."



## An Impression of Blanche Sweet

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

concert given by a great violinist. The mask was down. The brilliant, half-smiling, distinguished mask was down.

And beneath it her face shone soft and throbbing and tender to every cadence of the heart-stirring music.

And I remember one day when she and I went to spend the afternoon on Larry Trimble's "dog ranch," and to call upon Strongheart, and his wife, Lady Jule, and their many children. She looked so smart, in her sleeveless white sweater and boyish white silk shirt, and her little flat white shoes. In two hours, she had the ranch at her feet. Not only the men—the drivers of the dog teams, and the men who take care of them, but every dog in the place appeared to want to go home with her.

I have taken a number of people out to see the wonderful Trimble dogs. Blanche was the first one who met with unqualified success.

LATER I asked one of the boys—a Canadian team driver, used to the roughest of outdoor life—why. "Well," he said, "she didn't gush and she didn't act like she was doing you a favor to rave about your dogs, and yet you knew she was somebody. It's a pleasure to meet a lady what's herself."

Yet for all that, Blanche is—I think—a little shy. I see sometimes a little wistfulness, a little shyness, behind that defensive barrier of hers.

The dominating factor in Blanche Sweet's life has been her love for Mickey Neilan and his for her. There can be no question about that. Contact with that erratic genius has controlled and swayed her destiny and her development. Nobody can possibly imagine being happy though married to Mickey Neilan. By that I mean happiness in the sense of a serene and calm content. A woman who loved him would be either on the heights or in the depths. There would be no smooth and peaceful meadows. She must take the glorious moments on the mountain tops, and the terrible hours in the dark valley, and try to make of them a path for her feet.

And yet, in spite of everything, I believe that a great love lies between them. And from it Blanche has learned the wisdom that charms and fascinates you in her lovely face. The intense curtain of her reserve, greater than that of any woman I have ever known, breaks sometimes, and I seem to catch a glimpse of a woman who has learned to laugh at what she cannot bear and to weep only over the sorrows of others and to rejoice in the happiness of the whole world.

She is a woman tried by fire. That is why she is so wonderful, so full of meaning, so worth while. When you look at her, you know that she has lived and loved and hated and suffered and fought and prayed and worked. There is something in her eyes that you cannot get away from. Beside the clean-cut, fine-worn, thinking brilliance of her face, beauty can become insufferably stupid and dull.

I am a little afraid of her sometimes, yet when I know I am going to see her, I always feel a real thrill of anticipation.

Do you remember Kipling's description of the woman who "had known all the sorrow in the world and was laughing at it"?

That is a perfect description of Blanche Sweet Neilan.

## Our Movie Art Experts

AUTHOR (interrupting hero of film drama). "I don't like that furniture; it's too heavy."  
 Producer. "I get you. What you want is a bit o' Louis Chippendale."—*Punch*.

Are you letting your skin grow old?



IT is a true saying that beauty is only skin deep. Therefore keep your skin young and you needn't worry about beauty or the number of your years. Perfect cleanliness through the use of the right soap makes it easy to keep your face as young as you are—or even a little younger.

Resinol Soap is the ideal cleanser. It gives a profuse lather that, despite its airy daintiness, sinks deep into the delicate pores and roots out the impurities, permitting the skin to function normally. It rinses easily—an important fact to consider when selecting a toilet soap—and imparts that velvety softness and pleasing clearness which makes you feel that here is a soap whose regular use will help to preserve the natural freshness of youth beyond the time when most women lose it.

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apply a little Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been successfully used for years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Thousands of homes are never without it.

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 Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

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positively removes your freckles—often the only detriment to a perfect complexion. A few applications accomplish wonders and even your most stubborn and disfiguring freckles soon disappear. Price—\$1.25 and 65c.

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For sale by leading drug and department stores everywhere.

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You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—**GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo**. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint shampoo. 25 cents a package at toilet counters or direct. \* J. W. KOBEL CO., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

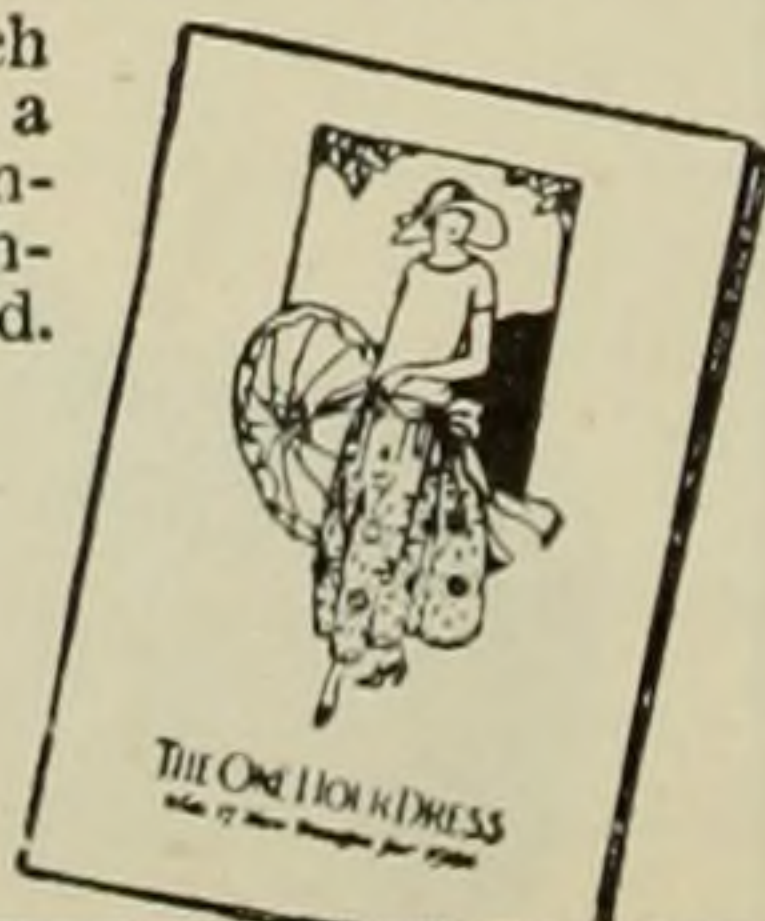
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# FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

### MODES and individuality.

Show me a girl or woman who gives an impression of an equal mingling of these and I shall see an attractive type.

I like to see a girl or woman wearing something of the season's vogue. She proves herself observant, intelligent, adaptive. She is alert and progressive.

I admire the strongly individual type. If she is so she does not adapt herself to the mode but the mode to herself. Probably she wears the bob, for the bob is sanitary, strengthens the hair and is generally becoming. She does not wear her neighbor's bob, but her own. If she has a long, thin face she fluffs the hair well out at the side to make it look wider, and draws it down over the forehead. If her face is wide she builds her bob on top of her head. She trains it so that it will seem to give added length to her face. If she is tall she wears her hair flattened, and shining as Rodolph Valentino's, above her forehead. If she is short, she coaxes the hair up in a fluff on top of her head to make her look an inch or two taller.

The individual girl or woman studies herself and makes the most of the personality that is hers.

Notice, dear friends, that I said, "Makes the most of her personality." She may have a squint. The intelligent girl or woman, and all highly individualized persons are intelligent, does not accept her squint as a visitation of Providence. She consults a physician to learn whether an operation would correct the defect. If he advises against the operation she controls her own nervousness so that she may command the squint to be as little conspicuous as possible. She may have a bad walk. She determines to improve that walk and does. She may have a habit of frowning or of drawing down her mouth at the side while she talks. A scrutiny of her face in action will reveal these facial faults. She asks someone of her family to remind her each time that she commits the fault. Gradually she breaks the habit. She listens to her voice. If it is weak she strengthens it. If harsh she softens it by exercise. As a great Greek orator, once a weak-voiced stutterer, strengthened his by exercise. She wears the colors in which she looks the best, and the shades of those colors that are most becoming to her.

Know thyself is old advice. Make the most of thyself is modern counsel that is more and more heeded.

Write me your problems. It will be my pleasure to help you as much as I can.

### BABY BLONDE, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Persistent application of lemon cream, lightly spread upon the affected surface, should dull the brown of your freckles. Are you, Baby Blonde, one of those charmingly inconsistent girls who try a remedy three times and cry out that it does not help you? After a few weeks or a month or two of use you may expect results. Be patient. If you shave your eyebrows, that is, shaving the irregular parts of the eyebrows, you can train them back into a straight line. Or into the slight arch, that is more popular today than the high, childlike arch. I should say that since your eyes are hazel you should use the same lighter shade of lipstick that the blonde does. You neglected to tell me whether your skin is fair. That is important in the choice of rouge or lipstick. If your skin is fair the pastel shades should be becoming to you, the popular shades of sand, beige and gray. If your skin is darker by several shades than that of the pure type of blonde, the one with blue eyes, then turn to the vivid shades, the reds and oranges, that enhance the brunette's charms.

### GLADYS, C. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The lash darkener that you mention is not harmful—and it will certainly improve your appearance if your lashes are too light. Used once a week it can certainly do no damage. Dark lashes accentuate the eyes—making them seem larger and more expressive.

A henna shampoo will give your hair a reddish glint, without either bleaching or changing the fundamental color of it. Henna has a tonic effect upon the hair.

### ANTOINETTE B., MASS.

I do not think that your first letter ever reached me. I can find no record of it. If you will ask your question over again, in another letter, I will be glad, if possible, to answer it.

### "JOPE," PENNSYLVANIA.

With dark brown hair and eyes, and with very red cheeks, you can wear the most vivid colors in your sports clothes. Jade green, geranium, lacquer, tangerine, scarlet, orange, and old gold will be particularly good. Brown will, of course, be your most becoming color for street wear.

For evening, you can wear all shades of green, gold, silver, white, bronze, and any of the above mentioned colors. As well as the pastel tints.

## 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



PERPLEXED, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Let your heart govern your actions, by all means. If you like the boy who lives in your old home town, don't be unkind to him because your pride is injured. Often boys find it hard to write letters! But if, on the other hand, you like the new friend better—the young man who lives in the town where you now reside—you should be fair enough to tell the first boy the exact state of your feelings. Visits often result in romance—especially when they are visits back to a place that is full of happy memories. But don't let the romance of the affair go to your head.

S. B. S.

As you are five feet, five inches tall—and only weigh one hundred and ten pounds—you can safely wear all of the ruffled frocks that you care to indulge in. Two piece dresses will also be becoming to you, and norfolk suits. Slim, straight line dresses will make you seem taller and quite thin.

With grey-green-blue eyes and golden brown hair you may indeed wear the more subtle shades. Apple—in fact, all shades of green, will be lovely on you. But tangerine you must wear only in combination with a darker color.

As you are slim you will be at your best in the stiffer materials. Taffeta, organdie, the old-fashioned brocades!

J. M. L., NEW YORK, N. Y.

At your age you should lengthen your figure by stretching exercises. Go to a gymnasium and swing on a cross bar. Or have one placed in a room in your own home. Swing from the bars and stretch. Rise on your toes and sink back on your heels. Both are good exercises for those who want to increase their height. I know a boy of fifteen who was vexed because he was short and who exercised as I have advised you to do. He grew to be a young man of more than medium height. He helped himself to grow. You can control your over plumpness. Eat less. Exercise more.

The Story Without a Name

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

cotton above his doorway, even the worn and oil-stained overalls inherited from his predecessor on the island. With thread and needles inherited from that same forerunner he patched and stitched and sewed these fragments together. A day came and went and another day dawned and grew sultry with the mounting sun. But still he worked feverishly at his odd craft. He worked with every ounce of energy at his command, freshly disturbed by Mary's talk over the radio that morning. She had confessed that there were rats aboard the sloop and they frightened her. But she was more afraid, she acknowledged, of the human rats about her. For some one had stolen the key of her cabin and she was no longer able to lock herself in. And Sig Kurder's manner was not at all to her liking. But she still had faith in Alan, and in the power of their friends to find them.

Two days later, as Alan struggled to waterproof his canoe-covering with shellac and a can of engine dope found under his work bench, he was startled to hear the faint but familiar drone of a plane. Looking up, he saw the floating cross enlarge to a thing with wings, heading over his island. And as it came closer he waved and shouted and signalled. But the seaplane, flying low, winged on over the lonely cay without a break in the hum of its engine. Alan could even detect the derisive gesture of its pilot as he leaned out over the fusilage with an armwave of mockery as he went on.

The lone exile anchored to his island took that winged messenger to be a sea-scout of Drakma's carrying news of contraband to some outer cay. And his heart was bitter as he fell to work again on his flimsy craft, the craft that at its best could only crawl like a snail while his enemies could soar like a gull.

That bitterness rose sharper than ever when,



*Experience Writes  
to Youth of Beauty.*

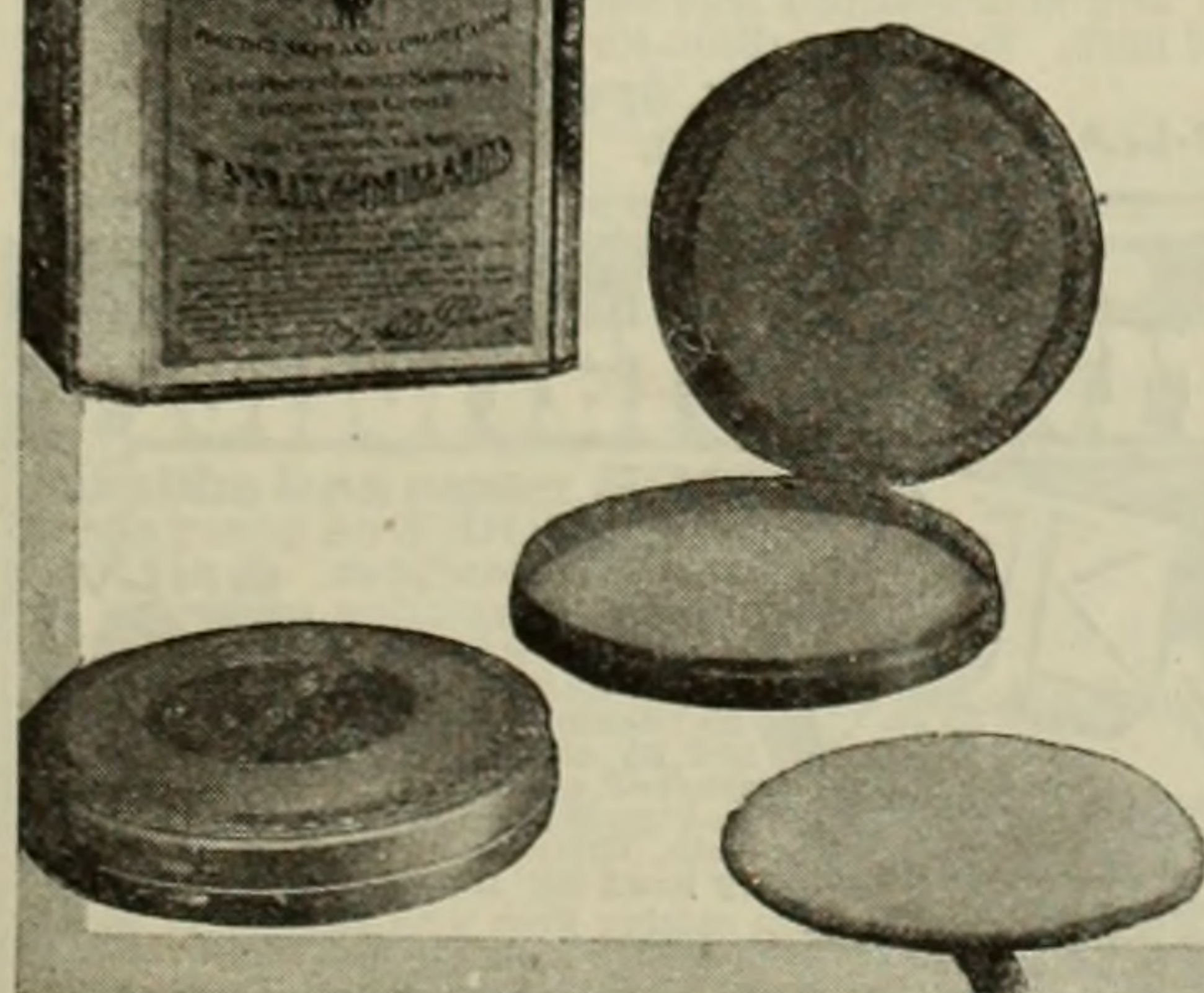
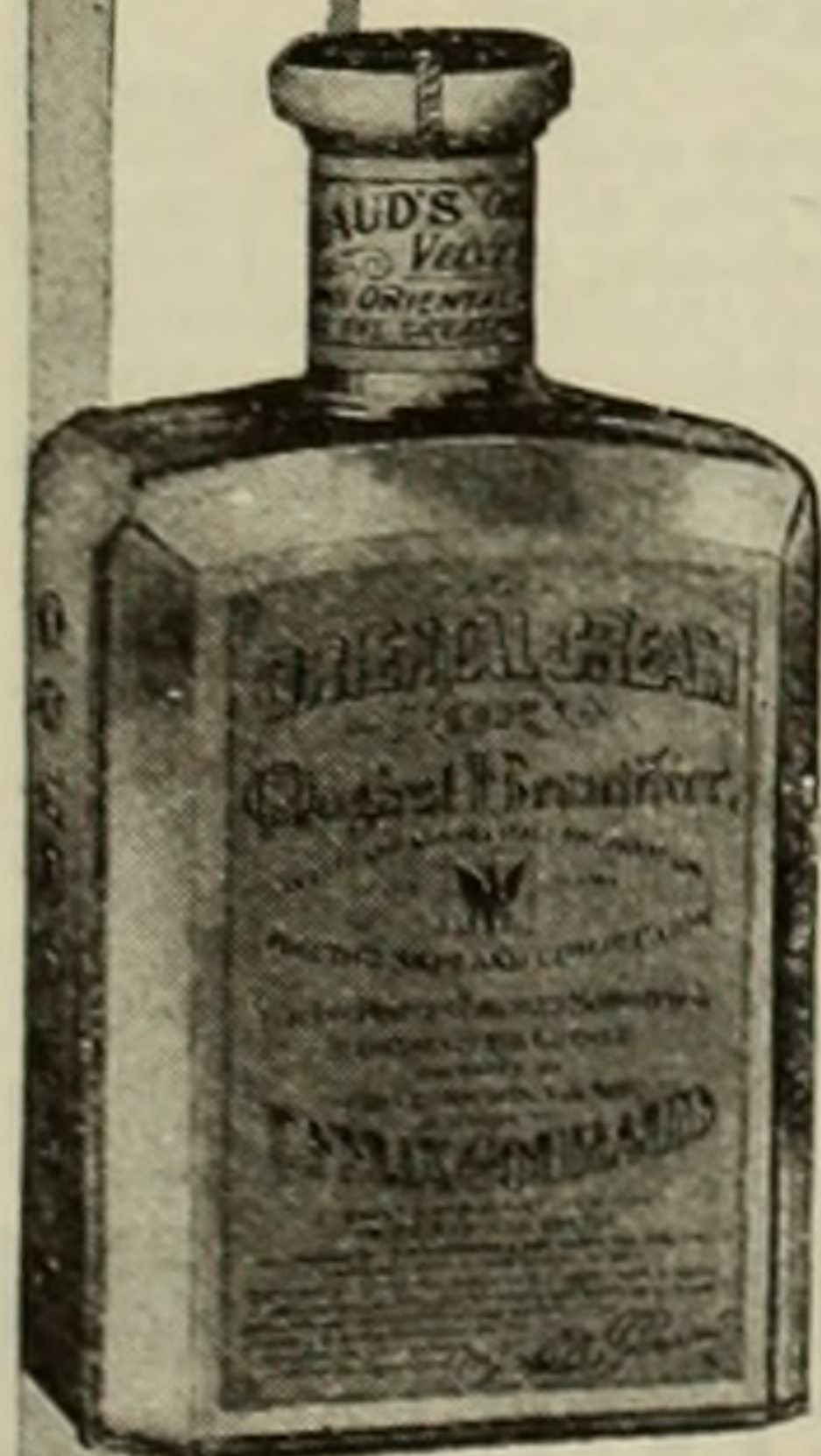
Somewhere ahead "Beauty's Pathway" will reach the crest of the hill. Behind you, will be the many opportunities you have had to improve your appearance. Opportunities to develop and preserve the Beauty of Youth for the time when nature can no longer respond to your efforts. Now! is your big moment—your time in life to develop your beauty to its highest degree. To give to the skin and complexion the enchanting charm that only "Beauty's Master Touch"—

**GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL CREAM**

can render. An alluring, entrancing appearance that will remain with you over the years to come, so that the hand of time rests but lightly. Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic—your assurance of a pure, soft skin, free from blemishes. Its astringent action counteracts wrinkles, flabbiness and excessive oiliness. For over 85 years it has been showing women, the world over, the way to a greater personal attractiveness. It is waiting now to unfold to you the secret of a new, lasting Beauty. Start its use today. Made in white, flesh and rachel so as to perfectly harmonize with your particular type.

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I enclose 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Coconut Oil Shampoo and a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

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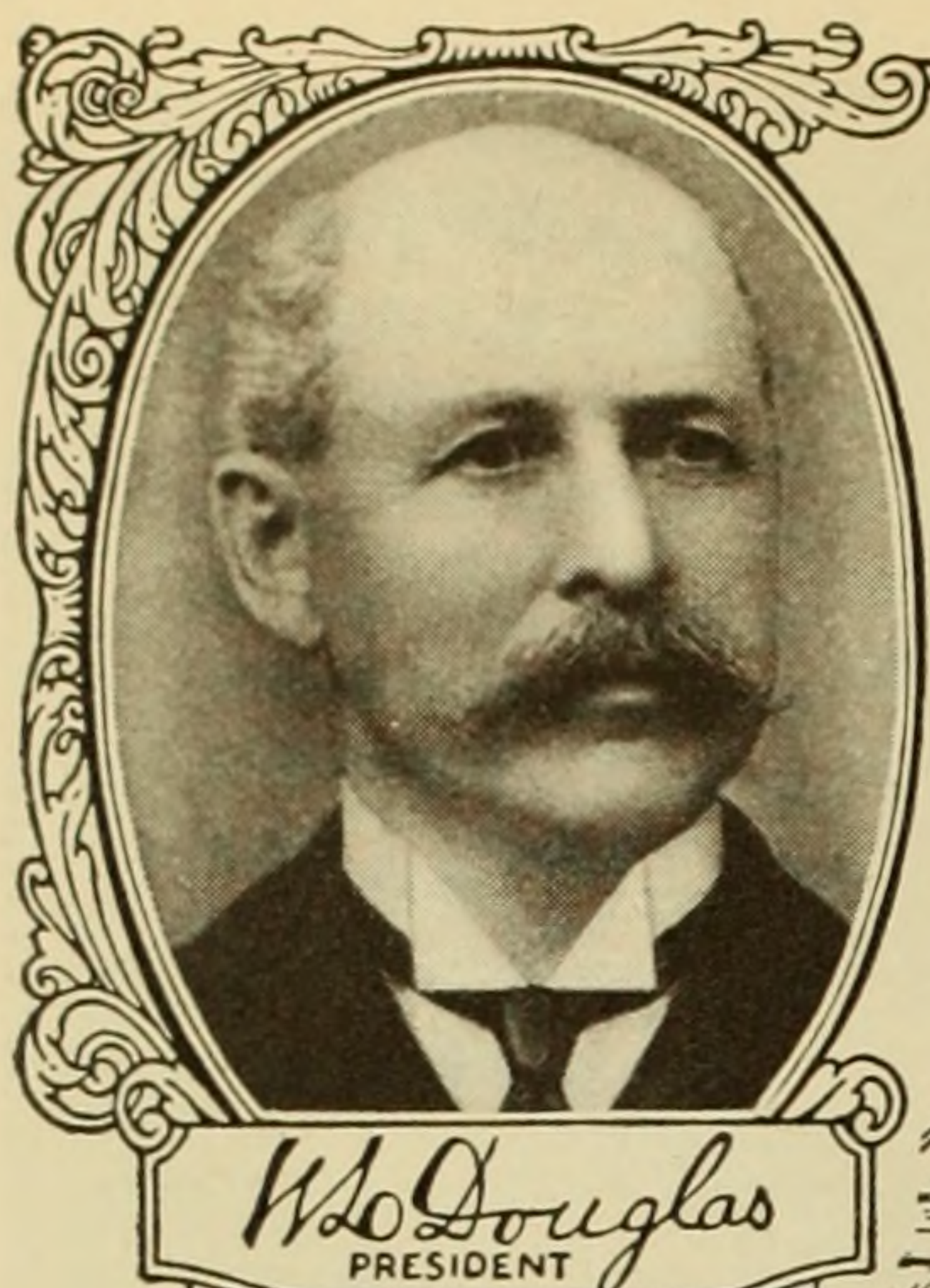
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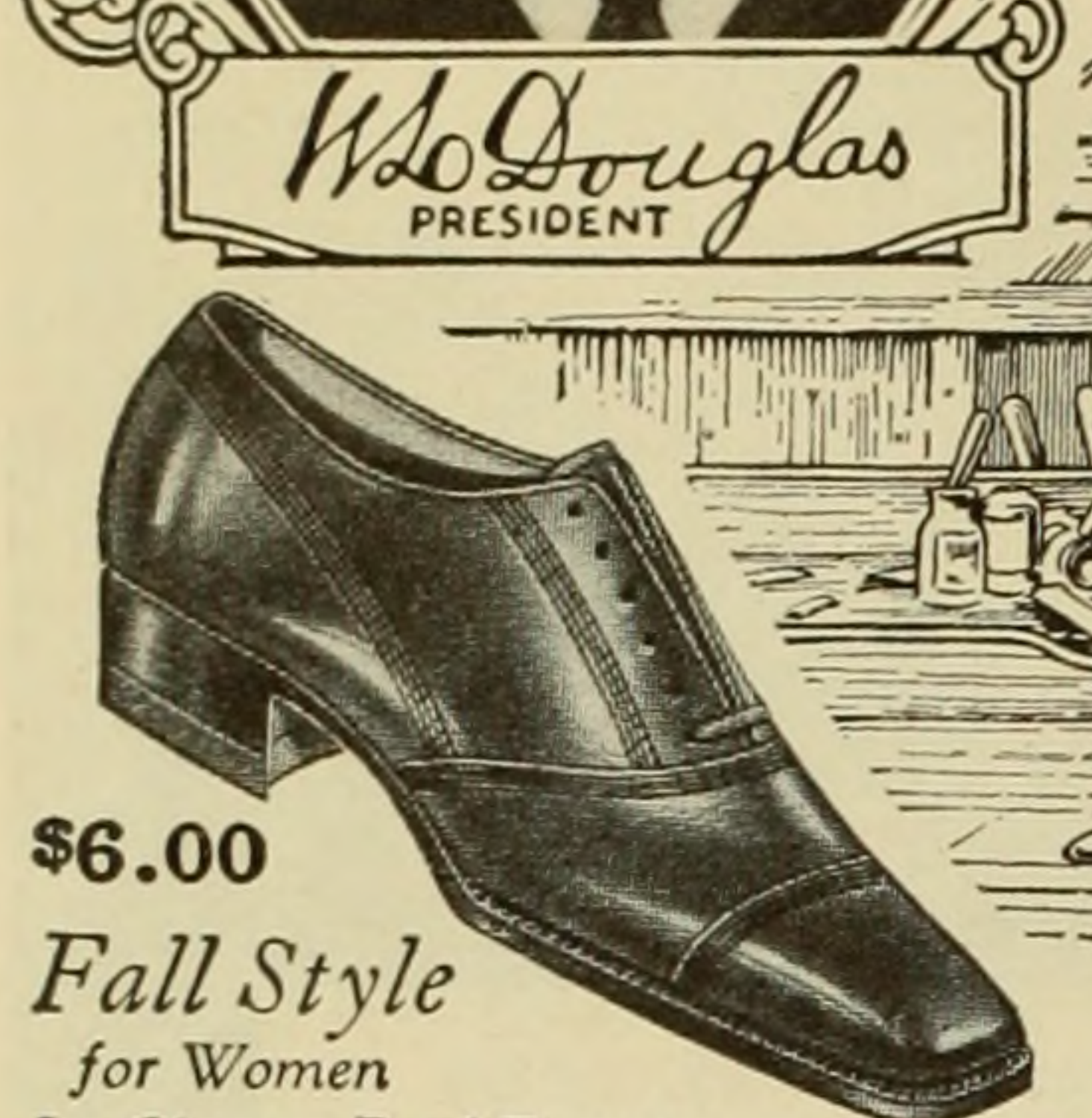


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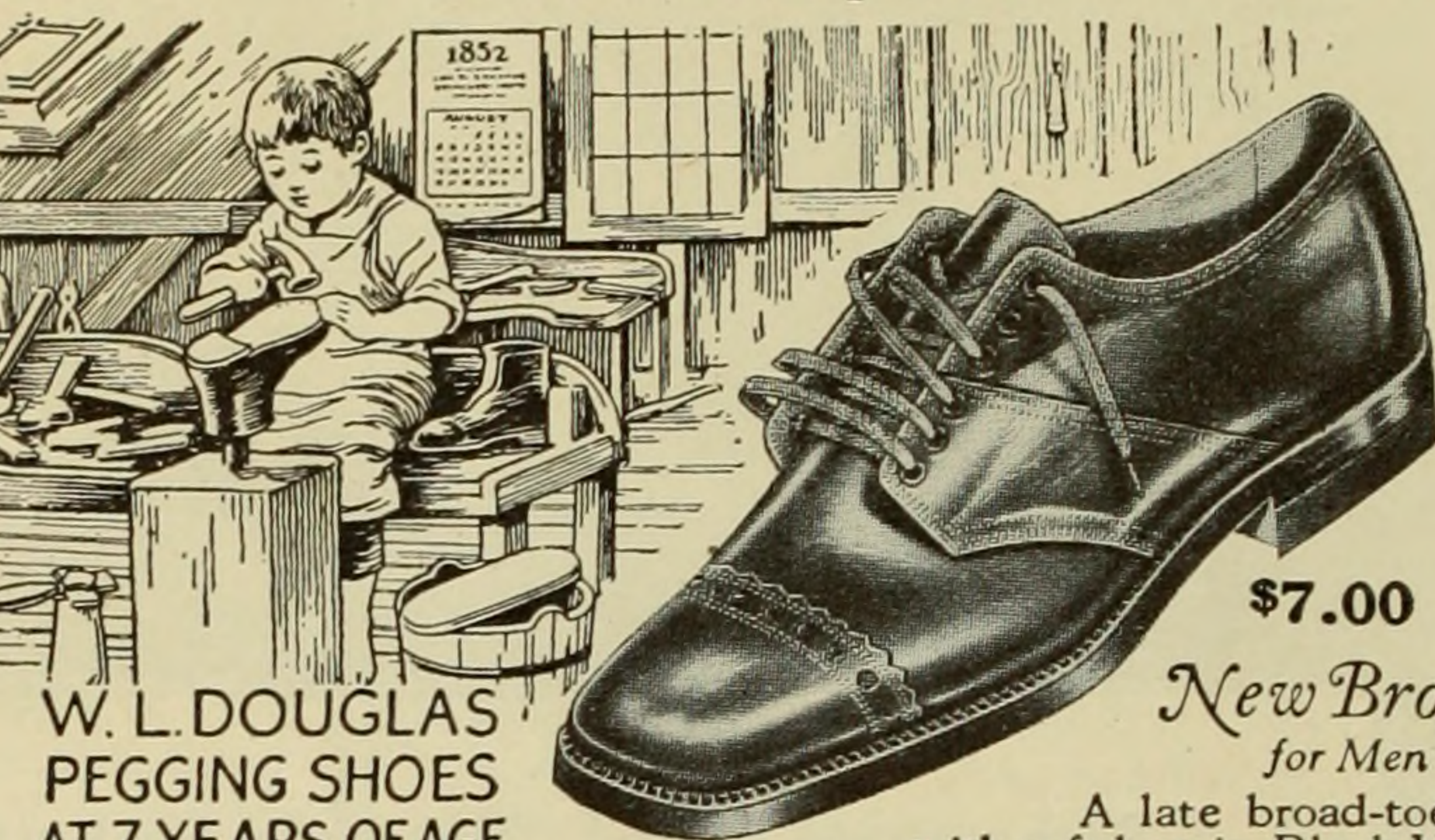
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AT 7 YEARS OF AGE

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the next morning, Alan stood at his shack door and again heard the familiar far-off drone, as the sunlit wings bore down on his cay. His eye fell on his triangulator—and a sudden tremor sped through his body. It would exhaust his batteries, it would leave him without power enough to send a call beyond his coral reef, but if his instrument worked right he could bring down those needed wings within his lagoon. Then he could possess his enemy's plane and fly straight to the sloop and the woman who needed him. It was his last throw with chance—but it was worth the risk.

He remembered, as he linked up his triangulator and adjusted the auxiliary finder, that this venture would leave him silent, would cut his voice off from the girl so eagerly awaiting every word from him. But it was too late for half measures, he told himself, as he fitted the enflaming-key into his instrument. And instead of his voice, if luck was with him, his own body would go winging towards the woman he loved.

He looked up, studiously, as the plane circled about his cay, insolently low, tilting like a hawk's body as it banked and swooped carelessly back over the lagoon edge. And it was then that Alan, bringing his dial-needles to rest in unison, gave the triangulator its last ounce of "juice."

HE saw, as he watched, the leather-clad body of the pilot half rise in his seat, throw up his hands, and fall back against the fusilage. The plane, out of control, dipped like a settling mallard into the lagoon water, lashed on through the shallows, and came crashing and plowing up on the cay sand. It shattered a wing as it came, snapping the seat-belt and flinging the pilot over its broken propeller, where he lay stunned and helpless in the sand.

Alan's heart sank as he saw that shattered wing and propeller, for he knew that his plan had failed. But he did not altogether give up. For already, out of that wreck, a new hope had been born.

He saw, as he ran to the stunned man turning painfully over in the sand, that it was the same reckless-faced pilot who had carried him out to the power-boat. And he made it a point, before anything else, to unbuckle the pistol holster about the newcomer's body and adjust it around his own waist.

"Now, get up," he commanded, noticing that the other's eyes were open.

"I'm afraid I can't," was the muttered retort. "My leg seems to be broken."

Alan guardedly examined the limb in question and found a clear enough fracture. He tore enough linen and brace-bars away from the shattered plane wing to make splints, binding the hurt leg up as best he could. He waited for a whimper, as he strained to reduce the fracture. But his former enemy lay silent, merely gritting his teeth and asking for a cigarette when it was over.

"You've at least got nerve," admitted Alan as he carried the leather-clad figure up to his shack bunk and gave him tepid water to drink. "And if you've got as good judgment you'll not make another move to meddle with me. For I'm on my last move of this game. And that means, remember, I couldn't stop to argue about treachery."

He tapped the pistol at his belt as he spoke. "I guess I've played about my last card," admitted the man on the bunk, smiling, nevertheless, as his dimmed eyes watched Alan.

But Alan's thoughts were already on other things. He stooped and studied a sprocket chain lying in the dunnage box. Then he stared at the black-metalled generator in the shack corner. Then he returned to the wrecked plane, almost on a run. He saw, as he looked it over, that it would never fly again, that it would never fly, at any rate, from that island. But he also saw that its engine was still intact. And when he inspected the tank and saw it held a respectable supply of fuel, his hopes suddenly rose. He had power here, power at his very threshold. That plane engine, he knew, could never be moved up to

## DIMPLES!

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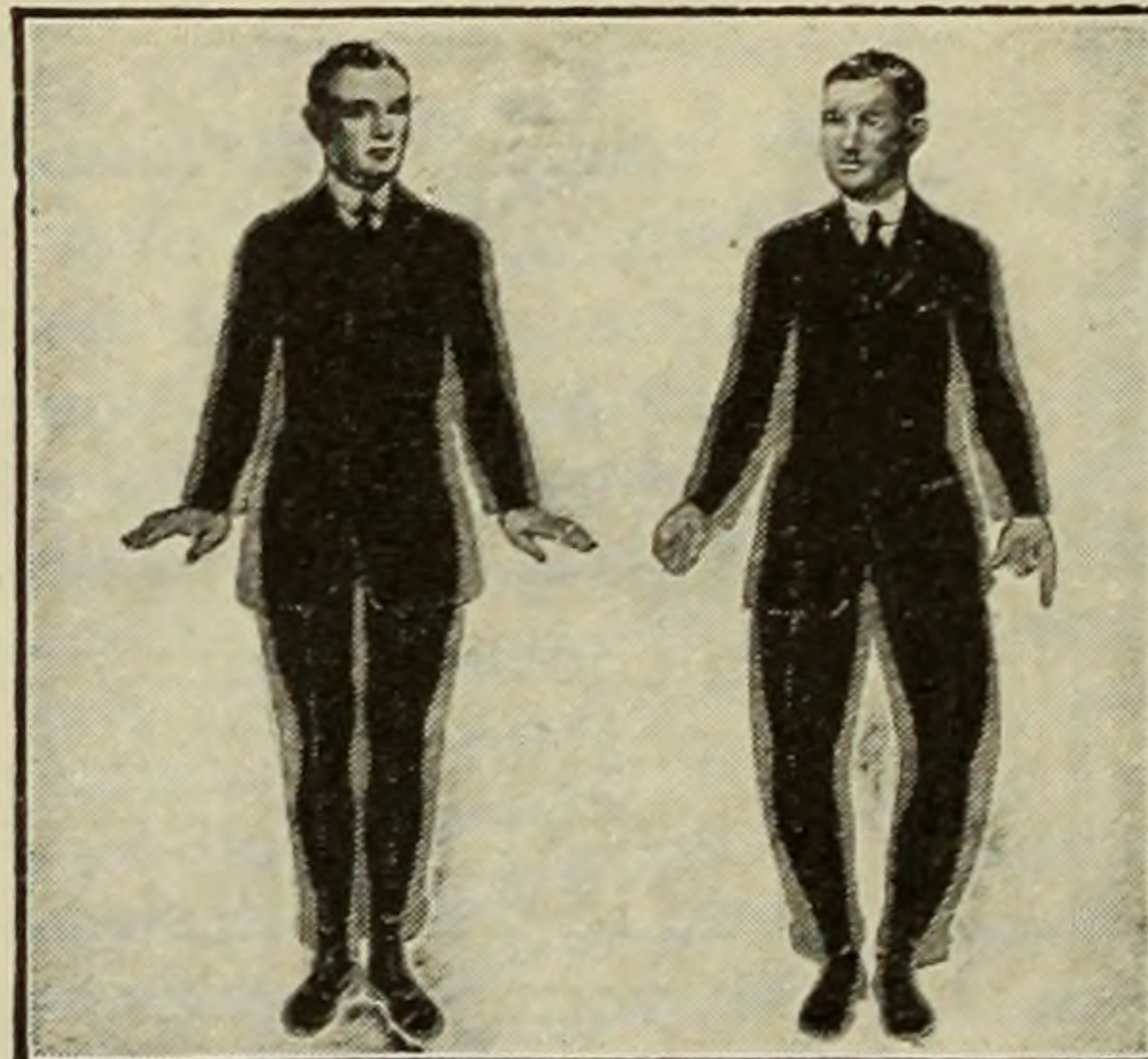
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is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women**, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST

993-L, Ackerman Building Binghamton, N. Y.

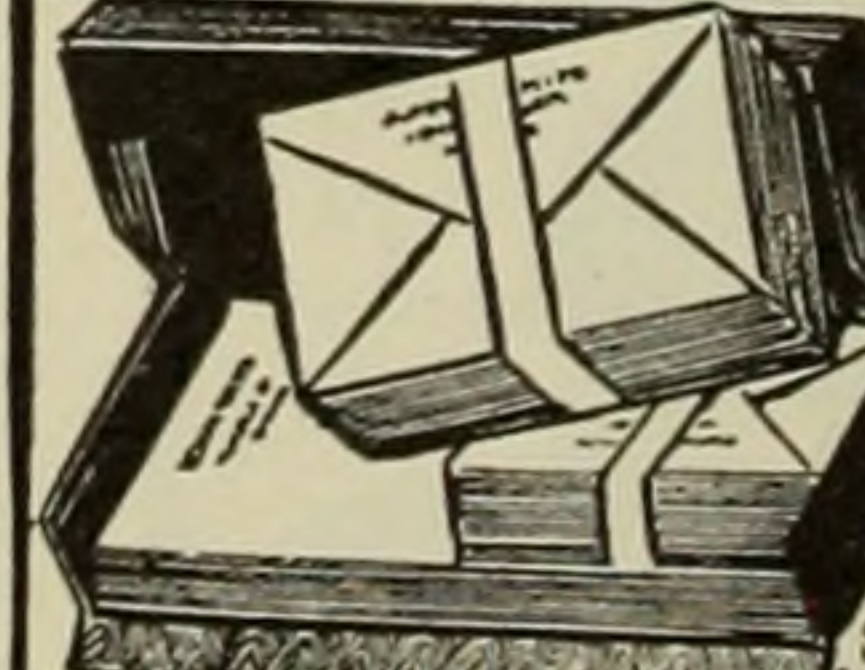
## CURLINE



GIVES A NATURAL SEMI-PERMANENT WAVE. LASTS THREE TO FOUR WEEKS Used extensively for years by the Theatrical Profession The original liquid preparation, superior to all others; neither sticky nor greasy, easiest to apply, absolutely harmless. PER BOTTLE, \$1.

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CREME DAMASCUS—An excellent preparation for removing wrinkles. Per jar, \$1.00. Postage, 10c.  
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YOUR name and address printed FREE on every sheet and Envelope in dark blue ink using Engravers Copper Plate Gothic Type. 60 Sheets, size 6x7, and 25 envelopes to match—3 months' supply. Pure White, Velvet Smooth, Crisp, Crinkly, heavy bond ink writing paper.

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## \$500 in Cash Extra!

HERE is a chance for the winner of the great radio contest to get \$500 in cash in addition to the \$2,500 already offered.

Many radio stations are anxious to have one of the fans listening in on their stations win the first prize. These stations are broadcasting announcements of the contest several times a week.

They are offering \$500 as an added cash prize if the winner, when he enters the contest, notes on his coupon the fact that he first heard about it over the radio and gives the name of the station broadcasting the news about the contest.

Included in the stations are WLAG, operated by the Twin City Radio Central at St. Paul and Minneapolis. Eleanor Poehler, the managing director, has written that WLAG makes the announcement twice a week.

Dr. John R. Brinkley of the Brinkley-Jones Hospital Association, Milford, Kan., is another enthusiast about the contest. The association operates Station KFKB, which holds one of the long-distance records for broadcasting, having been heard several times at Montevideo, Uruguay, which is 8,000 miles from the station. Besides being heard all over the United States and Canada, KFKB has regular reception in Honolulu and the Bermuda Islands, besides being picked up by ships at sea.

Station WOAW is operated by Woodmen of the World Life Insurance Association, at Omaha. It is a 500-watt station and operates on a wave of 526 meters. It is one of the favorite stations of Captain Donald McMillan while near the north pole on his arctic explorations. WOAW boasts one of the largest religious congregations in the world and has an unique organization known as the World Radio Camp, which is said to be the only radio lodge in the world. It has been heard more than 5,000 miles.

J. C. Dice, president of the Dice Electric Company, which operates Station WCAV at Little Rock, Ark.; D. F. Streb, president and general manager of The Electric Shop, which operates Station CFQC at Saskatoon, Sask., and C. J. Windisch, manager of Station KFIL at Louisburg, Kan., are other radio enthusiasts who are working to make the contest truly representative of radio.

If you first hear of the contest over one of these or other stations broadcasting news about it, enter the contest and be sure to mention the station you heard broadcasting the announcement. It will mean an extra \$500 if you win the first prize.

his apparatus. But there was no reason why his apparatus could not be carried down to the engine. And he could put the heavy generator on skids and pole it down beside the stalled plane. From the shaft of the plane he could remove the broken propeller and replace it with the belt pulley from the shack shelf, once that pulley had been properly repaired. Then he could take the leather seat straps from the plane and lace them together into a friction-belt and with that belt link up his propeller shaft and the pulley of his nearby generator, properly bedded and braced in the sand. And that would give him power. And power meant a call to the waiting world.

HE conjectured that it would take at least a thousand watts, even with good atmospheric conditions, to reach Washington. He was discouraged, at first, by the smallness of his generator. But by charging his string of storage batteries, he remembered, and then "floating" them across the generator, he planned to unite both in a duet of energy to give the needed wings to his words. And once he had reached that decision he set to work.

He worked with runnels of sweat running down his body. He carried and pried and tugged until even the man on the bunk smiled at his madness. When that man stopped him, to ask for a drink of brandy, Alan retorted that he had no brandy and had no time to spare.

"You may not have the time," smiled the man on the bunk, "but I happen to know that if you dug two feet down in the sand on the east point of this cay you'd find five hundred cases of ninety-five per cent old French cognac."

Alan gave little thought to that admission, for everything now depended, he felt, on how his generator would be able to build up his depleted juice. He soaped and adjusted his belt, started his engine, and heard the soul-satisfying hum of the machinery that sang hope to his heart.

"I've got it!" he said with a shout of joy.

And so relieved was he as his engine sang at its essential work that he took a spade from the shack corner and tested the sand on the eastern cay tip and returned with a bottle from one of the ruptured cases of old cognac.

He watched the man on the bunk solemnly drink his health. Then he returned to his machinery, tested his batteries and found them still low, and, of a sudden, almost ceased breathing. For his plane engine had stuttered and come to a stop. His first movement was to spring to the fuel-tank. And his heart sank as he did so, for the tank was empty. He had used up his last ounce of gasoline. He could see the leak from the strained feed-pipe, wetting the sand at his feet.

He staggered back, passing a dirt-stained hand over a dirt-stained brow. He was defeated, on the very brink of victory. His last move had failed.

Then a new thought came to him, the thought of the ninety-five per cent cognac under the sand. That was practically alcohol. And even in his garage days he had learned that with certain carburetor adjustments a gasoline engine could be made to run with alcohol. And the man on the bunk, hearing Alan's shout of triumph, thought his marooned companion had already imbibed too much from Mark Drakma's cache.

BUT it was the engine, and not its operator, that drank up the precious amber fluid, bottle by bottle, once the broken feed-pipe was repaired. And it sang with drunken power as it drank. The sun was low before its allotted task was done and a white-faced man, standing before a rough bench on the lagoon sand, turned to his receiving set to see if he could catch his evening message from Mary Walsworth. He did not catch that message. What he heard, indeed, was a fragment of official instructions regarding what was apparently a presidential speech to be broadcast that evening. Because of the importance of this radio event, the announcer went on, an order for



## Treasure Your Beauty Before it's Too Late

WE ARE forever saying that next month or next year we are going to make ourselves more attractive—and take better care of our tell-tale skin. But then we put it off and say we haven't the time. Some day we awaken to find that it is too late.

If only you knew how easy it is to realize that clear, bewildering beauty of skin that should be yours today. It doesn't mean elaborate beauty treatments. Just a few minutes' care each day with one dependable preparation—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream, and you overcome the many enemies of your skin.

Once a day smooth this cream on your face, neck and arms; let it penetrate into your pores, and finally wipe it off on a cloth. It accomplishes so much. Besides freeing your skin from the impurities that coarsen and dull it, "D & R" supplies elements that keep your skin smooth and young. Soon you will see new beauty creep into your face.

Take the first step today, by sending us the coupon below. A dainty little Get-Acquainted Tube of "D & R" will come to you free.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. Regular prices in tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50

### DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM "The Kind That Keeps"



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Dept. 8011  
214 W. 14th St.,  
New York or  
165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Can.  
Please send me free the Get-Acquainted Tube of "D & R" Perfect Cold Cream.

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# how easily it works



WATCH how swiftly and thoroughly Sani-Flush works. Simply sprinkle a little into the toilet bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. All marks, stains and incrustations disappear.

The hidden, unhealthful trap—always so inaccessible—is also cleaned and made sanitary. Sani-Flush will not injure plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors. It does its work more thoroughly than you can by any other means. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

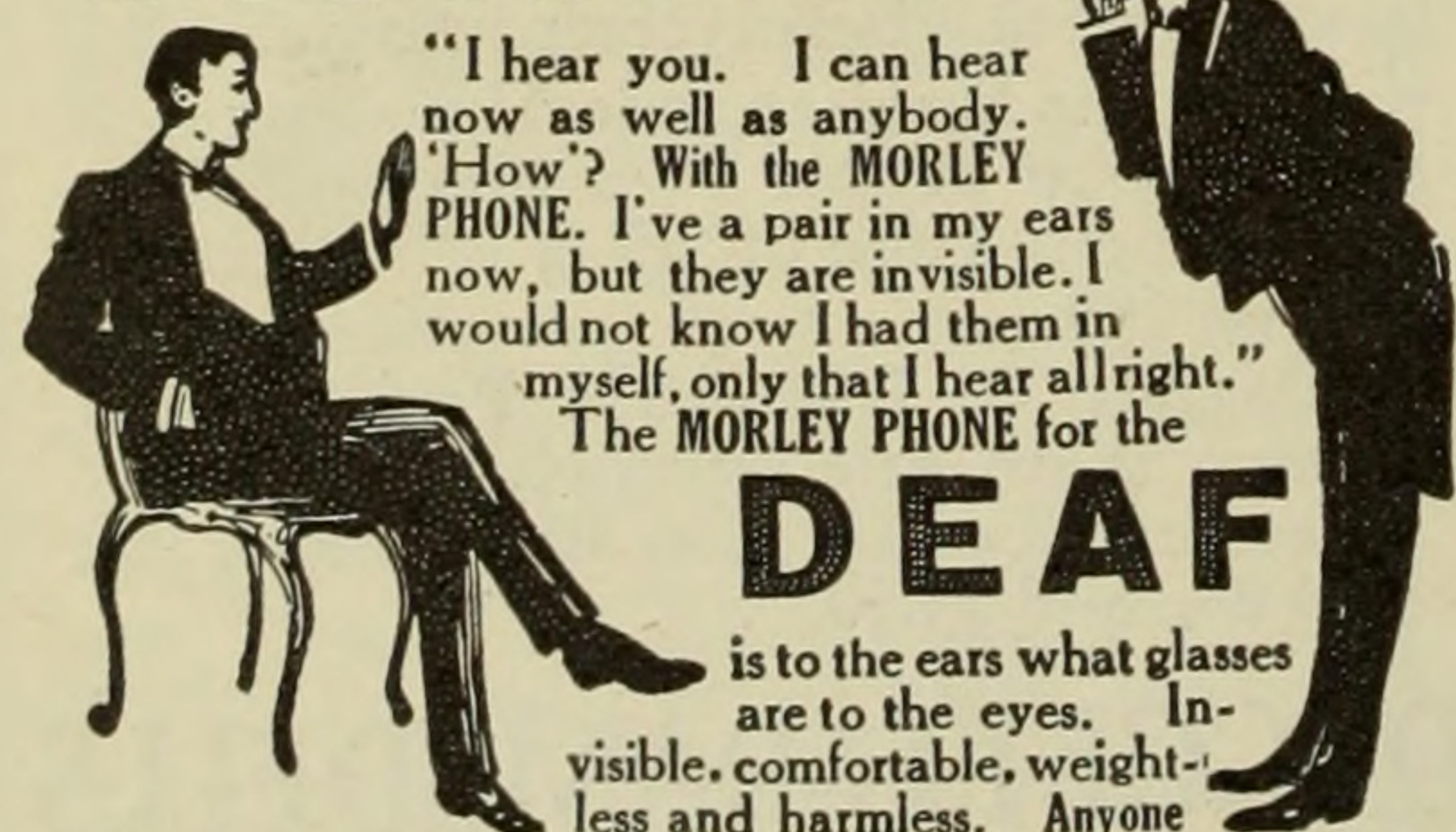
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

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The MORLEY PHONE for the **DEAF**

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone

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### Chinese Peacock Ring

Just what you want to draw attention to a pretty hand. Fashion calls for Oriental rings, particularly Peacock Designs. The loveliest creation of the silversmith's art. Sterling silver, 19 emeralds and sapphires, only \$2. Gold plated on silver \$2.75. C. O. D. orders 15c extra. Send ring size (tie string around finger). Return it if not delighted! Not sold in stores, but direct from

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## GOV'T. HELP NEEDED

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$250, stationary, at or near home, or traveling. Write, Mr. Ozment, 233, St. Louis, Mo. immediately.

silence had been imposed upon all stations, and this order was not to be violated. “From WEA,” proceeded the clear-cut and authoritative voice, “our President’s words will be relayed by land wires to twelve different broadcasting stations throughout these United States, and all America, it will be safe to say, listeners in a million homes and more, will be waiting for and will receive those words!”

This was followed by a description of the stations and the wave-lengths to be used. But Alan did not listen in to more of that message. He refueled his tank and reoiled his bearings and worked his engine until darkness closed about him. He verified his mounting battery power and stood by gobbling a supper of hard-tack and water. He returned to his engine and speeded it up, in his impatience, speeded it up until his grotesquely-laced belt threatened to break and his imperfectly-bedded generator started to rock. But through the wires connecting them with that generator the batteries drank up power as tired draught horses drink up water from a trough. And Alan, looking on his work, saw that it was good.

YET when his moment for sending arrived he had to school himself to calmness. He had to forget everything but the essential need confronting him. Conscious as he stood that everything in life depended on that message, on that last call for succor, he gave little thought to the circumstances of its sending or the phrasing of its sentences. He stood ignorant of the fact the official announcer had just proclaimed that the President of the United States was speaking. He stood ignorant of the fact that an etheric silence had fallen across the continent, from coast to coast. He remembered only that he and the woman he loved were marooned in the midst of evil men, in the lonely Atlantic, and that their hope of life and happiness depended on the words which his uncouth apparatus was to send arrowing through the night to his homeland.

And on a hundred thousand instruments, instruments in coal mines and touring cars, in crowded city halls and lonely prairie shacks, in silenced theaters and narrow flat parlors, in softly lighted living rooms and gaily lighted cabarets, in the iron-walled rooms of ship commanders and the dark-tabled board room of the War Department itself, four million waiting ears listened to a strange and unexpected message.

“For God’s sake come to our help. This is Alan Holt speaking. Alan Holt. We are marooned and held prisoners off Jack Ketch Cay. Relay to the Navy Department and advise Admiral Walsworth his daughter is still alive. But help must come soon—”

The white-faced man, clad in little more than rags, who sat gasping back on the lagoon sand, knew nothing of the result of those words that went winging through the night. He knew nothing of startled department heads who phoned from point to point throughout Washington, of the wires that began to hum with questions and answers, of the hurried conference at the White House itself, of the equally hurried conference at the Navy Department, of the verifying of data and distances and the sudden despatch of orders—

orders that resulted in a keen-nosed torpedo boat destroyer heading out into the Atlantic from the shore mists that hung over Charleston harbor at the same time that aviators with flashlights suddenly swarmed about the pontoons of a seaplane that was fueled and provisioned and finally rose from Hampton Roads, with Admiral Walsworth himself strapped to his seat in its cockpit as it followed the far-off line of the destroyer’s wake, where a second plane, hurrying on from the Marine Corps Flying Field at Quantico, overtook the armored greyhound of the deep and dropped a determined-eyed Don Powell on its deck as the race towards the Bahamas was resumed.

Alan, on his desolate sandspit, knew nothing of this as he crawled wearily towards his receiving set, swept by a craving for a companioning voice he had failed to hear that night. He stood very alone in the world, oddly torn between hope and fear, now that he had shot his last bolt. His fingers were listless with a reaction of fatigue as he adjusted the frayed head-set and automatically turned the tuning dial. Then the listless fingers stiffened on the metal dial and his eyes widened as he listened. For the airwaves had spoken to him.

It was Mary calling, calling to him in a voice thin with terror.

“Can’t you hear me, Alan?” that phantasmal voice was imploring, in a tone so faltering that her words seemed without the power to rise as they ought. “I’ve been calling and calling but you do not answer. And I can’t call more. They are fighting here, these drunken beasts, all around me. And I’m afraid of Kurder. He doesn’t even care any more for Drakma or Drakma’s orders—his orders that I was only to be held here. But I can’t face this other thing! I can’t even get away to throw myself into the sea. And unless you come, unless you come soon, Alan, it will be too late.”

ALAN, with an animal-like small cry, tore the head-set from over his ears. All memory of that crowded day and night slipped away from him. He ran through the darkness to the shack, where he caught up a can of water and hard-tack and tossed them into his flimsy mockery of a canoe. After them he flung his triangulator, and after that the spade, which he intended to use as a paddle. Then he dragged his flimsy craft down over the sand to the lagoon’s edge, where he could hear the outer surf’s slow booming on the reef.

Somewhere in that outer darkness, he knew, beyond the reach of his vision, lay the sloop which he had to reach, which he must not fail to reach while a breath of life remained in his body. It was a frail craft, he hazily remembered as he pushed off through the opalescent water, in which he was facing the open Atlantic. But it was at least keeping afloat, he saw, as he maneuvered for the reef-opening—and he had no choice in the matter.

“I’m coming!” he gasped through gritted teeth, as though in answer to some second call winging its way across the low, long swell, where the swish of a dorsal-fin in his wake reminded him that he was not alone on the deep. “I’m coming!” he repeated, wielding his uncouth paddle with all his strength.

[END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT]

“THE Story Without a Name” began in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY. If you failed to secure your copy for July or August these issues will be mailed to you on receipt of twenty-five cents each. While you may still enter the contest without reading these installments, you will lose two chances to win one of the four radio sets offered. Better mail your request now for the missing installments to Photoplay Magazine, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



# Star or Wife?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

to her feet there was a tidal wave of sincere acclaim.

She stood smiling and bowing, as perfectly at ease as though in her own boudoir. Then he heard her talk—simple, straightforward, easy, natural . . . the Jeanne he had married had been a child; unworldly and effervescent—this was a woman of experience, breadth, culture. She dominated the room surely and certainly. Before he knew it she had seated herself again and a thunder of handclapping filled the ball-room.

"You're wonderful!" he congratulated dazedly.

"Pff! I've been doing it at least once a week for almost three months. I'm as good as a phonograph record—no better."

For the balance of the hour others at the table engaged her attention; toward her husband she maintained an attitude of the same impersonal politeness with which she handled the other men. He felt peculiarly ridiculous. Nor could he find any pride in the knowledge that this marvelous creature belonged to him . . . he didn't even know her, and he found himself wondering whether he would have been as indifferent had he bothered to go West and visit her. The Jeanne of the past did not interest him, but the Jeanne of the present was distinctly intriguing.

The meeting ended; she was whisked away by an excited, chattering group. Somewhat disgruntled, Roger slouched downstairs where, at the florist shop, he purchased two dozen long-stemmed American beauties, which he dispatched to her room with his card. As an afterthought he wrote something on the card, and what he wrote was—"President, Rotary Club." Then he grinned.

THAT night he attended the theater where she was appearing. Her act did not impress him—it was the usual cut-and-dried monolog written by the press agents, which the movie fan craves and demands. But Jeanne amazed him further by her poise, her assurance, her striking appearance. He sent his card to her with a note scribbled on the back that he would have his car at the stage entrance after the final performance.

She seemed genuinely glad to see him. He turned southward and drove over the mountain which bordered the city and out along the moonlit highway. For a long while neither spoke—he was in a reflective mood and she waited for him to speak that she might adjust herself to his humor.

Roger Mason had lost a great deal of his sureness. From the moment of his meeting with her that day he had felt less commanding than he would have believed possible. It was as though she knew him better than he knew himself—as though in world-wisdom she had developed beyond him; he felt rather small and puny and provincial; it was a strange sensation and one which did not make him comfortable.

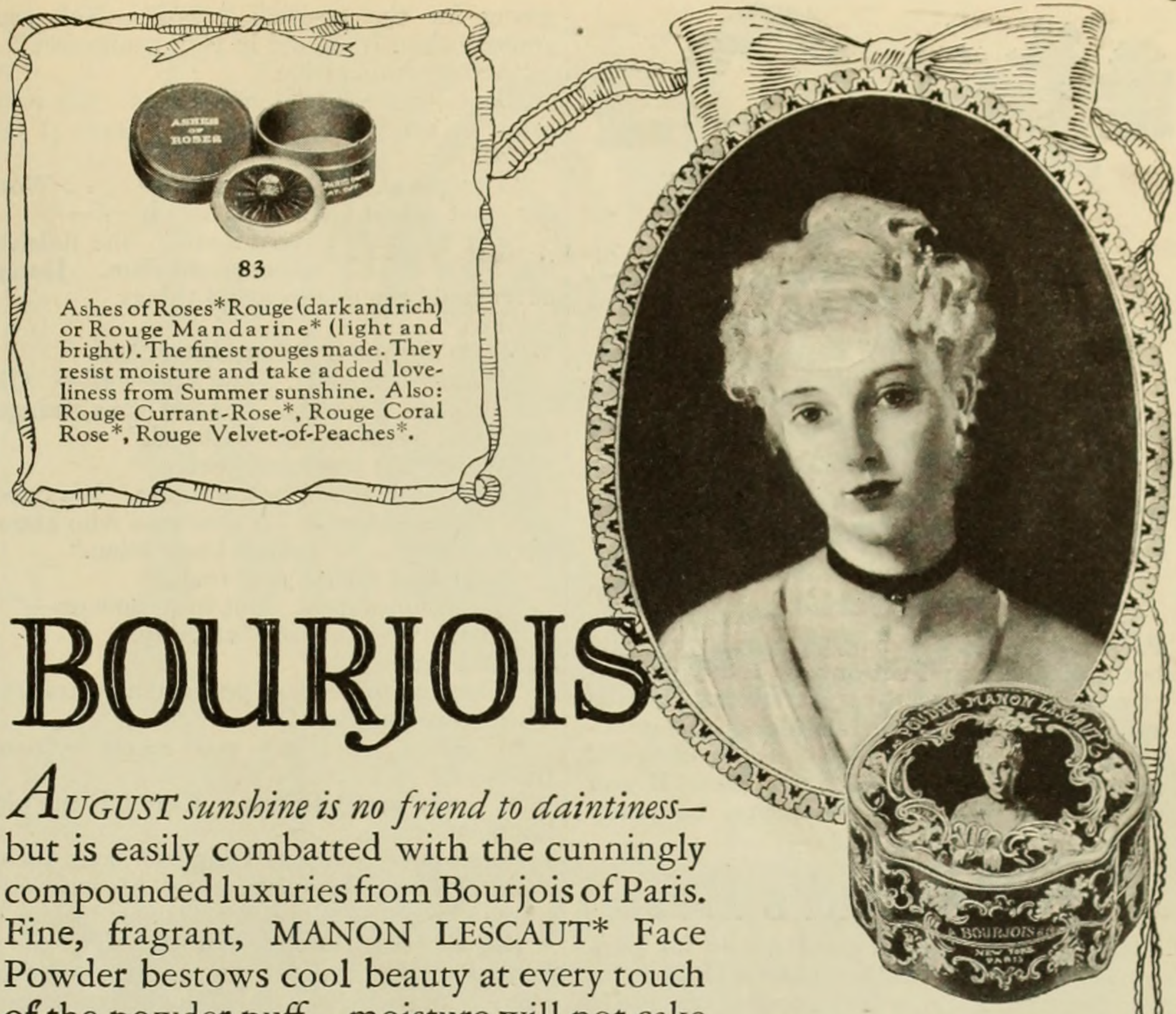
They chatted idly; she questioned him about himself, and because she imparted to him a sensation of humility he told of his professional triumphs very matter-of-factly—and she liked him for it. Then he inquired about her. She seemed indifferent.

"I suppose after all it's similar to engineering," she remarked. "Anything loses its illusion when one becomes too familiar with it. It seems quite remarkable to me that you should control a great industrial plant. To you it's humdrum. The same reactions go the other way. I'm frankly rather tired of the camera."

"Tired?" There was a hint of eagerness in his voice. "You don't look it."

"One mustn't—in the profession. You see, I've reached my own top rung. I'll be a competent leading woman for years, and then I'll slip into character roles. My future is behind me."

"Queer . . . I'm considered remarkably



83  
Ashes of Roses\* Rouge (dark and rich) or Rouge Mandarine\* (light and bright). The finest rouges made. They resist moisture and take added loveliness from Summer sunshine. Also: Rouge Currant-Rose\*, Rouge Coral Rose\*, Rouge Velvet-of-Peaches\*.

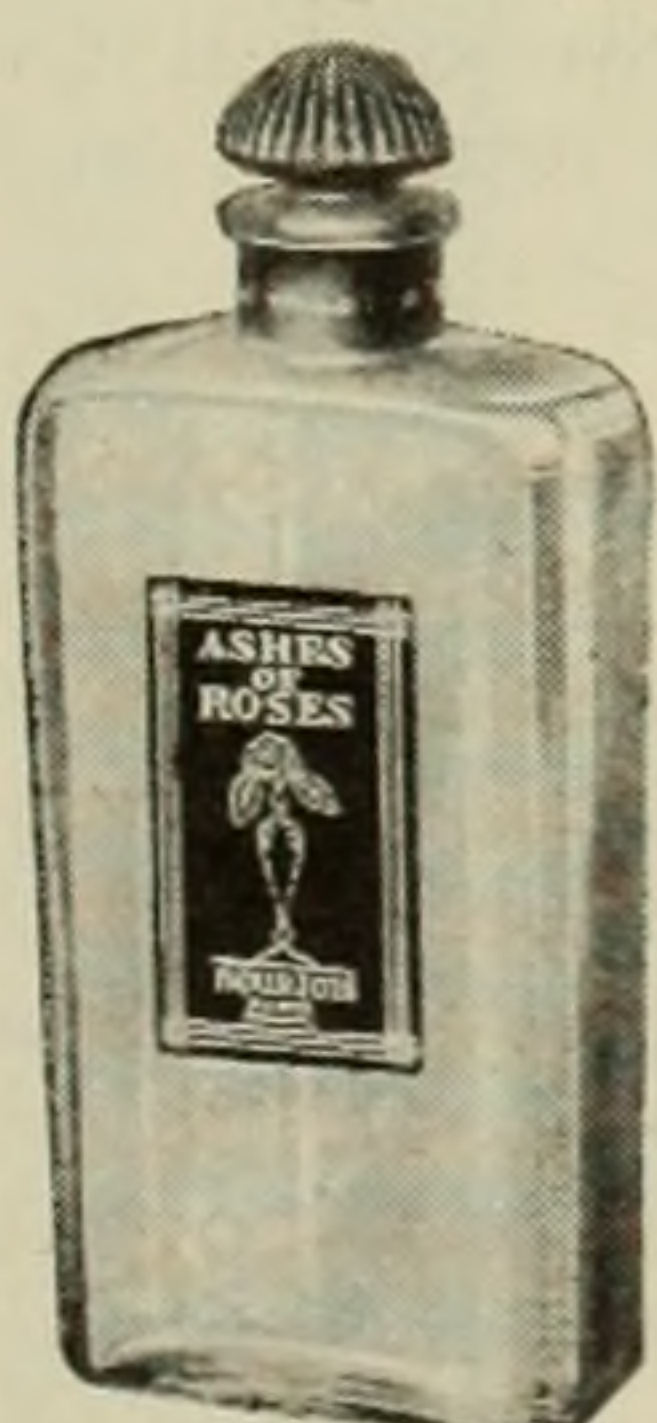
# BOURJOIS

AUGUST sunshine is no friend to daintiness—but is easily combatted with the cunningly compounded luxuries from Bourjois of Paris. Fine, fragrant, MANON LESCAUT\* Face Powder bestows cool beauty at every touch of the powder puff—moisture will not cake it—and under its impalpable protection the skin is soothed and kept from harm.

This marked refreshingness of all Bourjois creations accounts for the myriad of women who insist upon them—in Summer as in all other seasons.

545 B  
Bourjois MANON LESCAUT Face Powder beautifies, protects, refreshes. In the following tints: White, Rose, Flesh, Brunette—also in Peaches\* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream\* Powder. The same perfume used in MANON LESCAUT TALCUM, Toilet Water, Extract.

For a sample of MANON LESCAUT Face Powder and a copy of Bourjois' instructive and unique little book of beauty, "What Every Woman Does NOT Know," send 18c with the coupon below.



92  
Ashes of Roses Toilet Water. A Summer-necessity. Use a little on the wrists and temples. The result—cooling freshness. Use it also to make fragrant the bath.



98 97  
Ashes of Roses Lip Stick. Light or dark. Even, full tone and most soothing to dry lips. Bewitchingly fragrant, too. In purse size and larger.



90 90 M  
Perfume Ashes of Roses, a delicate fragrance that remains. Suited to the Summer Toilette. In purse size, small flacon and larger size.



650 B  
Manon Lescaut TALCUM. A special coolness of its own—and the famous perfume MANON LESCAUT! After the bath a luxury—and in warm weather, a necessity.

\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

# Bourjois MANON LESCAUT Face Powder

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PARIS NEW YORK

Enclosed is 18c. Send me sample box of MANON LESCAUT  
White  Naturelle  Rose  Rachel   
Peaches\*  Peaches-and-Cream\*  (Check powder wanted) and 1 free copy of "What Every Woman Does NOT Know."

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Pack your week-end bag, say goodbye to the hot, noisy city and set out for a day or two of real fun and healthy sport at the lake or sea. And don't forget to take along your pocket orchestra so there'll be plenty of good music for those who want to dance. If you want to be the hit of the party, be ready with a Hohner Harmonica—

## The World's Best

There's nothing like good music for happiness and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Hohner Harmonicas are true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in workmanship. Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50¢ up at all dealers.

Ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 183, New York City.

# HOHNER HARMONICAS

## A Waterproof Cream!

ELIZABETH ARDEN announces a new cream—her Waterproof Cream. Smooth it on the face, neck, arms and hands under powder. It gives the skin a lovely silken finish—a waterproof finish! It keeps the skin fresh and attractive for hours of swimming and sports. Prevents sunburn, roughness, peeling, freckles. Also gives the skin a superb finish for evening. \$3.

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Simply send \$2; if you can duplicate this diamond ring for less than \$65, your deposit will be refunded. Guarantee bond accompanies each ring. After trial, pay balance \$1.65 a month for ten months. Price only \$48.50.

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young for the position I hold. Yet you, younger than I, are old in your profession."

"Age is comparative."

Silence then—long, tense silence. His voice came to her gently above the thrum of the motor:

"The pranks of circumstance. . . . Wonder what would have happened if—if—"

"—if we hadn't separated?" She finished the query which embarrassed him. Jeanne never had been one to avoid things.

"Yes."

"Possibly humdrum ourselves."

"I don't believe it. You are—well— Oh! confound it! Jeanne . . . I feel like a stranger with you; yet I'm your husband."

"Were," she corrected gently.

"Legally, I mean; not actually. It's queer . . . rather sardonic. A wise man who knows his own wife . . . I don't know mine."

"Isn't that rather your fault?"

"Yes. Absolutely. But from now on—"

"I'm leaving the city Saturday."

"And then—?"

"Three more weeks of personal appearances. Then—Los Angeles."

"I see. . . . Don't you regret— sometimes—?"

"I never regret things. Regret is the philosopher's curse."

At midnight he found himself alone in his rooms. Three floors below was his wife—the woman who was a radiant stranger to him.

Roger Mason donned a dressing gown, lighted a cigar and sat down to think things over. Connected, logical thought was impossible. He was beset by a train of disconnected impressions—Jeanne as she had been at the university . . . as a bride . . . as a memory . . . and now as a startling, vivid creature who seemed to understand him better than he understood himself. He even grew a bit sorry for himself; he felt lonely for the first time in his life.

Friday afternoon found him at the theater; she saw him sitting there and flashed him a fleeting smile of welcome. And Friday night he sat through both performances and afterwards he met her in his car again and they went for a long ride—stopped at a little roadside shop and bought sandwiches of broiled ham, and many bottles of ginger ale . . . They made a picnic of it out in the woods and it was scandalously late when they returned to the hotel.

A QUEER thing was happening to Roger Mason—he found himself falling in love with his own wife, and he was afraid. She was friendly and interested and quietly personal—just as she might be with a brother whom she had not seen for seven years. There was nothing of the woman-to-man attitude in her manner toward him; looking back over the barren span of years he saw the magnitude of his own neglect and indifference, yet when he tried to speak of it, to put into words his realization of his defection, she shrugged it aside as a matter of no consequence.

That was the hardest thing for him to face—he seemed of no consequence to her. He was an interesting incident in a life chock-full of interesting incidents. He realized that this meeting meant to her just exactly what he had fancied in advance it would mean to him. It meant to her precisely what it would have meant to him had he met the Jeanne from whom he had parted seven years before . . . but this was another woman—a fine, splendid creature.

Saturday night again he was there in his car, and this time a regal picnic lunch was packed in a hamper and they rolled once again into the moonlight which filtered softly through the trees which lined the roadway. At first he was awkward and constrained, but there was a subtle undercurrent of excitement in his manner. She, on her part, was carefree and happy—apparently enjoying the freedom to the utmost and seemingly unconscious of the fierce emotion which was gripping him.

She frolicked and sang and gradually pulled

him out of his own depression. But her very buoyancy defeated his firmly intended seriousness. She turned aside his efforts at personal conversation—she was enjoying the froth of the moment and refused to permit him to go below the surface . . . and then when he looked at his watch it was one o'clock and they piled into the car and sped swiftly toward the glow which marked the city.

She snuggled in the corner of the coupe and watched him out of the corners of her eyes. His fine, firmly-chiseled face was set rigidly ahead, as though he hadn't a thought in the world beyond handling the powerful car. But when he spoke there was a quiver to his words: "I'm sorry, Jeanne, that this is our last night."

"So am I, Roger." Her words were casual, friendly, un freighted by hidden meaning. "I've enjoyed it more than anything in years."

His next question surprised her. "Why?"

"Because—Oh! well, because I suppose I'm a little tired of artificiality and pose . . . and this has been natural."

"You're tired?"

"Yes. Not physically, but mentally. It isn't pleasant to know that one has progressed as far as one is capable."

"I see. . . . And when your tour is finished?"

"I don't know. Frankly, Roger, I have no contract. Oh! I can get work all right—that isn't worrying me. I'm fairly well fixed . . . What is eating on my soul is the problem of whether I want to remain in the movies."

His face lighted. "Why, Jeanne, I thought you were so happy. . . ."

"I was. I suppose I am."

"But if you're tired, Jeanne—why not—"

AND then he saw her smile. "Mm—mm! Roger—don't get sentimental. It just isn't done these days between husband and wife. Besides, I had no intention of boring you with a recital of my troubles. First place, they're all imaginary, and in the second there's nothing to be done about it. Step on it, Roger! I want to ride fast."

Fifteen minutes later as they swung over the crest of the mountain and came within view of the twinkling lights of the sleeping city he voiced another question:

"When are you leaving?"

"Eleven in the morning."

"Then tonight is goodbye?"

"Yes. . . ."

He left his car in the garage a block away from the hotel and walked with her to the grim, straight-lined structure where they both were staying. As they waited for the elevator he bent serious eyes upon her. "I hate to say goodbye this way, Jeanne."

"Yes?"

"I wonder whether you'd mind dropping in at my rooms for a few minutes?"

Her answer was immediate and quite matter-of-fact. "Why, certainly."

He was a trifle surprised. There had been expectation of interrogation, of argument. But that wasn't Jeanne's way—not the way of the new Jeanne. And after all there was no reason why a wife should not visit her husband's rooms. The trouble was that he couldn't make himself believe that she was his wife.

Flashing upward on the elevator he was nervous and fidgety. They crossed the soft-carpeted hall and he inserted his key in the lock. Then his face paled and he withdrew it. He spoke to her with a peculiar tenseness:

"I've changed my mind, Jeanne. Let's go to your room instead."

"Certainly. But—"

"Don't ask me why. Let's go downstairs and talk."

They reached her room; he tossed his coat and hat on a chair and seated himself opposite her. He leaned forward in his chair and something in his manner caused the smile to leave her lips. She met his gaze with a seriousness to match his own.

"Jeanne," he said softly, "I'm ashamed of myself."

"Ashamed? Of what?"



"Of an idea. . . I suppose you're curious to know why I preferred to come down here?"

"Perhaps."

"Didn't it strike you as queer that after insisting that you visit my rooms I should change my mind at the last moment?"

"I didn't ask any questions, did I?"

"No. . . You didn't seem much interested."

"That isn't exactly fair, is it, Roger?"

"No-o. At any rate I'll explain." He lighted a cigar and smoked silently for a few moments. "The first night we came in together, Jeanne, someone saw us. It was the house detective."

She smiled slightly. "Scandalous!"

"Exactly. I've known the man for years—have done him a favor or two. But I was apprehensive. I was jealous of your reputation and not unmindful of my own. I explained to him our status."

"That we are husband and wife?"

"Exactly. I know he'll keep his mouth shut. And it was better that way. . . ."

"But if he knew—?"

"He knew a great deal more than that. You see, Jeanne, in the last few hours desperation has made me childish. I've been guilty of a kid trick—and I'm sorry and ashamed. That's why I brought you down here."

"I still don't understand."

"If we had gone into my rooms, Jeanne—that house detective would have arrested us within a half hour. That is, he would have pretended an arrest. You would have believed it genuine. It was my scheme . . . puerile and all that . . . but I couldn't see any other way—"

"Explain—"

"If we had been caught in my rooms at two o'clock in the morning, don't you see that explanations would have been necessary? That we would have been forced to proclaim to the world the fact of our marriage?"

"Yes. But why—?"

HE rose now and crossed to the window. He spoke with fierce earnestness and without even turning his eyes upon her. . . . "Can't you understand what I'm trying to say, Jeanne? I wanted you to be forced to declare that you were my wife. I stooped to a silly, childish scheme to bring that about . . . because after that had been done I could urge you to remain my wife. Oh! don't despise me; there isn't anything you can think about me that I don't already think about myself. Can't you understand why it was? I've fallen in love with you—I've tried to make you know it—and try as I might I couldn't get you to talk seriously with me—about that. I know you don't love me—there's no reason why you should. But I thought that if perhaps we were together—you might—after a while—"

His voice trailed off. Her fixed gaze compelled him to turn. There was no smile on her lips, but her eyes were shining.

"You—Roger Mason—an engineer—president of the Rotary Club; you planned this—this raid—in order that we should be forced to proclaim our marriage? You did that?"

"I love you."

"And it meant that much to you? It was so big a thing that you thought your plan . . ."

"I was desperate."

She rose. She handed him his hat and coat. Then, without a word, she donned her own wraps. She opened the door and nodded.

"Come on, Roger."

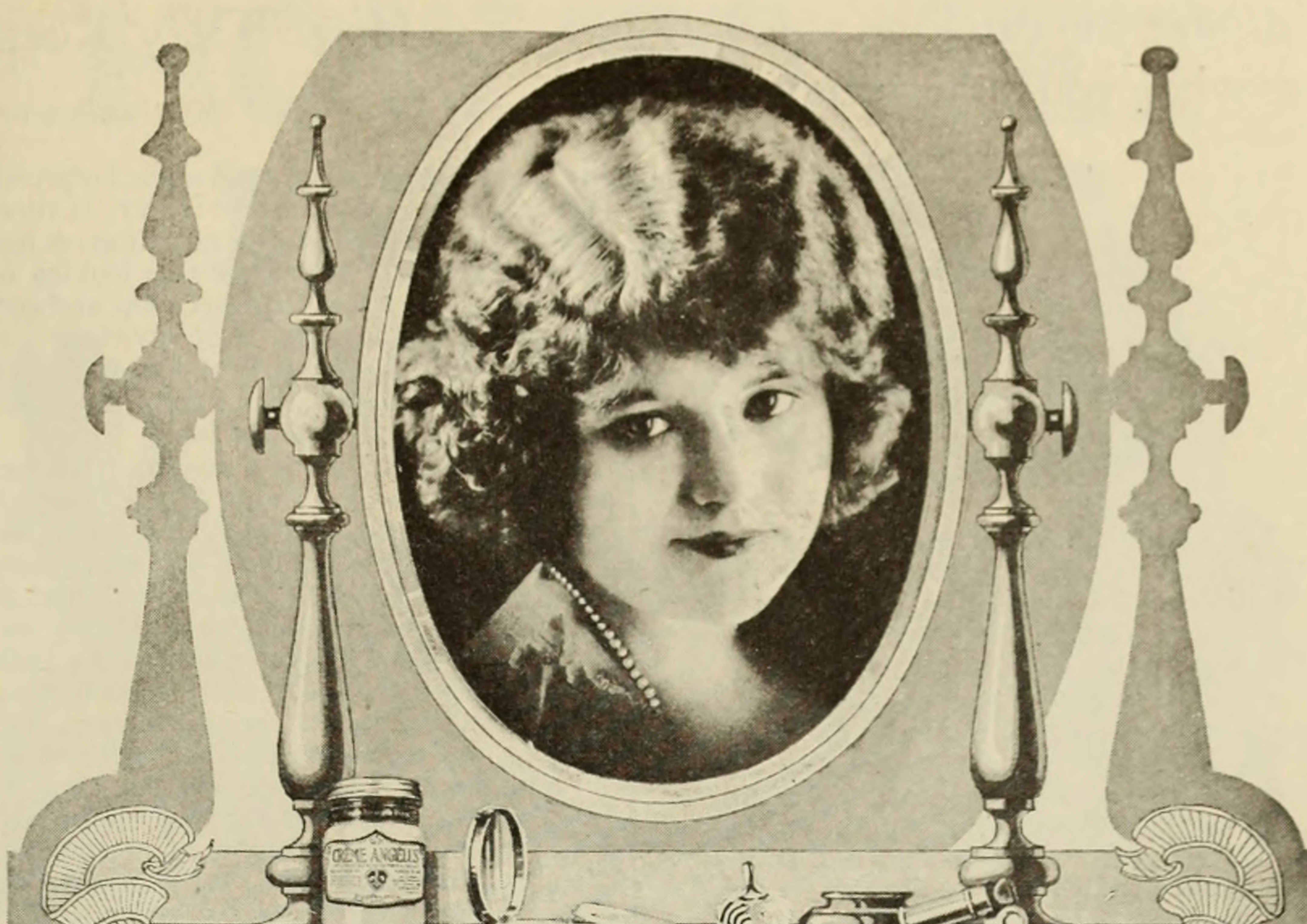
He stood motionless.

"Come?" he echoed. "Where?"

"With me," she invited softly, and now there was a smile on her lips—"We're going down to your rooms."

JUDGE: You say that when this man's car ran over you, you had both legs, your left arm and nose broken. Was that when you lost your left ear?

"No, your Honor, I lost that ear four run-over ago."—*Life*.



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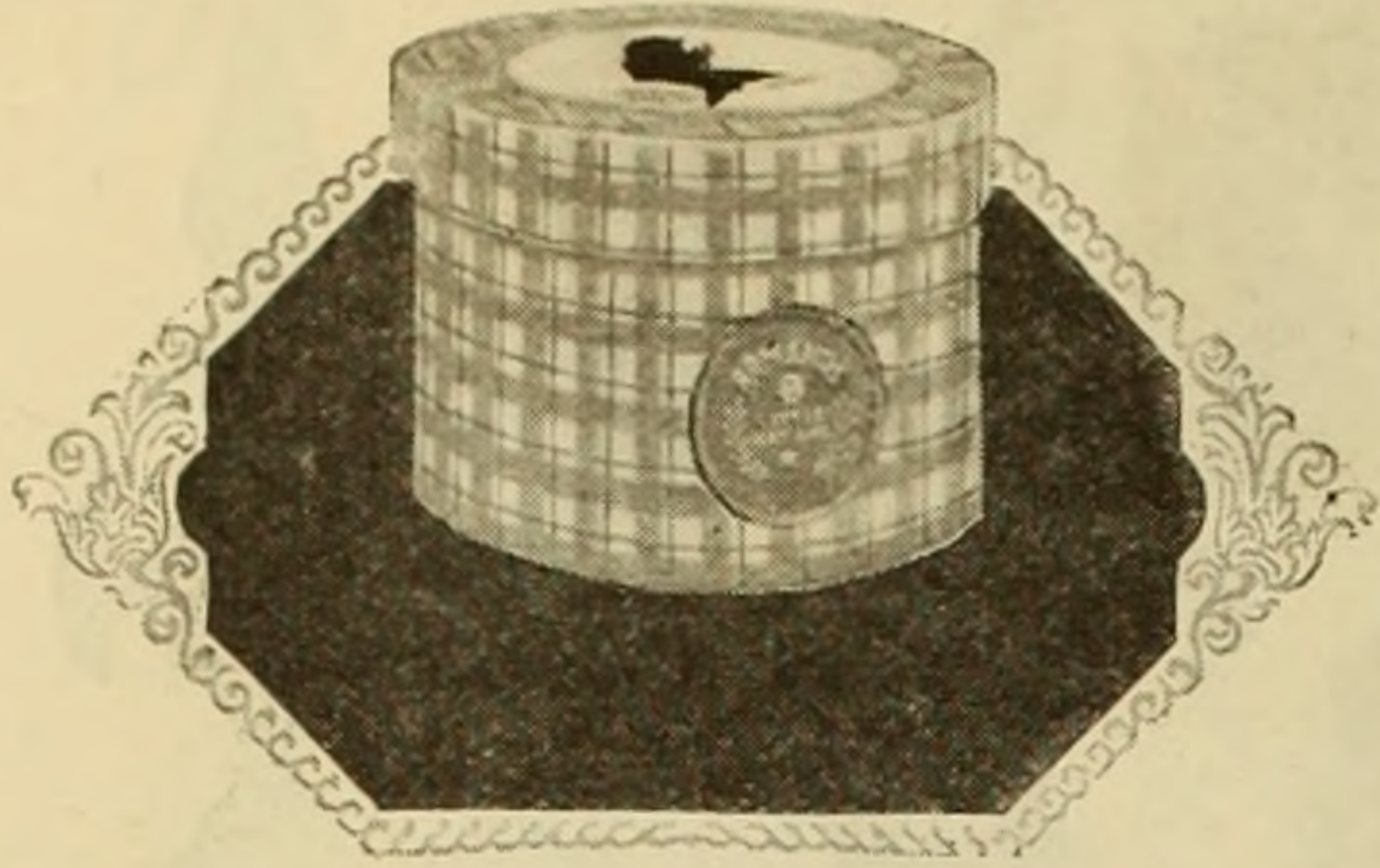
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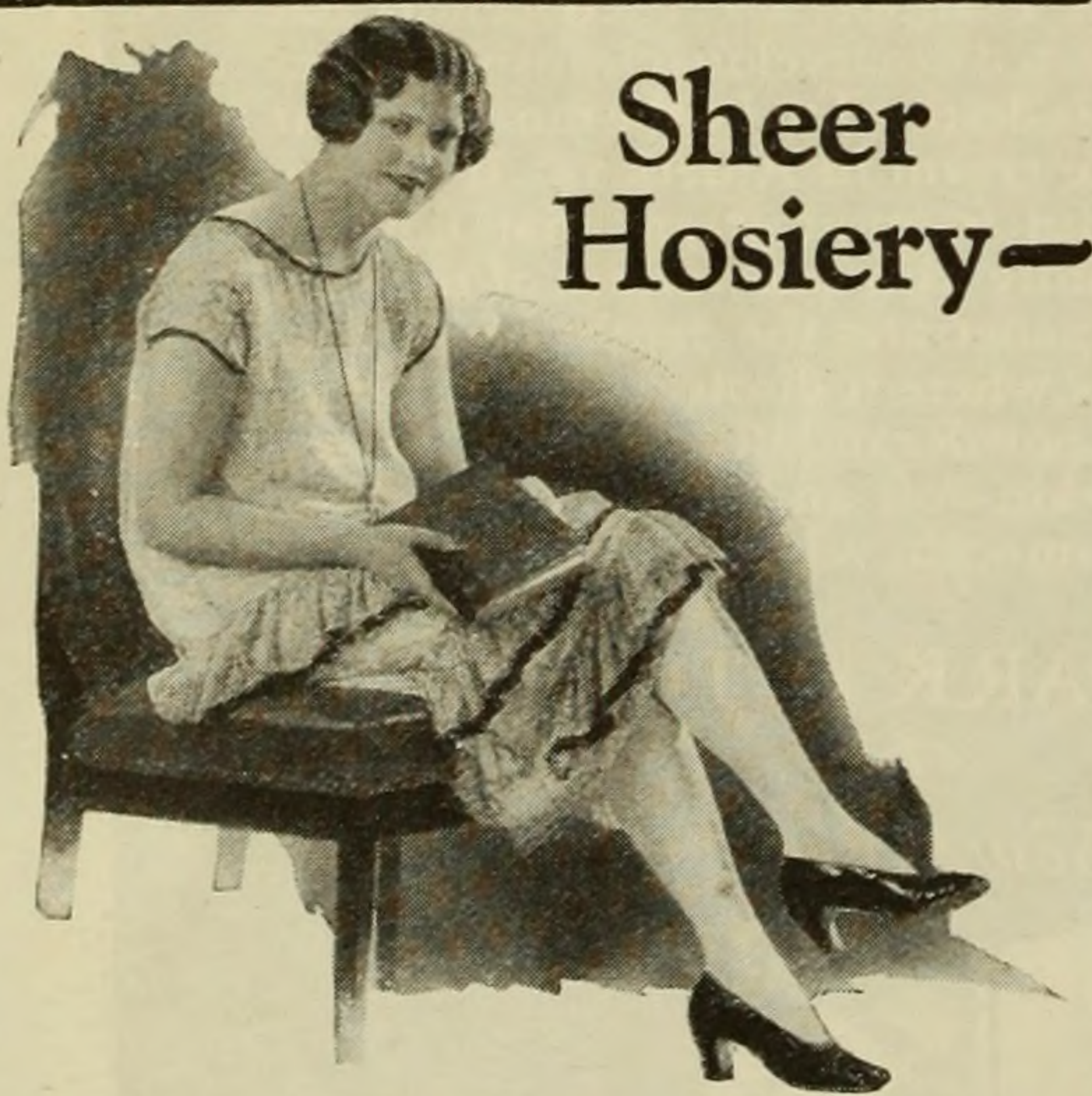
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## How They Keep Those Girlish Lines

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

stockings and hats that are designed especially for them. Because the oil of flattery is always sweet to the taste, I always go. It gives me a sweet, tiny thrill to see my face looking out from between a sweet sixteen's hat and gown that isn't a bit too tight. Not anywhere.

I have kept to the figure of sixteen by good fortune rather than system. I am fortunate in my tastes for food and exercise.

For instance I happen to like extremely green vegetables that do not fatten those who eat them. I crave asparagus as a child does candy. I have always liked the green things that grow above ground. It may be that my wise mother guided my tastes while they were forming. When I ask her about it she smiles and changes the subject. String beans, peas, carrots, tomatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, spinach, yes, and onions, furnish a nourishing diet in their season. If you especially like them you are fortunate. Two or three of these vegetables, cooked or in combination salad, are enough to nourish a giant. A plentiful portion of mixed salad is a satisfying meal particularly for luncheon. There are so many delicious fruits to be eaten raw or cooked. With vegetables and fruits in abundance no one should ever grow fat.

I ride when I have time. I swim in the surf on either coast. I walk, my mother says, wherever I go, if it is from Harlem to the Battery. Motoring is for those who must annihilate time or who are lazy. I start to my destination earlier that I may walk. On a normal day, that is if I am not cooped in a studio all day, I walk six or seven miles.

So I am able to pose in the dresses of Miss Sweet Sixteen.

### Dodge Sweets, Warns Dagmar Godowsky

When I know that I am to have a fattening dinner I drink the juice of a lemon before eating it. Yes, undiluted lemon juice. Hard on the stomach, perhaps, but saving to the figure.

The desire to avoid dreaded poundage has made a heroine of me. I love sweets. A friend who wished to be nice to me sent me a box of chocolates. I gave them away the same day. Had that decorated box with its mauve ribbon remained within my sight I would have fallen. Remember the Lord's prayer: "Lead us not into temptation and deliver us from evil." That I honestly repeated when I gave away that precious candy.

I get up very early. At six o'clock I stand two feet back from the windows of my room and do my daily dozen. Everyone of them.

Do you not think I deserve my slimness? Shades of suffering, I do.

### Hike Like Sixty, Says Constance Talmadge

I deserve my slimness. Indeed, I do.

Part of its price is the long country walk. Not only long, but, what is more to the point, brisk. Sauntering never reduced anyone's weight. Better two miles so quickly covered that one's body is covered with perspiration, than a six-mile stroll.

I play tennis. I play golf. I dance a great deal. Believe me, I was thrilled when I received a professional offer to dance upon the stage. From screen to stage instead of from stage to screen.

Besides all this I do my daily dozen of Walter Camp's exercises. While I was in Philadelphia, Jack O'Brien trained me in them. My sister, Norma, and I had a little room fitted up in our studio and there we had a miniature gymnasium, where we practiced with cross bars, dumbbells and "horses."

I eat a light breakfast of fruit, coffee or

chocolate, and a roll. My luncheon is light, a green salad one day, and two glasses of milk, drunk at the rate of five minutes a glass, on the next.

My dinner is a go-as-you-please meal. I eat whatever is served but I am careful as to quantity.

### Towel Best Fat Fighter, Billie Burke Declares

The towel over the door sill is my first aid in keeping my flesh within reasonable bounds.

My life has been a battle against plumpness. I have tried the regimens recommended by Dr. This and Doctor That. I have a full acquaintance with the electrical aids in flesh reduction and with starvation, masquerading under the alias of diet. And finally I evolved a system of my own. To reach it I tried methods that I later discarded. I tried others that I have adopted and made my own. For instance the towel across the door sill.

When I rise in the morning I fling open any windows that are not opened at their full, stand back far enough to escape the gaze of the curious, and clad in my bathrobe, execute certain movements that I have found reduces my embonpoint. I "limber up" by leaning far forward with my hands raised above my head, until my body describes the letter "U" inverted. I repeat this until I feel that any "kinks" that were in my body or mind have been straightened.

Then the scythe movement, as though I were cutting hay with a scythe. This calls for a wide sweep of the arms and for the turning of the torso from one side to the other upon the axis of the waist.

Finally, swinging from the towel. I toss a strong, long towel across the top of the door frame and I catch an end of it in each hand. Then I swing my body back and forth. The towel supports all my weight. This would not be ideal for a woman who weighs three hundred pounds, nor one who weighs two hundred fifty pounds, for like all things else door frames reach the limit of endurance. For a woman who weighs between one hundred twenty and one hundred seventy pounds it is safe and effective. Its value is in the stretching of the cartilage packing between the little bones of the spine. With ease of the strain upon these cushions comes lessening of the nervous strain. The blood bounds through the veins. When circulation is stimulated fat goes.

I weigh myself every morning. One must watch the scales else she may be overtaken by a rising tide of flesh.

I keep a reasonable watch upon my diet. Occasionally I crucify the flesh to the extent of eating no candy, pastry nor potatoes for a month.

### Cake Jag Is Agnes Ayres' Dissipation

I work hard. There was excitement in Hollywood when I seemed to be melting away. Everyone asked me for my secret. It was this. I did two pictures without any rest between them. My first picture called for sixteen camera days. The other twenty-one such days. Those practically thirty-seven days of nearly continuous work caused me to lose about fifteen pounds. There's a moral there, friends. Keep active.

It is natural for me to avoid the things that fatten one. I don't care for many sweets. Candies and ice cream I dislike. I will tell you after while of the one exception.

The body needs a little starch. I furnish that with rice, which is not fattening. A typical Agnes Ayres meal, say dinner after a hard day at the studio, is a chop—one chop, not two. It may be lamb or mutton well broiled.



With two vegetables such as carrots and spinach and a cup of tea. No desserts.

A few simple exercises I use. I vary them. Sometimes it is breathing deeply five times. Sometimes it is bending forward until my finger tips reach the floor. Sometimes lying on my back and raising my limbs till they form a right angle with my body. Rising time is the best for such exercises. One is not tired then, nor distracted by interruptions.

An active life and simple diet are my regime for avoiding too solid flesh.

My confession? It is that I like cake. The gooiest, fatteningest kind of cakes. Lady Baltimore and chocolate marshmallow and white cake with cocoanut and chocolate layers, are specimens of my tastes. At my home in California, we have a cook that is an artist in cake baking. So, perhaps once a week, I go on a cake jag. At those times I eat little else. The jags do not last longer than Sunday. One day suffices. Of course I suffer remorse and say that I really must not eat any more cake. But I do. So with our darling sins.

### Rub It Off and Exercise, Urges Alice Terry

I do not believe in any trick diets, but in a carefully planned menu combined with massage and exercise for reducing.

I go to a specialist in Hollywood who gives me forty-five minutes a day of the most violent massage. I take a series of exercises—any regular setting up exercises will do—night and morning. And I ride horseback every day—as long rides as I can find the time to take.

My diet while I am reducing consists of: Breakfast—Coffee without cream or sugar and unbuttered toast.

Luncheon—Two soft-boiled eggs, unbuttered toast, all the fresh fruit I want.

Dinner—Beef, broiled or roasted, salad and fresh vegetables.

All these in very small portions. By this system I can take off 6 pounds in four days.

### Priscilla Dean Uses Daily Dozen

I have taken off a lot of weight in the last few months. I began by taking some very drastic treatments in a rolling machine.

Then I began a course of exercise and diet, following pretty closely the advice of Annette Kellermann, who is a pal of mine and lives in Hollywood just now. Miss Kellermann disapproves heartily of stringent or unbalanced dieting. I have simply cut down the amount of food I eat and also eliminated from my menu certain articles of food. No potatoes, no white bread, no candy or desserts, no pork of any kind and no fat or other meats, no oils in salad dressings. Aside from those things, I eat about as I like, always being careful not to pack myself full at any meal.

Then I take daily exercises, play two or three sets of tennis, and swim for at least half an hour. These exercises consist of Miss Kellermann's own form of the "daily dozen" and of a certain number of dance steps, which are excellent for reducing and also for adding grace and ease while the reducing process is going on.

With all this, I am careful not to loll after meals, not to eat between meals, and to walk whenever I can, instead of riding.

### Turkish Baths Best, Lois Wilson Declares

Every time reducing is mentioned, my mother becomes speechless with indignation. The truth of the matter is that when Mr. de Mille told me I needed to take off a few pounds, I decided to do it my own way. I didn't consult any specialist or anything, and I just went on a regular starvation diet. The result was that I reduced too much too quickly and had to eat and get it all back to get my strength.

Then, having learned my lesson about starving, or unregulated diets, I went on a

# HOW TO GET INTO THE MOVIES



## The truth about the movies—

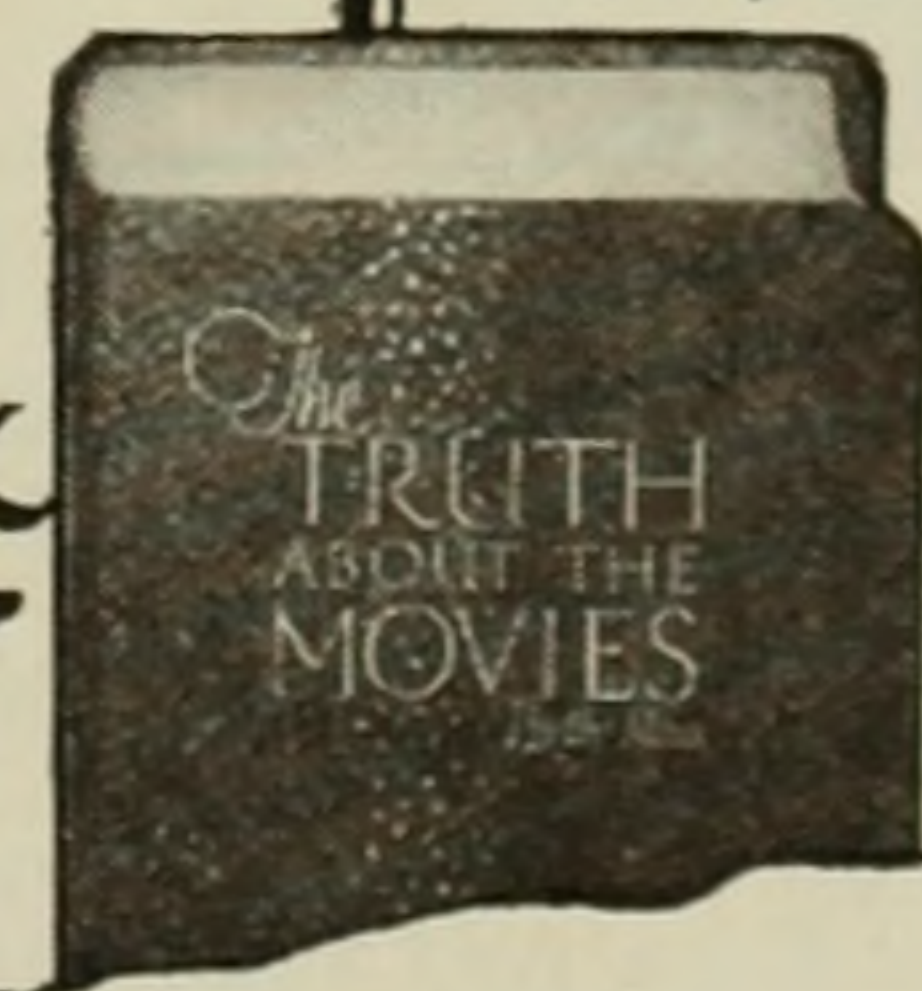
Do you know HOW the Stars, Directors, Writers and Producers of Motion Picture Fame have ACHIEVED SUCCESS? Do you know whether you are suitable for pictures? What knowledge is essential? What talent? What type of personality? What physical assets? Do you know what is meant by photographic values? How to secure photographs, back in your home town, that will be suitable for the casting director? Do you know YOUR future possibilities and how to make the most of them? The things you would like to know—that every screen aspirant *should* know—are now available to you through the cooperation of 116 famous men and women of Filmland. Personally autographed chapters of valuable counsel from those who have won fame and fortune in all branches of the industry.

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sensible eat-and-grow-thin diet. I took small portions and cut out the really fattening things, such as potatoes, butter, white bread and sugar. With this I took long walks—walking from my house to the studio whenever I had the time—and a certain number of Turkish baths. This did the work in the proper way and left me not only thinner but stronger and with much more vigor and "pep."

**Determination Takes Off Fifteen Pounds for Norma Talmadge**

Determination in diet and exercise will work seeming miracles.

I lost a great deal for a woman who is not tall, fifteen pounds, at Hollywood. A breakfast of black coffee, a luncheon of green salad in season with French dressing in which lemon juice predominates over olive oil and a "picked at" rather than eaten dinner, gradually lessened my weight.

These, with Camp's daily dozen of setting-up exercises, and five periods of deep breathing every day. Two minutes only for each period of deep breathing, yet as a flame burns tissue paper so the draughts of oxygen, introduced into the body by deep breathing, burn away the superfluous flesh.

I joined my sister in the little gymnasium in our studio. Twenty minutes of the exercises with apparatus filled us with energy and rid us of our avoirdupois.

It is rather well known that a rigid adherence to the Volstead Act is required. Any physician with whom you place your case of excess weight asks you whether you drink. If you admit that you do, he says: "You must stop." If you sincerely want to reduce your weight you do.

**Roller Skating Keeps Viola Dana Slender**

Walking is the finest way in the world to reduce. If I had time, I would always take off weight by long walks. But I haven't—and very few busy people have. But I have found that roller skating will accomplish the same results, and a half hour of roller skating is equivalent to hours of walking.

My sister, Shirley Mason, and I do our half hour of roller skating every day. We have a cement court and driveway in our back yard and we get out there early in the morning or after dark and cover a good many miles. Any woman who wants to reduce can do it by skating.

After we have skated—and we wear woolen underwear and heavy sweaters while we are exercising—we take a good hot shower to clear the pores of all perspiration and then a cold one.

I do not believe in dieting. Any actress of course is obliged to watch her diet day by day in every way, if she cares anything about her figure and complexion. I never allow myself to eat all I want at any meal and I never eat candy, or potatoes or fattening things.

**Science and System Urged by Betty Blythe**

Reducing should be done scientifically and systematically.

When I need to reduce I do it by a combination of diet, massage, exercise and Turkish baths. I come out of a course of reducing feeling better than when I went in. But to do this expert advice must be taken.

First, the diet. My reducing diet consists of—

Breakfast—Fruit, coffee, zweiback.

Luncheon—A salad, a little cold chicken, toast.

Dinner—Lean meat or fish, one fresh vegetable, more salad, fruit, bran muffins.

This must be followed religiously, and only small quantities eaten.



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I take long walks, preferably in the hills where climbing is necessary. I ride horseback, and I spend an hour in the morning dancing. I prefer dancing to the regular gymnastic exercises.

In the afternoon I have a long and vigorous Swedish massage, and follow it with a Turkish bath—not too long.

This will reduce a woman any amount she desires to lose, and will also clear her skin and make her feel more active and energetic in every way.

### A Pound a Day Easy for Jacqueline Logan

My reducing diet is simple, but with it I can take off a pound a day.

If I have to start a picture and need to reduce I count the number of pounds necessary and begin that far ahead.

It consists simply of—orange juice for breakfast and nothing else. Orange juice for lunch and nothing else. A good, hearty dinner, of anything I want.

I never drink anything but orange juice and water while I am on this diet, and I substitute the orange juice for the water as much as I possibly can.

### Army Set-Up Best, Says Florence Vidor

The only time I ever had to reduce I did it by taking the ordinary Army setting-up exercises night and morning. I also played four or five sets of tennis a day. With this I followed a rather simple diet, eliminating all fattening foods for the time being. Having taken off any unnecessary weight, it can be kept off by a certain amount of exercise every day and a proper diet.

### Speaking of Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

debt \$184,000 and is working the only way he knows how to pay the friends who stood behind him during his trouble, which resulted in his acquittal in San Francisco on a charge of manslaughter.

This rather disorganized his attackers and they were stampeded. Arbuckle emphasized that he had been tried by a jury and acquitted of the crime charged and insisted that such persecution was against the great American spirit of fair play.

The majority of the Council agreed with Arbuckle and the Ministerial Association was routed.

HAS Rex Ingram really abandoned motion pictures? He has, at least for several years. His decision is a great loss to the art in which he has distinguished himself. Since he leaped into fame by his production of "The Four Horsemen," he has been considered one of the very few great directors.

The field is crowded with second-raters, and it will be a long time before anyone like him is found.

There never was a truer artist in motion pictures than Ingram. Perhaps there has never been as true a one.

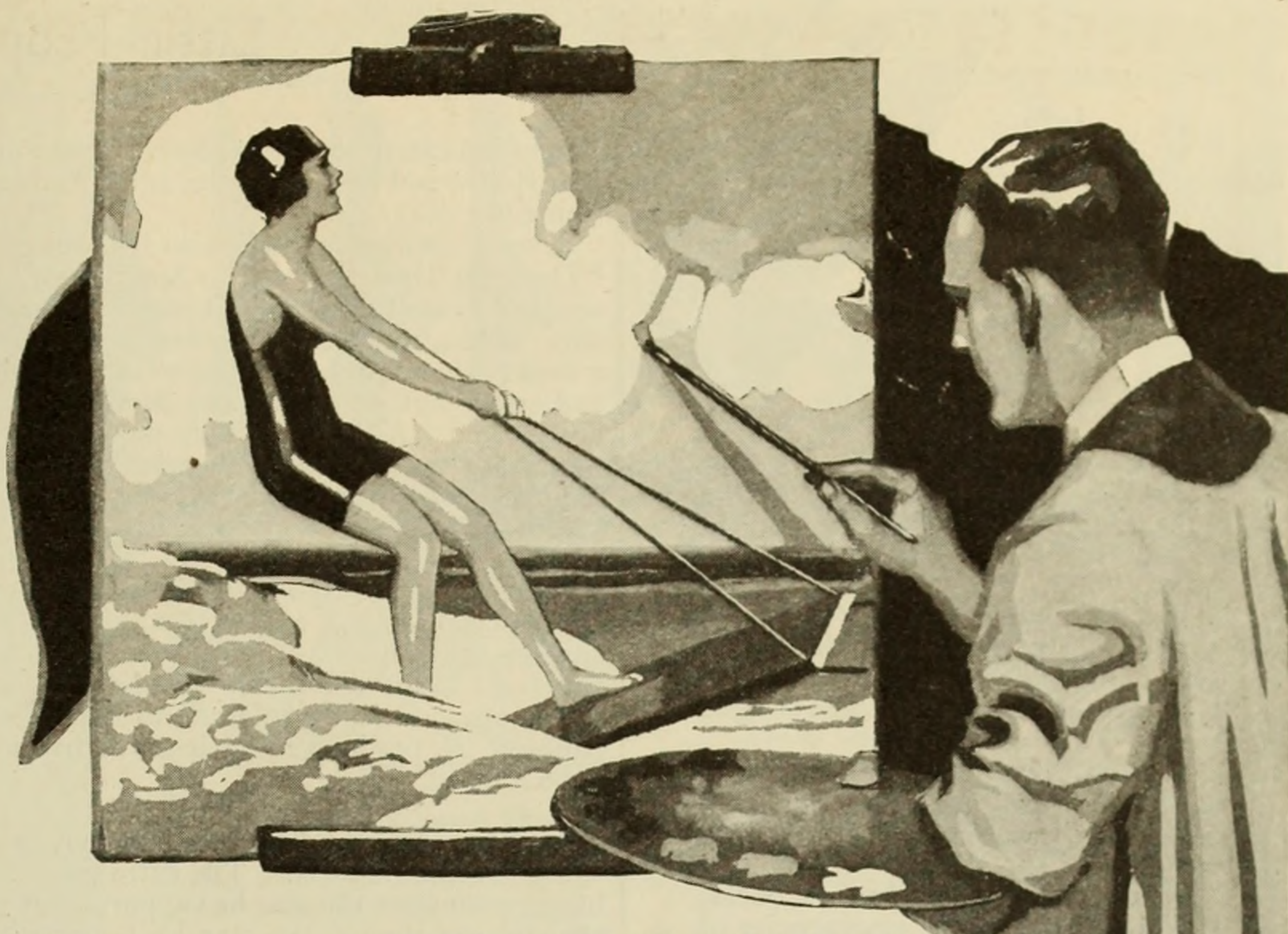
But he has his own art instincts to follow, his own life to live.

He has accumulated enough money to be comfortable the rest of his days, and if he prefers the peace of sculpturing in Tunis to the turmoil and grind of the Hollywood studios, he has earned his freedom.

### The Obvious

HIS WIFE (a very amateurish cook): Don't growl over your food, John! No one is going to take it away from you!

—Sketch (London).



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This handsome book explains all about Commercial Art as a profession and how to secure a training in that line. It shows examples of our students' work,—after all the only real proof of the worth of any school's method. Send 6c in stamps for "Your Future" now,—while you have it in mind. Just write your name and address plainly in the coupon below, giving your age and occupation.

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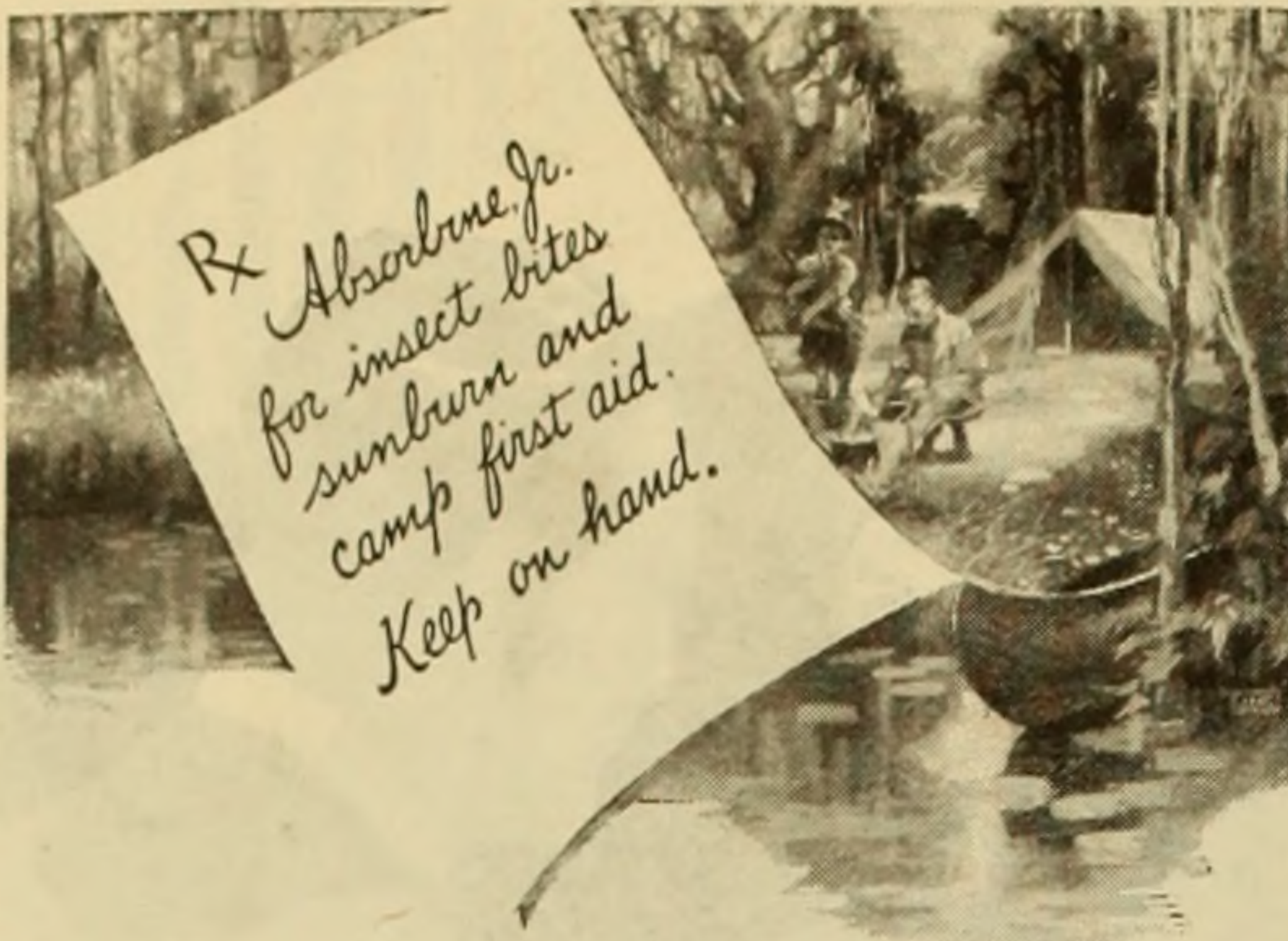
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*America's Foremost School of Commercial Art*



## Little People of the Films

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



Pack Absorbine, Jr. in your suit case or kit.

It almost instantly stops the pain, the inflammation and the swelling from insect bites. Applied beforehand, it discourages the activities of these winged pests.

It is soothing, cooling and healing to sunburned neck, shoulders and arms. You cannot afford to be without such relief!

It is first aid for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains and for other emergencies of camp life. A few drops suffice in most instances. And Absorbine, Jr. is safe and of an agreeable odor—easy and clean to use.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid.  
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.  
218 Lyman St.  
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## GRAY HAIR IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

EAU DE HENNA

Hair Color Restorer



will cover gray hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

### Any One Can Put It On

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

### Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. Does not interfere with permanent waving.

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price, \$2.50. C. O. D., \$2.60.

Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna. Order through Druggist, Department Store, Beauty Parlor or from us.

### HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 19, 112 East 23rd St., New York  
Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

merely indicated her tremendous potency and now Hollywood has joined the union in recognizing her sway.

Several weeks after Valentino triumphed in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" he confided to me that he hadn't received a single offer, although his salary was but five hundred a week. He might be popular with the public and critics but he wasn't with Hollywood, as he has said. All thumbs were down; he was doomed to but this one accidental achievement, they said. Even today they query hopefully, "He'll never come back, do you think?" To which I always feel moved to say, "Maybe not, but let's all get down on our knees and pray." It's unsocial instinct on my part, rather than any personal enthusiasm for the prodigal, that moves me to righteousness. For Natacha and Rudie are sufficiently militant to outpan the panniest, as producers and lesser individuals have learned.

BY little people of the films I do not mean those in small parts. The extra may be a bigger man than the star he supports, but the chances are that if the star isn't bigger the extra is going to get his job—sooner or later. These pigmies don't fool the public long. We may have the minds of twelve-year-old children, but we're not to be fooled by the utterly dumb.

Recently a well-known male star visited another of great renown. They had been associates in former days, and the purpose of the visit was publicity "stills." But the reception the visitor received was not conducive to photography. The host, who considers himself of incomparable position, made a few polite remarks and retired to his dressing room, from which he failed to emerge until the competitor had departed.

Incidentally, I have humorous recollection of the visitor in the case entertaining a handsome young actor now bidding for first place among the romantic idols. Publicity pictures

of the two were taken—but they never appeared in print. The star ordered the plates smashed, declaring, with amusing candor, that his guest was altogether too good-looking.

On the other hand, there is more commendable humor in Tommy Meighan's attitude when photographed with a younger and, mayhap, handsomer star. Tommy, bidding goodbye to his guest, said, "I'll send you a set of the pictures just as soon as the retoucher can fix me up."

Tommy could have as many chins as a Chinese pagoda and yet be just as big, for it is bigness, not beauty, that put him in power and maintains him there.

The inferiority complex, which in its more aggravated form, converts a man into something resembling a scavenger rat or anonymous letter writer, is not suffered by actors only. There are little directors, little writers, little producers and little press agents.

The previews of pictures are occasions for a fine exhibit of the envy which the inferiority feeling induces. They are professional affairs where people come to praise and rush away to pan.

The worst enemy of the motion picture business, so far as public reputation goes, is the enemy within, those suffering shattered egos from buffeting with greater ones.

The bully instinct is strong. I always feel like kicking a Ford when it stops me from crossing a street. But thus far I have resisted the impulse, realizing that I'd only hurt my self-respect and my shoes. After all, I argue, I was made by God, whereas that poor tin thing was only made by Henry.

And so my ego converts malice into benevolence.

To criticise impersonally is an art, to pan personally is merely to reveal a lack of self-respect, a shattered ego, an inferiority complex, an ancestral derivation from a jackal.

I repeat, listen to them pan and you'll know whom to praise.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93 ]

EVELYN A., CHICAGO, ILL.—The leading actress in "Souls for Sale" is Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor, also, in "Three Wise Fools."

JACQUELINE OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Here's still another one who wants to know "how tall are they." Here's your list: Nita Naldi, five feet, eight inches; Pola Negri, five feet, six and a half inches; Lillian Gish, five feet, four inches; Pauline Garon, five feet, one inch; Norma Talmadge, five feet, two inches.

L., CORNELL, WISCONSIN.—I agree with your estimate of Anita Stewart and Ethel Clayton. Glad they sent you their photographs. Antonio Moreno married Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger of Los Angeles. Anita Stewart is twenty-six, Madge Bellamy is twenty and Rodolph Valentino is twenty-eight.

L. C., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Thank you "Little Aussie," for saying you "Think of Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan and me wrapped in one." Pretty big bundle that. Do you know that their combined weights aggregate over four hundred pounds? Rod La Rocque, for whom you confess a "keenness," plays opposite Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal." Tom Moore only temporarily deserted the screen. He came back to star in "Big Brother," a screen production. Don't miss it.

KATHERINE S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Pleased to, Kathie. Richard Dix has reached the not over ripe age of twenty-nine, Malcolm Mc-

Gregor the green one of twenty-four, and Johnny Walker that of twenty-seven. Harrison Ford, senior of them all, is thirty-one. They use their real names for the screen, I believe.

V. S., CHAMPION, ILL.—I agree with you in your appreciation of Harry Carey. His height is six feet. His weight one hundred eighty pounds. His hair is blond. His eyes are dark gray.

MILDRED, THE MAYBE MENNONITE MAID, PENN.—Mme. Nazimova pronounces her name as though it were spelled "Nat-zee-mo-vah." The accent is on the second syllable. Bebe Daniels' first name is French. It is pronounced as though spelled baybay. The first syllable is accented.

HARRY, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Alice Lake married Robert Williams, motion picture actor.

"SILK," EVERETT, WASH.—No, my child, I am not old enough to "hurt" and I never wore whiskers of any color. Richard Dix is not married.

L. A., LONDON, CAN.—Why hesitate, L.? Your demands are slight. Lewis Dayton played the judge in "Slander the Woman" with Dorothy Phillips. Huntley Gordon played opposite Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Those persons are unkind who say "all your taste is in your mouth" about your favorite players. Your list is an intelligent one.



# A Surf Board Flapper

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

sensuous Estelle, who enthralled the senses so divinely as *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments," and stirred the imagination so vividly as *Mary of Scotland* in "Dorothy Vernon," had been cast to play the lead in "Feet of Clay." Of course Estelle admitted she couldn't swim or ride a surf board, but she could do so many other things and who wouldn't learn to swim if it was necessary to win that much-coveted lead with C. B.

The best instructors were hired. Duke Kahanamoku, America's Olympic swimming star, spent two weeks with her and it is even reported that Jack Dempsey took a hand.

But Estelle couldn't learn to swim, that's all. She wanted to. But the very sight of that deep, dark water, made her faint and cold. She just knew it was full of sharks and devil fish and all manner of monsters. She knew if she ever went in alone she would drown. She just knew it.

It was one of those strange "marks." Estelle has tremendous courage, as a rule, but she simply couldn't make it.

Mr. De Mille pleaded, coaxed, even scolded a little. Estelle wept, tried again, wept some more.

THEN they decided to give it up. It was decided Estelle should play the lead with Tommie Meighan in "The Alaskan" and return to De Mille for "The Golden Bed," to which we should say Estelle would be much more suited than to any surf board that ever rode a wave.

That was all very nice, but where was the leading woman for "Feet of Clay"? Where was she? Who was dashing, coquettish, adorable enough for the part and still possessed of the necessary strength and grace in the water?

Vera Reynolds was suggested by someone who had once seen her in a bathing suit and C. B. sent for her.

"Can you ride a surf board?" he asked.

"Bring on any surf board you've got, wild or tame," answered Vera. "I'll break him."

"Can you swim?"

"Can a duck? I was raised right here in Los Angeles and I know Mr. Pacific's ocean intimately."

And that's the way Vera got the part.

She's a perfect flapper, all right. Her trim, tight little figure, her roguish eyes, her saucy tripping walk, the toss of her head.

She came to Los Angeles with her parents at the age of eighteen months from her birthplace, Richmond, Virginia, and her first part on the screen was when, at the age of twelve, she danced in "The Chorus Girl's Romance," featuring the late Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely.

It was then that Vera decided she would be an actress—perhaps a star.

Her father was opposed to a picture career but Mrs. Reynolds understood and sided with her daughter. For a time Vera, then attending a Los Angeles high school, would play "hookey" to do extras and bits around the picture lots.

When she was in her third year of high school the combined efforts of mother and daughter were too much for Vera's father and she left school to make a serious effort to win fame on the screen.

Someone told her that for real picture training she should try comedies first. So, for a time, she practically haunted the slap-stick lots. She did a series of five messenger boy comedies with Al St. Johns. Next she went to the Sennett lot as an ingenue and then to the Christie studios, where she was working when unearthed by Sam Wood.

Then came her first big chance when Wood signed her for "Prodigal Daughters." This was the beginning and she made good with a bang.

Today Vera Reynolds, a finished product of the "lot," is a polished little actress at the age when most girls are trying for their first chance on stage or screen.



**YOU CAN HAVE A PERFECT NOSE**  
Beauty is within your reach! An ill-shaped nose or mouth, a sagging chin—corrected by the famous specialist at the HOUSE OF HEALTH.

**Moderate Charge**  
Services of this master of plastic surgery far less here than the usual fee.

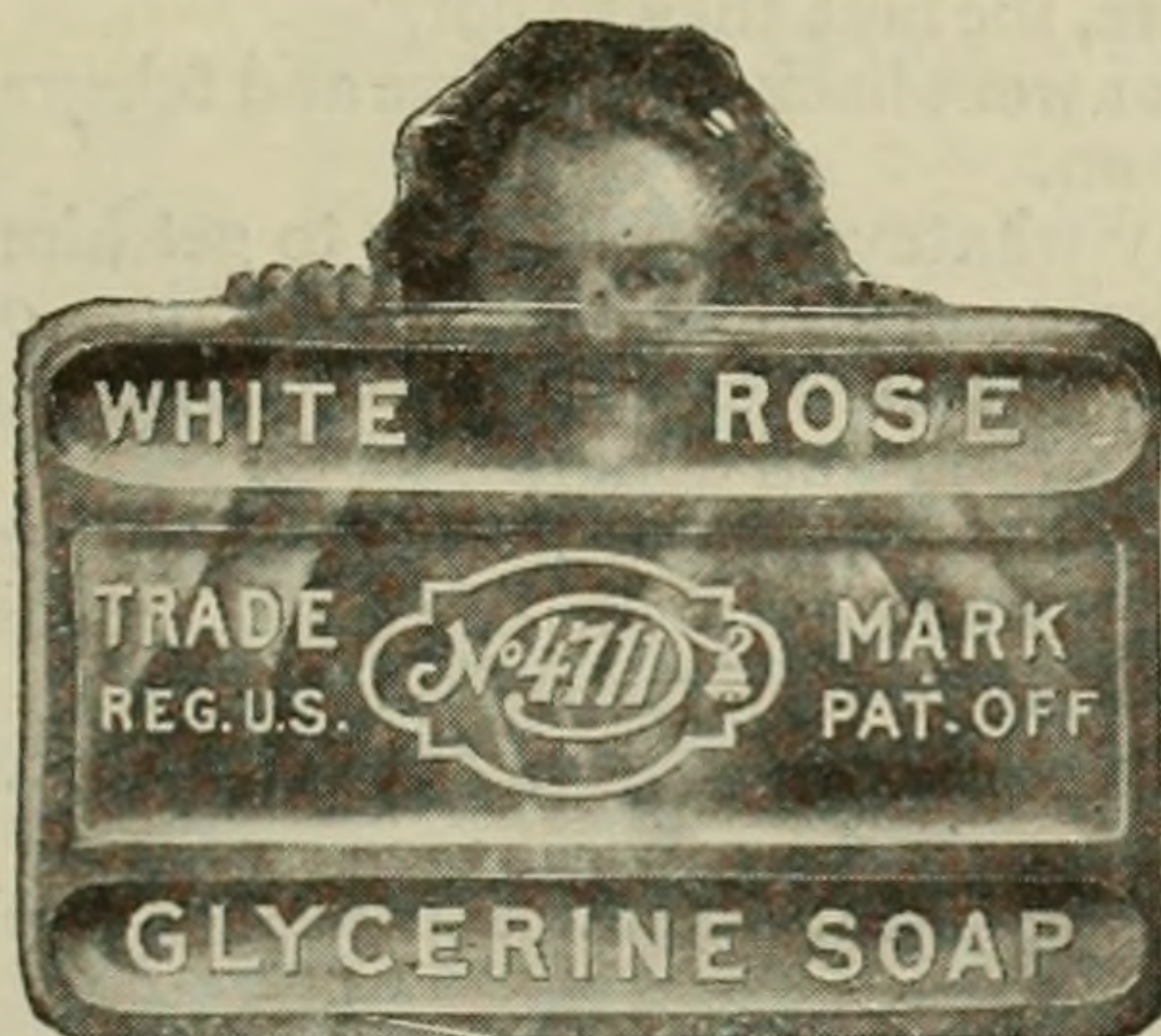
**Fully Guaranteed**  
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Corrects imperfect features, also removes disfiguring crow's feet, wrinkles, sagging muscles, moles, or skin diseases! Brings back beauty and youth! Consultations free. Treatments moderate in cost.

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**THE glycerine soap**

Glycerine has long been recognized as a skin food essential to a perfect complexion. Its beneficial results are most easily obtained by the daily use of

**No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap**

Enjoy also—

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne—the genuine old-fashioned Cologne water, made the same since 1792—and

No. 4711 Bath Salts—which come in nine exquisite perfumes. Nothing like these Salts for softening the water and exhilarating the bather.

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**PERSONAL STATIONERY**  
200 SHEETS and 100 ENVELOPES **\$1.00**

Printed with your Name and Address

Clear, white bond paper, with envelopes to match. Your name and address printed in beautiful, rich blue ink, on both paper and envelopes, and sent to you postpaid for only \$1.00. (West of Denver and outside of U. S. \$1.10.) If inconvenient to send the money, we will ship C. O. D. Money returned if you are not more than satisfied. Order today. Write name and address plainly.

**ELITE STATIONERY COMPANY**

5080 Main Street Smethport, Pa.

## Gray Hair Unnecessary As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.



There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

**Trial Bottle Absolutely FREE**

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

**FREE TRIAL COUPON** Please print your name and address—

**MARY T. GOLDMAN**  
176-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....  
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## Crème Damascus

prevents and removes Sunburn and Tan, Wrinkles, Rough Skin, Enlarged Pores, and improves all Skin Surfaces. Used by prominent society, theatrical and musical people throughout the country.



**\$1 a jar by mail**  
**Madame Marie Shields**  
162 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.





## “Mum” is the word!

No girl can be popular unless she protects herself against the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

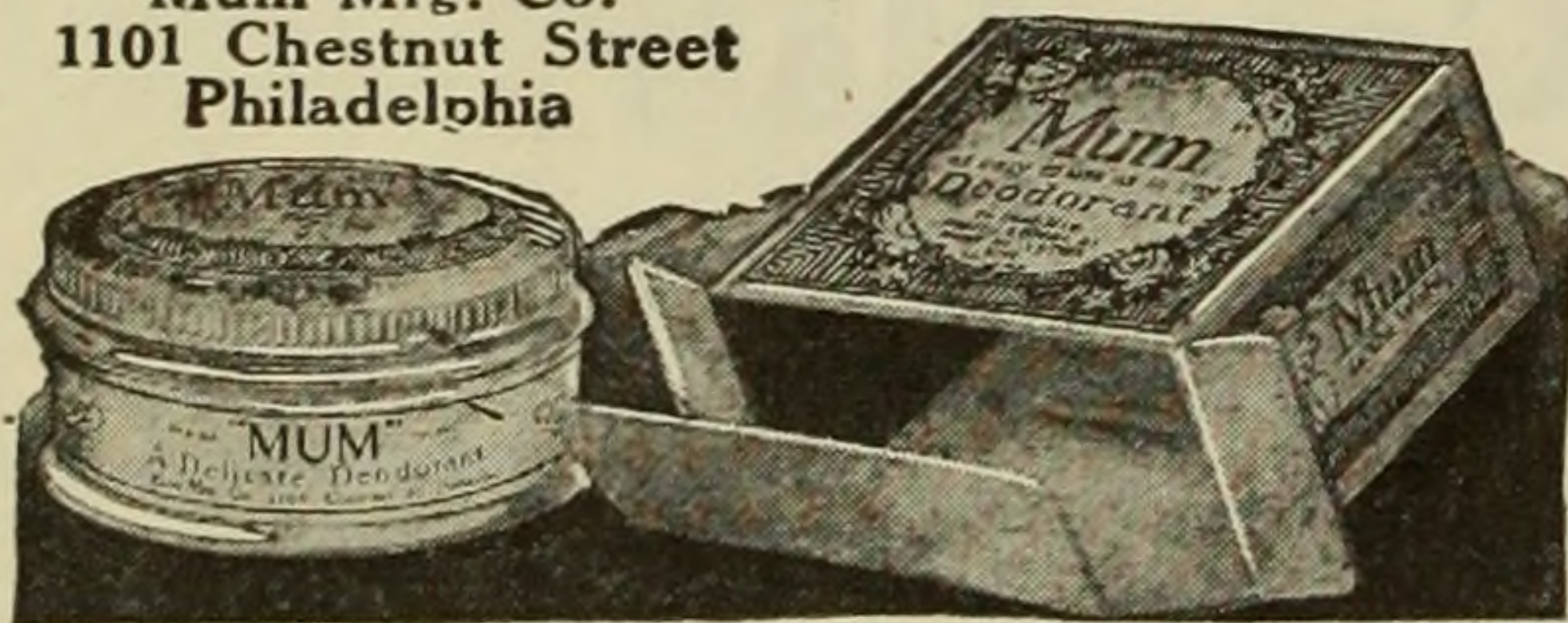
“Mum” is the word! “Mum” prevents the odor of perspiration and other body odors. It is also used with the sanitary pack—it is so safe. “Mum” is 25c and 50c everywhere.

### SPECIAL OFFER

We want you to know of two other important toilette essentials, so we make this Special Offer: 25c “Mum”; 25c “Amoray” Talc, the Powder Perfume rich in rare and costly fragrance; and 75c Evans’s Depilatory Outfit, the quick, safe way of removing hair—\$1.25 worth for \$1 postpaid. Or “Mum” and “Amoray”—50c worth for 40c postpaid.

Please give your dealer’s name and address.

Mum Mfg. Co.  
1101 Chestnut Street  
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## Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS



Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days.* My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. *Send for my Free Booklet.* You are not obligated. *Send no money.* Just get the facts.

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## \$3 Brings you a Genuine UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** Your \$3.00 unconditionally returned if at end of 10 days you are not satisfied with this late model UNDERWOOD typewriter rebuilt by the famous Shipman Ward process.

**GREAT PRICE SAVING** Direct to you from the largest typewriter factory in the world by our money saving methods.

**EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS** So small that you will not notice it while you enjoy the use of this wonderful machine.

**FREE BOOK OF FACTS** Explaining Shipman Ward’s wonderful system of rebuilding typewriters and also valuable information about the typewriter industry both instructive and entertaining.

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St. and No.....  
City..... State.....

## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

Corporation that they would have to increase the price of Keystone comedies to eleven cents a foot. Another cent a foot would enable them to meet the competitive bidding for Chaplin.

The men who made the Mutual Film Corporation’s decision were business men, rather than showmen. They looked the situation over with dry, cold eyes. It seemed that their distribution of these Keystone pictures had made this upstage little actor, a nobody, into an expensive somebody. Very well, they would let somebody else pay for it. It would be rather a good joke on the bidding competitor. Therefore the answer to Kessel & Baumann’s demand for 11 cents a foot for Chaplin comedies was “No.”

That was settled.

Meanwhile C. M. Anderson was getting a bit dizzy at the altitude as Chaplin led the bidding upward.

One November day in 1914 George K. Spoor in Chicago received a telegram from Anderson at Niles. He indicated that he thought he could get Chaplin for a thousand dollars a week, which same was a great deal of money, even for prosperous Essanay.

### “Who’s This Fellow Chaplin?”

Spoor with the telegram in hand walked into the advertising office of his plant. He had never heard of Charlie Chaplin.

“Who is this fellow Chaplin with Keystone?” Frank Suttle, a member of the publicity staff, looked the telegram over.

“Guess he’s that funny little fellow with the baggy pants.”

“Is he good?” Spoor waved the telegram casually.

“Sure, the best they’ve got.”

Spoor went back to his office and telegraphed Anderson.

“Pay whatever you have to to get him.”

Anderson armed with the backing of his Chicago partner went back at Chaplin with an offer of a thousand dollars a week.

Chaplin glowed inside. But he shrugged his shoulders and hesitated. He could just as well charge Anderson for the delay.

They closed an agreement at \$1,250.00 a week.

Chaplin had dawned. His day of celebrity had begun.

With a fanfare of trade journal advertising Essanay announced its acquisition of Chaplin on January 2, 1915. Chaplin started to work at the Essanay Chicago studio, on a comedy in two reels entitled “Charlie’s New Job.” The comedian shivered in the winds that swept down the west shore of Lake Michigan and pined for balmy California. In three weeks he was through with his picture and Chicago.

Chaplin’s second Essanay picture, “A Night Out,” his favorite theme, was made at Niles, California, where he continued to the conclusion of his contract a year later. The casts at the early Chaplin-Essanay pictures all included the now famous Ben Turpin. Turpin rose in screen favor because of his charming affliction of the cross eyes ever crossed. Turpin acquired his cross eyes on the stage playing the grotesque role of Happy Hooligan, and has since spent his life resisting the efforts of well meaning oculists to cure him.

Chaplin’s third Essanay picture, “The Champion,” is among the most famous of his productions.

### Chaplin Meets Edna Purviance

In the course of his Essanay engagement Chaplin attended a party where he met a very fair young person from Reno, Nevada, Edna Purviance. She was as blonde as he was dark, as placid as he was mercurial. Chaplin became



## Yes, Your EYES Can Be Improved

There can be no EYE beauty without EYE health. But with reasonable care, even the most unattractive EYES will soon become clear, bright and healthy.

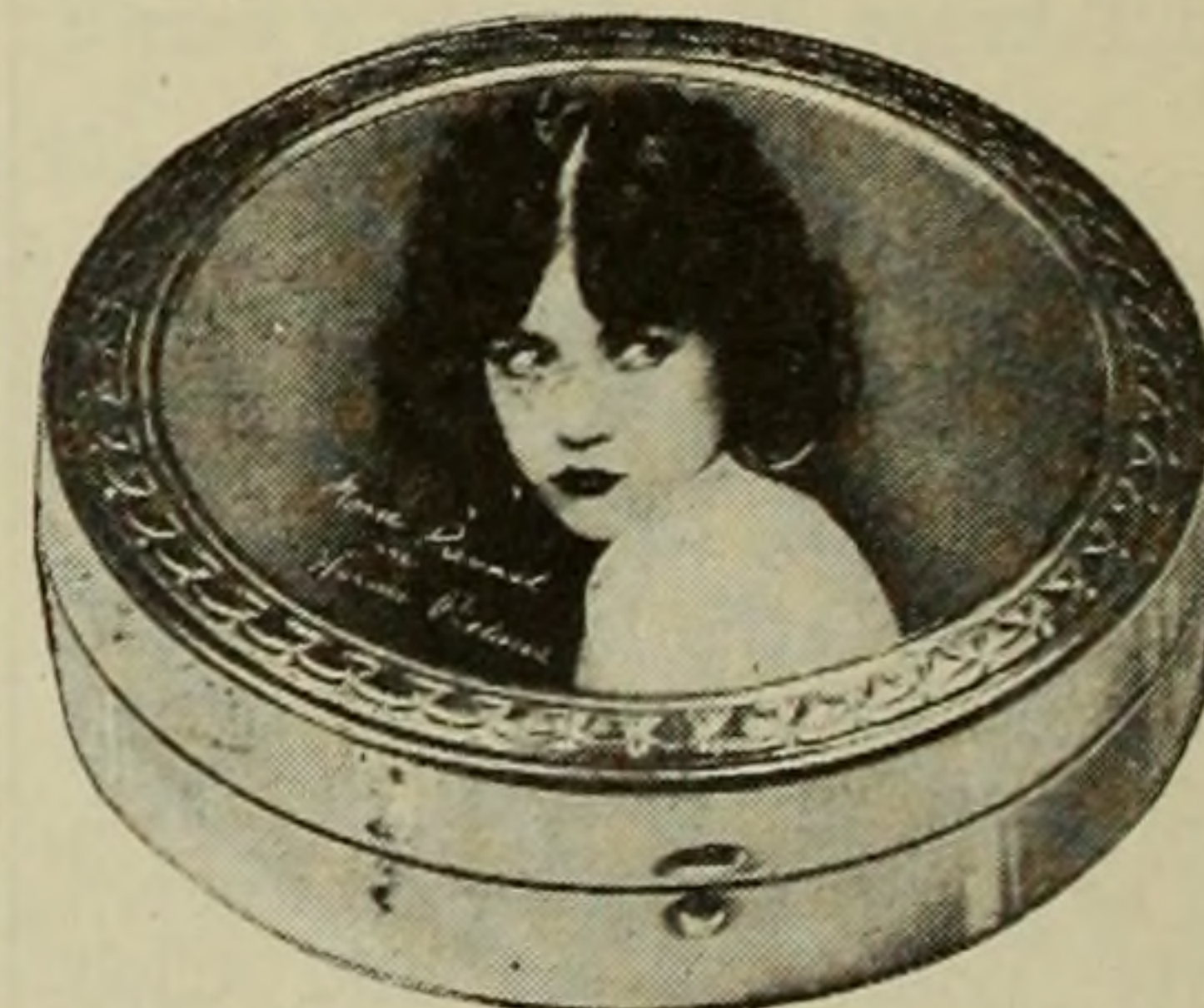
Millions of women the world over have adopted **Murine** for daily use. It instantly refreshes and invigorates the EYES — keeps them free from dust and other irritating particles. **Murine** is hygienically prepared and positively does not contain harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on “Eye Care” or “Eye Beauty” are FREE on request.

The Murine Company  
Dept. 27, Chicago

# MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

## Hand Colored Photo of Yourself



With This Beautiful Foto-Pakt for \$2.85 only

**FOTO-PAKT** is a new idea in individuality. A beautiful gilt case **Double Vanity**, with the top showing the picture of yourself, your sweetheart, relative or friend. The picture is beautifully tinted in natural colors by our own special hand process.

The **Foto-Pakt** contains genuine Boutay powder and rouge—the last word in cosmetic perfection. State shade desired.

Send us photograph, snapshot or negative and we will enlarge or decrease it to fit the Foto-Pakt. (Negative desirable and will be returned.) Send cash, money order or certified check, or if you wish SEND NO MONEY, pay postman on delivery.

**FREE** One dollar Lipstick and beautiful hand colored container sent FREE with all orders. Lipstick usually sells for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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## Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

**FREE** Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, “A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,”—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. **E.S.GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

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Subscription rates are listed on page five, below contents.



pictorially interested. Here was a graceful feminine foil, his photographic counterpart. She was invited to meet the camera at Niles. Miss Purviance was cast for a part in the Essanay Chaplins and has remained connected with the Chaplin organization since, gaining no small share of renown by dint of her well near continuous appearance on the screens of the world. A dozen efforts to take her from the Chaplin company to be starred on her own account have failed. Last season she gleaned her reward with the title role of "A Woman of Paris," produced and directed by Charles Chaplin, in execution of a promise of nearly ten years' standing.

The blast of Essanay publicity and the public's joyous reception of Chaplin's pictures brought him rapid and expensive recognition. Early in 1915 one I. Presburg, manager of a project to put an elaborate and pretentious motion picture program into Madison Square Garden in New York, wired George K. Spoor with an offer to Chaplin of \$25,000 to make a personal appearance for two weeks.

This would have been a disturbing interruption of a most profitable contract and it would have upset the selling schedule considerably. Spoor refused. Then the rumor percolated that Presburg was about to approach Chaplin in person in California. Anderson at Niles grew nervous. This precious star presented many problems. Spoor hurried west and conferred with Anderson in Oakland. On May 14 they handed Chaplin a check on the Dearborn National Bank of Chicago for \$25,000, along with a request to never mind any approaches about a personal appearance in New York.

The real career of Chaplin as the greatest celebrity of the screen had now well begun. He was from this day on for many a year to set the pace and style in starland, with many an interesting reaction on the whole industry and on himself. The motion picture world has never been the same since Charlie Chaplin came shambling into it.

An astonishing web of complications in the finance and politics of the screen world grew out of these influences of Chaplin, as in time we shall observe in delicious particular. Affairs began to revolve around him.

### The Big Shoes Debate

The Chaplin make-up, of big shoes, ragged bagging trousers, and bamboo cane, and his able manner, half-drunken, half-witted, became accepted as the essence of Chaplin, which was less than a half-fact. This make-up and role also became the subject of a large rivalry and heavy debating, in which, by the bye, Chaplin took no part. In February of 1915 when the Essanay furore about Chaplin was at its height one Billie Ritchie made a reach for publicity with a statement published in the Moving Picture World, and "in order to settle, allay and put quietus on all controversialists who contest his claims to the make-up used in L-Ko comedies, avowed that he first used his make-up in 1887, three years before Chaplin was born." Ritchie averred that he first used the mooted make-up in a vaudeville act with his three sisters, and that he used it in the role of *Baron Near-Broke* in an English pantomime "Cinderella," and again in the part of a street musician in Karno's "Early Birds." Ritchie also announced to the wide, wide world that he played the original drunk role in "A Night in an English Music Hall," the skit which introduced Chaplin to American audiences later, Ritchie proclaimed that he had played a drunk five thousand times in L-Ko comedies, thereby nailing the role down as his personal property.

All of which is interesting, but unimportant. Ritchie and L-Ko comedies could not be debated into fame by claims of priorities pertaining to a pair of pants. All of Chaplin does not consist of merely pants and shoes. He has proven considerably bigger than both of them. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" became the most important release of the Alco Film Cor-

# Is Gray Hair Marking You Old?



She Is Getting Gray



He Is Getting Gray

## Q-ban Hair Color Restorer

Makes Gray Hair DARK

GRAY hair, however attractive, does denote age. Are you allowing gray hair to hold you back in social or business affairs? You know full well you are no older than others who have no gray hair. Has it ever occurred to you that they are concealing a few gray hairs? Hundreds of thousands do!

It is so easy to darken your gray hair—the Q-ban way. Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is not an instantaneous dye; it does its work so gradually that during the first week or so you wonder if it is going to work at all; but the gray disappears, your friends do not notice it, and your handicap of gray hair is gone. It is inexpensive and is easily applied in the privacy of your home. You need not have gray hair any more.

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### Special Offer This Coupon and 10 cents

Send this coupon today for MINIATURE BOTTLES Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo and Q-ban Hair Tonic, and "BOOK OF SEVEN Q-BANS." Send coupon to HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, 155 South Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Go to your druggist today. Get from him a full size 75-cent bottle of Q-ban Hair Color Restorer; use it according to simple directions, but don't get discouraged; you may possibly have to use the entire bottle before the desired result is obtained. That is why we do not put up sample or trial size bottles of this Q-ban product, although we have many requests.



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Enclosed find ten cents (stamps) for which please send me miniature bottles Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo and Q-ban Tonic and your "Book of Seven Q-bans."

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You Can Do the Same

Thousands of stout persons have testified to the wonderful results obtained from DAINTY-FORM Fat Reducing Cream, and in view of this, we feel perfectly safe in urging every stout person, man or woman, to try

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## DAINTY-FORM

FAT Reducing Cream  
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ANN PENNINGTON, of the Ziegfeld Follies, says: "I am overjoyed with my DAINTY-FORM reducing cream. Its use has helped me to become slender."

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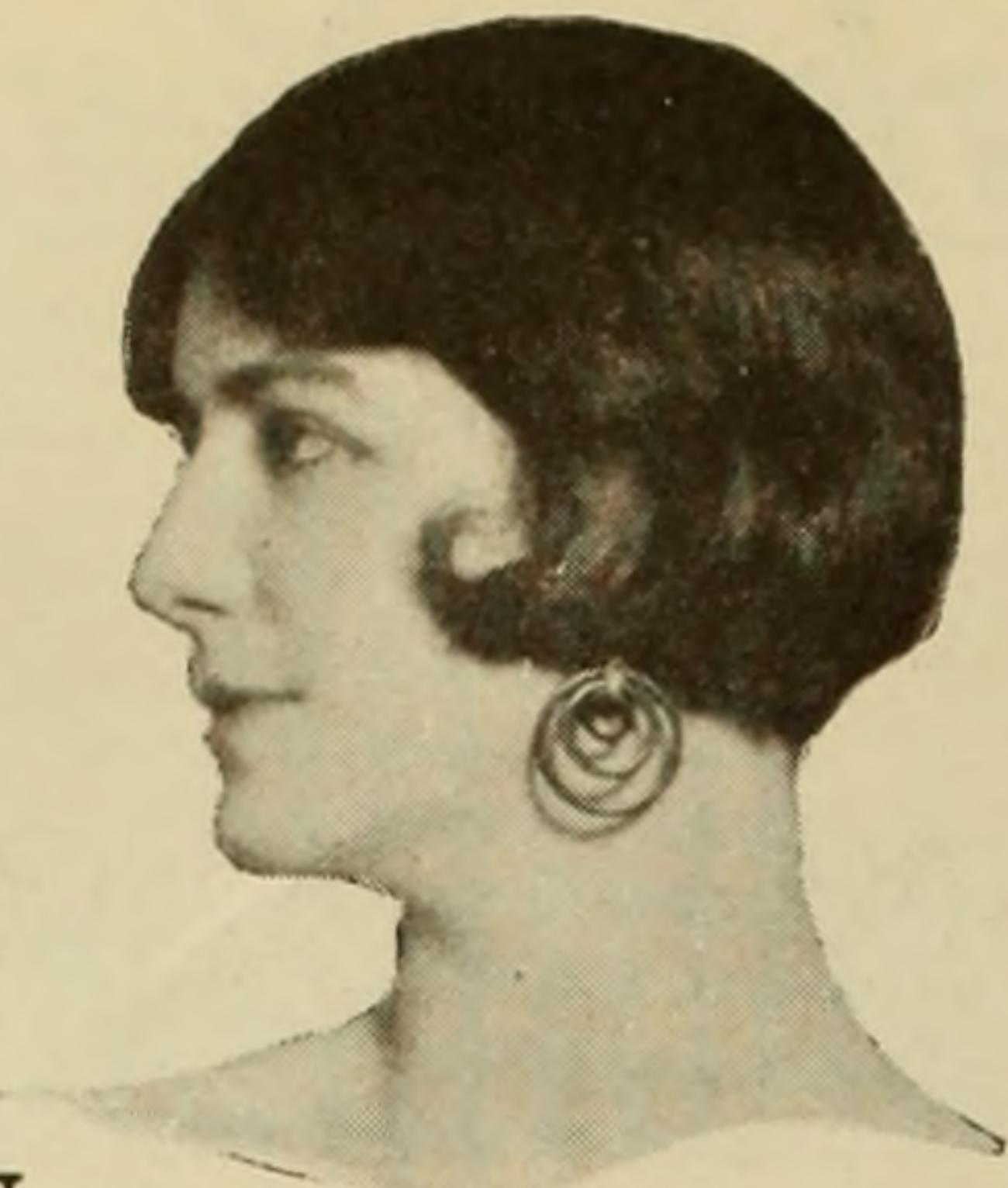
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I have made Astrology my life's work and offer the most interesting astrological interpretations of the Zodiac sign under which you were born. Send exact name, address and exact date of birth in own handwriting and receive your astrological interpretation in plain sealed envelope, postpaid. A great surprise awaits you. Enclose 12c to cover cost of this notice and mailing. Address me personally—DHASSI.

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Juliette Crosby  
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playing in New York



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now you can get it for  
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Says Juliette Crosby, playing in *The Show-Off*:

"To the woman who wishes to attain the severely smooth arrangement of the hair that is now so fashionable, Stacomb is the most effective aid available."

You can get Stacomb at all drug and department stores—in jars and tubes.

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poration, a shortlived entry into the feature picture field in 1914-15, of importance only as the ancestor of the better known Metro.

In the negotiations leading up to the formation of Paramount recounted in an earlier chapter, Alexander Lichtman, better known as "Al," parted company with both Adolph Zukor and his post as general manager of Famous Players. Lichtman was still under the pressure of his feature picture ambitions, and casting about for a new angle of attack he found the support of William Sievers of St. Louis, an exhibitor who had become a customer for the bigger pictures of Famous Players. The Alco Film Corporation was announced August 25, 1914, with Walter Hoff Seeley as president and Sievers as treasurer. Seeley had been with an electrical equipment concern known as the Atsco Company. His contact of interest was in supplying theaters with machines and accessories. This was the beginning of a rapid and eventful film career for Seeley. Petrel-like he flitted through film concerns in as many years and exited from the motion pictures to take over an interest in the magazine which rejoices under the name of "Success."

The plan of the Alco concern was to tie up with leading exhibitors in key cities all over the United States. It got into more trouble than theaters, in the twelve weeks of its active existence. It did, however, serve to bring to the light of the screen a number of personalities of public interest.

**Cohen Cranks Up Interest in  
Picture Theaters**

Harry Cohen, who as this is written is connected with Ritz-Carlton pictures, and George Cook of the Cook Lithograph Company formed Popular Plays and Players to produce pictures for Alco distribution. They produced "Michael Strogoff" with Jacob Adler, "The Ragged Earl" with Andrew Mack, and introduced Olga Petrova to the screen in "The Vampire."

Cohen is a figure of special interest to motion picture history as the man who turned the crank which started the motion picture theater wave.

The day before Thanksgiving in 1905, in Pittsburgh, Cohen, as operator, manager and master of effects, opened the first nickelodeon in the East, the Harry Davis enterprise which is now a landmark of theater history. This theater was located in Smithfield street between Fifth avenue and Diamond Alley. And to locate it more exactly it was next door to the Keystone Jewelry Company's store, presided over by Lewis J. Selznick.

Richard Rowland and James B. Clarke of Pittsburgh, who had sold their Pittsburgh Calcium Light exchanges to the General Film Company, were blithely continuing in the motion picture business with the independents, now a moment with an interest in Alco.

Al Lichtman was considerably displeased with the conduct of Alco under Walter Hoff Seeley and brought a receivership action. Meanwhile troubles multiplied. Marie Dressler in May, 1915, sued the Keystone comedy concern for an accounting and injunction with reference to her deal on the making of "Tillie's Punctured Romance." She set forth that she was to have received one-half of the profits of the picture, which at that time were alleged to amount to \$122,000, and alleged that she had not been paid a cent.

**Chaplin Shines in "Tillie's  
Punctured Romance"**

Testimony indicated that Alco had paid \$43,000 of an agreed \$75,000 purchase price for "Tillie's Punctured Romance." James H. Dalton, friend and manager of Miss Dressler, testified that he had spent a thousand dollars for a musical setting for the picture and that it had been sold without his consent. At any rate this indicates that the pictures were getting musically pretentious

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Made exactly like the real thing! Just pull the trigger, back flies the lid showing a full package of your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends and at the same time useful and a great protector.

Made of light weight metal, gun metal finish, 4 3/4 inches long. Sold exclusively by us. Order at once, supply limited. Special introductory price \$1.79 each. PAY POSTMAN on delivery our price plus postage. Money back if not satisfied.

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A DAY**

Without Drugs, Dieting or Exercising  
Yet-eat-drink-sleep—This new way is safe and sure. Dissolve FLO-RA-ZO-NA in warm water. Get in and relax—from 8 ounces to a pound a day will melt away like magic. Contains no alum—no Epsom salts. Pox of 14 treatments \$3.25 at your druggists or direct. (\$4.00 in Canada). Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLO-RA-ZO-NA CORP. Dept. 5-10 100 5th Ave., N. Y. C.



Among the attorneys who took the stand in this complicated litigation was Job Hedges, the same who has for some years worn his name on the street cars of New York in the capacity of receiver.

Authorities differ concerning the total earnings of "Tillie's Punctured Romance," but the guesses range from three quarters of a million upwards. It added little to the luster of the fame of Miss Dressler, cast for the stellar role, but it did bring Chaplin out with the imposing distinction of a six reel success back of him. The motion picture was not yet aware that it was endowed with greater star building powers than the stage. This had to be demonstrated by experience.

Meanwhile the course of motion picture evolution was being most vitally affected by the force of star development, personified in the slight and wistful personality of Mary Pickford, the first great screen made star. Miss Pickford in 1914 was the most important personage of the screen. She stood entirely alone in her fame and importance. The next handful of years held a destiny of glorious successes for the whole army of stars-to-be, but then there was just Mary Pickford and after her merely some rather well known players.

Miss Pickford, despite all due and becoming modesty, was quite thoroughly aware of her value and position. The week of November 21, 1914, was one of the most anxious in the life of Adolph Zukor, the head of Famous Players.

### Mary Pickford Holds Future of Famous Players

To a very considerable degree the life of Famous Players and the success of all of Zukor's ambitious plans for the future depended on a control of the screen efforts of this little girl. Her salary was now \$52,000 a year.

Competitors were bidding high for Mary. The North American Film Corporation of the Mutual group was offering her amazing figures to appear in their coming sixty reel serial "The Diamond from the Sky." They were promising also thunderous advertising and such publicity as never a play had had before.

Zukor figured and walked the streets alone in the night figuring more.

The last bid from "The Diamond from the Sky" combination was \$4,000 a week, just four times what Famous Players had been paying Mary. This meant \$208,000 a year, and they backed it with a guaranty to pay \$50,000 down when the contract was signed.

Now indeed stars were becoming important—one star at least, the girl with a curl.

Zukor gave up the bidding game and went to persuasive talking—the coming glory of Famous Players, the elevation of the screen and the like. On November 28 he announced a contract with Miss Pickford for the coming year at a salary of \$104,000.

Famous Players was saved on that day and date. The fame of all the other famous players was nothing unless it was supported by Mary Pickford. She was the one player really famous to the motion picture exhibitors and their public.

### A Contract That Made the World Sit Up

The terms of the contract with Miss Pickford were given out rather freely. This was done for a most studied purpose. Adolph Zukor was not from the beginning merely a garrulous publicity seeker.

It seems that Miss Pickford was to appear in not less than eight or more than twelve pictures in the coming year. Famous Players was to pay all the wardrobe required, from shoes to dresses. Mary was to have a voice in passing on the plays to be filmed.

The wardrobe details were thrown in for decoration. The essential fact to be borne thus gently into the mind of the exhibitors was that a well defined limit in the quantity of film from this premier star had been established.

It was announced also that Mary had been



—discouraged!

### The Penalty of Bromidrosis (Fetid Perspiration)

He plays a little better than the average. He has a host of acquaintances—but only a few friends. He is able, thru his college training and his business career, to carry on a most interesting conversation. And yet, his associates seem to hold him at a distance. If only some kind friend would tell him that his remarkable personality is imprisoned, his

happiness impaired, all on account of one weakness—bromidrosis.

How easily we detect this annoyance on others and how seldom we consider our own shortcomings. With AB-SCENT you can be sure of yourself, for it not only remedies excessive perspiration, but destroys odors harmlessly.

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COLORLESS!

(Contains no staining artificial colors)

Remedies Excessive Perspiration—Destroys Odors Harmlessly

AB-SCENT, formulated by a physician, and absolutely harmless, corrects the condition of which you yourself may be unconscious, and does not burn, itch or irritate. Ideal for personal use. It is used by men and women for preventing unclean armpits and perspired feet.

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Enclosed find one dime. Please send liberal trial bottle of AB-SCENT and samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

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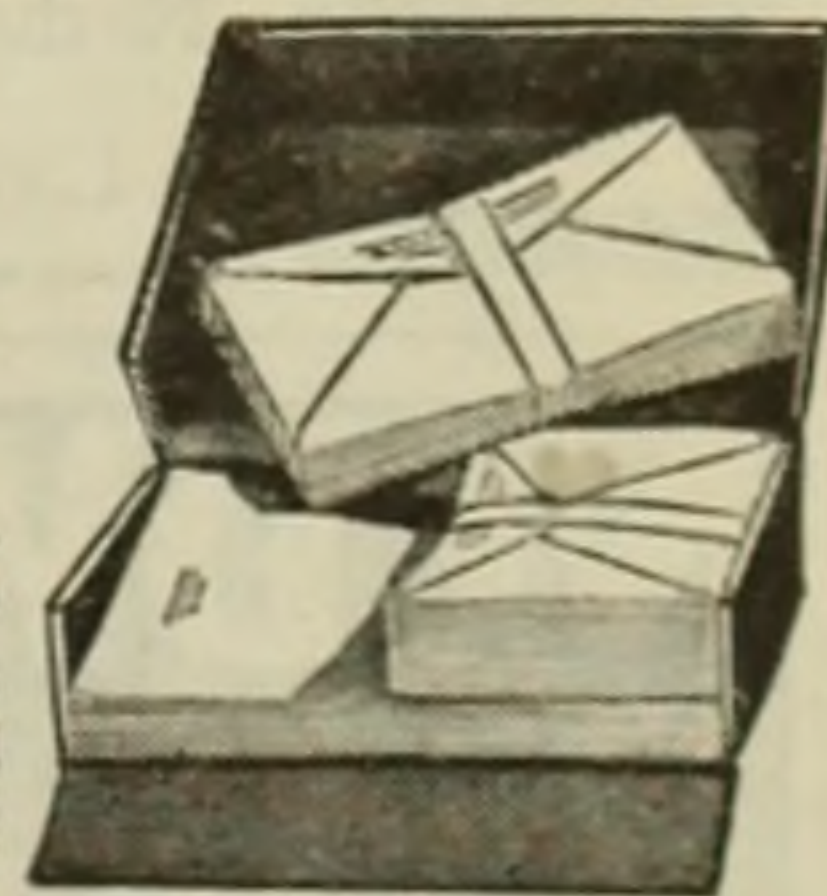
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on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. (Note—our low price does not allow any variation in printing. Top center of sheet and flap of envelope only). Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name.

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**AFTER**

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Mickey Daniels is one of the juvenile stars appearing in "Our Gang Comedies" produced by Hal E. Roach and distributed by Pathe.



# Freckles

AMUSE YOU IN THE MOVIES

But it's not so funny to have them in real life. Mickey Daniels can afford to let others laugh at his freckles—he's paid for it. You can't.

Your freckles always attract attention, no matter how well you dress. Get rid of them!

Quickly and surely they will disappear if you use Stillman's Freckle Cream. Double action—not only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and \$1, at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, make-up hints, etc. If you buy \$3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful large size bottle perfume free. Send for booklet now.

## Stillman's Freckle cream

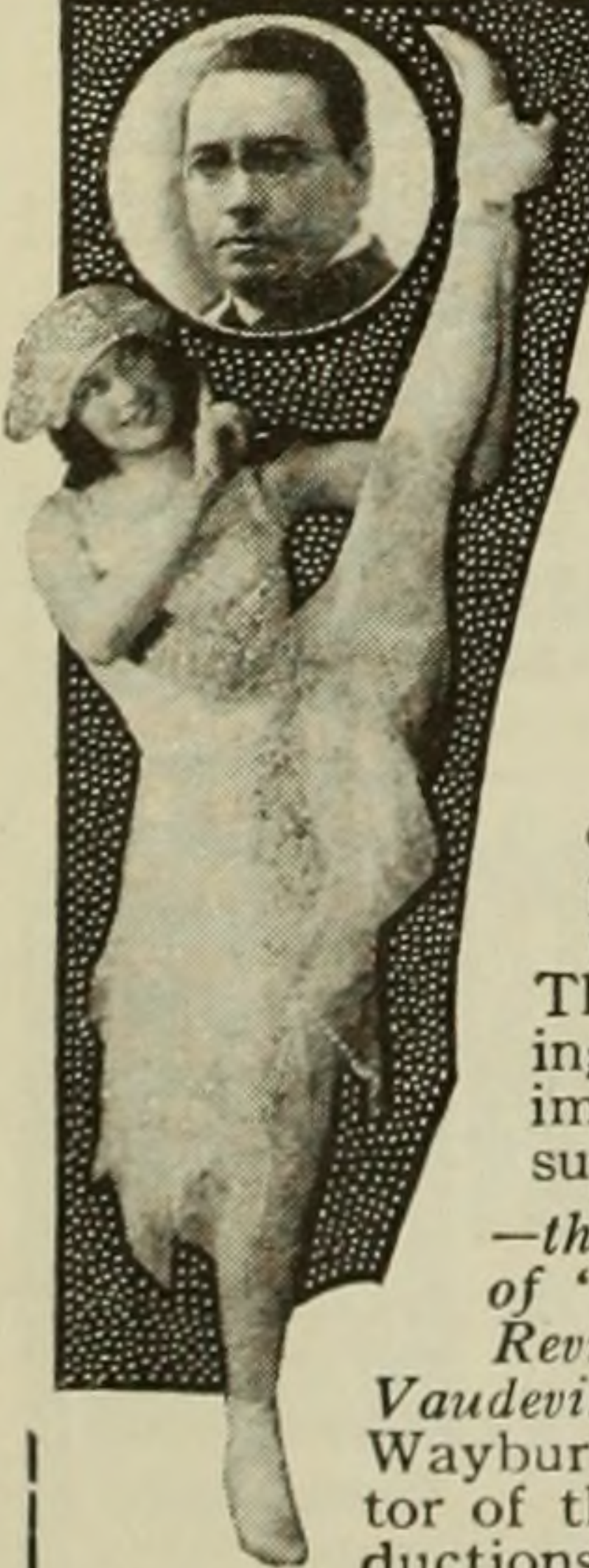
double action Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

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32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.  
Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and details of your perfume offer.

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Dancing is the most important single qualification for quick recognition and sensational success on the stage.

Dancing is the surest developer of the poise, grace and personality so vitally necessary for the star in the silent drama. The finest, most thorough training in the art of stage dancing is imparted under the personal supervision of **NED WAYBURN**,—the man who staged the best editions of "The Follies," and 500 other Reues, Musical Comedies and Vaudeville Acts—creator of the magical Wayburn Method—selector and director of the dancers in the greatest productions on Broadway, at the

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over-ruled in a demand for a clause in her contract providing that "all Pickford features must be sold at double the customary prices and that an exhibitor showing them must charge double admissions." This was paving the way for something, too.

Conditions had markedly changed from the time only five years before when Mary appeared in one reel a week, and sometimes more. Remember that only six years before she was just a little girl from a stock company walking down Fourteenth street looking for a job.

Gladys Smith of Toronto, and Adolph, the furrier's apprentice from Hungary, were getting along in the world.

Of all the thousands of screen players only two, Pickford and Chaplin, have by force of individuality exerted a formative influence on any phase of the motion picture evolution. Empowered by their public and their own ability to work in that manner which a miracle worshiping world calls genius, they have reacted upon the screen, while the rest have reacted with it. To be sure we must not lose sight of Griffith and his influences, but despite his Thespian beginnings he is hardly to be called a player of the motion picture.

For some years the public prints have been filled with the proclamations of the new ascendancy of woman in business and professional life, but it has apparently occurred to none that Mary Pickford was among the first women of the modern era to make a significant impress upon the field of commerce, by dint of her own simple commercial intelligence. It is true that perhaps several stars of the opera and concert stage before her attained for short periods an equivalent earning power, but Miss Pickford was not an imported wonder on tour but a worker on a weekly payroll. Her salary of \$104,000 a year set a world's record among the wonders of the new art.

## Old Pickford Films Arouse Zukor

Meanwhile the Famous Players exploitation of Mary sent Biograph and the Imp Company into the mothballs looking up the old one reel negatives in which she appeared. Re-issues of the early Pickfords came flooding onto the market, to the considerable annoyance of Adolph Zukor.

The little exhibitor in the nickelodeon storehouse with a vintage one-reeler could fling a banner to the public gaze announcing "Mary Pickford—Today—5c."

This did not fit in with Zukor's plans for getting back his \$104,000 in the next year—or rather his plans for getting that \$104,000 and a margin. Caustic comments issued in the trade press.

Carl Laemmle, of the Universal, owner of the Imp Pickford pictures, was moved to issue a defensive statement concerning his re-issues, saying that "instead of trying to mislead the exhibitors into thinking that his were the new pictures, he has taken pains to impress on the exhibitors that they were re-issues."

All this pertained to a condition new to the motion picture, but paralleling less conspicuous experiences of publishers for many years. The immortality of the motion picture negative carries with it perils as well as profits.

## Mary Pickford Buys Up Her Earlier Pictures

In 1923, to protect herself against various lines of re-issued pictures of other days, Miss Pickford purchased a large number of old negatives, including all of the Pickford-Biographs for which she paid \$10,000.

The early weeks of 1915 found the motion picture industry engaged in schemes to wean the public from the "nickel show" idea of the screen. John R. Freuler of the North American Film Company issued a pretentious booklet sent broadcast to the trade setting forth the idea that it was as easy to get a dime as a nickel—this by way of getting the exhibitors ready for the expensive and endless serial "The



Easy to Play  
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Confrey and thousands of others. \$100 to \$500 weekly for a few hours a day is not uncommon for musicians of ability to earn.

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DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, making them appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN. 75c at your dealer's or direct postpaid.  
**MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago, Ill.**



Diamond from the Sky." W. W. Hodkinson of the Paramount Pictures Corporation distributing Famous Players, Lasky and Bosworth pictures, on February 6, 1915, issued a circular which was well near a sensation in the trade, announcing that "owing to the enormous salary which it has been necessary to pay Mary Pickford in order to secure her services, all future releases will be first released to big city theaters at a minimum admission price of 25 cents." This releasing plan was also announced for the ambitious "Eternal City" with Pauline Frederick, made in Rome by Edwin S. Porter.

The following week the Select Film Booking Agency was announced from 110 West Fortieth Street, the Hodkinson address, with George M. Welty, formerly of the Liebler Company as representative. That name Select was to be heard from later in much more interesting circumstances. The same week the Waybroad Film Company, Adolph Zukor, president, announced that it had leased the Broadway theater from Stanley V. Mastbaum of the Stanley Circuit in Philadelphia, as the Broadway home of "the grand opera of motion pictures." Here was the beginning of the movement which today finds Broadway without an independent motion picture theater and the preponderance of the better theaters in every large center in some degree under the control of a motion picture corporation. Competition and rising costs sent the picture makers fighting their way to a direct route to the box office receipts back there in '14.

### The Terrific Pace of High Salaries

Here was the beginning of the big salary shouting of the motion picture. Adolph Zukor started it, rather unintentionally with respect to its ultimate effect, to explain a solemn truth to the trade. But it set a pace, a most costly pace. Every aspiring player thereafter had an itch to be mentioned in big figures. Price at once became the ticket of merit. Players sought exaggerated salaries and gave out exaggerated reports of what they did get. In turn competitors began to announce bigger and bigger salaries, regardless of fact, to make their plays and players seem as important as Mary Pickford and her pictures. They started in thousands and got to millions in about two years.

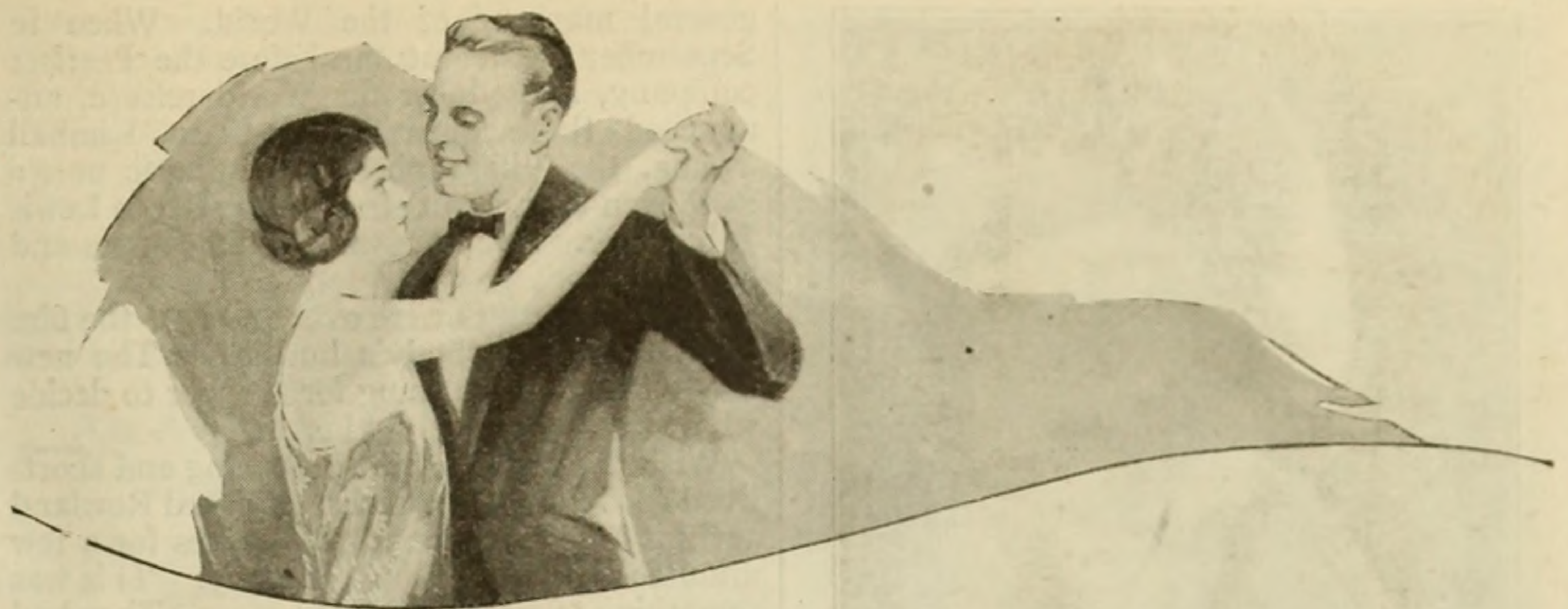
With the motion picture reaching up ambitiously toward higher admission prices and better theaters there was an inevitable stirring among the commercial chieftains of the speaking stage. The Lasky deal for the production of Belasco plays was announced the last week in November of 1914, and was followed by some highly glorified interviews with Belasco on art, the stage and the screen.

### Lasky Company Engages Blanche Sweet

At about the same time the Lasky company announced the engagement of Blanche Sweet, who had attained the makings of star status under Griffith at Biograph, and Edna Goodrich of stage fame as one of the beauties of the original "Floradora" company and one of the prettiest wives that the late Nat Goodwin ever lost.

The Shubert theatrical interests and the World Special Films Corporation entered into a coalition as early as June, 1914. In September came an announcement that William A. Brady's plays were to be produced with original casts insofar as possible.

In February, 1915, the World Special Films concern became the World Film Corporation headed by Arthur Spiegel of Spiegel, May, Stern and Company, a mail order house. His motion picture activities were financed through Laddenberg Thalman & Co. The roster of financial houses with a finger in the motion picture business was beginning to grow. Lewis J. Selznick began to blossom in the trade press under the imposing title of vice president and



## Will He Ask for a Second Dance?

Modern men are pleased to see women returning to the healthy, active, outdoor life and the freedom from stuffy and hobbling fashions in dress which characterized the women of ancient Greece, and has been admired for centuries.

The girl who refuses to dress in the fashion of the hour—in filmy, sleeveless gowns or the sheerest of waists—or who fails to rid herself of the disfigurement of under-arm hair, the girl who sits inert and lifeless, with arms fettered to her sides, rarely meets with masculine favor. She is thought lifeless and behind the times.

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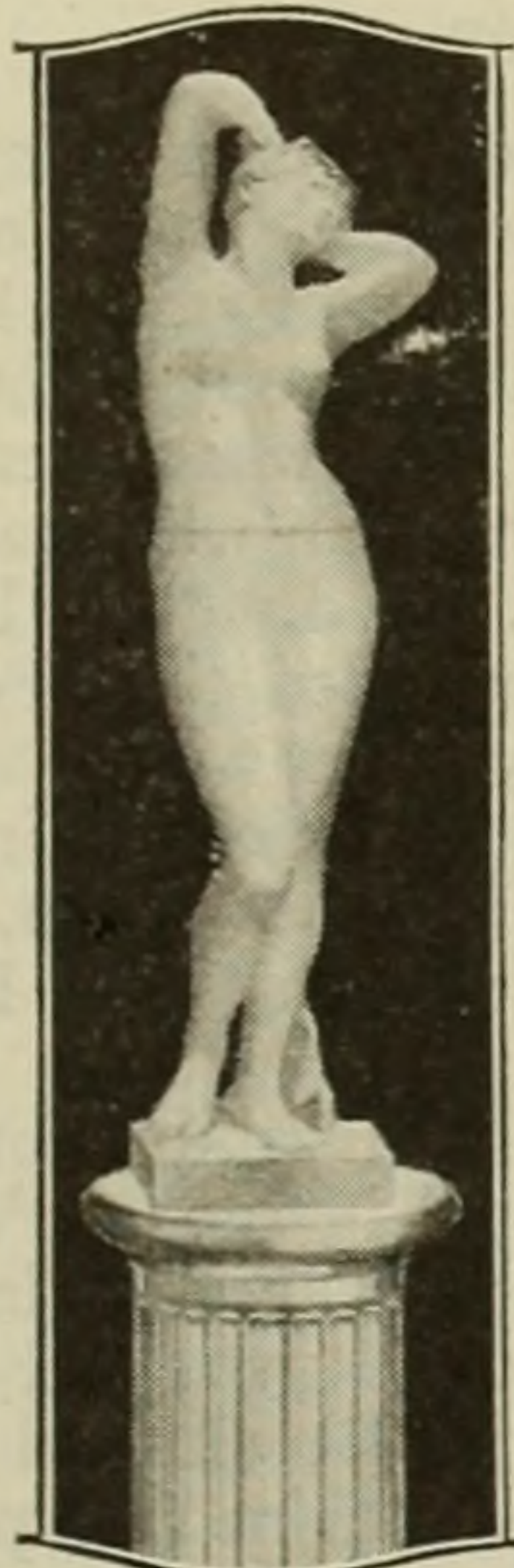
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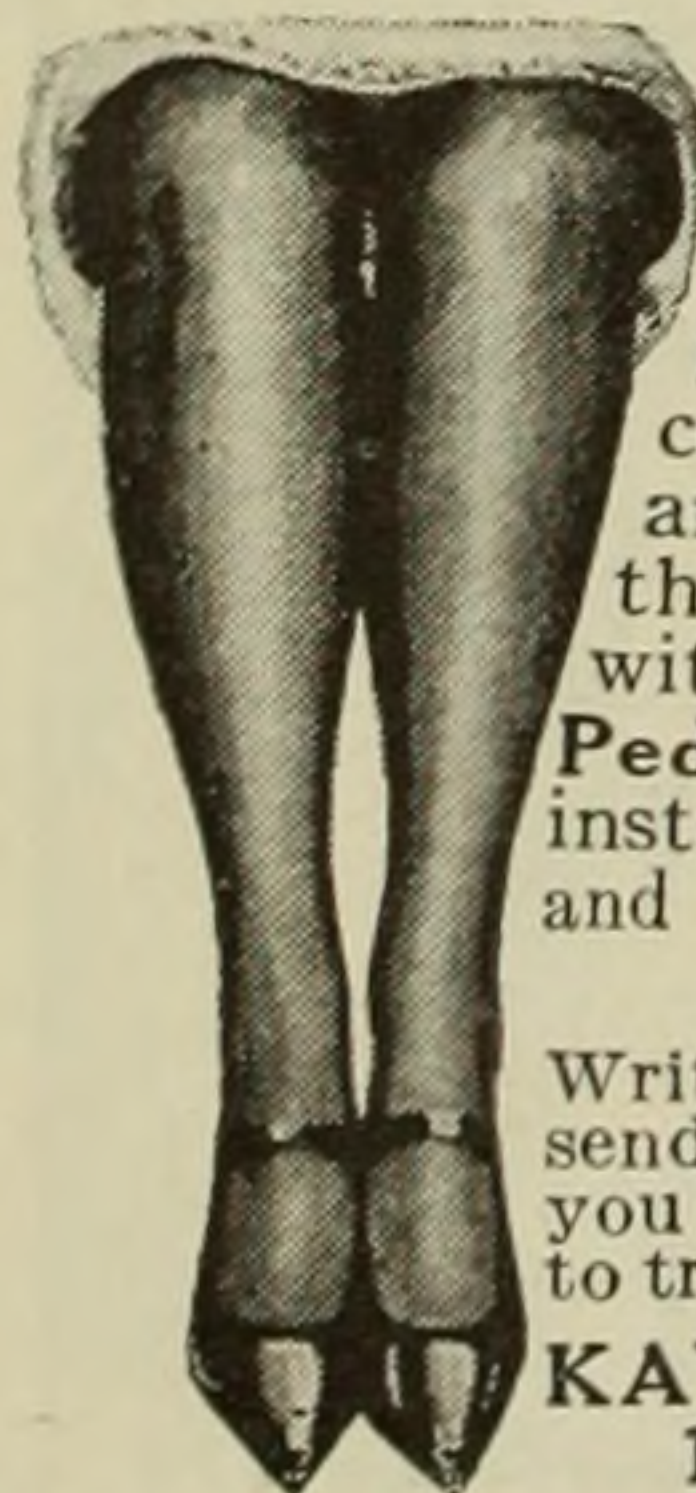
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general manager of the World. When in September of the autumn before the Peerless company, a producer for World release, announced the acquisition of Clara Kimball Young, the Vitagraph star, emphatic notice was given that credit should be given to Lewis J. Selznick. Selznick was building hopes and laying plans.

The patent wars were over and now the film business was anybody's business. The new battle lines were forming for the war to decide whose business it should be.

With the demise of the promising and short-lived Alco Film Corporation, Richard Rowland and his associates found themselves for a few minutes without a film company. This was something to meet and resolve over. They had built up around the Alco the spokes of a distributing system and now the hub was gone.

Late in January there was a session in Parlor B. at the Hotel Claridge, with Rowland presiding. A motion picture concern to take Alco's place was formed. They christened it the Metro after the Metro Lithograph Company and capitalized it at \$300,000. All of the participating members were exchange men. Rowland was president, Joseph Engle, treasurer and Louis B. Mayer of Boston was secretary. Metro started with Olga Petrova as its first important star. Not long after it re-introduced Juliet Shelby to the screen, this time as Mary Miles Minter.

### Porter Departs and Bill Hart Arrives

After the completion of Famous Players' "The Eternal City" in Rome, Edwin S. Porter, the director and a partner in the Famous Players enterprise, sold his interest and withdrew from the producing field. This was the end of the directorial career of the man who may be called the motion picture's first director. From early chapters it will be recalled that Porter began in the remote early days with Raff & Gammon and Edison, showing pictures in the West Indies in 1897 as "Thomas Edison, Jr." and conducted the film show at the Eden Musee and elsewhere in New York. His larger fame began with the production of "The Great Train Robbery" in 1903. Porter signaled his departure from Famous Players with the purchase of a Rolls Royce and considerable attention to golf. He entered into the affairs of the Precision Machine Company, makers of the Simplex projection machine for motion pictures. The Precision concern was financed by James Stillman, the New York banker who made Fred Beauvais, a Montreal insurance agent, the best known Indian guide since Uncas, last of the Mohicans.

Porter's Rolls is still on the road and his golf gets better every year.

The same year which saw the screen lose the services of Porter, its first director, brought the acquisition of one of its most luminous personalities, William S. Hart. In the winter of 1913 Hart made his last important stage appearance in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," a Klaw & Erlanger production.

When this engagement drew to a close Hart wrote to Ince, who was an old friend of stage association in years past. Hart wanted a place in the pictures. The life of the stage was wearing on him. He had some sort of a notion about pictures of western atmosphere with plenty of horses and action.

Ince replied that westerns were a drug on the motion picture market, and declined to be interested. Hart took an engagement again on the stage in "The Woman," a spring production of '14. In May, without any further encouragement, he abruptly left the stage and went to Los Angeles.

### Bill Hart Finds Film-Acting a Losing Venture

It was rather up to Ince to put Hart to work. G. Gardiner Sullivan of the Ince scenario staff sat down to his typewriter and tapped out a scenario entitled "Two Gun

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Hicks." Hart was Hicks. It was a two reel picture of the familiar western pattern. Hart started at the modest figure of \$75 a week.

Hart's first important picture was in "The Bargain," which was built on the amplified story of an old two reeler made in the earlier New York Motion Picture days with J. Barney Sherry.

Hart grew discouraged when after the end of twenty-one weeks he found himself just \$540 behind in his bankroll as the result of his Inceville sojourn. This was no auspicious beginning. He quit and went back home to the East. Some months later he returned at \$125 a week to act and direct. In the next twelve months Hart appeared in thirteen five reel features which built him a star reputation of the first rank and gave the overworked western picture a new and better status. Hart presented the idealized type of picturesque western bad-man-hero. Of his early pictures probably the most famous was "On the Night Stage," directed by Reginald Barker under the supervision of Thomas Ince. Prosperity came finally to Hart and after a series of several engagements at various studios he left the screen, on the ground that he could not afford to pay his income taxes.

"I paid an income tax of 12 per cent and a surtax of 60 per cent in 1918," Hart remarked in 1922, "and I had to quit. Four million people pay the taxes and a hundred million do not. The politicians are afraid to tax the workers directly, so I am afraid things won't get better in time to do me any good." After which Hart did return to the screen for a brief period.

While Hart was coming to fame the N. Y. M. P. studios also introduced to the motion picture Louise Glaum, a Venice, California, flower girl, and Bessie Barriscale, a stage star, both of whom became important screen personalities.

The N. Y. M. P. product was continuing to go through the distribution of the Mutual Film Corporation, and prospering.

### The Willard-Johnson Fight Films

A piece of motion picture history on a bypath apart from the main thread of development, therefore of more interest than importance, grew out of the rise and fall of John Arthur Johnson, otherwise Jack Johnson or "Little Artah," the negro pugilist. The motion pictures of Johnson's victory against a white man in the heavyweight championship battle of Nevada some years before had brought down on him an expression of race discrimination in the form of a federal statute forbidding interstate commerce in prize fight films.

Now in 1915 on July 4 at Havana, Cuba, Johnson went down to defeat before Jess Willard, the large and able white hope from Kansas. Motion pictures recorded that battle and went into the film commerce of the world outside of the United States. The negatives were developed and printed in a small plant in Toronto, Ontario. About ten prints sufficed for the world market, but south of the border was the great forbidden field of the United States which then as now represented about nine times as great a market for the films as all the rest of the earth.

If in some manner the fight film laws could be evaded, avoided or nullified, a fortune was waiting. Millions wanted to see just how the "White Hope" vanquished the "Big Smoke." An effort to bring in the pictures was as inevitable as a fringe of rum ships on a dry coast. Months passed with minds busy on plans.

A scheme of amazing cleverness was evolved. A method was invented to import the picture without bringing in the film. An ingenious motion picture mechanic built a device by which the picture could be projected from the Canadian side of the boundary in light rays which crossed the border and were recorded on another film under the Stars and Stripes.

On April 5, 1916, a party of motion picture experts left an automobile by the road close to the Canadian-American boundary in Quebec.

They carried film cans containing the negative of the Johnson-Willard fight. With the most painful care they labored through woods, swamps and streams for more than a mile to keep a quarter of a mile at least north of the soil of the United States. They made rendezvous with a party from the States at the international boundary stone one mile north of the Delaware & Hudson railway station at Rouses Point, New York, U. S. A.

### An Attempt to Circumvent Legally Federal Law

A tent was set up over the stone with its northern stakes pegged into Canada and its southern exposure in the United States. Richard Parr, a U. S. customs service officer, entered the tent and made careful observation, by pre-arrangement. The Canadian squad handling the negative of the fight pictures gingerly moved about placing it in the machine with careful steps that they might not touch by so much as a fraction of an inch the forbidden soil of the United States, at any time that the film was in their hands. The negative when in place in the machine was just twelve inches, or one good English and American foot from the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The blank raw stock for the positive was threaded into the receiving side of the machine on the sacred soil of upper New York state and the patriots started up the mechanism. The great Willard victory came across in terms of light and shade in a light wave.

When the operations had been completed the machine was dismantled and the negative went back the swampy trail to the waiting motor car, without touching the United States.

No effort was made to conceal the remarkable expedient. On the contrary it was announced to the world. The promoters of the project felt entirely secure in their ingenuity.

### Customs Officials Seize Fight Films

The positive film which went through the machine on the American side was promptly taken in custody by the customs, and the picture men started a line of contention by which they expected to prove its legality, for all practical purposes.

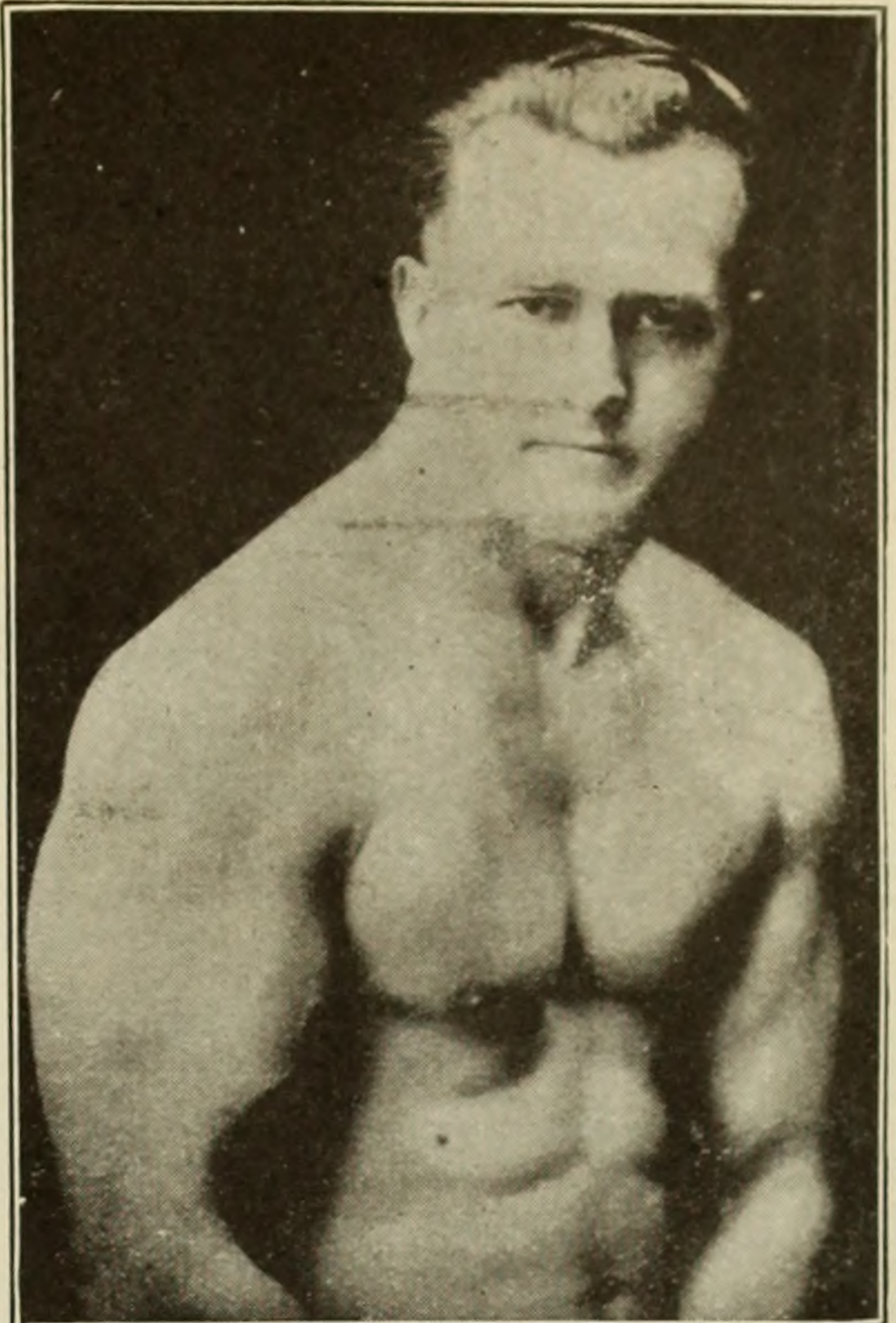
It was expected that it could be proven that there had been no violation of the statute in projecting the picture into New York state, and that by similar methods it could be at least apparently so transported across each state line as the various territorial rights were sold.

Immediately the facts began to get hazy. It is said that the film which went through the American side of the international machine was taken in custody at once by the customs officials and that it was never developed, leaving the success of the effort a mystery until this day. But at any rate there was a private showing of the picture, presumably as imported by projection, on April 15, 1916, at the laboratories of the Duplex Motion Picture Corporation, 178 Fulton street, New York.

A man alleged to have a large influence in important places in Washington entered into the affair. A plan was evolved by which the picture was to be very freely handled in the normal and usual manner with the projection-importation method used as a mere publicity blind, an alibi to be used in explaining things to the Department of Justice.

The price set upon this extraordinary service was, so the inside story goes, \$200,000—payable in full in advance. The counter proposition was \$1,000 a state, when and as successfully invaded by the picture. The differences over price broke up the deal. This is a ten year old secret of a very small group.

The complicated affairs of the picture project involved a large number of men of widely varying degrees of standing. Although many were named openly and some were whispered about, the master manipulators of the scheme remained in complete obscurity, escaping all



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### IF YOU HAD A FACE LIKE A MONKEY

you would try to change it. But just because you wear a pair of pants and a coat to cover the rest of your body you don't seem to care a rap what you look like from the neck down. Come on out of it, fellows. Get wise. Don't you know you can't keep this up? It's only a few years, and ZOWIE! It's too late. Your body is clogging up with all kinds of poisons. The only way to get rid of these poisons is to drive them out. Exercise wears off the worthless tissue, the blood carries it to the surface and then you sweat it out through your pores. That's simple enough. But if you don't—your blood will absorb all this poison and soon you're nothing but a human wreck.

### I MAKE STRONG MEN

No one likes to look at a narrow-shouldered, flat-chested dyspeptic. Such a man is no good to himself or anyone else. It's the strong, robust, energetic man who gets ahead. He is admired and sought after in both the business and social world. No matter where you find such a man, he is the whole works.

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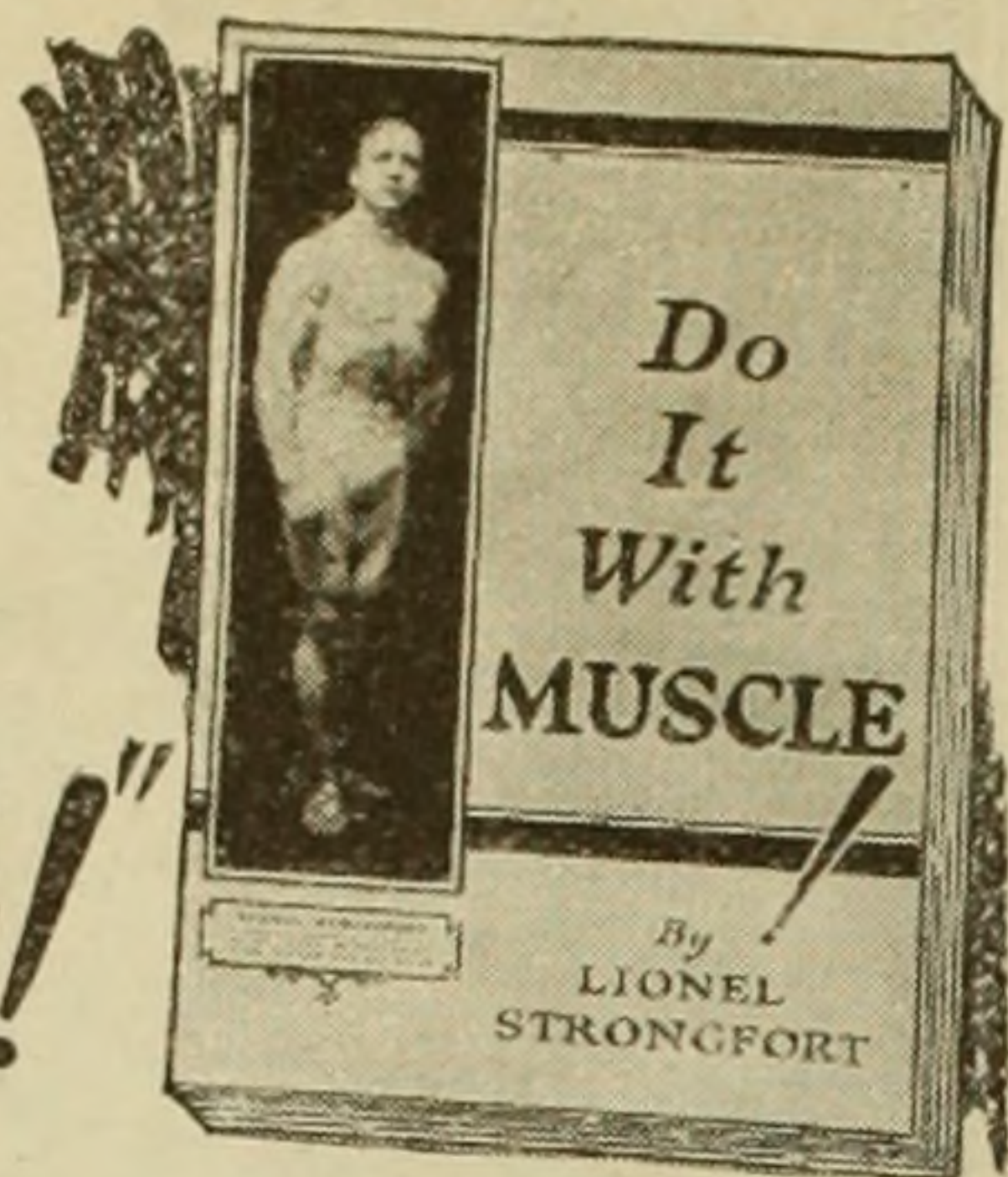
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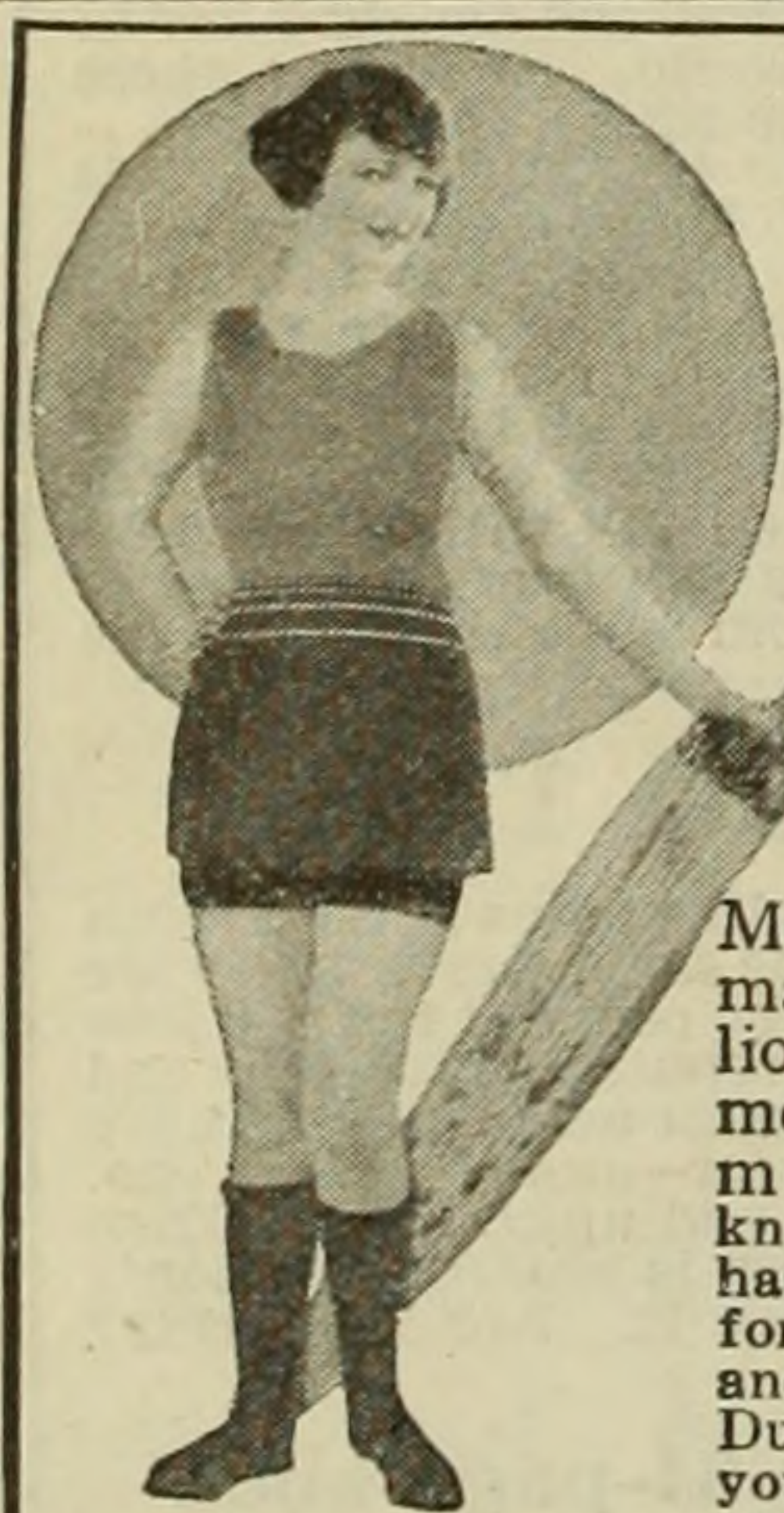
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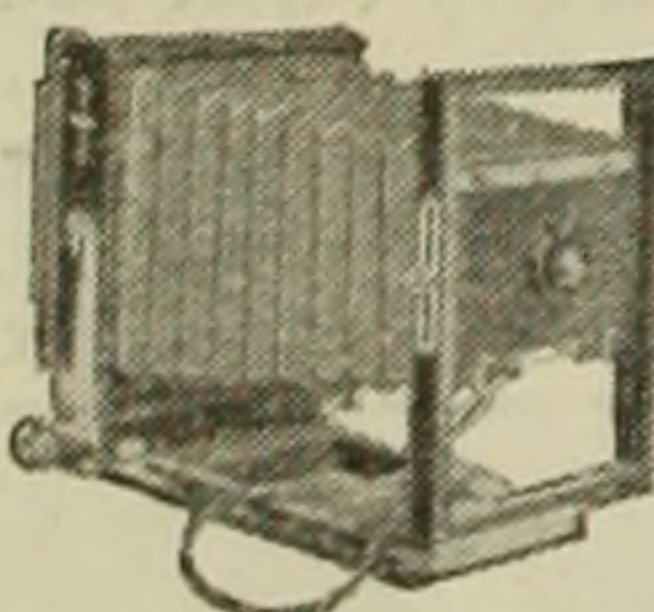
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publicity and subsequent official attention. The picture did not get to the theater screens.

An indictment was presently returned by a federal grand jury against a list of names of no major consequence in the affair. The men indicted were James J. Johnson, manager of the Madison Square Athletic club, Harold T. Edwards, a New York attorney, Lawrence M. D. McGuire, president of the Real Estate Dealers Association of New York, Samuel Scullman, manager of the Duplex Motion Picture Corporation, Harry A. Fishbeck and W. V. Brymer. The charge was the unlawful importation of prize fight pictures for exhibition purposes.

An array of lawyers, including George Gordon Battle, Abel I. Smith, former assistant U. S. district attorney, and David F. Costello appeared for the defense when the case went to trial in federal court at Syracuse, N. Y. On July 13, 1916, the jury disagreed and the case was over.

Nothing has been heard of the Johnson-Willard pictures since.

To those who have followed the testimony before a Senate investigating committee in Washington within a few months, there will appear in some respects a well defined similarity between the plans for the Willard-Johnson picture which fell through and those which succeeded so admirably in the case of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight films, shown in general defiance of the federal statute in 1923. The scenario of intrigue recited on the witness stand in Washington about the affairs of the late Jess Smith and the picture showing at McLean's "little green house" was brand new to the press, but it had been in rehearsal for almost ten years. A new director put it over in practical form.

The fight films have taken us away from the path of picture progress for a while. In the next chapter we will start again on the broad bright trail of dramatic events and high financial adventure which came with the swift growth of the features and stars in 1915.

The real motion picture excitement, now after twenty-five years of evolution, had just begun.

The war of millions was breaking.

[ TO BE CONTINUED ]

## The Prettiest Princess

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

mother away with me. Would you like to go?"

"I don't know whether I like pretending when it keeps on like that," she said, sadly, after a little pause. "It makes me want to do it so much that I forget it's pretending. But you do it awful nice and I like you. I never heard the story of the Prettiest Princess and I'd like to hear all of it so I can tell it to mother. We pretend together all the time. It makes us forget."

"Forget what?" I asked.

"Oh, everything," she said, drooping suddenly. It was the first time that she had not raced on merrily with her chatter.

I felt in my pocket, brought out a silver dollar, and put it on the window sill.

"That's for painting the tulip for me," I said. "Now won't you tell me what it is you and your mother like to forget?"

The Princess and Benny carefully examined the coin.

"It's awful pretty," she said. "You will come again and tell me some more stories, won't you? The reason I pretend all the time is it helps me forget I can't run and play like the other children. I'm a cripple. Did you ever hear of a Prettiest Princess that was lame?"

No wonder her mother cried as she pretended.

I tried to make my departure seem not too abrupt, but I had to get away before she saw the tears in my eyes.



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# Casts of Current Photoplays

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**"BABBITT"**—WARNER BROS.—Story by Sinclair Lewis. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *George F. Babbitt*, Willard Louis; *Mrs. Myra Babbitt*, Mary Alden; *Tanis Judique*, Carmel Myers; *Theo. Roosevelt Babbitt*, Raymond McKee; *Verona Babbitt*, Maxine Elliott Hicks; *Tina Babbitt*, Virginia Loomis; *Paul Reisling*, Robert Randell; *Mrs. Zilla Reisling*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Eunice Littlefield*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Edward Littlefield*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tillie, the maid*, Dale Fuller; *Miss McGoun*, Kathleen Key; *Mrs. Littlefield*, Frona Hale; *Michael Dark*, Chum Frink; *Virgil Gunch*, Chas. McHugh.

**"THE ARAB"**—METRO-GOLDWYN—From the stage play by Edgar Selwyn. Directed by Rex Ingram. Photography by John F. Seitz. The cast: *Jamil*, Ramon Novarro; *Mary Hilbert*, Alice Terry; *Dr. Hilbert*, Gerald Robertshaw; *The Governor*, Maxudian; *Hossein*, Count de Limur; *Abdullah*, Adelqui Miller; *Iphraim*, Paul Vermoyal; *Myrza Justa Uribe*, Giuseppe de Campo; *Marmount*, Paul Francesci; *Oulad-Nile*, Alexandresco.

**"BEING RESPECTABLE"** — WARNER BROS.—Story by Grace H. Flandrau. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Phil Rosen. Photography by H. Lyman Broening. The cast: *Valeria Winship*, Marie Prevost; *Charles Carpenter*, Monte Blue; *Deborah Carpenter*, Louise Fazenda; *Suzanne Schuyler-Leyden*, Irene Rich; *Stephen O'Connell*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Darius Carpenter*, Frank Currier; *Louise Carpenter*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mrs. Winship*, Lila Leslie; *Sam Beasley*, Charles French; *Philip Denby*, Sidney Bracey.

**"THE PERFECT FLAPPER"** — FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Jessie Henderson. Scenario by Earl Hudson. Directed by John Francis Dillon. Photography by J. C. Van Trees. The cast: *Tommie Lou Pember*, Colleen Moore; *Dick Trayle*, Sydney Chaplin; *Gertrude Trayle*, Phyllis Haver; *Aunt Sarah*, Lydia Knott; *Reed Andrews*, Frank Mayo; *Joshua Pember*, Charles Wellesley.

**"MANHANDLED"**—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Frank W. Tuttle. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by Hal Rosson. Cast: *Tessie McGuire*, Gloria Swanson; *Johnny Hogan*, Tom Moore; *Riccardi*, Frank Morgan; *Pinkie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Paul Garretson*, Paul McAllister; *Brandt, the sculptor*, Ian Keith; *The Salesman*, Frank Allworth; *Boarding House Keeper*, Carrie Scott; *"Chip" Thorndyke*, Arthur Housman.

**"CAPTAIN JANUARY"** — PRINCIPAL. — Story by Laura E. Richards. Scenario by Eve Unsell and John Gray. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Captain January*, Baby Peggy; *Jeremiah Judkins*, Hobart Bosworth; *Isabelle Morton*, Irene Rich; *George Maxwell*, Harry T. Morey; *Bob Pete*, Lincoln Stedman; *Herbert Morton*, John Merkyl; *John Elliott*, Emmett King; *Lucy Tripp*, Barbara Tennant.

**"BREAD"** — METRO-GOLDWYN. — Based on the novel by Charles G. Norris. Continuity and adaptation by Lenore Coffey and Albert Lewyn. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Jeanette Sturgis*, Mae Busch; *Martin Devlin*, Robert Frazer; *Roy Beardsley*, Pat O'Malley; *Alice Sturgis*, Wanda Hawley; *Mrs. Sturgis*, Eugenie Besserer; *Mr. Corey*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Corey*, Myrtle Stedman; *Gerald Kenyon*, Ward Crane; *Ralph Beardsley*, Raymond Lee.

**"THE MARRIAGE CHEAT"** — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Frank R.

Adams. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by John Griffith Wray. The cast: *Helen Canfield*, Leatrice Joy; *Paul Mayne*, Percy Marmont; *Bob Canfield*, Adolphe Menjou; *Rosie*, Laska Winters; *Captain of Yacht*, Henry Barrows; *Captain of Supply Ship*, J. P. Lockney.

**"REVELATION"** — METRO. — From the story by Mabel Wagnall. Adapted by George D. Baker. Directed by George D. Baker. The cast: *Joline Hofer*, Viola Dana; *Paul Granville*, Monte Blue; *Mlle. Brevoort*, Marjorie Daw; *Count de Roche*, Lew Cody; *The Prior*, Frank Currier; *Augustin*, Edward Connelly; *Madonna*, Kathleen Keg; *Mme. Hofer*, Ethel Wales; *Hofer*, George Siegmann; *Du Clos*, Otto Matiesen; *Jean Hofer*, Bruce Guerin.

**"DARING LOVE"**—TRUART.—Story by Albert Payson Terhune. Scenario by Roland West and Williard Mack. Directed by R. G. Edwards. The cast: *Bebe*, Elaine Hammerstein; *John Stedman*, Huntly Gordon; *Red Bishop*, Walter Long; *Mrs. John Stedman*, Gertrude Astor. *"Music"*, Johnny Arthur; *Queenie*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Jerry Hayden*, Morgan Wallace.

**"TIGER LOVE"** — PARAMOUNT. — From the play by Manuel Penella. Scenario by Howard Hawks. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *The Wildcat*, Antonio Moreno; *Marcheta*, Estelle Taylor; *El Pezuno*, G. Raymond Nye; *Don Ramon*, Manuel Camero; *Don Victoriano*, Edgar Norton; *Don Gigucl*, David Torrence; *Hunchback*, Snitz Edwards; *Father Zaspard*, Monti Collins.

**"SWORDS AND THE WOMAN"**—F. B. O.—From the story by Baroness Orey. Scenario by Kinchea Wood and Isabel Johnston. Directed by Henry Kolker. The cast: *Sir Percy Blakeney*, Holmes Herbert; *Paul Deroulede*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Juliette De Marny*, Flora Le Breton; *Duc De Marny*, Georges Travielle; *Anne Mie*, Marquissette Le Bosky; *Mdme. Deroulede*, Jane Brindeau; *Merlin*, Lewis Gilbert; *Tinville*, A. B. Imeson; *Vicomte De Marny*, Ivan Samson; *Villefranche*, Robert Lang; *Petronelle*, Mrs. De Grey.

**"THE ENEMY SEX"** — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Owen Johnson. Scenario by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Karl Brown. The cast: *"Dodo" Baxter*, Betty Compson; *Garry Lindaberry*, Percy Marmont; *Albert Edward Sassoon*, Sheldon Lewis; *Judge Massingale*, Huntly Gordon; *Mrs. Massingale*, Kathlyn Williams; *Harrigan Blood*, De Witt Jennings; *Blainey*, Will H. Turner; *Ida Summers*, Dot Farley; *Comte de Joney*, Ed Faust; *Miss Snyder*, Pauline Bush.

**"CHANGING HUSBANDS"** — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Elizabeth Alexander. Scenario by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. The cast: *Gwynne Evans* and *Eva Graham*, Leatrice Joy; *Oliver Evans*, Victor Varconi; *Bob Hamilton*, Raymond Griffith; *Mitzi*, Julia Faye; *Delia*, Zasu Pitts; *Mrs. Evans, Sr.*, Helen Dunbar; *Conrad Bradshaw*, William Boyd.

**"BEHIND THE CURTAIN"**—UNIVERSAL. Story by William J. Flynn. Adapted by Emil Forest and Harvey Gates. Directed by Chester Franklin. The cast: *Sylvia Bailey*, Lucille Ricksen; *Hugh Belmont*, Johnny Harron; *Laura Bailey*, Winifred Bryson; *George Belmont*, Charles Clary; *Prof. Gregorious*, Eric Mayne; *"Slug" Gorman*, George Cooper; *District Attorney*, Clarence Geldert; *"Spike"*, Pat Harmon.



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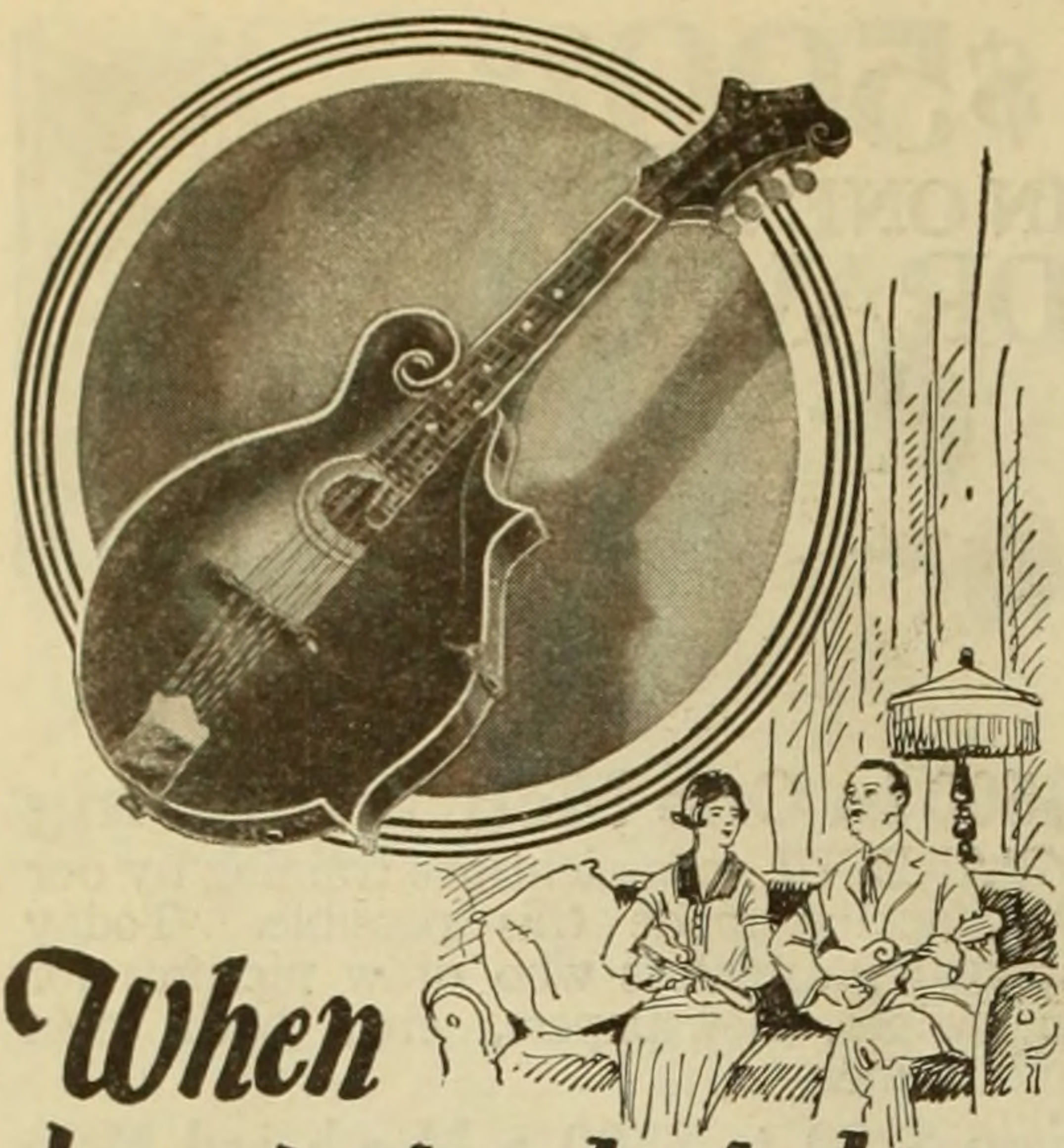


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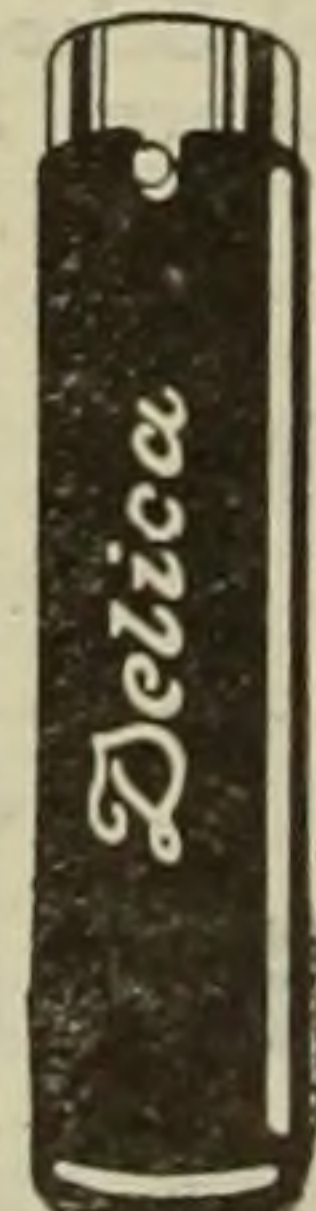
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**"A SELF-MADE FAILURE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the original story by J. K. McDonald. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Sonny, Ben Alexander; Breezy, Lloyd Hamilton; John Steele, Matt Moore, Alice Neal, Patsy Ruth Miller; Grandma Neal; Mary Carr; Cyrus Cruikshank, Sam De Grasse; Spike Malone, Chuck Reisner; Pokey Jones, Victor Potel; Dan, Dan Mason; The Constable Harry Todd; Mrs. Spike Malone, Alta Allen; The Goofey Waitress, Doris Duane; Alice Neal, age 4, Priscilla Moran; Verman, Joe McCray; "Cameo," Herself.

**"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT"**—F. B. O.—From the story by Roland Pertwee. Directed by Dennison Clift. The cast: Anthony Barraclough and Richard Frencham Altar, Clive Brook; Hilbert Torrington, Ernest A. Douglas; Sydney Cranbourne, E. Dagnall; Lord Almont Frayne, Robert English; Doran, James McWilliam; Hugo Van Diest, Norman Page; Ezra P. Hipps, A. B. Imeson; Oliver Lawrence, Ivo Dawson; Harrison Smith, Cameron Carr; Comberstone, Olaf Hytten; Mrs. Barraclough, Daisy Campbell; Isobel Irish, Irene Norman; Flora, Prudence Ponsonby; Cynthia, Jose Shannon; Jane, Margaret Desmond; Auriole Craven, Catherine Calvert.

**"FOR SALE"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Hudson. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Eleanor Bates, Claire Windsor; Joseph Hudley, Adolphe Menjou; Allan Penfield, Robert Ellis; Mrs. Harrison Bates, Mary Carr; Harrison Bates, Tully Marshall; Cabot Stanton, John Patrick; Betty Twombly-Smith, Vera Reynolds; Mrs. Twombly-Smith, Jule Power; Mr. Twombly-Smith, Lou Payne; Mr. Winslow, Phillips Smalley; Mrs. Winslow, Christine Mayo; The Flapper, Jean Vachon; Eric Porter, George Irving; Sir John Geddes, Frank Elliott; The Butler, Finch Smiles; Parisian Dance Hall Girl, Marga La Rubia.

**"YOUNG IDEAS"**—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Sophie Kerr. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: Octavia Lowden, Laura La Plante; Pritchett Spence, T. Roy Barnes; Eloise Lowden, Lucille Ricksen; Eph Thompson, James Barrows; Aunt Minnie, Lydia Yeamans Titus; Grandma, Jennie Lee; Bertie Loomis, Rolfe Sedan; Dr. Hiram Smith, Hal Stevens; Bob Lowden, Buddy Messenger; Brownie, By Himself.

**"LEARN TO LOVE"** (THE TELEPHONE GIRL)—F. B. O.—Story by H. C. Witwer. Scenario by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Percy Pembroke. The cast: Gladys, Alberta Vaughn; Hazel, Gertrude Short; Jerry, Al Cooke; Jimmy, Kit Guard, Tom, Arthur Rankin; Wilbur, Elliott Roth; Miss Fortune, Elsa Lorimer.

**"UNGUARDED WOMEN"** — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lucy Stone Terrill. Scenario by James Creelman. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: Breta Banning; Bebe Daniels; Douglas Albright, Richard Dix; Helen Castle, Mary Astor; Larry Trent, Walter McGrail; George Castle, Frank Losee; Aunt Louise, Helen Lindroth; Sing Woo, Harry Mestayer; James Craig, Donald Hall; Capt. Robert Banning, Joe King.

**"DARK STAIRWAYS"**—UNIVERSAL.—Written by Marion Orth. Adapted by L. J. Rigby. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: Sheldon Polk, Herbert Rawlinson; Sunny Day, Ruth Dwyer; Frank Farnsworth, Hayden Stevenson; "Dippy" Blake, Robert E. Homans; Chris Martin, Walter Perry; Rita Minar, Bonnie Hill; Geraldine Lewis, Kathleen O'Connor; Madge Armstrong, Dolores Rousse.

**"THE GUILTY ONE"** — PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Michael Morton and Peter Traill. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Joseph Henabery. The cast:

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Irene Short, Agnes Ayres; Donald Short, Edward Burns; Philip Dupre, Stanley Taylor; Seaton Davies, Crauford Kent; H. Beverly Graves, Cyril Ring; Bess Maynard, Catherine Wallace; Sam Maynard, T. R. Mills; Capt. of Detectives, George Seigmann; Detective, Clarence Burton; Maid, Dorothea Wolbert.

“ROMANCE RANCH”—Fox.—Story by Jessie Maude Wybro. Scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Howard Mitchell. The cast: Carlos Brent, John Gilbert; Carmen Hendley, Virginia Brown Faire; Clifton Vanable, John Miljan; Felipe Varillo, Bernard Seigel; Tessa, Evelyn Selbie.

“WINE OF YOUTH” — METRO-GOLDWYN.—Based on the play “Mary the Third” by Rachel Crothers. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by King Vidor. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: Mary, Eleanor Boardman; Clinton, James Morrison; William, Johnnie Walker; Lucy, Zasu Pitts. Episode of 1870—Mary, Eleanor Boardman; Robert Niles Welch; Richard, Creighton Hale. Episode of 1897—Mary, Eleanor Boardman; Lynn, Ben Lyon; Hal, William Haines; Max, William

Collier, Jr.; Tish, Pauline Garon; Mother, Eulalie Jensen; Father, E. J. Ratcliffe; Granny, Gertrude Claire; Bobby, Robert Agnew; Anne, Lucille Hutton; Flapper, Virginia Lee Corbin; Flapper, Gloria Heller; Doctor, Sidney De Grey.

“THE SAWDUST TRAIL”—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Dudley Pelley. Adapted by Raymond Schrock. Scenario by E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. Cast: Clarence Elwood Butts, Hoot Gibson; “Calamity” June Webster, Josie Sedgwick; Jonathan Butts, David Torrence; Square Deal McKenzie, Charles K. French; Quid Jackson, Harry Todd; Gorilla Lawson, G. Raymond Nye; Red McLaren, W. T. McCulley; Ranch Foreman, Pat Harmon; Lafe Webster, Taylor Carroll.

“BETWEEN WORLDS”—WEISS BROS.—ARTCLASS.—Written and directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: The Girl: Lil Dagover; Her Sweetheart, Walter Janssen; Stranger, Bernard Goetzke; Girolamo, Rudolf Kleine-Rogge; Moor, Lewis Brody; Viceroy, Karl Huszar; Magician, Paul Beinsfield; Caliph, Edward Von Winterstein; Apothecary, Karl Platen.

## Studio News and Gossip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 ]

HE leaps from trains rattling a mile a minute.

He doubles for mountain-goats in breath-leaving precipice jumps.

He swings from one airplane to another in mid-air.

He does a thousand other things that even a cat of nine lives would shirk. Yet Charles (Dare-devil) Hutchison, the man who sells thrills in bulk, has one lone fear. And he admits it, too!

A short time ago, after finishing several of his spine-freezing thrills at the studio, his wife met him at the door with a troubled look in her eye. “I wish you’d tell our cook we don’t need her any more,” she requested.

“Sure,” agreed the man with the cast-iron nerves. “I’ll do that very thing.”

Sternly and on tip-toes he started for the sacred portal of the culinary artist. Once or twice he started to knock, but he never quite did. In the end his nerves gave way.

“I guess you’ll have to do it,” he confessed dejectedly to his wife. “I’m plumb scared. Everyone was like me I guess all the chiro-practics in Hollywood would have to go out of business.”

WE all have our own pet aversion, but here’s a man with seven and he admits them all. It’s Conway Tearle, romantic leading man and the tennis champion of the Hollywood colony. And here are his pet aversions: purple limousines (Can you blame him?); long-haired men; chewing-tobacco; affected English accents (And they’re growing rather too common in Hollywood); spats; yellow shoes; straw hats.

ELAND S. RAMSDELL, president of Hollywood Photoplay Productions, now producing a series of “puppy love” two-reel comedies, has turned all traditions of the film industry topsy-turvy.

Ramsdell is a student of psychology and as a series of pictures he is now making has an American college locale, he has attempted to create a real college atmosphere on the sets.

He has furnished everybody—props, technicians, electricians and carpenters with white uniforms and no one is allowed to work on the set unless dressed in such. Everybody in his company has four suits—all furnished by the producer—and when they become soiled, they are cleaned at his expense.

Another tradition Ramsdell has shattered is that he does not have music played during the scenes. But he does have an orchestra which plays on a nearby dance-floor between the

scenes. Everybody who is not working at the time—principals, extras, electricians and carpenters may use this floor.

Some of the wise Hollywoodians have given this producer three months to last. Others have predicted he would be good for six months. And a few—a mighty few, too,—think he has hit something really worth while.

Anyway, Ramsdell’s employees are satisfied.

NOW that it is known, everybody has joined the “I told you so” club. When Famous Players-Lasky Corporation announced in July that David Wark Griffith would direct for them, the “I-Told-You-So-ers” gave a happy sigh, though a trifle exultant. Anyhow, the great director will start working for Famous Players-Lasky as soon as he completes “Dawn” which will be his final effort for United Artists. He is making it in Germany. While there had been many rumors that Griffith was to make the change, there was nothing definite about it until the formal announcement was issued in which it was stated that the full resources of Famous Players-Lasky would be placed at the disposal of Griffith in an effort to produce the best he is capable of doing.

IN France they do things differently. The decoration conferred by the French government upon Douglas Fairbanks reveals the fact that things worth while are appreciated. The famous American actor was made an “Officier de l’Instruction Publique” because of the great pictures he has made for the public. The decoration was conferred by Minister of Beaux Arts Jouvenel and is seldom bestowed upon any but natives of France. The honor is bestowed upon persons who have given valuable service to the French people. The French government believes Doug’s pictures have provided that service.

THE members of the original “Ben Hur” company have been gradually drifting back to this country. Charles Brabin, the director, has returned, very ill. It is said that he will sue Metro-Goldwyn for a large sum of money, something like a half-million or so. It is definite that a wholly new cast will work in “Ben Hur” and that both George Walsh and Frances Bushman are out. And rumor has it that June Mathis, no longer connected with Metro-Goldwyn, will return to Rodolph Valentino as executive advisor. Miss Mathis is who selected Rudy for the rôle of Julio in “The Four Horsemen.” There are reports, too, that Miss Mathis is to wed George Walsh. Take your choice of the rumors.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping                            | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines                            |
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## A Child of Destiny

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81 ]

bloomed from the union of a sweet, seventeen year old French girl and her chosen mate! Ah, the romance of that mating, in the shadow of the guns, when the lover came home on a short furlough. In that one week of blissful joy, he held the girl close to his heart and poured out his love and his longings. Then came the parting, the dreary days of waiting for a love letter that never came. And the short, cruel note:

“Mort pour la patrie!”

Came the gradual tightening of the ring of steel around the little mother. Then an air raid, leaving among the shattered ruins of a big house, an aged grandmother and a tiny babe. The village destroyed, most of the inhabitants killed, and the two in the cellar of the once prosperous home. Dark days followed. The whimpering child, bereft of sunlight, living on coarse war bread soaked in tepid water, still struggled on.

Destiny smiled.

Out of those two long, weary years of his despoiled babyhood, Philippe de Lacy emerged one day into the hands of a Red Cross nurse.

It took weeks and months and more than loving care to make this frail bit of humanity into the semblance of a real child. Looking at Philippe now, plump, sturdy, bright-eyed, his curly hair framing the eager, questioning face, one can hardly believe that he is the same baby that Edythe de Lacy brought out of that damp cellar near Verdun.

Who taught Philippe to say that first word of “Mother” that sprang so readily to his lips as Edythe de Lacy bent over his bed? Did some voice from the Infinite whisper it into his ear? Did the child-wife and her husband tell their little one that this woman was really his mother, by right of sacrifice, devotion and love?

To Geraldine Farrar comes the credit of having “discovered” Philippe. She was filming “The Riddle: Woman.” Edythe de Lacy and Philippe were watching her. She noticed the child and decided at once that he was needed in the picture. Since then, directors have said that it is simply marvelous how Philippe responds to direction. It is like playing on a violin. High lights and shades are there; emotion, deep and stirring.

Philippe has now played in twenty-one pictures! Among the best known are “The Riddle: Woman,” “The Rubaiyat,” “The Infidel,” “A Doll’s House,” “Is Matrimony a Failure?” “Why Do We Live?” and, last but not least, with Mary Pickford in “Rosita.”

## Causes of Divorce

IN “The American Mercury,” George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, the twin editors, have listed the various theories as to the cause of the rapid decay of Christian monogamy among us. These theories, they say, are from discussions of various eminent authorities, “usually indignant.”

These boys have been libelled as “high-brows” for many years. As a matter of fact they are a pair of irreverent but enjoyable low-brows with a weakness for thinking out of the rut and writing uncommonly fine English. There should be a law against them.

Here are some of their theoretical reasons for the above-mentioned rapid decay.

- The movies.
- The decline of belief in the literal authority of the Scriptures.
- The multiplication of delicatessen stores has destroyed home cooking.
- Shyster lawyers.
- The steady fall in the price of Fords.
- Jazz.
- Yellow journals.
- Ease with which women can get good husbands.
- The cheap sex magazines.

## Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.  
Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.  
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.  
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.  
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.  
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.  
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.  
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.  
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.  
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.  
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.  
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

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

F. B. O. of AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, 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.

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

METRO-GOLDWYN, 1540 B'way, New York City.  
(s) Metro, Goldwyn, Mayer, Culver City, Cal.  
Buster Keaton Prod., Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.  
Jackie Coogan Prod., Metro, Goldwyn, Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.  
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Prod.) 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.  
(s) Second Ave. & 127th St., New York City.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.  
Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.  
Hal. E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.  
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

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

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.  
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.  
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.  
Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.  
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

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.



# Ever buy a wooden nutmeg?

A HUCKSTER stopped at great-grandmother's door. "Any nutmegs to-day, lady?"

In the tray before him he displayed his wares—big beautiful nutmegs, and at a ridiculously low price.

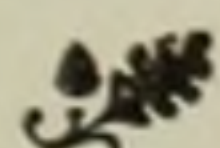
Being fond of nutmeg's spicy flavor, and seeing an opportunity to stock up on them to advantage, great-grandmother bought generously.

There was to be rice pudding for supper. Great-grandmother took the golden-brown beauty from the oven and prepared to give it its finishing touch—a sprinkling of nutmeg. Out came the grater and one of the new nutmegs. She scraped and looked puzzled. Scraped again, and looked closer. Sawdust!! The nutmegs were made of wood.

How far from such methods we have traveled in these days of advertised merchandise. The manufacturer of to-day signs his name to what he says about what he makes. He knows that when you buy you will expect the goods to be what he has said. He knows that if he deceives you once, your confidence is gone forever.

Wooden nutmegs never could have been advertised.

Read the advertisements.



*The fire of publicity consumes falsehood—advertised goods are reliable*





*This entire family, including Mr. and Mrs. Alvah Hinckley of Suffield, Conn., is evidence of the good results obtained from the*

**Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification**





# Now You Can Be Free of Hair!

RECALL last summer. Those embarrassing moments when you wanted to look your best. Those critical glances of your friends. Those offending hairs on your arms and limbs.

Don't subject yourself to the same handicaps this summer. Others on the beach are free of every tiny hair, for they have learned the secret and the magic of ZIP.

You can be one of the favorites during the warm days at the beach, at the dance, yes, even at your daily occupation, if you will take my advice now and eliminate your objectionable hair by my simple process.

## Quick as a Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you devitalize the roots, thus treating the cause and invariably checking the growth. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the *scientifically correct* way to check the growth.

## Lasting Results

Mere surface hair removers, ordinary depilatories, and pumice, have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you devitalize the roots

and in this way check the growth, gently, painlessly and harmlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth, really *adorable*. Use ZIP once, and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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Attractive Bottle 50c  
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Being a closer student of beauty than most women— isn't it natural to consider an actress as a connoisseur of beauty accessories—of powder puffs?

## Where Faces are Fortunes!

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That is why in green room and boudoir; for professional as well as for daintier, more personal use — hundreds of stars prefer Gainsborough Powder Puffs.

These puffs spread powder evenly and naturally. They are softer than the most sensitive skin. From the moment you begin to use one you will understand why — "Each Soft Caress adds Loveliness."



### A Daintier Puff—

Packed attractively in its sanitary, dust-proof container — it comes to you untouched by human hands.

Made of rich velvety velour— or soft lamb's wool—in all sizes to suit your needs. Prices 10c to 75c. At the Better Stores.

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