

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

March

25 cents



BESSIE LOVE

Drawn by TEMPEST INMAN

*Women Men Love—13 New Stars of 1925  
and fifty other entertaining features*



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# Is soft food guilty?

## —glance at the evidence

**NO LONGER** can we doubt that our soft modern food is to blame for the troubles we have with our gums.

The professional papers and the published statements of the foremost practitioners agree that our diet of soft food is at the root of the trouble.

### How soft food breaks down gums

Gums, to remain hard and firm, must have a good rousing circulation of the blood within their walls. As one authority writes:

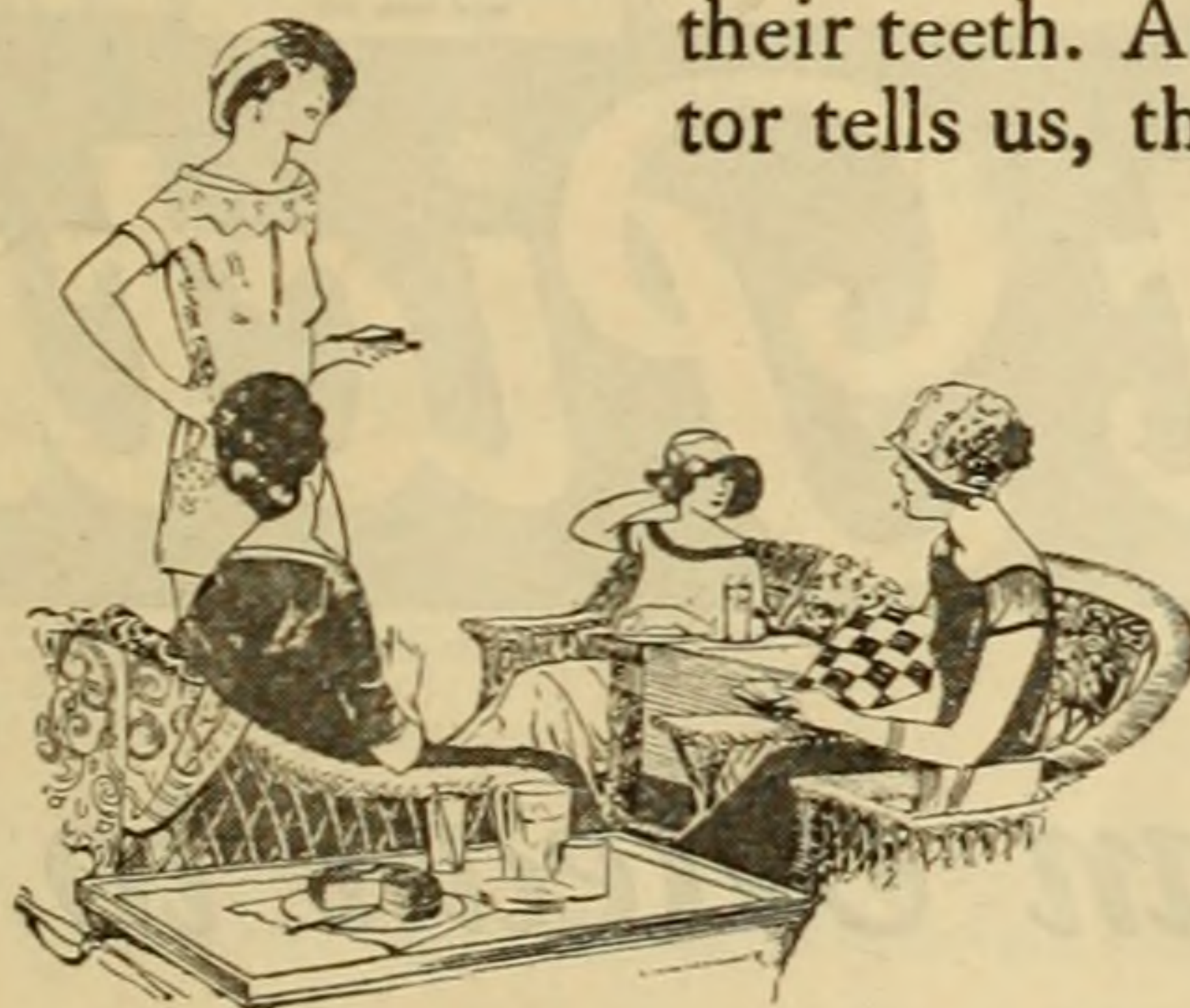
"In the process of masticating coarse foods, a natural massage takes place, creating a pressure and release of the blood vessels in the gum tissue which stimulate the circulation."

Under the healthy stimulus of coarse, fibrous foods, troubles from the gums were unknown. But the soft foods that we eat today rob our gums of the work and massage they need to keep them sound and healthy.

### Hasty eating to blame, too

And to make matters worse, our peculiarly American habit of eating too hastily still further reduces the amount of mechanical stimulation that eating should give to the gums. As another writer puts it:

"All are agreed that our habits of rapid eating, combined with soft or predigested foods, deprive the gums of the natural stimulation they are intended to receive."



Modern food, soft and creamy, is too "easy" on our gums

The most palatable foods are the richest, the creamiest, the most highly refined. They are the ones that pamper our gums and ruin our teeth. An authority on pyorrhea declares:

"The epicurean taste, which craves highly concentrated food, therefore may rightly be called a pernicious habit. Foods subjected to elaborate chemical and mechanical manipulation are directly to blame for the alarming spread of pyorrhea."

### How Ipana strengthens weakened gum tissue

In the face of such evidence, it is not strange that people are coming to realize the importance of daily care of their gums, as well as daily cleaning of their teeth. And, as another investigator tells us, the remedy is:

"Not that we should revert to primordial life, but that we should apply the correction as soon as, or before, gum recession shows."

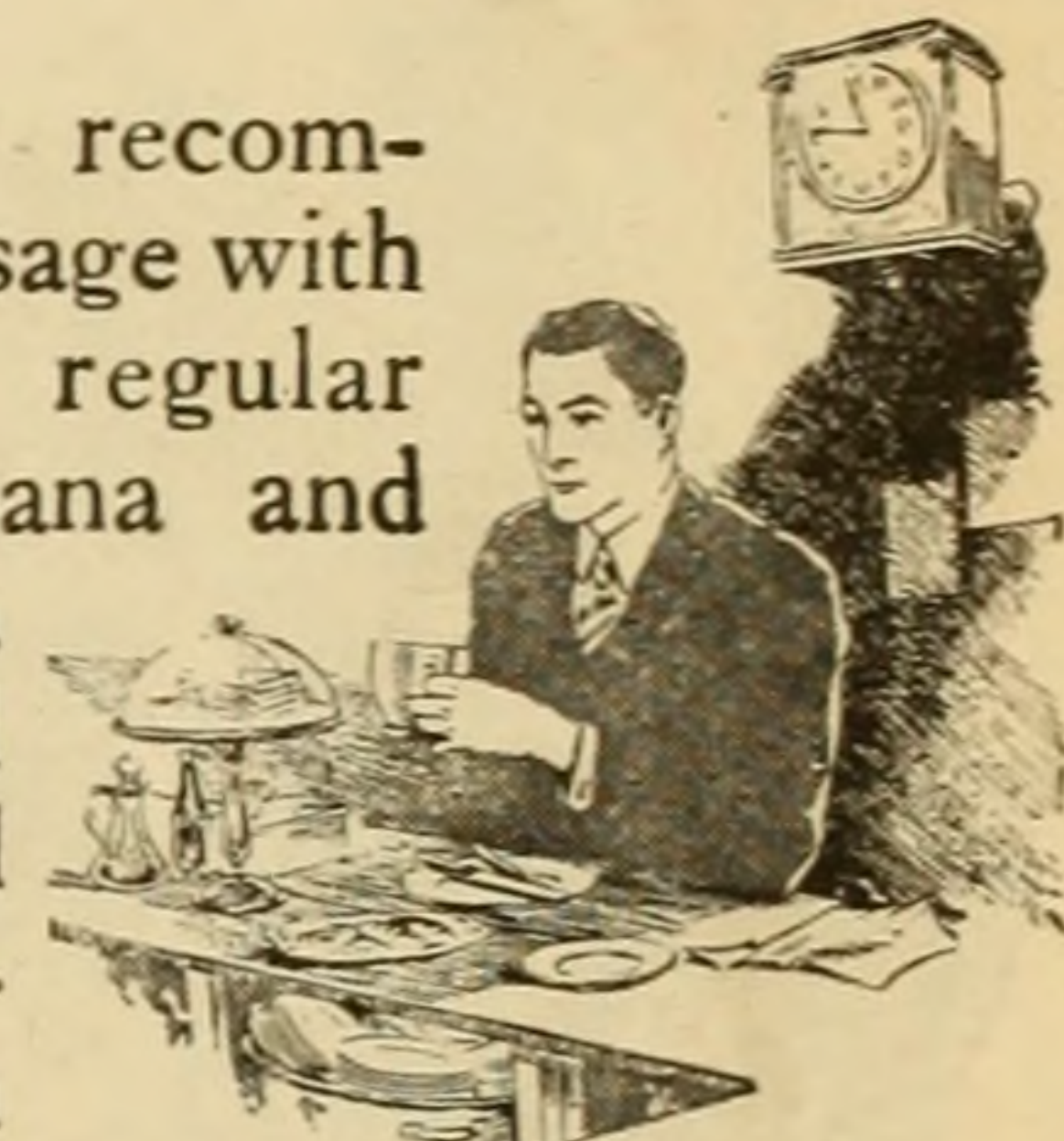
Because Ipana Tooth Paste is a dentifrice that stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth, Ipana

will help you to keep your gums hard and firm and free from the troubles that follow in the train of the "pink toothbrush." In fact, it is to the pro-

gums is necessary for the preservation of a sound, healthy set of teeth, is shown by these opinions of famous authorities on oral hygiene.

fessional recommendations of dentists whose patients suffered from weakened, soft and bleeding gums, that Ipana owes its start.

Many dentists recommend a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush, as a splendid home aid to the general restorative treatment. For Ipana contains ziratol, a valuable anti-septic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists throughout the country. Ziratol is used after extraction, to allay the bleeding of the wound and to restore to the gums their normal tonicity. Its presence gives Ipana the power to aid in the healing and toning of soft, undernourished gums.



Hasty eating, like soft food, robs the gums of stimulation

### Make this trial of Ipana for one month

Ipana is an aid to the dentist, not a substitute for him. Ask him about its properties, its fine cleansing power, its delicious taste. Then switch to it for one month. See for yourself how good, how effective, it really is.

In spite of the coupon on this page, the simplest and best thing to do is to get a large tube at your nearest drug store. The ten-day tube can only start the good work. A full-size tube, which will last for a hundred brushings, will show you the start of firmer, harder, healthier gums, and a clean, sweet and wholesome mouth.

# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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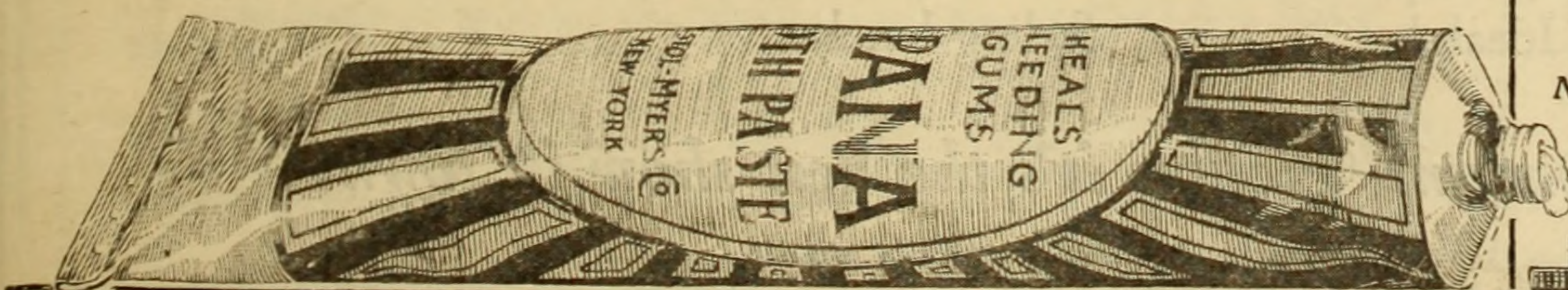
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# Personalities of Paramount

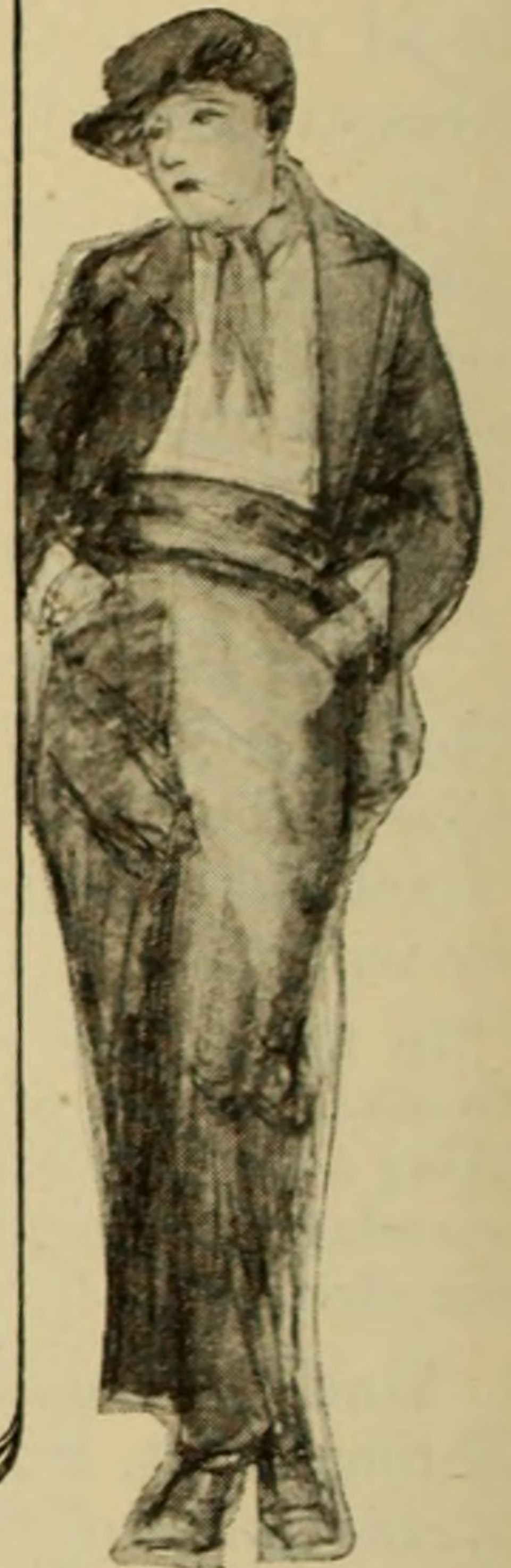
## Gloria Swanson

WHO shall say what is the secret of Gloria Swanson's rise to the very pinnacle of screen fame?

The moment her features and figure appear in the picture millions of eyes are more intent than before, the spell is deepened, and box office records occur.

The pleasure lies for many in watching the star exercise her power as it might be in real life. Few will forget how in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* she keeps a wayward husband at her beck and call. In *The Humming Bird* the rags of a Paris gamin do but help to reveal an astonishing versatility, which is continued in *Manhandled* wherein Gloria clowns it through subway scenes and bargain basements and society studios most laughably.

The recent Paramount Pictures, *Her Love Story* and *Wages of Virtue*, contain still more evidence of quite different Glorias, while her latest picture is *Madame Sans-Gene*. This was made in and near Paris with the support of leading lights of the French Stage.



# Paramount Pictures

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Paramount puts you in warm touch with the beating heart of men and women.

Simply take your seat where the sign says "It's a Paramount Picture," and become as one with the crowd enjoying the best show in town.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS  
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVII

No. 4

## Contents

March, 1925

Cover Design	Bessie Love	
From a Pastel Portrait by Tempest Inman		
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures	8	
In Tabloid Form for Ready Reference		
Brickbats and Bouquets	12	
Frank Letters from Readers		
Rotogravure: New Pictures	19	
Mae Marsh, Shirley Mason, Ruth Roland, Mary Arthur, Leila Hymans, Gertrude Olmstead, Alma Bennett		
Speaking of Pictures (Editorials)	James R. Quirk	27
Thirteen "Baby Stars of 1925"		28
Hollywood Writers Forecast for This Baker's Dozen of Debutantes a Brilliant Future		
I Knew Them When—	Charles J. McGuirk	30
How Some of the Great Ones of the Film Got Their Start		
Our Movie Primer	H. W. Haenigsen	33
Humorous Advice for the Ambitious		
<i>Drawings by the Author</i>		
A Complete Story in Seven Facial Expressions		34
(Photographs)		
Adolphe Menjou Shows What It Feels Like to Be Waiting for a Certain Girl		
It Can't Be Done (Fiction)	Frederic Arnold Kummer	36
A Thrilling Serial That Reflects the Real Life of the Studios		
<i>Illustrated by John LaGatta</i>		

(Continued on next page)

### Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

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

Page 44

Peter Pan..... Paramount  
The Devil's Cargo..... Paramount  
East of Suez..... Paramount

Page 45

So Big..... First National  
A Thief in Paradise... First National  
The Narrow Street..... Warner Bros.

Page 46

Wife of the Centaur... Metro-Goldwyn  
The Golden Bed..... Paramount  
Forty Winks..... Paramount  
Frisolous Sal..... First National  
The Lighthouse by the Sea.....  
..... Warner Bros.  
The Man Without a Country.... Fox

Page 47

So This Is Marriage... Metro-Goldwyn  
The Dancers..... Fox  
Tomorrow's Love..... Paramount  
The Sleeping Cutie..... F. B. O.  
The Dixie Handicap... Metro-Goldwyn  
Curlytop..... Fox

Page 104

Youth and Adventure..... F. B. O.  
Let 'er Buck..... Universal  
The Sign of the Cactus..... Universal  
The Lost Chord..... Arrow  
Flashing Spurs..... F. B. O.  
Ridin' Pretty..... Universal  
The No-Gun Man..... F. B. O.  
Comin' Thro' the Rye..... Hepworth  
Bad Company... Associated Exhibitors

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## Contents—Continued

Women Men Love Which Woman of the Screen Is Your Favorite?	Harriette Underhill	40
At Last—The Blonde Vampire Anna Q. Nilsson Creates a New Type in "Inez of Hollywood"	Adela Rogers St. Johns	42
"I Told You So!" A Prediction About Jack Gilbert That Is Coming True	Ivan St. Johns	43
The Shadow Stage The Department of Practical Screen Criticism		44
The Catch of Hollywood George O'Brien Is Considered the Prize Quarry in the Matrimonial Hunt	Ivan St. Johns	48
Says She'll Never Marry an Actor But Isn't It Just Possible That Edna Murphy May Change Her Mind?	May Stanley	49
Close-Ups and Long Shots Witty Comment on Screen Personalities	Herbert Howe	50
French Hats for Spring, 1925 Off-Screen Garb and Paris Short Skirts Are Also Here Discussed by this Fashion Authority	Grace Corson	51
	<i>Drawings by the Author</i>	
Studio News and Gossip—East and West What the Screen Folk Are Doing	Cal York	54
The Real Wally Mrs. Reid, on the Second Anniversary of Her Husband's Death, Reveals His Lovable Qualities	Dorothy Davenport Reid	58
Rotogravure: Wally Reid, Will Rogers, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer		59
Jackie Coogan's European Diary Our Youngest Envoy Completes His Mission at Athens		63
Tom Mix's Own Story The Second Installment of a Dashing Narrative of Adventure and Thrills		64
Sales Manager to Leading Man The Story of the Rise of Warner Baxter	Lucile Erskine	66
Just a Little Nest in the Golden West (Photographs) Kenneth Harlan and Mrs. Harlan (Marie Prevost) at Home		67
The Romantic History of the Motion Picture The Conclusion of This Great Record of the Film Industry	Terry Ramsaye	68
Beauty and Ytuaeab (Photographs) It's Contrasts That Make the Difference in Screen as Well as in Real Life		70
When Will Elsie Ferguson Return? (Photograph) That Is What Picture Fans Are Asking		72
John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte (Photograph) Destiny Has Cast Them Together Constantly as Screen Lovers		74
Iridescent Pearl White A Dashing Favorite Who Is Amusing Paris in "You're Going Crazy"		76
Billy Burke and Daughter (Photograph) You Might Almost Take This Pair for Twins		82
Questions and Answers	The Answer Man	93
Friendly Advice The Department of Personal Service	Carolyn Van Wyck	106
Cast of Current Photoplays Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue		130

*Addresses and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 102*

## What a Husband Should Understand *and* What a Wife Should Understand *When They Are Both Screen Stars*

Harriette Underhill writes an amusing story of an evening's discussion with Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay, in next month's issue.

Professional people have problems of their own much more difficult than those of the average couples, and Harriette Underhill tells them in her usual humorous fashion.

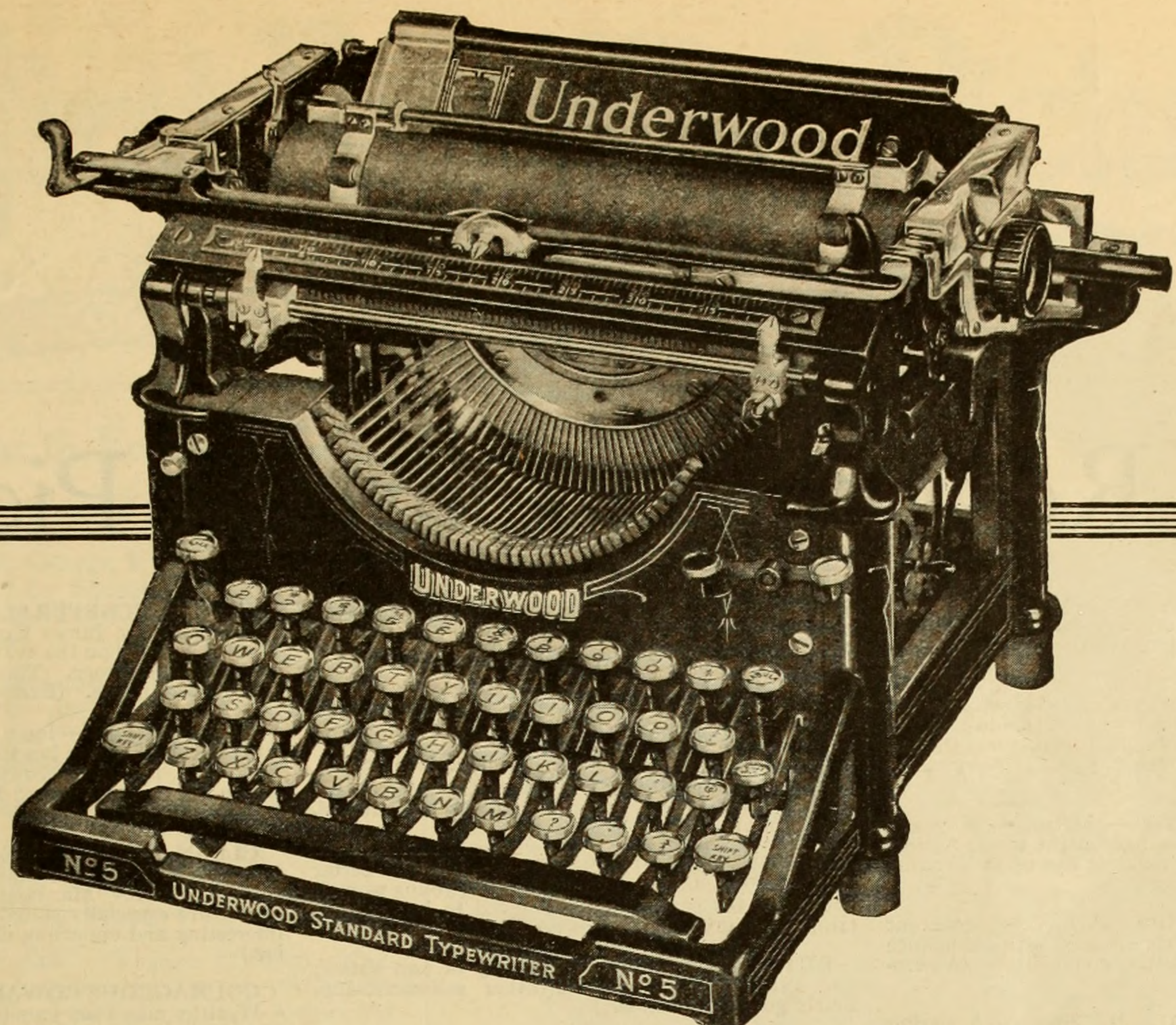
## Is Marguerite Clark Coming Back?

She is still in doubt herself, but for the present she is very happy in a beautiful country estate near New Orleans.

A PHOTOPLAY representative visited her recently, and in next month's issue will tell what she is doing, and what her plans are.

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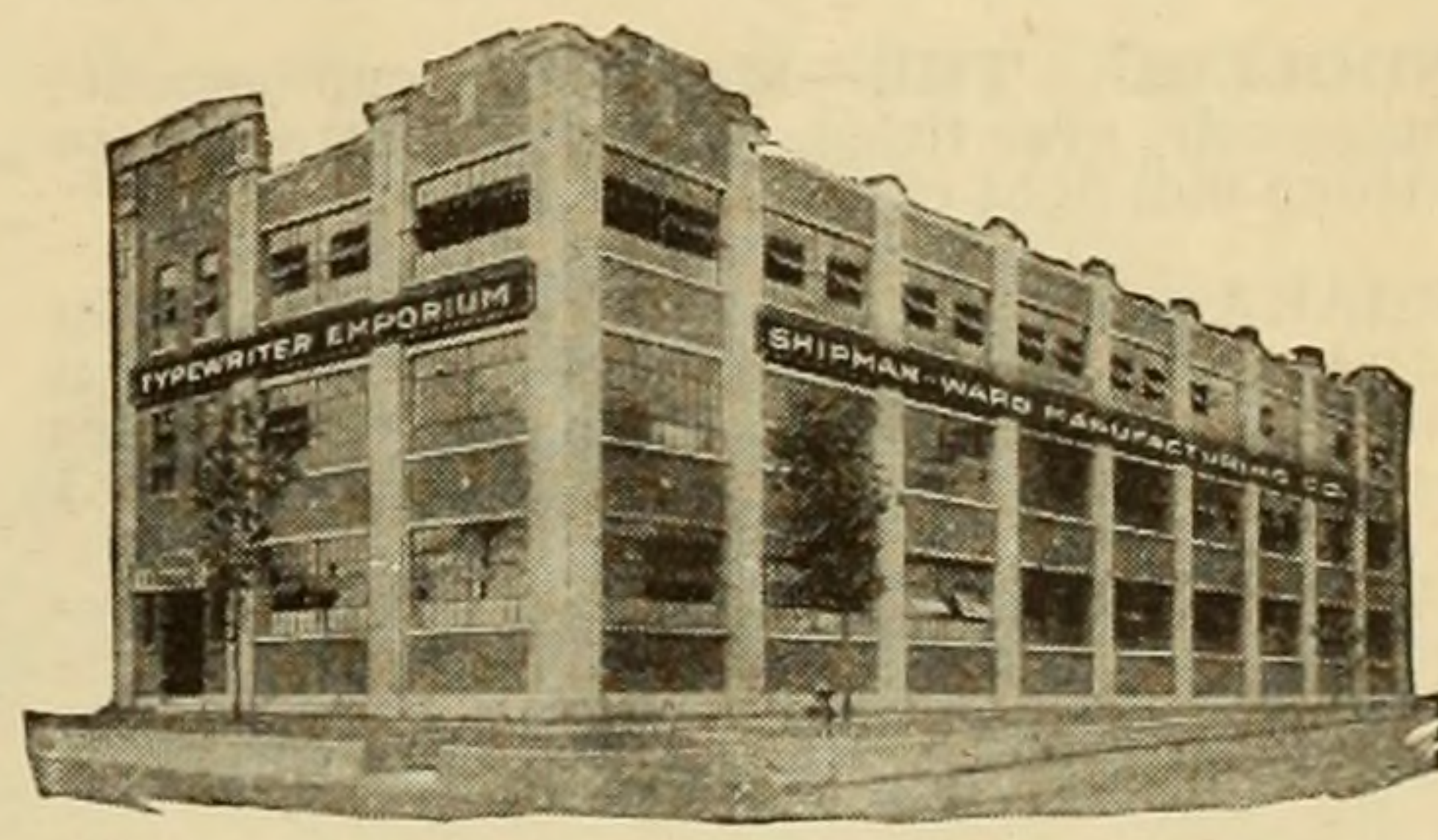
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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

**AIR HAWK, THE**—F. B. O.—An air thriller with Al Wilson as the man of mystery doing some wonderful stunt flying. If you like aviation see the picture. (February.)

**ALASKAN, THE**—Paramount.—This story of he-man in Alaskan wastes isn't what it should be. We cannot expect Tommie Meighan to perform the impossible by making a great picture every time. (November.)

**ALONG CAME RUTH**—Metro.—A young woman arrives in the somnambulant town, Action, Maine, and proceeds to make it live up to its name with a vengeance. (October.)

**AMERICAN MANNERS**—F. B. O.—Incoherent story, misnamed and poorly directed with abundance of slap-stick comedy and slangy sub-titles. (November.)

**ANOTHER SCANDAL**—Hodkinson.—A daring story of a grass widow who tries to steal away a husband. Sophisticated or cheap, it all depends upon the viewpoint. (January.)

**ARAB, THE**—Metro.—Plot not so good, but Director Ingram has done much with his Algerian players, and Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are good. (September.)

**ARGENTINE LOVE**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. Story follows hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes up on deficiencies of plot. (February.)

**BABBITT**—Warner.—Not quite as the author of the book had it, but Babbitt himself retains much of his original characteristics. Interesting. (September.)

**BANDOLERO, THE**—Metro.—A cumbersome and draggy tale, over titled, with superb atmosphere and a strong bull fight climax. (December.)

**BARBARA FRIETCHIE**—Ince.—Once again there is a lovely Southern gal in desperate love with a handsome Northern officer. The direction makes Florence Vidor's Barbara super-sweet. (December.)

**BARRIERS BURNED AWAY**—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1871 incidental to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

**BATTLING ORIOLES, THE**—Pathe.—Brisk, amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (Jan.)

**BEAUTY PRIZE, THE**—Metro.—Viola Dana is a winner of a bathing girl contest and finds herself involved in a lot of excitement. Just fair comedy. (December.)

**BEHIND THE CURTAIN**—Universal.—Starts as a summertime romance and ends in fake spiritualism. Hardly worth while. (September.)

**BEHOLD THIS WOMAN**—Vitagraph.—Here is a giant, woman-hating cattleman who meets a motion picture actress in his mountain retreat and follows her to Hollywood. (October.)

**BEING RESPECTABLE**—Warner.—Domestic triangle handled with discretion and good taste. An old love bobs up to disturb a married man's (Monte Blue's) serenity. Well done. (September.)

**BELOVED BRUTE, THE**—Vitagraph.—A Western story concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. (January.)

**BETWEEN WORLDS**—Weiss Bros. Artclass.—An imported film, which features a series of allegories. Well done, but lacks the popular appeal. (September.)

**BIG TIMBER**—Universal.—Built around a forest fire and lumberjack with story none too gripping. William Desmond is star. (October.)

**BORN RICH**—First National.—The younger set to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in the inevitable triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

**BRASS BOWL, THE**—Fox.—A series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays a dual role. (Jan.)

**BREAD**—Metro.—Norris' novel brought to the screen, with a happy ending. Moral is that a woman's place is the home. Dull. (September.)

**BREATH OF SCANDAL, THE**—B. P. Schulberg.—Teeming with action, this fast moving drama of modern marriage reaches a happy conclusion. (November.)

**BROKEN BARRIERS**—Metro.—Slightly better than passable film fare. Story is about young woman who cares for married man believed to be hopeless cripple. Wins him. (October.)

**BUTTERFLY**—Universal.—Story of two sisters, one vain and spoiled and other self-sacrificing. Fairly good. (November.)

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.

**CAPTAIN BLOOD**—Vitagraph.—Of the old roistering days of seventeenth century and revolves around a series of sea fights. Splendid entertainment. (November.)

**CAPTAIN JANUARY**—Principal.—The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his protegee, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the waif. Fair. (September.)

**CHANGING HUSBANDS**—Paramount.—When a husband can't tell his wife from another woman, there is bound to be trouble—or comedy. Some of the latter in this, though it falls down. (September.)

**CHEAP KISSES**—F. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Sullivan's first production. The story, although about the jazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (January.)

**CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART**—First National.—A dull and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

**CIRCE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Boring tale said to be an original film tale by Blasco Ibanez. Too many closeups of Mae Murray. (November.)

**CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS, THE**—Paramount.—Not Director James Cruze at his best and yet slightly better than the average photoplay built upon a mother-love story. This is Virginia Lee Corbin's first grown-up role. (December.)

**CLASSMATES**—First National.—This time Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Madge Evans, in her first grown-up role. The average screen follower will adore Richard as a West Point cadet. (January.)

**CLEAN HEART, THE**—Vitagraph.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson, author of "If Winter Comes." Percy Marmont and Marguerite de la Motte are especially suited to their roles. It is an interesting and appealing character study. (December.)

**COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE**—Capital Prod.—Wealthy man's son goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak, and does. Children will enjoy it. (February.)

**DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE**—F. B. O.—Intriguing little drama spiced with a dash of the risqué. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

**DANGEROUS MONEY**—Paramount.—This is Bebe Daniels' first starring picture. Just another flabby film story with William Powell, the scoundrel who tries to get Bebe's money. (December.)

**DANTE'S INFERNO**—Fox.—This is a queer mixture of a modern story with Dante's immortal effort interwoven. Brimstone, pitch and Bathing girls! Shades of Dantel! (December.)

**DARING LOVE**—Truart.—An unfaithful wife drives husband to a questionable resort, where a dancer makes him see the light and happiness. Not much. (September.)

**DARK STAIRWAYS**—Universal.—If you will lay aside your judgment you'll like this one. A mystery story, impossible, but exciting. Good entertainment. (September.)

**DARK SWAN, THE**—Warner Brothers.—Not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with half-sisters in love with the same man. (Feb.)

**DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT**—Fox.—Wild and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There's a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending. (February.)

**DESERT OUTLAW, THE**—Fox.—Not much of a story but western melodrama with action galore. (November.)

**EARLY BIRD, THE**—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his best. Many thrills and more laughs is this fast-moving comedy, which centers around a milkman and the daughter of the milk-trust magnate. (February.)

**EMPTY HANDS**—Paramount.—Story of engineer and society girl lost in wilderness. Experiences cure girl of distorted view of life. (November.)

**ENEMY SEX, THE**—Paramount.—Betty Compson in a sexy film of the girl who comes through fire unscathed. Keep the family home. (September.)

**FAST SET, THE**—Paramount.—A bit soggy. A novelist and his wife have drifted apart. The husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst. Usual ending. (February.)

**FAST WORKER, THE**—Universal.—A capable cast makes this picture thoroughly entertaining. Reginald Denny does some thrilling automobile racing. (December.)

**FEET OF CLAY**—Paramount.—Cecil B. De Mille's newest find, Vera Reynolds, in her first big role. Hectic, and apt to disappoint. (December.)

**FEMALE, THE**—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of girl who once ran into an African jungle and played with lion cubs. (November.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 10 ]



# News of First National Pictures

## The Best in Entertainment

**"A Thief in Paradise"**—The story of a derelict who finds an earthly paradise and steals love. A George Fitzmaurice production presented by Samuel Goldwyn. With Ronald Colman, Doris Kenyon and Aileen Pringle featured.

**"Learning to Love"**—In which Constance Talmadge dares you not to laugh and enjoy yourself from start to finish. Antonio Moreno has the leading masculine role.

**"As Man Desires"**—No one can fight a he-man fight like Milton Sills—nor is anyone exactly like the chic and vivacious Viola Dana. "As Man Desires" is a South Sea Island picture; one of the most appealing ever made.

**"Frivolous Sal"**—Eugene O'Brien, Mae Busch and Ben Alexander are the principals of a drama that moves against America's most beautiful mountain scenery. J. K. McDonald—the man who made "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine"—produced it.

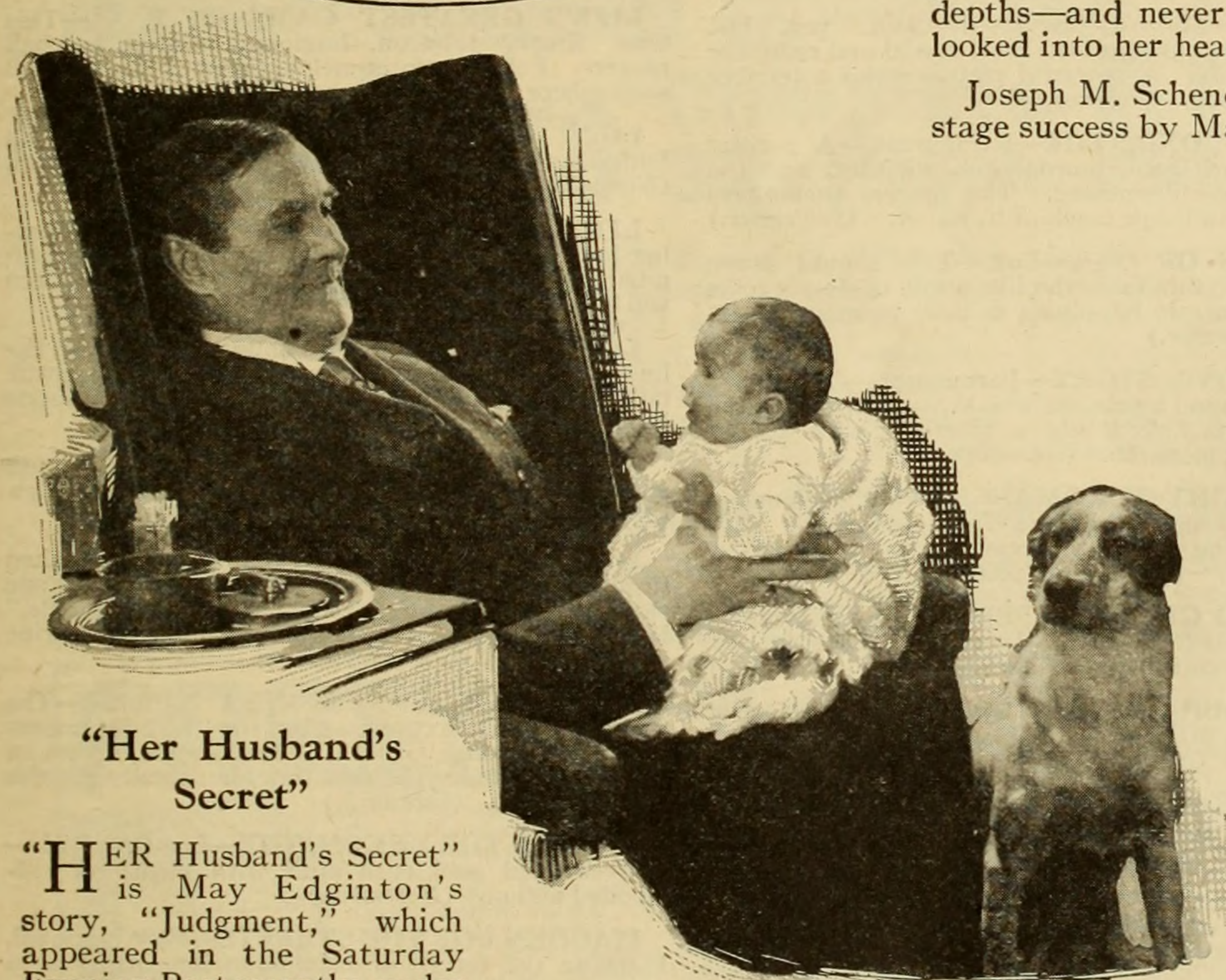
**"So Big"**—Critics have called Colleen Moore's performance in this Edna Ferber story one of the finest things the screen has ever held.



Norma Talmadge in "The Lady"

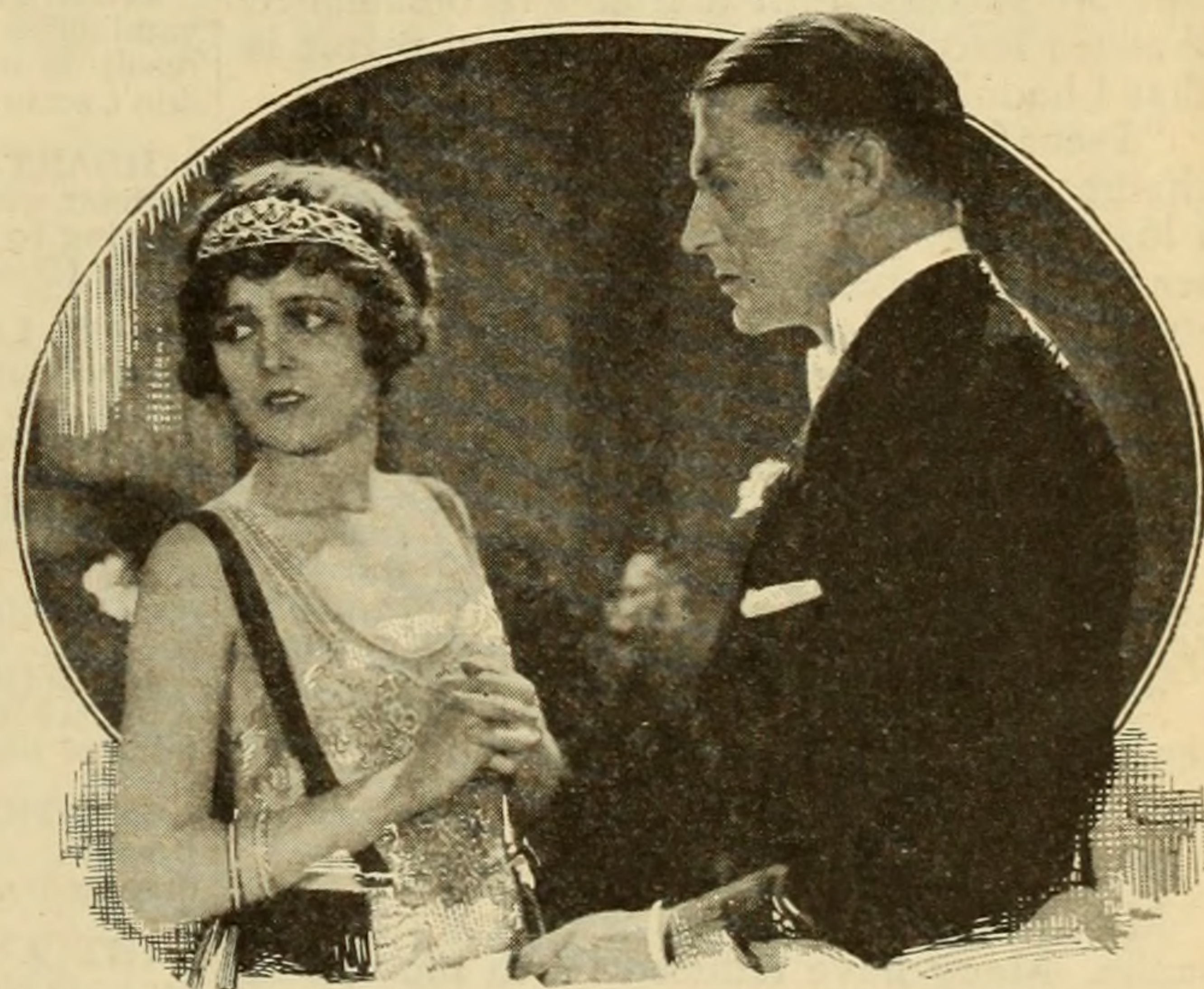
YOU'LL like Norma Talmadge in "The Lady"—as Polly, the beauty of the English dance halls, the girl who dreamed about being a lady—prayed—hoped for the chance. It's the story of a girl who was cheated in love, who fell from the heights to the depths—and never knew she really was a Lady until someone else looked into her heart.

Joseph M. Schenck presents "The Lady", which was a Broadway stage success by Martin Brown. It is a Frank Borzage production.



"Her Husband's Secret"

"HER Husband's Secret" is May Edginton's story, "Judgment," which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post recently, under its movie name. It is the latest screen achievement of Frank Lloyd, creator of the never-to-be-forgotten "The Sea Hawk" and the delightfully human "The Silent Watcher." The characters stand out, real and strong, in every picture he presents. On the screen the name "Lloyd" means entertainment insurance. Above is David Torrence with the baby who in the second reel grows up to become Patsy Ruth Miller. Antonio Moreno and Ruth Clifford complete the cast of principals.



A Scene from "Enticement"

THE characters of Clive Arden's "Enticement" have been brought to life on the screen with amazing force and realism by the Thos. H. Ince corporation. "Enticement" is a love drama—the drama of an enticing beauty who swayed hearts. Paris, London, and a hidden inn high in the Alps are the settings for the story.

Mary Astor, Clive Brook, and Ian Keith are the featured players, and George Archainbaud directed.



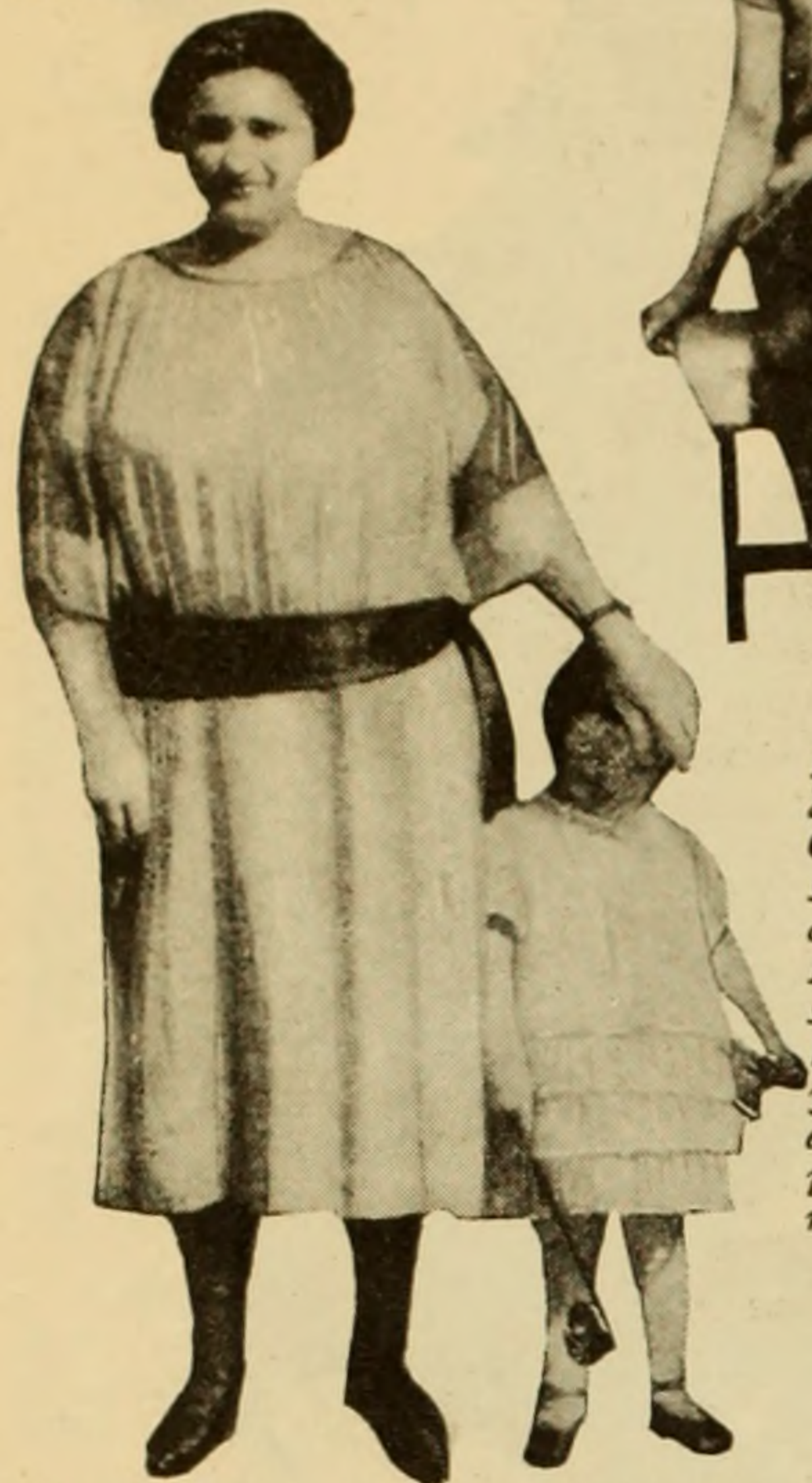
Ask Your Theatre Manager to Show the First National Picture You Want to See





# Reduced 62 Pounds

and Mrs. R. E. Justin of Cleveland says "I look and feel better."



Mrs. R. E. Justin, 2225 W. 98th St., Cleveland, Ohio, as she appears now after using Wallace Records for only a short time. Weight 128 pounds. Do you wonder she is enthusiastic in her praise of Wallace's method?

Mrs. Justin when she weighed 190 pounds.

## Testimony of Mirror and Scales

Every time she stepped on the scales a pleasant surprise greeted her. Day by day this reduction continued, the flesh became firmer, the lines more graceful. Today she says she never felt or looked better in her life. Read her own story: "To look at me today you'd never believe that just a few weeks ago I weighed 190 pounds, but the enclosed photos tell their own story.

"It seemed to me that I tried everything without success until a friend recommended Wallace Records, and now my only regret is that I hadn't tried them before.

"I sent for a trial record. It came prepaid, no charge whatever. You can imagine my joy when I lost 4½ pounds the first week. Of course I sent for all the records, and I continued to lose steadily.

"Every time I stepped on the scales—and this was quite frequently—I found I had lost a pound or two. This was certainly enough encouragement to continue.

"Now I am down to 128 pounds, look better and feel better than I ever did in my life, and my friends are simply amazed at my improvement.

"I give full credit to you, Mr. Wallace; your remarkable records helped me as nothing else could."

### Nothing Unusual in Her Experience

Mrs. Justin's experience is typical of thousands. Many have reduced much more, and taking off 30 to 40 pounds is quite common.

The method is simple, pleasant and positive; no Turkish baths, patent foods or drugs or punishing diet.

YOU can lose by the same method. It won't cost you a penny to prove it. Wallace will gladly send the first week's lesson (record and all) for a FREE trial. You pay nothing unless you wish to keep it and complete the course.

Send the coupon TODAY—there's no obligation. On its receipt the first week's lesson, record and all, go to you at once, prepaid.

WALLACE (530)  
630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago  
Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name .....

Address .....

## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

**FIGHTING FURY**—Universal.—A conventional Western of cattle-rustlers, lovely ranch-owner and heroic stranger which merits unqualified verdict of "pretty punk." (October.)

**FIGHT, THE**—Fox.—Snappy and well acted, this film appeals to all who like prize fights. Based on Richard Harding Davis' Van Bibber stories. (October.)

**FIRE WHEN READY**—F. B. O.—The fifth episode of "The Go-Getters," and is just like the rest of those nonsensical things that you chuckle over and wonder what it is all about. (January.)

**FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE**—Pathe.—The most amusing Mack Sennett comedy that Harry Langdon has appeared in thus far. (November.)

**FLIRTING WITH LOVE**—First National.—Colleen Moore always lovely, tosses her bobbed hair in typical flapper role but finally learns that she loves a reformer. (November.)

**FOOLISH VIRGIN, THE**—C. B. C.—One of the worst pictures of the year. (February.)

**FOOLS IN THE DARK**—F. B. O.—Frankest kind of bunk mystery play, with skeletons, cats, timorous poets, heiresses, scheming guardians, Hindoo servants, etc. (October.)

**FORBIDDEN PARADISE**—Paramount.—The combination—Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch. The result—a great picture. The story is of a queen who loved not wisely but too well. (January.)

**FOR SALE**—First National.—Claire Windsor's beauty goes to highest bidder, when her father (Tully Marshall) is about to shoot himself. Mediocre stuff. (September.)

**GARDEN OF WEEDS, THE**—Paramount.—Betty Compson, directed by James Cruze, is a chorus girl who goes wrong, but is saved by true love. Not for children. (January.)

**GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY**—Fox.—Highly emotional stuff of a self-made captain of industry who purchases the titled daughter of an earl in marriage. (February.)

**GREAT DIAMOND MYSTERY, THE**—Fox.—A slender mystery tale in which a young girl writer of murder tales saves her sweetheart from the electric chair. Passable. (January.)

**GREATEST LOVE OF ALL, THE**—Selznick.—George Beban comes into his own in a quaint "Italian Main Street" production. (January.)

**GREED**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Realism, yes, but this picture emphasizes the most sordid and repulsive aspects of life. A powerful picture—and a terribly depressing one. (February.)

**GUILTY ONE, THE**—Paramount.—A regular vaudeville of farce, murder and whatnot, and the result is mostly nothing. The players themselves don't seem to think much of it, either. (September.)

**HEARTS OF OAK**—Fox.—This should prove popular with film fans who like a tale of simple folks striving to attain happiness in their homely, honest way. (December.)

**HER LOVE STORY**—Paramount.—The story revolves around a princess who loves a captain of the guard but is forced into a marriage with an old neighboring monarch. (December.)

**HER NIGHT OF ROMANCE**—First National.—Vivacious comedy. Connie Talmadge simply scintillates as the wealthy heiress, victim of a nervous disease, who—well, see the picture. (February.)

**HE WHO GETS SLAPPED**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A remarkably fine picture. Lon Chaney does the best work of his career as the famous clown. (January.)

**HIS HOUR**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Picturization of story leaves little to the imagination. Keep the children home. (November.)

**HIT AND RUN**—Universal.—A Hoot Gibson program picture in which his fans will find him at his best in a story quite unusual and entertaining. (October.)

**HONOR AMONG MEN**—Fox.—Another romance of mythical royalty, built from Richard Harding Davis' "The King's Jackal." Edmund Lowe plays the lead. (December.)

**HOT WATER**—Pathe.—Harold Lloyd still continues to furnish fans with laughs. This time he's a married man with a nagging mother-in-law. If you have one of these you'll sympathize with poor Harold. (January.)

**HOUSE OF YOUTH**—Producers Dist. Corp.—Story of "flaming youths" of today. The hero and heroine quit the wild life to open a fresh air farm for poor kiddies. (February.)

**HUSBANDS AND LOVERS**—First National.—A deft little study of a married couple. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor. (January.)

**IDLE TONGUES**—First National.—Action interesting, but the plot is dull. (February.)

**INEZ FROM HOLLYWOOD**—First National.—Title will attract, but this story of a screen vamp (Anna Q. Nilsson) who isn't really what she's painted is a trifle overdone. (February.)

**IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERLMUTTER**—First National.—Corking good comedy with a laugh in every sub-title. (November.)

**INTO THE NET**—Pathe.—A thriller that sustains interest throughout. Story based on daily life of New York police department. (November.)

**IRON HORSE, THE**—Fox.—An epic of the terrific handicap under which the first transcontinental railroad was completed. Intensely interesting, also instructive. (October.)

**ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?**—United Artists.—A Griffith production, that approaches perfection. You live the struggles and hardships of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the War. (February.)

**IT IS THE LAW**—Fox.—Another melodrama of the eternal triangle with plenty of suspense and thrills. Carries a surprise punch. (November.)

**JANICE MEREDITH**—Cosmopolitan.—Another romantic tale of the American Revolution. Marion Davies appears to advantage as Janice. Supporting cast good. (October.)

**JUBILO, JR.**—Pathe.—If you were ever a kid you will like this picture. Will Rogers and The Gang combine for a lot of fun. (October.)

**K—THE UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Overpadded story about surgeon who gives up everything when he imagines himself guilty of carelessness. Redeems self by operation. (November.)

**LAST OF THE DUANES, THE**—Fox.—Zane Grey's novel of hair-trigger shooting and hairbreadth escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (October.)

**LAST MAN ON EARTH**—Fox.—Stay away from this picture. It is the dullest shown in many months. The title tells the story but not baldly enough. (Feb.)

**LAUGHING AT DANGER**—F. B. O.—The much talked of "death ray" is just one factor in Richard Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Action and athletics galore. (February.)

**LIFE'S GREATEST GAME**—F. B. O.—This time, Emory Johnson, immortalizes our baseball players. Full of hokum melodrama but the baseball atmosphere has its interest. (December.)

**LILY OF THE DUST**—Paramount.—From Suderman's "Song of Songs." Tale lacks real appeal. (November.)

**LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE**—Metro.—Viewing Jackie Coogan as a shipwrecked orphan on a cannibal island is an evening well spent. The children will love it. (October.)

**LOCKED DOORS**—Paramount.—In which the husband unselfishly agrees to a divorce when his wife falls in love with a young gallant. Theodore Roberts is at his best. (February.)

**LOVE AND GLORY**—Universal.—Second Rupert Julian version of "We Are French." The first was a gem. This one isn't. (October.)

**LOVER OF CAMILLE, THE**—Warner.—Taken from Sacha Guitry's drama of a famous pantomimic clown and his unhappy love for "the lady of Camille." In the films it somehow borders upon saccharine sentimentality. (January.)

**LOVE'S WILDERNESS**—First National.—The "wilderness" is picturesque, but the "love" is unconvincing. Corinne Griffith, as the heroine, makes an unfortunate choice the first time, but finally marries the right man. (February.)

**LURE OF THE YUKON, THE**—Lee-Bradford.—Conventional gold rush stuff with plenty of red-blooded action. (November.)

**MADONNA OF THE STREETS**—First National.—Marking the return of Nazimova but otherwise a draggy and sordid tale. Leave the children home. (January.)

**MANHANDLED**—Paramount.—In which Gloria Swanson discovers that men will be men and an honest man's love is best. By far this star's best work. (September.)

**MANHATTAN**—Paramount.—This is Richard Dix's first starring picture and it's filled with thrills and fine entertainment. (January.)

**MAN MUST LIVE, A**—Paramount.—Good entertainment. Richard Dix, as the hero, decides sympathy isn't worth while on an empty stomach and starts to treat the world rough. (February.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]



# FREE!

Both 10-Piece *White Enamel Kitchen Set* and 9-Piece *Enamelled Canister Set*



**Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucapan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Castor Set (4 pieces); Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 5 pieces, making 11 separate utensil combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.**

## Only \$1 Brings Complete 32-Piece Aluminum Set

Just mail the coupon with \$1 and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. Use all three sets 30 days on Free Trial, and

if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Sets as gifts from Hartman.

### A Complete Cooking Outfit—Guaranteed for Life

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

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Both sets free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Ice Pick, Egg and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Pan Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wall Rack. All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all enameled in colors with black lettering designating contents. Offer limited.

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### Nearly a Year to Pay

This offer proves that Hartman gives the world's most liberal terms and the world's greatest values in dependable merchandise. Send only \$1 now and that will be your first payment on the Aluminum Set. Then, if after 30 days' trial you decide to keep it, take nearly a year to pay for the Aluminum Set only—a little every month. Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set at any time. Offer is limited. Mail the coupon NOW, while you can get these wonderful Free Gifts.

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I enclose \$1. Send the **32-Piece Complete Aluminum Cooking Set No. 417GMA14, Price \$18.95,** and with it the 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set absolutely FREE. I am to pay nothing further for goods on arrival—only the small freight charges. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If satisfied, I will send you \$2.00 monthly until full price of Cooking Set, \$18.95, is paid. Will pay nothing at any time for the 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set. Title remains with you until paid in full. If not satisfied after 30 days' free trial, I will ship all goods back and you will refund my \$1 and pay transportation charges both ways.

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## "What Is Love?"

Hazleton, Penn.

Dear Editor:

I certainly do like PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but by darn if I can stand these "Love" articles that you hand out to the readers. Of course, it seems, judging from all the magazines in general, that this sex stuff is what helps to sell, and bring in the money. And there are so many silly people nowadays who fall for that sort of thing, too. However, it does strike me, and not at all pleasantly, that it is positively nonsense, utter nonsense. Mrs. T. B. Foreman's letter in your most recent issue, is a sensible article and shows she has more sense than all the players who answered "What Is Love?" in your magazine. So many of them answer that question by describing the animal nature in themselves in flowery terms, making us believe "to the pure all things are pure."

Constance Talmadge's "Why Men Fall in Love with Actresses" is a silly article. She says in the very beginning men with high foreheads have wasted their time trying to explain love, and so has she, most emphatically. If she had seen Wm. De Mille's picture of some months ago, she would realize that men do NOT fall in LOVE with actresses. Men do not fall in love with actresses, they fall in love with women, regardless of what their station of life may be. And I don't mean maybe!

As for the definition of Love, I have given it due consideration, and who can refute my argument? Here it is—What is Love? God is Love, and he (meaning she, too, by all means) who does not know who or what God is, does not know the meaning of Love.

Mr. Quirk, I dare you to publish this letter!

An ardent PHOTOPLAY reader,

C. L. KAY.

## We Thank This Writer

Middle West, Ohio.

May I—during the Yuletide Season, express to you my real appreciation and thankfulness for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE? I realize that many people read and enjoy it, but I wonder, at this particular, happy time of the year for many, if they really know how much happiness it brings to one like me alone, my parents and dear ones having been taken away, leaving me to face a lonely, sad Christmas.

I have traveled to forget. Three years ago, I packed my clothes, bought a PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and decided to go to another city, and leave all friends and see if being alone with strange faces and different environment wouldn't help me forget that it was near Christmas. I sent out my presents and left my home on Xmas Eve. Felt a little lonely on the train, so I started to read. Went to a hotel, then to my room and read again. In the morning I carried my PHOTOPLAY to the dining room, then to the lobby. After dinner went to a theater, then returned to the hotel and read until sleepy. Xmas was over and I found myself happier than I anticipated. The next year I followed out the same programme and felt more at home in the hotel because the head waiter was quick to recognize me. This year I bought my PHOTOPLAY as soon as it appeared on the magazine stand. I read other magazines, but PHOTOPLAY I hid, it was such a temptation. It was to be as usual my Xmas treat. So I ran upstairs, packed it in my traveling bag and wouldn't allow myself even a peep. Left Xmas Eve as usual. Went to my room at the hotel, felt sad, so I hurried and looked for Herbert Howe's "Close-Ups and Long Shots" and had a good laugh—as his humor is delicious and when one keeps up with the movies they can appreciate his work. Emil, the head waiter, for the third year greeted me and, as usual, I had the same table with PHOTOPLAY as my chief escort

and best companion. I came home last evening, and, after finishing the last to be read in PHOTOPLAY on the train, decided that this magazine was a real life saver for me as it helped me to forget as no human being could. And I do want you to know that it's the greatest gift I can receive for Xmas—as it has kept up my courage and made me smile when the tears were very near and memories trying to crowd out all chance of any happiness.

In conclusion, I can only state that my sincere New Year's wish is, that PHOTOPLAY will continue to be my best friend for the Yuletide Season for many years to come, and I do sincerely wish you, as Editor, and all members of PHOTOPLAY staff, a very happy and prosperous New Year.

ELSIE B.

## A Plea for the Old Stars

Huntington, W. Va.

I am a booster for the old stars. Little do the new ones interest me.

I agree fully with the opinions expressed by Marda. I, for one, would be willing to pay twice the usual admission at any theater only to experience the joy of looking once more upon our dear old favorites. They who have toiled so faithfully for success and who, for some unproclaimed reason, have disappeared.

Gladys Brockwell, Marguerite Clark, William Scott, Theda Bara, George Cheeseboro, George Larkin, Edith Story, Emily Stevens, Emmy Whelan, Francis X. Bushman—where, oh where, are they? I wonder if I shall ever see them again or whether I must go on hoping and praying for their return in vain.

Success to your fine magazine. I am a true blue movie fan and an ardent reader of PHOTOPLAY.

HELEN COOPER.

# 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.*

## Why He Is Hollywood's Bachelor

118 Broad Street,  
Stroudsburg, Pa.

My dear Miss Underhill:

In your article "Men I Love" that appeared in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, you spoke of Richard Dix's wearing "an air of conscious virtue which was, to say the least, discouraging," and that "no wild desire to be his leading lady leaped into being when you saw him on the screen."

As to the latter, let me say that I, too, hold no desire to be the heroine of any screen vehicle in which he plays the hero, for his embraces and ardent kisses would all be given in the nature of business agreements, and I am sure I would not find them very satisfying. But as to the former—is that supposed to be your confession that you like men wicked and rough?

Do you realize, Miss Underhill, that it is very hard to find any man nowadays to whom the word "honor" means as much as it seems to mean to Richard Dix? So confident am I that he *is* in true life what he *seems* to be on the screen, I will go so far as to say I honestly believe "honor" is the keynote of his life. That is why, I think, he is still Hollywood's Bachelor, for no modern woman, with the ideas on life that most of them entertain, could possibly make him happy. The kind of woman he needs is one who has as keen a sense of honor, as great an appreciation of the beautiful, and as serious an outlook on the vital things of life, as he has. I wish him the very best of luck, but I believe he will have a long hunt.

(MISS) MARGARET LEE FRASER.

## A New Yorker Scolds

New York, N. Y.

There are pictures shown on the screen today that are disgraceful not only to the public but to the motion picture industry as a whole. I do not mean immoral, nor anything of that sort, but I refer to the picture as a whole, including story, direction, photography and acting.

A perfect example is Pola Negri in "Men," hailed by critics as the best picture of Pola's career, but really the worst I have seen in a long time. The story is a typical dime novel, and Negri's acting was of the old time stock company soubrette type.

There are very few pictures today worthy of attention. In my opinion the best picture I have seen in two years or more is "The Girl I Loved," with Charles Ray in the leading rôle. I am glad to say that this picture played an important part in my life. It put something in my heart that was never there before.

Here is the list of those I consider the twenty greatest players of the screen: Bessie Love, Norma Shearer, Lillian Gish, Marie Prevost, Pauline Frederick, Blanche Sweet, Alla Nazimova, Charles Ray, Richard Barthelmess, John Barrymore, George Arliss, Ramon Novarro, John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Adolphe Menjou, Rudolph Valentino, Cleo Madison and Dorothy Mackaill. Most of them appear in clean plays that do not offend the American sense of decency.

BLANCHE KATZ.

## Don't Leave Us, Rex Ingram

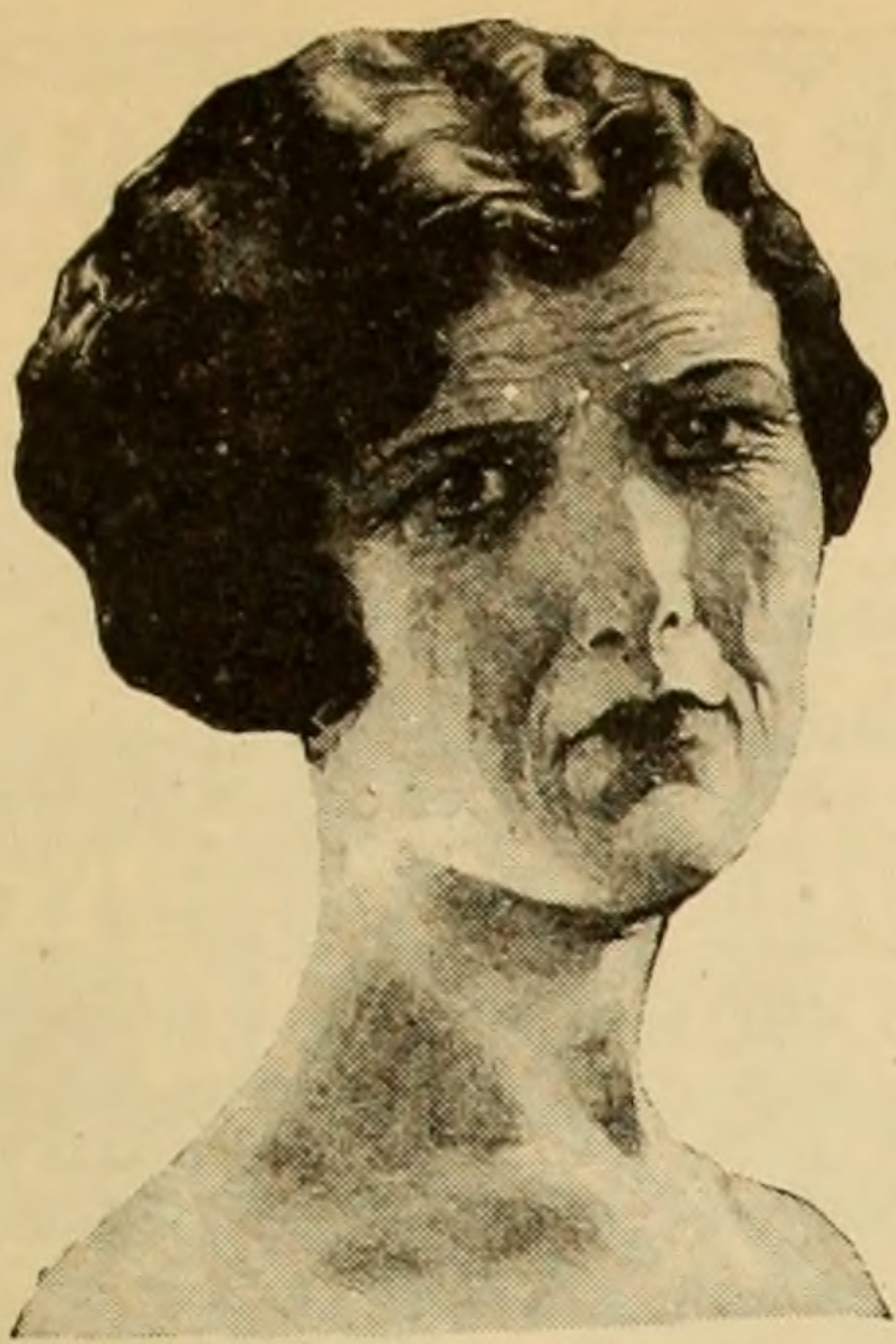
Reading, Mass.

I want to fling a brickbat, not at the much criticized movie people, but at those who, having nothing better to do, feel that they must every so often write to tell of all the faults their eagle eyes have discerned in the players and their directors. It is really a source of wonder to me that one of these would-be critics has not sent in suggestions to improve the work of that genius, Rex Ingram. The general cry here is, "Rex Ingram, do not leave the screen."

E. G. W.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]





Why experiment if your skin is beginning to age—if there are tired lines and wrinkles—if the complexion is sallow, blemished? You can be sure! You can start your complexion on the road to new youth and beauty at once.



See what happens when you follow the famous Susanna Cocroft home treatment. Sleep in the astonishing silken mask—and wake up with a new complexion! You will be delighted when you see the remarkable change after just one night.

# New Rejuvenating Silk Mask Worn While You Sleep— Brings New Beauty Overnight

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment—yet you wake up with practically a new complexion. Just wear this sheer, specially-treated mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion becomes smooth, fresh, radiant.

**N**O matter what methods you may have tried before, no matter how badly blemished, how sallow, how wrinkled your complexion may be—this astonishing new method will achieve a transformation overnight.

Here is a scientifically correct silken mask, so treated that it actually rejuvenates the complexion while you sleep—a mask that is at work every instant during the night purifying the pores, reviving the starved skin cells, lifting and toning the sagging muscles, making the skin soft, clear, smooth. A simple, silken mask that you scarcely know you have on, yet in one night it acts to give you a new complexion for the old!

Nothing quite like this marvelous mask has ever been known before. It is based on an entirely new principle of beauty culture. Anatomically designed and perfected by Susanna Cocroft, famous health specialist—based upon her years of experience, and upon her unusual knowledge of anatomy of the structure of the skin and the face.

### The Skintone Mask Treatment for

- clearing the complexion
- giving color to the cheeks
- firming sagging muscles
- filling out scrawny hollows
- lifting double chin
- building graceful neck
- removing tired lines and wrinkles
- closing enlarged pores
- resting tired eyes
- correcting excessive dryness
- correcting excessive oiliness
- whitening the skin

—AND—

The dainty mask is washable and can always be kept fresh and effective.

Now you can quickly acquire a lovely, flawless complexion at little cost and with little trouble—acquire it—and keep it so.

### What It Is and How It Works

The Susanna Cocroft Re-

juvenating Skintone Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves worn over cold-cream do for your hands overnight. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, except that the stimulating tonic cleans the face pores, and the special nourishing cream tones the skin and tissues. The silk of the mask is so sheer and porous that the tiny cells breathe through it.

Combined with this remarkable mask is the Susanna Cocroft treatment for beauty and youth. The secret complete is yours.

You just follow the simple directions, slip on the mask—and fall asleep. Let your mirror tell the story in the morning!

Here's what happens: The soft, sheer silken mask, which has unusual medicated properties, not only stimulates natural circulation, but acts to smooth away tired lines and to make the skin soft, glowing, elastic. The nourishing cream and tonic with which the mask is treated stimulates the natural functioning of the skin, helping to throw off all waste, all poisons and impurities in a natural way.

All night, as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the porous mask, and are nursed back to blooming health. Muscles are rejuvenated. The face is restored to youthful contour. The tiny eye muscles and with them the eyes are rested and thereby strengthened. Minute by minute through the night the skin is cleansed, purified, stimulated—and in the morning



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Famous Health Authority

For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written two bulletins for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatments she has personally helped over 110,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for advice on improving their appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her crowning achievement is this wonderful new home method—as effective as a \$100 course of beauty treatments—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

your skin is velvet-like in its smoothness, clear, fresh, radiant!

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Discover what you really can do with your complexion! Find out about this new method that gives youth and beauty to the skin quickly, inexpensively, overnight. Learn all about the extraordinary Susanna Cocroft Face Mask. Let us send you today, entirely without obligation to you, our interesting illustrated booklet that tells you everything about the mask—how it works with the special tonic and nourishing cream, how it acts to cleanse the pores, lift sagging muscles, smooth away tired lines, restore youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat.

This information is yours for the asking. May we send it? Mail the coupon NOW, before you forget. Remember, there's no obligation of any sort. We'll be glad to send it.

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I am interested. You may send me your interesting illustrated booklet concerning the Susanna Cocroft Skintone Face Mask and how it works, and also details of your special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

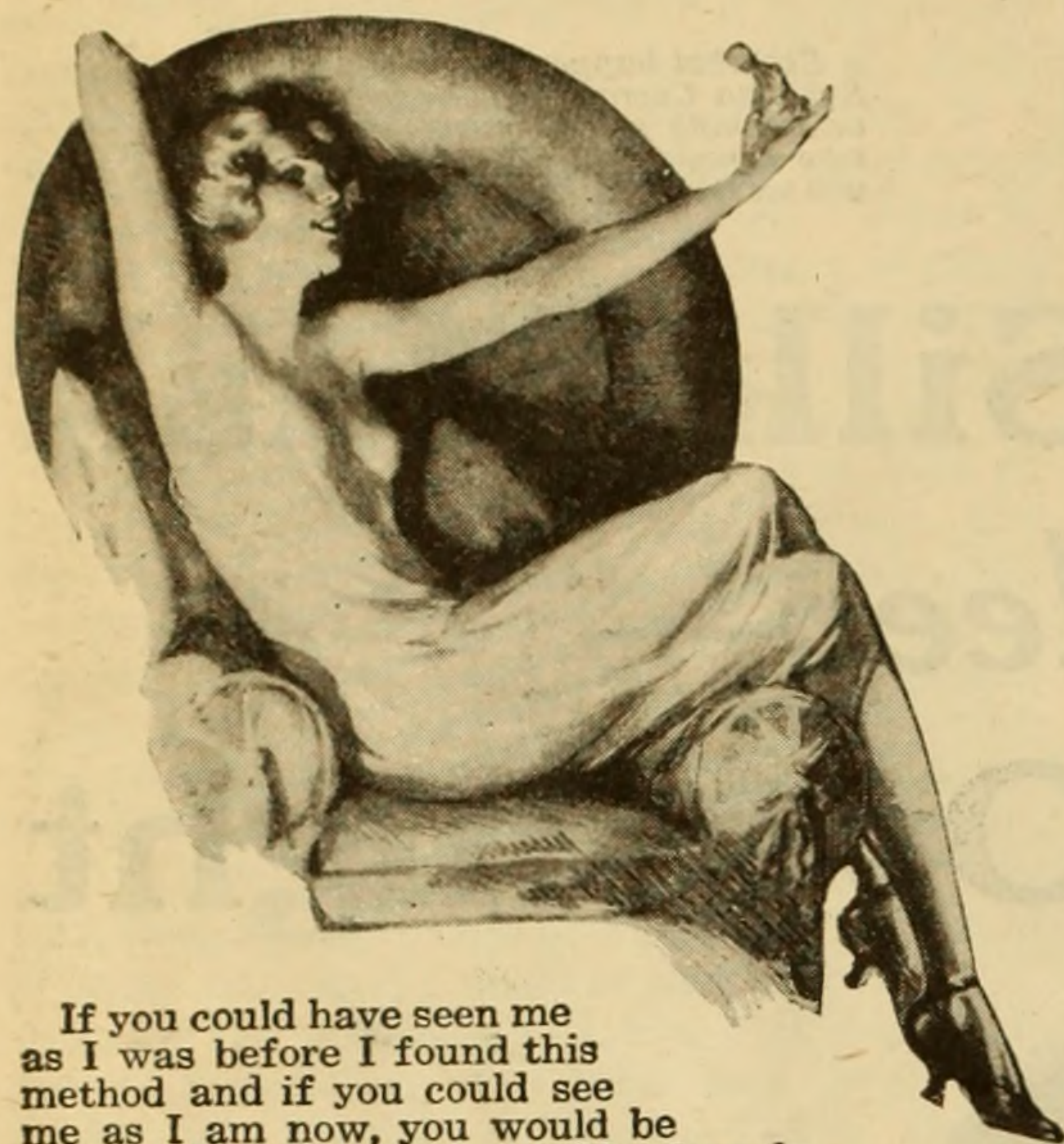
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City.....State.....



# Let Me Tell You How I Got Rid of Superfluous Hair

## Here's the Method

I am going to tell you about a simple method used at home, with which I removed a heavy, beard-like growth which had resisted every depilatory I had ever tried, and which returned worse than ever even after the use of electricity and a razor



If you could have seen me as I was before I found this method and if you could see me as I am now, you would be surprised at the change. My face is now smooth, and free not only from hair, but from pimples and blemishes.

This method of mine is different from anything you have ever used. It is not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, not electricity. It causes no burning or itching and leaves no scars. It removes superfluous hair and makes the skin smooth, soft and attractive.

Thousands of other women who also had despaired of ever being free from superfluous hair have found relief through this method. Letter after letter like the following come to me:

"Am so happy with the results. The growth of hair on my face has entirely disappeared."

"I'd like to tell the world of my appreciation and happiness as a result of using your method. My face is now perfectly clear and smooth."

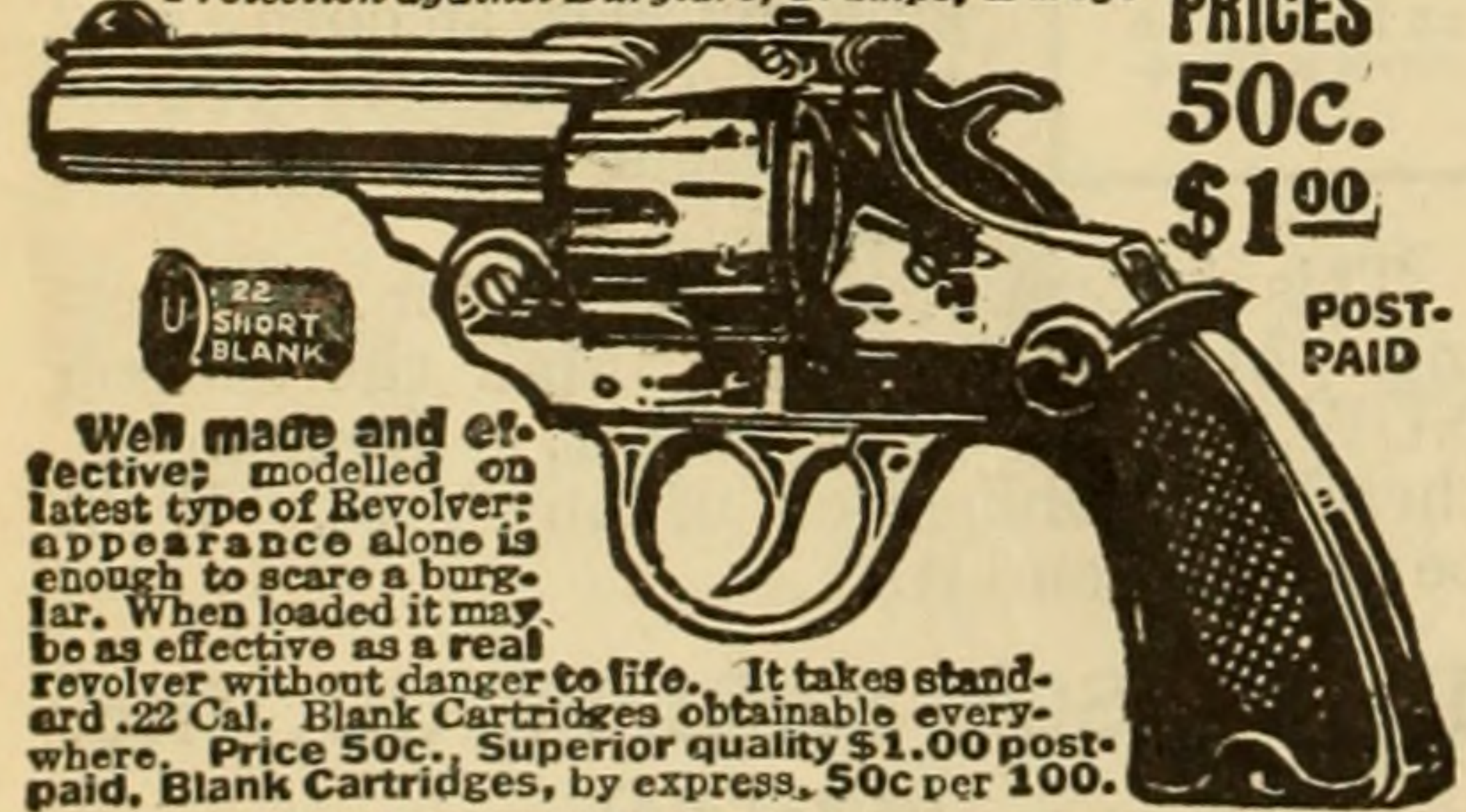
With this method, which I call by my own name—Lanzette—your trouble with superfluous hair will be over. A trial will prove it.

## Send for My Free Book

In order to make this method clear, I have written a book about it, and if you write at once I will send you a copy of it free. No other book like this has ever been written. Don't send me a penny. Just a letter or postcard while this offer holds good and you will receive the book by return mail. Address Annette Lanzette, 68 West Washington Street, Dept. 1329 Chicago, Ill.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE**—Fox.—Easily the best picture of the month. Hero and heroine fight battle of redemption and win. (November.)

**MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE, THE**—Paramount.—A fair story of a man paralyzed and confined to a wheel chair who believes he is losing his wife's love. (October.)

**MARRIAGE CHEAT, THE**—First National.—The South Seas again, with Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont, and Adolphe Menjou mixed up in a triangle plot. A minor character, as native girl, helps the picture some. (September.)

**MARRIED FLIRTS**—Metro.—The old theme of the wife who neglects her personal appearance and loses her husband. Pauline Frederick gives a striking performance. (December.)

**MEASURE OF A MAN**—Universal.—A weak melodrama with an episode likely to be too morbid for the average audience. (November.)

**MERTON OF THE MOVIES**—Paramount.—A screen-struck youth decides to become a movie actor—and he does. Taken from the well known stage play with Glenn Hunter in the title role. Amusing. (October.)

**MESSALINA**—F. B. O.—Spectacular story of ancient Rome revolving around dissolute wife of Emperor Claudius. Difficult to follow. (November.)

**MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, THE**—C. B. C.—A railroad thriller plus an improbable story. (Feb.)

**MILLIONAIRE COWBOY, THE**—F. B. O.—A picture filled with pep, thrilling situations and a peach of a climax. (January.)

**MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE**—Paramount.—The return of Rudolph Valentino to the screen, along with the story by Booth Tarkington, makes this worthy of an evening's entertainment. (October.)

**MY HUSBAND'S WIVES**—Fox.—A silly story of a young girl who marries her school-chum's ex-husband. (January.)

**NAVIGATOR, THE**—Metro.—Buster Keaton is at his funniest. You'll laugh your way through six thousand feet of film. (December.)

**NEGLECTED WOMEN**—F. B. O.—Another variation of the wife who is neglected for business. Just a dull and mildly hectic melodrama. (October.)

**NEVER SAY DIE**—Associated Exhibitors.—When a fellow is only given three months to live and marries his friend's sweetheart that they might inherit the fortune and then doesn't die—there's trouble. Another amusing Douglas MacLean effort. (December.)

**NORTH OF 36**—Paramount.—Gripping drama of pioneer adventure. Features a great cattle drive. (February.)

**OH, DOCTOR!**—Universal.—The story of a hypochondriac youth who becomes a daredevil and wins his nurse. (January.)

**ONE NIGHT IN ROME**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A long suffering duchess is unjustly accused of being the cause of her profligate husband's suicide. Happy ending. (November.)

**ONLY WOMAN, THE**—First National.—A trite story of a young girl forced into a loveless marriage with a waster. Norma Talmadge's acting is adequate. (January.)

**ON THE STROKE OF THREE**—F. B. O.—Inane. Small town inventor goes to New York, is double-crossed but finally wins fortune and girl at same time. (February.)

**OPEN ALL NIGHT**—Paramount.—Novel story but at times a bit soiled in presentation. Story of woman who grows tired of over-gentlemanly husband and seeks cave man but gets over it. (November.)

**PAINTED LADY, THE**—Fox.—On a South Sea Island cruise, a painted lady meets a real he-man and through his love "comes back." Not for children. (December.)

**PERFECT FLAPPER, THE**—First National.—Colleen Moore in a made-to-order production of a mouse girl who bursts into a life of dizzy jazz. Artificial. (September.)

**PRICE OF A PARTY, THE**—Associated Exhibitors.—Another story of Manhattan's night life. Fairly good entertainment of its kind but not pretentious. (December.)

**RECKLESS SPEED**—Capital Prod.—Just a fair picture. Wealthy oil man is being swindled out of his well, but brawny son saves the day—and well. (February.)

**RED LILY, THE**—Metro.—A mucky and sordid tale moving through the dregs of Paris. Not a family picture. (October.)

**REVELATION**—Metro.—A revival of Nazimova's best picture; Viola Dana attempts to play a part in study of redemption. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)

**RIDDLE RIDER, THE**—Universal.—A new serial with a hero who is a newspaper editor by day and a mysterious "Riddle Rider" at night. The usual serial stuff with action galore. (January.)

**RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER, THE**—Universal.—A conventional Western melodrama revolving around the feud between cattlemen and nestors. Too much mystery for a conventional plot. (January.)

**ROMANCE RANCH**—Fox.—The lost will and the rightful heir are features in this tale. Every one is happy when the will is burned. (September.)

**ROMOLA**—Metro-Goldwyn.—George Eliot's novel proves a poor vehicle for the Gish sisters. Elaborate Florentine settings, but little human interest. (February.)

**ROSE OF PARIS, THE**—Universal.—Another variation of the Cinderella theme. Mary Philbin is again buried amid the machinations of an inferior story. (December.)

**ROUGHNECK, THE**—Fox.—Robert Service's melodrama well acted by George O'Brien. Plenty of pep and punch. (February.)

**SAINTED DEVIL, A**—Paramount.—Rudolph once again in colorful South American atmosphere. Of course, there are the ever-present vamps. Involved and poorly told. (February.)

**SALVATION HUNTERS, THE**—United.—Unrelieved tragedy. Slow-moving tale of a boy, a girl and an orphan waif, crawling up from the mud. (February.)

**SANDRA**—First National.—A weak story wretchedly told. Bad acting and directing make this an unsuitable vehicle for Barbara La Marr. (January.)

**SAWDUST TRAIL, THE**—Universal.—A spoiled son finds his heart's desire in a girl of the circus, who hates men. Hoot Gibson, the star, doesn't do much riding. (September.)

**SELF-MADE FAILURE, A**—First National.—Lloyd Hamilton and Ben Alexander in a splendid comedy of mistaken identity. (September.)

**SIDE SHOW OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Ernest Torrence's characterization of the circus clown, who goes to war and of course marries the blue-blooded lady, is enjoyable. (October.)

**SILENT ACCUSER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—A melodrama with a dog, Peter the Great, as the star. The dog's acting is the one saving grace. (January.)

**SILENT WATCHER, THE**—First National.—Here we have Frank Lloyd directing Glenn Hunter, Bessie Love and Hobart Bosworth in a picture vivid with life. It is a story of a youth's loyalty to his employer. (December.)

**SILK STOCKING SAL**—F. B. O.—Story of a woman crook, quick on the trigger and vampish enough to save the hero from the electric chair for a crime he never committed. (February.)

**SINGLE WIVES**—First National.—Story of a wife neglected by business-mad husband. Saved by Corinne Griffith's acting. (October.)

**SINNERS IN HEAVEN**—Paramount.—Romance of girl and man cast upon desert isle from a wrecked plane. Considerable romance. (November.)

**SINNERS IN SILK**—Metro.—Highly amusing comedy of the ultra modern younger set, depicting a few new tricks. (November.)

**SIREN OF SEVILLE, THE**—Producers Distributing Corp.—An enjoyable picture of old Seville with its romances, jealousies, bull fights, man fights and woman fights. Priscilla Dean proves herself one of the screen's best actresses. (January.)

**SMOLDERING FIRES**—Universal.—Don't miss this picture. Intriguing situation of a woman of forty in love with a youth of twenty. Pauline Frederick loses her lover, and wins her audience. (Feb.)

**SNOB, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Monta Bell again directs another hit. John Gilbert is excellent as the professor and Norma Shearer is admirable as his wife. (January.)

**SPEED SPOOK, THE**—C. C. Burr.—A racing driver uses a publicity stunt to put the girl's father on his feet. Plenty of speed, action and excitement. (January.)

**STORY WITHOUT A NAME, THE**—Paramount.—There is enough action crowded into six reels to make at least several exciting serials. Taken from PHOTOPLAY's prize contest story. The winning title is "Without Warning," which now supersedes the original title. (January.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 ]



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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**SUNDOWN**—First National.—Suffers by comparison with other epics of the West. Cast is excellent, but the plot doesn't sustain interest. (February.)

**SWORDS AND THE WOMAN** — F. B. O. — Story of the French Revolution, done with artistry and charm. (September.)

**TARNISH**—First National.—Taken from the famous stage play. Selected as one of the six best pictures of the month. Anyone who likes good entertainment should go see this picture. (December.)

**TELEPHONE GIRL**—F. B. O.—This one of the series, called the "Bee's Knees," is about an attempt to get a photo of the pretty switchboard operator's nether limbs. Uninteresting. (September.)

**TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES**—Metro.—A splendid Neilan production of Thomas Hardy's novel—worth your money. (October.)

**TEETH**—Fox.—Duke, the dog, is the latest addition to the Tom Mix organization. There is not much romance in the story, but plenty of thrills and action. (January.)

**THAT FRENCH LADY**—Fox.—All about love without marriage. Censorship robs picture of what punch it might have had. (October.)

**THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT**—F. B. O.—The Balkans, rich radium deposits, and the battle of syndicates to get control make up this not very interesting picture. Well directed. (September.)

**THIS WOMAN**—Warner.—This almost wins the brown derby for lack of plausibility. Full of movie machinations. (January.)

**THREE WOMEN**—Warner Bros.—Story is the emotional struggle of a woman and grown daughter over a man. Not savory but smoothly told. (November.)

**THUNDERING HOOFS**—F. B. O.—A peach of a Western, starring Fred Thomson. Filled with all the thrills one can think of and a few more besides. (Jan.)

**TIGER LOVE**—Paramount.—Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor manage to have a wild time in the mountains of Spain what with outlawry, and kidnapping at altar. (September.)

**TONGUES OF FLAME**—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan strolls placidly through exciting action as the lawyer who protects the wronged Indian from unscrupulous capitalists. (February.)

**TORNADO, THE**—Universal.—House Peters as Tornado battles all the roughnecks in the woods and finally demolishes the villain with the aid of a tornado. (February.)

**TROUPING WITH ELLEN** — Producers Dist. Corp.—Two men love a little chorus girl. One is a millionaire and other is poor orchestra leader. Will please average audience. (February.)

**UNGUARDED WOMEN** — Paramount.—Drama and life here collaborate to make an exciting picture. Good work by Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix. (September.)

**VANITY'S PRICE**—F. B. O.—Heavy and luxurious melodrama of rejuvenation is thrilling and amusing box office sex-hokum. (November.)

**WAGES OF VIRTUE, THE** — Paramount. — Gloria Swanson gives a real performance of the hoydenish "Carmelita." Here we have a wealth of tragedy and comedy; Gloria excels in both. (Feb.)

**WELCOME STRANGER**—Prod. Dist. Corp.—An entertaining comedy based upon Aaron Hoffman's successful stage play. (December.)

**WHITE MAN**—Schulberg.—Alice Joyce, after an absence of one year, returns to her admirers. The action chiefly concerns a man's honor and respect for a woman. An excellent cast. (January.)

**WHITE SHEEP, THE**—Pathe.—Effective and amusing all the way. Dreamy son of a tough family wins girls away from his rowdy brother. (February.)

**WINE**—Universal.—Another hectic film of the Jazz Age, featuring Clara Bow as the flapper heroine. (October.)

**WINE OF YOUTH**—Metro-Goldwyn.—Frightened by an army of suitors, the heroine takes two of them to a mountain camp for a trial honeymoon. Nothing much happens. (September.)

**WINNER TAKE ALL**—Fox.—This is different from the usual Charles Jones story. It is filled with snappy action and a lively climax. (January.)

**WITHOUT WARNING**—Paramount.—This title won the \$2,500 prize in PHOTOPLAY'S \$5,000 contest. It supersedes "The Story Without a Name," under which title the picture was first released. See page 14 under original title for Brief Review of this film.

**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.)

**WORLDLY GOODS** — Paramount. — A young husband is a bluffer and wife wearies of his idle talk. Divorce threatens, but then he makes good and all is rosy. (January.)

**YOUNG IDEAS**—Universal.—A host of sponging near-invalids are pushed out upon a cold world. Roy T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12 ]

### Alice, Here's Help

Chicago, Ill.

In an issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE there appeared a query by Alice, Washington, D. C., in which I was interested. I believe I can help her out.

I am interested in writing photoplays. My friends believe it is all imagination but I have faith in myself and just keep on trying and hope to succeed some day. It may, and it may not, be a case of fever.

One day I read something from the "Palmer Institute of Authorship" calling attention to "The New Road to Authorship." Something prompted me to send for it. A few weeks later I received the book with a questionnaire attached. I filled it out to the best of my ability. It also directed one to make a brief story—in his own words. The theme was given, or rather the title: "Red Carnations." When I had finished the story I showed it to my friends who thought it a good, original story. I hope in a few days to receive an answer from the company.

C. PLENMERT.

### Advice to Ramon

Port Huron, Mich.

Please tell Ramon Novarro to give us another "Scaramouche." We think that he

proved himself a great artist as *Jean* in "The Red Lily," but we don't like to see him in such sordid rôles. Novarro's foremost charm is in his satirical moods and his ready smile, so all his loyal and ardent fans want to see the debonair and laughing *Andre Louis* again, or the boyish and merry *Ivan de Maupin*. Mr. Novarro, you are much too young to portray maturity and disillusionment. So, please, please, don't attempt to be a *Jean* again. We appreciate the wonderful dramatic actor, but we love the humorous and beautiful boy.

ESTHER DIETRICH.

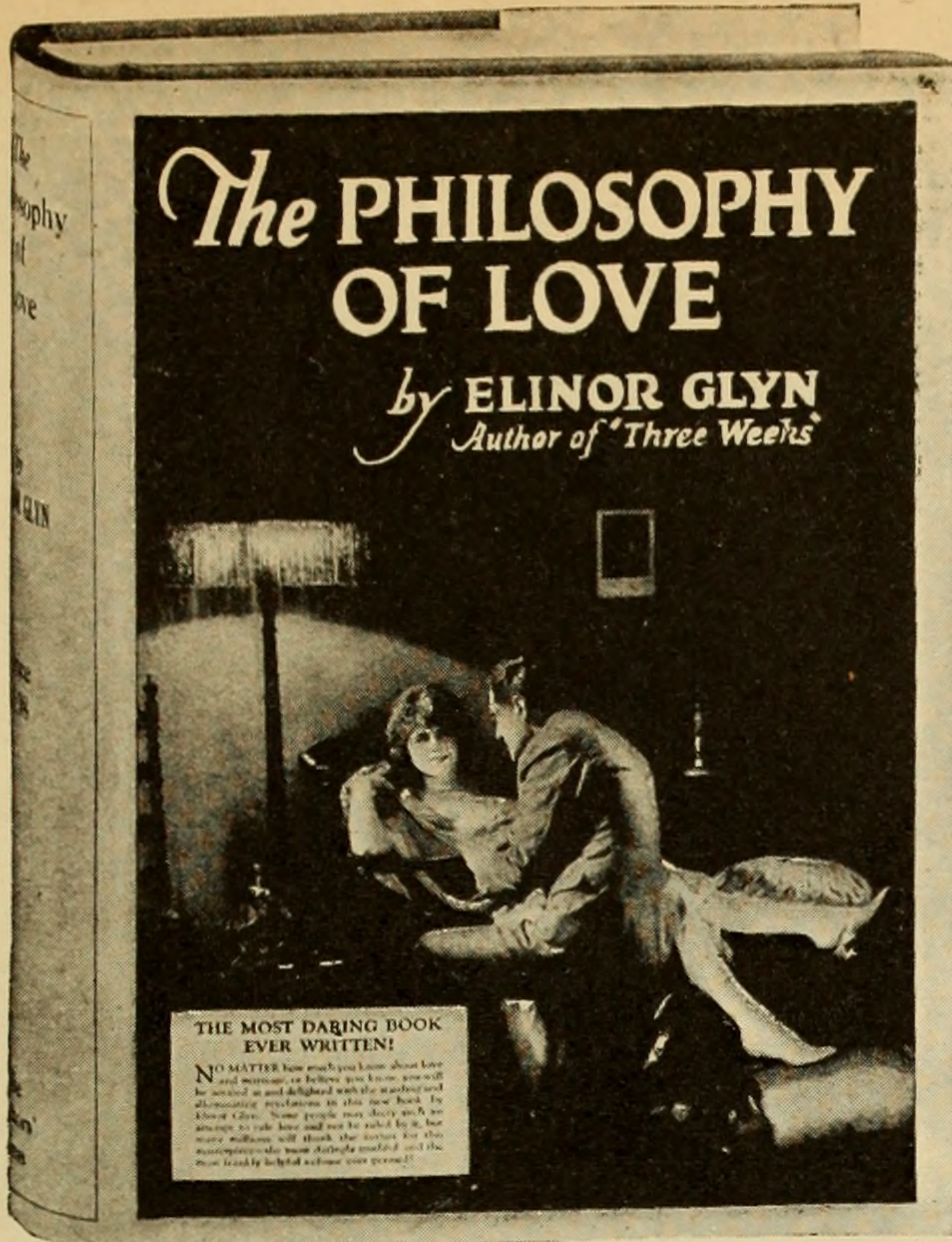
### Discovery of Aileen

Kansas City, Mo.

Speaking of new faces, I think that the most remarkable find in the last two years is, without exception, Aileen Pringle. So here's a mammoth bouquet for her. Some of these days she's going to make us sit up and take notice. Besides being so stunning looking, and having the Swanson knack of wearing clothes, she is a good little actress. Witness "True as Steel." She restrains the Glynish atmosphere and makes it all the more fascinating. Aileen's a thoroughbred, through and through. I'd like to see her in a ripping comedy with Ben Lyon. But I suppose she is slated for the distinct type she has introduced.

M. S. J.





## What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- how to make people admire you.
- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love.
- why many marriages end in despair.
- how to hold a woman's affection.
- how to keep a husband home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- how to tell if someone really loves you.
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticise "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

# Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

## What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set

## SEND NO MONEY

YOU need not advance a single penny for "The Philosophy of Love." Simply fill out the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent in plain wrapper on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your money will be refunded instantly.

Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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# AFTER THIRTY - can a woman still gain the charm of "A skin you Love to Touch?"

**S**OME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets — late hours—and above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

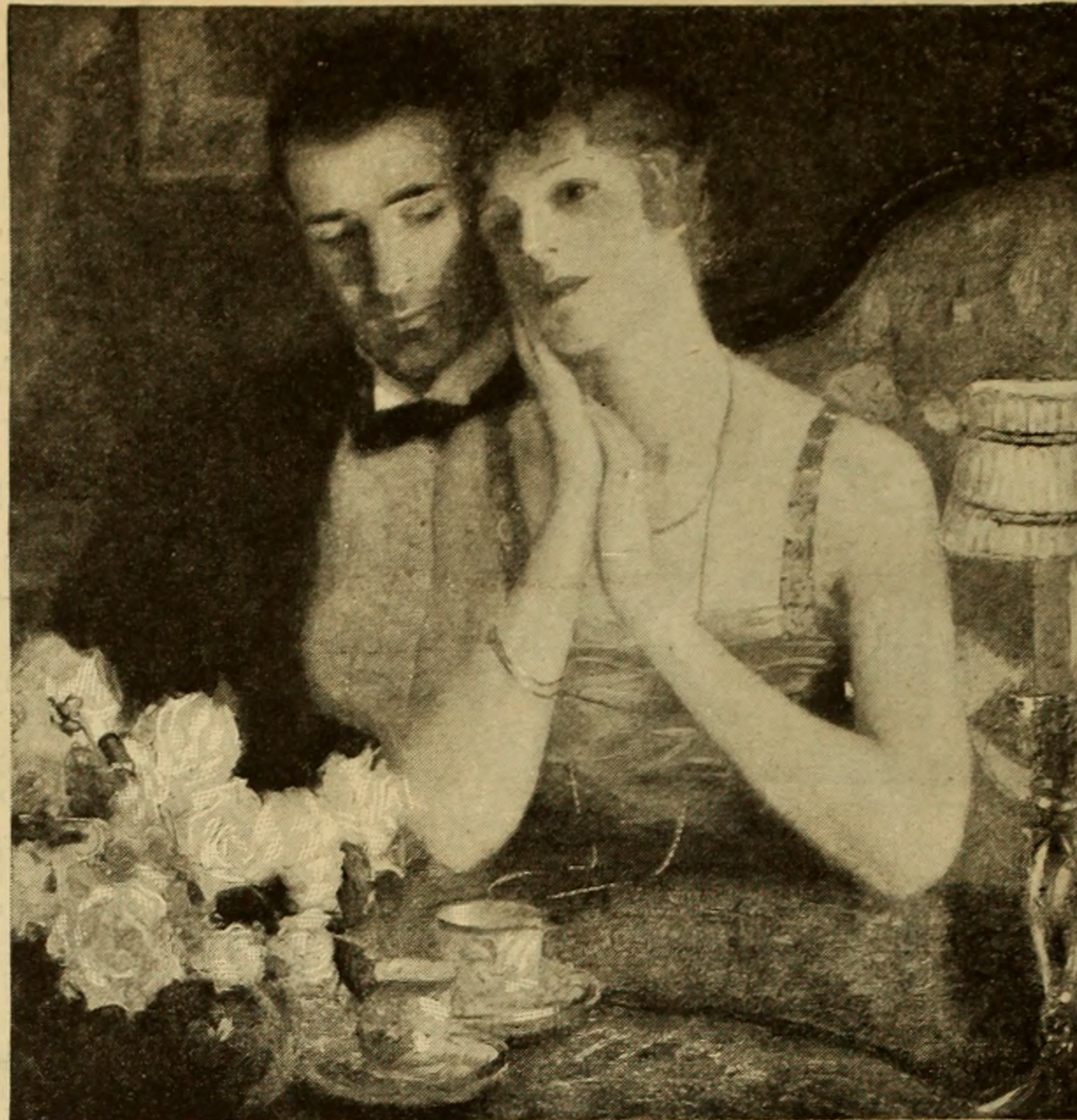
Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

### Use this treatment to overcome blackheads

Every night before retiring apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

### How you can free your skin from blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip



OFTEN the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

### A special treatment for an oily skin

First, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

### How to give a sallow skin color and life

Once or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath

towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

No matter what your type of skin happens to be—you will find the treatment that exactly meets its needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is

wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin your treatment tonight. You can get Woodbury's Facial Soap at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. For convenience—get Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

**FREE!** A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,  
503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me **free**

The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....

Street .....

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

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today





Alfred Cheney Johnson

## New Pictures

**B**ACK from Germany and busy making another real, honest-to-goodness American picture is the reason we are printing this latest photograph of Mae Marsh. By the time this is printed you probably will be seeing her in "The Garden of Charity" which she is making at present in Hollywood, unless it takes as long to make as it did the one which she made in Berlin





Henry Waxman

**S**HIRLEY MASON is one of the busiest little screen stars we know. She has made three pictures in two months and is now looking for other worlds to conquer. She made "Curlytop," then "The Scarlet Honeymoon" and at present she is finishing "The Stardust Trail." The chances are she will set a new record in 1925





Henry Waxman

**R**UTH ROLAND must have been thinking of the storm that struck New York in January when she named her latest picture "Out Where the Worst Begins." Father Gotham never saw a nastier, windier, snowier storm than that one. However, storms and pictures come and go. We expect to enjoy the picture





Kenneth Alexander

**M**ARY ARTHUR is one of the prettiest screen stars we know. Although she has appeared in only one picture, "Gentle Julia," those who saw her will join the acclaiming chorus and predict that she will be one of the great stars of the future. Her acting keeps apace with her beauty. And that helps a lot





Strauss-Peyton

**L**EILA HYMANS wasn't born on the stage but she just missed it by six months, because that was her age when she made her first histrionic appearance. Now that she is eighteen and beautiful, Leila has decided that pictures are her medium. She appeared in "Sandra" and survived that screen atrocity, which augurs well





Henry Waxman

**G**ERTRUDE OLMSTEAD is another screen idol to adopt a blonde wig. As you can see by the above picture, she loses none of her beauty by the transformation. She adopted the golden tresses when cast for Esther in "Ben Hur." But May McAvooy is playing the part while Gertrude is in "Cobra" with Valentino





Russell Ball

WHEN the editor ordered an unusual picture for the rotogravure section we offered the above of Alma Bennett. The fantastic headgear was worn in "The Silent Watcher." Alma is one of the younger actresses who will bear watching. She started in pictures when only fourteen which was just five years ago



*The scientific basis  
for the use of  
S O A P*

The following set of principles has been endorsed by over a thousand physicians of highest standing and is offered as an authoritative guide to women in their use of soap for the skin:

- 1 The function of soap for the skin is to cleanse, not to cure or transform.
- 2 Soap performs a very useful function for normal skins by keeping the skin clean.
- 3 If there is any disease of the skin which soap irritates, a physician should be seen.
- 4 To be suitable for general daily use, a soap should be pure, mild and neutral.
- 5 If the medicinal content of a soap is sufficient to have an effect upon the skin, the soap should be used only upon the advice of a physician.
- 6 In all cases of real trouble, a physician's advice should be obtained before treatment is attempted.

*Here are a few of the many comments from PHYSICIANS upon the above principles:*

"This program is unassailable from any point of view."

"I am in agreement with your platform. It cannot be improved upon."

"There is nothing more to say. There can be no honest difference of opinion."



*Guest Ivory, the dainty new cake of Ivory made especially for face and hands, costs but 5 cents.*



*Simple care triumphs over  
beauty's enemies*

**W**HAT a relief to women who now lavish attention upon their complexions if they could talk for five minutes with a real authority on the subject! For they would find that practically all their methods and preparations are unnecessary—in some cases actually harmful.

Simple care. Simple cleansing. These are the essentials—all else is extra, needless.

In our 88 years of soap-making experience we have never discovered any means of making a soap that would cure a troubled skin, or directly give the skin a youthful transparency, or "feed" the skin with oils.

When oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap. Soap's function is to cleanse, not to cure or transform or "nourish" the skin. And soap is invaluable for its purpose. We invite you

to read the set of principles printed elsewhere on this page. These principles have been endorsed in writing, by over a thousand physicians. They contain the whole truth about soap.

Because it is pure, mild and gentle, Ivory Soap will do for your skin all that any soap can do, no matter what it costs or what promises it may make. Ivory contains no medicaments, no artificial coloring matter, no strong perfume—it is pure soap. It could not be finer if it cost you a dollar a cake.

Simple cleansing once or twice a day with Ivory and warm water, followed by a cool rinse and, if necessary, a little pure cold cream, is all your skin needs to protect it from dust and other damaging influences and to cleanse it thoroughly and safely. A beautiful skin is the result of two things: good health and perfect cleanliness. Take care of your health, and Ivory will take care of the rest.

*Procter & Gamble*

**IVORY SOAP**

99 44/100 % Pure—It Floats

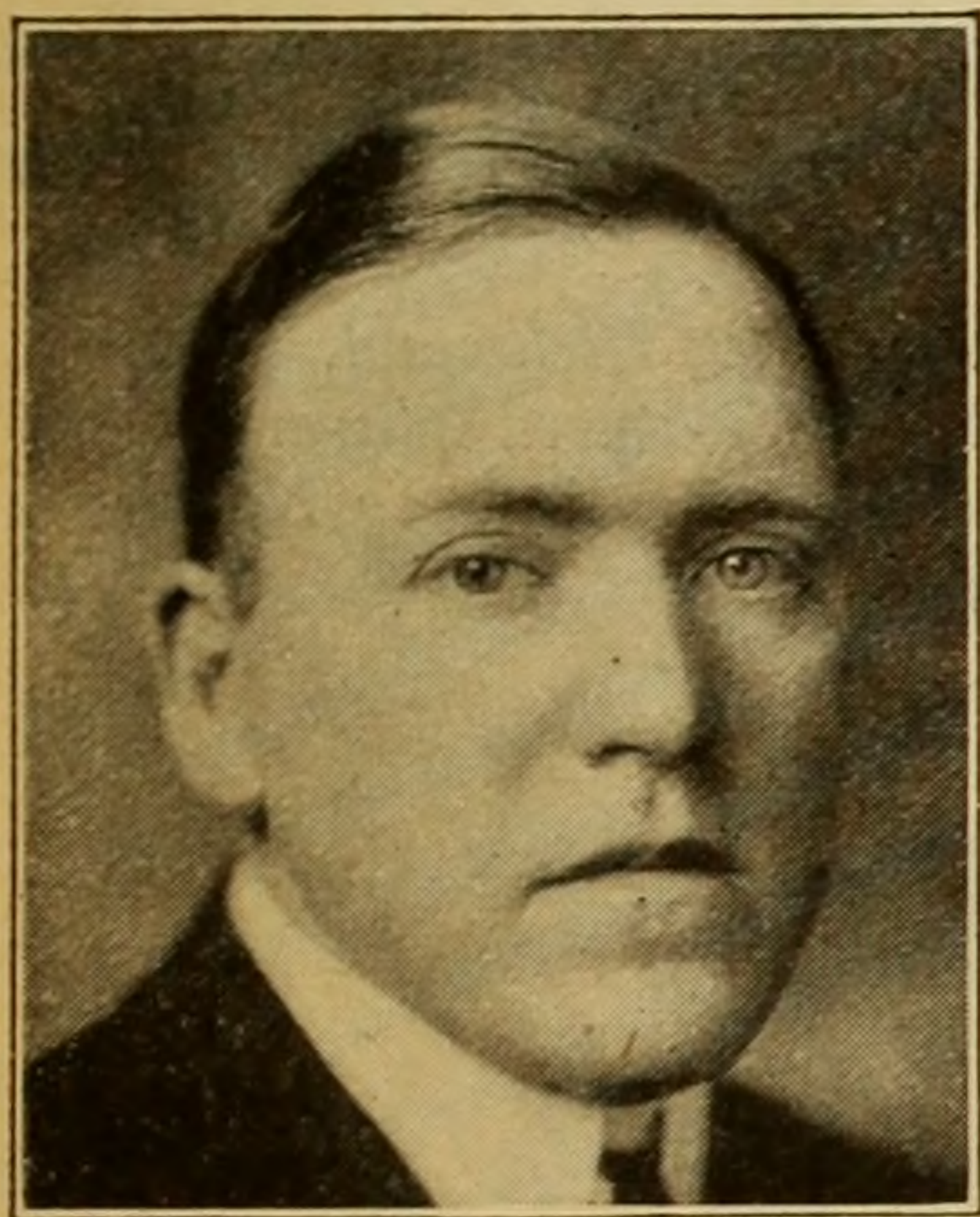


# PHOTOPLAY

March, 1925

## Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk



**T**HE motion picture theater owners are lying awake nights worrying about the effect of radio on their box office receipts. They should be thinking instead of worrying. Thinking will bring them new business. Worrying will give them apoplexy.

**I**LL wager that the cross-word puzzle epidemic which is sweeping the country is losing them more money than the radio. I saved the price of two

theater tickets this week by trying to find the names of the Bow of Vishnu, and a rare disease among African elephants. But I made a First-of-February resolution that I would never look at one again, because they made me miss a reel of "Peter Pan," which I have only seen four times. I gather up children in the neighborhood, and take them to see "Peter Pan," using them as an alibi in the same way that I excuse myself for going to the circus every year.

**I**F radio and cross-word puzzles kept anyone away from "Peter Pan" any place where it has been shown, the theater managers haven't noticed it. It's one of those things that make you proud that you are in the motion picture business. We should all be grateful to Herbert Brenon and Jesse Lasky, not forgetting J. M. Barrie and Betty Bronson.

**P**ETER PANS are not written or produced every week, but there is a deep instinct in all of us that is satisfied by the silence and romance of the motion picture, and many millions of us are jumping into automobiles or walking half a mile every night to escape the complexities and irritations of everyday life, and of the radio and cross-word puzzle. Folks get tired of sitting at home nights and indulging in the household battles over the rival entertainments.

**W**ATCH some wide-awake young business man start a rage on "Peter Pan" hats.

**T**HIS month's prescriptions:

To restore your youth, see "Peter Pan."

For that blue, depressed feeling—one ticket to "The Narrow Street" or "Forty Winks."

For that blase condition—see that horse race in "The Dixie Handicap."

**C**ECIL B. DE MILLE has broken his twelve-year connection with Famous Players-Lasky, because he felt that his style was being crabbed. Well, best of luck, Cecil, but if your

style was crabbed on "The Golden Bed," your first independent offering will be a wow. What you need is not a change of producers, but a change of thought.

**A**CHAP, who has been studying speech defects of children in Vienna for five years, returns and denounces our little Jackie Coogan as a bold and dangerous creature, and a sinister influence. The little Austrian boys are mimicking Jackie Coogan, he says. They pull their hats down over one eye and saunter along the streets, hands deep in their pockets, just as he does.

Terrible! Jackie should be sentenced to solitary imprisonment for life.

**T**HIS is the second anniversary of the death of Wally Reid, and the number of letters that come to me calling attention to it proves that his memory is cherished by countless thousands to whom his screen personality and his pictures brought happiness.

Wally was intensely human, and lovable in his own personality. He had human weaknesses. He was no saint. But I never heard of him intentionally hurting anyone, and all that Mrs. Reid says about him in her article on another page of this issue is true. His end was unfortunate, but up to the time he was stricken, he was one of the realest and most companionable human beings I ever knew.

I never have ceased to marvel how the camera caught that lovable quality in the man and reflected it on the screen. Handsome, accomplished, successful, there wasn't an ounce of personal conceit in him, and the amount of work he could and did perform would be inconceivable to most men.

**H**E broke down under the strain. His case reminds me of a famous surgeon who worked twelve hours a day at his practice, and was so sought after for his charming companionship, and so willing to be agreeable to his friends, that he collapsed much as Wally did. He never thought of himself, never took the advice he gave his patients, to conserve their physical and mental resources. He would perform half a dozen important operations, spend endless wearing hours in his work of life or death, and at the end of the day I have known him to fall asleep at a bridge table rather than disappoint his friends.

**W**ALLY brought happiness into thousands of lives in every country where his pictures were shown. His screen personality was his own personality, and the public sensed it. I am thinking not only of the young women who looked on him as the incarnation of their dream hero, or the boys who, in fancy, lived the dashing, romantic and humorous episodes of his pictures, for I can never forget one lonely old lady who once said to me: "I am always happy when I see Wally's pictures. I never had children, but I keep thinking that he is my boy."



# Thirteen "Baby Stars of 1925"



*Ena Gregory, 18, Australia, blonde, hazel eyes, has been in Hal Roach's comedies for two years. Was on Australian stage*

**T**HIRTEEN debutantes of the screen, young girls who are starting the long, uphill climb to cinematic success, are happy today at the announcement of their selection as the Wampas Baby Stars of 1925. Each year, the Wampas, the film industry's organization of advertising and publicity men, selects thirteen girls to be the honor guests at the annual Wampas Frolic. The event this year was held February 5 at the Hotel Ambassador's new auditorium. The Wampas Baby Stars of 1925 are Betty Arlen, Violet Avon, Olive Borden, June Marlowe, Ena Gregory, Anne Cornwall, Madeline Hurlock, Natalie Joyce, Joan Meredith, Evelyn Pierce, Dorothy Revier, Duane Thompson and Lola Todd.

Never heard of them? Perhaps not, but members of the Wampas assure the public that the girls will be heard from in the future. The



*Olive Borden, 16, Richmond, Va., for past year featured player at Hal Roach studios. Long black hair, dark brown eyes*

*Joan Meredith, Hot Springs, Ark., came to Hollywood via the beauty contest route. Height 5 feet, weight 110 pounds*



*Lola Todd, Spuyten Duyval, N. Y., was discovered by Carl Laemmle, despite that odd-sounding home town. Brown hair*



*Violet Avon, calling at Universal one day, was asked to stay. Born in St. Louis. Has light hair and blue eyes*

selection is made, not on what the girls have done in the past, but on their prospects for the future. They are all beginners whose latent talent and beauty have attracted the attention of the men who acquaint the outside world with the personalities of filmland's capital. Selection as a Wampas Baby Star means much to a girl starting in pictures. Consequently the rivalry is keen for this honor.

The Wampas Baby Stars of past years have made phenomenal progress. In 1922, the first year of the Wampas Frolic, the following girls were chosen: Helen Ferguson, Louise Lorraine, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Kathryn McGuire, Pauline Starke, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Claire Windsor, Jacqueline Logan, Patsy Ruth Miller and Maryon Aye.

All of these girls have since made good on the screen and some of them are now established stars.



*Betty Arlen, 16, a Kentucky blue-blood, deserted stage dancing for pictures. Beauty and personality are her great assets*



# Selected by Writers of Hollywood



*Natalie Joyce left her native sunny Virginia for sunnier California and joined a revue. Al Christie discovered her for pictures*

IN 1923 the following girls were selected as Wampas Baby Stars: Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Devore, Virginia Brown Faire, Betty Francisco, Pauline Garon, Kathleen Key, Laura LaPlante, Helen Lynch, Derelys Perdue, Jobyna Ralston, Ethel Shannon, Evelyn Brent and Margaret Leahy.

The list for last year, when the entire motion picture industry went to San Francisco for the annual Wampus Frolic, included: Clara Bow, Dorothy Mackaill, Blanche Mehaffey, Carmelita Geraghty, Margaret Morris, Julianne Johnston, Hazel Keener, Lillian Rich, Lucille Ricksen, Alberta Vaughn, Gloria Grey, Ruth Hiatt and Elinor Fair.

So with the records of the achievements of those selected in the past, the Wampus Baby Stars of 1925 have excellent prospects of a bright future. They are on the threshold of stardom. The door will open to some of them.



*June Marlowe, 17, brown hair. Graduated Minneapolis High School, making prophecy she would be star. Looks like she'll do it*

*Duane Thompson, 20, Red Oak, Iowa, is steadily climbing to success. First, Christie Comedies and now leading lady for Walter Hiers*



*Anne Cornwall, educated at Catskill, N. Y., dark brown hair and eyes, is leading lady in Douglas MacLean's latest picture, "Introduce Me"*



*Madeline Hurlock, Maryland beauty, joined a theatrical troupe, then vamped Ben Turpin in Mack Sennett comedies. Eyes brown, hair black*



*Evelyn Pierce, 19, danced from Del Rio, Texas, to Los Angeles. Metro-Goldwyn tried her out—a long term contract followed*



*Dorothy Revier, San Francisco, at 5 a professional dancer, has appeared in many films. Her personality alone rivals her beauty*



# I Knew Them When

*An intimate story  
about Stars when they began  
their film careers*

*By Charles J. McGuirk*



*Charlie made only one picture on the Chicago lot for Essanay. It was called "His New Job." Yes, Ben Turpin was in it*



*Henry Walthall won by his charm and splendid acting*

TEN years ago this spring, I stepped from a prosaic world into a wonderland where pirates stalked about, their naked cutlasses on their hips; where gallant knights rescued captive damosels; where true love always eventually triumphed, and where shy little lads and lasses, whose names are now household words, waited patiently and, most of the time, unsuccessfully for a chance to play an extra part for the magnificent sum of three dollars a day.

It was in 1915 and the wonderland was the old Essanay "lot" at 1339 Argyle Street, Chicago. At least two great women stars and many other leads of both sexes, who are lending their lustre to the silver sheet, will remember the time and the place and the heartaches of that period with poignant feelings.

I went there as a member of the publicity department, which was presided over by Victor Eubank and ably managed by Clement Chandler, who is now with First National. The fact that I became a scenario writer soon after is neither here nor there save that it gave me opportunity to meet these celebrities about whom I am going to tell you.

And it did another thing. It gave me the chance to study a star in the making; to realize that success is largely a matter of luck, plus brains and plus, perhaps, a little beauty here and there.

The Essanay of 1915 was one of the cradles of moving picture stars. With Edison, Vitagraph, Biograph, Selig and Lubin, it hatched potential actors and

*Few persons know that Rod LaRocque appeared in small Essanay parts and then dropped to oblivion for several years. Here he is with Marguerite Clayton*





actresses as fast as a well-regulated incubator on a chicken farm.

At that time New York was the capital of the film world. Hollywood as a film colony was still in its infancy, though it was coming along. The producers, while rapidly coming to realize the climatic advantages of California, were not yet thoroughly convinced. And Chicago was the film center of the Middle West.

So to the Selig and Essanay studios came the "movie struck" youth of the corn belt. Most of them came from the city itself, but other cities and country towns within a radius of three hundred miles sent in their quotas.

When I stepped on the Essanay lot as a member of the organization there was a million dollars' worth of star-dust wandering about waiting for the opportunity which afterward came.

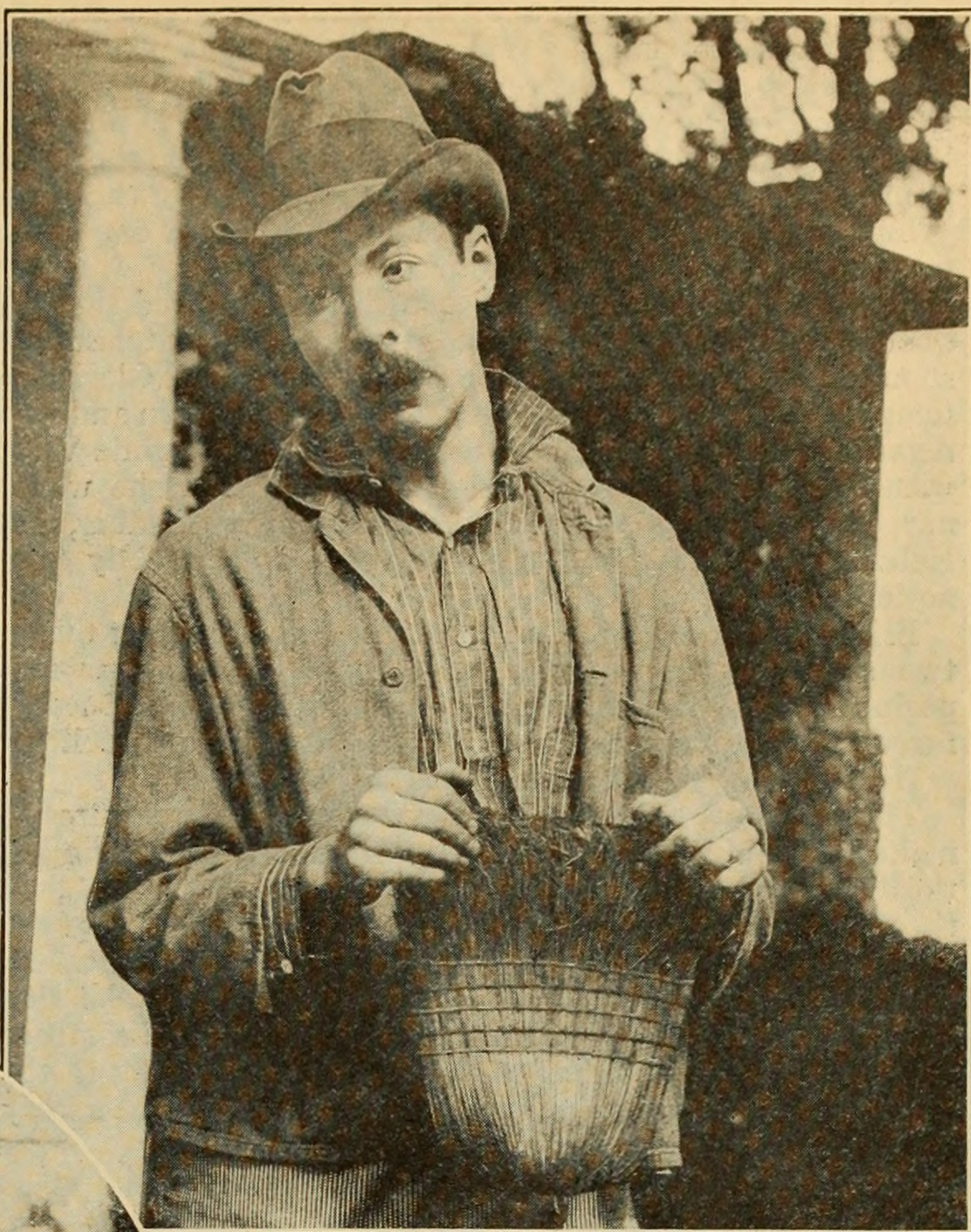
Time itself is a giant moving picture. The changes it brings as it reels off the hours, the days and the years, are ten times as strange as the wildest scenario ever written.

In 1915 Francis X. Bushman, with Beverly Bayne as his leading woman, was considered Essanay's best asset. This despite the fact that Charles Spencer Chaplin, "a good comedian," had just come from Keystone to make one picture in the Chicago studio before he went toward the West and Fame.

*Agnes Ayres became an extra because she wouldn't follow her doctor's orders*



*Francis X. Bushman was the idol of screen fans ten years ago. Beverly Bayne was his leading woman in "Thirty"*



*Here is Rod La Rocque in a George Ade fable of years ago*

Henry B. Walthall was filming "The Raven" under the direction of Charles Brabin.

Bryant Washburn, newly married to Mabel Forest, an extra girl, was known as a very capable leading man.

Richard C. Travers and E. H. Calvert divided honors in the "he man" rôles of the north country, having as their leading lady Lillian Drew, who in real life was Mrs. Calvert.

Nell Craig, wife of Fred Wright the director, and Ruth Stonehouse were the other leading women.

Taylor Holmes was still on the stage. Harry Beaumont, who afterward directed "Skinner's Dress Suit" and "Main Street," was working for fifty dollars a week as an actor for the Edison company and had not yet arrived in the West.

Wallace Beery, one of the greatest character actors in pictures, and the first husband of Gloria Swanson, an impatient and fiery little extra girl, was directing two-reel comedies, using, among others, his brother Noah and Ben Turpin, an acrobat who had taken a flyer in the pictures to break a long wait between the circuses in which he worked.

In the scenario department they were still mourning the loss of Anthony Paul Kelly, afterwards author of the play "Three Faces East," and the man who did the continuity for Mr. Griffith's "Way Down East," "America" and other great pictures. They were trying to make good the loss by retaining William Antony McGuire, a playwright who had not yet "arrived." McGuire came to the lot accompanied by Johnny Hines, a very small but efficient portion of secretary, who sat up night after night while McGuire dictated his ideas of how a story was to be filmed.



Fate must have smiled at all of them. For afterwards she was to do weird things. While McGuire spent his days in the scenario department revising his scripts, June Walker, the little girl who was afterward to play the lead in his play, "Six Cylinder Love," was becoming convinced, as she stood around waiting, that there was no future for her in the films. Johnny Hines, the long-suffering secretary, is now one of the most trusted lieutenants of Marcus Loew.

But down on the mourners' bench was scattered the star dust. Here or on the floor of the studio, avidly watching the shooting of a scene, you found Rodney La Rocque, Gloria the tempestuous, Agnes Ayres, who had just dropped in and who regarded the movies with a faint amusement; Virginia Valli, with disposition so even that she was assured she would never qualify as a moving picture actress; June Walker, and Helen Ferguson, a slip of a girl so young that nobody even noticed her.

Fritzie Ridgeway's fire and tact were bringing her out in two and three-reel dramas, and Ralph Graves was still poring over his books in Cleveland, doing his best to become fitted to realize his mother's dream that he go to college.

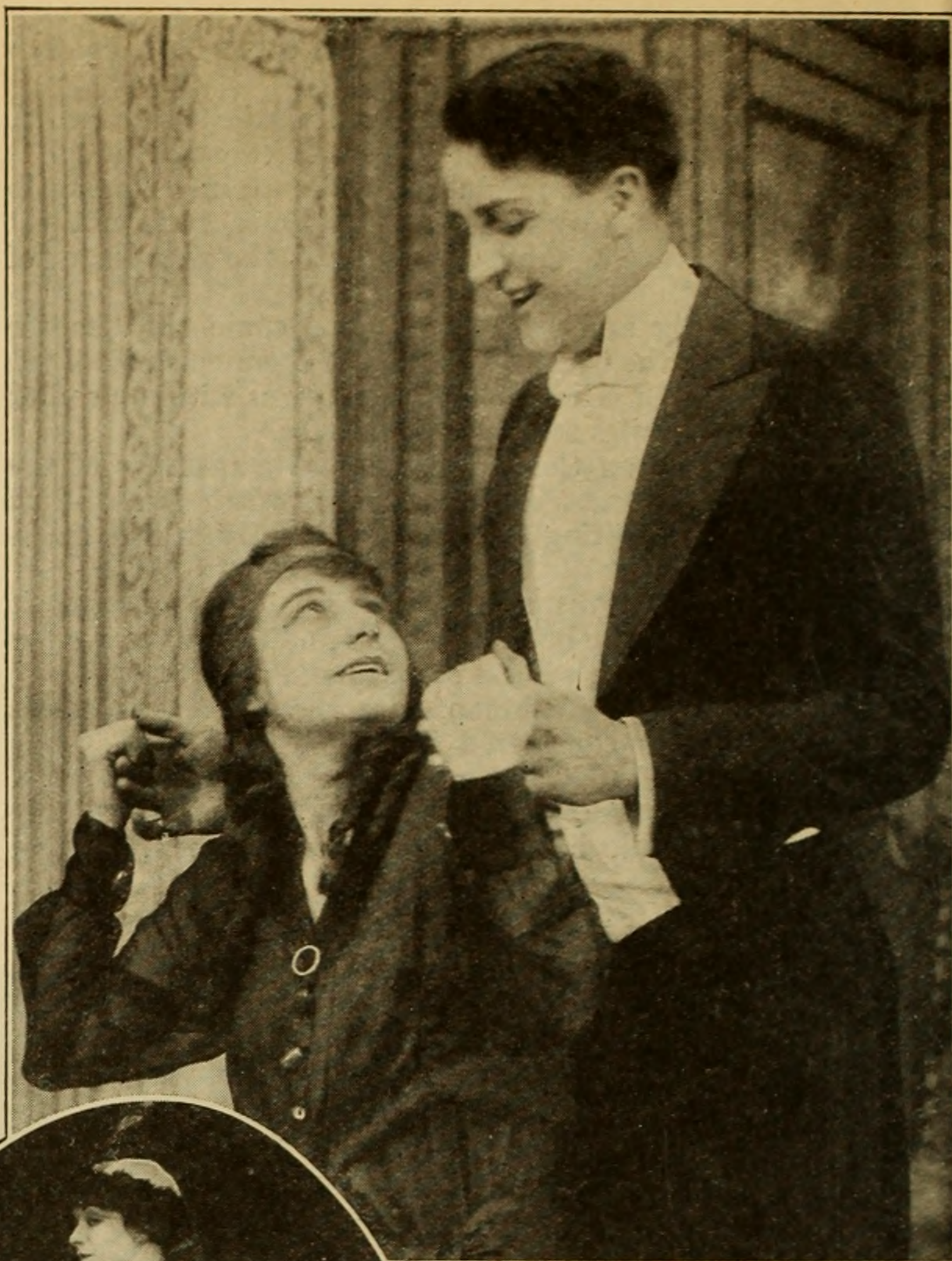
He had not yet put in an appearance.

Thus things were when I entered the moving pictures to make my livelihood. I was a spectator of the unfolding of the dramas of the lives of others. Since then I have watched the rise and fall of those I met at that time. And one of the most fascinating stories of them all is that of Francis X. Bushman and an Amethyst Ring. I capitalize the ring because it came very near to having the same disastrous consequences to Bushman as did the piece of string to the old man who was leading character in de Maupassant's story of that name.

Bushman, when I came to Essanay, was one of the most popular stars in the screen world. A series of good pictures, splendid publicity and the star's own looks and personality made him the adored of thousands.

He received an average of five hundred letters a day, which, in those times, was an enormous mail. It was so great that neither Bushman nor Essanay was able to cope with it and I was assigned to take charge of it. Working with two assistants, I managed to saw the mountain of unanswered letters in half. But it piled up just as high, a rain of letters building up the mounds we had reduced. This went on until I abandoned it to write for the screen.

Most of the letters were from women, ranging in age from twelve to eighty years. Most of them spoke of love, though a great many besought Mr. Bushman's aid in embarking on a moving picture career. All of them demanded an autographed picture. But in the mail one



*Bryant Washburn hoisted himself into "Big Time" by his own mental boot straps. Ruth Stonehouse was a star when he was an extra. The scene is from "Destiny"*



*Two directors told Virginia Valli that she never would be an actress. But she was a leading woman by 1917 in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship"*



*Here are Lillian Drew, Richard Travers and Betty Scott. The first two became famous while they were with Essanay. Miss Drew's husband, E. H. Calvert, also starred for the same company*

day came a small oblong box, sealed with red sealing wax and registered and insured.

Bushman, opening the box, discovered a giant amethyst ring.

When he slipped it on his little finger, the amethyst extended from the base of his finger to the middle knuckle. It was a beauty. Now, despite the common belief to the contrary, there was no one more prosaic than Francis X. Bushman. He was a good business man. He considered his looks and his person an asset both to himself and to Essanay in pictures. So no one ever worked so hard to keep himself in condition. He spent hours exercising with a professional wrestler, or boxing with a pugilist, or running through Lincoln Park, accompanied by his trainer.

He had little use for women. While he and I were at the Essanay studio, I never heard Frank Bushman make a comment on a woman or speak to one other than to greet her or to talk over the filming of one of his pictures in which she had a part.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 113 ]



# OUR MOVIE PRIMER

A short course of Instruction for Little Girls  
who intend to become Movie Stars

By H. W. Haenigsen

OH! See the Pret-ty La-  
dy!

Who is the La-dy?

She is the Mo-vie Vam-  
pire!

But what is a Vam-pire?

It is a ver-y, ver-y Wick-  
ed Wo-man!

Does she not look more  
like an Eel?

Oh dear no! She is any-  
thing but a Fish!

Her job is to make a Poor  
Fish of the He-ro!

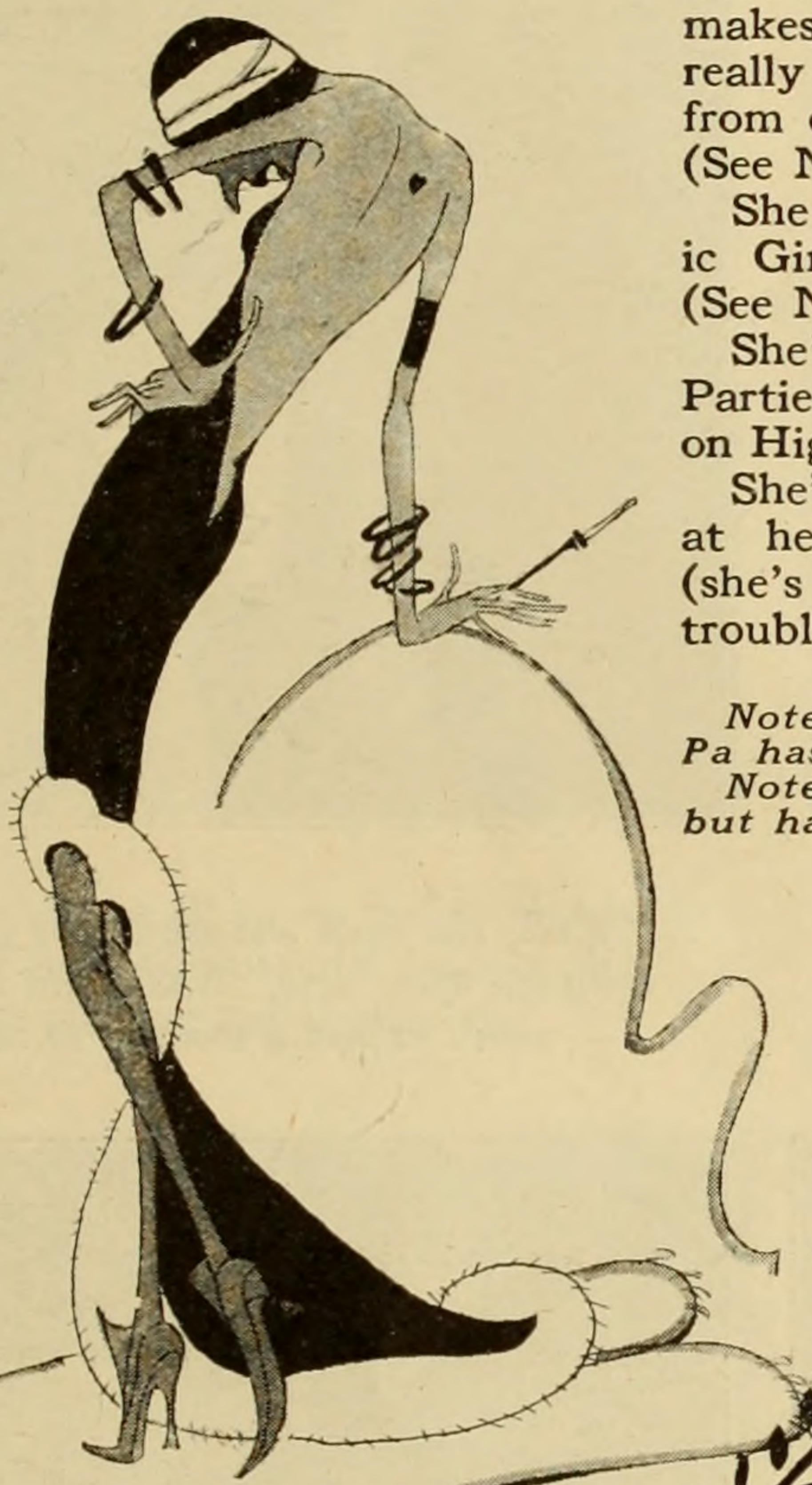
Isn't the La-dy Skin-ny?

Yes, she is Pain-ful-ly  
Skin-ny!

Are all Vam-pires so Skin-  
ny?

Yes, in-deed, they have  
to be to get out of Tight  
Sit-u-a-tions!

She has very long Fin-ger  
Nails.



IS this not an In-ter-est-ing Per-  
son?

She is the Mo-vie Flap-per.

She is ver-y So-phis-ti-cated!

She is always looking for a Thrill  
because she is so Bor-ed. This  
makes her ver-y Wild, which is  
really too Bad because she comes  
from one of our Best Fam-il-ies.  
(See Note 1.)

She lives on Jazz and Syr-thet-  
ic Gin and plays Strip P-oker.  
(See Note 2.)

She's a Hound for All-Night  
Parties, her spec-ial-ty is Dancing  
on Highly Pol-ish-ed Table Tops!

She's really as Pure and Sweet  
at heart as Fil-ter-ed Nec-tar  
(she's misunderstood, that's the  
trouble).

Note 1.—Best Fam-il-ies—i. e.,  
Pa has plenty of dough.

Note 2.—Strip P-oker—Not so bad  
but hardly for the whole family.



SHE has ne-ver, ne-ver done any-  
thing Naugh-ty, which is ver-y Nice.

Why has she ne-ver done anything  
Naugh-ty?

Because she has ne-ver been Able to  
Think of anything Naugh-ty to do.

She is what they call "Corn Fed."



WHO is this Nice la-dy?

She is the Mov-ie's Simple Inn-o-  
cent Country Lass!

Is she ver-y Sim-ple and Inn-o-cent?

Oh, yes! She is ver-y Sim-ple and Inn-  
o-cent indeed!

Once a Mean Old Trav-el-ing  
Man said, "The Ac-cent comes on  
the Sim-ple."

H.W.  
haenigsen



# A complete story in seven facial

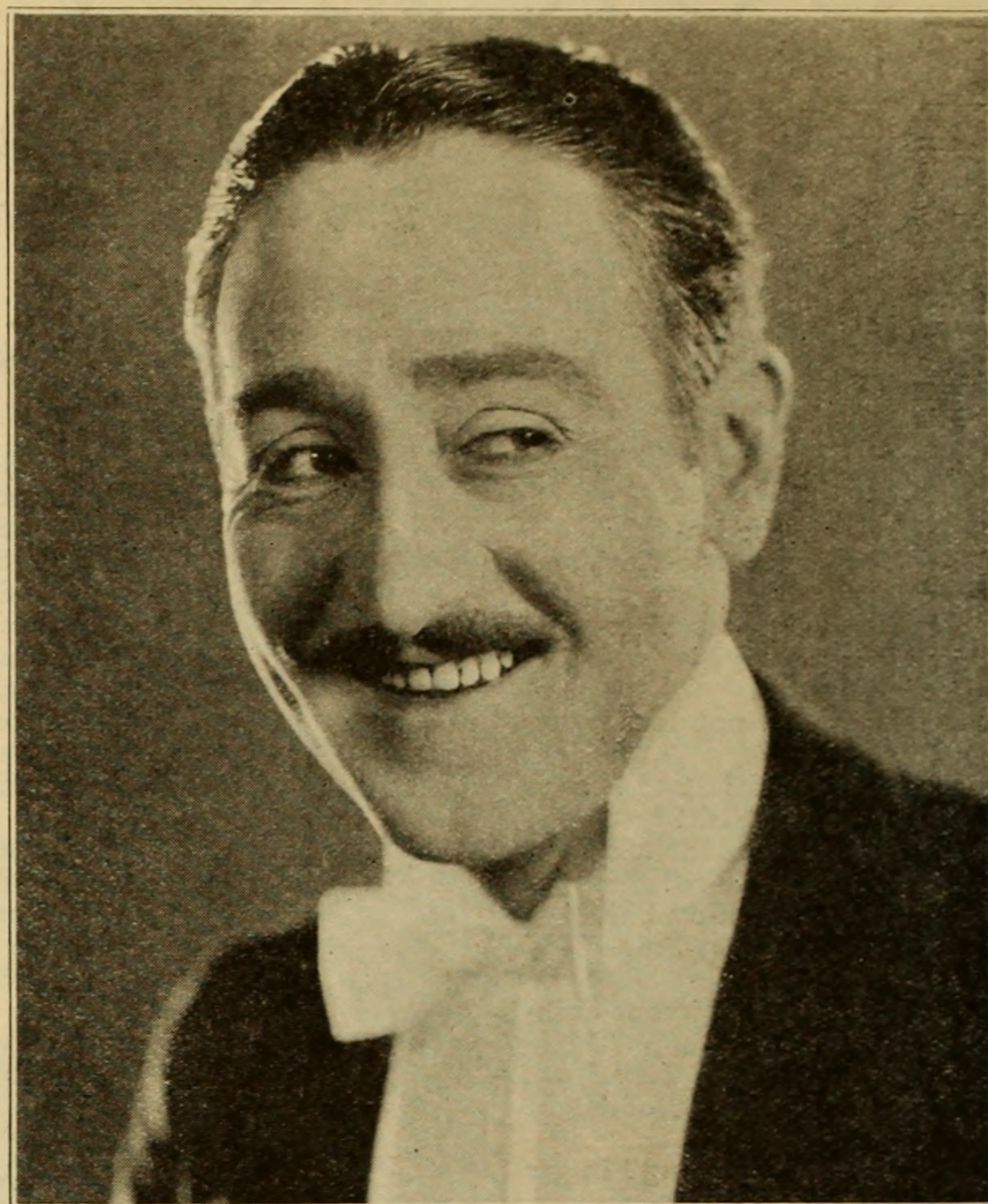
## A Warning to Girls who are Always Late

**G**IRLS, did you ever stand a fellow up on a date, rush in about an hour late, frantically make up a cock and bull story to cover your tardiness, and expect him to believe it?

Adolphe Menjou is a pretty friendly and obliging sort of a chap, and we have asked him to tell you, with the aid of photography, just how your beau feels when you try to get away with that.

If he's a mollycoddle, he'll stand on the corner by the hour and greet you with a box of candy and a smile. But if he's got any gumption at all, he'll listen to your story, take you on to the dance, buy your supper, take you home in a taxicab, and say *Good Night* very emphatically.

Read these pictures and captions from left to right, and you'll learn about men from Adolphe.



*"Well, she said she would be here at eight o'clock and it is only ten after now. She ought to be along any minute. You can't expect a woman to be on time to the minute"*



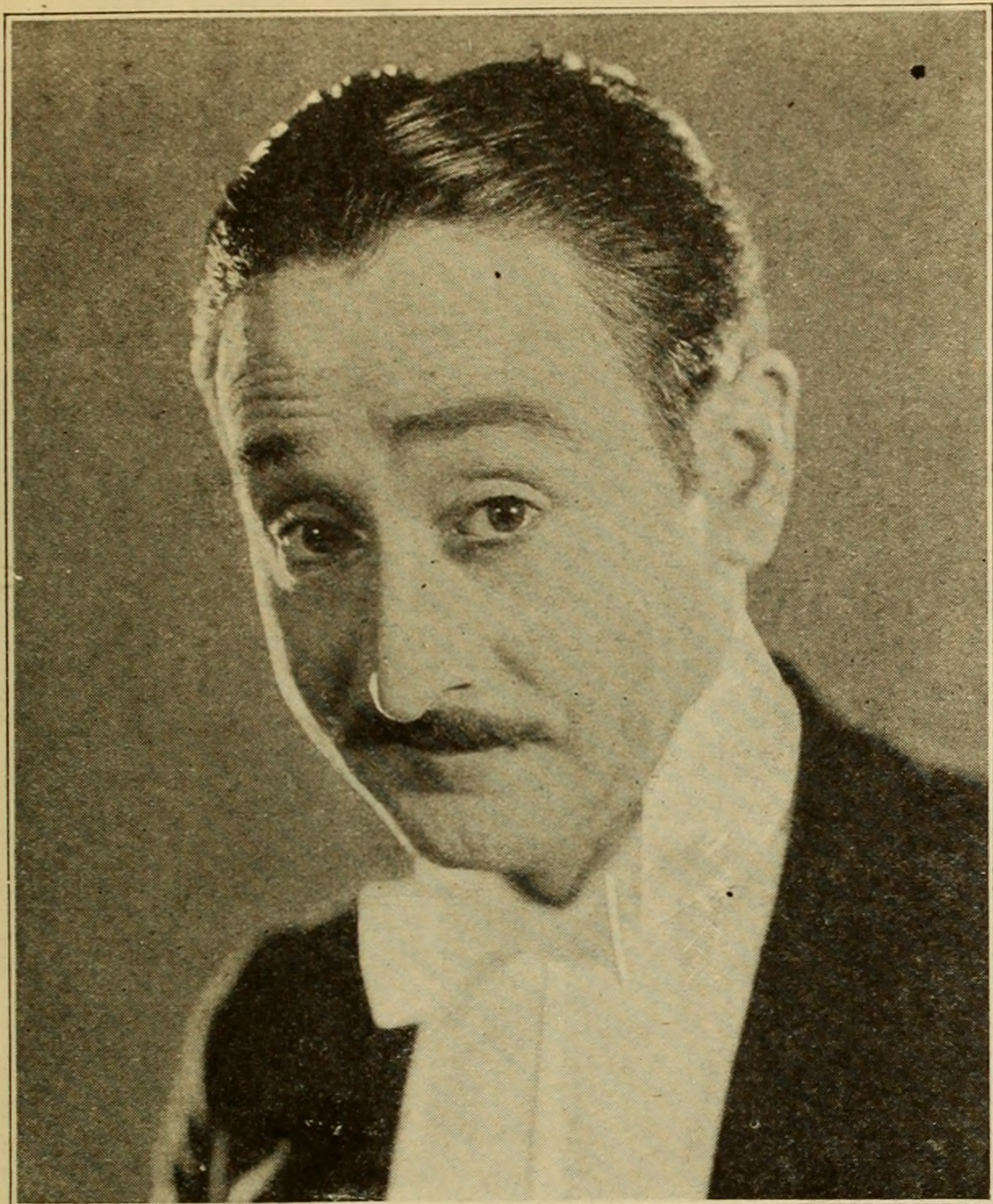
*"Director held her up, hey? Thinks she can put that line of talk over on me. Wait till she stops using up the dictionary and I'll tell her what I think about it"*



*"Why, she's just a plain Dumbdora. Absolutely stupid. It's a wonder she wouldn't get a better line. I could do better when I was playing hookey in school"*



# expressions—By ADOLPHE MENJOU



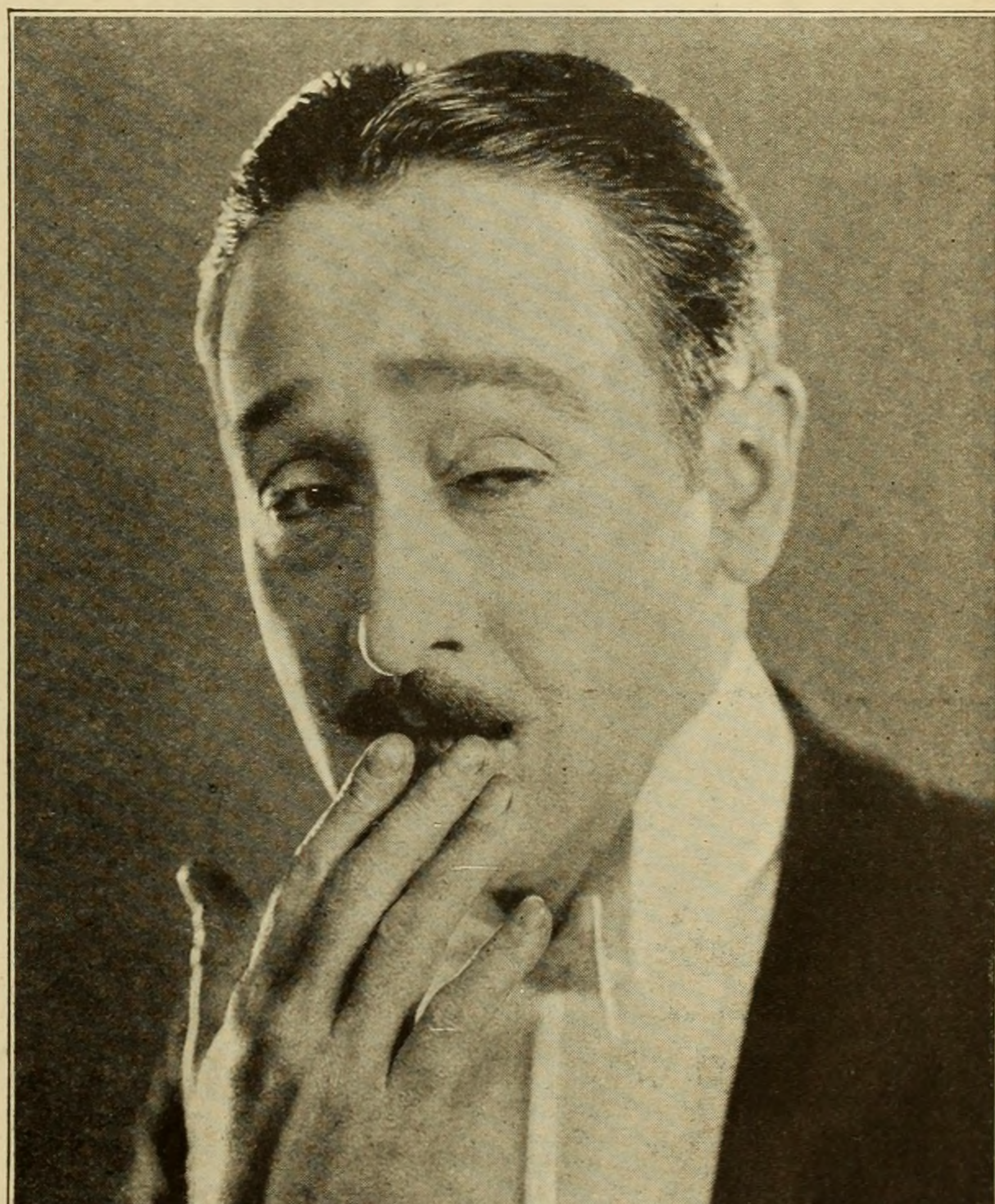
*"It is 8:30 now. I wonder if she is going out with Lew Cody? But if you ask me I bet she wouldn't look at Lew if she could see this new evening suit I have on"*



*"Gosh, here she comes. Looks like the Queen of Sheba in distress. Wonder what's troubling her? She's either upset about something or ready to give me the Ritz"*



*"She's getting worse every minute. Says her mother fell down stairs and broke her neck, eh! I suppose her grandmother will die next so she can get away for a ball game. S'awful!"*



*"Ho, hum. On your way, stupid, on your way. I liked you better when I didn't have to listen to you. Gosh, I wish Lew would come along and take her away"*





*"Meanwhile, I hope you won't decide to marry Mr. Hardy, and leave me in the lurch"*



# It Can't Be Done

A Great Novel  
of Hollywood  
Life

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Based on a  
True Story  
of the Studios

Illustrated by John LaGatta

## PART V. Chapter XXV

AS Jane Dare sat in silence minute after minute, gazing at Mrs. Davidson's outstretched hand, the older woman became impatient.

"It's not as though I was asking you to get yourself into trouble on my account," she exclaimed, regarding Jane with a somewhat suspicious stare. "All I want is you should tell me something against this Shirley woman so I can let my husband see what a fool he's making of himself over her. Just give me a lead—I'll have detectives do the rest. Your name won't appear in it at all. And on the day Lew gives this low-lifer the air, you get her job. Leading woman for Davidson Productions, understand. A chance to star. My God—don't that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," Jane replied listlessly. "It means everything to me. But I—there's nothing I can tell you about Miss Shirley that will help you—nothing at all."

"What? You don't know anything against her?"

"Why should you think I do?"

"There's always gossip around the studio. You're there to hear it. I'm home, looking after my husband's house. I got a girl a job down there—friend of my sister's—an extra woman. She says she's heard rumors this Shirley creature's married. Thought maybe Tony Hull might know something about it, but I can't ask *him*—he's too close to my husband. So I came to you. You and Tony are pretty good friends, I hear. Maybe you could worm something out of him. I got to save my husband from this woman." She rose, her large eyes glowing with passion. "Lew ain't bad. He's just a fool. She's made him one, flattering him till he thinks he's a young sport like he used to be, thirty years ago. Well—you heard my proposition. It's up to you. You won't lose nothing by helping me."

Jane also got up. Much as she wanted success, the thought of gaining it by such methods revolted her. Any attack on Irene meant an attack on Tony; she knew in her heart that she cared for him far too deeply to be willing to injure him—to take advantage of knowledge she had gained while a guest beneath his roof. It lay in her power, at one stroke, to destroy a rival, realize her dearest ambition, and restore Lew Davidson to the

arms of his wife, and yet, she could not do it. All the fine, decent, sportsmanlike instincts in her rose in opposition to the idea. For Tony's sake, and for her own, she would meet her future, whatever it might be, with a clean heart.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Davidson," she said, putting out her hand, "mighty sorry, but I'm afraid I can't help you."

"All right." Her caller moved heavily to the door, pulling the sable collar about her neck. "I'll have to try somebody

else. But if you change your mind, let me know. My opinion is, you're missing the chance of a lifetime." She went slowly out, leaving Jane standing rather dismally in the doorway. Had opportunity knocked, and found her wanting, she wondered? Had she been over-sentimental, quixotic, in her decision? There was precious little sentiment in the picture business as she knew it—a mad scramble for success, with the devil take the hindmost.

Thoughts of Tony only partially reassured her. It would have been dastardly, to have advanced herself at his expense. But, some tiny devil whispered in her ear, did he not deserve it? Why had he not come out like a man and admitted that Irene was his wife? What if fear of punishment argued against it—he should have faced the facts, no matter what the cost. It was with rather a cold heart that she greeted him, when he appeared half an hour later to take her to dinner, but it warmed a bit when she saw the distress in his face.

Clearly, something had gone very wrong.

"What's the matter?" she asked, as they went down

to the car. "You seem terribly upset."

"I am. But I can't talk about it now. Later." He relapsed into a moody silence, which Jane made no attempt to break. Her own thoughts were none too pleasant; they were both somewhat grim as they entered the Italian restaurant on Forty-fourth Street at which they had dined on one or two occasions before.

"Do you know," Tony said, when he had given their order, "that this is the first evening we have had together since your friend Mr. Hardy arrived in town?"

"Is it?" Jane's voice was decidedly flat. She had thought it barely possible that Tony had sought her out this evening to confess his relationship to Irene Shirley—had at last seen the

## What has happened so far:

ALICE CARROLL, star of the Davidson Productions Company, is losing her beauty. Lew Davidson, president of this film company, noticing the little wrinkles gathered about her eyes, and tired of her constant turbulent outbreaks, is ready to refuse her a new contract. Jane Dare, who is "second in command" to Alice, feels that she should be her successor as Davidson's star. Tony Hull, the director, who is in love with Jane also shares her hopes, but Davidson has ideas of his own. These ideas, and particularly one, came about while he was on a visit to Hollywood. There he met Irene Shirley, former Broadway chorus girl, who had done a little vaudeville and finally got a small part with one of the picture companies on the Pacific coast. The producer is fascinated by her baby stare and vamping ways. Despite the fact that he is warned by others to keep away from Irene, Davidson takes her back to New York and gives her a five-year contract. His first move is to take Jane out of the cast of the last picture that Alice Carroll is to appear in, and replace her with Irene. The very first day of her appearance on the set, Irene and Alice engage in a bitter quarrel, ending when Alice slaps the newcomer in the face. Things move rapidly. Davidson, wild with rage, summarily discharges Alice, gives the leading rôle to Irene, putting Jane back in her old part. Tony protests in vain, and the director remains in his position with Davidson only to help Jane to the stardom that he feels she will ultimately reach. While the picture is in the making Jane and Tony spend a day in a bungalow at a nearby beach. There he tells Jane of a scenario he is writing in which he hopes some day to star her. In the bungalow Jane finds a picture on which is inscribed, "To my dear, unreasonable hubby—Irene Hull." She at once senses that Irene Shirley is none other than Tony Hull's wife. Shortly after they returned to the city, Jane receives a visit from Ben Hardy, an old friend who adores her and had gone West and returned with a half million dollars. Ben loses little time in declaring himself an ardent suitor for Jane's hand, and for the next few weeks Tony saw her seldom except at the studio. In the meantime, the picture is finished and, at a special showing, proves to everybody, except Lew Davidson, Tony's contention that Irene cannot act. The next night Jane receives a visit from Mrs. Davidson. She asked Jane to help her end Davidson's mad infatuation and offers Jane Irene's place as star of the company. Her proposition leaves Jane stunned.



harm his silence was doing, and decided to make amends, no matter who was hurt. Had he done this—had he confessed that Irene was his wife, and thus refused to shield her any longer in her shameless vamping of Lew Davidson beneath the cloak of his silence—Jane could have wept for joy, not so much because of the advantage it would be to her, but because it would have restored her faith in Tony, in his honesty, his manliness. And all he had to offer, it seemed, was jealousy of Ben Hardy—a peevish annoyance because the latter, and not he, had been Jane's dinner companion during the past week!

"Well, Tony, as I have explained before, Mr. Hardy is an old friend," she said wearily, "and I've done what I could to amuse him. Is that what's troubling you so?" There was a trace of irony in her voice as she thought of the weightier matters she had been considering.

"No. Not exactly. I've missed seeing you, of course. More I guess than you know." His voice trembled, but he quickly controlled it. "On that day—that night—you spent at my bungalow, I felt closer to you than I've ever felt since, and I—well—I know something must have happened to change things between us, although I can't imagine what it could be. But all this is about *my* affairs, which aren't important." Jane was at a loss to understand the bitterness with which he spoke. Surely his conscience must tell him what barriers stood between them; it was ungenerous, to say the least, to imply that the fault was in any way hers.

"I'm afraid I don't just understand," she told him.

"Don't you? Well, it doesn't matter. We all have our dreams, I guess. Maybe I'm too old, to have any more. This chap Hardy is ten years younger than I am, isn't he?"

Again Mr. Hardy. What was he driving at? Why refer to poor old Ben as an obstacle between them, when there was Irene?

"I don't see what Mr. Hardy's age, or yours, has to do with the matter," she said coldly. "We've been good friends, you and I, up to now, and I don't see any reason why we shouldn't go on being so. Nothing has happened to change things between us—nothing *I* know about, at least. Have *you* anything on your conscience?" She spoke lightly, but deliberately. If he had anything to confess, now was his opportunity.

Tony was staring moodily at the tablecloth.

"Friends," he muttered. "Yes—you're right—good friends, always. Well, that brings me to what I wanted to speak to you about. And as I haven't seen you since the showing of 'Saints and Sinners' last night, tell me what you thought of it."

"I thought Miss Shirley was very bad. That's the truth, catty as it may sound. What did *you* think?"

"I didn't have to wait for the showing, Jane, to know how bad she was. Don't forget I'd been over every foot of the film dozens of times in the projection room, cutting, assembling,



"Hardy caught his first glimpse of the scene. A long, shallow deck a bier had been erected, and on it lay Elaine, in the

titling, trying to make the best of it. I knew beforehand it would be a failure. And in spite of the fact that I directed it, and am to that extent responsible for it, I hoped it would be, too. Do you know why?"

"I think so. You wanted the critics, the public, to tell Davidson what you had already tried to tell him yourself, and failed—that Miss Shirley can't act."

"Yes—that, and more. I wanted him to get rid of her, to make room for you. I thought this one picture would kill her. It should have, God knows. But it hasn't. She's convinced him she hasn't had the right vehicle, and persuaded him to put her into another picture at once. He telephoned me this afternoon, to meet him at eight-thirty tonight, at his office. And he asked me to bring that 'Launcelot and Elaine' scenario of mine along with me."

Tony spoke quietly enough, but to Jane his words were like a blow. He had promised her the lead in that production and now Davidson wanted it for Irene. No wonder he seemed troubled.





*barge was floating slowly down the stream. In the center of the semblance of death, beneath a gold and purple covering"*

"That's all right, Tony," she said. "I understand. And I'm terribly sorry. But of course I won't stand in your way. Don't consider me for a moment. Business is business, and I think too much of you to hamper you—"

"Hell's bells!" he interrupted irritably. "I'm not thinking of that. I promised you that part and you're going to have it. And don't think it's just because I'm fond of you, either. I'm no fool, if Davidson is. Do you suppose for a moment I'd throw the work of months into the discard just to satisfy the whims of a doddering old idiot, and that cheap little gold-digger? I'd rather tear the thing up and throw it into the waste basket than see it ruined by Irene Shirley, to say nothing of the harm it would do my reputation as a director. Davidson has about as much chance of putting her in that production as I have of looking like Mary Pickford—"

"But—you said he had sent for it."

"What good will it do him? My contract is to direct pictures, not to write them. This is my own idea, worked out in my own time—"

"Yes—I know that. But if you refuse—"

"I suppose I'll get the air. Not on that account though. I have a good contract. But under it I am obliged to direct whatever pictures he may select. If I decline, I step out. Ordinarily he would listen to me—take my advice about a story—but that was before this Shirley woman came along. She seems to be running the whole works, now. I won't direct her again, that's flat. If Lew wants to put the company on the rocks he's going about it the right way."

"It's too bad, Tony. I see why you're worried."

"You don't, Jane. You think it's because Lew and I have come to the parting of the ways, but it isn't. The thing that's chiefly troubling me is, if I leave, what's going to happen to you."

Jane felt his sincerity, and all the old warmth of feeling that had filled her before Irene Shirley came to chill it rose to the surface. She seized his hand, gave it a quick squeeze.

"Tony, you're a dear to be thinking about me. What about you?"

"Oh, I'll be all right. Good directors are always in demand. But I had hoped that with Davidson Productions you'd get your chance to star, and naturally I'm disappointed. Now you'll have to begin all over again, with another company. It's a long row. This Shirley woman has spoiled everything."

Jane gave a dismal little grin. Irene had indeed spoiled everything—her chances of starring, her love for Tony, her whole future. And not an hour ago, Jane remembered, she had declined to turn her hand—to speak the few words which would have eliminated her rival completely. Well, she was glad of that, now. If, during those tense moments with Mrs. Davidson, she had thought of Tony and his welfare, he, too, in his own crisis, had thought of her.

"Well," she laughed, to relieve the gravity of the moment, "I guess I'll have to marry Ben Hardy and help him spend his half million."

"If you care for him," said Tony, the sombre look in his eyes deepening, "it might be a very good thing for you to do."

Instantly Jane regretted her words, realizing that she had hurt him.

"He's just a dear, good friend. And I haven't the least intention of throwing up the sponge so far as my work is concerned. Please go ahead with your dinner. You're not eating a thing. Ben and I saw the new Belasco show the other night. It's a knockout." With a description of the plot she strove to divert his mind to other channels. When the dinner check had been paid, and they were on the sidewalk, she left him. "I'm going to look in at the Capitol for a while," she said, "but I'll be home early. Run up, if you haven't anything better to do, and let me know how you come out. Good luck." She smiled as she turned away, but her heart was not smiling.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]





Alice



Norma



Mabel



Gloria



Betty



Pola

# Women Men Love

By Harriette Underhill

"SHE'S the niftiest little piece of henna that ever leaned against a lip-stick!"

This may express our views regarding Gloria Swanson, but these are not our words.

They emanated from the lips of Joe, our favorite office boy.

It happened like this: having probed the depths of our heart and learned the heights of our folly last month in a story which we wrote called "Men I Love," an importunate editor said, "Now find out about 'Women Men Love.'"

"On the screen?" we asked to be sure just what sort of assignment this was.

"Yes, and off, though you'll find that the women who prove the most thrilling are usually known to the men whom they thrill only on the screen. What with the cinema and the radio, this is getting to be a world of vicarious love affairs."

"All right, I'll start with you," I said. "Which one of the screen stars gives you the greatest thrill?" Without an instant's hesitation the importunate editor replied, "Mabel Normand." Adding, "That is, she did five years ago. And there was Edna Purviance and Clara Kimball Young."

"Now or then?"

"Well, now and then. But Mabel came first; she certainly was a peach. I never missed any of her pictures those days. She had a helpless, pathetic quality that none of the others ever had."

"Little Mabel, little Mabel, with her face against the pane. I know the look. A please-be-good-to-me-because-I'm-just-a-poor-weak-little-girl, big-strong-man look."

"That's it, I wonder why none of them look that way any more?" This with a long-ago look in his eyes.

"They do; only they do not look that way to you," I told him. "It's your fault, not theirs."

This was insulting and we meant it to be for there is nothing a man hates like being told that he doesn't thrill any more. A man will defend his thrillability with his dying breath.

"I merely said there were none like Mabel," he countered. "Of course, there are plenty of stars who thrill me right now."

"For instance?"

"Well, at the top of the list is Corinne Griffith—full of passion and submission—indefinitely suspended animation."

"Are you speaking of the lady?"

"No, I'm speaking of her shadow."

"And there's Gloria Swanson—and of course Betty Compson," he continued, "the great potentialities."

"And Pola Negri?"

"The great enigma."

"And Marion Davies?"

"After 'Little Old New York'—oh, very much Marion Davies."

"Sweet but not too sweet, and Elsie Ferguson?" I asked.

"Again the lure of the unattainable."

"Nita Naldi?"

"Deliberately provocative."

"And Barbara La Marr?"

"Also deliberately provocative."

"Now, if that's the list of ladies who thrill you on the screen, I must say that you're a catholic man and, I hope, deserve all you get; for you get a lot out of the pictures, you do."

"WHOOOP, Zowie—Wow!" and he sprang into the room, right into the center of the editor's Turkish rug. He had been announced and expected so it was not his entrance, but the manner of it which surprised the editor out of his usual calm. Unfortunately, in explaining the "whoops" and "wows" he made some alarming disclosures and that is why he must remain "He." We'll just capitalize him and let it go at that, only saying that the man who sprang into the center of the room was young, handsome, a famous star. (You see we carefully refrain from capitalizing famous.) When he could speak he gasped out, "I've just been to see a picture with Norma Shearer in it. Of all the sweet, alluring, beautiful, devastating girls! Well, there isn't a one on the screen to compare with her. I've seen Miss Shearer in pictures before: so I said 'whoa,' to the taxi driver who was bringing me up here when I saw one of her pictures running on Broadway. That's why I am an hour late."

"God sent you to me. I'm preparing a treatise on 'Women Men Love!'"

"And why?"

"No, for no one knows that. But go on and talk. Your story interests me strangely."

"Won't say another word. I'm not going to lay bare my heart for daws to peck at."

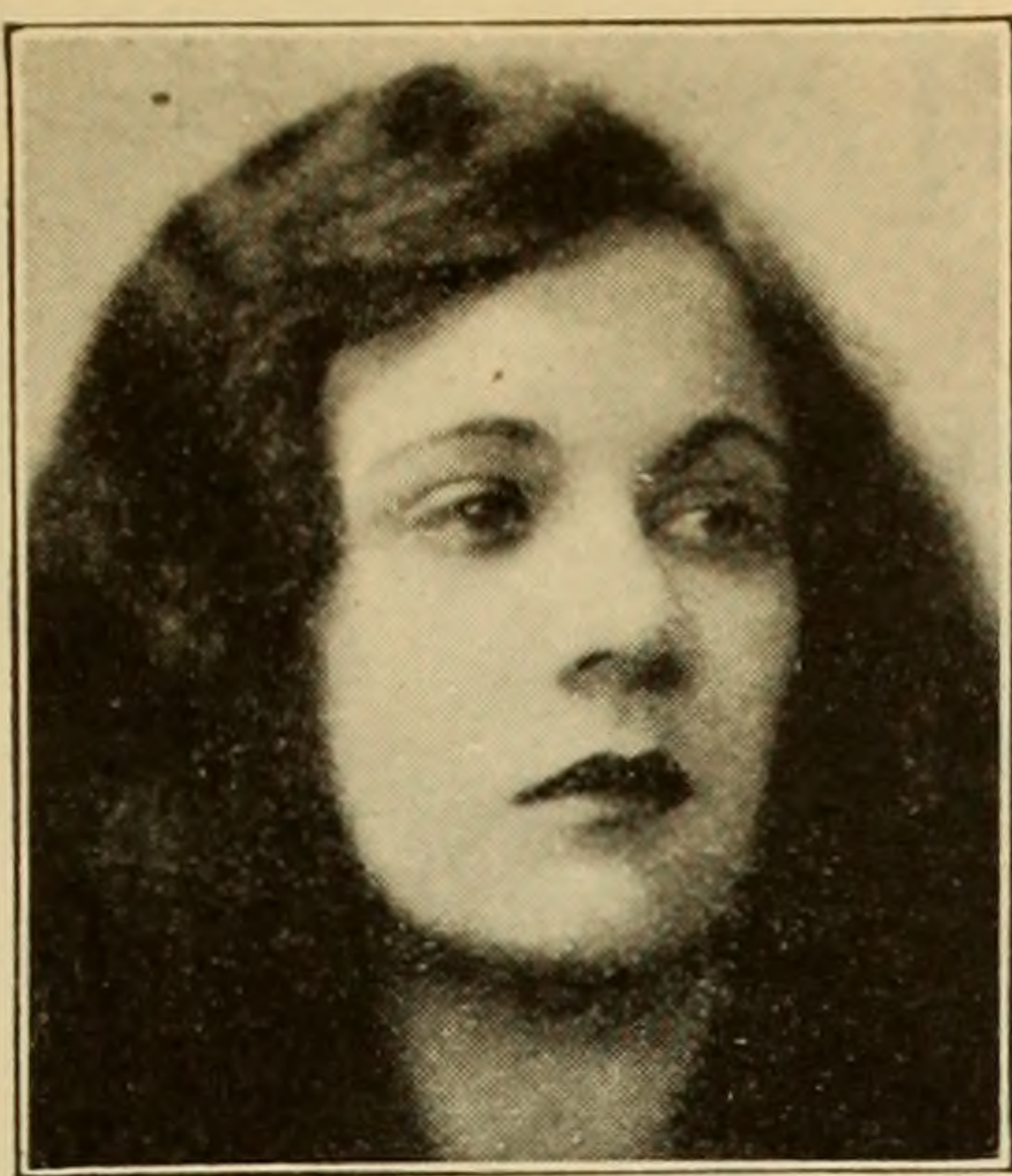
"Oh, please. Be yourself again (a clue to his identity) and I swear for ever after to refer to you only as 'a seven-letter word meaning Dick.'"

"Well, you needn't laugh at me—or I don't care if you do. I tell you when I see Norma Shearer on the screen, I—well—" Here he clenched his fists and hurled his arms about in space with youthful abandon. "Well," he finished decorously, "I'd like to have her for my leading woman, that's what I'd like to do. Just wait!"





May



Virginia



Norma



Clara

When you have  
finished reading this  
you can make up  
your own mind



Marion



Elsie

"Maybe when you meet her, the illusion will vanish. It has happened," we said, sadly reminiscent.

"Maybe, but I doubt it."

"Whom else do you like?"

"Clara Bow—sort of—"

He is a monogamous soul, you see.

"On or off?" we asked.

"On."

"And whom do you like off?"

"May Allison. I think she is the most beautiful girl I ever saw.

"Oh, I forgot to put Norma Talmadge in my list of screen irresistibles. Norma can have me any time, for the asking."

"You mean for the being asked."

"So, you're true to one name if not to one woman. And it reads from left to right, Norma, Clara, and Norma."

"Yes, and that's all."

"Not Pola?"

"Nope."

"Nor Nita?"

"Nope."

"Nor Barbara?"

"Nope. I said only three with Miss Shearer ten laps to the good."

"She ought to make it in another lap." And with this "wise crevice" we went out alone into the great world to become "an inquiring reporter."

The elevator man was vigorous, young and dark. He is the sort who would dance well and have all of his lady friends saying that he is the image of Valentino. In riding from the tenth floor to the ground, we disobeyed the sign reading, "Do not feed or annoy the elevator man," or whatever it says, and asked him who his favorite screen star was.

"That's easy," he answered glibly, "it's Agnes Ayres—some baby, and that don't mean maybe! Never miss a pitcher with Aggie in it. Say, did you see her in—" but while the elevator man was fascinating, we knew we were obstructing the traffic, so we said, "Yes, saw her in everything. What's your name?"

"Mannie Mann."

"From the great open spaces, you he man?" we said coyly, not dreaming that he would get it.

But Mannie's mind was not virgin soil, for he replied "Sure—from the great open spaces on 110th Street where men are Jewish."

He was a joker and he certainly had a way with him. But time was pressing and anyway hadn't Mannie just declared that his heart belonged to Agnes Ayres?

When we reached the Herald-Tribune we questioned our elevator boy. "Oh," he said nonchalantly, "I ain't got much use for none of them. Say, I seen Dante's Inferno three times. Pretty swell. I used to like Poil White but they don't come like her no more. She was some actress! Mary Pickford ain't bad though."

Joe, our favorite office boy, had considerable to say when we asked his favorite actress. He said without hesitation, "Gloria Swanson." And then he added the appraisal with which we have opened our treatise. His words fascinated us and we put them down intact.

Then all of the office boys gathered round and wanted to take part in the contest, just as though it had been a cross-word puzzle. Sol, who used to be head boy and who now has been advanced to night re-write man, chose Lillian Gish as being miles ahead of all the others in producing thrills. Three office-boys simultaneously shouted out "Barbara La Marr's mine!"

Jack said nothing; for Jack is the retiring one. We sought him out. "Which star gives you the greatest thrill, Jack?" we said.

"Let me see," he pondered, "you mean man or woman star?"

"Oh, I mean a woman star."

"Well, then, I don't know unless it's Barbara La Marr. Yes, it's Barbara."

THEN we wandered over to the desk of Dwight Perrin, our favorite City Editor. He is our favorite because he has brains, a sense of humor and just plain horse sense.

"Which screen actress gives you the greatest thrill?" we asked and right off the bat he answered, "Priscilla Dean."

"Did you see her in 'The Siren of Seville?'" we asked significantly.

"I did—twice. Wasn't she great?"

"Yes," we agreed, "great—meaning large."

Men certainly do have the strangest notions! In hunting about for information none of the men ever chose the actress we expected him to choose.

When we asked Quinn Martin, the screen critic, he hesitated. The only man we encountered who did. The others seemed to know right away which actress gave them the greatest thrill. Probably they had been thinking a lot about it.

"Gloria, Pola, Nita? Barbara, Dagmar, Jetta?"—but he shook his head and still pondered.

"Claire Windsor, Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Mackaill?"

"No," finally announced Quinn Martin, "it's Elaine Hammerstein. Vidor and Leatrice Joy." "Well, at least, you're the quintessence of consistency—

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



# At Last—The Blonde Vampire



Anna Q. Nilsson broke the age-old tradition of casting brunettes for vampire rôles in pictures when she appeared in "Inez from Hollywood." Above is a scene from that film with Anna and Lewis Stone. At the right is a "close-up" of the blonde star in the same picture



"Anna Q." has upset the raven-locked monopoly on screen husband snatching

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

The cleverest *intrigante*—a woman capable of attaining her ends with all the brilliance and determination and ruthlessness of a Catherine de Medici—whom I have ever observed, looks like a well-conducted school teacher, with her smooth, light brown hair and frank, nice gray eyes.

And the only woman I have ever known who was thoroughly irresistible to men was a pure, golden blonde, with black eyebrows and eyelashes, and violet-hazel eyes. In real life, she was the only person I ever encountered who, beside having four distinguished husbands and innumerable romances of the story-book kind, actually had a man kill himself at her feet.

All of which brings me to Anna Q. Nilsson, and the new blonde vamp.

Anna Q. of the purring, fascinating voice, the quivering, exquisite mouth, the deep-deep blue eyes, and the ever-present sense of humor.

For Anna Q. at last has forced a blonde vampire character upon the screen and broken—I hope for all time—the stupid convention that exciting ladies must be brunettes.

It happened like this—and to tell you about it, I must give you just a glimpse into the way an author feels when his or her brain child is taken from the sane, safe covers of a nice magazine and dragged away into the hectic and wild world of the studios.

Once upon a time I wrote a short story called "The Worst Woman in Hollywood." And when they came to make a picture of it they very kindly consulted me about who should play *Inez Laranetta*, who was a very, very vampish lady whom you might admire but scarcely trust alone with your husband.

They suggested a list of names—all brunette. Oh, extremely, in fact, utterly bru-

nette. All but one. Way down at the bottom I found the name of Anna Q. Nilsson.

I admit that it gave me a little start, that name. I had been thinking of *Inez* in inky terms myself. And then I began to go over in my own mind the women I had known in real life, the women who were something like *Inez* as I had tried to draw her. To my amazement I found that nearly all of them were blonde—or semi-blonde. So I told Sam Rork, who was producing the picture, that as far as I was concerned, Anna Q.—being one of the finest actresses on the screen anyway—suited me down to the ground.

Well, there was considerable trepidation about the blonde vamp. Everyone was more or less anxious about it. It was a radical departure, and in motion pictures radical departures are not, as a rule, looked upon with any degree of favor.

[CONTINUED ON FROM 143]

**W**HY have so many people a stupid idea that a bit of devilry in the feminine bosom must express itself outwardly in raven locks and sparkling coal-black eyes?

Why is a vampire always painted with a brunette brush and a Spanish, Italian or Egyptian *motif*?

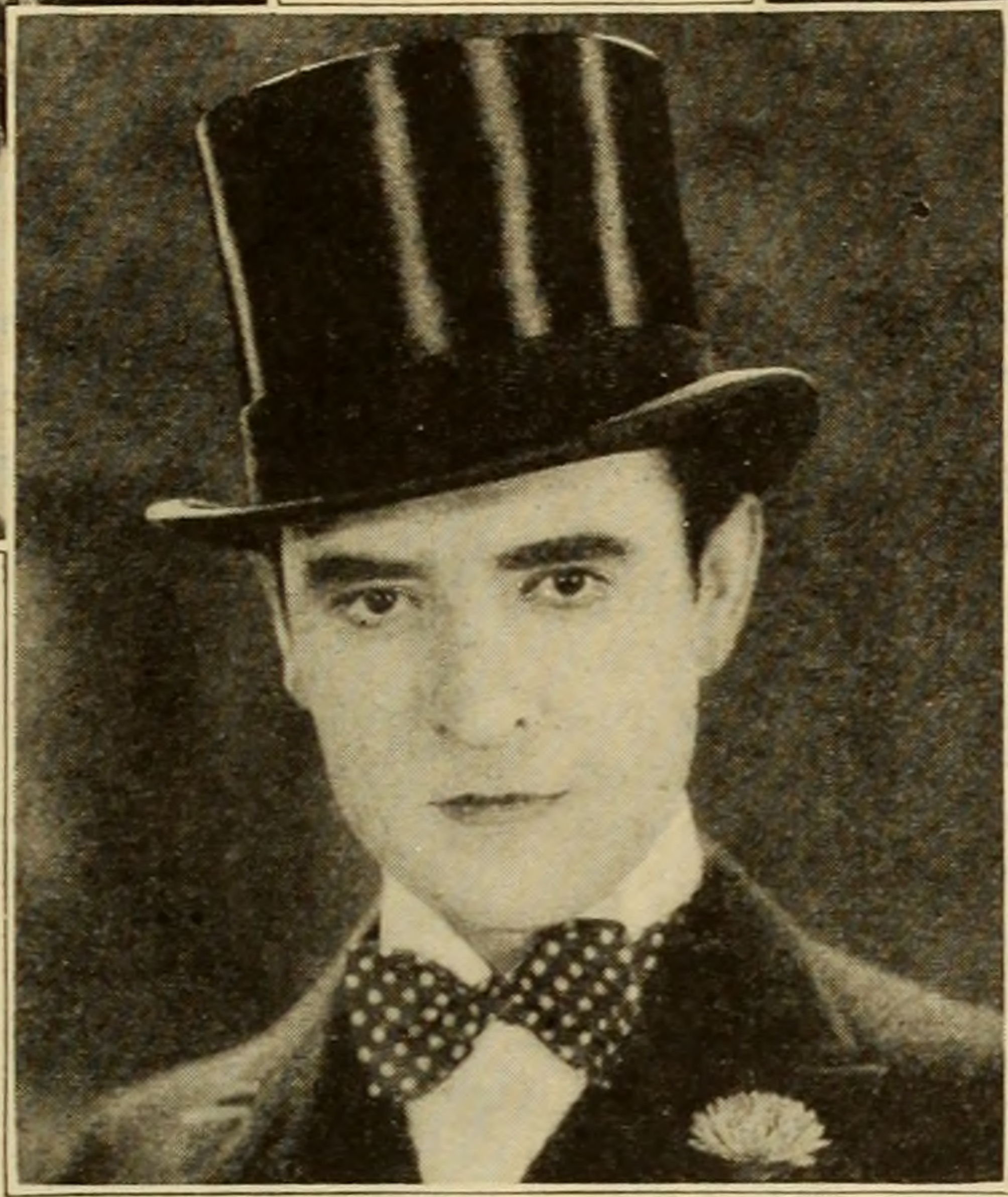
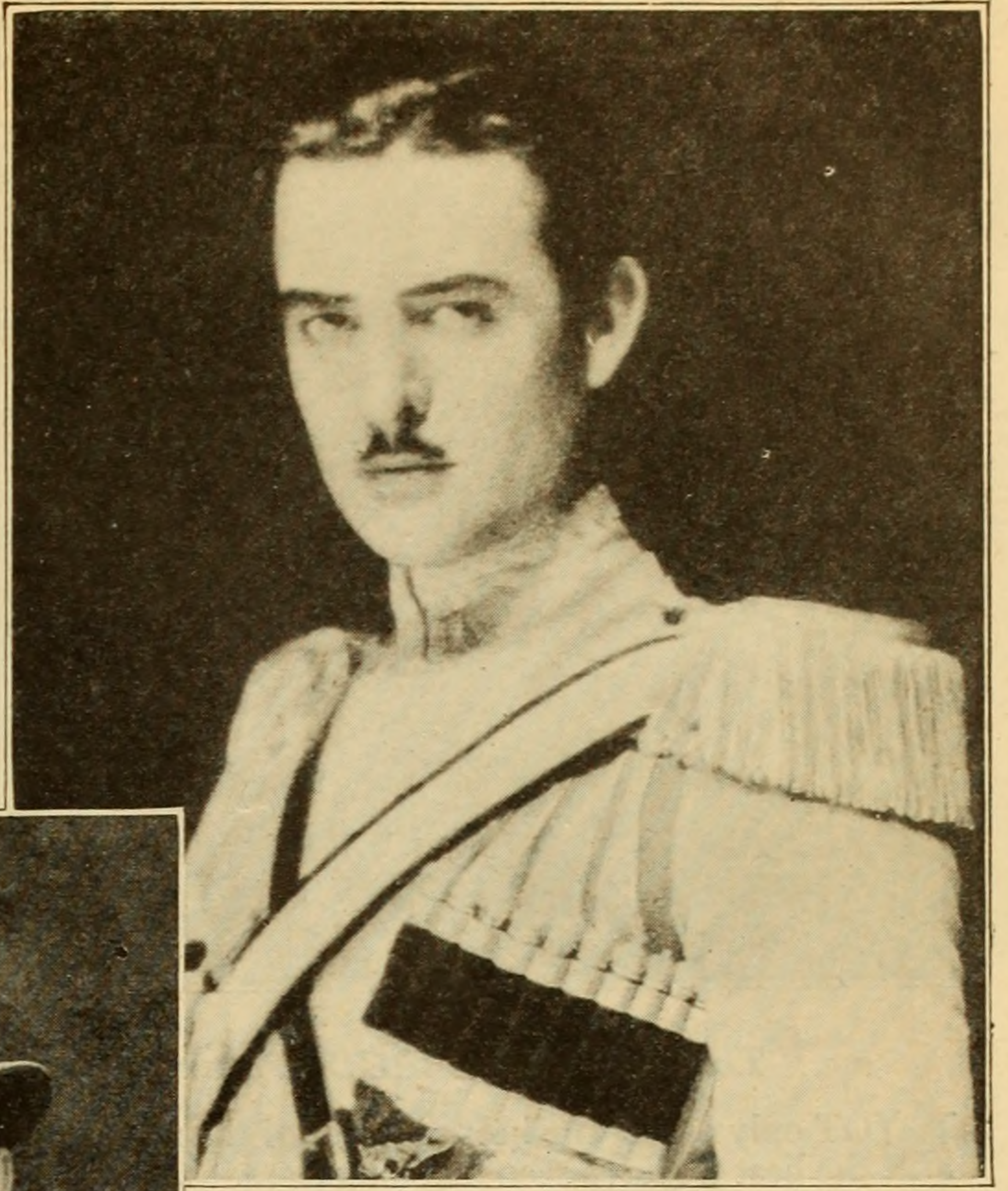
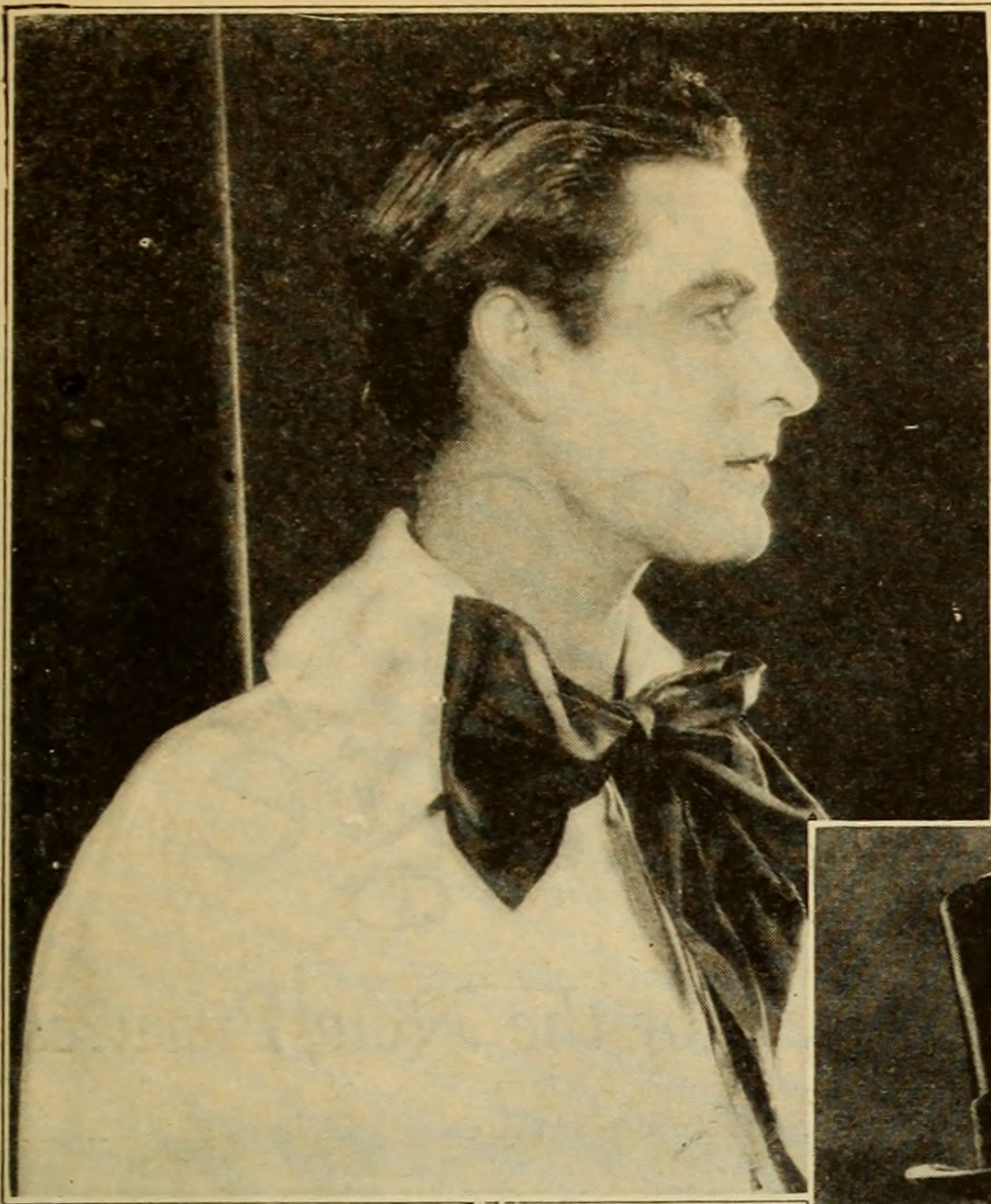
Why is it that, cinematically speaking, the moment a lady is supposed to have more than her share of the well-known S. A. she appears before the mind's eye in the darkest colors?

For years, the screen has suffered from this narrow-minded tradition. If the script called for a lady who occasionally slipped into high, or, in her careless moments, led youths astray down the primrose path, or naughtily allured men to forsake their better selves, the choice narrowed instantly to four or five actresses steeped in the midnight hues.

Which always did seem a little silly to me.

The wickedest woman I ever knew in my life was a thin, fragile blonde who looked as though a good wind would blow her away, and whose soft blue eyes looked out at you from under eyebrows as delicate as those of a 15th century madonna.





When Jack Gilbert went from studio to studio begging for work, few predicted that he would ever reach stardom, but his work in "He Who Gets Slapped" (above) and in "The Snob" (right) revealed his genius

But it was Jack's portrayal of Prince Gritzko in "His Hour" that stamped him as one of the great actors of the screen. His performance was dazzling, dashing and vivid—worthy of the greatest film artists

## "I Told You So!"

Jack Gilbert was bound to get there

By Ivan St. Johns

**T**HERE are four words in the English language that no man can resist. He utters them with more fervor than the most impassioned poetry, with more emphasis than the noblest sentiments. Those words are, "I told you so."

Show me the man who can resist speaking those words when chance arises and I will show you a man who has come a long way upon the road to conquering human weaknesses.

Right now I am having a great time with them myself, and I must admit that so far I haven't passed up a single opportunity to use them.

Whenever anyone mentions the name of Jack Gilbert I bob forth exactly like a cuckoo clock and say, "I told you so."

Because I did.

For years, I did. To be exact, for seven years I told the world in general and certain producers and directors in particular that Jack Gilbert had every attribute of a great star and that sooner or later he was going to score a first class hit and make a lot of money for somebody.

I pointed out that Jack had charm, that he could act, that he had the fire and dash of the continental lover coupled with the wholesome strength and cleanness of the best type of American, that he was young, but that his years of experience on the stage had given him poise and polish, that he photographed in a handsome and most distinguished manner.

Too often has Hollywood seen some asteroid, hailed as a rising star, quenched in the oblivion of failure, and Hollywood has grown skeptical. But Ivan St. Johns has held firmly to his faith in Jack Gilbert—a faith that seems to be justified.

Whereupon most of them yawned in my face, or said, "Yeh," or words to that effect. I have backed a lot of losers in my time. Everyone has. That's why I cannot keep silent about this winner. Because I went right on backing him, even when he pretty nearly starved to death. When he used to go from studio to studio, week in and week out, begging for work, any kind of work, extra work, mob work, anything, and getting turned down just as regular, I used to scratch my head and say, "I don't care. The boy's got it and some day he'll get a chance."

When he finally was driven to abandon his ambitions to be an actor, when he became first an automobile tire salesman and later a sort of scenario writer, to ward off the pangs of hunger as it were, I still used to drive people nutty by saying, "Well, I may be crazy—but I think Jack Gilbert is the best bet that—"

Whereupon they usually agreed—that I was crazy.

When he became a Fox star, I wasn't very elated, because Mr. Fox runs a little movie world all his own and it didn't seem to me the place for Jack, but I felt a little better. And then he and the Fox people mutually decided that one of them had been wrong after "The Count of Monte Cristo" and in spite of "Cameo Kirby" and Jack was a free lance again.

Everyone was roaring about the need of a young leading man. Everyone was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

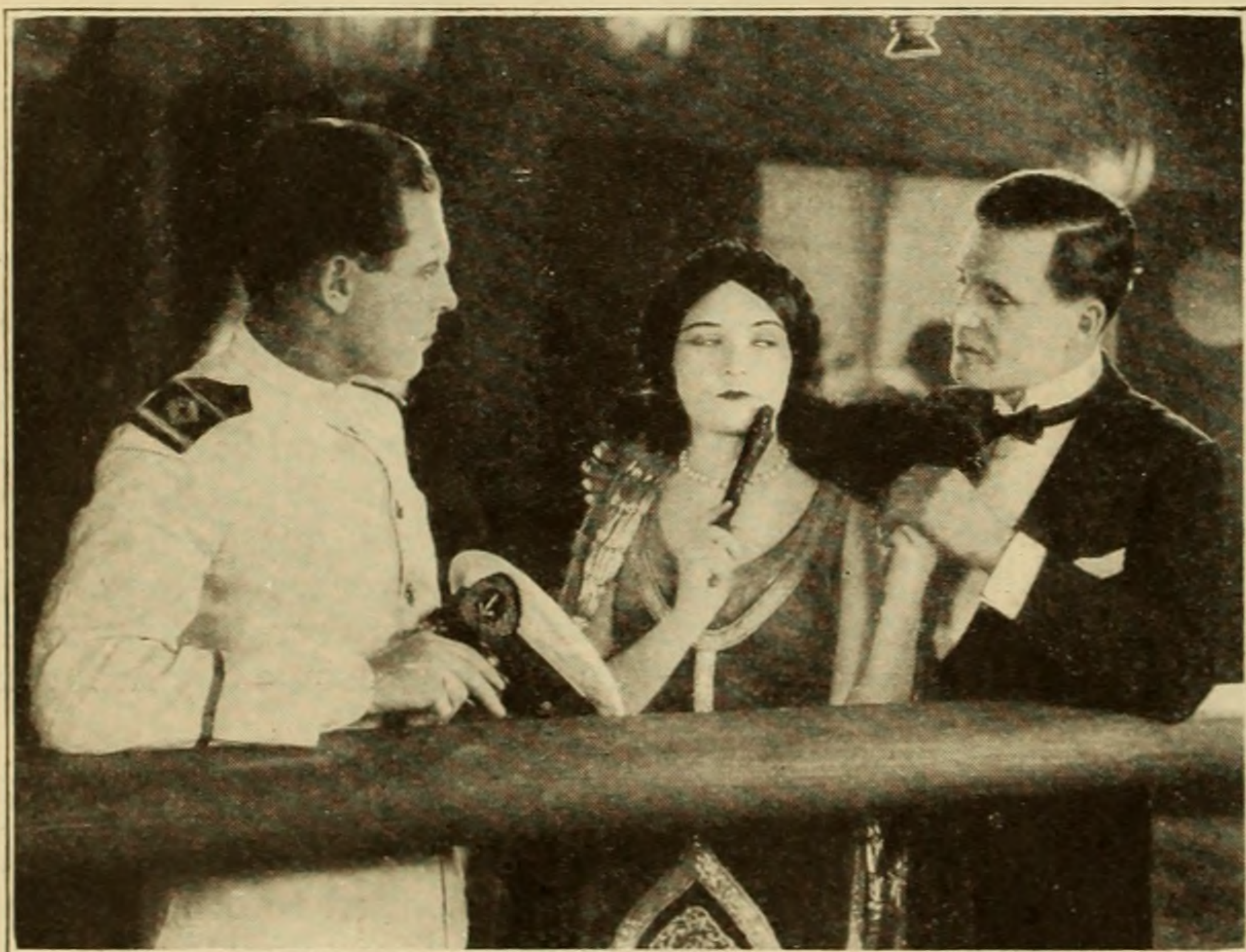




*THE DEVIL'S CARGO—Paramount*

NOT only one of the best pictures of the month but one of the best we have seen in a long time. The story is about the Vigilantes at Sacramento during the gold rush when gambling hall owners and their followers ruled the town. The plot revolves about a young editor, a fiery young reformer who falls in love with the daughter of the owner of the biggest gambling resort in the town. Although a member of the Vigilantes, the editor is trapped with the girl in her father's house on the night the organization determines to run all undesirables out of town, and is caught with them.

Some wonderful comedy is given by Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton that later turns into several of the most tragic moments we have ever seen in a picture. Beery and Hatton run away with the film.



*EAST OF SUEZ—Paramount*

POLA NEGRI wins new laurels in her latest picture, "East of Suez," adapted from the Somerset Maugham play in which Florence Reed achieved such success on the stage. Though this drama fails to sustain the pace of La Negri's last film, "Forbidden Paradise," the intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization of the star easily ranks it with the month's six best productions, but not for Y. M. C. A. showings.

*Daisy Forbes* (Pola Negri) is advised of her beloved father's death aboard ship en route to him in Shanghai.

Arrived there, *Daisy* learns to her horror that she is half Chinese. To avoid an unfortunate marriage, *George Conway*, her betrothed, is sent to distant lands. *Daisy* marries another. The husband is conveniently poisoned, and *Daisy* is reunited with *George*.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



*PETER PAN—Paramount*

EVERYBODY in America should see this picture. It is more than a tonic, because it not only revives memories of youth, but makes you youthful. If you are young, you will live and triumph with *Peter Pan* in all the glorious episodes that your imagination ever dreamed. If you are old, you will find yourself young again.

There is so much good to this picture that one is left wondering how it was all done so flawlessly. Sir James Barrie wrote the story, Herbert Brenon directed the picture, and Betty Bronson lived *Peter Pan*. Mary Brian was the spiritual *Wendy*. Every other member of the cast is also entitled to praise, from Ernest Torrence down to the tiniest tot in the picture. The performance of each was flawless.

"Peter Pan" proves that all the fairies are not dead. In our childhood we believed in them, in fact, we knew there were fairies. If, in after years, we came at times to doubt their existence, we learned from "Peter Pan" that our doubts were wrong. "Peter Pan" could not have been produced without fairies to guide it through the beautiful scenes.

The more we think of Betty Bronson, the more we marvel at her perfect performance. Not only the expression in her face but the way she stood and walked, and the grace that she showed every instant caused us to feel that she was truly an ethereal child who never could grow up. And anybody who can do that is, in reality, *Peter Pan*.

There is another phase of the picture that caused us to marvel, and that was the photography. The beautiful bits done by Virginia Brown Faire as *Tinker Bell* lent an enchantment that was needed to make the picture perfect.

And that is what it was—a perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast.



*The Six Best Pictures of the Month*

PETER PAN	EAST OF SUEZ
SO BIG	A THIEF IN PARADISE
THE DEVIL'S CARGO	THE NARROW STREET

*The Six Best Performances of the Month*

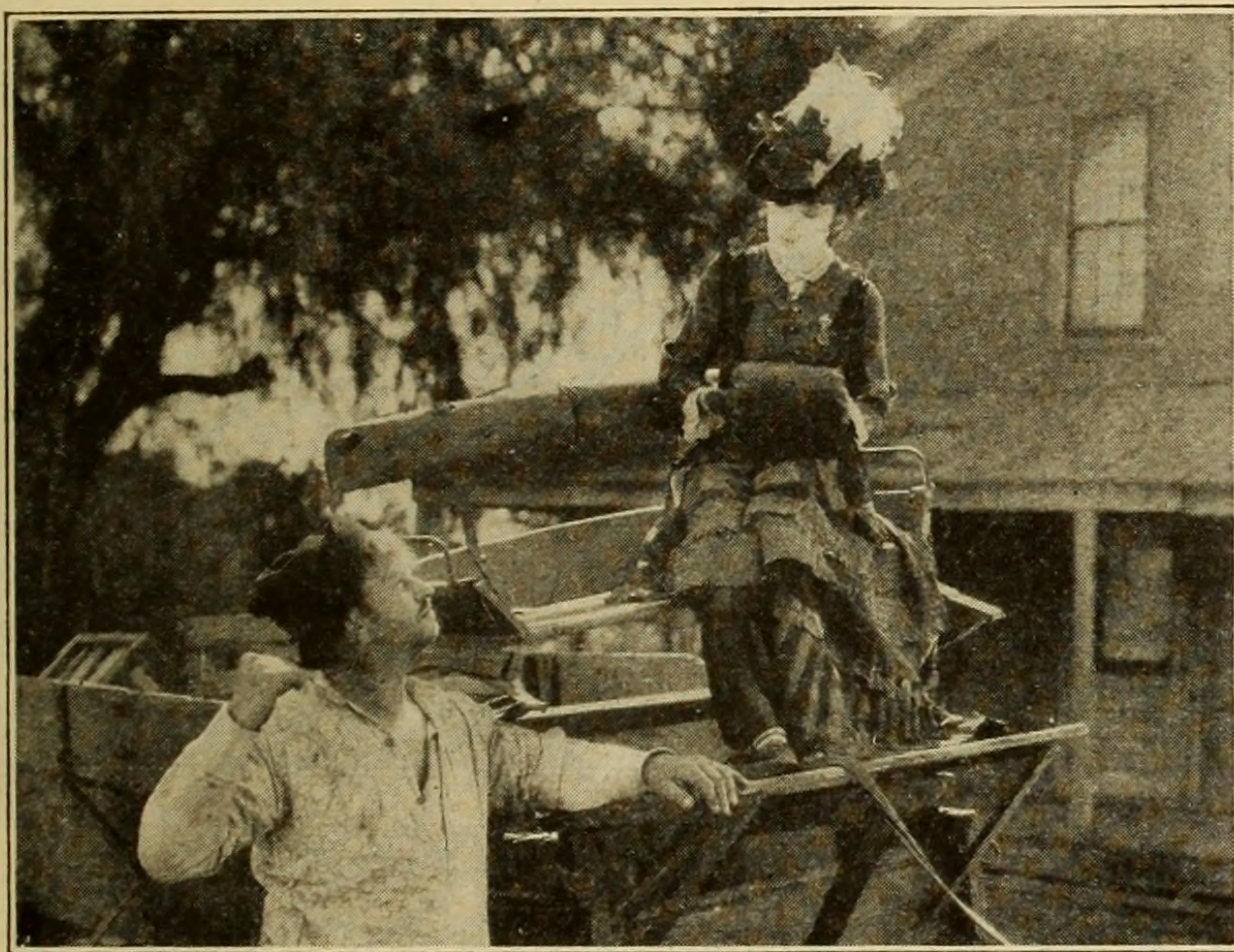
BETTY BRONSON in "Peter Pan"  
 COLLEEN MOORE in "So Big"  
 MARY BRIAN in "Peter Pan"  
 MATT MOORE in "The Narrow Street"  
 RAYMOND HATTON in "The Devil's Cargo"  
 JOHN GILBERT in "Wife of the Centaur"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 130



**A THIEF IN PARADISE—First National**

A **S**PLENDID picture with no dull moments. A cast of prominent players top it off—Ronald Colman, Doris Kenyon, Aileen Pringle, Claude Gillingwater and Alec B. Francis. The story, an adaptation by Frances Marion of Leonard Merrick's novel, "The Worldlings," was directed by George Fitzmaurice. Many novelties are introduced. A hand-to-hand fight is staged at the bottom of the sea. Boy, these under-the-water shots will get you! There's an unusual girls' polo game played by two teams of beauties clad in bathing suits; a spectacular undersea dance and a thrilling runaway horse episode. Could you ask for more? The action concerns a man who masquerades as another man, falls in love with one girl and is loved by another. Not a family picture.



**SO BIG—First National**

**C**OLLEEN MOORE has tossed aside her temperamental "Flaming Youth" rôles and steps before the public as a real actress. As *Selina Peake*, Colleen outshines all previous screen efforts. In this demanding part, she gives us not only youth, but maturity and finally old age.

Although the direction has been adroitly handled, still the sequences as depicted are decidedly jerky. An excellent cast supports Miss Moore. John Bowers, as the slow-thinking Dutch farmer, is all that one would expect. Wallace Beery, although in a minor rôle, gives a striking performance. No doubt it will be pleasing to most of the fans to find Ben Lyon, as the grown-up *So Big*.

"So Big" is laid in an old Dutch colony which thrived near Chicago about half a century ago. The dressing and hair-dressing are strictly adhered to.

After the death of her father, *Selina Peake* secures a position of school mistress at High Prairie. She becomes the wife of *Purvis De Jong*, a poor farmer, shares his home and works by his side in the fields. A son is born, *Dirk*, whom she calls *So Big*. *Purvis* stubbornly refuses to try new methods of farming. Toil and poverty wreck his health and he dies. *Selina* tries to market the produce herself, which leads to a chance meeting with old friends. They advance her money with which she improves her farm and prospers sufficiently to send *So Big* to college. *So Big* becomes a successful architect and *Selina* learns of an affair with *Mrs. Storm*. She plunges into a fight to save her boy from threatened disgrace, and takes him away with her to resume the life she had planned for him.

This is a thoroughly enjoyable picture, but wait, we have a confession to make—we haven't read the book.



**THE NARROW STREET—Warner Brothers**

**O**NE of the sweetest pictures we've ever seen. Maybe we are partial to films of this type, but if we are, there must be lots of others who like them, too. Matt Moore's performance as simple *Simon Haldane*, who rose from obscurity to general manager and husband of the magnate's daughter, was one of the finest bits of characterization that has ever come to our notice. Dorothy Devore as *Doris* proved a charming runaway who hid in *Haldane's* house and finally emerged as the rich man's daughter and *Haldane's* wife. There was a bald spot to mar the perfection of this splendid picture. That was the dress worn by *Doris* when she and *Haldane* had their night out. Where did she get it? It doesn't matter. She and *Haldane* had a good time and so did we. You'll get more entertainment and good, clean fun out of this film than any you've seen in a long time.





**WIFE OF THE CENTAUR—Metro-Goldwyn**

**J**ACK GILBERT flares effectively through the rôle of modern centaur, the poet seized with passionate love crazes and rendered helpless while they last. Aileen Pringle lures her best and Eleanor Boardman drifts throughout like a cool breath of spring.

Under the adroit direction of King Vidor, this racy and spicy entertainment unfolds engrossingly. Not for children.



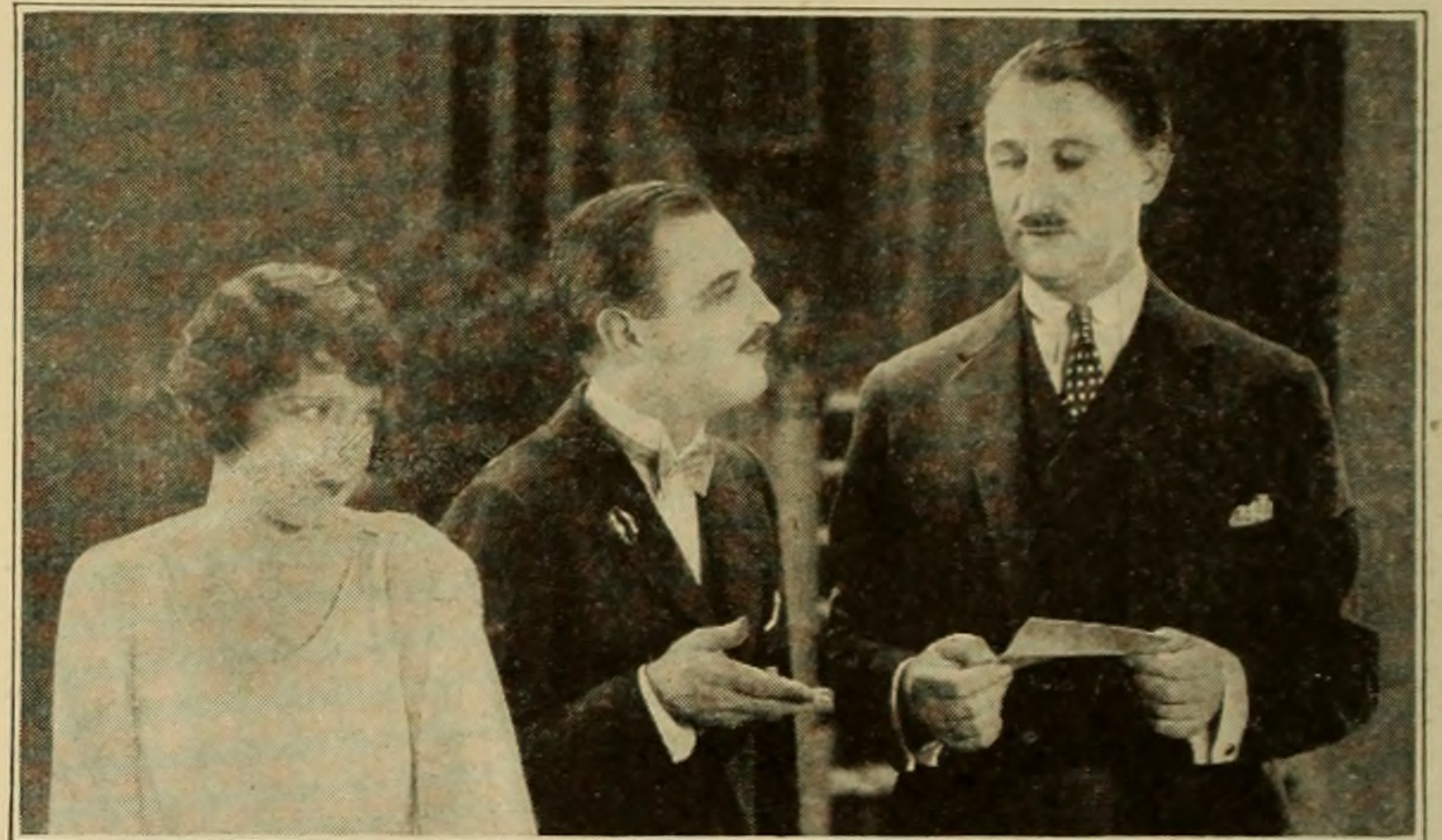
**THE GOLDEN BED—Paramount**

**C**ECIL B. DE MILLE'S last and perhaps worst picture under his contract with this producing company. A lavishly stupid spectacle. A pearl onion in a platinum setting. An expensively mounted, trite story of a faithless, extravagant woman who kills two men and drives another to prison. She receives the wages of sin while her little sister loves on and on and saves the candy business for Rod La Rocque.



**FRIVOLOUS SAL—First National**

**D**O you enjoy a good fight? Well, then, trot yourself right down to the theater showing this picture, for there are two dandies in this one. And there's quite a cast, too—Mae Busch, Eugene O'Brien, Ben Alexander, Tom Santschi and Mitchell Lewis. The story is laid in a pioneer mining town of the West, in which a girl and a small boy help a man find himself. The scenery is wonderful.



**FORTY WINKS—Paramount**

**D**ON'T miss this picture. There is more entertainment in it than the title implies. Raymond Griffith runs away with this adaptation of "Lord Chumley," in which he plays the part of the eccentric lord. With Theodore Roberts, Viola Dana, Cyril Chadwick and Anna May Wong in the cast, this is some feat. The story hinges about the recovery of coast defense plans. A garter is the only clue.



**THE LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA—Warner Bros.**

**A** GAINST the restless background of swishing seas, rum runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids of "The Lighthouse by the Sea." When the human players fail to boost the yarn along, enter Rin-Tin-Tin, who, after persistent endeavor, swoops an old fashioned melodrama to a smashing good finish.



**THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY—Fox**

**Y**OU know the famous Edward Everett Hale story, of the young army officer who cursed his country and was condemned never to hear the words "United States" again. Here it is again, adequately enough done but too long by far. Still it has its patriotic interest, and the acting is satisfactory. We liked Richard Tucker as *Aaron Burr* best, but Edward Hearn is a good enough *Lieut. Nolan*, at that.





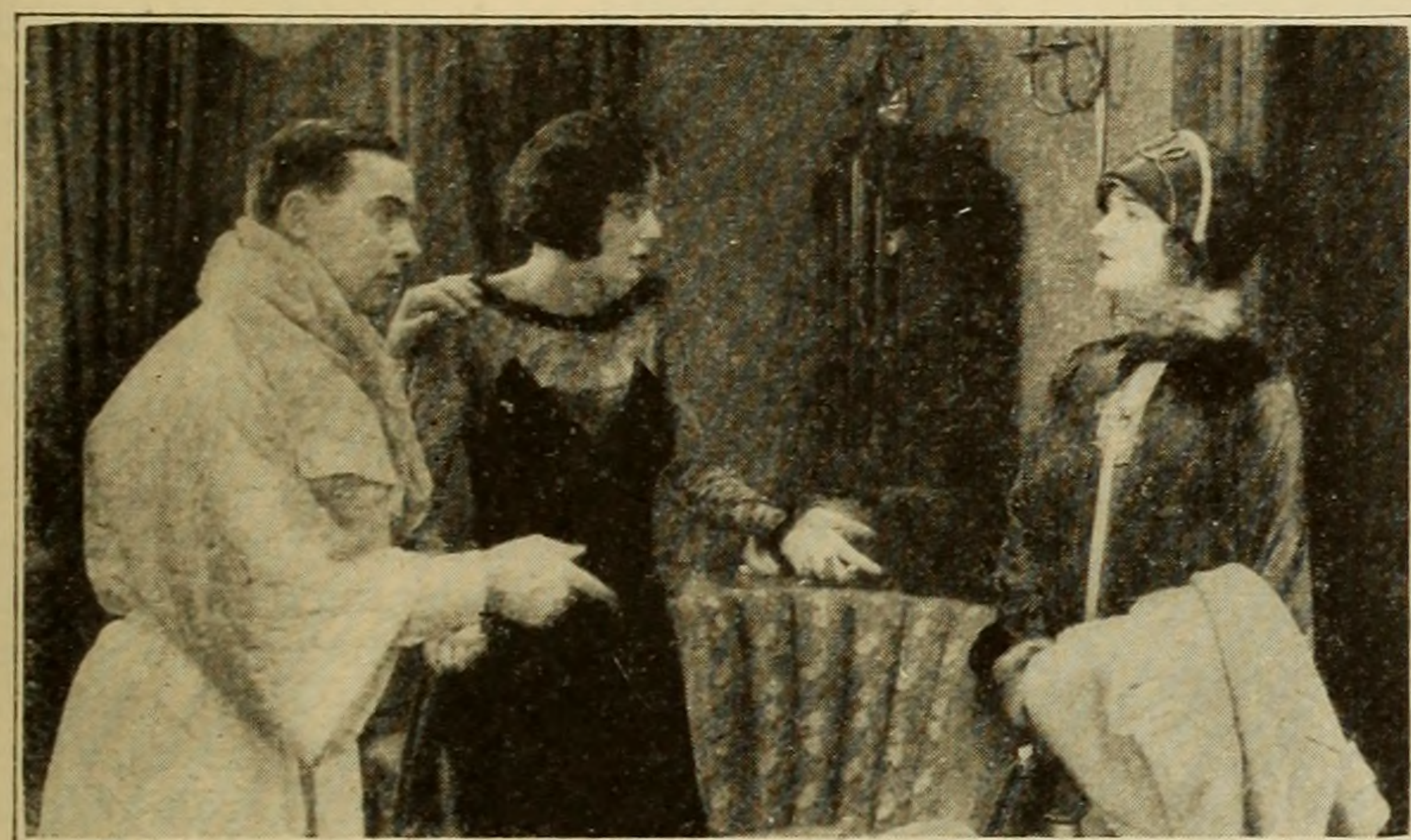
**SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn**

**A** CURIOUS effort is this, with the scoundrel endeavoring to win the wife by means of a story, told de millishly in colored flashbacks. Lew Cody is the villain endeavoring to lure Eleanor Boardman away from her bill-hating hubby. Unfortunately Lew tells too long a story and both wife and audience get restless. Cody's bedtime story deals with *Bath Sheba* and has the conventional bacchanale.



**THE DANCERS—Fox**

**T**HE only new adornment in this dance-fuddled picture is George O'Brien's unwaxed moustache. George enacts the stolid rôle of English nobleman running a cabaret in South America and remaining true to his childhood sweetheart (Madge Bellamy), despite the amorous jazzings of his dancer (Alma Rubens). But his fiancée is not so faithful, so he comes back to the dancer in South America.



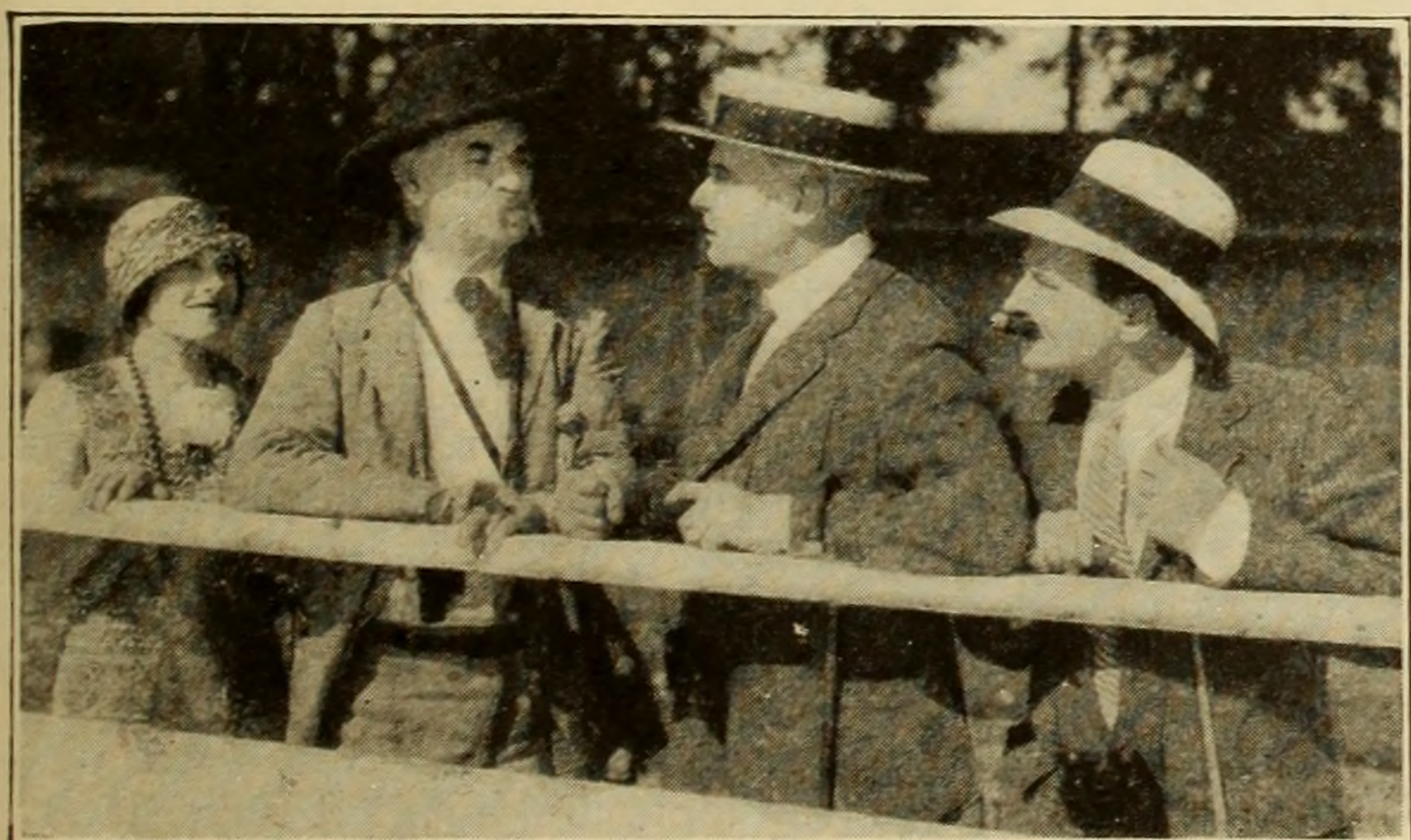
**TOMORROW'S LOVE—Paramount**

**H**ERE'S an amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthened by a smashing finish. *Judith* marries *Bob Stanley*, whose stubbornness and egotism drive her to the verge of warfare, but not until she finds him with another woman and interprets the situation in her own way does she secure an interlocutory decree against him. So she goes away, returning, however, at the crucial moment.



**THE SLEEPING CUTIE—F. B. O.**

**C**HAPTER TEN of the silly but amusing "Telephone Girl" series. Half the time you find yourself laughing over nothing or perhaps it is Kit Guard. In this chapter *George's* two side-kicks substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game, and show it in their playing. At the last minute *George* shoots a basket from one end of the court to the other and wins the game.



**THE DIXIE HANDICAP—Metro-Goldwyn**

**T**HE old racing thrills have been dusted, polished, called by different names, and molded into a melo-racer-thriller intended to stimulate the most blase. They do. A poverty-stricken Southern judge hides his poverty from an expensive daughter. Then the discovery. But the judge's horse wins a \$50,000 race and the trainer the million dollar daughter. Exit all, smiling.



**CURLYTOP—Fox**

**S**HIRLEY MASON frets through a goody-goody rôle in London's wicked Limehouse district, barked on the one side by a vicious female who hates her for stealing her *Bill* away, and on the other by an evil white man turned Chinese who covets her loveliness. The vicious female mauls *Curlytop* into helplessness. *Bill* rescues her in the nick of time from a terrible fate. Such a tiresome film. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



# The Catch of Hollywood

*George O'Brien rode into  
pictures on horseback*

*By Ivan St. Johns*



*George O'Brien is debonair, handsome and magnetic. Could any smile be more winning—right—than his as he faces Madge Bellamy in this scene from "The Dancers"?*



Today he is a star, with almost as sensational a record in pictures as he made in the athletic annals of his native state. Since his first signal success in "The Iron Horse" a little over a year ago, O'Brien has risen from the extra ranks to that of featured player with an unusual following among the fans for one so new in pictures and is tremendously popular in the colony, with the men and women alike.

In appearance O'Brien is tall—just around six feet—and well knit, combining a manly vigor with an undeniable air of distinction. His hair is brown, as are his eyes, which are never free from a lurking twinkle; and with it all he is shy and quiet.

He is the son of Chief of Police Dan O'Brien of San Francisco and was born in that city in 1900.

As far back as George can remember, the Irish ancestry was always asserting itself—his forbears having come from County Kilkenny—and life was just one battle after another. As a school kid he had the reputation of having won and lost more fights than any three boys in the neighborhood.

It was during his high school days that the lad struck up a friendship which has stood him in good stead in his picture career. He and a cowboy, George Merchant, who had been hired to instruct the San Francisco police in horsemanship, became great pals. There was a police riding arena, plenty of horses and George's dad was chief, so the rest was easy. During odd hours and time which could be spared from athletics on Saturday, George O'Brien rode police horses. At the end of a year, the pupil was almost as proficient a horseman as his tutors, and could ride, rope, pick-up and break horses with the best of them.

And it was this horsemanship which finally won young O'Brien his very first part in a picture, but that comes later.

Like all Irishmen, O'Brien is intensely patriotic. In 1917 the United States entered the war. George learned the great news while at school. His first move was to dash to police headquarters and tell his father he wanted to enlist. Though this, the oldest son of Chief O'Brien was but seventeen, the father gave an instant consent and in three hours George was duly examined, weighed, measured and enrolled in the United States Navy.

Then followed more than two years in the navy. George had considerable practical experience [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

**G**IRLS, do you remember the athletic young hero of your high school and college days—the fine-looking, clean-cut lad who played quarter on the football eleven, caught on the baseball team and was the school's star sprinter?

How you raved over him?—Sat out on the almost deserted bleachers in the cold of the late fall football practice just to get a sight of him flashing by with the ball tucked under his arm? What a great day for you if he smiled as you were coming out of the class room together?

Have you ever wondered what has become of this lad—who then seemed greater than the president of these United States—now that college days are over?

Well, he has returned to you through that magic medium, the screen, and lives again in the smilingly handsome young Irish lad who is George O'Brien, the "matrimonial catch" of Hollywood.

Only two or three short years ago this same George O'Brien was re-enacting those marvelous athletic triumphs at a little college in Northern California. He was the idol of the football fans and the mainstay of the baseball team on which he caught. And for good measure he was captain of both the basketball and handball teams.



# Says She'll Never Marry An Actor

Edna  
Murphy  
doesn't  
intend  
to spend  
her life  
being  
jealous

By  
May Stanley



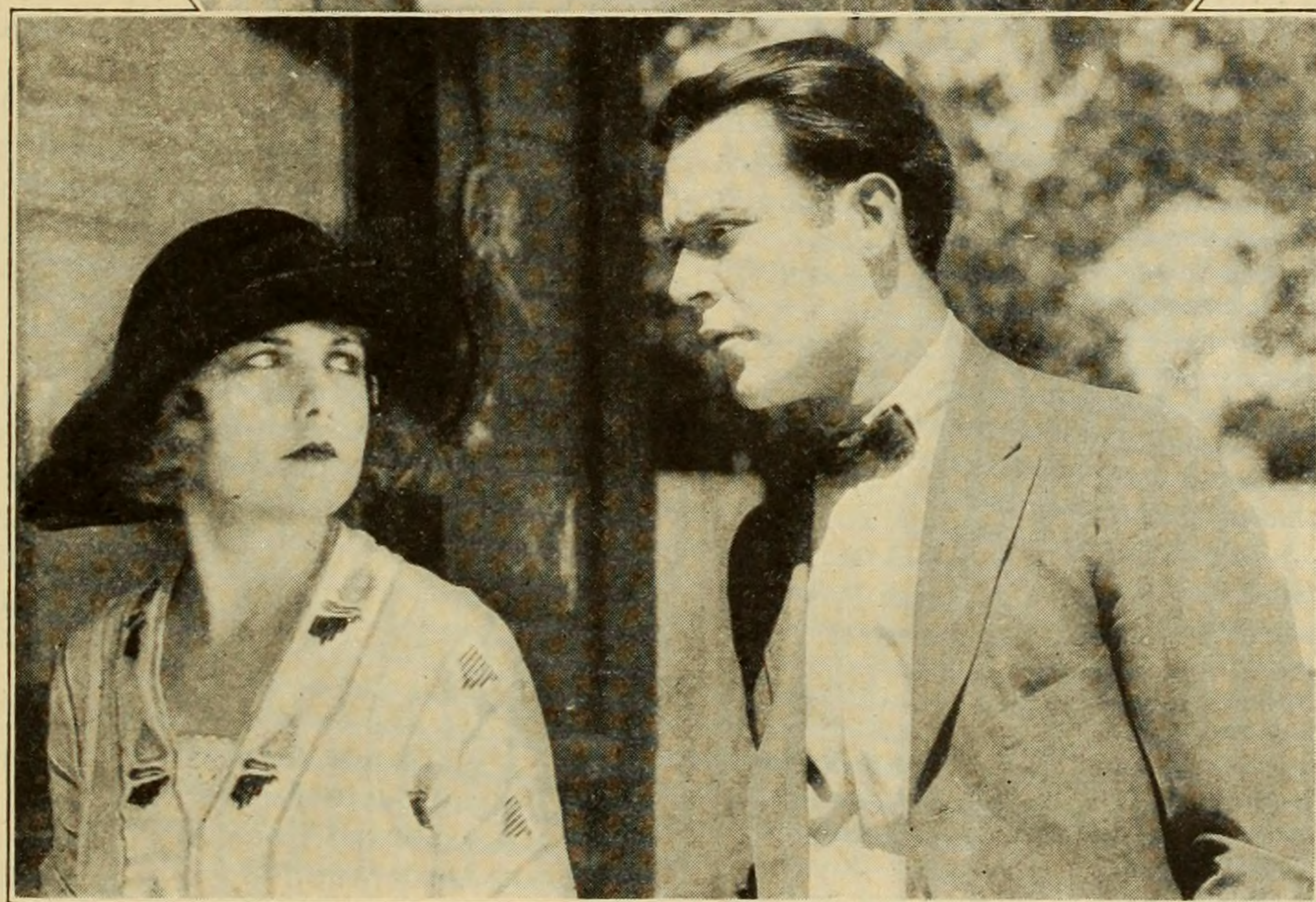
She is  
of the  
race  
that  
often  
changes  
its  
mind

**H**ERE is a girl with all the chances you and I simply yearn for. She is playing lead with one or another of those perfectly wonderful young men whose screen love-making we rush to see and watch breathlessly. And yet—

She says that when *she* marries, the man who slips the platinum hoop on her third finger, left, will not be an actor! A business man? Well, possibly. She hasn't quite made up her mind on that point. The thing she is certain about is that when she marries she doesn't intend to spend her life being jealous. You get the idea? Of course, she realizes things may not work out quite as she is planning—life being what it is—but Edna Murphy has firmly determined that when marriage happens to her it is going to be a permanent affair.

Yes, indeed. She sees marriage in terms of a home and babies and a husband who doesn't get a ton of mash notes served with his morning coffee.

There is nothing extreme in her attitude and no prejudice.



*Edna's resolution may be very strong right now, but she should remember the title of the picture in which she is shown above with Johnnie Walker —"What Love Will Do." It may change her mind*

She doesn't blame either the writers of mash notes or the one who gets 'em. Not at all. The adulation which comes an actor's way is as inevitable as sunrise. It isn't his fault that women are women. On the other hand, as Miss Murphy so pertinently asks, what is the sense in spending a perfectly good life in wondering if the tall brunette who danced with your husband so many times last night is going to prove as fatal as she looks, or *why* he sneaked the jasmine-scented note out of the pile when he thought his wife wasn't looking? So Edna has made up her youthful mind.

Her husband is going to be **HERS**. All hers!

It sounds logical. Still, you know, people *have* changed their minds and I, for one, am going to keep an eye on Edna Murphy to see how her plan works out. It seems to me that love when it arrives doesn't always stop to ask us who it is we've planned to fall in love with. Haven't you noticed the same thing, yourselves?

Another reason why her plan

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]



# CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

ROME, Italy:

The cheers evoked by my proposed program for the opening of a sidewalk cafe in Hollywood were so persuasive of my ability as an impresario that Ramon Novarro, the multi-millionaire backer, has agreed to loan me another week's salary with which to erect a theater *intime* (meaning clubby).

It will present programs similar to the Chauve-Souris, save that they will be in English, or as near thereto as the local talent can achieve.

We were hesitating between the names of Bernhardt and Duse for this temple of art when we received an impassioned letter from Anna May Wong wanting to know why we didn't give a home town girl a chance. Responding to this patriotic appeal we have named the theater The Babbie La Marr, for the time being.

I had to yield to my backer on this point. His insistence will lead to the inevitable supposition that he is ambitious to become one of the future Messrs. La Marr. He claims, however, that the motive is simply an old friendship for Miss La Marr and Jack Dougherty, her latest release.

There will be many unique features. In the past stage performers have received high salaries while the audience, often more talented and deserving, has received nothing. We will remedy this injustice by paying the audience instead of the actors. The patron giving the best performance will be signed to a long term starring contract.

THE audience will also be equipped with six-shooters so that any performer failing to please may be instantly deleted from the bill. I feel this will be a great incentive to players to do their very best.

Miss Grace Corson, courageous fashion critic for PHOTOPLAY, twice decorated for bravery, will stand at the door and loudly criticize the costumes of both patrons and performers. Miss Corson herself will be attired in armor. She will be assisted by Monsieur Wallace Beery wearing brass knuckles and Mlle. Texas Guinan wearing her famous corsage of gats.

I present herewith the schedule for the christening performance at which Miss La Marr will be asked to break a case of—(Mum's the word) over the impresario's box:

1. "Greedy," a snappy one-reeler... Produced by ERIC VON STROHEIM in the record time of three years and eighteen months.
  2. Overture Ensemble... *March of the Wampas Baby Stars* led by BULL MONTANA all in white.  
(The baby stars who can't walk may toddle, but staggering will not be tolerated.)
  3. "Just Fooling" (*Gags*)... By the author, HARRY REICHENBACH publicity magician.  
(This will be Mr. Reichenbach's first personal appearance in California since a publicity stunt in San Francisco when the police ran him out for putting a bomb in Francis X. Bushman's bathtub that didn't go off.)
  4. One Minute Oration (*Dramatic*): "To Quit or Not To Quit the Screen for Sculpture"..... REX INGRAM as *Hamlet*
  5. Scene from "*The Bright Shawl*"..... JOHN BARRYMORE in the Barthelmess rôle wearing Richard's pants.  
(It will be recalled that Barthelmess wore John's pants in the picture. Turn about is fair play, and we want to see whose pants give the better performance.)  
Extra Added Attraction..... MISS MABEL NORMAND will give her version of the late shooting affair, the World War. Where the smoke is the thickest there you'll always find Mabel.
- ENTR'ACTE
- During intermission Miss Texas Guinan, radio's only rival, will sing some of her quaint Broadway folk songs. The roof will be automatically lifted during this number, and the bronchial broadcasting will extend to all parts of the earth as well as the planets. While trying out for this act, Miss Guinan—who is variously known as The Female Bill Hart, God's Masterpiece and Nature's Cataclysm—shook six planets out of their orbits. They were made into one of those modish choker necklaces and will be worn by Miss Guinan on the opening night—Heaven's tribute to the artist!
6. "How To Keep Fit" (*Educational and Emotional*)  
by CORINNE GRIFFITH  
Famous Western athletic star.  
(Following this breath-taking exhibition Miss Griffith will pass through the audience and give mud massages while the show is going on.)
  7. "No Mother To Guide Her" (*Tragedy*)..... MARY PICKFORD  
Accompanied on the drums by MRS. CHARLOTTE PICKFORD.  
(Credit for material in this act is hereby given Terry Ramsaye, aged author of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," now in its seventieth year and still running strong.)

By Herbert Howe

8. Ventriloquist Act..... RICHARD DIX  
With a well-known Hollywood dummy to be chosen by popular vote.

(Rules governing contest: To fulfil censorship requirements the dummy must be accompanied by her mother, who will park on Mr. Dix's other knee. This necessitates the selection of a dumbbell with a mama weighing under two hundred stone.)

9. Death Scene from "Camille" (*Classic*)—BULL MONTANA as *La Dame Aux Camellias* and NITA NALDI as *Armand*.

Encore: Soft shoe dance by team.

10. "FROM RAGS TO RITZES," An Operetta in Two Acts.

ACT I.

International setting representing Poland, Mexico, Canada and Italy, with International Quartet comprising:

APPOLONIA CHALUPEZ  
RAMON SAMANIEGOS  
GLADYS SMITH  
RODOLFO GUGLIELMI

Dressmaking by WINNIE HUDNUT

ACT II

Ten years later. The same characters as above, having gone through the Melting Pot, are now at home in the Ritz. All are Americanized save Winnie Hudnut, who suddenly went violently Russian. They appear as follows in their order:

POLA NEGRI  
RAMON NOVARRO  
MARY PICKFORD  
RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Costumes conceived and designed by NATACHA RAMBOVA

CURTAIN

Orchestra FINALE..... HOLLYWOOD MOTHERS' JAZZ ORCHESTRA led by "MA" COOGAN on the saxophone.

WHEN good Hollywood citizens meet, the customary salute is, "Well, what's the dirt?" Panning gets a little monotonous. By way of variety I am offering a choice bit which Ramon Novarro tells on Lillian Gish.

A wardrobe workman upon quitting the "Ben Hur" company came to bid Novarro goodbye. After shaking hands he suddenly displayed with understandable pride a little card bearing the name of Lillian Gish. He had worked with her in the "Romola" production. On the back of the card was an expression of Lillian's appreciation for his services, which, Ramon tells me, was so beautiful in its simplicity that you knew it came from the heart.

During the production the man lost some money. Miss Gish somehow learned of this, and upon her departure she sent him a handsome leather case with a note saying, "I hope this may compensate a little for your loss, of which I have heard."

The case contained eight thousand lire, a veritable Italian fortune.

WHILE dishing the soot I'm going to explode a highly overrated reputation. Wallace Beery makes as high as three thousand a week for being a dirty villain. Shadowed by detectives, this son of evil has been seen to spirit homeless mutts off the streets and take them home for nourishment. He has a palatial hospice on his grounds filled with these indigent canine gentlemen upon whom his leering glance has fallen.

O, DIO Mio! Won't Alice Terry be surprised! News note: "It is rumored that there is soon to be a tiny dancer in the Ingram home to follow in her (so we hope) famous mother's footsteps, for, so the story goes, Irene Castle refused a picture offer on the ground she was not going to appear until after the interesting event."

"BEN HUR" has been in production two years and fresh players are still arriving. The *Three Wise Men* arrived from Hollywood recently. A studio official brutally refused to meet them at the train. He said he had met enough Wise Men from Hollywood.

UNFORTUNATELY the *Wise Men* arrived just as the *Madonna* quit. She had been brought from Paris two months previous to enact the rôle of the *Virgin*. In departing she said she didn't mind living her part for a couple of months but when it dragged into years... *Mon Dieu! Je suis une parisienne!*

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



You Can  
Get  
Some  
Smart  
Ideas

From  
These  
New  
French  
Hats



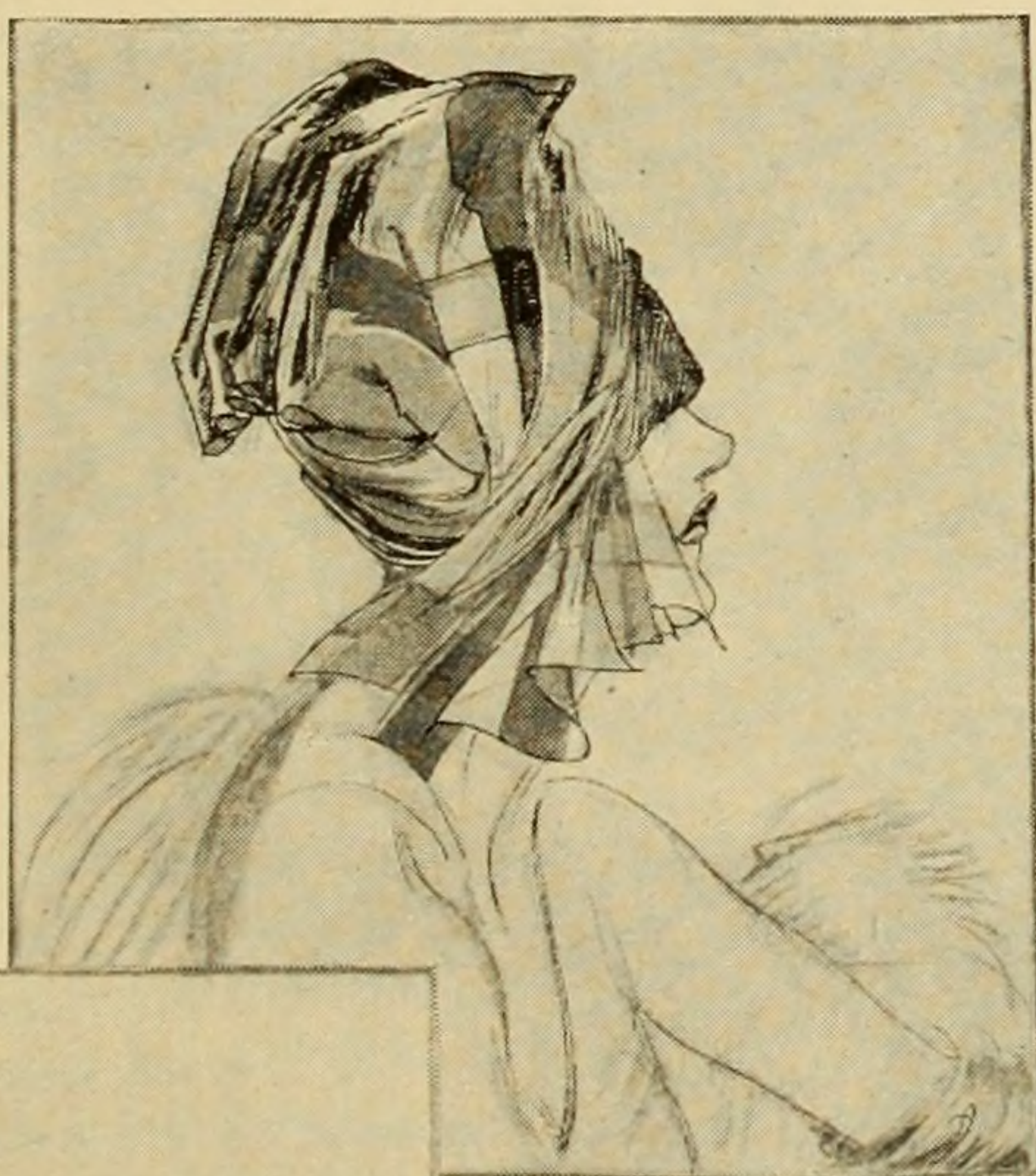
Picture hat of taf-  
feta with bril-  
liant - hued os-  
trich flues and  
odd flowers.—  
MME. SUZY

All models  
imported by  
JAY-THORPE, INC.

# FRENCH HATS FOR SPRING 1925

Drawn by Grace Corson

Stiff taffeta plaid  
in rose, white, and  
black, is draped  
effectively in this  
model for the older  
woman.—MME.  
SUZY



Green, grey, and  
pale yellow ostrich  
plumes make a grace-  
ful and smart line  
on this SUZY model



Dull green grosgrain  
with bow of heavy  
celluloid is charming  
for the youthful face.  
Hat from Le Mon-  
nier—worn by LILA  
LEE

Warm red brown  
is the color of this  
little hat of felt with  
straw medallions.—  
LE MONNIER



THESE hats I have illustrated, while just off the boat from Paris, are not typical of the mode most prevalent there at the moment, but since that mode happens to be merely a continuance of the tiny black felt, still severely plain, there is reason for showing you, by way of variety, these exceptions to the general rule.

The very smartest hats worn are tiny black shapes of felt and straw combined, with either a little feather fancy, a bow, or, and this is the most popular,—a good looking pin. These pins are taking their place among the more important jewelry and more money is being spent on them.







# “Anna Q’s”

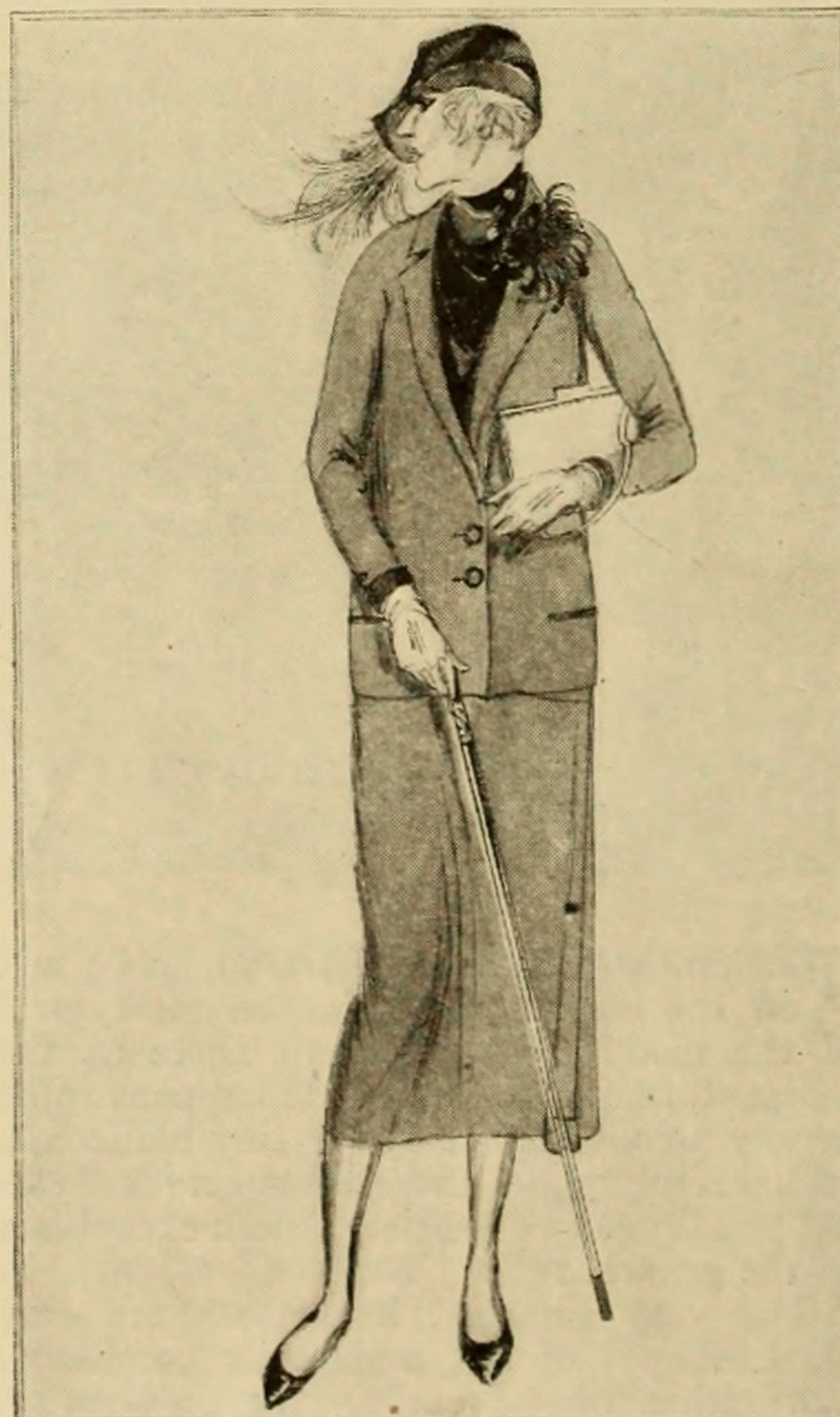
## Off-Screen Wardrobe

Gowns from  
FRANCES

MISS NILSSON calls this black and silver gown “Marquesa.” It is of figured satin with loose blouse and tight skirt, slightly draped when tied in front. The panel of silver cloth is in one piece. Sleeves are long, very tight and end just above the elbow under the draped blouse



Lanvin model of black and “Lanvin blue” crepe, heavily shirred at shoulders, wrists and waist line; with scarf collar



“Grey Mist” quite fits this smart grey gabardine suit. Here is an excellent example of the importance of accessories



“Young Man’s Fancy” is the intriguing name for this charmingly simple gown of midnight blue satin with long jabot





MISS NILSSON'S informal dinner-gown is of black satin and silver cloth, heavily embroidered in silver and gold, with uneven tunic

Another of MISS NILSSON'S gowns from Frances is this black satin evening gown heavily studded with brilliants, and draped to graduated buckles of brilliants and jet

## PARIS IS IN SHORT SKIRTS AGAIN

IT seems incredible but he swears it's true, this buyer who has just returned from Paris. "Dresses are very, very short and straight,—very plain."

His tone was so decided, that I was almost fearful to ask, being particularly fond of one circular-skirted evening gown I had just purchased, "Aren't there any flares any more, or aprons, or tunics?"

But he reassured me at once, "Oh, yes, but the majority of them are plain, and if fullness is used it is at the sides, which are made longer."

We then launched into an animated give and take on the subject of what he had gained in information.

"Beside the very short skirt, what else is different?"

"Nothing much; the process of elimination is still going on." (The twinkle in his eye at this point made me wonder if he meant that with little tight dresses, little tight hats, bobbed hair and nude stockings we were reaching something of a limit!)

"And hats are still small and plain?"

"Yes, but there is a lovely little fad of

wearing flower boutonnières to match a flower on the hat, and these are in all colors and sizes, from tiny violets to enormous red chrysanthemums. Flowers are being worn in enormous corsages again, and worn high on the right side, in front, as before, instead of on the shoulder."

"Lovely, I like that," I commented. "Now, shoes?"

"Blonde slippers are everywhere."

"And beads?" I asked, holding up a wrist laden with my favorite black pearls.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



# Studio News

By Cal York



*Good-bye, forever! Edward Hearn as Lieut. Nolan and Pauline Starke as Anne Bissell in "The Man Without a Country" as they parted, never to see each other again*

**J**OBYNA RALSTON is a great one for minding her own Jaffairs. Jo has a Ford touring car which is the delight of her heart, it having superseded in her affections the dilapidated Ford coupe of last year. Her mother or brother can have the big Buick, but Jo must have her Ford.

One day Jo finished work with Harold Lloyd early, so she Forded over to the Country Club for a round of golf—all by her lonesome.

Eventually, she came abreast two young men who invited her to join them. Nothing loth, Jo accepted. About the second hole, one of the men volunteered:

"You know, you look an awful lot like May McAvoy to me."

"Well, I think she looks more like Jobyna Ralston," contradicted the second.

Jo gazed at them both serenely and after stroking her ball, replied in honeyed tones: "Yes, I've often been told I resemble May McAvoy but really this is the first time I've reminded any one of Jobyna Ralston."

After which the subject was dropped, and to this day the two young men are in ignorance of their golf partner's identity.

**A**FTER twelve years with Paramount, Cecil B. DeMille has severed his connection with that company. Everyone with whom he has been associated has heard the news with regret. Mr. DeMille has built up a tremendous picture patron following and probably no film maker, not even D. W. Griffith, is more widely known than he.

Mr. DeMille and Jesse Lasky, president of Paramount, parted with only the kindest words and best wishes for each other. But the former feels, as he himself expresses it, that the program he has in mind can best be carried out independently.

**C**AROL DEMPSTER and I were dining at the Algonquin the other day and, apropos of nothing, Carol commenced: "I heard the cutest joke the other day." Without further encouragement from me, she carried on: "An inebriated gentleman was strolling an uneven course through Central Park. He bumped into a tree. Carefully he backed away, only to bump into the same tree again. After the third bump, he leaned dole-

**A**SIMPLY garbed girl in her early twenties, brown eyes big with nervousness, entered the lobby of the Biltmore Hotel in New York.

She zigzagged through the crowded lobby to the desk.

"I want a job as telephone operator," she cleared her throat several times after this plunge.

"Who is the right party to see?" The man at the desk pointed him out.

The girl repeated her request.

"Name?" asked the right party.

"Betty Clay."

"Experience?"

"None."

Despite which, she was engaged. That was Thursday morning. Friday morning she held her own with the other operators.

Saturday morning a "crush" sent her orchids.

Saturday night, as she left, one of the girls trailed out with her.

"Which way you goin'?" she asked Betty Clay.

"Why," Betty showed signs of embarrassment, "why, you see I'm not going any way. My boy friend," confidentially, "is a chauffeur and he's taking me home." Saying which she waved gay adieu and climbed into the seat next an astounded chauffeur, who, nevertheless, responded to her wink and gushing conversation as he started the big, handsome limousine.

Are you on, yet? The girl was none other than Bebe Daniels, who worked three days as a telephone operator at the Hotel Biltmore to get the real atmosphere for her new picture, "His Crowded Hour," now in production at Famous Players' Long Island studio, with Kenneth Harlan as leading man. It was Bebe's own idea, and she certainly relished it.



*Bon voyage, Tony! With Mrs. Moreno, the great screen favorite sailed for Europe, where he will make "Mare Nostrum" and visit his mother in Sunny Spain. He has not seen her since he was fourteen years old*



# and Gossip East and West

fully against the trunk and muttered: 'Losh—losh in an impenetrable forest.'

**S**HE'S a Wampas Baby Star, which means, of course, that she is beautiful and can act. So, when she visited New York during the holidays, she was feted and dined by all her old friends whom she had not seen for three years. Among them was a certain prominent actor. Four years ago they were great friends. In fact, there were rumors of a wedding, but she left for Hollywood and learned that absence does NOT make the heart grow fonder, or whatever the old song says. However, upon her return to New York the old flames flared forth and they decided to wed.

"We'll drive to the club, get a couple of witnesses and then go to the City Hall," said the bridegroom-to-be.

"Fine," said the bride-to-be, and she sat in the taxi while he went into one of New York's best known clubs in search of two friends.

And she sat. And sat. And sat.

Two hours later he emerged with his friends. They were holding him up because his legs seemed to have lost all sense of stability, while his head knew nothing about equilibrium.

Right then the bride-to-be asserted herself. "The wedding's off," she shouted, slamming the door in the face of the trio and ordering the chauffeur to drive to her hotel.

The next day she told a friend about it.

"Thank God, it happened before instead of after the ceremony," she said.

**A**FTER finishing work with Conway Tearle in Victor Halperin's production, "School for Wives," Sigrid Holmquist decided to take a rest on a milk farm near New York City. "I thought all the cows had been shipped to the coast," I said. "Oh, no," Sigrid returned quickly, "there are many here in the East. At least enough for this particular milk farm."



© Underwood & Underwood

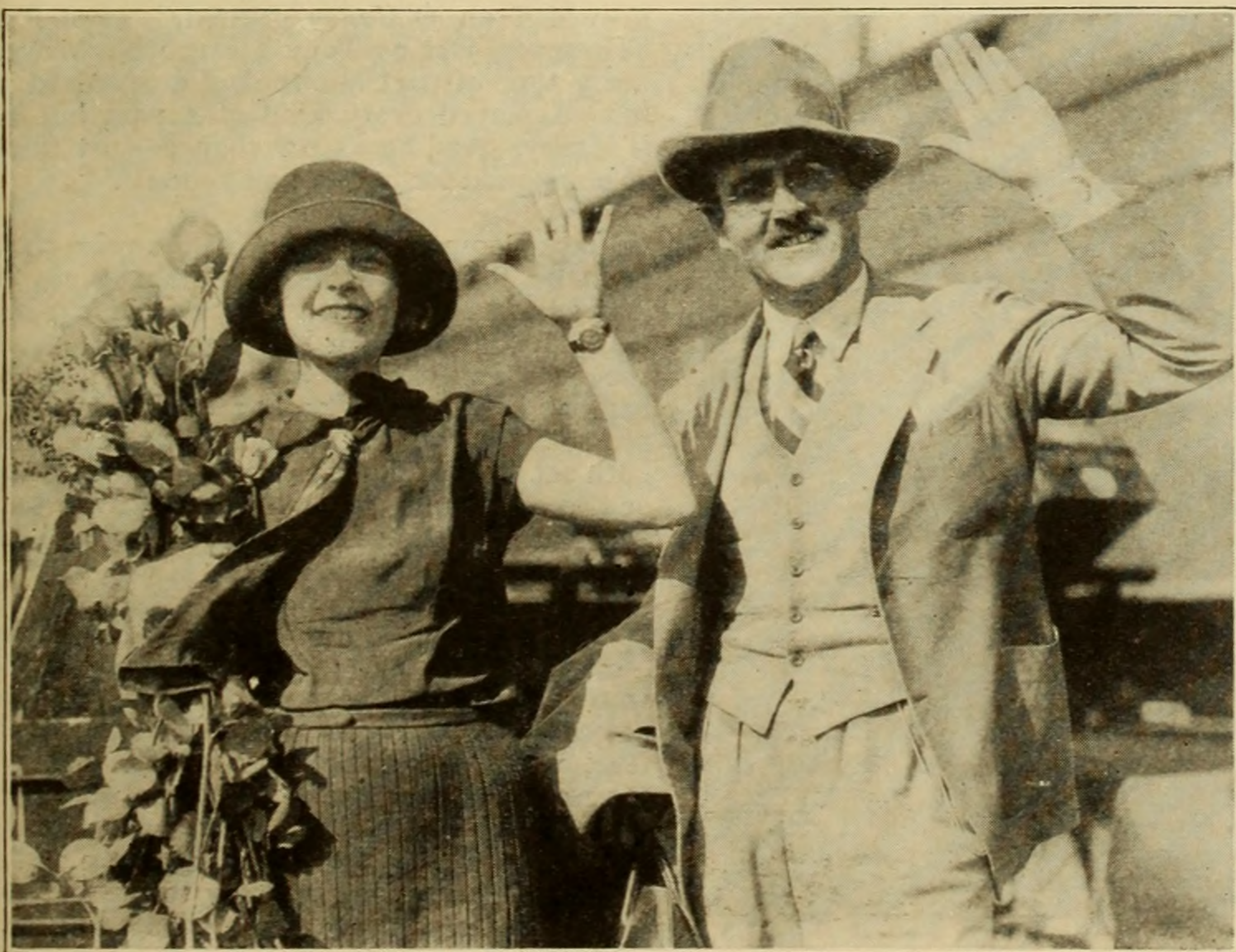
*Madge Kennedy found it much easier to make her latest picture "Bad Company" than to solve crossword puzzles. However, when Madge starts anything she usually finishes it*

**"CHICKIE,"** First National's screen version of Elinore Meherin's popular serial, has gone into production at the Biograph studio in New York, direction of John Francis Dillon. Dorothy Mackaill cavorts in the highly emotional name part, while John Bowers plays opposite her. Others in this all-star cast include Viola Dana, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman and Marguerite de la Motte.

**BETTY BLYTHE** has gone abroad again to emote in a movie. Betty just treks from New York to Hollywood, back again and across the Atlantic. While completing work in "The Folly of Vanity," a girly-girly fantasy from the Fox lot, Betty received an intriguing offer to play the name part in Leander de Cordova's screen version of Sir Rider Haggard's melodramatic story, "She." Did Betty say yes? She did. This picture will be made in Paris, Germany, Italy and Algiers.

**ESPIED** Clara Kimball Young in the lobby of the Algonquin the other day. Clara has changed a little since the old days of her slender youth, but she has the same glorious eyes. Clara sails for Germany soon to make a picture for a Teutonic film company.

**LILA LEE** is playing in "The Street Singer" these days, for Chadwick pictures, direction of Wilfred Noyes, while her husband, James Kirkwood, is working on the stage for David Belasco in "Ladies of the Evening." Lila simply won't let her hus-

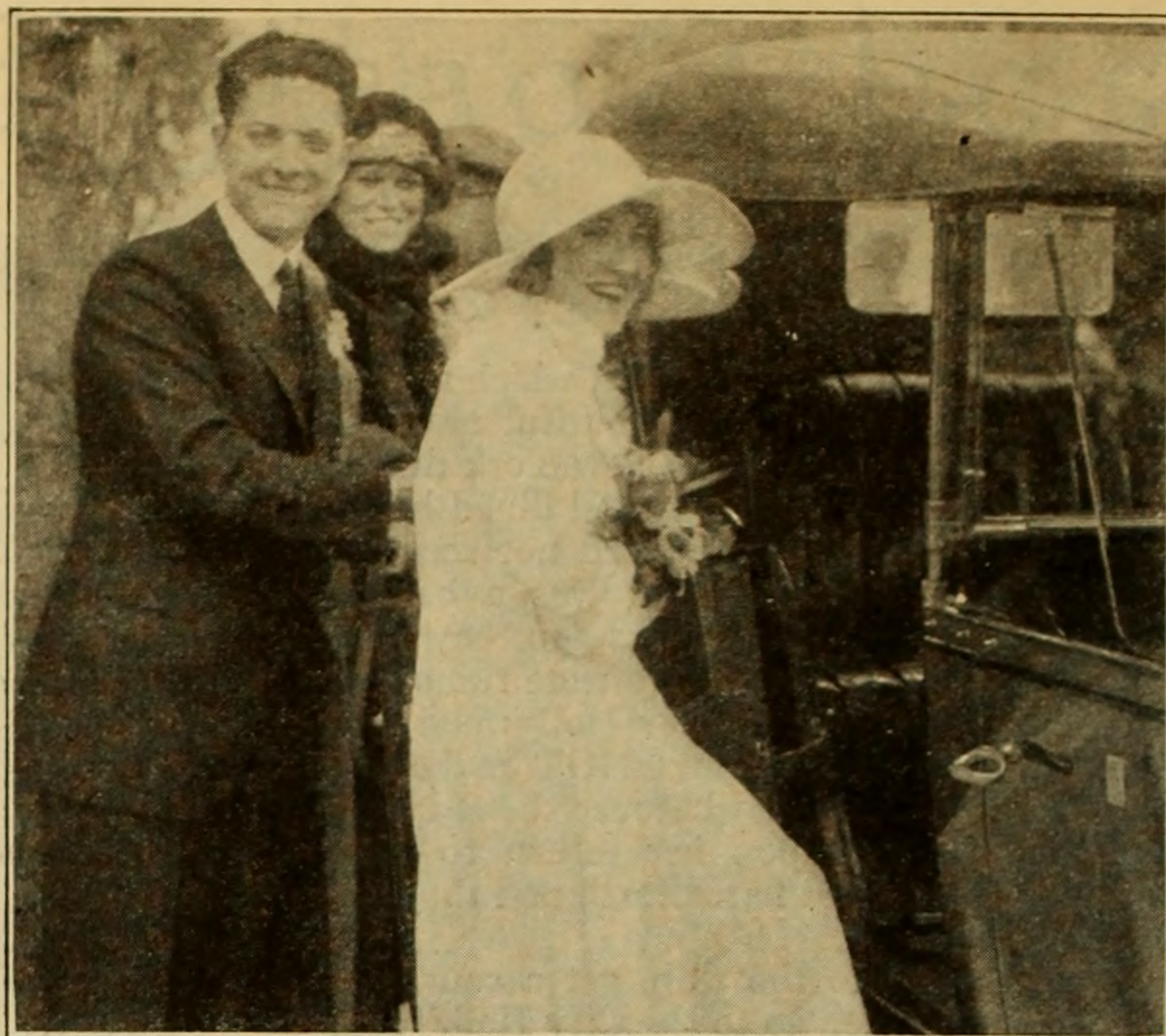


*When they arrived in Hollywood after spending fourteen weeks in Europe, Blanche Sweet and her husband, Marshall Neilan, both raised their hands and said never again would they make a picture across the ocean*





Who wouldn't stand for a shave with clippers if Marion Davies bossed the job? Director George Hill seems to be paying more attention to her instructions than to Harry Myers' face. Tough on Harry but pretty soft for George



May they always be as happy. Ruth Clifford snapped right after her marriage to James A. Cornelius, Beverly Hills banker. Ruth said he was not only her first husband but the only one she'll ever have. They honeymooned in Honolulu

band put one over on her. By the way, Gareth Hughes is with Lila in this feature, which is being made at the old Pyramid Studios in Astoria, L. I.

NEW YORK is shrieking mirthfully over a Pola Negri story that Al Jolson relates in his own inimical way in his new show, "Big Boy," now running in the metropolis.

"You know," Al begins, "while I was playing in Los Angeles last year, all the stars used to come and see the show. Tickets were hard to buy. Not that I'm bragging," making a droll face. "However, I never saw Pola Negri among those present and I always wanted to meet Pola Negri.

"One day at the hotel my 'phone rang. 'Is this Mr. Jolson?'

"'It is,' I admitted.

"'This is Miss Negri's secretary. Miss Negri would like to get two tickets for your show tonight and the box office is sold out. She wants to know if you can help her.'

"'I wouldn't be surprised, but if Miss Negri wants me she has to talk to me herself.' I rang off.

"A few minutes later the 'phone rang again.

"'Ist dis Mister Jolson?'

"'Ya, it ist,' I responded. You know, brothers under the skin.

"'Dis ist Mees Negri. I want to get two tickets for your show and I can't get them for love nor money.'

"'Lady, you know not what you say,' I encouraged. I didn't let her pay for them either."

PAULINE FREDERICK was granted a divorce in January from Dr. Charles Rutherford, her third, and, she says, her last husband. Her first husband was Frank A. Andrews, a New York architect, and her second, Willard Mack, the actor. Doctor Rutherford was Pauline's second cousin, and their marriage was the result of a childhood romance.

IT would seem that the new management at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is inaugurating a most rigid program of economy for the new year, judging from a couple of yarns we have heard from that lot.

One is about Patsy Ruth Miller's kid brother, a very talented young actor. It seems that Elinor Glyn decided young Miller was ideal for a part in "Man and Maid," an English youth with Eton jacket and everything, so the lad was signed.

He had worked on the same lot a couple of

years ago—in an Eton jacket part—and they dug up the old costume for him to wear. Horrors! It didn't fit, for the lad had grown considerably since the time he had first worn that jacket.

A conference was called and the high-powered economists at the studio decided they had better find some lad for the part the old costume would fit. Otherwise the costume would be a total loss.

So they called in young Miller's father and asked to be released from the contract, so the story goes, giving the fact that the costume didn't fit as the reason. Miller senior said it was fine—all he wanted was a letter setting forth that the contract was cancelled because

the costume didn't fit and not because his son's ability to play the part was questioned. Give him the signed letter and he would surrender the contract.

We are told there was another conference and they decided they'd rather waste the money for a new costume than give the letter, so young Miller is to play the part.

We further notice that in Monta Bell's latest picture, "Lady of the Night," Norma Shearer is playing two different parts, one with a wig. This looks like more economy, for in this way Miss Shearer saves them one full salary.

PAT O'MALLEY has signed a most unusual contract and will be paid his salary for just "being himself."

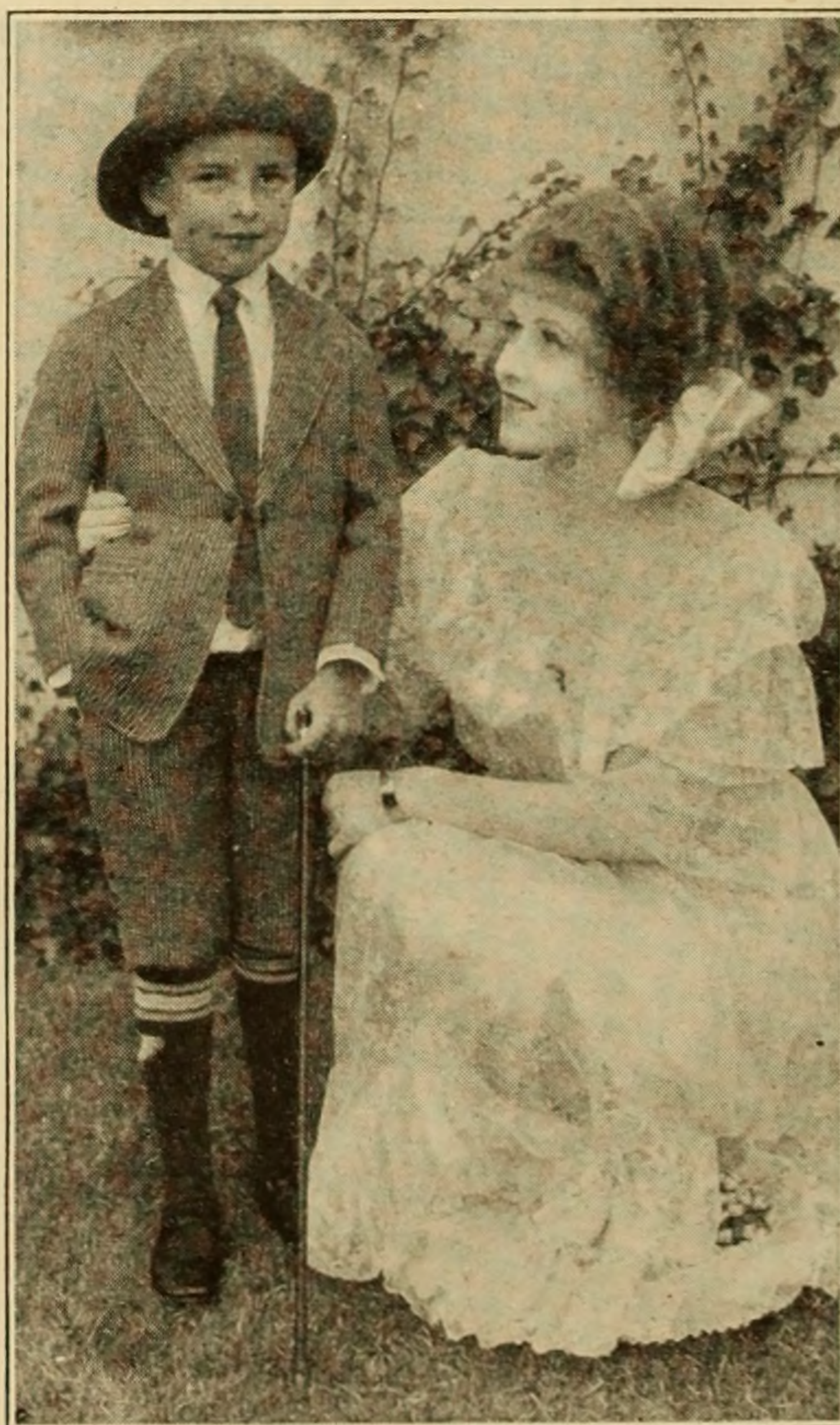
He will play the part of Pat O'Malley in "Proud Flesh," which King Vidor will direct and when the picture reaches the screen the cast will show something like this—"Pat O'Malley—Pat O'Malley."

"Several pictures have been made recently in which an O'Malley figured," says Pat. "However, just as Tony Moreno has played every type of part but that of a Spaniard so have I played every kind of a part but an O'Malley. And here's my chance—just think of being paid for just 'being yourself.'"

IS Jack Dempsey through with the prize ring? Estelle Taylor says he is and she ought to know, because they admit they are going to get married. Miss Taylor has been seen wearing the engagement ring, and Jack says he is happy. However, Jack and Jack Kearns, fight promoter, have been seen in conference, and both act as though they expect to pull off one or two ring battles this summer. Maybe that will postpone the wedding. The champion says it might.

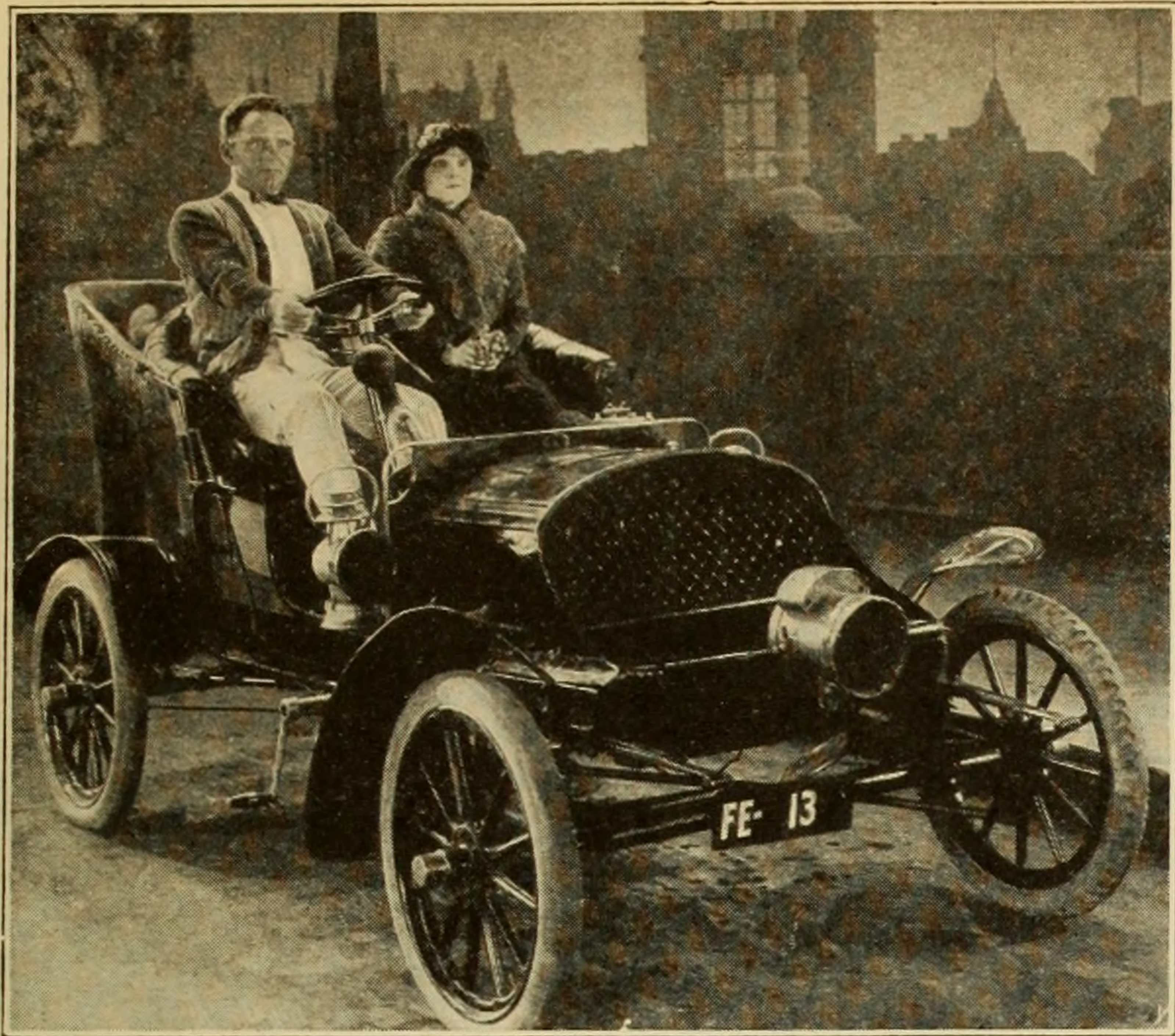
THE lives of Harold Lloyd and his family were endangered by the explosion of the hot water heater in the basement of the film comedian's Hollywood home. Lloyd's chauffeur, who dashed into the basement in an attempt to shut off the escaping gas, was overcome by the fumes. He staggered into the open air and collapsed in Lloyd's arms and a physician's help was necessary to revive him.

The heater, regulated by a time clock, was set to start heating at 5 o'clock. Through some defect in the mechanism, the heater filled with gas and exploded. Windows in the basement were shattered and the blast aroused neighbors on both sides. The Lloyd family was asleep in

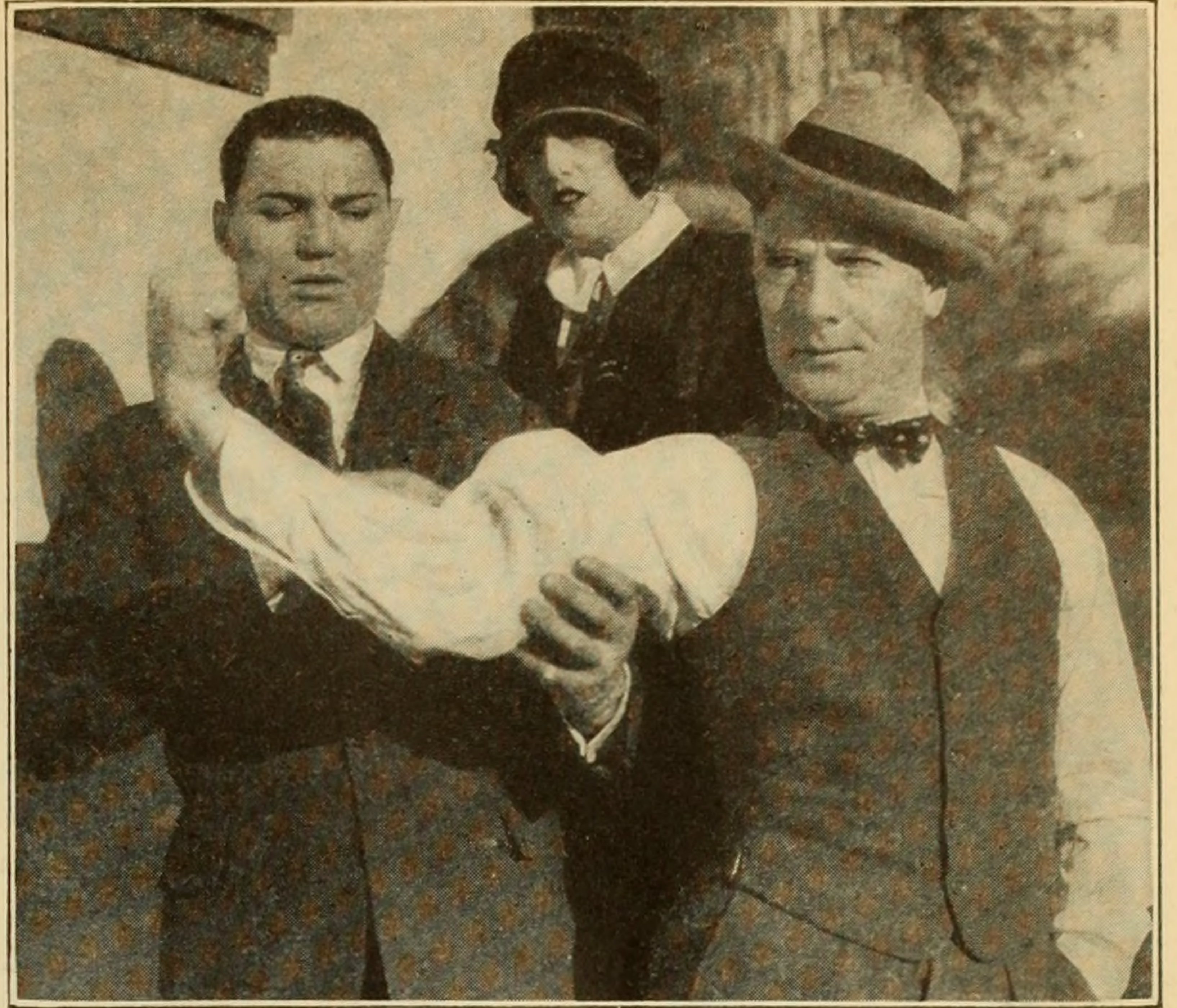


Claire Windsor got all dressed in her costume for "The Square Peg" and then posed for this picture with her son, Billie. Pretty fine chap





Norma Talmadge looks just a wee bit frightened. You can't blame her. The car is a 1908 Franklin which she uses in her picture "The Lady." Frank Borzage appears to be having a desperate time making the old thing go



For a moment Pat O'Malley had Jack Dempsey almost frightened and Estelle Taylor wasn't feeling so cheerful either. Pat dared Jack to combat and then showed his muscle. It was only a wad of paper and the fight was off

the second story of the house when the explosion occurred.

Fine chinaware in the dining room upstairs was shaken and an Italian vase, valued at \$4,500, was badly cracked.

**CORINNE GRIFFITH** is the latest acquisition to the exclusive Beverly Hills picture colony. She has just purchased a beautiful four-acre estate at the intersection of Summit Drive and Benedict Canyon Road, the consideration being \$100,000. The property lies between the estates of Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and is improved with a large twelve-room English style residence. Grounds of the estate are beautifully landscaped to conform with the English home.

**TWENTY** years ago they were boys together. They saw each other last some six thousand miles away from Hollywood and by a strange turn of fate they were united again at a Hollywood studio the other day. They are Percy Marmont and Holmes Herbert. And needless to say their chatter following the reunion reminded us of nothing more than one of those busy-bee sewing circles. And why shouldn't it, for they had quite a lot to talk over.

Back in England, Scotland and Wales twenty years ago, they traveled together doing everything from property boys to doubling for the hero and juvenile in one-night stands. They are now playing the two leading male rôles in the picturization of "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," and it seems quite like old times to these two English actors.

**CAN** you imagine this!

Patsy Ruth Miller's own brother, fourteen-year-old Winston Miller, doesn't look enough like her to play a brother rôle to her on the screen.

When Frank Lloyd was casting for the picturization of May Edington's story, "Judgment," recently, he selected Patsy Ruth for the girl.

Then he began a search for a lad to play her brother.

Miss Miller suggested Winston, who has played in several pictures, but never with his sister.

Lloyd immediately sent for the lad but after a close scrutiny decided he wouldn't do at all. The boy didn't look enough like a brother to convince the public, was the director's verdict.

**I**N one of the newer restaurants on Hollywood Boulevard the walls are covered with placards, each of which calls attention to the merits of this or that dish named in honor of an actor or an actress. The restaurant is a favorite among motion picture folk, some of whom feel in duty bound to order those delicacies which bear their names or the names of their friends.

Among the patronize-home-industry gents is a certain chesty actor whose opinion of his own work has not always been corroborated by the opinion of less prejudiced critics. Not to be mean we'll call him Mr. Black.

"Ah," he remarked loudly as he seated himself the other evening at a table adjoining that

occupied by a group of his "dearest enemies and severest critics," "Ah, I see you feature the Black sandwich. Now just what kind of a sandwich is the Black?"

"Ham," came the chorus from the adjoining table, before the waitress could reply.

**TOM GALLERY**, husband of ZaSu Pitts and himself a corking good actor, has become the squash champion of the Hollywood Athletic Club, to which many of the motion picture colony belong. Walter Long is among the members. Now Walter is a very good friend of Tom Gallery and not at all envious of his friend's ability on the squash court. But Walter is human, even if he was a captain in the late war, and when he saw Tom win game after game, he bethought himself for some reason (still best known to himself) that he, too, might become a squash champion.

So Long announced that he was perfectly willing to receive challenges. The next time he stopped at the club desk to get his mail he found his box stuffed with letters. And in each envelope he found a challenge.

Just then along came Gallery.

"Hey, Tom," called the no-longer-quite-so-ambitious Walter Long, "here's a lot of mail for you I got by mistake."

**RUTH CLIFFORD** and her husband, James A. Cornelius, Beverly Hills banker, have returned from their honeymoon trip to Honolulu. They cut their Hawaiian visit short, owing to several picture engagements cabled Miss Clifford, who does not intend to let her marriage interfere with her career.

**IRVIN WILLAT**, who directed "North of 36," once owned a studio of his own at Culver City. The main building was an artistic structure, we might almost say futuristic, all gables and gables and gables. And all the gables were still there when Willat went to work directing for Paramount.

Along about this time Ward Lascelles, actor, director and producer, bought himself a lot in fashionable Beverly Hills. He had the lot but nothing to put on it. Contractors who build houses in Beverly usually charge about all the tariff will bear and Lascelles was disinclined to mortgage his future to make a contractors' holiday.

So he got an idea. He went to Willat and purchased his studio's main administration building. He moved it, gables and all, to his

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 78 ]



Alma Rubens developed a new bob which she claims is all her own. It hangs over her eye like an unruly bang and she wore it in "The Dancers"





*Wally gave Billy daily lessons in swimming*

# The Real Wally

*By Dorothy Davenport Reid*



*Father and son were the greatest of pals*

**T**H**ERE** has been no consolation for me in the months since Wally left me more helpful or more beautiful than the loyal affection and steadfast devotion of those who knew him only on the screen. This love, enduring through the years, they still extend to me daily, and it is to them that I speak now of the real Wally, as a just and loving tribute to his memory. I feel that perhaps they would like to know him a little, as I was privileged to know him.

And I can speak of the real Wally now, because time lends a noble perspective to everything, placing all things in their true proportions, and in the hall of memory the real Wally stands my chief comforter.

Over Wally's desk upon a little card, hung these words, "I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

That was Wally's philosophy of life and as his wife for nine years I know how completely he fulfilled it. He loved humanity—love of his kind, of his fellow creatures, that was the very breath of his being. And that, I believe, was what called for so much love in return. In all my life I have never known another man or woman so generous, so kind, so gentle and considerate of those about him. He had in the fullest sense of the word charity for all—charity not only in his acts but in his thoughts. Charity to pardon and understand human frailty, charity to speak in defense of the maligned, charity to console and aid, no matter what it cost him of time and effort. Nothing was too big or too little for Wally to do to help a friend—or for that matter an enemy.

He never held a grudge in all his life.

These are some of the things that belonged to the real Wally and that I would like you to know, too—

The big heart that was never too troubled nor too tired to listen to someone else's problems and advise and help them.

The generous, sensitive nature that gave friendship for the asking, was often disillusioned, because his humility and sweetness

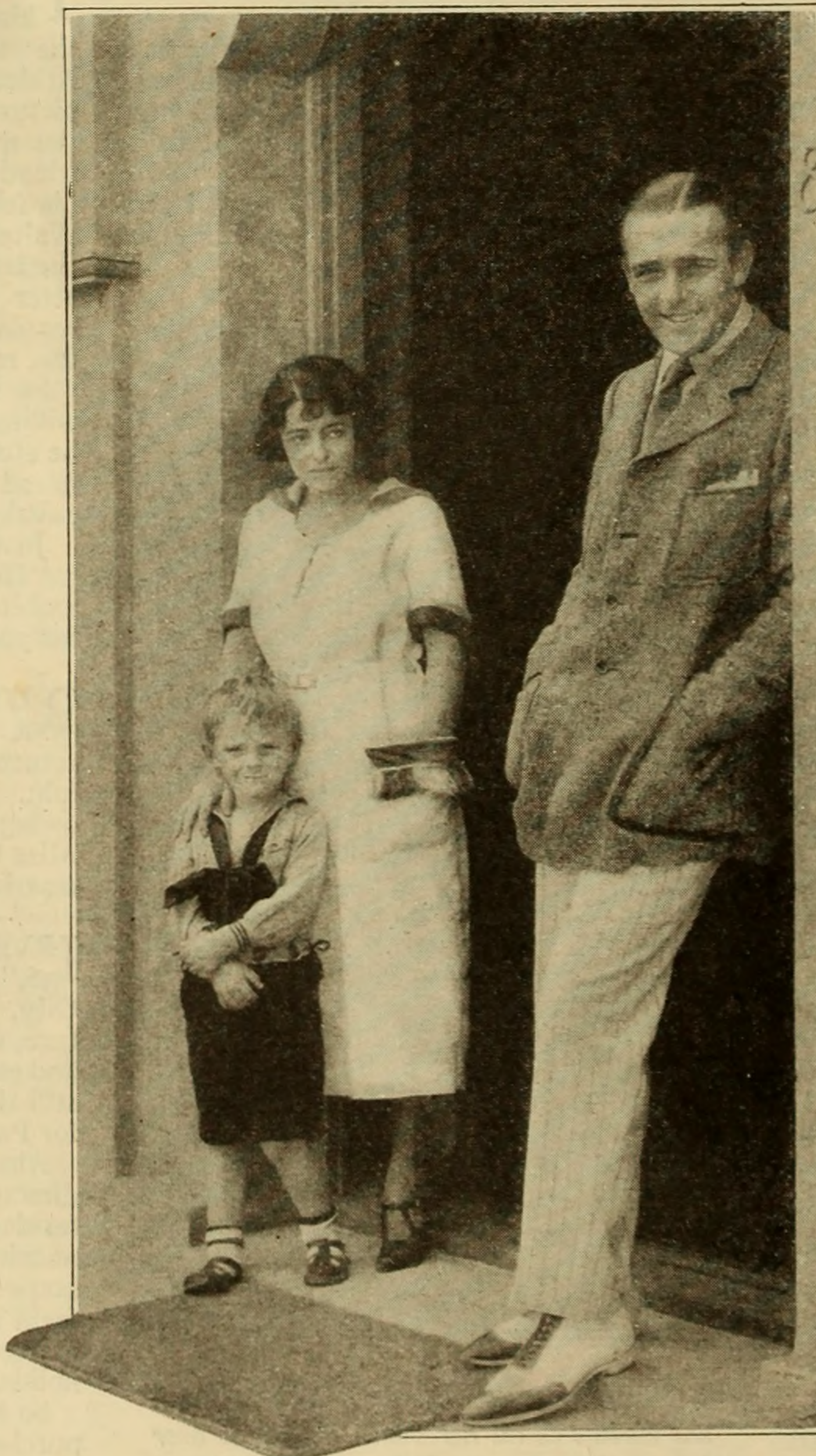
**J**UST two years ago the lovable personality of Wallace Reid passed from the screen, but throughout the world, wherever his pictures were shown, the public will not permit his memory to die. Our request to Mrs. Reid that she write "The Real Wally," on the occasion of the second anniversary of his death, was inspired by thousands of letters from men and women to whom his pictures brought happiness. See page 27 of this issue.

The gaiety that was of the heart, that sweet and simple gaiety that fell upon everyone around him like sunshine, that shone in his eyes and in his smile, a real cheerfulness of the heart.

The "kid" in him that adored all surprises. Every time I went downtown I was expected to bring him home a surprise, and the ones he liked best were the ones that made him laugh or that showed I had remembered some small wish of his. If I hunted about and discovered a new magic trick, or rummaged a second-hand book store for some out-of-print volume he wanted, and brought it home as a surprise, he was as delighted as any child could ever be. It was a delight, a joy unspeakable, to do things for Wally because of that gratitude, so lovingly and warmly expressed.

Christmas was a great time for him. The sense of burden which it brings to so many never touched Wally. When we were poor, or when success had lightened and removed the financial stress, it was all the same. He loved to give and he loved others to give to him. No one in the world ever appreciated small gifts as he did. He would say, "Why, Dotty, imagine him thinking of me. Imagine her remembering to do that for me." I remember once a little boy we knew who insisted upon giving Wally, for Christmas, a much-prized toy beetle, which crawled by itself. Wally didn't belittle the gift or hurt the boy by refusing. He took the gift with full appreciation, played with it for half an hour with the youngster, and then deposited it in the place of honor. And he said afterwards, "That was the best thing he had to give and that's why it was the best thing I got for Christmas." And he meant it. He would spend hours trimming the tree, and the room, and every once in a while he would say, "Dorothy, can't you just see their

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



*When the world looked bright to the Reid family*





Evans

**L**EST we forget! Photoplay wouldn't and couldn't, because Wally Reid's faithful admirers wouldn't let us. Few days pass without a request for a story about Wally, so, on the second anniversary, we asked Mrs. Reid to write one about the famous star in the retrospect. In her kindly, gracious way she complied





Melbourne Spurr

**T**HE way Will Rogers jumps from pictures to the stage leaves one in doubt as to whether he's a picture star or just a plain roper from the open spaces. However, Will is an actor on screen and stage. If you don't believe it ask Flo Ziegfeld how much cash he has to take in before he can sign Will's weekly pay check





Melbourne Spurr

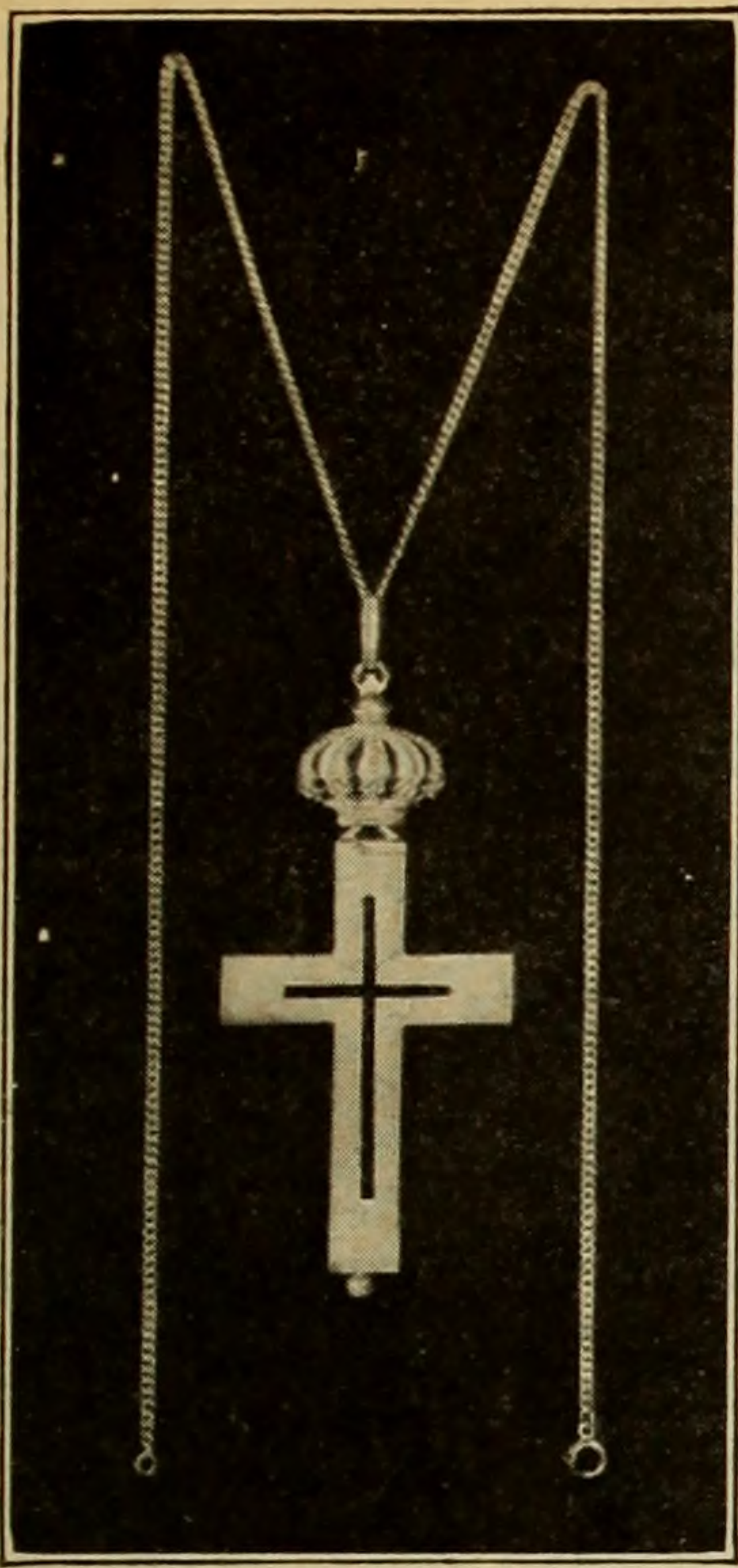
JOHN GILBERT keeps right on growing more popular with film fans with every picture he makes. His latest, "The Merry Widow," promises to be one of his most successful. His work as the professor in "The Snob" was one of the best character portraits we've seen in a long time. But he always makes good



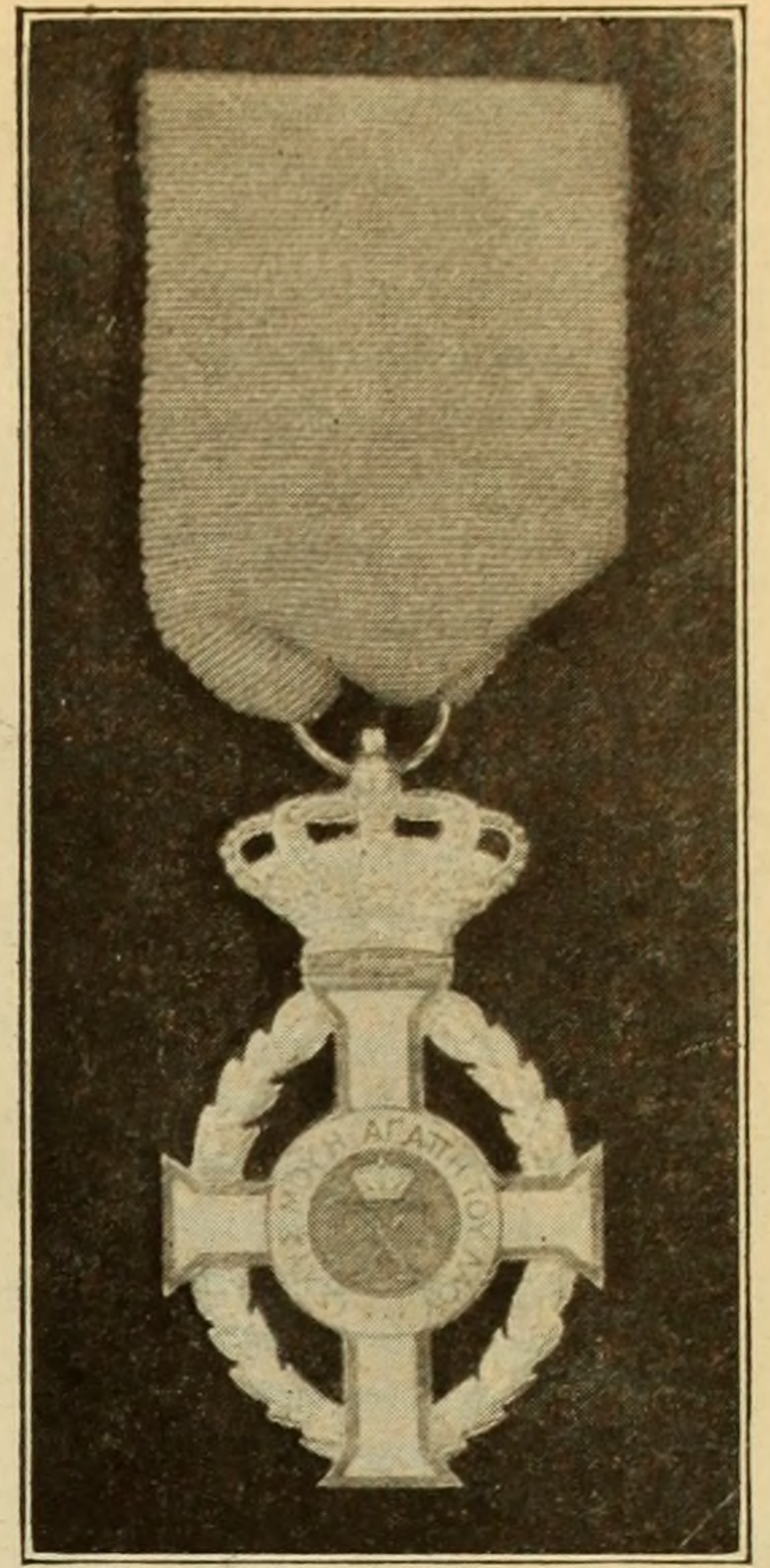


**N**ORMA SHEARER has advanced so rapidly in the three years that she has been in pictures, one wonders what the future has in store for her. She has the essential appeal, is beautiful and can act. Did you see her in "He Who Gets Slapped" or "The Snob"? She is a Canadian and broke in via the extra route





*In Athens, Jackie was presented with the Golden Cross of the Order of Jerusalem*



*Another of Jackie's decorations—the Silver Cross of the Order of George*

# Jackie Coogan's European Diary

*Written especially for Photoplay Magazine by Himself*

## The End of the Crusade

**T**HE final installment of Jackie Coogan's trip to Greece to deliver the Mercy Cargo of a million dollars' worth of milk and food stuffs, subscribed by American children, in which he tells of his adventures in Athens, Budapest, Vienna, Berlin and Geneva.

**O**N Thursday night, October 2, we left Rome for Athens. The steamship company that shipped the milk from New York in two boats cabled us in Rome, that the boats would be in Piraeus, that's the port of Athens, the day we arrived. You see I was chosen by the Near East Relief to represent the children of the United States, a sort of Ambassador, just like Mr. Myron Herrick who is Ambassador to France from America.

We arrived in Brindisi, Italy, the next morning. We were to take the boat from Brindisi to Piraeus. Our hotel overlooked the harbor, and as we had to wait six hours for our boat we all decided to go fishing. We did, but we didn't catch anything. We stayed out for three hours and then had to rush back to the hotel for dinner as our boat docked early. We left that night and sailed for two days and two nights. On the third morning we steamed

into the harbor of Piraeus. The bay was filled with boats, and the captain of our ship kept the whistle blowing all the time.

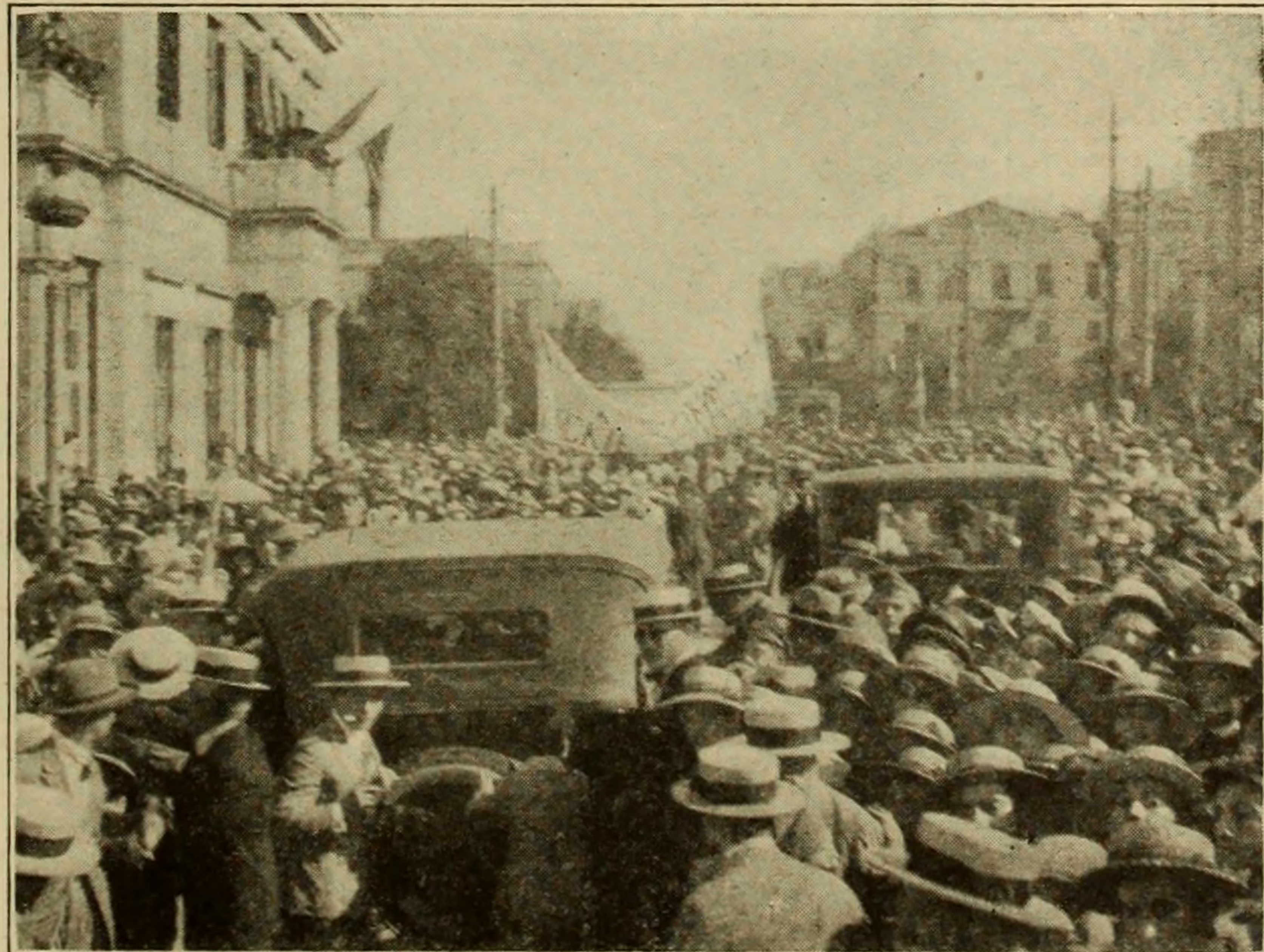
The little boats were filled with people all shouting, "Zito, Jackie Coogan, Zito." I asked the captain of our ship which was a Greek boat what "Zito" meant, and he told me it meant "welcome." We finally docked but couldn't get off the boat on account of the large crowds on the dock. Then a lot of gendarmes came up and took us through the crowd to an automobile. After a short drive we were in Athens.

There were thousands of people on the streets and banners everywhere reading "Zito, Jackie Coogan." We stopped at the Hotel Grande Bretagne. After we had rested from our long trip on the boat, and you can bet that those Greek steamers

are nothing at all like the ocean liners, especially the Leviathan, we drove out to the Zappion orphanage with some of the Near East officials.

When we reached the orphanage, we found the children all in a big courtyard. We all sat down and then a little Greek boy about my own age got up and made a speech of welcome in English. I told Mrs. Newell, my tutor, that he was a regular Demosthenes, who was a great Greek orator. After that ten little girls danced some Greek dances, and then ten more girls danced some American dances that had been taught to them by American teachers at the Zappion orphanage. But the most

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 145 ]



*Vast throngs crowded the streets of Piraeus, the port of Athens, to greet the famous young traveler*



# Tom Mix's

The second installment of the fascinating story of one of the screen's most capable actors — written exclusively for Photoplay



As a Texas Ranger, Tom Mix played a great rôle in subduing cattle rustlers who threatened the very life of the great west

I SAW two real wars after we'd settled things with Spain, before I settled down to private gunplay in what was then in truth the wild and woolly west—the Great West of Yesterday.

The first of these, as I mentioned last month, was the Boxer uprising in China and it included some mighty snappy and promiscuous shooting, and some guerilla warfare after the Indian fashion which I have never seen bettered.

Now a regular battle, to my way of thinking, is not exciting. Folks that haven't been personally present at one probably can't comprehend that statement, but what I'm getting at is that there is so much noise and confusion about a battle, and the action being *en masse*, sort of prevents you from appreciating the high lights of the occasion. But trying to build a railroad across open country in full sight of the enemy has more thrills to a mile than any serial ever made.

Now I reckon most folks remember the Boxer uprising, which enlivened the first couple of years of the present century. The Boxers were a lot of religious fanatics over in China who had an idea that anybody that thought different than they did hadn't ought to be allowed to live—leastways not in their country. So they got together and decided to run all other kinds of folks out of China. They were egged on some by the Dowager Empress, who held similar ideas, and pretty soon they made the mistake of selecting a few American missionaries and French priests and British officials for their victims.

The foreigners had to hide in the hills, and those that were close enough took refuge in the British Legation in Pekin and then the foreign powers began shipping in armies to rescue their people and to subdue these crazy Chinamen.

I was shipped over there pronto, with the 9th Infantry, in charge of a Gardiner gun and took some little part in the long and famous siege of Pekin, which was

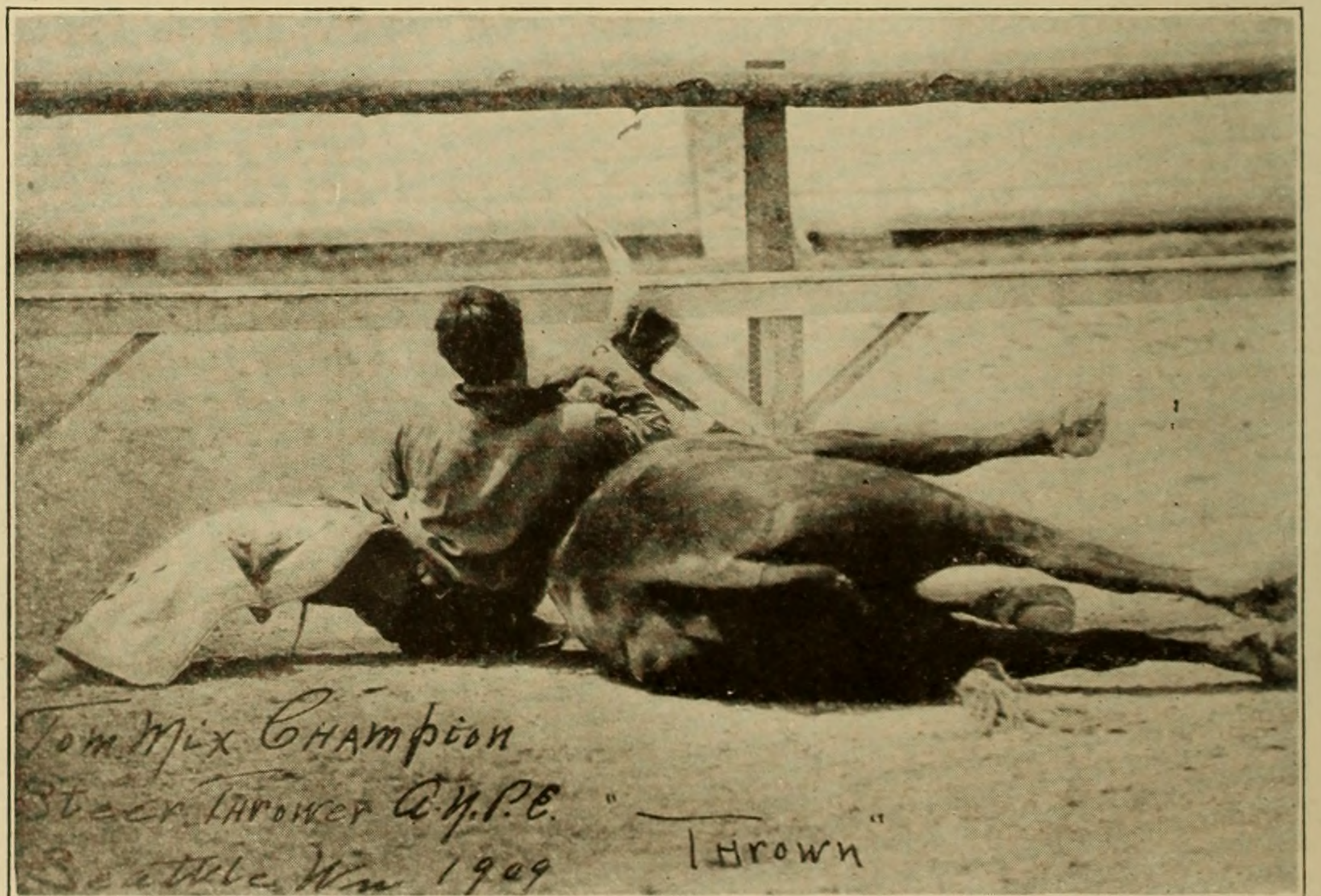
pretty dull most of the time, though the day our victorious armies marched into the fallen city was about as fine a sight as I ever saw. It was a beautiful old city, and different from anything I'd ever seen, and as a good deal of my sight-seeing had been done during wars I'd learned to keep my eyes open.

But the real excitement was when we were laying the new railroad between Pekin and Tien Tsing. It was mostly flat, open country, with only some bushes and an occasional tree, and those Boxers knew every inch of it and were roaming about trying their best to keep us from making that little strip of road. I was with a gun guarding the men at work, and every hour or so they'd begin popping at us from behind some bushes. They were just the color of the ground anyway, and they could crawl along on their stomachs like snakes. We had some tough skirmishes and lost a lot of men, but eventually we got our work done.

It was outside the walls of Tien Tsing, while we were besieging that city under Colonel Listenn, who was killed there, that I was wounded seriously again. The gun I was with was pounding away at one of the gates, when all of a sudden a shell busted right in front of us. It blew up the gun carriage and one of the wheel spokes was split right in two. It shot through the air like a knife and came right over and scalped me just as neat as an Indian chief could have done it. It peeled the top off my head and skinned my forehead right down to the skull bone and left my eyebrows hanging over my eyes.

I tumbled over into a ditch with a lot of other fellows who'd been wounded by the shell, and after a while they carted me off to a hospital and shipped me home on a hospital transport. I spent the next few months in a hospital in Washington, while the top of my head grew back on. I've still got the scars to show for that.

Right here I'd like to tell you a funny little incident about that ditch. Just a short time ago I was introduced to a dis-



Here is Tom winning the title of champion steer thrower of the world at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle



# Own Story

By Himself

**A**T the Los Angeles opening of "Merton of the Movies" a group of titled English visitors were watching the screen celebrities arrive, with a good deal of interest.

It was a typical movie opening, with a great many stars present, and after she had seen forty or fifty of them parade to their seats, one of the English ladies said breathlessly, "There doesn't seem to be anything but motion picture stars. Isn't it amazing?"

Just then a man came down the aisle. The lady regarded him with interest. He was tall, and very dark, his black hair showing just a few distinguished threads of silver. He carried himself with an air, and his evening clothes were cut in most elegant fashion, but just sufficiently different from those about him to make him stand out from the crowd.

"Now there," said the lady, "is someone who isn't a movie star. That's the first person I've seen that made me think we might be at home in London, or at the opera in Paris. He looks rather like—" and she mentioned a certain grand duke, "I wonder who he is? Probably a diplomat or one of their Californian millionaires—they used to be dons, didn't they?"

She continued to wonder who the distinguished looking gentleman could possibly be, until finally I took pity on her and told her.

It was Tom Mix.



Being a cowboy wasn't all riding and shooting. Tom also had to shoe his horse as well as ride him and here he is doing it

tinguished French army officer. The minute I looked at him I started pirooting around in my memory to find out where I'd seen him before, and he had that same feeling about me. We got to visiting and gassing like men will, and pretty soon we discovered where we'd met before. We had both been mixed up in that same ditch outside the walls of Tien Tsing, and had tried to help each other with our wounds.

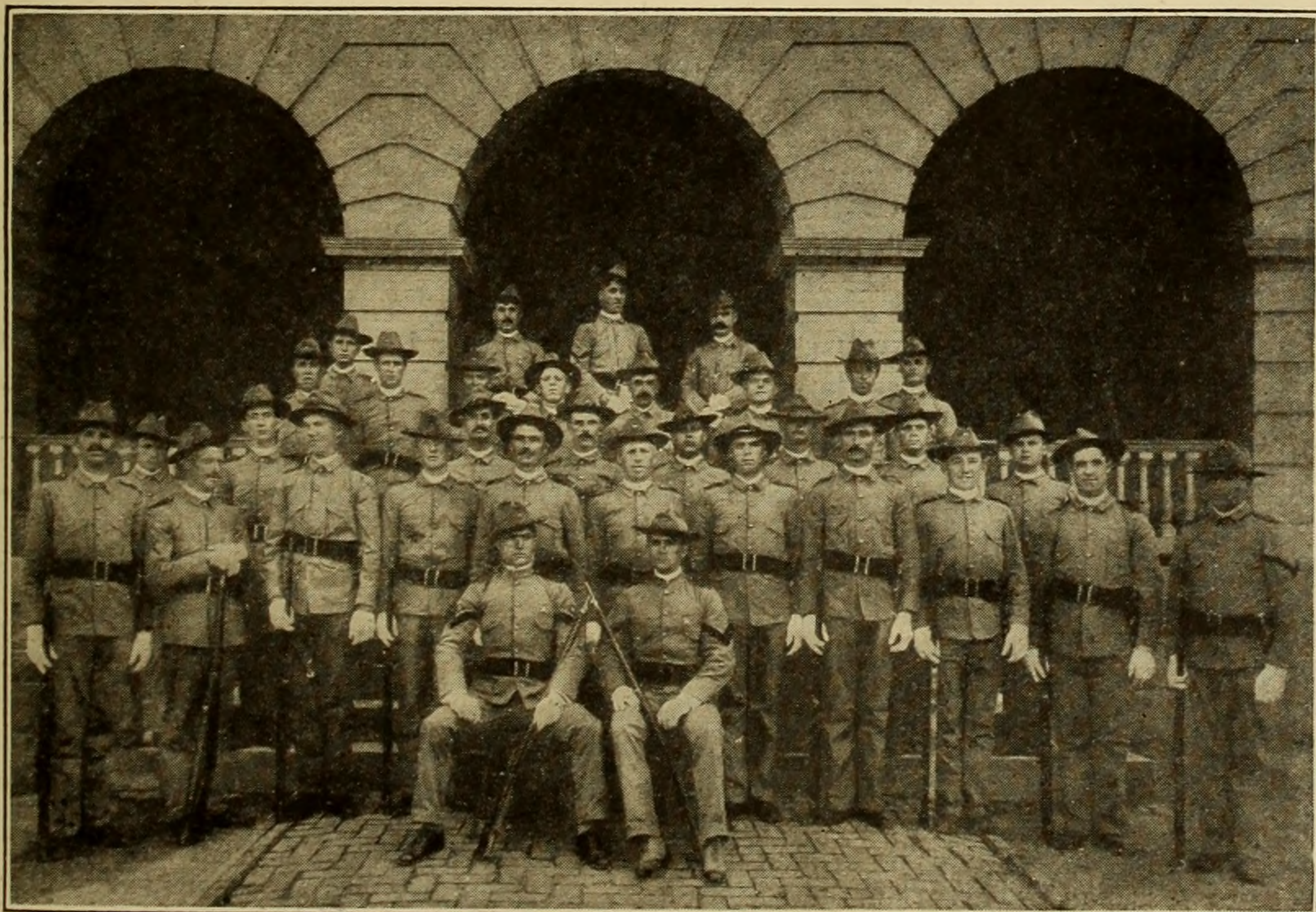
When I finally got well I decided that for a while I'd hook up with more peaceful pursuits, because I didn't like hospitals a little bit. So I got my disability discharge from the Army and wandered up to Denver, which was still pretty rough and ready in those days. A man I knew up there had a big business breaking horses and selling them to the British government—the Boer war was on by that time—and he gave me a good job breaking bronchos for him.

In the interests of truth, I got to state that we weren't any too fussy about the way we broke those horses. Seeing they were going over to England and get into a war right away, and we'd probably never see them again, we mixed in a few outlaws in every load, too, just to sort of clear the country of them. We'd take them out to the corrals and spend a couple of days quieting them down sufficient to pass the inspector, and off they'd go to the war.

Pretty soon I got to thinking I'd never been to South Africa, where this little argument with the Boers was in progress, and maybe I'd better go and see what it was all about, for the sake of my education. So I shipped over with a boat load of our horses, getting a place as a hostler.

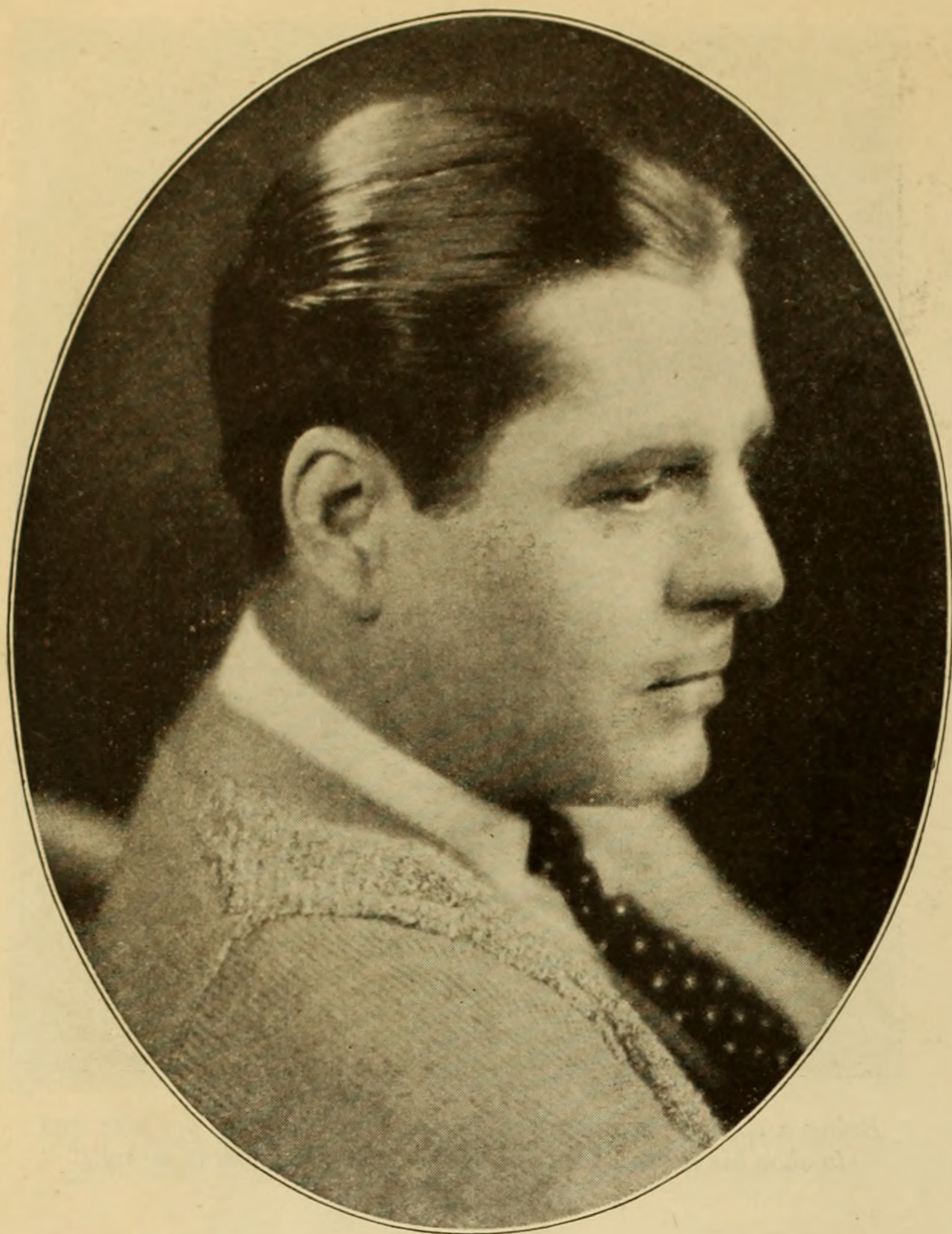
We landed in Africa just about the time the trouble was starting around Ladysmith and I took my string down there.

Those horses, as I've admitted, hadn't been broke so that a lady could ride them by any means, and being on ship-board so [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



Tom was some soldier. He was severely wounded in the Boxer uprising. He is seated at the left. The picture was taken just before he went to China





In "Those Who Dance," Warner Baxter was wafted to fame and fortune over night

# Sales Manager to Leading Man

*Warner Baxter is coming  
into his own now*

*By Lucile Erskine*

**A** PRODUCER and his staff were sitting around a council table in a studio. Thirty names were being considered for the lead in "Those Who Dance," the propaganda picture, an expose of bootleggers and their noxious wares about to be sent out as a companion to Mrs. Wallace Reid's lesson in drugs.

Suddenly Thomas H. Ince remembered having seen Warner Baxter in "His Forgotten Wife," with Madge Bellamy. In a flash his hand went down on the table.

"Send for him. He is just the man!"

And the very first time that this picture, strong melodrama and strong lesson, flashed before a receptive American public, a magic carpet opened at the feet of Warner Baxter. He was wafted to fame and fortune over night. A contract resulted with the Ince Studio for three years. And club women, welfare workers, the type who had never written a fan letter in their lives, flooded him with thanks. As the head of one federation put it: "You have helped drive out of its lair the deadly enemy that this generation of young American manhood must meet!"

Yet this new winner on the screen, who still looks like a well-groomed business man, was only a few years ago a sales manager for a manufacturing company in Columbus, Ohio. But his personal magnetism told even then. Though the stage was tearing at his heart strings and songs were running through his head as he wrote reports, he was so successful that a scholarship in an insurance school in Hartford, Connecticut, was offered him.

It looked as if he were going to write risks all of his life. But fate intervened. A vaudeville trio that he knew found themselves one man less through illness. Warner could dance and sing a little. He must help out. The second he found himself before the footlights, not fright but peace and poise descended upon him. An inner voice whispered that in such a glare he would work out his destiny.

But on the recovery of the actor he had to return now to the thoroughly distasteful desk.

Restless, he gathered up his savings, which amounted to about two thousand dollars, abandoned his position and started

a new business venture, only in a few months to awake one morning and plainly hear the wolf howling at his door! This time when he started out to get a job, he resolutely searched for a stage door.

For two years, at thirty-five dollars a week, he overacted in barn-storming companies, where the heroine is placed on the railroad track by the villain and rescued by the hero, as the hot breath of the engine is fanning her face.

It is indeed astonishing that this period of absurd theatricalism has left no mark on his art, which is the acme of restraint.

"What a naturalist you are!" Cecil De Mille said to him, when he was summoned before this monarch, which in Hollywood is equal to being sent for by the king in England. "I want you for my next picture, 'The Golden Bed.'"

Yet, at first, this headliner could not find any opening on the screen, when tired of his ranting days.

The studios frowned down on him, an impassable Chinese wall.

But when the sunlight fades out of his life, he lights his way by his own optimism. His nature is too wholesome to admit final defeat.

No doubt he sang when, beaten back, he had to turn down once more into an alley back of a theater. And his pay envelope still continued light with thirty-five dollars. But this, a Los Angeles stock company, encouraged more natural methods. And the artist in him rejoiced.

**T**HEN the same thing happened as when Thomas H. Ince wandered in to see a picture and sat up to watch the work of the man he afterwards sent for.

One night Oliver Morosco dropped into the theater, and his keen eye appraised Warner Baxter as different mettle from the mediocrity around him. Sauntering back of the stage between the acts, he offered the man whose name he had just learned a place in his company.

Soon the pay envelope carried one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

The new find had shot up to leading man.

With the prestige of this success back of him, when he again appeared before the impassive Chinese wall, it dropped. And he walked straight into significant rôles.

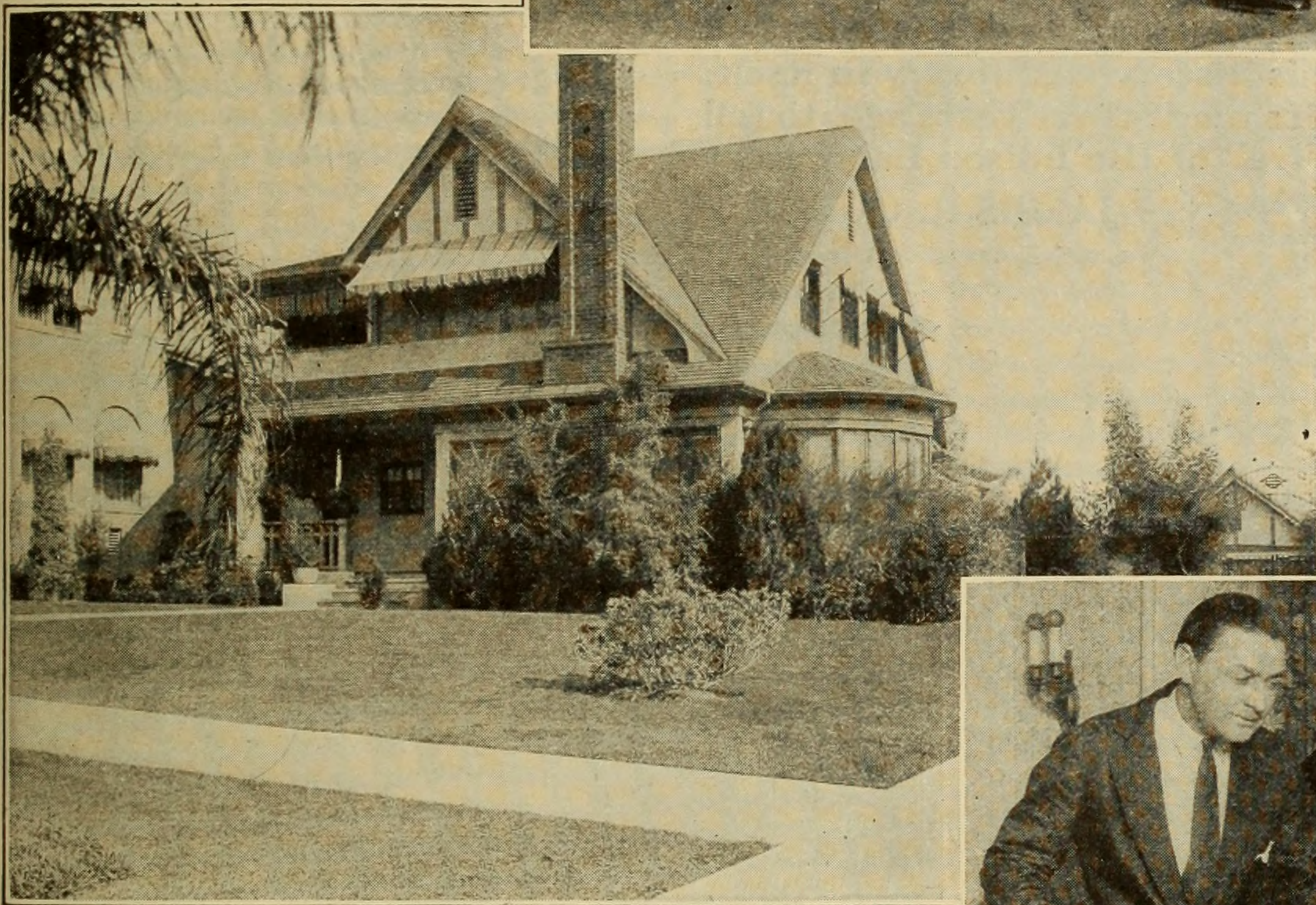
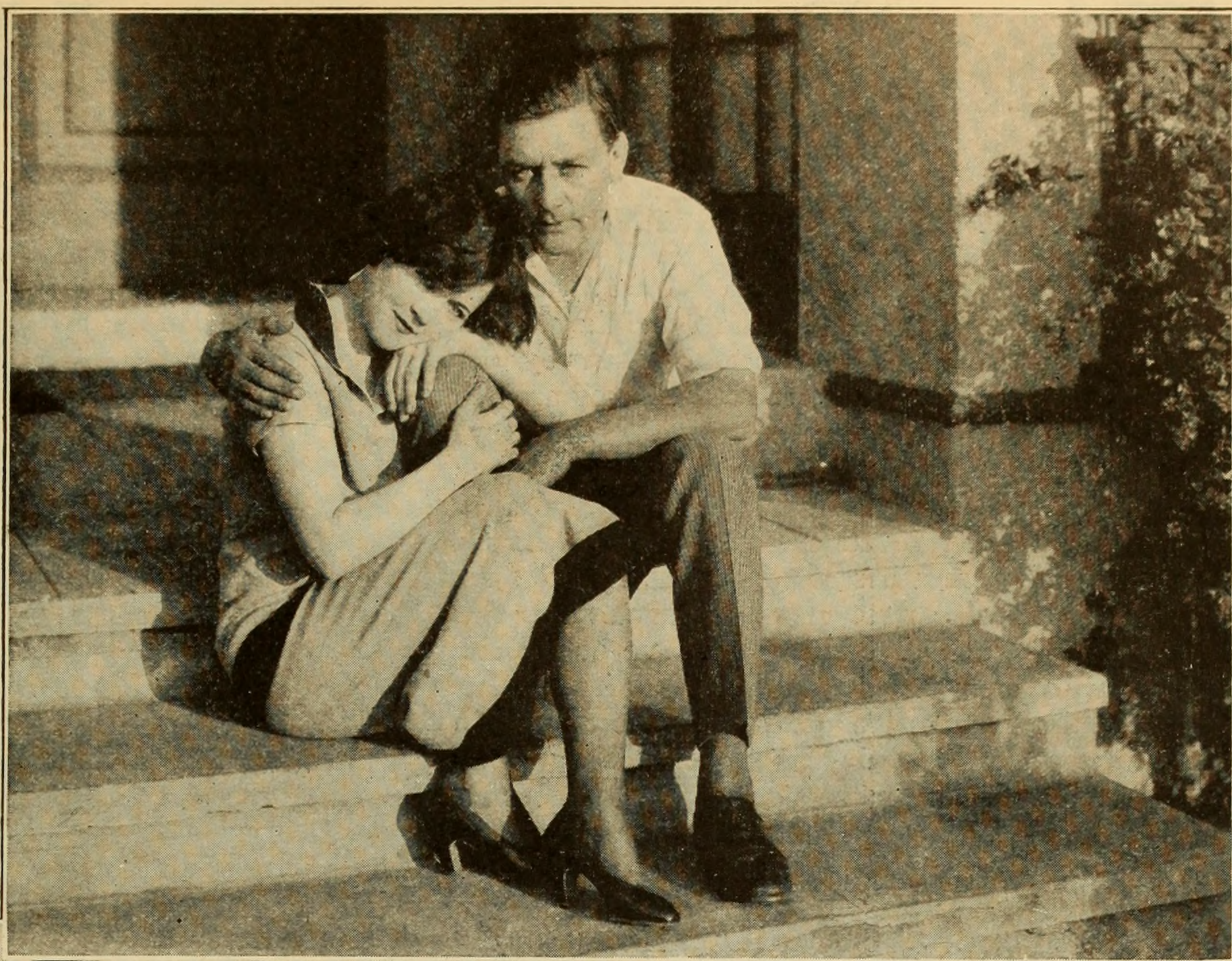
The other day some one asked James Cruze when he was to start his next picture.

"It depends upon Warner Baxter. If he's working, I wait till he's through. I'm going to have the best leading man in Hollywood for it, and there's only one."



# Just a Little Nest in the Golden West

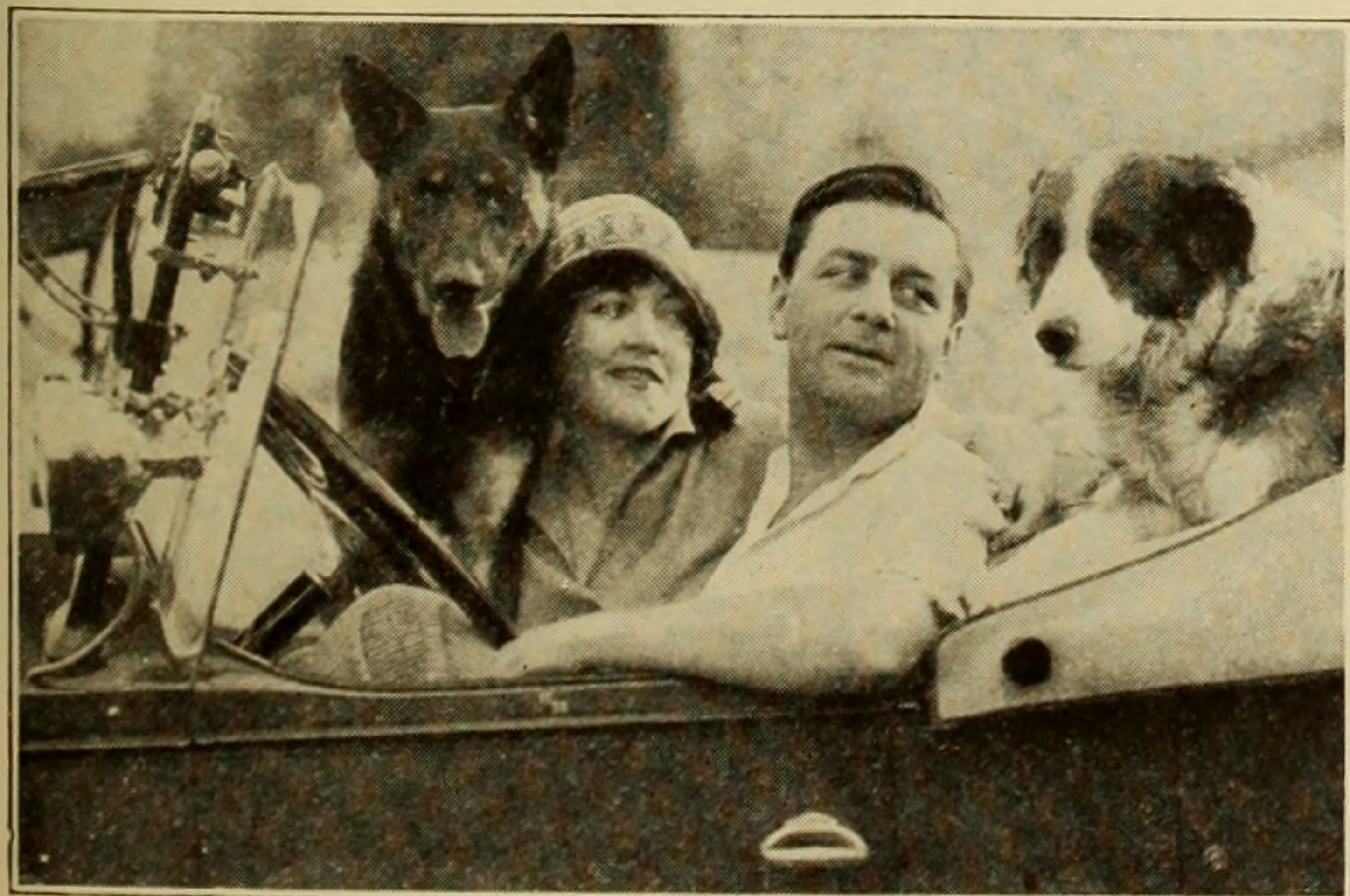
*Meet the happy bridal couple, Mr. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, on the steps of their home*



*At the left is the beautiful Hollywood home where the honeymooners dwell when they are not busy making pictures at the studio*

*Off for the studio with Sinner, the police dog, and Rover, who seems slighted about something*

*Some fiddle, Ken has. It looks like a cross between a banjo and cello. Both love barber shop harmony*





# The Romantic History

From Edison to Hays, 1887—1925

FOUR years ago PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE commissioned Terry Ramsaye to undertake the writing of the history of the motion picture. After a year's survey of the sources and authorities in both the United States and Europe the writing and publication of "The Romantic History" began while researches continued. Those researches have run on through the years of this monumental work. An interview with Will Hays pertaining to this last chapter was the last of a list of five hundred persons whose first hand facts have gone into this story. The first man interviewed, four years ago, was Thomas Edison. In between have come the testimonies and the memories of every living person who has exerted a formative influence on the art and industry of the screen. Nothing previously published was accepted as fact without investigation. No statement, regardless of seeming authority, was accepted without a quest for verification. Literally thousands of lost documents and forgotten letters have been brought to light for examination. The records of hundreds of lawsuits, some of them in far countries, have been carefully searched. The documentary backing of this history is a library in itself. And—it has fulfilled that promise made three years ago, to tell the whole story from "Room Five" of the Edison Laboratory in 1887 to the Broadway of tonight.

JAMES R. QUIRK.



*Will Hays, the man who spends a half million a year to make the screen an institution instead of a battlefield*

*By Terry Ramsaye*

Chapter XXXVI

THE history of the motion picture is a history of war. Everyone who has had any important part in the making of the institution of the screen has tried to be its master. The war continues today and there is no peace in sight. It is fortunate that it is so. All the progress of the screen has been born of conflict. The fame of every name we know has its roots in that conflict. Griffith, Pickford, Chaplin, Fairbanks, Meighan, Valentino, Swanson and all their like are decorations on the banners of battle.

Dynasty has followed dynasty down through the three decades of the motion picture which we have covered in this tale. We have come at last to today where a handful of men for the moment control the screen. They are struggling together against rising forces of new competition and struggling against each other in the old competitions. The fight is for the handful of silver that you put down at the ticket window for a little segment of a printed tape that admits you to the theater—which amounts to about a million and a half dollars a day.

This chapter must deal with the many crowded events of the last half dozen years. That we may have a perspective in this view of today's titan tumult of this billionaire industry, we must review some milestones in rapid succession.

1895-6-7—The period of the screen's birth was dominated for their little hour by the inventors, Edison, Armat, Lumiere, Latham, Paul and the K. M. C. D. with its American Biograph. These were men who wanted to make machines. The motion picture in their era was a novelty, and its business was a trivial chaos.

1908-9-10-11—Mastery of the screen passed to men who wanted to make money. They used machine patents as their major weapons. Pictures themselves were still of little importance. It was the era of the Motion Picture Patents Company. Business brought organization. J. J. Kennedy, an engineer and corporation expert, became the boss of bosses. Exploitation and distribution was king. The monopoly fattened—and went to sleep.



*Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers tangoed to fame as a star in the screen's biggest success—"The Four Horsemen"*



# of the Motion Picture

1912-13-14-15—Gold-hungry outsiders alert to opportunity lured away the better picture makers of the monopoly, taking Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, Edwin S. Porter, Mack Sennett and many others. The invading independents made bigger and better pictures—because they had to to break in. They bettered the art to better their own business.

1916-17—Competition grew apace with frenzied bidding for stars, directors and stories in the war of product. The new bosses were fighting for supremacy. They began as makers of pictures but swiftly evolved into engineers of organization. Exploitation and distribution were king again. The names of the period are: Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, John R. Freuler, H. E. Aitken, W. W. Hodkinson, L. J. Selznick, Richard Rowland, William Fox—all exploiters, primarily makers of money, secondarily makers of pictures. In the fight for supremacy they concentrated the picture-making genius of the studios under their various banners. Zukor's camp became the strongest. Pictures improved to improve the power of the box office.

1918—Exhibitors, the theater men, with ever and ever bigger houses and bigger investments were becoming increasingly conscious of pressure. All the production, exploitation and distribution was aimed at them. The pressure tended to develop resistance and a consciousness of power. The exhibitors stood last on the line from studio to screen. They found pictures costing more and more. Admission prices went up to the limit and then public resistance, expressed in refusal to pay more at the box office, forced the theater men to turn and fight the other way. Some large theater institutions had come into being. Here are a few names: Balaban & Katz, Stanley Mastbaum, Mitchell Mark, Turner & Dahnken, Jensen & Von Herberg, Stephen A. Lynch, Marcus Loew, Rubin & Finkelstein. There were millions in theaters and in a dollar war millions are power. Some of these millions pooled their power and First National Exhibitors' Circuit was born to buy box office value at the source. Contracts were made with Chaplin, Pickford, Griffith and others. First National made stars into producers. It also blazed a path for theater booking combines. A new power was born to consciousness.

1919—Now came the stars' turn. Adventures in production under the sheltering assurance and patronage of the box office combine made them into producers and whetted ambition—ambition for a bigger share of that handful of silver at the box office window.

For the time our story now moves back from the generalities of the great institution to the little particularities of personal exploits and romance again. The scene and the setting is the rose bowered verandah of a California bungalow. William G. McAdoo, son-in-law of President Wilson, also former Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and now Director General of the railroads, is taking his ease and recuperating from the travails of government service under the stress of war.

McAdoo had, on December 12, 1918, resigned, effective January 17, 1919.

About January 7, when the Director General's private car arrived in the yards of Los



*When the world's greatest screen artist joined in an experimental venture in the world's greatest art-industry, the screen, with United Artists, including Fairbanks, Pickford, Griffith and Chaplin, with Oscar Price as their business chief*

Angeles, there was a band serenade under the auspices of Douglas Fairbanks, and a conclave of picture personages of high degree.

Remember that incident of Liberty Loan days when the stars in the drive were around the desk down in the treasury building in Washington? "Why don't you folks get together and distribute your own pictures?" Oscar Price had casually suggested. Price was the press agent of McAdoo's administration in the treasury, and now his assistant in administration of the government's railroad affairs. The idea behind that chance remark was now about to bear fruit. It was a notion that had been stirring into life in many minds.

Up at Santa Barbara at McAdoo's bungalow the old friends of the Liberty Loan campaign talked it over. It was quite a gathering, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith. There were several such conferences.

The picture stars now indefinitely proposed that McAdoo should head an organization which would market their pictures. Both McAdoo's record and his fame, begilded with association with high office and Washington, made him a desired association. It was an especially desired association among persons who were beginning to discover that popularity did not necessarily mean prestige.

McAdoo declined.

"But if you will get Price I will help you organize and be your counsel," McAdoo suggested.

And so it was arranged at a

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 117 ]

## Told for the First Time How—

Will Hays got his job at the head of the motion picture industry—a story of many secrets, some politics and a lot of human interest.

United Artists came to unite in a conference on a bungalow verandah where McAdoo had gone to rest in Santa Barbara.

Ibanez and Richard Rowland drove a bargain deal on "The Four Horsemen" while they paced the floor of the Casino at Monte Carlo.

With some incidental stories of Valentino, Pickford, and stars high and low.





*Lon Chaney was so repulsive in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" that he frightened even Patsy Ruth Miller, his leading woman in that picture*

# Beauty & Ytuaeb

NOTE:—This title is not intended to be a puzzle. It would hardly be polite to say "Beauty and the Beast," so it was decided to call the article beauty and the reverse.



*Nature made Walter Long look like this. He isn't really angry with a girl so charming as pretty little May McAvoy*



*And here we have our old friend, Bull Montana, with Marguerite de la Motte comparing a gardenia or something with Bull's cauliflower*

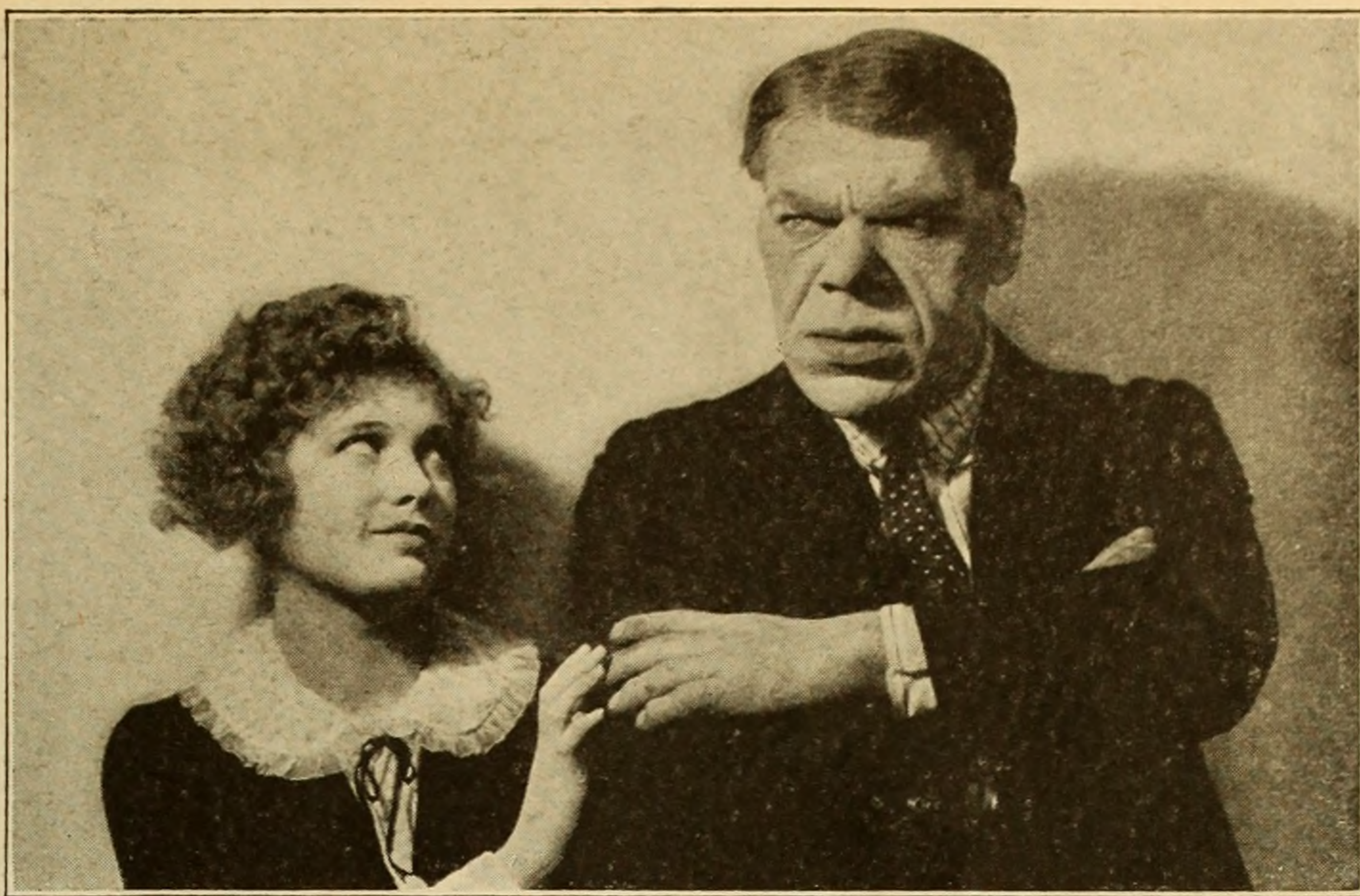


*Ben Turpin's face is certainly his fortune, and he seems even more wealthy when he stands in close proximity to Phyllis Haver*



**A** BEAUTIFUL face used to be considered the chief requisite for screen success. A pretty girl—a handsome young man—that usually meant movie stardom. Now it's a question. Which is worth more on the screen today—beauty or ugliness? Is it better to be so ugly you frighten the audience, or so beautiful you delight them?

Lon Chaney, Bull Montana, Ben Turpin, Wallace Beery, Ernest Torrence, Walter Long and Dick Sutherland rival the most beautiful girls on the screen—in the matters of earning capacity, drawing power and popularity. The box office shows that.



*Dick Sutherland, who is undoubtedly one of the prize-winning entries, is deaf to Esther Ralston's gentle plea to "look pleasant, if you please"*



*Ernest Torrence says that every time Jesse Lasky looks at him, he remarks: "Gosh, but you're homely." Even Lois Wilson turns her back*



*Perhaps Wallace Beery's face can frighten Priscilla Dean, but his commanding gesture and lordly air don't seem to affect her much*



*And here we have one of Nature's masterpieces, the late Joe Martin, who here played a rather mean trick on a juvenile beauty*





Pach Bros.

**E**LSIE FERGUSON was to return to the screen to make "The Swan" for Paramount. But for some reason either she or the company had a change of mind and her return is delayed. One of the most beautiful, best-dressed and artistic women on stage or screen, her admirers will await her return with anticipation.



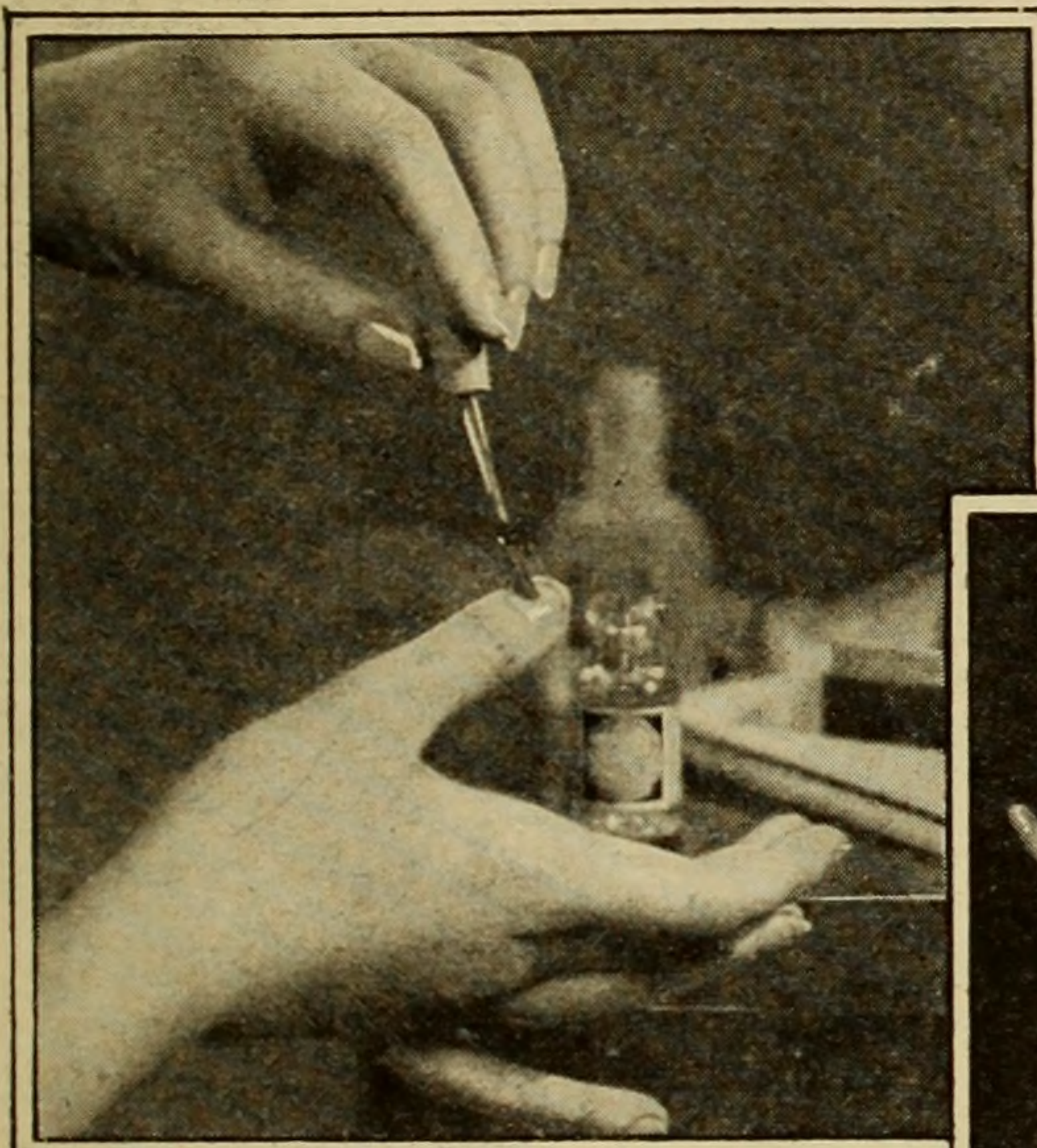


# As wonderful for a quick brilliant polish as Cutex is for smooth cuticle

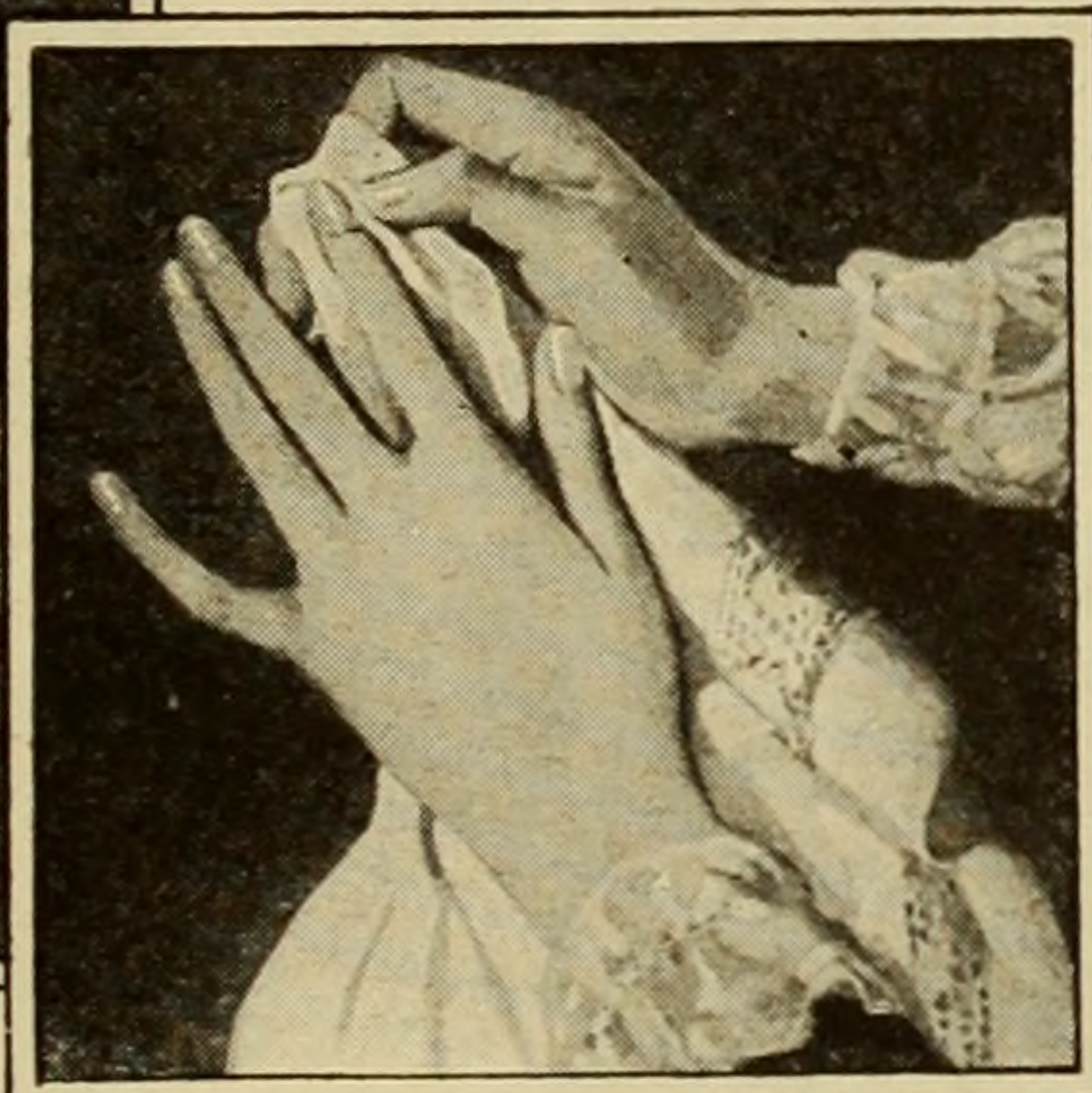
**F**OR years you have known Cutex. You have blessed it a thousand times when you have been in such a hurry and you have just *had* to get those neglected nails shapely and gleaming.

Now, after years of fastidious experiment, Cutex has perfected a wonderful new Liquid Polish, as splendid for a brilliant, lasting polish as Cutex is for giving soft, even cuticle.

In every particular Cutex Liquid Polish is ideal. It spreads smooth and thin. It dries almost instantly giving the nails a natural gleaming surface



The tiny brush spreads a lovely lustre over one nail and never leaves streaks or brush marks. The glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of soft, smooth cuticle.



Before a fresh manicure remove every trace of the old polish with a fresh application of polish wiped off instantly before it dries.

that never looks thick or varnished. It would never think of cracking or peeling off. Even water will not mar it.

For a whole week the lovely smooth lustre lasts, keeping the nails *just* the rose petal shade of this season's smartest Parisian manicure.

To enjoy this touch of Parisian elegance to the full use Cutex Liquid Polish with the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover for the soft even cuticle that is the basis of a correct manicure.

## Needs No Separate Remover

Another advantage of Cutex Liquid Polish is that you do not have to bother with a separate polish remover. Before a fresh manicure just put on fresh polish and wipe it off before it dries.

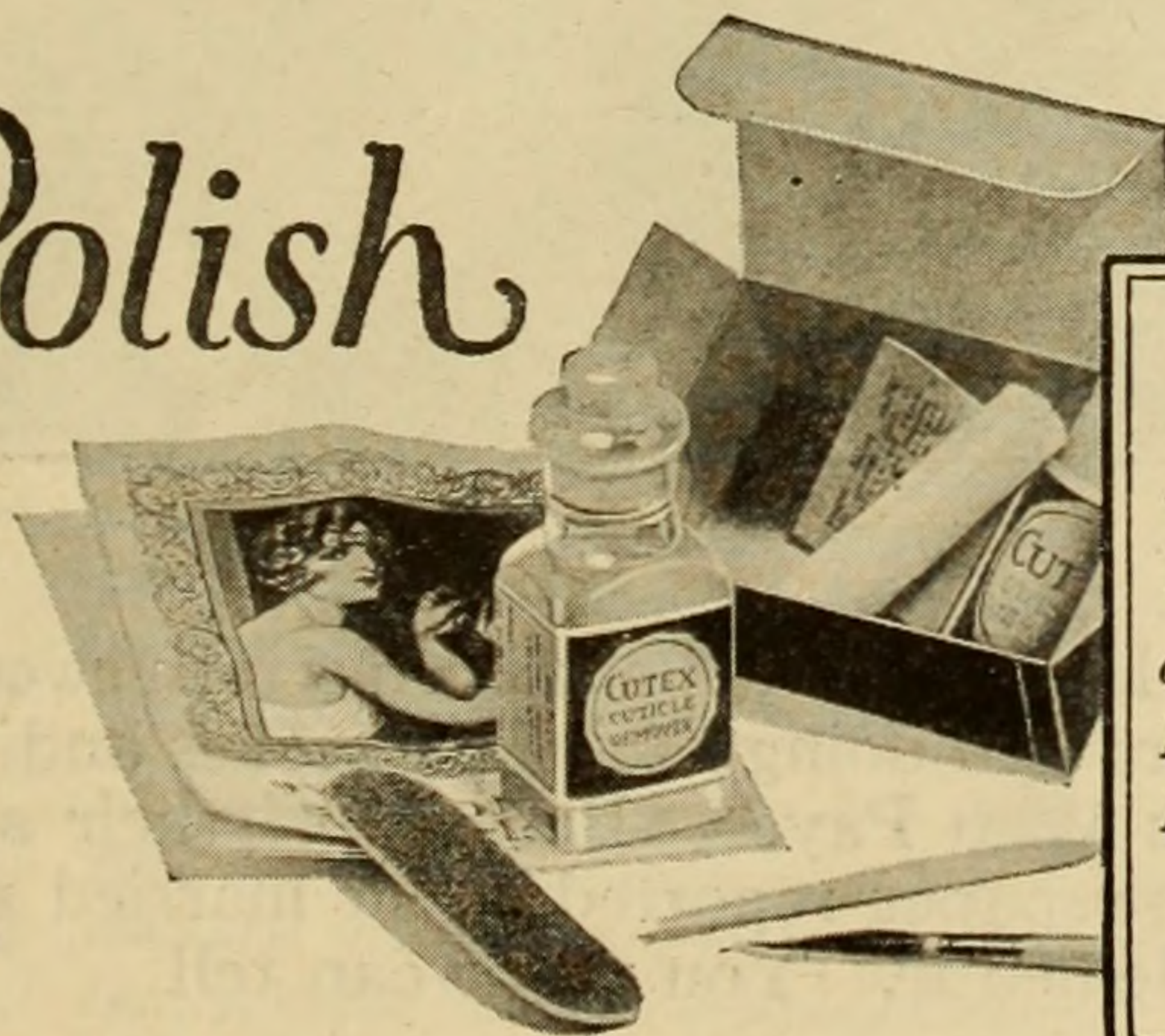
You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and any of the other Cutex preparations for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. It also comes in three of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, and \$3.00.

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in stamps or  
coin for a Cutex  
Introductory  
Package. (Clip here)

NORTHAM WARREN, DEPT. Q-3  
114 West 17th Street, New York

State





JOHN BOWERS and Marguerite De La Motte have been screen sweethearts since their early days in one-reelers. They are still doing their love scenes and went to New York in December to make "Daughters Who Pay." Because of their screen affinity—or should it be "affinities"?—one newspaper reported them married upon their arrival, but John denied it. You never can tell

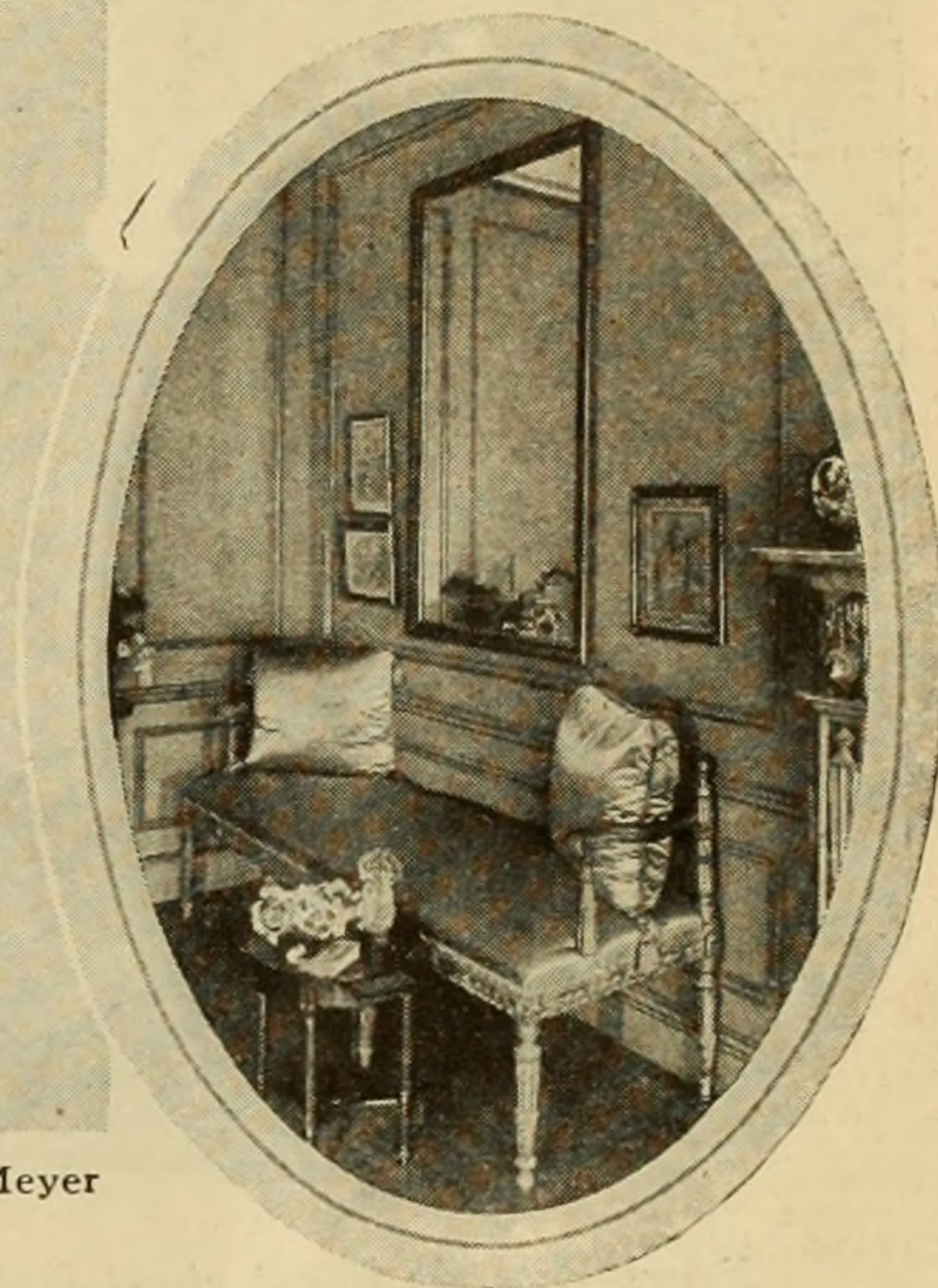




**MRS. CONDÉ NAST**  
*wife of the publisher of Vogue, Vanity Fair and House and Garden, is a leader in New York's smart Society. She has a sparkling wit, a charming personality and the gift of dressing with the cachet of fashion and of faultless taste. Below, a glimpse of her Park Avenue apartment which reflects, in its French atmosphere, smartness, restraint and sophisticated elegance.*

*"Women are realizing more and more the necessity of a clear, smooth skin. The very clothes they wear—so chic and simple of line—call for youth in their faces. So the smart woman must keep her skin youthful, radiant. Pond's Two Creams are a sure and simple means of keeping the complexion in exquisite condition."*

*Mrs Condé Nast*



Baron de Meyer

## Mrs. CONDÉ NAST on the importance of being beautiful

**I**N Mrs. Condé Nast's Park Avenue apartment that morning trunks bulked excitingly, the spirit of Paris bursting their lids.

To see Mrs. Nast herself was to see the Rue de la Paix in its latest expression of the mode. From the cut of her shoes to her black bengaline frock she was the simplicity, the chic of Paris itself. And her line-free, exquisitely cared for skin bespoke youthfulness as eloquently as did her clothes.

"Paris was never so fascinating," Mrs. Nast was saying. "The clothes? Marvelous! So chic and simple of line. But they call for youth in the face—as well as in the figure. So the smart woman *must* keep her skin youthful, firm and radiant."

"What did you do for your own skin while you were abroad?" I asked her. "It looks perfect."

"I positively depended upon a good cold cream for cleansing," replied Mrs. Nast. "Pond's is, to my mind, the ideal

cream for the traveler, so light it just melts on the face and carries away all the dust travel gathers."

Then we talked of *both* the famous creams Society women are using to keep that youthfulness of skin Mrs. Nast finds essential for harmony with the mode. And this is how to use them:—

*Once a day, at least, and especially after exposure to the weather, smooth Pond's Cold Cream liberally over your face and neck.* Let its pure oils bring to the surface of the skin dust, powder and excess oil. Repeating this process, finish by closing the pores with a dash of cold water. Let a little cream stay on all night if your skin is very dry.

*For the delicate finish and protection you want by day, smooth into your skin a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream.* It is instantly absorbed, giving your skin such a soft, lustrous finish that now your powder goes on more smoothly than ever before and clings longer. And you are perfectly protected against winter cold and wind and city soot when, before going out, you use Pond's Vanishing Cream.

When you begin using these two creams you

will prove for yourself what Mrs. Nast has said—"They keep the complexion in exquisite condition." The Pond's Extract Company.

- MRS. REGINALD C. VANDERBILT
- MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR.
- MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
- THE LADY DIANA MANNERS

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed approval of Pond's Two Creams and of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

**FREE OFFER**—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and a little folder telling how to use them.

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

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

Name.....

Street.....

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





# This Little Girl is Iridescent Pearl White

*Colorful screen star  
glistens on Paris stage*

the gaming tables. And, sad to relate, she hasn't been as fortunate as in other flings at roulette. Just what her losses amounted to only Pearl knows, but reports are to the effect that they ran into thousands. Little things like that don't worry Pearl, however. She had her fun playing, and a few thousand lost won't keep her from getting her beauty sleep.

Yes, Pearl is on the Paris stage and speaks French, but she still retains her old American pep.

*Pearl White's latest stunt is to be the hit of a Montmartre music hall show called "Tu perds la Boule," which means "You're Going Crazy." Pearl isn't, because she gets more francs than anybody else in the show*

**O**NE never knows what Pearl White will do next. The last we heard of her she was tanning herself with henna and applied too much, making her look somewhat like a red Indian—a blonde red Indian.

That intrigued us for a while, then our imagination started working and we wondered what she would do next. We made forty guesses and they were all wrong. Just to end the suspense we will tell you right now she is appearing in an elaborate revue at the Cigale, a Montmartre music hall.

And Pearl, of course, is the hit of the show, which is one of the most popular in Paris. It is called "Tu perds la Boule," which, freely translated, means "You're Going Crazy." Isn't that just like Pearl? She couldn't help but make a hit in a show with a name like that.

And she deserves all of her success, say those who have seen the revue. She works with all the enthusiasm of a girl who has been given her first part. She is on the stage in nearly every number and does every imaginable stunt. She makes her entrance by swinging in on a rope and landing on top of the comedian. She keeps the show full of action from then on and right up to the last act, when she leads the chorus girls out on the runway and tosses balloons to the enthusiastic patrons.

But the most remarkable part of it all, to those Americans who have seen her, is that she looks as youthful and pretty as any eighteen-year-old girl in the show.

This is her first stage experience in three years. Her previous efforts were at the Casino de Paris, which burned down. When asked if she was going to do another motion picture she replied, "Sure, if this place burns down."

If reports are true, Pearl hasn't lost any of her longing for



*As a little girl Pearl makes her entrance swinging in on a rope and landing on the back of the comedian. She looks as pretty and youthful as any eighteen-year-old in the chorus*



# Do You Envy the Health of Others?

*Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do*

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work

—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

**Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink)**

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Write for free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. 3, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



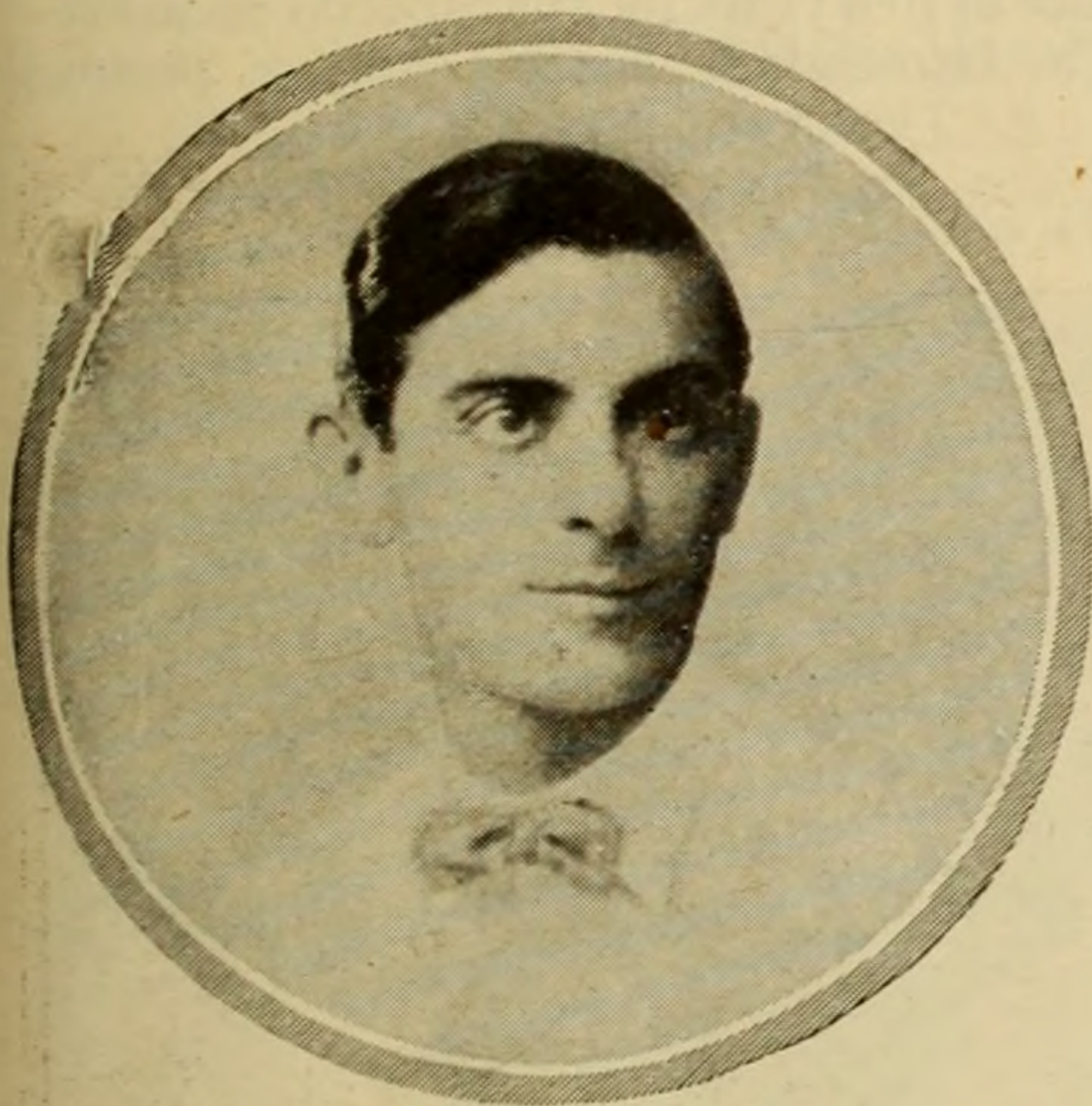
(MISS BRIAN, CENTER)

"AFTER A SEVERE ILLNESS last winter, due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."

(Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Brattleboro, Vt.)



"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN ME perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily . . . Soon, darned if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."

(Eddie Cantor, New York City)

(ABOVE TO RIGHT)

"AS OWNER AND MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I come in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."

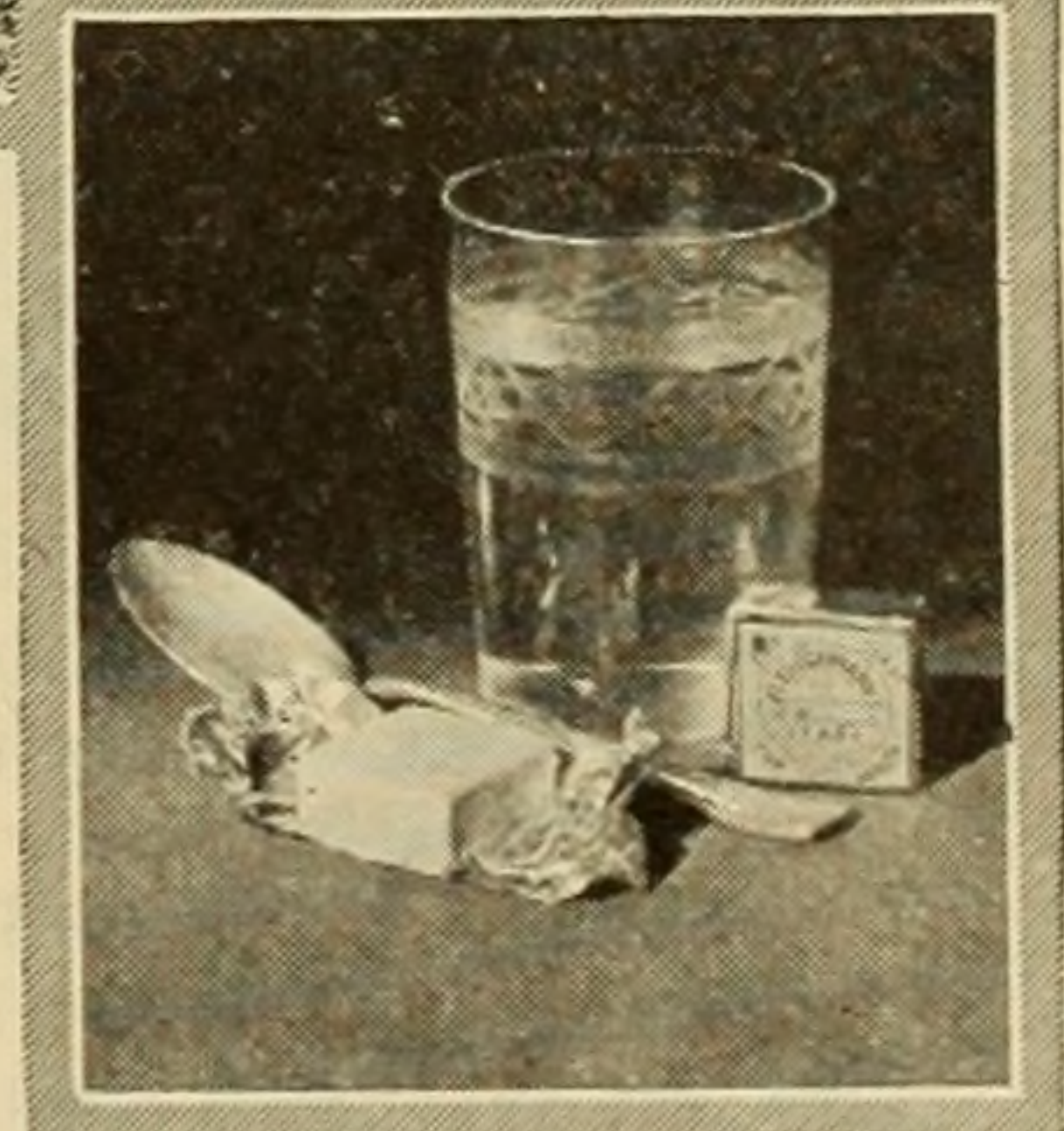
(Miss Katherine Fitzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)



(ABOVE TO RIGHT)

"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Result: No Indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."

(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)



There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain

# FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





This picture ought to please the kiddies. Larry Semon, as the Scarecrow, and Oliver Bardy, as the Wooden Tin Man, do a dance with Dorothy Dwan in "The Wizard of Oz"

lot in Beverly Hills, and now he lives in a house which none ever passes for the first time without asking: "Who lives there?"

So, you see, there are really many, many ways of advertising.

**MARY ALDEN**, to me one of our greatest character actresses, whose mulatto girl in "The Birth of a Nation" will never be forgotten by film fans, will again be seen on the screen shortly. Mary is playing an important character rôle in "Siege," Virginia Valli's latest starring vehicle which Svend Gade is directing.

**CHARLES RAY**, whose contract with Thomas H. Ince was terminated by the death of the famous producer, has decided to re-enter independent production, rather than go to work for some one else. But this time he will let business men handle the business end of his business. His costly experiment, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," fully convinced him that there are only twenty-four hours in each day and that often that is not enough for an actor who essays to run his own commercial affairs. And by the way, the good ship "Mayflower," said to have cost nearly \$30,000, still stands on the old Ray lot near Hollywood Boulevard as a monument to "Miles Standish."

**RUDOLPH VALENTINO** sure is one hard working little star. Why, he and his wife even help dress the sets, now that he is a producing star, and every time I've been on the set, where they're making "Cobra," I see them strolling about, arms around each other, searching for a place to put this chair or that picture. Just like they were on their honeymoon and were furnishing their first home.

Of course, I've had visitors with me each time, and Joe Jackson is a great little publicity promoter. The next time I visit Rudy's set I'm going to sneak in unannounced—if I can get by the watchman who guards the door—and see if the embracing stuff is a continuous performance or only put on for visitors' day.

Oh, yes, I know something else about Rudy

which may interest you. It did me. I might even say it was a blow to me. He has engaged a man to "stand" for him, if you know what I mean. You see, it's like this—when they make a "camera set up," as they call it, the lights have to be arranged just so and the camera set at just the right distance, and if Rudy's the one to be photographed they have to aim the camera and get the lights just so with him as the "target."

So Rudy has hired a young Latin chap, Don Alvarado by name, who is just the star's height and about his build, and Alvarado stands for him. Do you see?

They train the lights and the camera on Don Alvarado and when everything is ready for the picture, the lad slides out and Rudy walks nonchalantly "on" and the picture is taken.

Rudy says it saves him a great deal of valuable time which he can spend to much better advantage at business and things. Anyway it's a cinch it saves Rudy's legs and his strength considerable.

**A COUPLE** of actors were standing on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, the Broadway and Forty-second Street of Hollywood, when George Billings went by. Billings, as of course everyone knows by this time, is the lean and lanky citizen whom the Rockett Brothers discovered running a street gang and whose impersonation of Abraham Lincoln in the film of that name has come pretty close to making him famous.

"Say," said one actor to the other, "Billings has sure got the Lincoln bug bad. He's read everything there is to read about Lincoln, he wears a shawl like Lincoln wore, he walks like Lincoln, he talks like Lincoln, he—"

"Yeah," yawned the other, "I don't suppose Billings will be satisfied 'till he's assassinated."

**SPEAKING** of rumors and gossip—the boulevard is fairly reeking with them so far as Charlie Chaplin is concerned. Let me whisper some of the latest—

That there is a Mexican invasion of "Chaplin

Hall," the comedian's beautiful Beverly Hills estate. That it is fairly overrun with the relatives and ancestors of his pretty sixteen-year-old Spanish bride and that Chaplin has been routed by the invaders.

Henry Bergman, lovingly known in Hollywood as "Chaplin's cast" because he usually plays from one to four parts in the comedian's pictures, is suffering grievously from this invasion. The nice old leather arm chair which just fitted Henry and which reposed in a most comfortable corner of the Chaplin mansion, that warm and cheery chair where Henry was wont to while away many an evening hour, has been usurped, and now the same old chair gives comfort to Lita's maternal grandpa, who sits contentedly smoking his pipe where Henry used to sit.

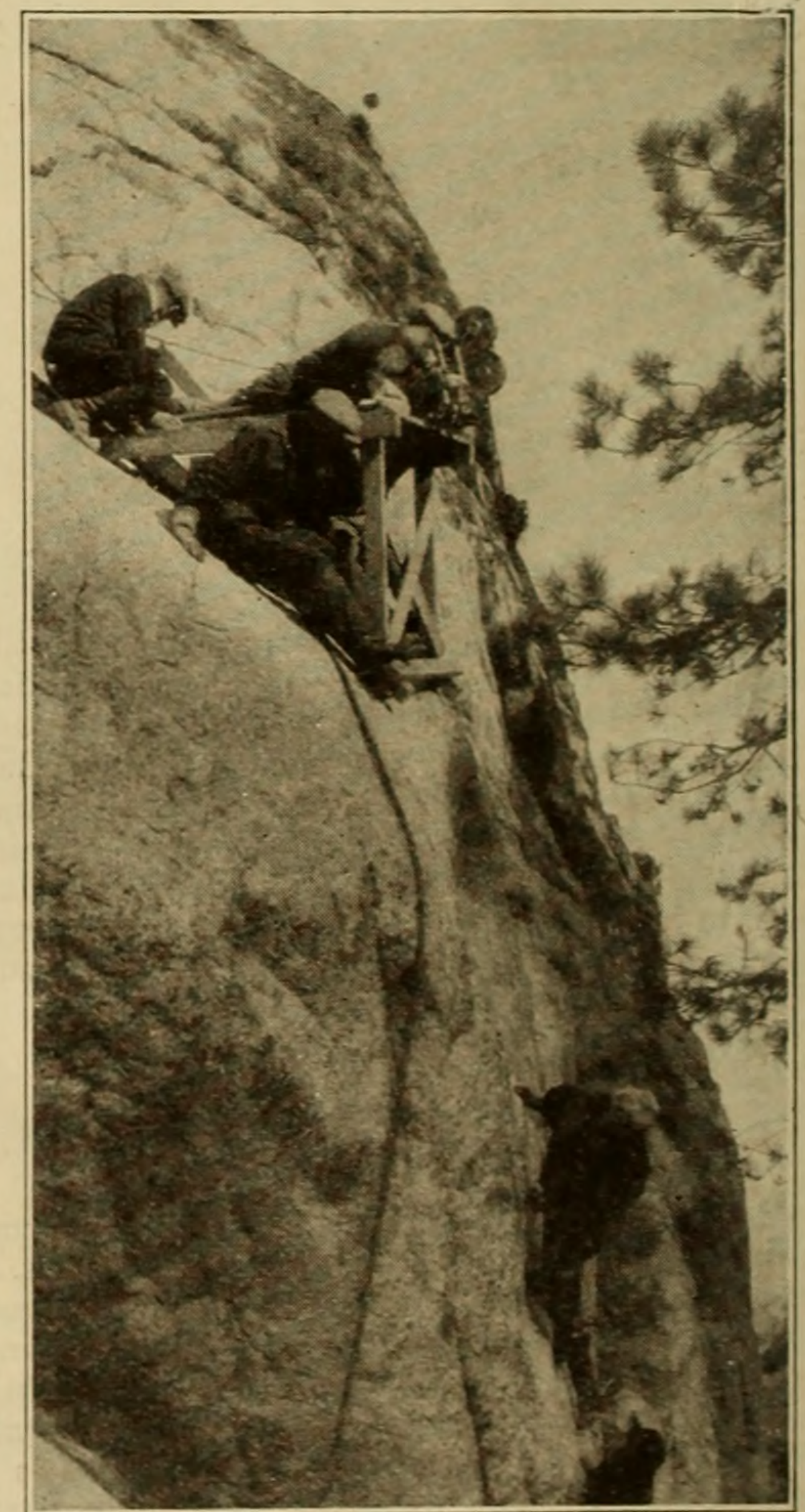
And here's another one for you. Charlie has signed pretty Georgia Hale, who distinguished herself with George Arthur in "The Salvation Hunters," the picture you read recently about in PHOTOPLAY, which cost \$5,000 and caused no mild sensation in Hollywood. It is understood that she is to be Chaplin's leading woman in his present untitled comedy and that his bride will disappear from the screen, at least temporarily.

If this is true it will mean that all of the film in which Lita Grey appears will have to be thrown away and that part of the picture re-taken with Georgia Hale in the rôle.

But then, this may not all be true, for Charlie hasn't told us so.

**THE** opening of "Romola," featuring the personal appearance of Lillian and Dorothy Gish, who came back to Hollywood after an absence of five years for that special occasion—was a tremendous success and a personal

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 81 ]



Climbing a 200-foot precipice is as hard as it looks. Here are Tom Mix, with Dawn O'Day on his back, and Mabel Ballin in "Riders of the Purple Sage." If that camera stand had slipped there wouldn't have been a picture



# Soap from Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever



That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color

**N**OTHING is hidden, for there is nothing to hide. No ordinary soap oils tolerated, no "super-fattening," no "super-anything." Palmolive's only secret is in its blending.

And that secret blend is judged one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The beautiful, natural complexions one out of every two women has today prove it.

Wash, launder, cleanse with any soap you choose—but when beauty is at stake, use a soap made to protect it.

60 years study to insure women keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion" makes Palmolive safe to use.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.



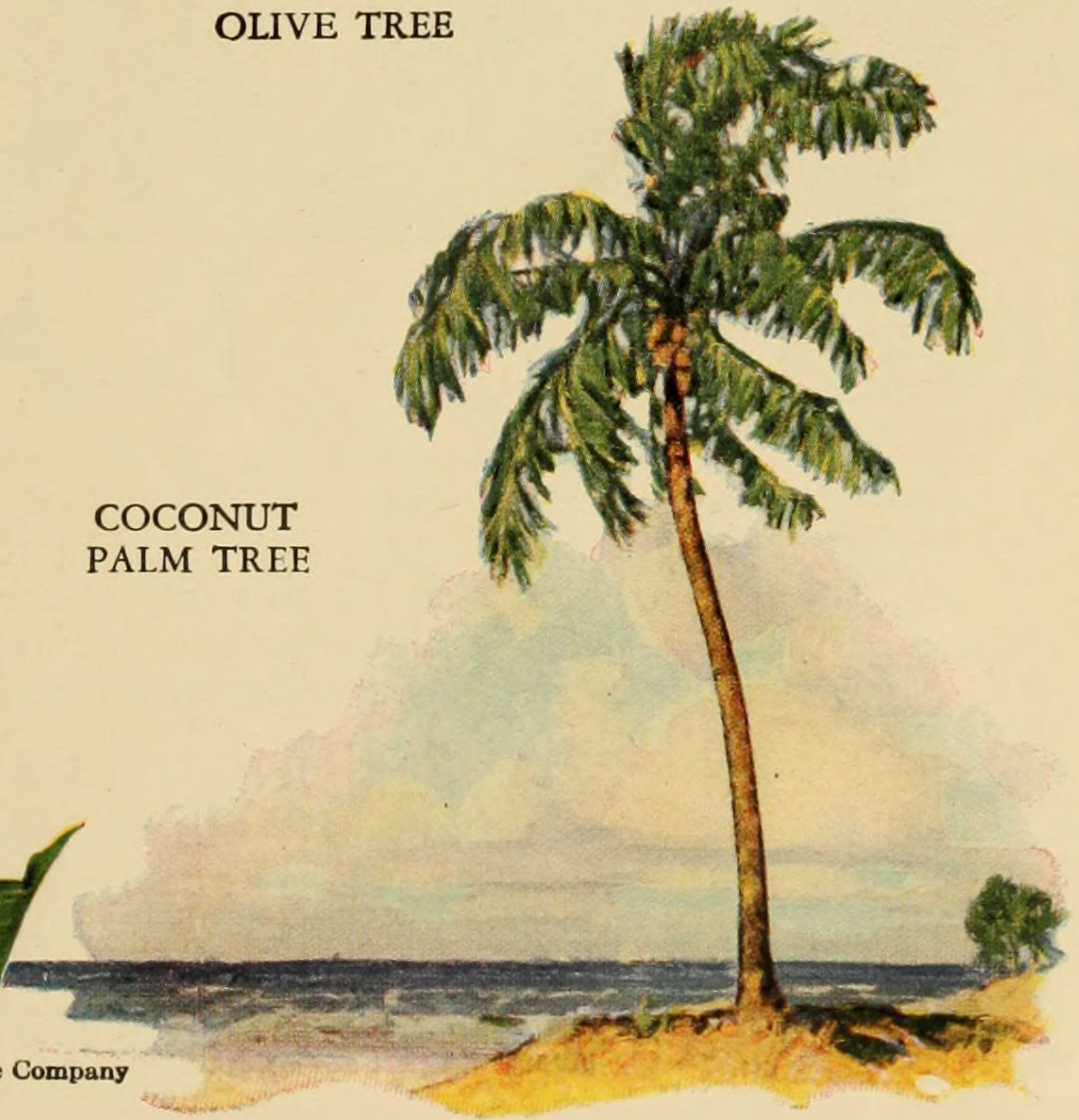
Copyright 1925—The Palmolive Company



AFRICAN PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



COCONUT PALM TREE



# Gray Hair Banished in 15 minutes



## INECTO RAPID NOTOX

**T**HE thousands of women of the most exacting discrimination who to-day are insisting upon this one coloring for the hair are doing so for this one reason: INECTO RAPID Notox is the one tint which so perfectly reproduces Nature's

coloring as to be indistinguishable from it, even under the closest scrutiny. It is, too, as permanent as Nature's coloring; and it is applied in 15 minutes. Beware of imitations—look for Notox on the package. This is your protection.

INECTO RAPID Notox contains  
no paraphenylenediamine

You can obtain INECTO RAPID Notox at your beauty shop or hairdresser's; or at the best drug and department stores.

Or, if you prefer, directly from the laboratories of the makers, who maintain a Beauty Analysis Department solely for the giving of expert advice upon which of the 18

shades is just the right one to harmonize with complexion and eyes and facial contour.

Merely dropping a card to Inecto, Inc., asking for Beauty Analysis Chart A 27, will bring it to you by return mail so that you may select unerringly the shade precisely attuned to your individuality.

**INECTO, Inc.**  
Laboratories and Salons  
33-35 West 46th Street  
New York

HAROLD F. RITCHIE CO., Inc.  
171 Madison Avenue, New York  
Sales Representatives





triumph for that rare and distinguished artist, Lillian Gish, which I have never seen equalled.

All Hollywood's most celebrated folk turned out to do her honor, and it seemed impossible for them to express sufficient enthusiasm for this girl, who left us a few years ago and has ever since been adding to her own laurels and the high art of the silver sheet.

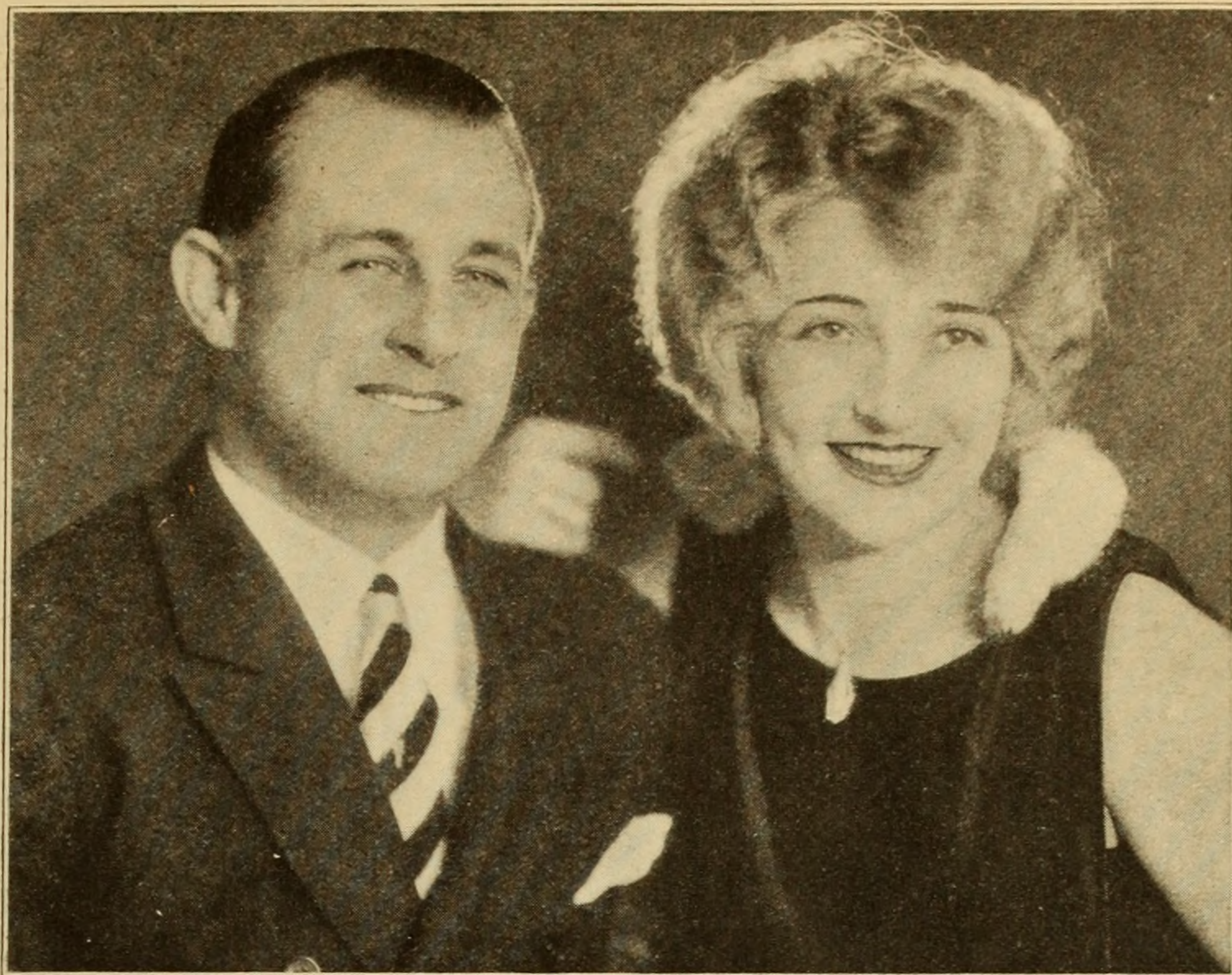
When she came on at the end of the picture, clad in a quaint frock of pale pink silk that swept the floor with a full, old-fashioned skirt and left her slim, white shoulders bare above the tight little bodice, the audience nearly tore the roof off with cheers. She made an unforgettable picture, a something wonderful and not quite of this world, or time, and somehow took her place instantly as the greatest feminine artist the screen has ever produced, her place in the sun which no one else has ever quite equalled.

As pale and golden and graceful as a lily she came down to the footlights and said a few simple words of gratitude, and I have rarely seen anything so moving. I do not know why. But as I looked at the faces of the audience going out afterwards, I realized that she had moved everyone just as she had moved me, by something delicate and different and ethereal, something fine and high. She has a quality for all its gossamer touch, that is more powerful and poignant, more effective, than any I have ever seen.

Dorothy Gish, in pale blue silk, accompanied her sister and contented herself with a sweeping courtesy and some of her merriest smiles.

OF course the audience was brilliant and the setting unusually attractive—the premier was at Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater—and I don't think I ever saw the women of Hollywood look so lovely. I doubt if that audience could have been equalled for feminine beauty anywhere in the world.

Mary Pickford was there—she and Lillian have been friends since babyhood, you know—with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mrs. Pickford. Alice Terry wore her favorite



*Belle Bennett, former Triangle star, recently decided to return to the screen. She did. Then she decided she would marry. She did, and here she is with her husband, Fred Windemere, well known director*

pale pink, and looked prettier than I have ever seen her. She whispered to me in the lobby that the hairdresser had failed her and she'd had to curl her own hair and that her slippers hurt, but if that was the case I should recommend her always to do her own hair and always to buy the wrong size in slippers. Florence Vidor wore a new white frock, very simple and straight, with a folded band of starry gauze in her hair. Blanche Sweet looked extremely distinguished in black satin, with her hair combed straight after the new Parisian fashion. Colleen Moore wore white satin, with a tight bodice and a rippling skirt, the whole edged with rhinestones and a rhinestone band in her hair. Corinne Griffith was in pale apricot chiffon, with some sort of an entrancing fluff of tulle about her shoulders, and Viola Dana wore chiffon, with scarlet flowers splashed on the skirt and on one shoulder, and a tight little turban with a big scarlet flower over one ear. Leatrice Joy was in black velvet, with an underdress of white satin, all trimmed with rhinestones in a very severe pattern, and Mrs. Harold Lloyd wore a lovely white creation, with silken orchids climbing from the hem to one of her shoulders. Mrs. Tom Mix was in gold, a deep Chinese gold, and Lois Wilson wore pale blue, with twisted folds of pastel orchid, pink, mauve and apricot. Dorothy Mackaill looked ravishing in palest apple-green taffeta, the rippling skirt paneled in real lace, and the tight bodice edged about the shoulders with tiny pale pink silk roses. Mabel Normand wore soft yellow satin, draped softly over a tightfitting underdress of the same color, and a tight little gold turban. Lillian Rich chose black velvet, a straight line frock, the skirt ending in slashed points, each surrounded by pearls and rhinestones, with rhinestone straps, and a twisted rope of pearls in her hair. Mrs. Wallace Reid wore a simple gown of pale gray satin, with iridescent beads of orchid and gray. Claire Windsor was in orchid satin, heavily beaded and very straight. Marion Davies was beautiful enough to stop traffic, to use a slang expression, and she actually did when she arrived at the theater—in real black lace over flesh colored chiffon, with a cluster of exquisite pale pink satin roses at her waist. Hedda Hopper wore flesh-colored satin, beaded to the knees with pearls, with a circular, plain flounce around the bottom. Aileen Pringle had on black velvet, and a gorgeous evening wrap of

gold and rose changeable metal cloth, with a high rolled collar of ermine.

FOLLOWING weeks of investigation and conferences, William Randolph Hearst has definitely decided to retire from motion pictures, according to the best information available. The only interest he has left, according to this information, will be in three pictures a year in which Marion Davies will be starred. These pictures, however, will be made by other companies. The Cosmopolitan Productions' plant in New York has been closed and will be rented to other companies. The big staff which Mr. Hearst assembled to produce pictures has dissolved, and the individuals have gone to other companies. From a reliable source it was stated that had Thomas Ince lived Mr. Hearst would have made an affiliation with him and carried on in the picture field. But after the death of the great producer, Mr. Hearst seemed to have lost interest and came to the conclusion that his real forte was publishing and decided that he would confine his activities to the production of newspapers and magazines in the future.

REPORTS that the "Ben Hur" company were forced to leave Italy because of being entangled in the political conditions there were denied by a representative of the company in New York. The company sailed January 17th because it had completed all the work possible abroad, he said. The representative added that the picture was practically completed and that it would be finished in Hollywood where it would also be assembled and titled. He said the weather conditions in Italy were not favorable to finishing the work there, and for that reason the company was sent home. The scenes to be taken in Hollywood were described as "intimate," meaning interiors and closeups. It is expected they will be completed by the first of March.

LIKE Santa Claus, Raymond Hatton swooped down from the frozen north on Christmas eve and spent Christmas day at home, making the Hollywood dash from the high Sierras, where he is playing in a Zane Grey picture. Not only did Hatton emulate the great St. Nick by dropping in unexpectedly on his wife on Christmas eve but he also sported a

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 84 ]



*Grace Lovejoy won a lot of medals for being able to wear smart clothes. Now she's got a job with Mack Sennett because she knows how not to wear any. She was formerly a New York mannequin*





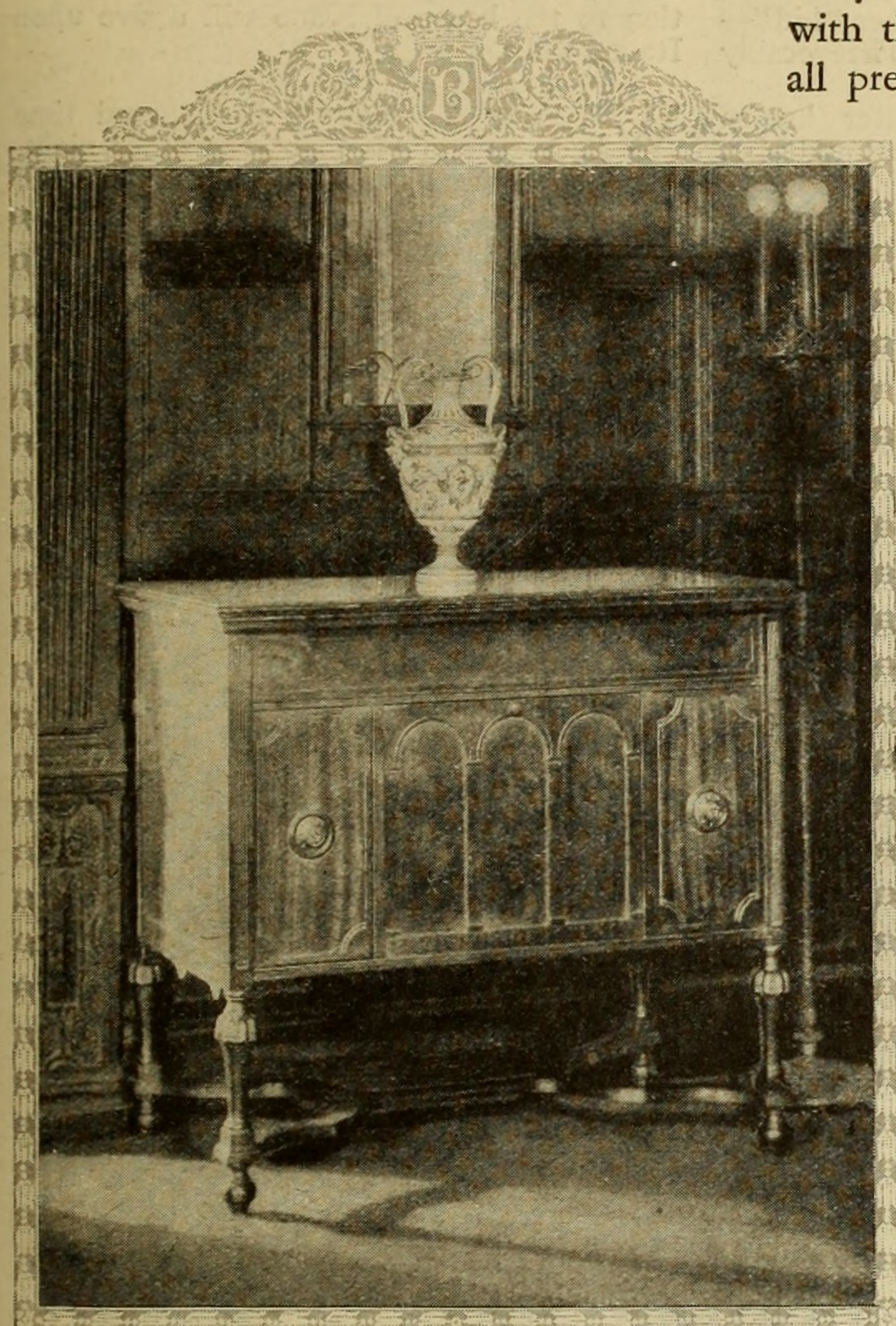
ONE of America's most beautiful and beloved actresses and her daughter, Billie Burke and Patricia Burke Ziegfeld, posed recently for PHOTOPLAY readers. The delightful Billie has won fame on both the stage and screen and Patricia looks so much like her that one can hope for a continuation of the mother's personality should she ever decide to retire from public life. Apparently the chief difference is that they part their bobs on opposite sides.



# Radio's Superlative Thrill

is embodied in this amazing new instrument—the Brunswick Radiola

What it is. Some of the remarkable things it does. How by scientifically combining the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America, all previous conceptions of musical mastery of the air are changed.



Brunswick Radiola No. 160



HERE is an instrument that is literally changing the lives of people—a musical achievement admittedly without parallel.

Starting with the outstanding wonders of radio, it multiplies them.

Educationally, in homes where there are children, it offers a wonderful new world of musical appreciation.

Mechanically, it is so far past the experimental stage that one may acquire it with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

*The superlative in radio, the supreme in a phonograph in one*

At a simple turn of a lever, it is the most remarkable of radios. At another turn, it is the supreme in a phonograph—the instrument for which virtually all great artists of the New Hall of Fame record *exclusively*.

Nothing in music—music in the making, music of the air, the favorite records your heart calls to hear now and again—are thus beyond your reach. You change no parts to operate it.

*Not a makeshift but a scientific UNIT*

It is in nowise a makeshift—simply a radio receiving device

in a phonograph cabinet—but the ultimate result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is subsidized to do for radio what it does for phonographic music.

Thus the Brunswick Radiola marks the best that men know in radio; the best that's known in musical reproduction.

The loud speaker unit, the loop antennae, batteries and all the integral parts are built into the instrument itself.

Due to the synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and dual-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—*clarity that is almost unbelievable*.

*Prices as low as \$190*

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment. For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

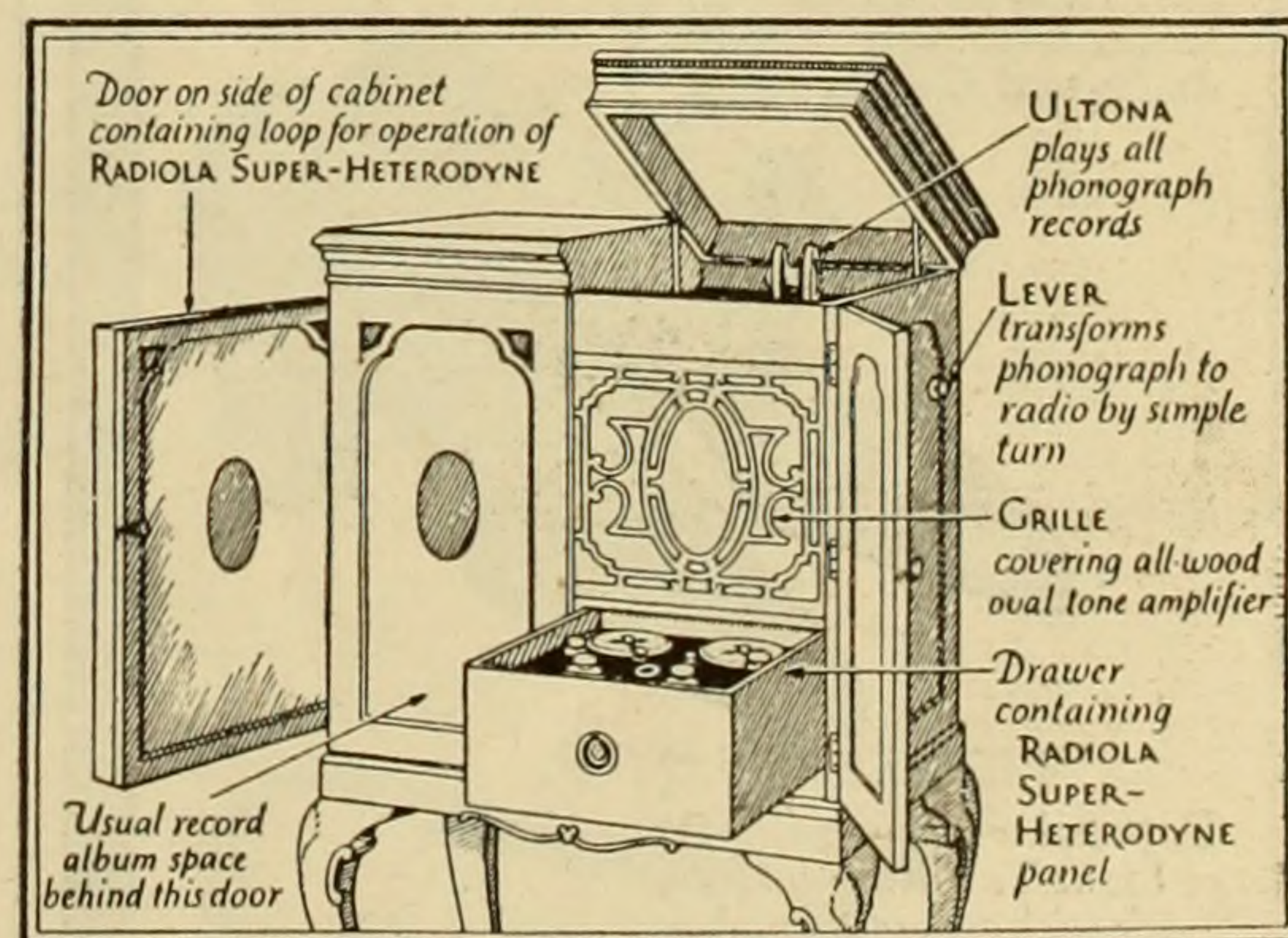
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

Manufacturers—Established 1845

General Offices: CHICAGO Branches in all principal cities

**Remember—**

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.



© B. B. C. Co. 1925

**The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne**  
—some remarkable features:

- 1 Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.
- 2 Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you don't want to hear and pick out instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
- 3 Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.

The Sign of Musical Prestige  
**Brunswick**  
PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS



Studio News and Gossip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81 ]

*Dorothy Dodd*  
SHOES

**"ROMANCE"**  
Dainty new DOROTHY DODD pump in "Patent Leather and Priscilla (light grey) Kid combination, with flexible soles and medium wood "spike" Louis heels

Most Styles  
\$ 7<sup>50</sup>

**For Every Need**  
THE CORRECT STYLES FOR WOMEN AND YOUNG WOMEN

SMART SHOES, famous for faultless fit—EXCEPTIONAL VALUES, affording lasting satisfaction in style and service—at POPULAR PRICES, reflecting the many DOROTHY DODD advantages in manufacture and distribution. At leading stores you will see the correct DOROTHY DODD shoes for every requirement, identified by the name on every pair.

NEW STYLE BOOKLET FREE  
To help you choose correctly—and including dealer's address.

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A popular three-eyelet tie of Light Tan Elko leather, made with crepe rubber welt soles and crepe rubber heels

beard that would put Santa to shame. Under his arm he carried what was left of his reindeers. It was a large venison steak. Incidentally all Mrs. Hatton got for Christmas was a kiss and steak. Then her Santa Claus took the next train back to his mountain location.

**JACKIE COOGAN** has a new baby brother. And since all reports are that this new baby brother is the exact and living image of Jackie and was from the instant he was born, perhaps the world has in store for it another "kid"—now that Jackie is so hopelessly and irrevocably growing up.

Robert Anthony Coogan—better known already as Bobby—was born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Coogan, Sr., just before Christmas time, and Jackie was the most thoroughly delighted boy in town. The baby weighed six and a half pounds and he and his mother are now at home at the Coogan mansion and Jackie has constituted himself second assistant nursemaid, but he is most interested in seeing how fast the baby can grow.

No contract has yet been announced for young Bobby Coogan, although rumor has it that the Coogans have been offered several already.

**NEWS** has just reached Hollywood that Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo—Mrs. Niblo is Enid Bennett, who was *Maid Marian* in "Robin Hood"—are expecting a visit from the stork in Rome shortly.

Mrs. Niblo went over with her husband when he assumed charge of the directorial forces of "Ben Hur," taking her small daughter Lois with her, but expected to be back in Hollywood in plenty of time for the great event. However, it seems that "Ben Hur" is to derange all their plans and that the new addition to the house of Niblo will arrive upon Italian soil.

**WE** thought somebody had turned time backward in his flight the other night. We were among those watching the arrival of notables at the California Theater in Los Angeles on the opening night of "Barbara Frietchie." They came in limousines and the number seemed endless. While we were engrossed with the sight of beautiful women dressed in superb gowns fresh from Paris and accompanied by their handsome escorts, our attention was diverted by a quaint, old-fashioned carriage drawn up to the curb by a pair of glistening black steeds with a real Southern darky driving them. Before we could recover



No wonder Harry Langdon is scratching his head. The Mack Sennett comedian now occupies the same dressing room made famous by the names listed in the picture. He's only wondering if he'll rise to the same heights they did





Exquisite Anita Stewart, posed in a double Pontiac Strain silver fox neck-piece.

Photo by Seely, Los Angeles



## *Loveliness—framed in Silver Fox*

Nothing so enhances feminine attractiveness as a properly chosen fur. And no fur so charmingly frames a lovely face as silver fox. A fur of shimmering blackness, sprinkled with banded hairs of purest silver! A fur of silky warmth, lustrous richness and inimitable distinction! A fur that for centuries has ranked among the rarest and most desired of all Milady's treasures! It is such a fur you see when you behold a really fine silver fox—and only such furs will come to you bearing the Pontiac Strain Seal—the first nationally known fur trade-mark in all history.

The fascinating story of silver fox and the facts that will help you determine the fineness of pelts shown you are given in the free booklet, "The Fur Incomparable," a copy of which we will be pleased to mail on request.

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Irene Rich

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THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)  
243 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

# Vauv

PRONOUNCED VŌVE

from our amazement a beautiful young woman, dressed in the style of '61-'65, stepped from the carriage assisted by a gentleman in a Civil War uniform of a Union officer. As they walked gracefully into the theater the crowd, including ourself, shouted approval, for we recognized in the handsome couple Florence Vidor and Edmund Lowe, who played the leading rôles in the picture.

**A**FTER a long absence from the screen Ethel Clayton will return in "The Mansion of Aching Hearts," a Preferred picture, now nearing completion.

**I**T is reported that Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have separated. The couple were married in 1918 and have a five year old son who is living with his mother in Hollywood. Bushman is in Rome playing the part of Messala in the "Ben Hur" production.

**V**IOLA DANA got a terrible shock the other day when Mildred Davis Lloyd confided to her that the biggest thrill of her life had been when Viola sent her an autographed photograph.

"I was still in school, then," said Mildred. Viola opened her big eyes very wide. "You were still in school," she said, "and now you're a married woman with a baby—and I sent you a picture. That makes me sound like Methuselah's grandmother."

As a matter of fact it turned out that Viola was playing "The Poor Little Rich Girl," or something like that—was still a child actress, so it was all right.

"But that's the trouble," said Vi, with a sigh, "people get skeptical about this 'I went on the stage when I was ten' stuff after a while, and just remember that they've been seeing you in pictures for a long time. I'd rather tell the truth about my age than anything."

**PAULINE GARON** just returned to Hollywood from Paris, where she made some new pictures and bought some new clothes. Of course all anyone in Hollywood needs in order to give a party is an excuse, and Pauline's homecoming provided a perfectly good one. Mrs. Harold Lloyd was hostess for her at one of the nicest cat parties of the year. The ice cream was in the form of Santa Clauses, and each one held a little tree with real lighted candles, so you can see how wild it was.

Among those present beside Mrs. Lloyd herself, who wore a frock of pale orchid chiffon, the skirt made in dozens of rippling little petals, and Pauline Garon, were Colleen Moore, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Mackaill, Patsy Ruth Miller, Eileen Percy, Viola Dana, Carmelita Geraghty, and Jobyna Ralston.

**A**COUPLE of girls who have teamed up lately and are making things rather lively for the general male population are Patsy Ruth Miller and Carmelita Geraghty. They went to New York together not long ago, and also up to San Francisco for the football game, and they succeeded in causing a riot at the universities.

Patsy Ruth is looking very sweet—she's lost some of the excess weight—and Carmelita is very Spanish and dashing. Their engagement to various youths is always being rumored and denied, so it looks as though they weren't quite ready to settle down yet.

**COLLEEN MOORE** saw "So Big" for the first time the other morning—that is, for the first time as a complete picture. It was cut and titled in New York and sent out for her to see. And she was so nervous that her hands were like ice, and she trembled all over for half an hour before they began to run it. I know, because I had breakfast with her, and she spurned the best little sausages and fried apples I have ever eaten.



Jim Tully and Edwin Carewe enjoy Mulligan Stew served by "A. I." and Frisco Slim, knights of the road, in railroad yards at Los Angeles. As boys the noted author and director hoboed with these famous tramps. Carewe offered them movie jobs but they declined



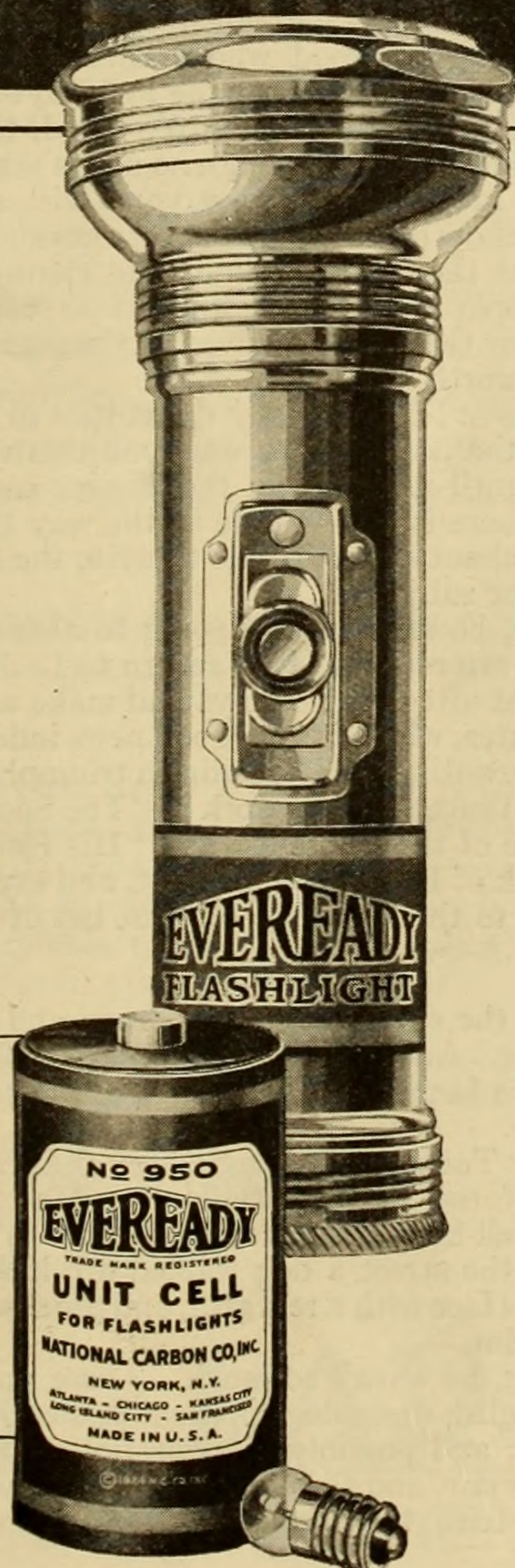
In that deep, dark closet—*use your flashlight!*



Don't grope in dark closets. Use your flashlight! To rummage in dark or dim-lighted places, use your flashlight! You can plunge a lighted Eveready into the most inflammable materials with perfect safety. Bright light, right where you want it. Safe light, wherever you need it. Keep an Eveready where you can get your hands on it instantly for those countless uses after dark. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse. New features. New designs. New reasons for owning this safe, handy light.

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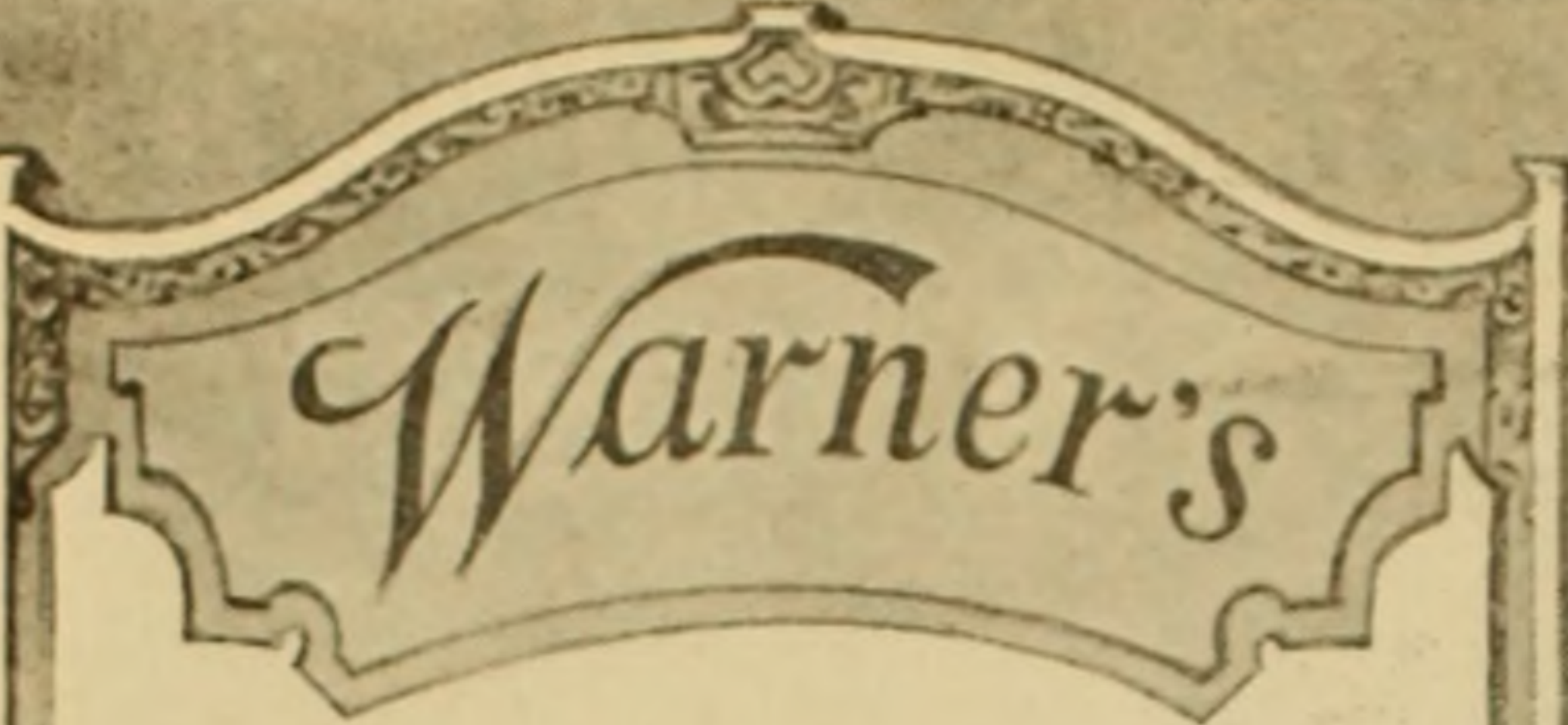
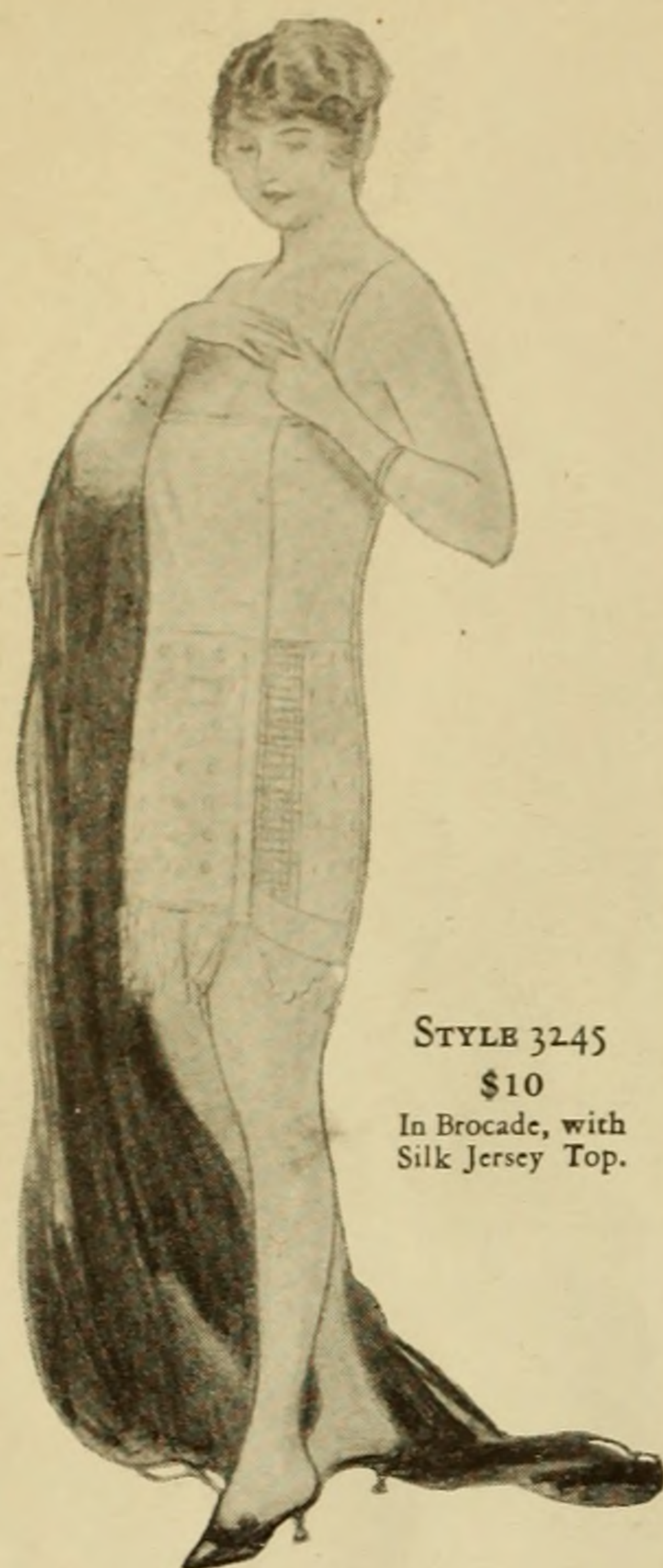
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**I**N the new Wrap-Around Corselette, designed for large figures, there is smartness and comfort in the free waistline, the irreproachably flat back, and (exclusive with Warner designs) the diagonal thigh band which prevents any slipping up on the figure. Boned in the modern manner.

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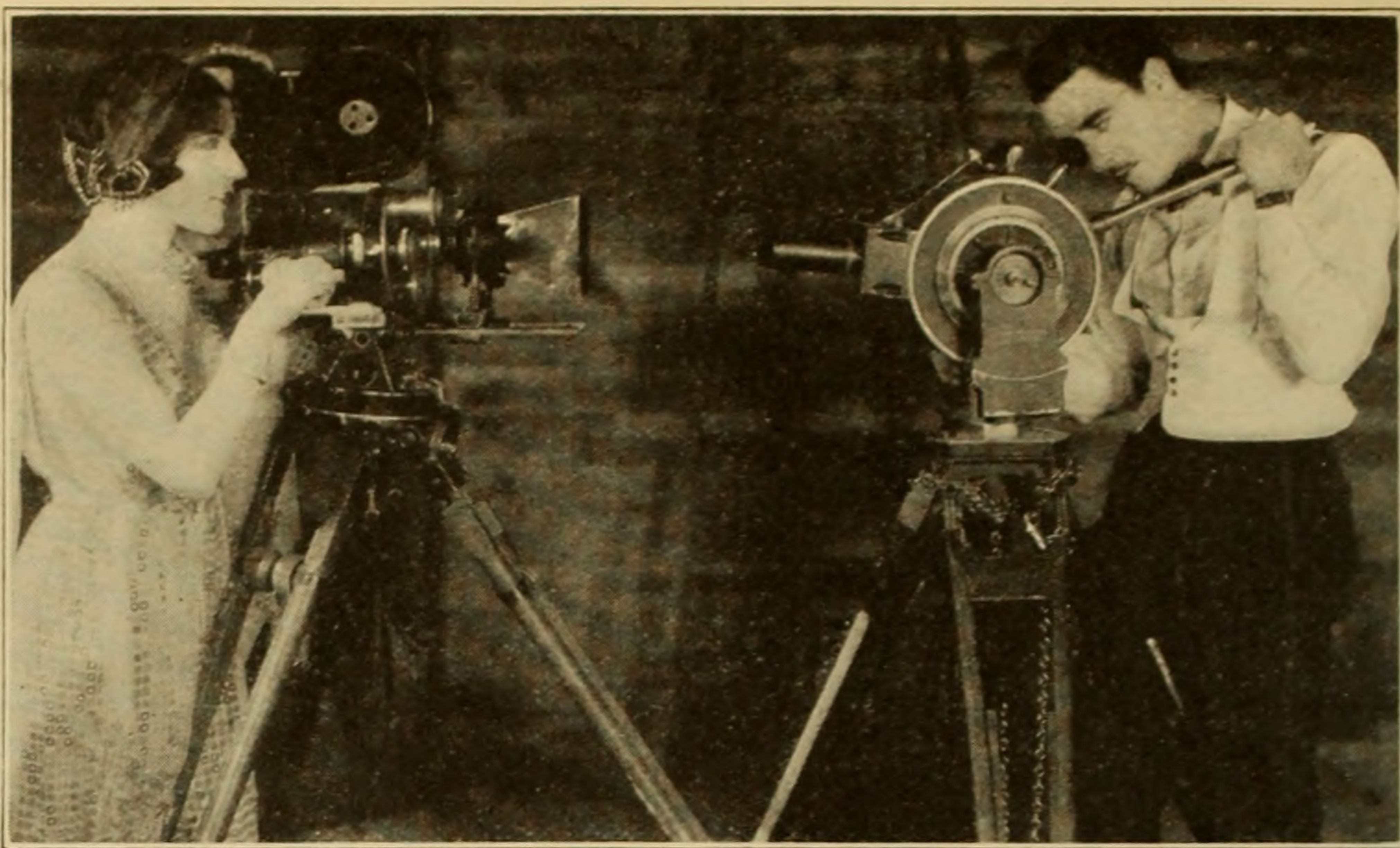
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*Taking each other's picture is a pastime on any movie lot, but to do it simultaneously was the new punch put into it by Aileen Pringle and John Gilbert when they were making "The Wife of the Centaur"*

This is Colleen's own favorite picture—the part she longed to play and finally persuaded Richard Rowland, production head of First National, to let her attempt. It is a triumph of fine, consistent, heart-moving action, and the finest thing Colleen has ever done. It is second in sheer dramatic genius and fine, sob touches, only to some things that Lillian Gish has done.

But, as Colleen says, when you have persuaded them to make a picture like that, after your own work is done, there are so many other people who step in, and it was a great ordeal for her to see it as the public will see it for the first time. But she was entirely happy and satisfied with the results.

**I**T looks as though the Jack Gilbert-Leatrice Joy separation were permanent this time, and everyone in Hollywood who knows them is sorry. There aren't two people in Hollywood who are more popular, or better loved, than Jack and Leatrice, and though no one is taking any sides in the matter, everyone wishes it could somehow be patched up. It seems such a shame that these two brilliant and charming young people should split up just as young Leatrice Joy Gilbert has arrived on the scene to make life worth while.

There have been so many difficulties in the family in the past that no one took this very seriously until it landed in the divorce court, but now there is a final note in the way they both talk about it that seems to write the last word on the subject.

Leatrice, however, is not going to abandon the screen after all, but is to return to Lasky's studio right after the holidays and make a lot more pictures, which is very good news indeed.

In the meantime Jack is sailing a triumphant way to real success. His work in "The Snob," "The Wife of the Centaur" and "His Hour" are the talk of Hollywood, at least, and everyone seems to think he's the biggest bet of the year.

**T**HIS is the story of Tony Moreno and his new dog. And if you hear of any trouble in the Moreno family, you will have to blame it on the dog.

One day Tony was coming across the street in front of the United Studios, to Madame Helene's well-known cafe, for luncheon. In the middle of the street a dog walked up, looked into Tony's face with a real grin, and proceeded to adopt him.

As a dog, he wasn't so much. There was a dash of English sheep dog apparent in the white curly coat, and possibly a suggestion of bull around the jaw, and the occasional black spots suggested Irish terrier somewhere. He was just dog.

However, I might say, he was one of those irresistible creatures you sometimes meet, whether in the human or dog world, whose pedigrees don't matter. He had an Irish grin, and he adored Tony at sight. And Tony fell in love with him.

The dog calmly followed him in, sat down by his chair, followed him out, frisking with evident joy at having found his master.

Sheepishly, Tony put him in his big sport roadster. He was going to a football game with John McCormick and Colleen Moore. But he had to take the dog home first.

"I don't know," said Tony, "what my wife'll say. We've got plenty of dogs already."

The Moreno mansion, the most beautiful home in Los Angeles, boasts a prize-winning shepherd dog and several other pedigreed and high-priced canine inhabitants.

Later, Tony arrived at the football game, a little crestfallen, but triumphant. Daisy—Mrs. Moreno—had okeyed his new dog, but the aristocrats of the household had not been so cordial.

However, Tony had finally succeeded in bringing about an armed neutrality.

So now Tony has as his constant companion a small and fuzzy white dog, who adores him with most sincere devotion, and who, Tony declares, "has it all over those other swell dogs when it comes to brains."

**B**EBE DANIELS has been at home for the holidays, spending them with her grandmother at the family home on West Adams Street in Los Angeles. Bebe has never spent Christmas away from her grandmother since she was born, and she made the trip from New York, leaving again the day after Christmas, so that she might be with her this year.

Everyone in Hollywood was so glad to see her that she was swamped with invitations all the time she was here. While she's been in New York, Bebe has developed into a real bridge player, and she had some exciting games in Hollywood.

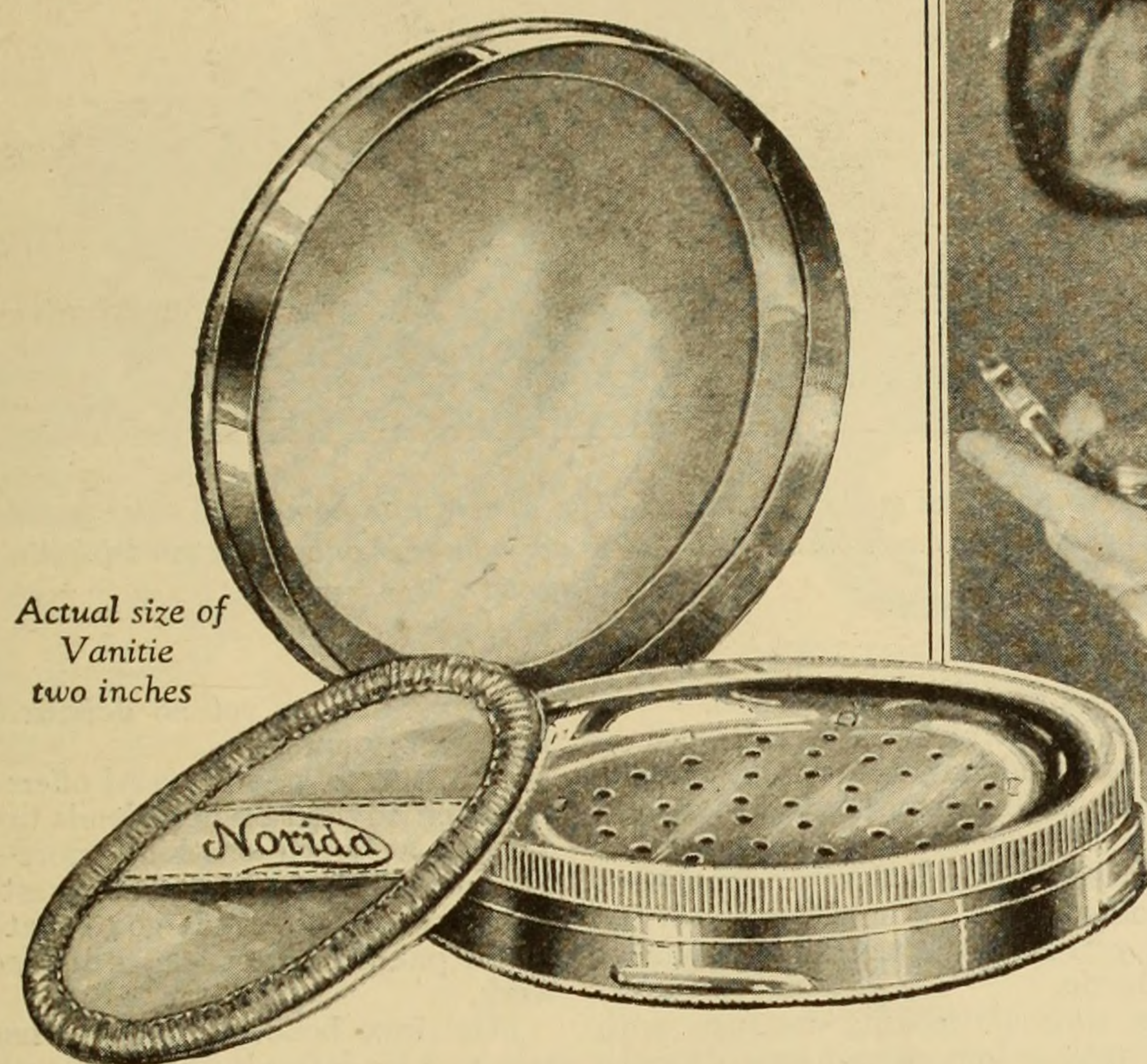
On Christmas Day, she kept open house, and it was a full house every minute of the day and most of the night, with friends trying to get in and wish Bebe a Merry Christmas.

As a traveling companion, Bebe brought with her Diana Kane—who is really Lois Wilson's young sister. Diana is as dark as Bebe and looks much more like Bebe than she does like Lois. She has been playing in several of Bebe's pictures lately, and Bebe claims she is going to be one of the coming screen personalities.

Lois had a bridge tea for Bebe while she was here, and gathered all the old Lasky gang of girls together. It was a riotous occasion, and sounded more or less like a sorority initiation.



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Here's a Vanitie  
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*That Cannot Spill*



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MISS ANITA STEWART  
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"NE'ER THE TWAIN  
SHALL MEET," uses a

Now you can safely carry your favorite  
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So clever—so simple—so convenient—so practical—and so economical!  
You've longed for a vanitie like this. You've put up with gritty, crum-  
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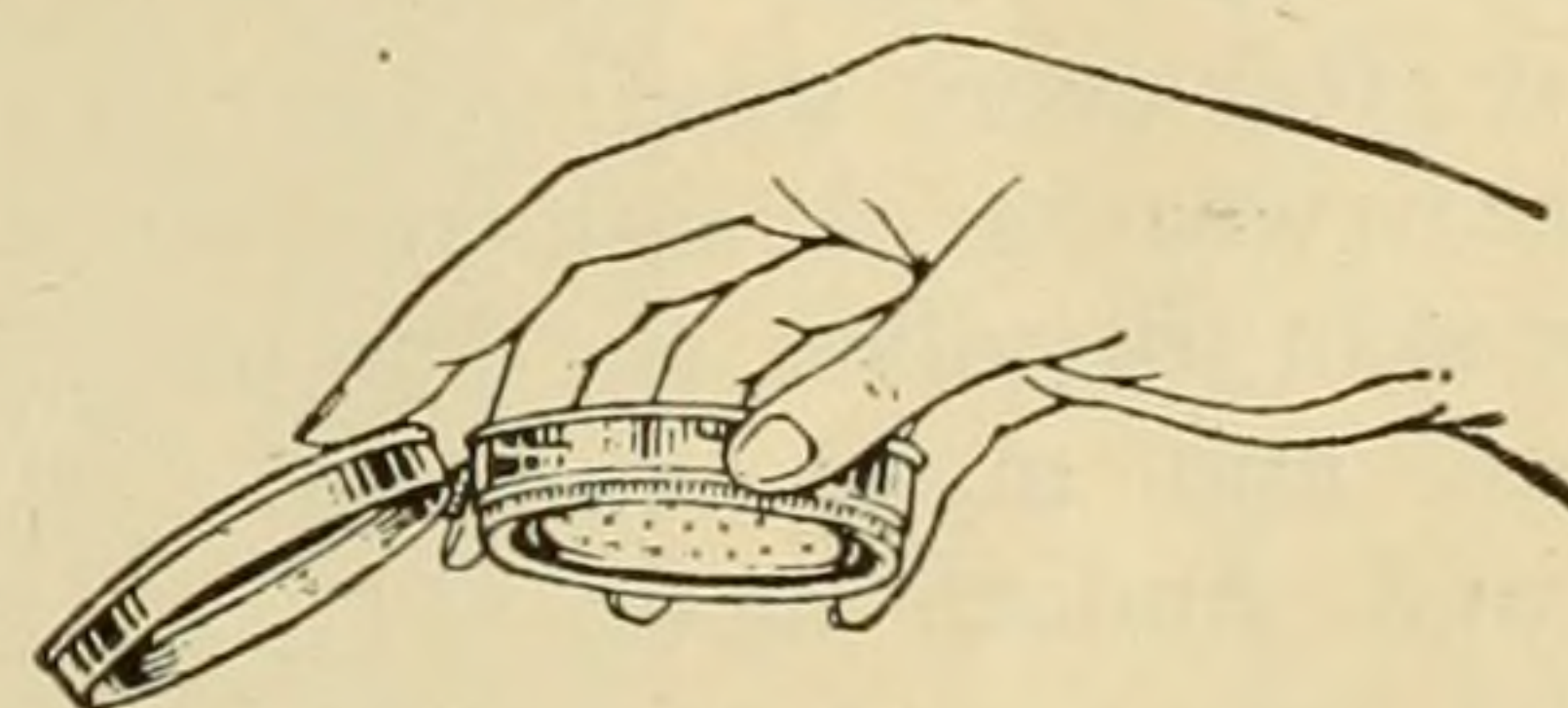
with Fleur Sauvage (wildflower) Poudre,  
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The Norida Vanitie is a handsome,  
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Comes in gilt and silver finishes.

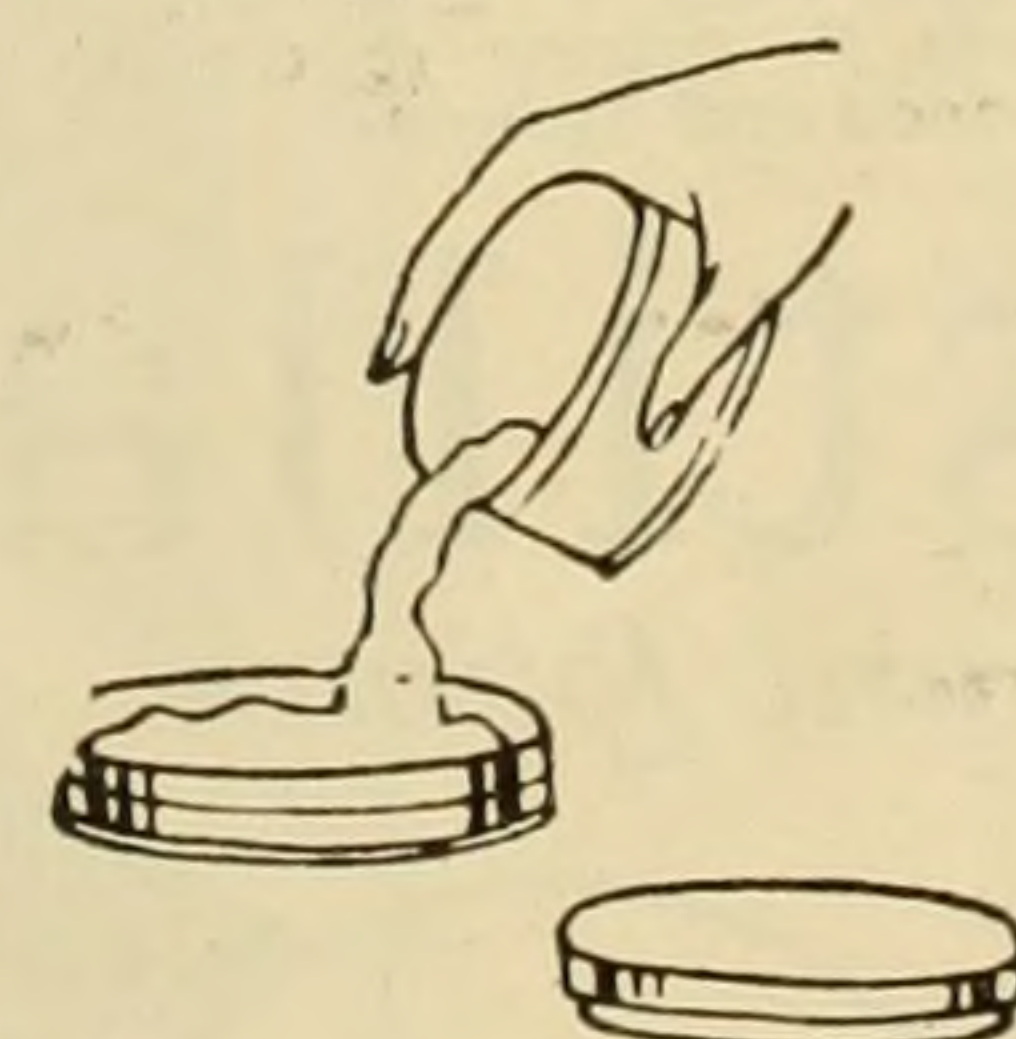
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the shade of powder you desire.

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## Unchap your hands by restoring their "Precious Moisture"

Your hands are kept smooth and soft by the "precious moisture" which Nature supplies. But in cold weather this moisture is whipped away by the wind—your skin becomes dry and rough and you say your hands are chapped.

In Frostilla Fragrant Lotion there are certain rare properties which furnish your skin with a "precious moisture" just like Nature's. Apply it after every washing and exposure to weather. It sinks right into the skin, dissolves the harsh roughness and makes the skin pliant and smooth again. It's delightful to use—so fragrant and not sticky or greasy.

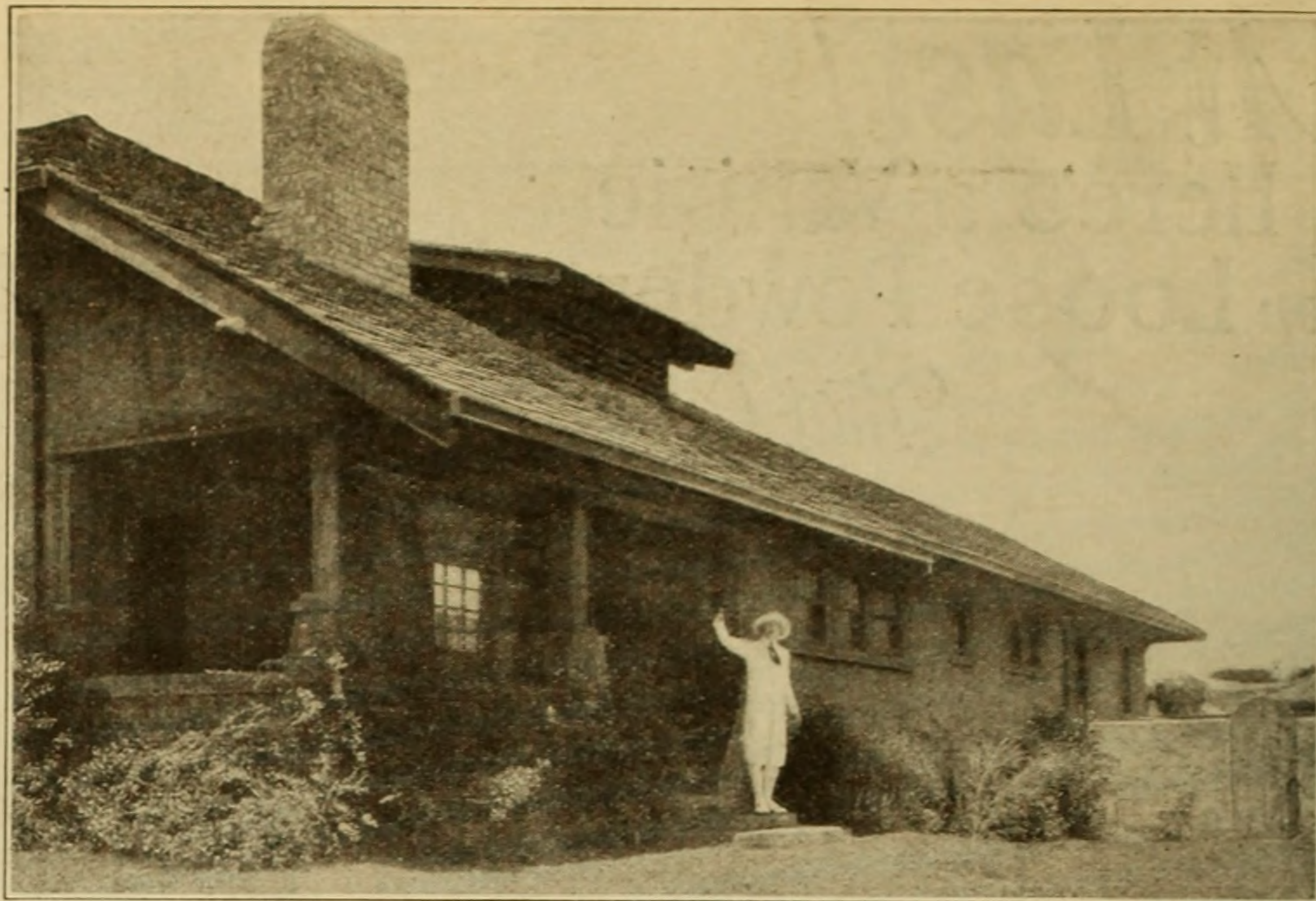
Sold everywhere. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York (Established 1873 by the late Clay W. Holmes). Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York, Toronto, London and Sydney.

## Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

© T. F. Co.



Water exposed to the wind and sun dries up quickly. Exposed skin loses its "precious moisture" in the same way.



*There's no place quite so sweet to Mae Murray as home and after gazing at this picture we can't blame her. It is her own and one of the most inviting in Hollywood*

I DO so wonder about Betty Bronson. What really becomes of a little girl to whom fairy tales suddenly come true? Is she, in this prosaic and hard-working age, able to bear it?

Betty Bronson is the little girl, you know, who was suddenly raised from the ranks of the extras to play "Peter Pan," at the command of Sir James Barrie.

She is an adorable looking creature, with delicate features, an impertinent nose, a mouth that is wistful in the middle and gay at the corners, and big, eager, child-like eyes, full of bravado and question and appeal.

But it has been hard to have the world's spotlight turned full upon her—she is only seventeen—and she is in fearful danger right now, anyone can see, of losing her natural childishness and becoming that most dreadful of all things, an artificial child, filled with affectations of youth and gaiety. She is playing Peter Pan all the time.

But undoubtedly she has appeal. If she is able to stand the elevation and the gaze of the world, and all that, she has a great future. If not, in a few years she will become most objectionable and fade from view.

It depends, I think, entirely upon her mother—whom I've never met, and Jesse L. Lasky, who has her career in hand.

She gave a delightful Christmas luncheon in Hollywood the other day and looked what you always envision sixteen as looking. And she tried to be the perfect, modest, sweet child—and almost succeeded. If she had that quality of absolute sincerity and vision which Mr. Lasky himself has, there would be no doubt about her future. For Mr. Lasky, after luncheon, got up and told of the dreams that surrounded the making of "Peter Pan," of the great risk of making a fantasy of that kind, of the trouble to find a director who was willing to make it, and of all the thousand obstacles in his way, which were surmounted only after years of effort and patient diplomacy.

And he made me, for one, believe that the production of "Peter Pan" was a great artistic dream and vision of his own—made me believe in his disinterestedness.

But let us all unite in praying that dear, sweet little Betty Bronson may bear her honors gently, and truly, and come through unspoiled and real to the great things that await her.

I believe in fairies. Don't you?

THE question as to what is going to happen to the Thomas H. Ince studios and productions is agitating all of the motion picture

industry, and as yet no definite answer has been forthcoming.

Mrs. Ince has had several offers to sell, and has been advised by her friends to do so. But I have a hunch—nothing more—that Mrs. Ince would like to keep an interest in the Ince Company sufficiently large so that in time she might put her oldest son, Bill Ince, into that work.

Mrs. Ince believes that Bill has inherited much of his father's undeniable genius. Tom Ince himself thought so, and spoke of it to me not very long before his sudden death. Bill has been brought up on motion pictures. He has talked with his father, has lived around a studio in vacation time, has watched rushes and pictures with his father, and spent hours in the cutting room with him, and as a cutter Tom Ince had no equal and never has had in the industry.

I think Mrs. Ince would like a place for Bill to step into, where the Ince name may be carried on by one of that name, and probably she is right. I have talked stories with Bill Ince, who is just sixteen, by the way, and I think he has a remarkable insight and dramatic sense for a boy of his years.

That Mrs. Ince herself will not attempt to carry on the gigantic tasks of the organization is practically settled.

The will left by Mr. Ince was one of the most masterly documents ever written, and should stand as a model for any father with a family and sons. It showed better than any eulogy could ever do, the great brain that made Thomas H. Ince the only independent producer who ever survived and succeeded. He left a fortune valued at over four million dollars, all collected in the last seven years. And he left it all to Mrs. Ince, with the exception of a few personal bequests to old friends and employees.

He arranged it so that at stated intervals the three boys would come into certain sums of money, provided that they had at that time been employed successfully in business or professional work. It was, altogether, an amazing piece of work.

REGGIE DENNY has been leading a perfectly terrible life lately. At least he says it's terrible.

After working all day at Universal in some big new feature, he has been going down every night to the Graumann Theater where his starring picture "The Fast Worker" was playing, and singing between shows.

"The worst of it is," says Reggie, discon-  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]




# Virginia Valli Selects Goodyear Welt Oxfords

THE light, dainty and graceful Goodyear Welt lace oxfords are Miss Valli's choice of footwear for all round wear. They are faultless in fit, comfortable and undeniably fashionable, with a smart simplicity of design that is very appropriate for wear with the popular tailored mode.

All of Miss Valli's lace oxfords are identified as shoes of quality and distinction by the fashionable, decorative and convenient visible eyelets which are so necessary for the correct and finished appearance of any lace shoe.

*Always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with  
Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.*



ONLY THE GENUINE  
HAVE THE DIAMOND  
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*Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have  
genuine celluloid tops that never lose their color.  
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finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.*

United Fast Color Eyelet Co., Boston

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

*Miss Virginia Valli, Star of Universal's recent release, "K—The Unknown."*



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"But Your Highness doesn't even know who I am."

"Too true," sighed the Prince: "I only know I have foundered in the waves of your hair!"



Jacqueline Harwood

## Amazing New Curling Cap Marcel Waves Any Hair

### How I danced with the Prince By Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety—the hundreds of interesting places to visit; the inspiring monuments and marvelous cathedrals; the fascinating shops, lovely mannequins, the races, the wonderful art galleries—to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other court affairs to which I had *entree* through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony!

During the next few weeks my life was one lovely dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn't seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs.

Naturally I was mortified when I realized this, and I set about to find the reason. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

At first she hesitated. Then when she realized I was in earnest she tried to help me. "What feature do you think is most important to a girl's beauty, Jacqueline?" she began tactfully.

"I'm not sure if I know," I replied.

"Well, if you'll notice you'll see that all the real popular girls here have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman's hair, and—"

She didn't need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay—my tousled, scraggly hair! How unattractive it looked that moment, as I turned a troubled glance into the mirror!

### May tells her secret

"But what can I do," I asked anxiously. "I have had marcelled galore. My hair looks fine for a while, but soon it's straight and scraggly again."

"That's just the trouble," May replied, "you've been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the life out of your hair. You know, every operator does it differently and puts the waves in a different place. That's what makes your hair so unruly."

May hesitated a moment and then walked over to her dresser. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid. "I used to have the same trouble you're having," she continued, "until I learned about this curling cap. I

got it just before I left home—and since then I've never had any more trouble with my hair."

It took but a moment for her to explain how this simple curling device worked; how it put in the waves without applying heat and, by always getting them in exactly the same place, *trained* the hair to *stay* marcelled. In a second May had a towel about my shoulders and was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unruly, scraggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

### On with the dance!

The next night was to be held *la Grande Bal Masque*, which it was rumored Prince Dimitri was to attend incognito. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my marcel was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hope running high. About midway of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes focused on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose handsome face was only partly hidden by a tiny mask. His regal bearing told me here was the Prince.

The rest seems like a dream to me. I remember being held in the strongest arms I've ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful waltz I've ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where a melodious voice murmured "sweet nothings" in my ear. I remember many other dances with the fascinating Prince—and hundreds of envious eyes that followed every step. I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was *my* night. Yes—thanks to May Norton and an ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

\* \* \*

You may be sure I was never a "wall flower" after that. Immediately I ordered a curling outfit for my-



To put on the Curling Cap, simply extend the elastic headband with the hands and bring it over the hair. Then with the fingers or an orange stick, you puff out the hair in little "waves" and let them dry in this position.

(Patents pending)



After you have adjusted the Curling Cap you can read or finish dressing while the Curling Liquid is drying. It takes only 15 minutes—and then you will have the loveliest marcel you ever saw!

self, and as I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy. I felt it would be no more than fair for me to write the inventor about my wonderful experience and thank him for what he had done for me. I felt that I would be doing a fine thing, too, for thousands of other girls who have the same trouble with their hair that I had. To them I cannot recommend this Curling Cap and Liquid too highly.

### Try it at our risk

Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for at her suggestion, we are going to give them a chance to convince themselves of the remarkable results they can get with McGowan's Curling Cap and Curling Fluid, without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can't say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have, so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.

### Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't have to risk one cent to try the McGowan Curling Outfit in your own home. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman brings your outfit, just pay him \$2.87, plus a few cents postage, and your marcel worries are at an end. After you have tried this magic Curling Cap and Curling Fluid for 5 days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded without a single question. If you are tired of wasting your time and money on expensive beauty parlor marcelled; if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best; if you want the beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair will bring, take Miss Harwood's advice and don't put it off another minute. Sign the coupon now and mail it right away. Remember, you do not risk a single penny.

### —COUPON—

The McGowan Laboratories,  
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 28, Chicago

Dear Mr. McGowan: Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap, and a bottle of 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 outfit to you within five days and you are to refund my money.

Name .....

Address .....

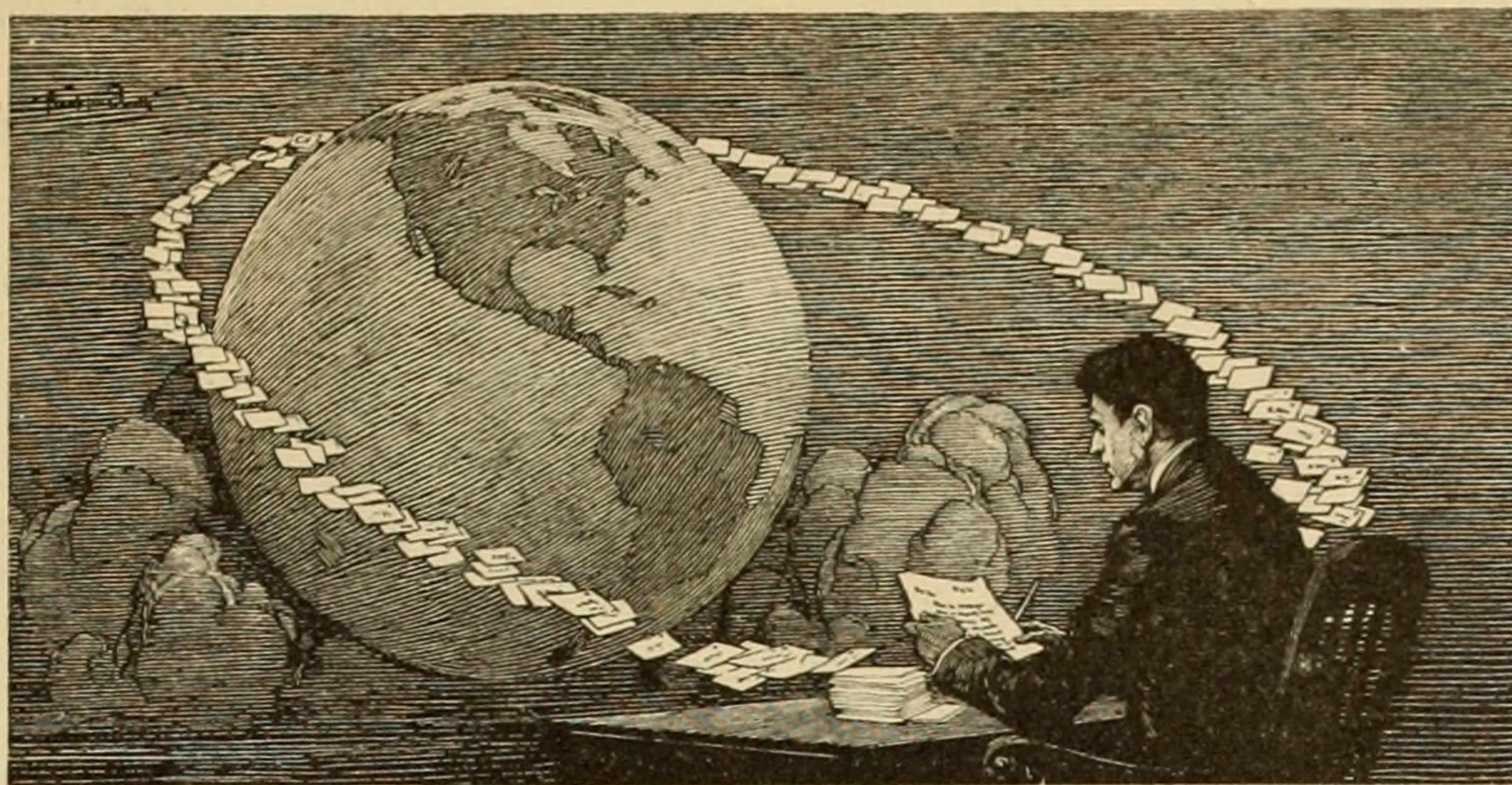
Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order, and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.



# 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.

**TWO LITTLE GIRLS FROM SCHOOL, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Do I think Ben Lyon is the best looking man on the screen? You may say so if you like. The other handsome leading men won't thrash you for it. They might me. Ben Lyon's age is twenty-four; his height, six feet. Glenn Hunter is sweet twenty-seven. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are engaged. They may be married ere you read this. Thanks for your love, little ones

**E. A. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Patsy Ruth Miller is twenty-one, Constance Talmadge twenty-four, Florence Vidor twenty-nine, Colleen Moore twenty-two, the Richards, Dix and Barthelmess, respectively, about twenty-nine and twenty-seven. Katherine MacDonald retired from the screen temporarily when she married in May, 1923. She has announced her intention to come back soon in a new picture.

**J. N., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**—Nay, my anxious child, George O'Hara is not married. Breathing freely once more? His height is five feet, eight and a half inches and he weighs one hundred and thirty-two pounds. Still with F. B. O. Alberta Vaughn is also with the F. B. O. Her age is eighteen. Her weight is one hundred six pounds.

**SOPHIE, GLENBROOK, CONN.**—The actress whom you saw in "Our Mutual Girl" is Norma Phillips. Not a bit, Sophie.

**TEXAS BILLIE, DALLAS, TEX.**—Never mind about the waiting golf clubs, Billie dear. I am glad to tell you that Huntly Gordon is not married. Nor has he been married. That the answer you wanted? Glad! You want to tell me that yours is Bebe Daniels' home town and that when she made her personal appearance there nobody was disappointed. Good for Bebe.

**ELEANOR, PHILADELPHIA, PA.**—No, Eleanor, your favorite actress, Alberta Vaughn, is not married. She was born June 27, 1906. How old is Alberta? She is still marching under the F. B. O. flag.

**BLANCA, BUENOS AYRES, ARGENTINE.**—It gives me much pleasure to reply to the queries of a dark-eyed maiden of the republic of great wealth and great distances. Will Rogers told me that he used to gambol on the pampas and that the gauchos nearly scared him to death. But Will always exaggerated, especially when he said he had to pay the return fare of the Arizona delegate who nominated him for president at the Democratic National Convention. No, I do not live in Los Angeles, *bonita amiga*, but I have paid that interesting vicinity more than one visit. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is under contract for a series of pictures with the Famous Players-Lasky Corp. He will do most of his work at the Paramount Studio, as does Gloria Swanson. Master Fairbanks appeared in a previous picture, "Stephen Steps Out."

**HARRIET, CROSSVILLE, TENN.**—You were interested in the photograph of the Talmadge sisters published by this magazine and are not puzzled by the question, "Which is the better looking?" Both, you say, are "hard to beat" and both "are beautiful in their own way." You are wise, discerning and tactful. Your favorite actress, Bebe Daniels, was born in Dallas, Tex., Jan. 14, 1901. Her height is five feet, three and a half inches. Her weight is one hundred and twelve pounds. She has black hair and brown eyes. A true brunette. Not married, though that is her own fault. Her next picture will be "Miss Bluebeard."

Lucille Ricksen was born Aug. 22, 1907. Virginia Lee Corbin's birthday was Dec. 5, 1909. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has enjoyed life since his first taste of it, Dec. 9, 1910.

**ART AND WENDELL, TWO RICHARD TALMADGE ADMIRERS, LYNN, MASS.**—No, Art and Wendy, Richard Talmadge is not of the family of Norma and Constance. No doubt he wishes he were, as Joseph Schenck did before he married Norma. His height is five feet, nine inches. His weight is one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

**E. D. G. AND H., SOUND BEACH, CONN.**—Another letter from a pair. After seeing Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates" you are "thoroughly convinced that Dick is the handsomest, cutest, most adorable actor on the screen and naturally want to know a little about him." Here is the little asked for by the inquiring brace. His height is five feet, seven inches; weight, one hundred and forty pounds. Born May 9, 1897. His eyes are brown and his hair might be called light black. Well, then, the darkest shade of brown. He attended Trinity College at Hartford, Conn. He has lived in the summer at Mamaroneck. In winter he lives in New York. His daughter, whom some of the fans call Dickette, was born Jan. 31, 1923.

**PENSEE, KANSAS CITY, MO.**—After seeing Edward Burns in "Broadway after Dark" you "fostered a desire to know more of him" and ask me to "render a little information." With alacrity, Pensee. He was born Sept. 27, 1892. Exercise your faculty for mental arithmetic, my friend. His eyes are gray and his hair black. He is the height that is guaranteed to make most of us squint. He was in Europe for four months making pictures. Since his return his most recent picture is "The Redeeming Sin." I, of the many volunteered names, thank you for "Pal of the Answers."

**MRS. J. R. J., HUNTINGTON, W. VA.**—Warner Baxter played opposite Ethel Clayton in "If I Were Queen." Since that time he has played in "Those Who Dance," "The Female," "Christine of the Hungry Heart," "The Garden of Weeds" and "The Golden Bed." Miss Clayton is coming back to the screen.

**BEATRICE, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.**—Uh! "Basil," indeed. For that I slap your wrists. You are sorry? Forgiven. You went to see "The Sea Hawk" four times and each time sat through two performances. You "liked the picture but if you see a picture eight times there is a particular reason." Lloyd Hughes is the reason. Eh, what? The enchanting male was born Oct. 21, 1897, in Bisbee, Ariz. Lloyd Hughes is his own as well as his screen name. Dark gray eyes and dark brown hair. Height, six feet; weight, one hundred and fifty pounds. Married to the former screen actress, Gloria Hope. He went into pictures while attending the Polytechnic Institute in Los Angeles. He is engaged at the United Studios.

**JANICE, OBERLIN, OHIO.**—Bebe Daniels' first name is pronounced as though spelled "Bee-Bee." Cullen Landis is busy at pictures. Three recent ones were "Cheap Kisses," "A Broadway Butterfly" and "Pampered Youth." Mr. Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., July 9, 1898. His eyes are blue, his hair brown. His tallness is measured by five feet, ten inches.

**VIRGINIA, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.**—Read Mrs. Talmadge's book about her three daughters. It contains advice from Norma Talmadge about going on the screen. More informative and guiding words have never been spoken or written on the subject. Listen. Hear me purring my gratitude for the friendly salutation, "Good Old Answer Man?"

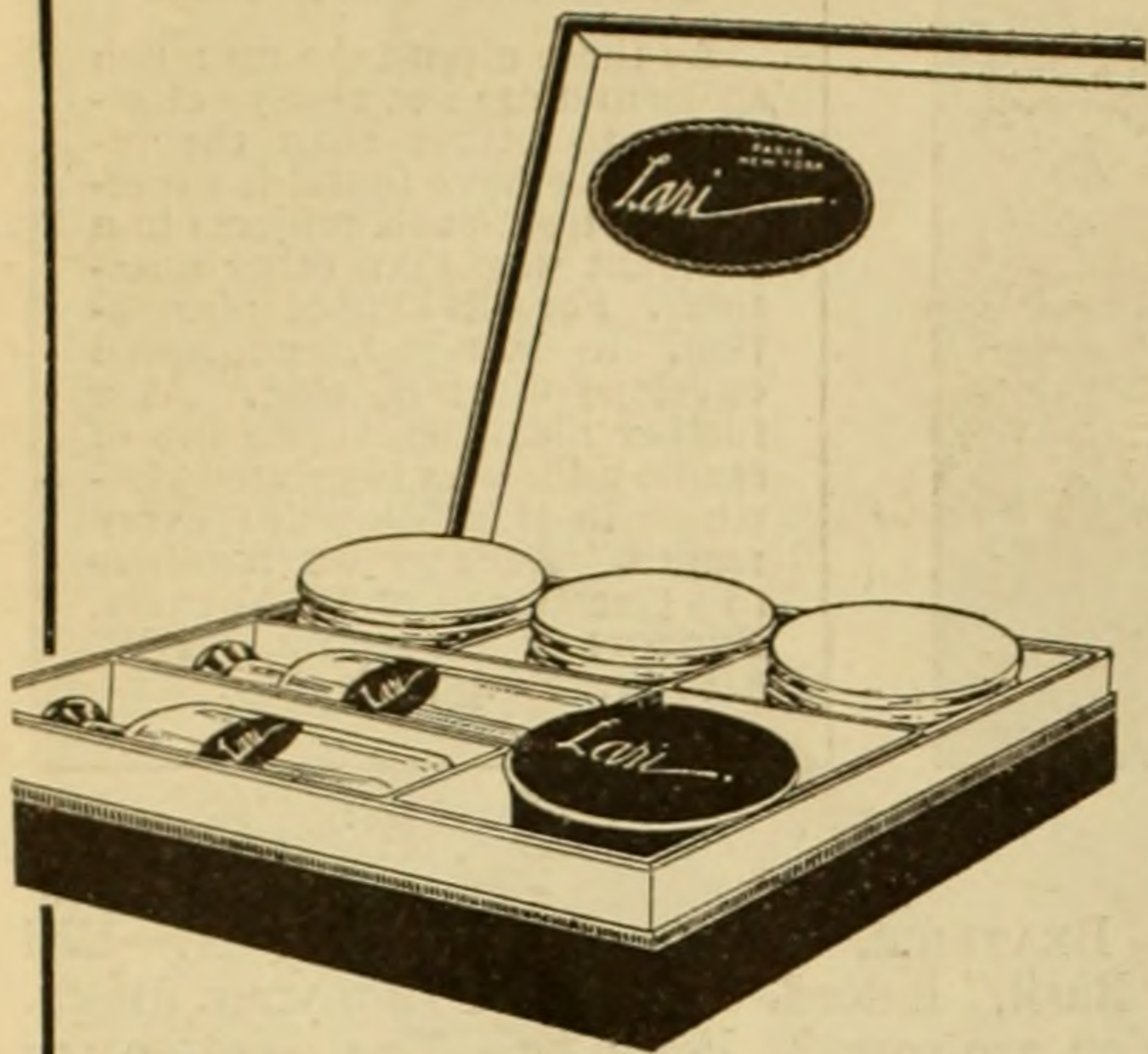
**RUTH, GREENCASTLE, IND.**—Mary Pickford's latest picture was "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." Ralph Graves played opposite Marion Davies in "Yolanda." You inquire about his "domestic relations." His status is that of a widower, genuine not grass. His height is six feet, one inch; weight, one hundred and seventy pounds. Eyes blue, hair brown. William Haines' latest picture is "A Square Peg." He is another of the six footers. Of the considerable heftiness of one hundred and seventy-two pounds. Eyes brown. Hair black. Ramon Novarro is not married. He was born Feb. 6, 1899.

**E. G., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**—Settle a bet? There's nothing I do better. Ramon Novarro played the lead in "Scaramouche." I have no doubt Paramount Studio would send you a photograph of Thomas Meighan.

**BEE, WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.**—You think me the best part of PHOTOPLAY. I shall show your letter to the editor. You are sure I am "very, very nice." He will laugh at that. You want to see my picture in PHOTOPLAY. Haven't you seen it every month? Ramon Novarro was hurt in an accident in Rome but his injuries were not serious. Ronald Colman is not married. The event of his birth occurred Feb. 9, 1891. Antonio Moreno was born in Spain, Sept. 26, 1888.



## You Will Find in My Beauty Box



### The Secret of 17 Famous New York Beauty Shops

I am going to tell the readers of PHOTOPLAY a secret. There are on New York's famous Fifth Avenue, seventeen leading beauty shops, where the women of New York's most select social circles go regularly. Here they receive those exquisite treatments that keep their skin so lovely and fresh, and banish those little blemishes that would mar their delicate beauty.

For years I have supplied these famous shops with the exquisite preparations they use in their treatments, because of my knowledge and care in the preparation of these so precious creams and lotions.

#### Now I Have Decided to Offer These Remarkable Preparations to You

You who may live far from Fifth Avenue should have the opportunity to use these famous preparations. I cannot, of course, on account of my contracts, sell to any woman who lives in New York, but to others, I can furnish this complete beauty treatment, packed in my dainty Beauty Box, at a remarkably low price.

My Beauty Box contains three creams—my Vanishing Cream, my Cleansing Cream and my Tissue Cream, a remarkable skin food. Then my Skin Cleanser, a dainty refreshing liquid, and my Astringent, which has a soothing tonic effect. After these, a dash of my exquisite Face Powder. Everything complete, in a dainty box with full directions for use, I will send to you for only \$3.00.

#### SEND NO MONEY!

Many shops charge three or four times as much for these identical articles. They must do so—their expenses of doing business are so high. But I can send you this famous treatment direct, at this low price, because I do not have to maintain an expensive establishment. Simply mail the coupon below, and I will send you my Beauty Box, with complete treatment listed above. Pay the postman \$3.00 after you receive it.

If you are not delighted with it, after you have tried the treatments for a full week, return what is left, and I will refund your money.

*Lari*

LARI, 207 East 49th Street, New York City

Please send me your Beauty Box, containing complete home treatment. I will pay the postman \$3.00 on receipt of box, plus a few cents extra for postage.

SIGNED (name) .....

TOWN and STATE .....

Check shade of face powder desired: White, Blonde, Titian, Brunette, Olive.

## The Catch of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48 ]

with electricity and was assigned to the radio department of the signal corps. Then he was sent away on the sub-chaser "297".

He soon became a skilled and competent radio operator but it was not this accomplishment which spread O'Brien's fame into every nook and corner of Uncle Sam's ships for he battled his way to the light-heavyweight boxing crown of the Pacific Fleet and became the idol of the navy.

With his discharge in September of 1919, George was almost twenty years old and it seemed time to decide upon some definite career. His schooling had been broken into by the World War and many friends urged that a professional pugilistic career beckoned.

George was dubious but finally, one night, broke the news to his family—he planned to become a professional boxer. Chief O'Brien was silent. He understood the urge, but Mrs. O'Brien, part Irish and part French, objected—her son was born for better things—and thus died any championship hopes which might have been fanned to a glow in the breast of young George. His mother's wish to O'Brien was law.

Finally it was decided that George should again take up his schooling, so he entered Santa Clara college, a short distance from San Francisco. He had decided to become a surgeon.

BACK at school George again plunged wholeheartedly into his athletics, was quarterback of the football team and a star in baseball, basketball and handball as well. But as his star soared higher and higher in athletics, it dipped lower and lower in scholarship.

Finally George was face to face with the fact that as a scholar he was a great athlete. And he was forced to agree with the professors.

It was just at this time that Tom Mix loped onto the horizon of young O'Brien's vision. Tom was in San Francisco for a rodeo and was also doing some scenes for a picture there. O'Brien and Mix met and the lad finally decided to come to Hollywood and try his fortune.

Through Mix he secured a job as a second cameraman, feeling that his ability lay in this line rather than acting. After almost a year

as second cameraman, a part of which time was with the Mix company, O'Brien got a chance as first cameraman with an independent company, but it blew up because of financial difficulties.

Somewhat discouraged, O'Brien returned to his father's home in San Francisco. Hobart Bosworth was making a picture in the Bay City at the time and engaged O'Brien to play a small part. This was his first appearance before the camera and he liked it so well he decided to return to Hollywood.

His knowledge of horsemanship won him a small part with one of the larger studios and his next part came through his sea experience, for he was engaged for a bit in "Moran of the Lady Letty." Following this O'Brien played various minor rôles with Hollywood companies and at one time was among those advocated as a possible "Ben Hur" by those who felt the part should be played by some capable unknown with the necessary build and appearance, rather than by an established actor who would simply be "Mr. So and So" as "Ben Hur." Nothing came of this, however, though O'Brien certainly was endowed by nature for the part.

Then came that great Fox picture, "The Iron Horse," the romantic history of the building of the Union Pacific railroad. A virile leading man with a box office name—a fellow who could not only play the part but would look it, was sought. A number of tests were made but they just couldn't seem to find the right man. In desperation Jack Ford asked for a test of George O'Brien and it was made. All of the tests were submitted to William Fox and O'Brien was the choice of that wise old showman.

That his selection was good has been more than proven. Next O'Brien was given the lead in "The Man Who Came Back" with Emmett Flynn and the youngster's contribution to the picture proved a fine, intelligent and highly commendable performance.

Since these two pictures, O'Brien has played in "The Painted Lady" and "The Roughneck" and has just completed "The Dancers" with Alma Rubens and Madge Bellamy, also under Flynn's direction. This is said to be O'Brien's most ambitious effort.

## Paris Is in Short Skirts Again

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

"No," he answered, hesitatingly, thereby sending my heart down a couple of hundred feet, "not so much, though not entirely out. Colored beads are not worn except by 'those others.' The smartest women one sees at the fashionable restaurants and clubs are wearing loads of white pearls, and they are coming out in enormous sizes."

And that brings us to Miss Nilsson's collection, which is remarkably in keeping with the newest ideas.

Her clothes are chosen well, for although conservative she manages to be a striking figure.

It was very interesting to meet her, for, of course, I had enjoyed seeing her on the screen for years. She speaks quickly and her manner is one of intense energy. It made rather an amusing contrast to the other studio workers, for though she had been working just as hard as they all day she seemed as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

It was our second meeting, and when I asked if she could explain why her own things were so smart and her screen clothes so awful (yes, I actually said "awful"—) she answered, "It's because most good clothes are plain, and there is fear that they won't screen well. If I come to the studio dressed as the lady I am playing *would* dress, in real life, there is a mad scramble at once for a lot of trimming, and beads, etc., to doll me up!" Then she

laughed and I think she may have been remembering the weird concoctions she had to wear in "Vanity's Price."

Of course, it is simply a matter of more intelligent designing—for I won't admit that good taste need necessarily be uninteresting.

In "One Way Street," which was the picture in which I had watched Miss Nilsson working that afternoon, her costumes, if they may be judged by the one she was wearing then, are proof of this. At any rate, it seems too silly to think that the "public," for whom the producers make these "everything-but-the-kitchen-stove" costumes, is too stupid to appreciate the real thing.

During the drive home from the studio, and I'd like to digress here long enough to say that as we came out she was almost smothered by a swarm of kids who had been waiting with their dirty, adorable, shining and eager little faces pressed against the glass doors, we talked of almost everything in the world but clothes, starting with the children who seemed to love her so, and ending, as the car drew up at my door, with a hearty laugh over an amusing incident from her recent trip home to her native Sweden.

And then, my dears, she asked if she might call me up some time! What would you do if Anna Querentia asked you that? Well, so did I.



## She pitied the man

**Y**ET she couldn't love him nor could she bring herself to be frank and tell him honestly why she didn't welcome his attentions.

On the other hand, he was quite an attractive fellow who intrigued her in many ways. Still, as you well know, there are some things that you simply can't discuss.

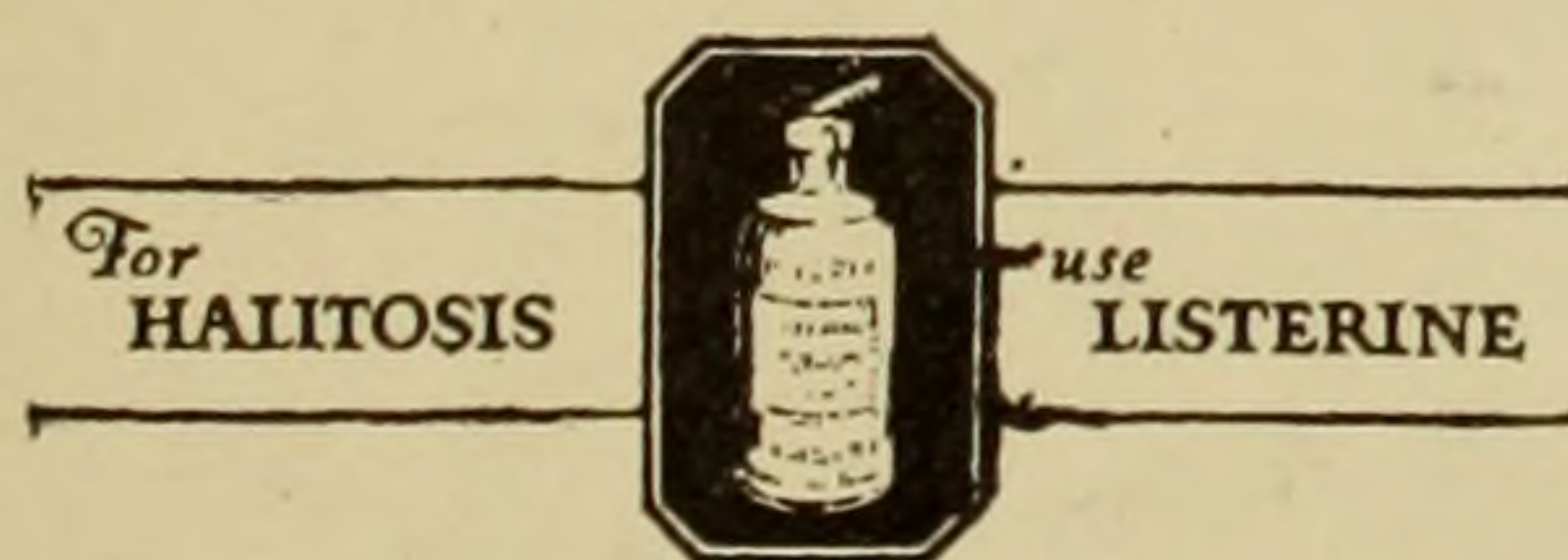
\* \* \*

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

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

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—*never in bulk*. There are three sizes: three ounce, seven ounce, and fourteen ounce. Buy the large size for economy.  
—Lambert Pharmacal Company,  
Saint Louis, U. S. A.



**LISTERINE** Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations —  
25 cents.





*Harold Lloyd and his father, J. Darsie (Foxy) Lloyd, thought they would surprise the other members of the family and have their photograph taken. It was the first time they had done such a thing in five years, and both seem to have enjoyed it*

solately, "the way everybody rags me about it. All I hear on all sides is loud guffaws about my singing. As though it were something effeminate."

As a matter of fact, Reggie has a magnificent baritone, and was once a big hit in London as a leading man in various popular musical comedies.

However, he still has time to fly airplanes about in the sky, and he told me the other night a strange story of a "hunch" or premonition that is one of the most unusual I have ever heard.

He went up on a Sunday, and said that from the moment he left the ground he had a peculiarly unsafe feeling. He was troubled. The air was a little bumpy, but not enough so to make a first class pilot like Reggie feel nervous. Nevertheless, the feeling of insecurity continued. Finally, he went down, and had his mechanics look over the bus he was flying, which was not his own—his own being laid up for repairs. Everything seemed all right, and he went up again. But he said he simply could not get rid of this nagging coldness in the pit of his stomach, so he descended again, and in spite of protests from "the gang," went home.

As he came to the door of his house, the telephone was ringing. It was one of his mechanics. He said, "Did you hear, Reg?" Reggie said he'd just come home, whereupon the mechanic told him that another pilot had taken up the same plane, just as Reggie left the field, and taken a girl friend with him. Something had gone wrong with the plane and it had crashed to earth. Both the pilot and the girl were killed instantly.

"Of course it sounds ridiculous," said Reggie, in telling it, "but I swear I had a feeling such as I've never had before—almost a

voice warning me to come down. You bet I'll always pay attention to any hunches like that in the future."

**POLA NEGRI** has moved into the big house in Beverly Hills which she recently bought from Priscilla Dean, and at present is engaged in planting a full sized forest of pine trees in front of it.

The house, which is a beautiful white colonial mansion, stands back from the street, and had in front only a smooth rolling lawn, with a few ornamental shrubs. Pola decided she must

have trees. So she ordered a nursery to plant a forest on the front lawn, and now you can hardly see the house for the lovely tangle of evergreens growing there.

Pola is spending all her time between pictures in buying antique furniture for the house, and transforming it gradually into a real Polish-French home. She has paid enormous prices for some of the fine pieces on the coast, and is sending abroad to well known dealers and artists, many of whom are her friends, for other gems.

So it looks as though Pola had come to Hollywood to stay.

**I WISH** that everyone might know of some of the beautiful, quiet and effective charity conducted at Christmas by the motion picture stars. They don't want it told, and they shan't be named here, because human nature being what it is, people suspect anyone who tells of their charity of doing it merely for publicity.

But I doubt if any other class of people in the world gave so generously in proportion to their wealth, or if any women anywhere put so much time and love and thought into their giving.

I know the wife of one star, for instance, who, not content with dispensing thousands of dollars for the poor children, spent months before Christmas in dressing hundreds of beautiful dolls for a children's hospital. I saw one star's dressing bungalow absolutely filled with toys, so many that it took three trucks to carry them, and they went to a certain school district which the star had offered to take care of entirely herself. She had checked the list of families and provided each family with the gifts asked for and the needed dinner. I know one great star who cared for the entire Christmas of a big orphanage.

Those are only a few examples, not to mention the people on smaller salaries who gave of time, money and talent for benefits that raised funds.

Sometime it may be possible to tell the world of all the charity done by movie stars at all times, but in the meantime it is nice for the public who loves them to know that in this respect they never fail of the highest standards.

**WHEN** Constance Talmadge got off the train at Los Angeles, after a trip to New York, the first person she saw was Buster Collier—because Buster was half way up the steps as the train pulled in.

Connie seemed mighty glad to see him, and gave him a hug and kiss that almost justify all the rumors of their engagement that are going around. [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 99 ]



*Who wouldn't be a thief to be in this paradise? At least that is what George Fitzmaurice seems to be thinking. He's shown with John Patrick and a bevy of polo girls in his latest picture, "A Thief in Paradise"*



Free Trial Bottle



# Gray Hair—Don't Have It!

Let me tell you the quick, easy way to get back original color



"WHY let gray hair spoil your chances?" is a question I so often want to ask. It is such an unnecessary handicap, when restoration is so simple and easy. And—it costs nothing to learn how.

I invite everyone with gray hair to send for my free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my famous hair color restorer. Test as directed on one lock of hair—learn for yourself that you needn't have gray hair at any age!

#### A scientific laboratory preparation

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a scientific, reliable preparation which always does the work. It brings back the natural, youthful color of your hair so perfectly that no one will suspect you once were gray.

There is no streaking, artificial dyed look. Just the even, natural, exact shade of early youth.

#### Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—you do it yourself, without help. You simply comb it through the hair and watch the gray disappear.

No interference with shampooing—nothing to wash or rub off. My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy—lovely when waved and dressed.

#### Absolutely free trial—mail coupon

Remember the trial offer is absolutely free—we even prepay postage. Just mail the coupon—you will receive by return mail my special patented free trial outfit with full directions.

Then when you know what Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is and just what it will do, get a full sized bottle from your druggist. If you prefer it, you may order direct from me.

Fill out coupon carefully, stating exactly natural color of hair. If possible, enclose a lock with your letter. When the trial outfit comes, make the famous "single-lock" test. You will be overjoyed by results.



## Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Over 10,000,000 bottles sold

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS  
 MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
 470-C Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:  
 Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn  
 (dark red)....light brown....light auburn (light red)....  
 blonde.....

Name.....  
 Address.....  
 .....



**Important Warning!**

There is only one "Congoleum" and it is identified by the Gold Seal pasted on every pattern. "Congoleum" is a registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of Congoleum-Nairn Inc. If you want "Congoleum" be sure to look for the Gold Seal.



Above is shown  
Pattern No. 321

*"Mother, was that Magic Carpet  
as pretty as our Congoleum Rug?"*

So artistic, so sanitary, so durable, so easy to clean! *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are truly the magical solution of the housewife's floor-covering problems.

They mean such a saving in housework that there's time for the things you really enjoy doing—for outdoor recreation, the worth-while book, play with the children.

**Seamless—Waterproof**

These all-round serviceable rugs are made with a firm, smooth, seamless surface which cannot be penetrated by dirt or spilled things. They are waterproof and mothproof. And cleaning them is the work of but a few moments with a damp mop—in a twinkling your rugs are as spotless as new.

Elaborate Oriental motifs, delicate chintz-like effects, neat mosaic, wood-block or tile

reproductions—so varied are the charming patterns that you can have these labor-saving rugs in every room in the house.

*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs lie perfectly flat on the floor without tacks, cement or any other kind of fastening. They never curl up or kick up at the edges or corners to trip unwary feet or interfere with swinging doors. And with all these advantages the prices are very low!

**Popular Sizes—Low Prices**

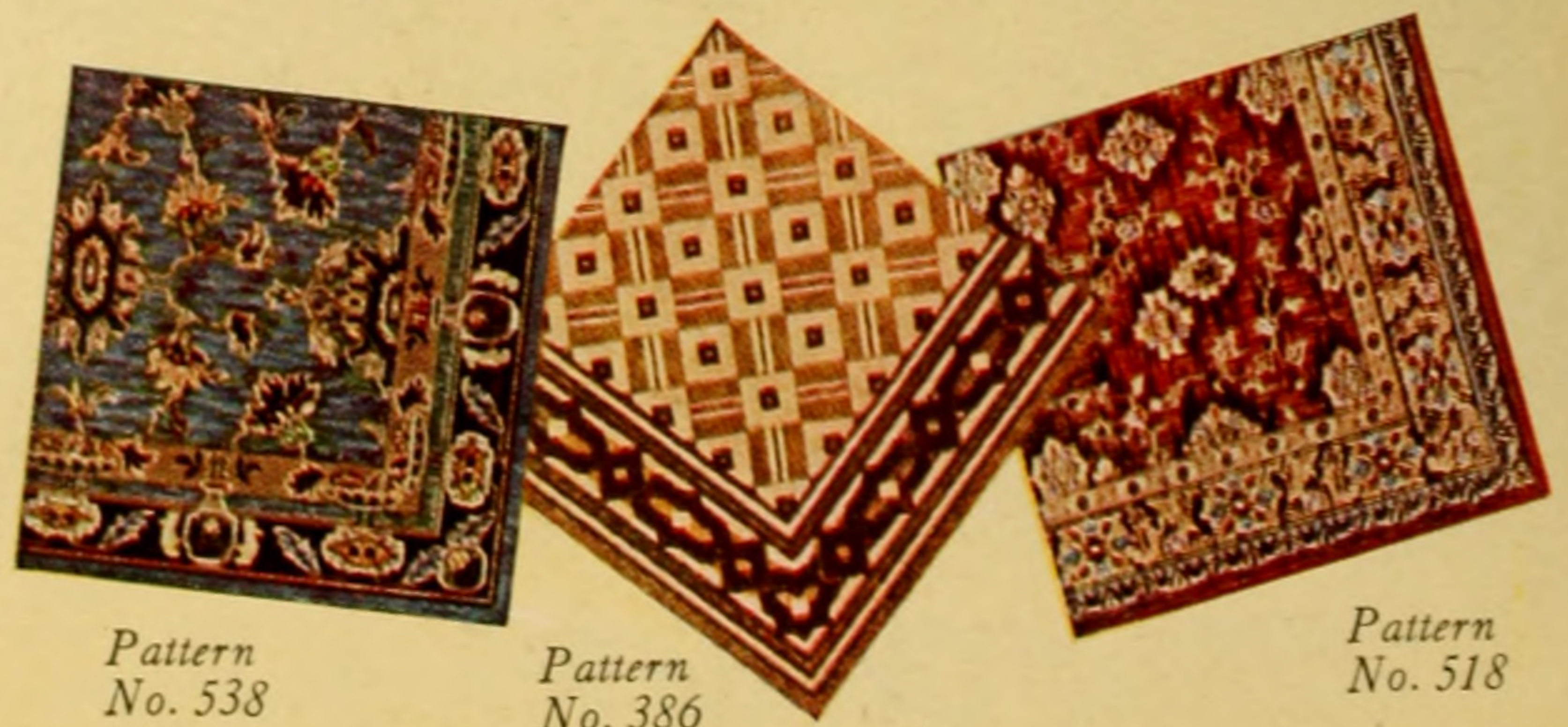
6	x	9	ft.	\$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 (shown	1½	x	3	ft.	\$ .60
7½	x	9	ft.	11.25	below) is made in all	3	x	3	ft.	1.40
9	x	9	ft.	13.50	sizes. The other patterns	3	x	4½	ft.	1.95
9	x	10½	ft.	15.75	illustrated are made in					
9	x	12	ft.	18.00	the five large sizes only.	3	x	6	ft.	2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

**CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.**

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco  
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans  
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Gold Seal  
**CONGOLEUM**  
ART-RUGS



Pattern  
No. 538

Pattern  
No. 386

Pattern  
No. 518



She came home to spend Christmas with Mrs. Talmadge and Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge Keaton and the two Keaton boys.

It'll be rather confusing if they get two Busters in the Talmadge family, won't it?

IT'S a good thing George Fitzmaurice, that most charming gentleman and excellent director, is going to build a nice big house out in Beverly Hills with a big drawing room. Because Fitz, who is fast acquiring the reputation of the most perfect host in Hollywood, has a houseful of delightful people all the time, and now that he's added a lot of new dogs to his collection, things in the Fitzmaurice bungalow are getting a little crowded.

He had a dinner party for Henry King, who directed "Romola" and was in Hollywood for the opening. Among the guests were Florence Vidor, Alice Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan, Blanche Sweet, Bebe Daniels, just home from New York and looking very lovely; Colonel Young, the famous polo player; Bob Kane, and Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud.

OF course lots of men could ruin a day's work if they couldn't find their trousers, because lots of men have only one pair—but you'd think a well-known leading man like Ronald Colman wouldn't be in such a fix.

However, Ronald's missing pants cost the George Fitzmaurice company a whole day's work the other day, and everyone is still wondering just what happened.

Ronald had just registered a pair of very effective trousers in a certain scene. The next morning, when the time came to continue said scene, Ronald was there and ready to go to work—but the pants were mysteriously missing. That is, Ronald was in his dressing room, sending frantic messages to Fitz.

Fitz went and—so we heard later—found Ronald, the perfection of London fashion for smart afternoon functions—minus only that portion of a gentleman's apparel that has always been considered necessary in polite society.

He could not find his pants.

That is all I know of the story. There was a lot of scurrying about—the troop waited. And late that afternoon, Ronald appeared, fully clothed and apparently in his right mind—though of course we cannot give first hand

testimony as to that, not being an alienist. Anyway, we can testify to the trousers. The explanation was that the trousers hadn't been exactly right and had been returned to the tailor for alterations, and Ronald had forgotten about it—or something like that.

The funny part of it is that there is already some slight feeling in Hollywood that Ronald looks better with than without trousers—if you

know what I mean. He appeared in "Romola" in tights, and I thought I noticed a terribly worried expression upon the face of that part of feminine Hollywood which worships at his shrine.

In fact, one of his most adoring and ardent admirers came to me confidentially afterwards and wanted to know if, really—I didn't think Ronald's legs were a little—well—you know. Not that her idol could be less than perfect, but didn't I really think it was a mercy that Ronald was born in this century instead of in the days when a gentleman's legs were always on view, and could be politely discussed as among his points.

I said heartily that I did.

I fear me that "Romola," while it will add to the laurels of many, is going to cast a tiny cloud upon the hitherto breathless and entire adoration of Ronald Colman. In the future, let us hope he will be cast for parts in which he wears trousers—and that he will always be able to remember where his trousers are.

ONE of Bill Hart's Christmas gifts to his son, William S. Hart, Jr., aged two years and three months, was the most unusual and striking of anything which came to my attention.

One day shortly before Christmas Bill dropped into the office with a handsome hand-carved leather case under his arm.

"Want to see something?" asked Bill, and as I assured him I did, he opened the case.

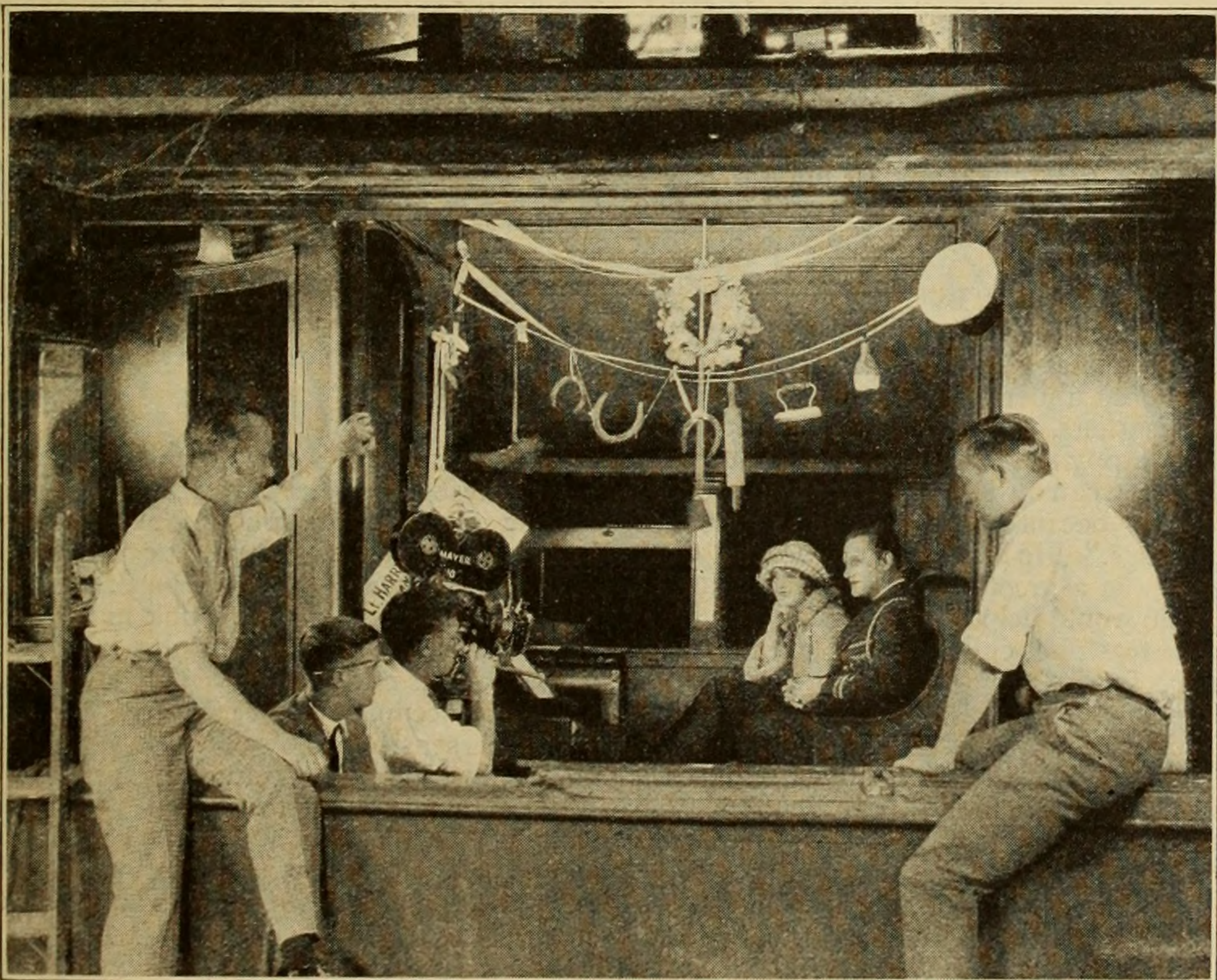
There rested the two handsomest guns I have ever seen. A bad man of the good old West would have slain a score of men willingly to possess them. They were Colt's forty-fives, single action, frontier model, and they were literally covered with the most beautiful silver inlay work I have ever seen.

Bill had bought the guns and had them decorated according to his own design by a silversmith, and they were inlaid with silver from muzzle to butt.

"They're for my boy," explained Bill proudly. "When he grows up he'll have something to remember his dad by."



*This girl, pretty as she is, is not a movie actress. She's an expert candy dipper in a Los Angeles factory and is teaching Rod La Rocque how to play his role of "Candy" Holtz in Cecil B. DeMille's picture "The Golden Bed"*



*Here's what you would see of the interior of a railway coach, if you were on the set. The coach is run onto the stage, one side having previously been torn off to permit lighting and to take the picture. "Excuse Me" in the making, with Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer*



## The Real Wally

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58 ]



*Don't torture your complexion with harsh treatment*

**D**OES your face feel drawn and sore after bathing? Does it smart, burn and look mottled? Probably you are using the wrong soap or your method of cleansing is too harsh.

Resinol Soap will stand every test of purity. Its wholesome fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains. Buy a cake from your druggist and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water when she should use luke-warm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her fingertips. Rinse thoroughly and dry well by patting the skin lightly with a soft towel.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafings, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes. Keep a jar on hand.

# RESINOL SOAP



Dept. F. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

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faces when they come in that door?" He loved so to make others happy.

And I believe that he harmed fewer people upon his journey through life than almost anyone I have ever known.

He was easily bored by pretense, by ostentation, or show. I never knew him to make a class distinction in his life, except against those in high places whom he felt had no business there. He was the most democratic man, honestly and basically, who ever lived. He loved to keep open house, and if others sometimes abused that great-hearted hospitality, still he would not shut anyone out.

There were few days in our married life when Wally came home from the studio without some little remembrance for me. Never did he let a birthday or a holiday go unremembered, and he kept every sort of an anniversary that he could invent. And he put such thought and taste into his gifts. He remembered the least expressed wish of his friends, or their kiddies. He would spend hours and days buying my presents. On Valentine's Day he always arranged my bouquet himself. There was always personal service, love, back of his gifts.

He had tremendous pride in his boy—regarded him more as a pal than a father usually does. He wanted above all things to make a man of him, to instil manliness into him from his first months. When Bill was four and a half, Wally bought him a real twenty-two, but more than that he took the time and patience to teach him to shoot it and to shoot it well. He had infinite patience with anyone less quick or able than himself, a deprecating patience that took his own gifts as something not quite his own. He taught Bill to swim and dive when he was four and began to instruct him in mathematics and mechanics as early as possible.

**B**UT that pride in his own son didn't keep him from receiving with open arms the baby girl I brought home, whom he had never seen. He took her to his heart at once and one of the few times I ever saw him really angry was when someone referred to her in her hearing as an "adopted child." His eyes flashed and he said, "Please never say that again. She is ours, our very own." And though she knew him only a short time, she worshipped her big daddy with all her heart and soul and never forgets him in her prayers.

I cannot leave out of the picture the highly developed spiritual side which was Wally. Half hidden, half understood by himself, it was always there. I remember one night when he was hearing Bill's prayers, I overheard him explaining to the boy why he need never be afraid of the dark. "Bill," he said, "it's just like a mother hen covering her chickens, the way God's wings are over us at night. I suppose it's dark under the mother hen's soft protecting feathers, too, but the baby chicks are safe and happy there. And so though it's dark at night, we can always know that we are safe and happy because we are in the shadow of God's wings." He had no fear of death. God, to him, was a great, understanding heart of love, who would help and understand and forgive and teach His children. He faced the end, when he knew it must come, with a blessed spiritual courage which was beautiful to see.

He had no ego—absolutely none, ever, at any stage of his life, even when he had reached the highest point in his career. When he lay so ill and the thousands of letters and telegrams poured in, expressing such love and sympathy, such heartfelt prayers for his recovery, it overwhelmed him. He would touch them gently, his eyes would fill, and he would say to me in utter amazement, "I didn't know so many felt like that about me. How kind of them, dear; how kind they all are to me."

In the years of his success I never heard him express an egotistical thought or do any act that suggested that he thought himself above

or different in any way from others. He hated above all things to think that his mere physical looks helped him to his success and popularity. He didn't like me to have pictures of him about the house. He never gave his pictures unless someone begged for them. I never remember seeing him show pictures of himself but once, and those were stills from "Forever" in which he played a very old man, with a wig and make-up. He carried sets of those around and showed them to everyone, gloried in them. And he liked the racing pictures where he didn't wear good clothes and could get his face dirty, and "Always Audacious," where he wore a beard.

He had a very high order of intelligence and a well-ordered mentality. In nine years of married life he never failed to answer a question intelligently on any subject, never failed to be logical and interesting about any subject that came up. His knowledge on many subjects was amazing and profound for so young a man and came from his continual, voracious reading. Reading he loved better than anything else in the world. He literally devoured all books. He loved history, and would sit for hours chuckling over some ponderous volume. Macaulay and Carlyle and Swift were favorites of his, and Shakespeare was his constant companion, but he loved his Kipling and O. Henry best of them all. I still have very close to me the much worn set of Kipling, volumes of which traveled about with him everywhere, from house to studio, on location. His library was a fine one, containing many volumes, every one of which he bought himself of his personal choice and every one of which he read.

The diversity of his gifts always amazed those who came close to him, for only those who were close knew of them. I believe that he might have been one of the really great violinists. We used to practice a great deal during the early years of our married life, when he did not have to work so hard, and I have heard him play with power and warmth and dramatic expression that promised great things. His technique was extraordinary for anyone who had done so little studying. He could play any instrument, and he loved every kind of music in the world, from the deepest symphony and opera to the wildest jazz, from the dearly loved violin to the saxophone and drums.

I have too, hidden away, some beautiful verse that he wrote at different times and showed to me shyly. In the early days of his career he wrote a number of excellent screen stories. He numbered among his very best friends some of the big writers of the day, and I have had many of them tell me what a writer he would have made. He drew exceptionally well, and had done as presents for his friends some light but charming designs for book plates, some sketches of things he had seen and loved.

**A**LL these things came to him with the greatest ease, were natural expressions of that sweet and beauty-loving soul that was imbued with the creative instinct at all times.

But he could and did work hard. He was a natural worker. I do not think many people know or realize how dreadfully hard Wally worked. His mind was so keenly alive that it had to be occupied every minute.

He was sensitive and easily wounded, but he would never personalize any hurt, never. And he would never retaliate.

If he had lived many, many years, Wally would never have lost that glorious youth of his—youth that was of the heart and mind and spirit.

Losing him, the real Wally, the world lost a bright and brilliant spirit, a gentle and loving soul, a rare and gifted nature, which might have given to the world something immeasurably great, but which at least did give much of happiness, joy, beauty to many who loved him and whom he loved.



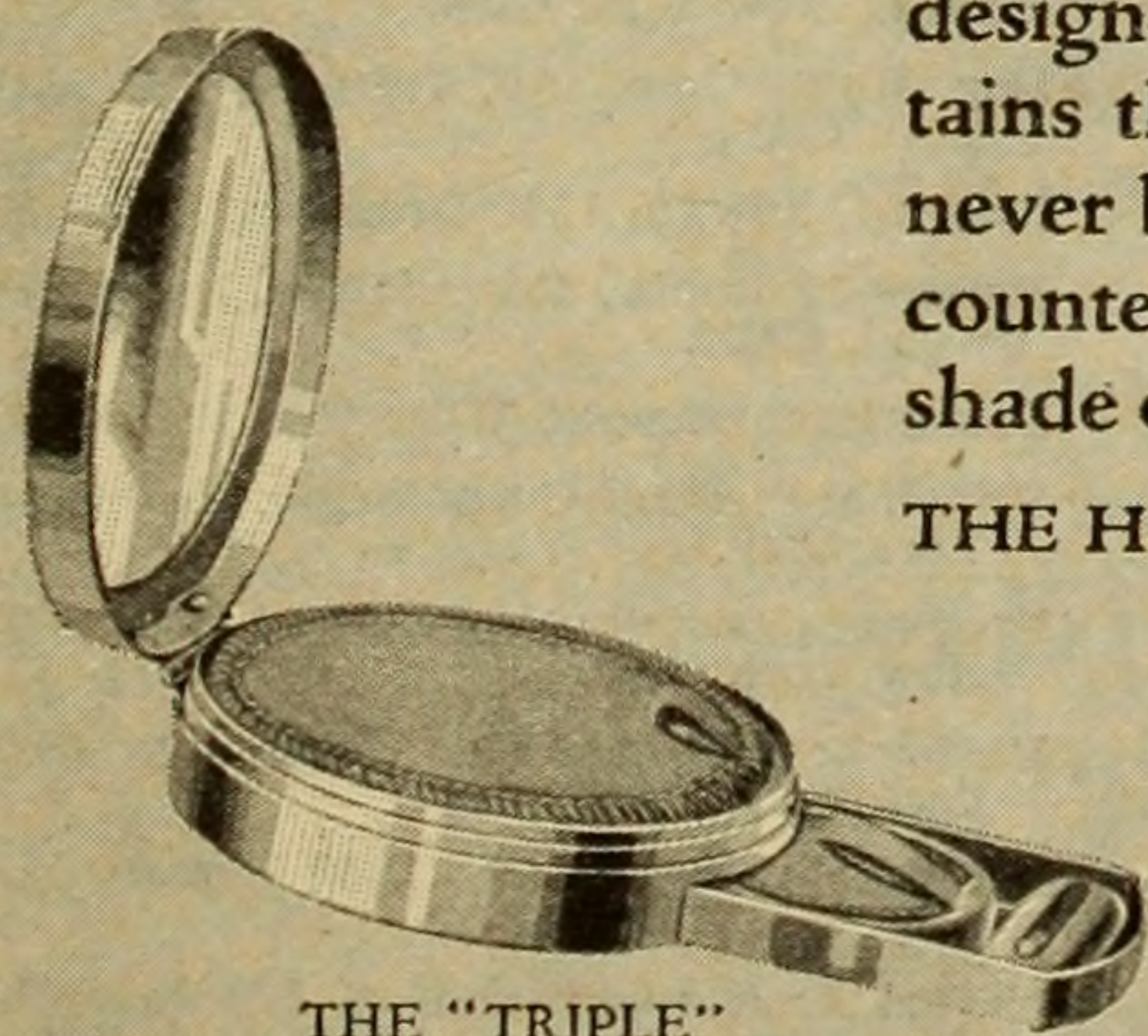


*This Picture* is the Tre-Jur

Trademark. It has become the American Symbol for feminine charm. Before it is stamped on a Tre-Jur product, that product must represent the *utmost* in the world of toiletries.

Tre-Jur Compacts are as ingenious as they are beautiful. Each is a little inspirational idea, designed to fill a particular need. Each contains the finest quality of cosmetic and a value never before achieved. . . . At most toilet goods counters you will find Tre-Jur in your own shade of powder or rouge—or by mail from us.

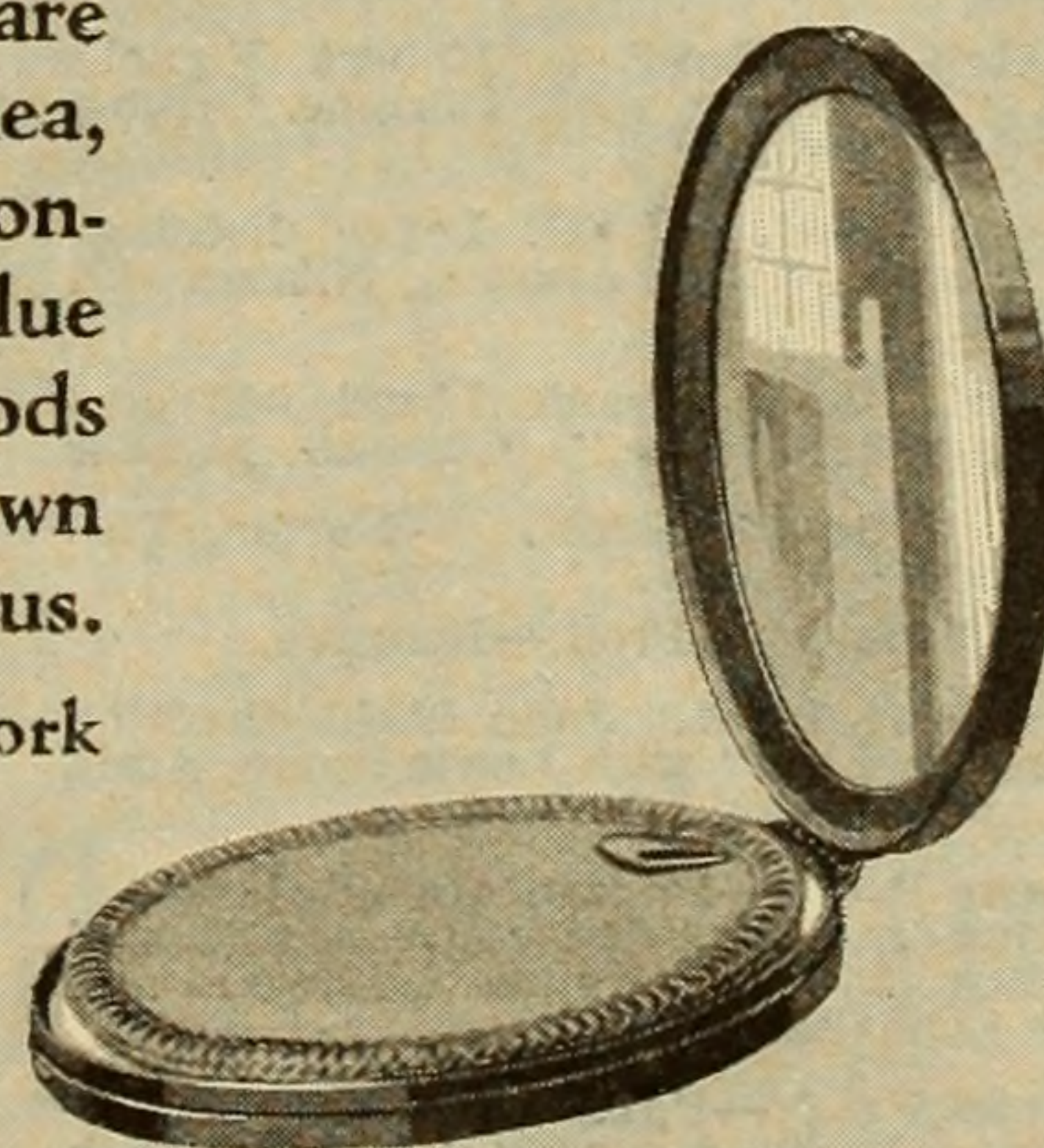
THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 W. 18th St., New York



THE "TRIPLE"  
Combines powder, rouge, and lipstick in a delightful case with the famous sliding drawer—\$1.25.



NEW—TRE-JUR FACE POWDER  
Loose powder of exquisite quality, delicately scented and silken soft, in a wondrously lovely box—50c.



"THINEST"  
A shallow masterpiece of handy circumference. Ample powder and full-sized puff—\$1.



# What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

## WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

### BERWILLA STUDIOS.

**Dell Henderson Prod.** Dell Henderson directing "Battling Brewster" with Franklyn Farnum and Helen Holmes.

### BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way. Inactive.

### COSMOART STUDIOS.

Sherwood MacDonald directing "Moonlight Nights" with Joe Moore and Gloria Joy.

### CENTURY FILM COMPANY, 6100 Sunset Blvd.

William Watson directing "Why Worry" with Wanda Wiley and Al Alt.

Ed Luddy directing "Powdered Chickens" with Edna Marion and Hilliard Karr.

William Lamont directing "Raisin' Cain" with Beth Darlington, Whitney Raymond and Century Follies Girls.

### CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave. Inactive.

### CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Arvid Gillstrom directing "His High Horse" with Lee Moran.

Neal Burns and Jimmie Adams between pictures. Harold Beaudine directing Bobby Vernon in an untitled comedy.

Walter Hiers has just completed "Good Spirits."

### F. B. O. STUDIOS, Melrose & Gower Sts.

Wesley Ruggles directing "The Pace-Makers" with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara.

**Associated Arts Corp.** F. Harmon Weight completed "Drusilla with a Million" with Mary Carr and Kenneth Harlan.

**Harry Garson Prod.** Harry Garson directing "Breed of the Border" with Lefty Flynn and Dorothy Dwan.

**Gothic Prod.** Evelyn Brent and Robert Ellis appearing in "Lawless Blood."

**B. P. Schulberg Prod.** James P. Hogan directing "My Lady's Lips" with Clara Bow and George Hackathorne.

Louis Gasnier directing "The Boomerang" with Bert Lytell, Anita Stewart and Philo McCullough.

James P. Hogan directing "The Mansion of Aching Hearts" with Clara Bow and Ethel Clayton.

**C. Gardner Sullivan Prod.** "Mocked Marriages" with Jacqueline Logan, Clive Brook and Cissie Fitzgerald.

### FINE ARTS STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd.

Norman Taurog directing "Hello Hollywood" with Lige Conley.

Stephen Roberts directing "Waiting" with Lloyd Hamilton.

Arvid Gillstrom directing an untitled comedy with Al St. John.

### FIRST NATIONAL at United Studios.

**First National Prod.** Production will soon commence on "The Desert Flower" with Colleen Moore.

**Edwin Carewe Prod.** Edwin Carewe has completed "My Son" with Nazimova and Jack Pickford.

**Samuel Goldwyn Prod.** George Fitzmaurice directing "His Supreme Moment" with Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet.

**Corinne Griffith Prod.** Robert Vignola directing "Declasse" with Corinne Griffith and Lloyd Hughes.

**M. C. Levee Prod.** M. C. Levee directing "Just a Woman" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone.

**Frank Lloyd Prod.** Frank Lloyd will produce "Winds of Chance." Cast not named.

**Joseph M. Schenck Prod.** Norma Talmadge Prod.—Inactive. Constance Talmadge Prod.—Inactive.

**John M. Stahl Prod.** John Stahl directing "Fashions for Men" with Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith.

**Robert Kane Prod.—Paramount Release.** Henry King directing "Sackcloth and Scarlet" with Alice Terry, Orville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian.

**Ritz Carlton Prod.—Paramount Release.** Joseph Henaberry directing "Cobra" with Rudolph Valentino, Gertrude Olmstead and Nita Naldi.

### FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. Western Ave.

George Marshall directing "Van Bibber" series with Earl Foxe and Florence Gilbert.

Chester Bennett directing "Trailing Shadows" with Edmund Lowe and Walter McGrail.

Lynn Reynolds directing "The Rainbow Trail" with Tom Mix and Ann Cornwall.

Edward Mortimer directing "Wild Ridin'" with Buck Jones and Elinor Fair.

### LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.

Paul Bern directing "The Dressmaker from Paris" with Leatrice Joy, Allan Forrest and Ernest Torrence.

Alan Crosland directing "Eve's Secret" with Betty Compson.

Raoul Walsh directing "The Spaniard" with Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal.

James Cruze directing "The Beggar on Horseback" with Edward Horton and Esther Ralston.

Victor Fleming directing "Adventure" with Tom Moore and Pauline Starke.

### METRO, GOLDWYN, MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "The Merry Widow" with Mae Murray and John Gilbert.

Victor Schertzinger directing "Man and Maid" with Renee Adoree and Lew Cody.

Monta Bell directing "Lady of the Night" with Norma Shearer and Malcolm McGregor.

King Vidor directing "Proud Flesh" with Eleanor Boardman and Harrison Ford.

Tod Browning directing "The Unholy Three" with Lon Chaney, Mae Busch and Matt Moore.

### C. W. PATTON STUDIOS.

C. W. Patton directing the serial "Idaho" with Mahlon Hamilton and Vivian Rich.

### PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Mary Pickford is about to commence an untitled production under the direction of Marshall Neilan. Douglas Fairbanks has started "Don Q" with Mary Astor.

### PRINCIPAL PICTURES, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd. Sam Wood will soon start production on another Harold Bell Wright Story.

### HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Fred Guiol directing "The Haunted Honeymoon" with Glenn Tryon and Blanche Mehaffey. Robert McGowan directing "Dog Days" with Our Gang. Leo McCarey directing "Plain and Fancy Girls" with Charley Chase.

Hal Roach directing "Change the Needle" with Arthur Stone.

### SELIG STUDIOS, 3800 Mission Road.

Al Rogell directing "The Courageous Fool" with Reed Howes and Carmelita Geraghty.

### UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Clarence Brown directing "The Goose Woman" with Louise Dresser.

Charles Brabin directing "The Prince" with Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry.

Svend Gade completed "Siege" with Virginia Valli and Eugene O'Brien.

**Dallas M. Fitzgerald Prod.** Dallas M. Fitzgerald directing "Passionate Youth" with Frank Mayo, Beverly Bayne, Bryant Washburn and Pauline Garon.

### VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge St.

David Smith has completed "Pampered Youth" with Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis and Ben Alexander.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Garden of Charity" with Mae Marsh and Pat O'Malley.

### WARNER BROS., 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Ernest Lubitsch directing an untitled production with Bert Lytell.

Harry Beaumont completed "Recompense" with Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and John Roche.

Mal St. Clair completed "Trapped in the Snow Country" with June Marlowe and David Butler.

## EAST COAST

### FIRST NATIONAL at Biograph Studios, 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C. Under supervision of Earl Hudson.

### BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C.

John Francis Dillon directing "Chickie" with Dorothy Mackaill.

Lambert Hillyer directing "The Making of O'Malley" with Milton Sills.

George Archainbaud directing "Every Woman's Desire" with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon.

### PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Edward Sutherland has completed "Coming Through" with Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee.

E. Mason Hopper directing "The Crowded Hour" with Bebe Daniels and Kenneth Harlan.

William de Mille directing "Men and Women" with Richard Dix, Neil Hamilton and Claire Adams.

Frank Tuttle directing "A Kiss in the Dark" with Adolphe Menjou, Kenneth McKenna and Aileen Pringle.

### UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Fort Lee, N. J.

Phil Rosen directing "Hail and Farewell" with Barbara La Marr and Conway Tearle.

## IN EUROPE

### FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORP., in France.

Allan Dwan directing "The Coast of Folly" with Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque.

### METRO-GOLDWYN CORP.

In Rome—Fred Niblo directing "Ben Hur" with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key, Nigel de Brulier, Claire McDowell, Frank Currier and Anders Randolph.

In France—Production will soon commence on "Mare Nostrum." Rex Ingram directing with Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno.

## CHANGES IN TITLES

### ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.

"The Ultimate Good" will be released as "Bad Company."

"Sky High" will be released as "Introduce Me."

"The Great Air Mail Robbery" will be released as "The Sky Raider."

### FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS.

"The Interpreter's House" will be released as "I Want My Man."

"Judgment" will be released as "Her Husband's Secret."

"World Without End" will be released as "His Supreme Moment."

### METRO-GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS.

"The Square Peg" will be released as "The Denial."

"Kings in Exile" will be released as "Confessions of a Queen."

"The Summons" will be released as "The Way of a Girl."

"Two Worlds" will be released as "Lady of the Night."

### FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

"Lord Chumley" will be released as "Forty Inks."

### PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.

"The Desert Fiddler" will be released as "Percy."

"The Girl Vigilante" will be released as "Idaho."

### PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.

"Viennese Madness" will be released as "The Crimson Runner."

### WARNER BROS.

"On Thin Ice" will be released as "The Dear Pretender."

## BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelme Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



## The Court of Last Appeal



**Y**OU are the judge and the jury. Your verdict is final. There can be no appeal—for this is the High Court of Public Opinion.

The wares of the world must appear before you—the product of every factory—the merchandise of every store. Those things that fail to measure up to your requirements are quickly condemned to oblivion.

The manufacturer who advertises deliberately places his merchandise on trial. He openly courts your critical inspection. He invites comparison. He directs your attention to his goods, and then forces those goods to stand on their own merits.

If he were not sure of his wares he would not dare to advertise. For advertising would put him to a test he could not meet, and thus hasten the end of his business career. It would be business suicide.

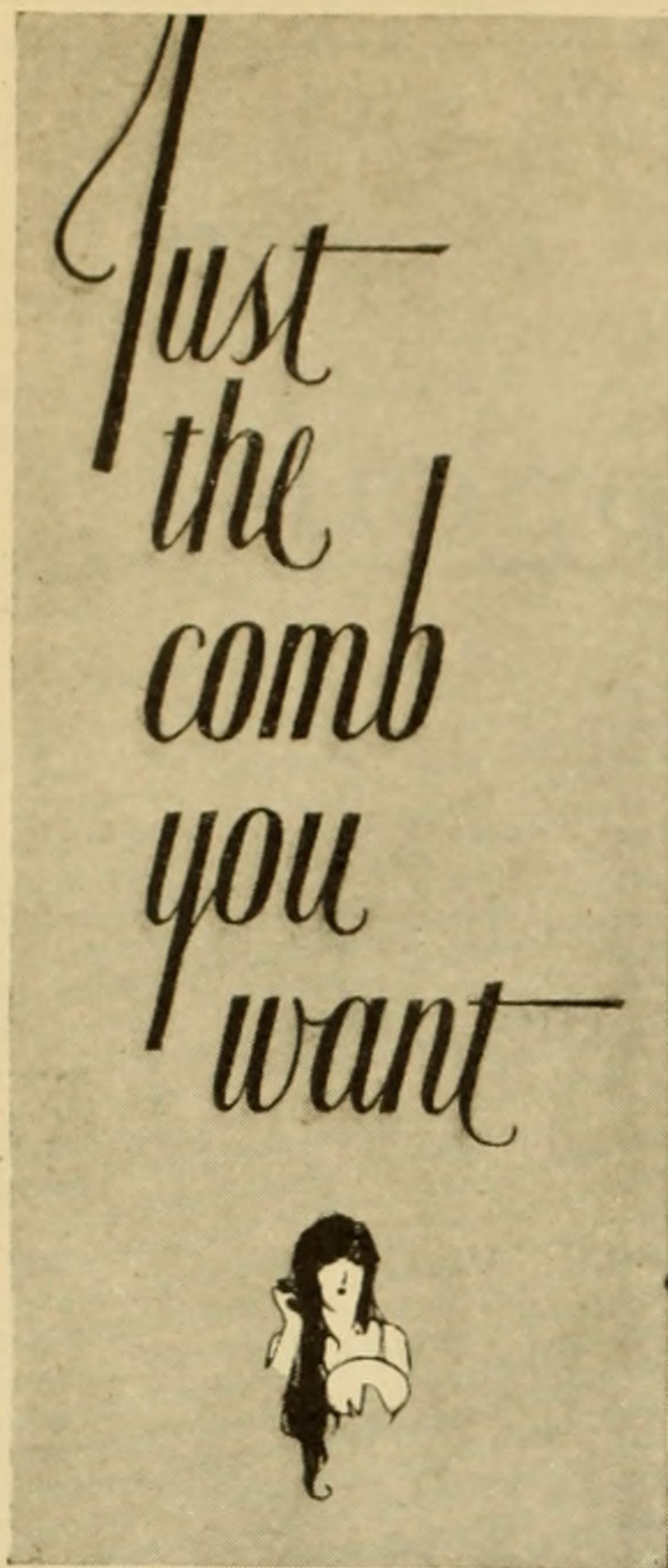
You can depend on the man who advertises. He *knows* his product is good.

That's one reason why it pays to read the advertisements you find in this magazine. It is through advertising that you are able to keep in touch with the *good* things that progressive business men are spending their money to introduce and to keep before you.

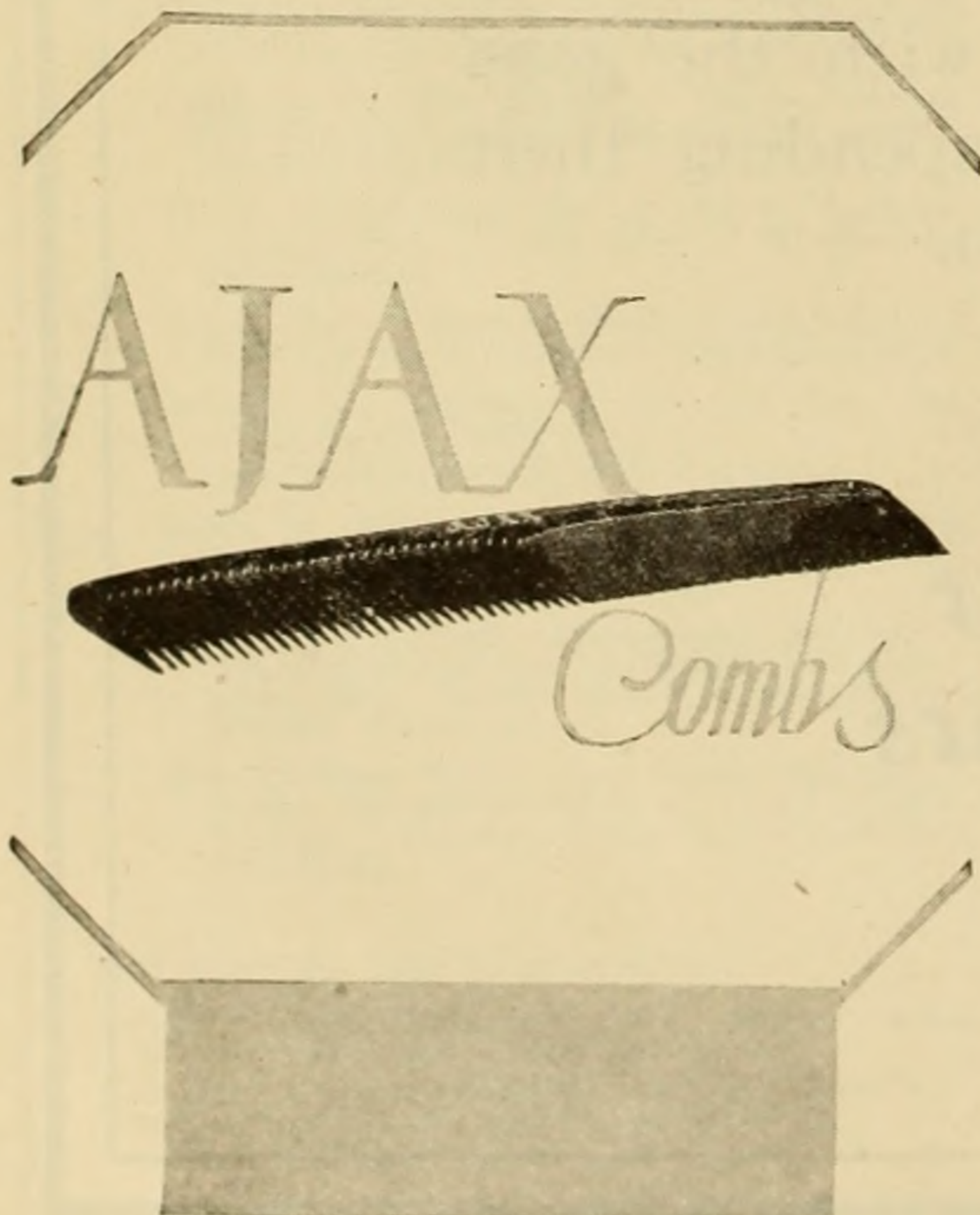
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***Base your judgment  
on the advertisements***





When you care for your hair with an Ajax comb you get to a superlative degree the combined benefits of quality, utility—and safety. ¶ Ajax combs are made of the finest quality hard rubber—and that only. Their teeth are properly spaced and beveled to arrange the hair and massage—without irritating—the scalp. Their hard rubber construction renders them unbreakable and completely eliminates the danger of inflammability. ¶ Buy a big, sleek-black Ajax comb for your dresser—and for your hair's sake. Pick out the model you want at your favorite department, specialty or drug store. THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., INC., 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

### YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. B. O.

THE agile Richard Talmadge battles his way through a heroic picture that will delight the youngsters. Learning his wealth has disappeared, he endeavors to earn his own living and, through a clever feat, becomes managing editor of the town's political boss' newspaper. He sets out to clean up the town and succeeds in unveiling and spiking the boot-legging business of the big boss. Whereupon he marries the girl and his fortune subsequently returns to him.

### LET 'ER BUCK—Universal

HERE'S a picture that should be held up until February 20th. It's that kind. Do you get it? Hoot Gibson swaggers through it as a he-man of the great outdoors where horses are gods and Fords plagues. With his naive face, Jack Dempsey proclivities, and running ways, he succeeds in antagonizing the girl of his heart. He hits the rails and arrives in Pendleton for the round-up. He's the hero of the hour and, of course, the girl returns to the camera and his waiting arms.

### THE SIGN OF THE CACTUS—Universal

THE cactus leaf was the warning left by a mysterious riding bandit after he pulled off one of his jobs—and let this be a warning to you—this is one of the worst pictures we've seen in some time. And what this mysterious rider doesn't do—he's quick on the draw, dynamites the dam, escapes from jail and rescues the girl of his heart. With all these incidents that demand plenty of action we couldn't get the slightest kick out of any of them.

### THE LOST CHORD—Arrow

TAKE out the handkerchiefs when you see this sobbing melodrama. The heroine's miserable marriage is ended when her dissolute husband robs her of her child and is later killed in a duel by the musician she has always loved. She enters a convent, but comes to him, as he plays to her in a church nearby, just before she dies. Years later he meets her child and they become engaged, but when he learns of her love for his nephew, he releases her. Heroics, you see, and quite weep-y.

### RIDIN' PRETTY—Universal

JUST another Westerner. A cowboy, on an Arizona ranch, is left a fortune. He goes to San Francisco and takes five ranchers with him. The cowboys have a hectic time. They do everything but wreck the town. Then the villain appears in the form of a so-called cousin accompanied by a beautiful young lady. The lady falls in love with the cowboy and cannot

live up to her end of the agreement with the cousin, so she runs away. The cowboy follows, brings her back and all is forgiven.

### FLASHING SPURS—F. B. O.

IT takes a Ranger to do things in the movies—so they tell us. Well the hero in this case is one of those brave Ranger lads who foils the plans of three dirty crooks and then sends them Heavenward or perhaps—ward. Decide for yourself which road they took. There's so much fighting and shooting in this picture that we felt that we, too, ought to be shot for sitting through it.

### THE NO GUN MAN—F. B. O.

THE only redeeming feature in this picture is Lefty Flynn. He essays the rôle of a bank owner who is robbed by a certain gang. Now the leader of this gang is the town bully and our hero, determined to get his man, visits his town, meets the bully and after a series of adventures turns him over to the police. The young "fellas" will enjoy this one.

### COMIN' THRO' THE RYE—Hepworth

YOU'LL enjoy this picture better if you stay at home. One dislikes to say unpleasant things about a visitor but we wish they had kept this picture in England. If there is one redeeming feature in the whole thing it is the lesson which it furnishes—how not to make a picture. Recently we attended a stage revival of "The Fatal Wedding." Thirty years ago we wept over that melodrama. The revival gave us joyous moments because it all seemed so ridiculous. We never got a better laugh than we did out of some of the subtitles of "Comin' Thro' the Rye." In picture production it is about thirty years behind American films. The story is poor, the settings are poor, the costumes are poor, the acting is worse and the whole thing just gives one a desire to shoot everybody that had a hand in its making.

### BAD COMPANY—Associated Exhibitors

A POOR story saved from a complete wreck by Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle. We use Madge's name first because, while we were prepared for the fine acting Conway always gives us, we were surprised and pleased with Madge's portrayal of the sacrificing sister. The tale hinges about the sister's efforts to save her brother from marrying a vamping gold-digger. She commits burglary and meets the vamp in her own gilded apartment to accomplish this, but fails. However, her fiance "lies like a gentleman," the youth is saved and all ends happily. Not for children.

## "I Told You So!"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

moaning because they couldn't cast this or they couldn't find anyone to play that. And still, like a lot of sheep, they went on using a lot of venerable old gentlemen with names that they thought meant something in the box office, and if you mentioned Jack Gilbert they said, "Y - - es—well—but he hasn't any name in the box office."

Then you say—usually, unless you've learned how useless it can be—"But some of these leading men who are working now are going to die of old age in a couple of years and wouldn't it be well to give the boys a chance to get used to things?"

And then they say, "Y - - es—well—but Jack Gilbert hasn't got any name in the box office," and that's that.

When I sat in the theater and saw "His Hour," my wife had to hold me in the seat to keep me from getting up and giving a lot of wild Hollywood yells. When I watched good old Jack

knock that audience right out of their seats with his dazzling, dashing, vivid performance I was as tickled as a kid who has actually seen Santa Claus come down the chimney. Because I knew right then that Jack's chance had come and that he was made.

And I would like to go on record right here as saying that I think Jack Gilbert is the coming screen sensation, and that I think he's going to outstrip Valentino and that I would sure like to have seen him play "Monsieur Beaucaire." Not that Valentino didn't give a perfect and most artistic performance. He did. But *Beaucaire* has always been a favorite of mine. When I read about him I get as excited as a small boy reading Nick Carter, and I always weep over the ending. He's one of my heroes who sort of held over from my 'teens, I guess. *D'Artagnan* is the other. And Valentino never made him real to me, never gripped me, never made me weep. He was polished, fascinating, gorgeous



10-day Test FREE  
Mail the Coupon

# 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.



ARE 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.

\* \* \* \*

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.

—but my heart never was with him. I think Jack Gilbert could have sent me out of the theater a maniac if he had played it as he played the Russian Prince in "His Hour."

The good fairies or something must have been feeling mighty generous when Jack was born. For he has to me, and I'm just the man in the street, that rare combination that I have always looked for and hoped for on the screen. He has the dash and polish and manner of the Latin. But underneath it all the tenderness and manliness of a little boy who was born in a small town in Utah. There's real fineness at the core.

He will fascinate the women as Valentino did and for many of the same reasons, though there is more of romance in him, but at the same time he will win a sort of real affection from the men, as no one has done since Wally Reid left the screen so much poorer for his going.

Since "His Hour" I have seen "The Wife of the Centaur" and "He Who Gets Slapped" and I have watched Jack's work as *Prince Danilo* in "The Merry Widow." And they have strengthened my convictions.

Off the screen, Jack Gilbert possesses to the nth degree the quality of real naturalness and manliness, plus the necessary disposition and the good fellowship, which make him an ideal companion for a hunting trip, and that's some test.

He is just a modest, charming, unassuming, natural boy, who likes to laugh but never at someone else's failures or misfortunes.

I don't doubt that he might be a little erratic on occasion, that he probably has no conception of the value of money, that he might be extremely thoughtless and careless in little matters, that his dreams about his work and his intensity in following them might become a little boresome at times. But—those are just human weaknesses of which no man may be wholly free.

I WONDER if I can tell you a couple of intimate little stories about Jack to illustrate the amazing quality of natural sweetness and the right instinct in human affairs that he possesses.

One day at luncheon the name of a certain famous man came up, and one of the men guests said a vicious and unjust thing about the man. Now it happened that another guest was a daughter of this man, unknown of course to the speaker, and a little embarrassed pause fell. It was a most trying situation, because plainly the girl was fighting back the tears and could not manage the thing as she would have wished to do.

Instead of ignoring it, or wisecracking about, or being upset, Jack reached over and patted the girl's hand, and said with a quiet dignity I will never forget: "It's too bad you said those things, because this kid is his daughter, but I'm glad in a way because I know you're a regular guy and you want to know the truth. And she's going to tell it to you, and then you can help protect him in the future."

Well, it was amazing. The girl brightened. The man looked ashamed but not crushed, and in two minutes, being in the open air and talked out, the situation had resulted in a mutual understanding for everyone, no grudges, no left-over hurts.

Jack Gilbert is like that—he never seems to be afraid of truth, of a fine and dignified frankness.

Another thing was the many kindnesses he offered and performed for Dorothy Reid, during Wally's last illness. Just in a matter-of-fact, casual sort of way—being around and ready to do anything he could. Not afraid that he might make a mistake, but always just helpful and kind.

There is a very real side to Jack Gilbert, under a sort of school-boy wildness that he still has, and I think that real side is big enough and fine enough to carry him through the big things in the future without disaster.

And when he's a bigger star than Valentino I'm going to have another chance to say, "I told you so."

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Think of it—in the first hour you produce that clear, resonant saxophone tone, run the scale and play a melody. *At our expense you prove this, and by an amazing new method called the Holton Talent-Test. You play or no pay!*

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You can take the "Talent-Test" wherever you live. Without charge or obligation we send you a genuine Holton Saxophone, or supply one from your local Holton dealer's stock. Same model exactly as played by such famous artists as Frank Trumbauer, talk of Chicago when with Benson's Victor Recording Orchestra, Ben Vereecken, (soloist with Herbert Clarke's Band), Larry Shields (former Paul Whiteman star), and Eddie Copeland of Sousa's Band.

### Holton Talent-Test Record—FREE!



With the saxophone comes a phonograph record on which the Talent-Test is recorded. Just put it on your phonograph—listen to it talk and play for you. Hear it tell you how to place your fingers, how to produce that clear, mellow saxophone tone, how to

swing from simple notes to complete melodies—*how to play the saxophone!* You hear the record produce a tone, play the scale, and play a melody. Then, under its note for note guidance, you actually accompany it with your Holton saxophone. Tone for tone, melody for melody, you match the record—true to pitch from the very start.

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and describes entire family of Holton Saxophones. Profusely illustrated; 48 pages in colors. Write for it today!



## FRIENDLY ADVICE

From  
*Carolyn Van Wyck*

"**H**OW can I make the man I love love me?"

It is a frequent question. As wide as the sea. As deep as nature. As difficult as life.

Every woman has asked it of her heart and of her friends. Some have found the answer for them and some have gone groping through life, seeking and never finding it. I believe that it depends almost wholly upon the man. There are good men and bad men, weak men and strong men, well balanced men and flighty men, prosaic men and men who are idealists. A woman in my set has been married twice and engaged more times than she will tell. I have often told her that she is a graduate flirt. But she knows a great deal about men. She says that every new man in your life is a new problem. She says that men are distractingly different.

Suit your methods to your man. The prosaic man hates having poetry quoted to him. The idealist loathes a discussion of the prices of meat. The flighty man dislikes being held down to conversation about everyday matters and the well balanced man is often impatient with whimsies. Weak men are ashamed of their weaknesses and don't like being constantly reminded of them. Strong men want their views to be accepted without argument.

Study your man. Do whatever you can conscientiously do to please him.

There are two traits that all men like. As to them there is no difference of opinion. They are neatness and cheerfulness.

ROSE Y., CHICAGO, ILL.

A very tall girl who is a bit shy "because she is taller than the average American gentleman," and who is very slender, whose hair is blonde and eyes gray green, can dress becomingly in any color. It is the shades of the colors with which she should concern herself. She may wish to refrain from brilliant shades because of her height. But that, too, depends upon the shade. I fancy she would look lovely in filmy blacks and lustrous browns bearing touches of the same gray green shade as her eyes.

ALVA, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

If you decide to rid yourself of ten pounds of excess weight eat less and exercise more. Avoid sweets and walk miles every day. The more miles the better. Let your exercise be regular. If the cosmetics you mention improve your appearance and you use them moderately I know no objection to their use.

EAGER ONE, BENTON, ILL.

Of course you want to look as well as you can. That is a long step on the road of happiness in wedded life. You are right, too, in desiring to save as much as you can to pay for the home. A reasonable husband is grateful for his wife's economies when they lead to such an end as a home. But also he likes to see her look her best. It is natural and masculine for a man to want to be proud of his wife's appearance.

Judging by your description, which is a modest one, I should say that you have the foundation for much attractiveness. I like what you tell me of your coloring. I would fluff my hair more at the top. Buy a small flat comb, fasten the top hair with it, pushing the hair toward the front. Discard your side part. This will make your face look longer. Wear your dresses reasonably low at the neck to take away from the fatty appearance of your cheeks and chin. An astringent applied twice a day with cotton will gradually reduce that heaviness. I would mix two powders in equal parts to gain the desired tints. You will have to persevere in the efforts to banish the shininess of your nose. Have you tried a vanishing cream? I advise a deep shade of rouge and lipstick for your type. Facings and other trimmings of the brilliant red and orange shades that are the mode, with brown or black dresses, would emphasize your coloring and be exceedingly becoming. I wish you success in looking well on a small income. Some of the most effective dressers I know are women with small incomes who supplement their dollars with thought and taste.

DISCOURAGED, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Go to college, if you can. The discipline of college life is a character builder in most instances. And you will learn much that will illuminate life for you. Don't fear being overstocked with information. Sir Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravitation, complained near the end of his life that he knew so little.

DOROTHY, MADISON, N. J.

Sand, tan, beige, or any of the shades of gray harmonize with your natural color scheme. Occasional wearing of a dark shade of blue or brown or green will furnish variety for your wardrobe and bring into prominence other tints of your eyes and hair. I would not tamper with my weight if I were you. It seems to be normal.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante  
She will also be your friend

**C**AROLYN 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



JOAN, DULUTH, MINN.

I think that with your special fitness for it you would find keeping an art shop a pleasant and profitable occupation. Of course beginnings are always difficult. But I judge you do not fear work. If smoking makes you nervous you would better stop it. A permanent cure for blackheads is to keep the face free from dust and use one of the excellent astringents recommended to tighten the pores. If I were you I would not interfere with my present weight. I would let time fill out the hollows and change the angles to curves. With your coloring, granted a fair complexion that is not too pale, you are not restricted as to colors in dress.

ALICE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

You are not too short. If you do not allow yourself to add more flesh you will remain a petite type, which is modish and much admired. I recommend medium rouge and lipstick for one of your coloring. Henna shades are your very own. How lucky you are this season. I hope that in all things you will always be as fortunate.

GLADYS, BEVERLY, MASS.

Persevere in the use of the remedies for superfluous hair. Repeated applications weaken them and discourage future growth.

MRS. R. H., CHICAGO, ILL.

Lonely widowhood is a sad state, Mrs. H. There is no remedy for it save to be as agreeable as you can to the persons who, you think, would be good successors for your husband. Agreeable but not too anxious.

DISCOURAGED MAREEN, CHICAGO, ILL.

If you are as plain as you think you are, avoid severe mannish clothes. Wear soft white, or light, fluffy things about your neck. Your dresses should be full and draped or flounced. I would experiment with samples of brown that tone in well with my hair and blue samples that blend with my eyes. They need not be of the same shades but should harmonize with the hair and eyes. You should look very well in a brown gown with sash and facings of blue.

ROSALIND, KENT'S HILL, ME.

Time will aid you in filling those hollows, my dear. But if you want to aid nature there are oils and creams and exercises that will serve the purpose of plumping your neck and shoulders. Deep breathing, raising the arms above the head and slowly lowering them, raising and lowering the head and moving it from side to side, so that you can feel the stretching of the muscles, are helpful exercises. Nourishing creams or oils patted gently and plentifully into the thin neck and shoulders will enrich their curves.

BABA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

You do not weigh too much but do not gain another pound or you will. You have not told me whether your complexion is fair, dark or medium, so I shall have to guess as to suitable colors for you. Black or brown with trimmings of blue would be charming if you were older. For the present I recommend the blue shades, the gamut of them. Pink is not a good color for the pallid sisters. It emphasizes their paleness. I should like the curled bob with a fringe of curling bang for your type. I have known very encouraging results from the use of the brush about which you inquire. Plenty of outdoor exercise, deep breathing, avoidance of rich food, with plenty of water drinking, should clear your complexion in a few weeks. Blackheads are dust dried in the pores. Press them gently out. Pat cold cream into the pores to heal the irritation and use one of the astringents that are in the market for such cases as yours. Try each soap to determine which is adapted to your skin. The cream about which you inquire is an excellent one for complexions. Facial packs are much used. I have seen marvelous results from them in freshening the skin.

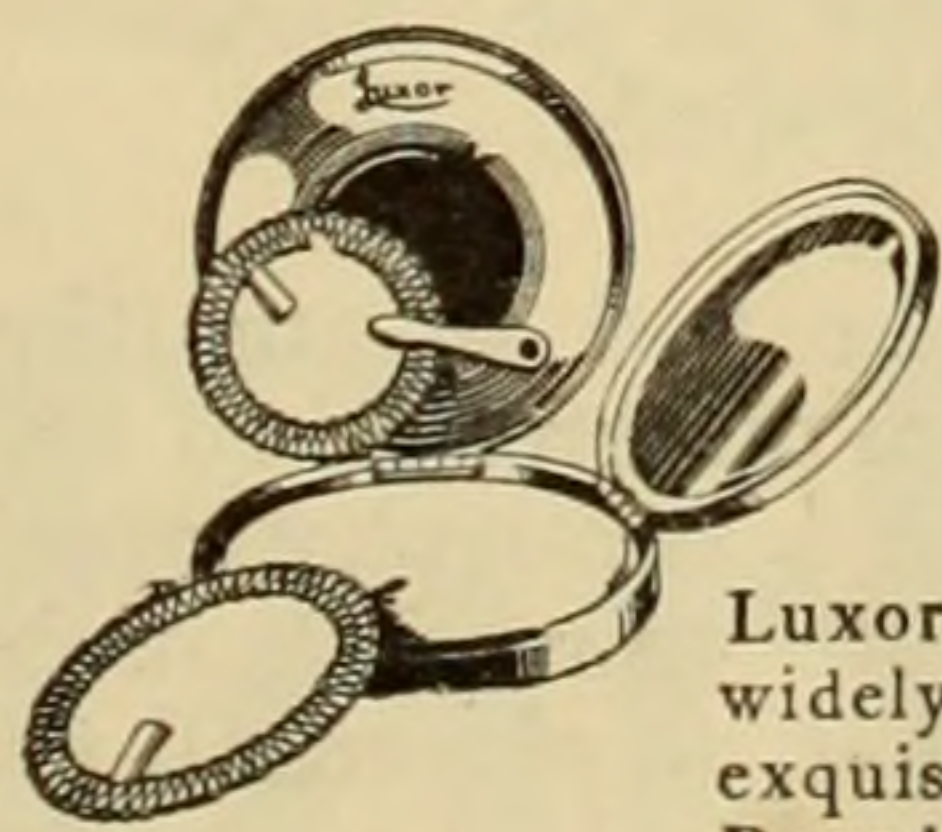


## How many times a day do you powder?

DOES the powder you use stay on? Or must you renew it frequently to keep the shine from your nose—to keep your complexion fresh and lovely? For one day, make note of the number of times you must do this.

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TOILET REQUISITES OF ENDURING CHARM



## Close-ups and Long Shots

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50 ]



## No Reason Now for Gray Hair

### Remarkable Clean, Colorless Liquid Quickly Restores Original Shade

A few years ago gray hair had to be endured, or mussy, inefficient dyes were used, which gave the hair a "colored" or streaked, uneven appearance. Now you can simply apply the clean, colorless liquid, known as Kolor-Bak, to your hair and quickly restore its former shade and natural appearance. Results often appear in a week. Hundreds of thousands of people have used it.

It is simply amazing to see how quickly Kolor-Bak restores the original shade, no matter what it was—brown, black, auburn, blonde—and the hair takes on new "life" and beauty.

Kolor-Bak also banishes dandruff and itching scalp, stops falling hair and gives it renewed vitality. It is not sticky, greasy or mussy. It is as easy to use as water.

#### Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. No need to furnish a sample of your hair as the one clean, colorless liquid

is for any gray hair regardless of former shade. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

## Kolor-Bak

Banishes Gray Hair

Dealers Everywhere Sell Kolor-Bak with  
Money-Back Guarantee

#### "My Hair Was Quite Gray"

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared. Kolor-Bak stopped the itching, dandruff and falling. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is its original shade. I look 10 years younger."  
(A typical letter)

IT is estimated "Ben Hur" will cost three million. I can believe it. Recently it was found that the Joppa Gate, a set towering to the height of a three story building, cannot be photographed on one side until the 4th of July on account of the sun. The Italian sun evidently is not as snappy as the Californian. When you figure what it has cost just to photograph the sunny sides of the actors you will realize the total outlay in salaries alone.

May McAvoy will collect around fifty thousand, and Ramon Novarro in the region of a hundred and fifty thousand.

But spare your sobs for the poor company. Sid Graumann, the California exhibitor, has contracted to show the picture for a solid year in his Hollywood Egyptian theater, at a minimum profit to the company of \$300,000. This is but one theater in the land. The Knickerbocker in New York has been leased for a two years' showing.

The players may be kept off the screen for a time but it looks as though that once back they will never more vacation.

WERE I a producer planning a historical picture I would go to Ernst Lubitsch with my derby in one hand and a half million dollars in the other and, after a humble obeisance, say:

"Sir, I come to ask a great boon in return for a niggardly half million shekels. Instead of spending them on additional sets and howling extras I've decided to lavish them on Lubitsch. Go do as thou likest with the picture and awaken me when thou hast finished."

Ernst Lubitsch is the one director who can be relied upon to quicken dead history. The rest, with slight exception, merely unshroud it and show us the bones.

RAQUEL MELLER, the Spanish singer appearing in Paris, was considered for a part in "Mare Nostrum," being produced there by Ingram. She expressed great interest but could not name a salary except that it would be about three thousand a week more than Mary Pickford gets. Miss Meller continued to sing.

DURING the production of "Monsieur Beaucaire" there were rumors that Natacha Rambova held sceptered sway over costumes, sets and even direction. The poor director, according to dispatches, could only sit at one side in high amusement and await the inevitable failure.

The inevitable failure turned out to be a triumphant success. The director, the players, the camera man and the designers were all atomized with adjectives and permitted their bows. Czarina Natacha was left in the shade; no spotlight found her.

But I, for one, have not forgotten those early subway reports. So I am sending a nosegay of forget-me-nots to Regina Rambova. I give her and Rudie the biggest slice of the pie for the success of *M. Beaucaire*. To the fighters belong the spoils.

AN unknown actor who had an ambition for starring in Ingram pictures asked Rex and Alice Terry to view a two-reeler which he had produced. Before unreeling it he explained impressively that he played all the characters in the story. He had appeared as six when a rat ran out from under a bed in a scene. "My Heavens!" shrieked Alice, "Is he playing the rat, too?"

THE bootlicking banquets of the film realm recall those feudal affairs where courtiers made fawning toasts to their chief while whetting knives under the table or maneuvering poison into his lordship's goblet.

They are feasts of farcical humor until they bore by repetition. Producers, directors and stars are oiled with attar of roses by their "Yes" men.

A noted producer who has endured many of these fetes in his honor once groaned aloud to me behind closed doors.

"Pride, pride, pride," he wailed. "Most of these directors and players have more pride in the little finger than President Coolidge has in his whole body.

"It's a terrible business, this movie business, the worst I think the world has known. It turns men into something like jackals. I don't want men cringing into my office to 'yes' me. Why do they do it?"

The reason is simple. Most of the people in the picture business are so ridiculously overpaid in proportion to the service they render the world that even they know it in their quaking hearts. And so they try to hang on by propitiating the gods with flattery and by desperately intriguing.

Poor little *Oui-Oui* men, how much happier they would be if they gave up the bluff and went back to their ploughs, their barber chairs, their comfortable chauffeurs' seats, where once again they could bellow that forgotten word "No!"

RAMON NOVARRO has as little vanity about dress as John Barrymore. Some one took him to task, declaring that to impress people he should dress as becomes a famous star. Ramon accordingly dogged himself up in the histrionic fashion, spats, stick, dove grey hat, and called on his Italian tailor.

"I impressed him all right," he muttered lugubriously. "He's charging me a thousand lire more for my suits."

SINCE coming to Rome to play in "Ben Hur" Kathleen Key has been trailed by battalions of ardent courtiers. At a Christmas party attended by a hundred and fifty members of the "Ben Hur" company, Kathleen, who had just received cabled greetings from her mother, arose to make an emotional speech. It commenced tearfully with "I'm all alone here in Rome—" Whereupon the rafters shook with roars of laughter, re-echoed by six gallants disputing outside as to which had the date for escorting her home.

MAY MCAVOY came over to play opposite Novarro, expecting to spend five weeks but she has been here three months without a glance at the camera. "It looks as though I'd signed for life," sighs May. But she's a heroine. She's bravely planning to stage a come-back.

BOBBED haired actresses of Hollywood have been donating their cast off tresses to crippled children as wigs for dolls. This brought to light the pathetic case of a husband of one who appeared in court with his old moth-eaten toupee to ask an injunction restraining his wife, declaring charity commenced at home. The warm hearts of the girls were instantly touched, and now they are planning a number of surprise benefits. I have inside dope to the effect that Cecil De Mille may presently appear as a tokay blond with a permanent wave.

Read what Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay, have to say about marriage problems in next month's Photoplay.



## Tom Mix's Own Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

long they'd plumb forgot what little they had been taught. Moreover, those horses had been broke by cowboys without any artillery hung on them and entirely devoid of sabres.

I want to tell you that when those Tommy Atkins, with sabres a-rattling and all sorts of other instruments and buttons jingling, mounted my bronchs, it sounded in two minutes like somebody had thrown a dozen kitchens down the side of a mountain. Those horses had no sabres in their curriculums whatever, and they objected to them with what you might call ostentatious vim and vigor. The British army was busier with those cayuses for a few days than they were with the Boers. But pretty soon we got them all rounded up again, and I started in breaking them right and proper.

The Tommies were crazy about American riding, and I used to give exhibitions on the parade ground in the afternoon, combining my work with their pleasure, because some outlaws in that outfit sure needed right smart attention before they could be brought to see life in the right way.

Just the same, my sympathies were with the Boers and I decided, they being the underdog as it were, that as soon as I got my work cleaned up I'd go off and join the Boer army. Being on the sidelines was getting a little tiresome.

### Tom Is Taken Prisoner

Well, I want to tell you right now that the most flabbergasted I ever was in my whole life was when I first saw part of the Boer army. I never saw so many whiskers in my whole life. All I could see in every direction was whiskers. They weren't just little beards, they were full length muffs, those were. I got an idea at first maybe they gave out the best jobs to the biggest whiskers because General Cronje and Oom Paul Kruger, president of the Dutch Transvaal Republic, had the two finest sets I ever saw. They were short, round, little men and didn't look much like our American troops, but they were grand fighting men, with the courage of lions.

I didn't turn out to be much help to the Boers, though, because in my very first battle, the battle of Spinecob, we were overpowered and forced to surrender and I was taken prisoner. The British government didn't know exactly what to do with us at first, because while we were prisoners of war—there were quite a lot of Americans who had been captured with the Boers—we were still American citizens. So they decided that the best thing to do was to ship us back to the United States, which they did. There were about a hundred of us, and I don't mind telling you that it was a pretty wild bunch of young adventurers and soldiers of fortune.

When we landed at the Philadelphia navy yard and I showed my honorable discharge papers—some of the boys had left the United States Army without stopping to say good-by to Uncle Sam—I started back west, and joined up with the 101 Ranch outfit, owned by the Miller Brothers.

From then on until I went into motion pictures in 1910, I lived my life on the plains and in the mountains of the Great West. And the Great West it was—a land of adventure, of danger, of rich reward. It was a new country and law and order were by no means fairly established. The West of Yesterday has made unbelievable progress in the last quarter of a century, and its great ranches, its vast herds of cattle, its romantic and picturesque cowboys, its miners and its raw, wild little towns are gone forever. They had to go, to make way for the advance of civilization, but their passing makes many of us a little sad.

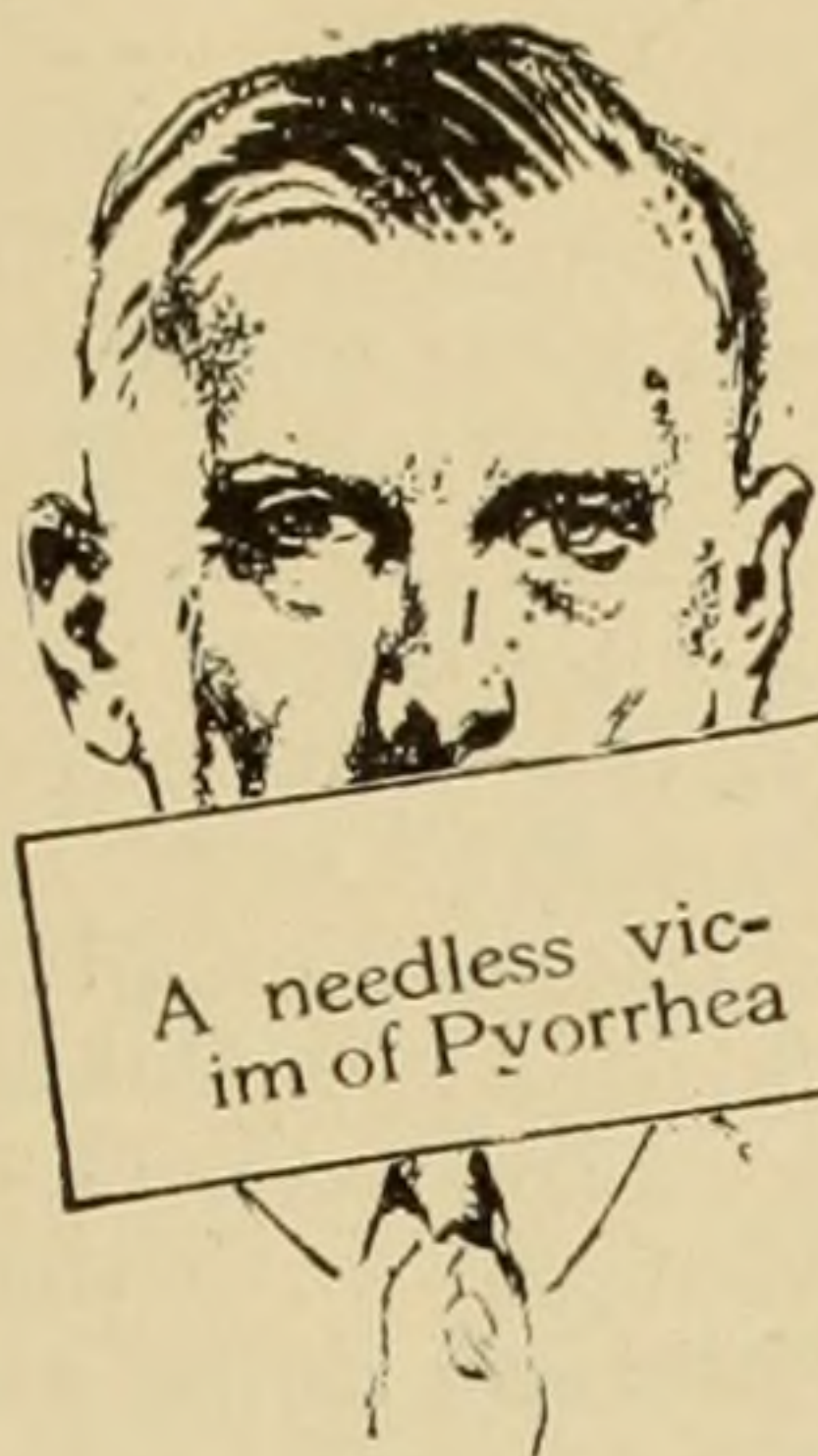
With them, has gone the cowboy of the old days, the most picturesque figure this nation ever produced—the cowboy sitting so loosely and gracefully in his saddle, with his bronzed

## 4 out of 5

Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of dreaded Pyorrhea. Will you escape?



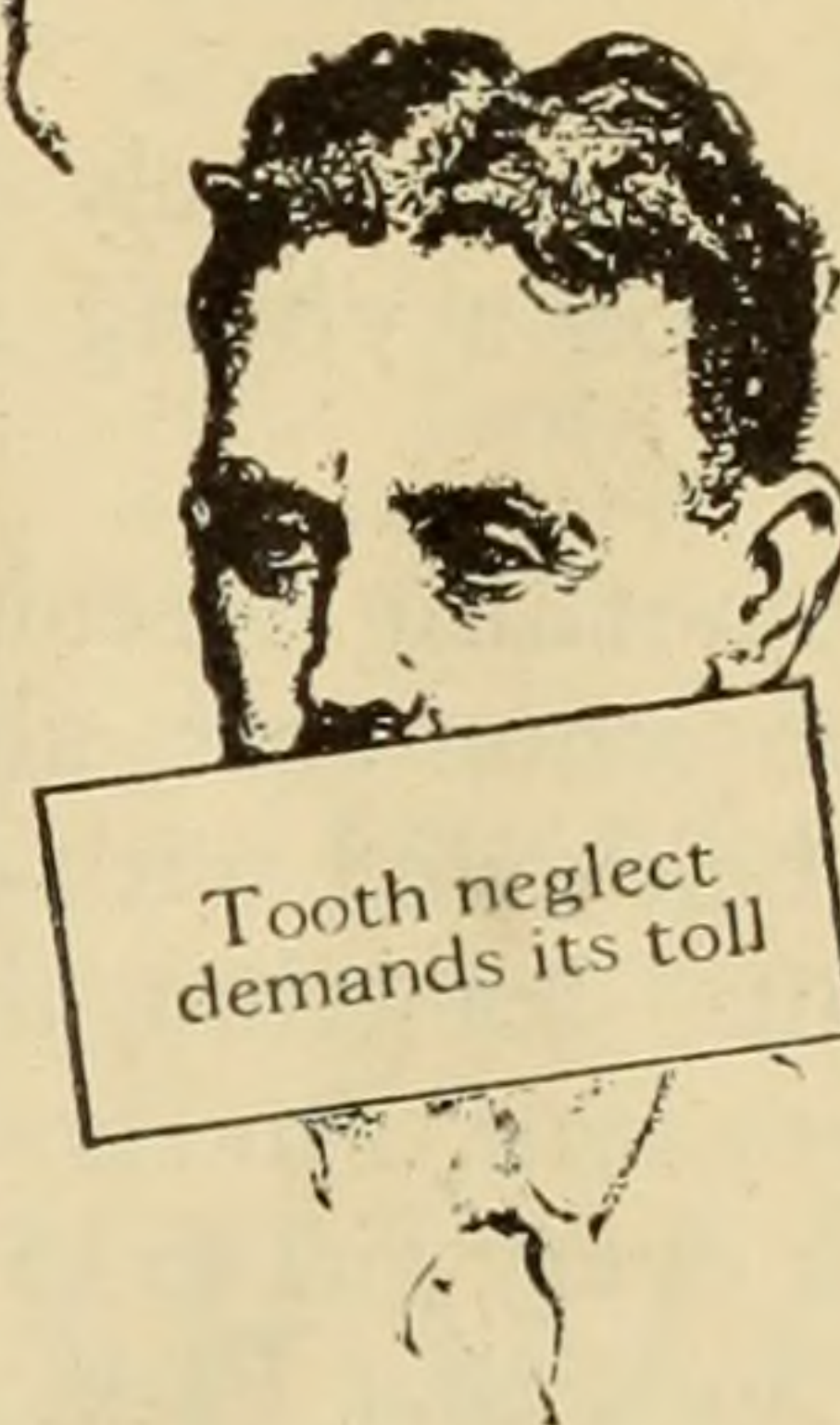
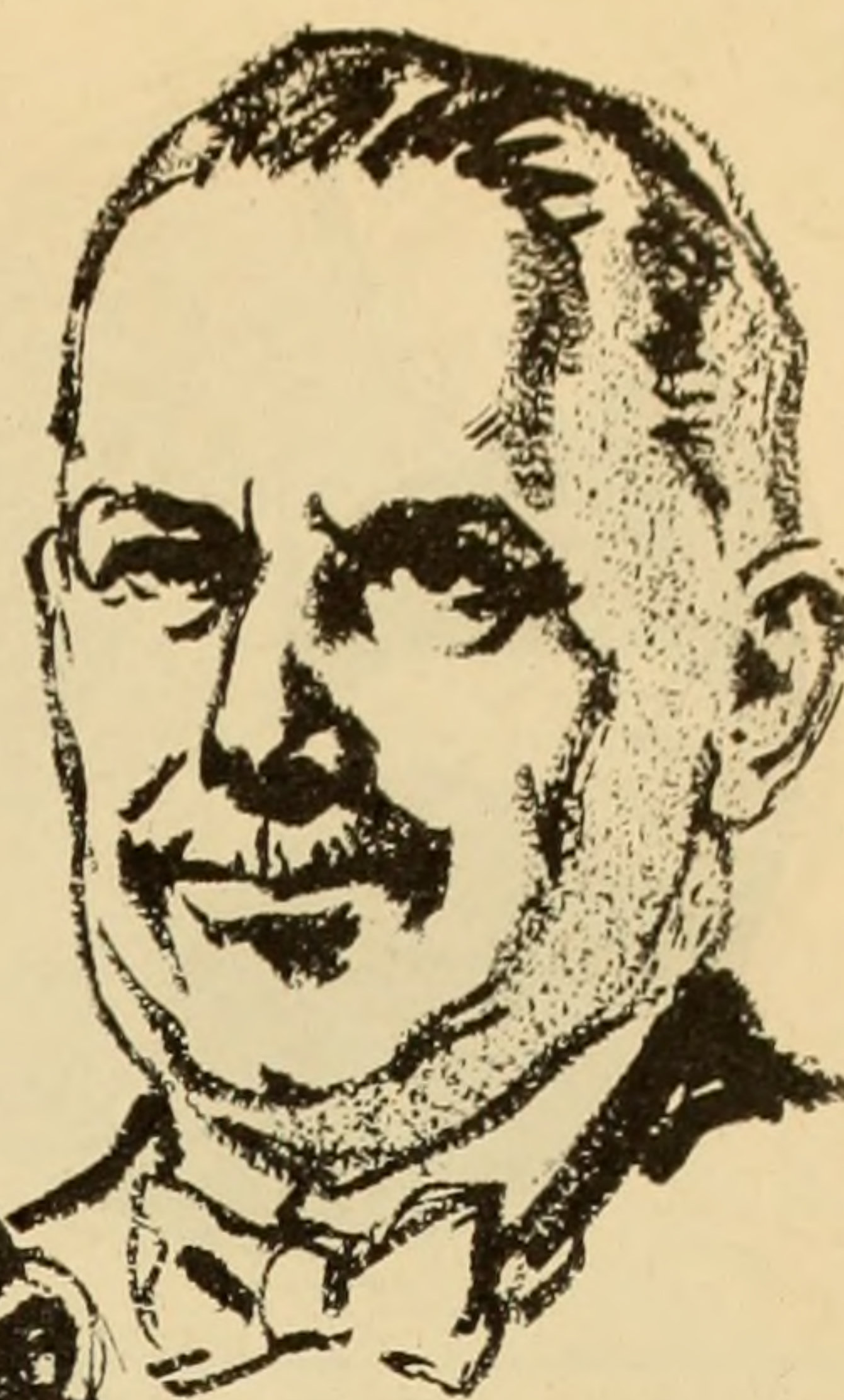
Afraid to smile—  
Pyorrhea's price



A needless vic-  
tim of Pyorrhea



She alone knows  
the penalty



Tooth neglect  
demands its toll

## Protect your gums and save your teeth

Just as a ship needs the closest attention under the water-line, so do the teeth under the gum-line. If the gums shrink, serious dangers result.

The teeth are loosened. They are exposed to tooth-base decay. The gums themselves become tender and bleed easily. They form sacs which become the doorways of organic disease for the whole system. They often disfigure the mouth as they recede.

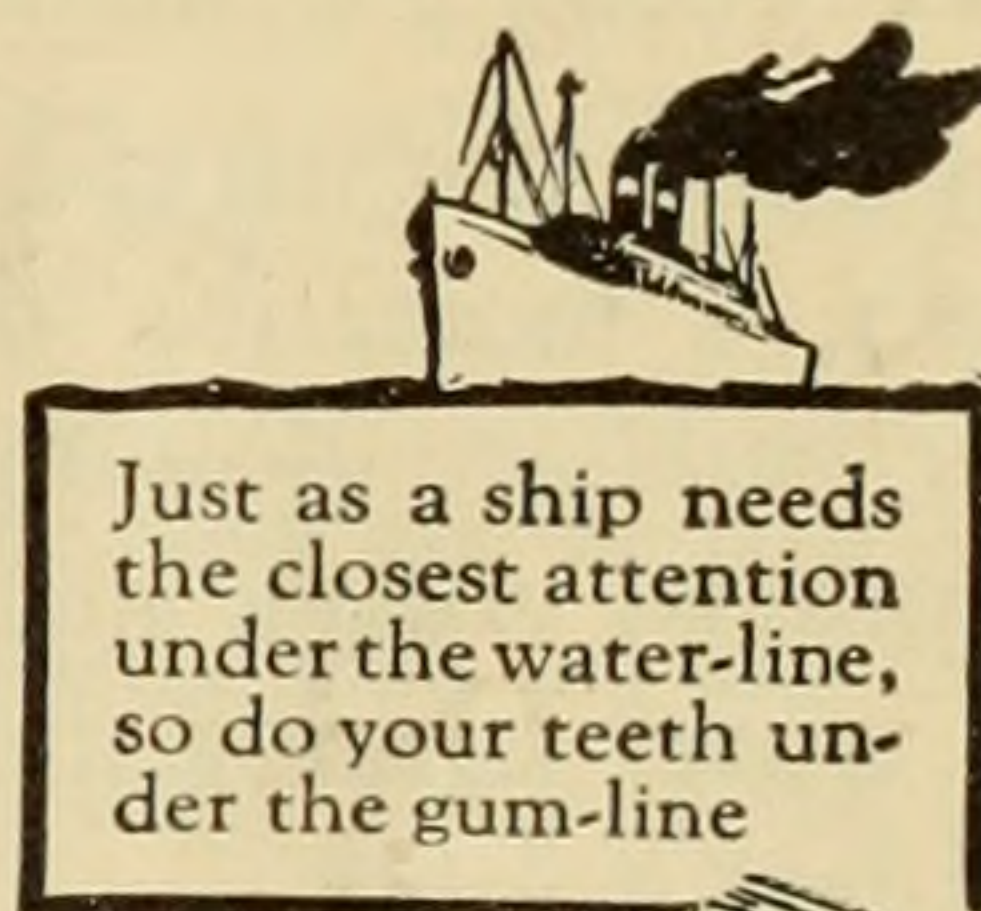
If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent or check Pyorrhea's progress. Forhan's is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. It preserves gum health and corrects tender gum spots, hardens gum tissues so they will offer proper support to the teeth, and keeps your mouth fresh and healthy.

*Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.*

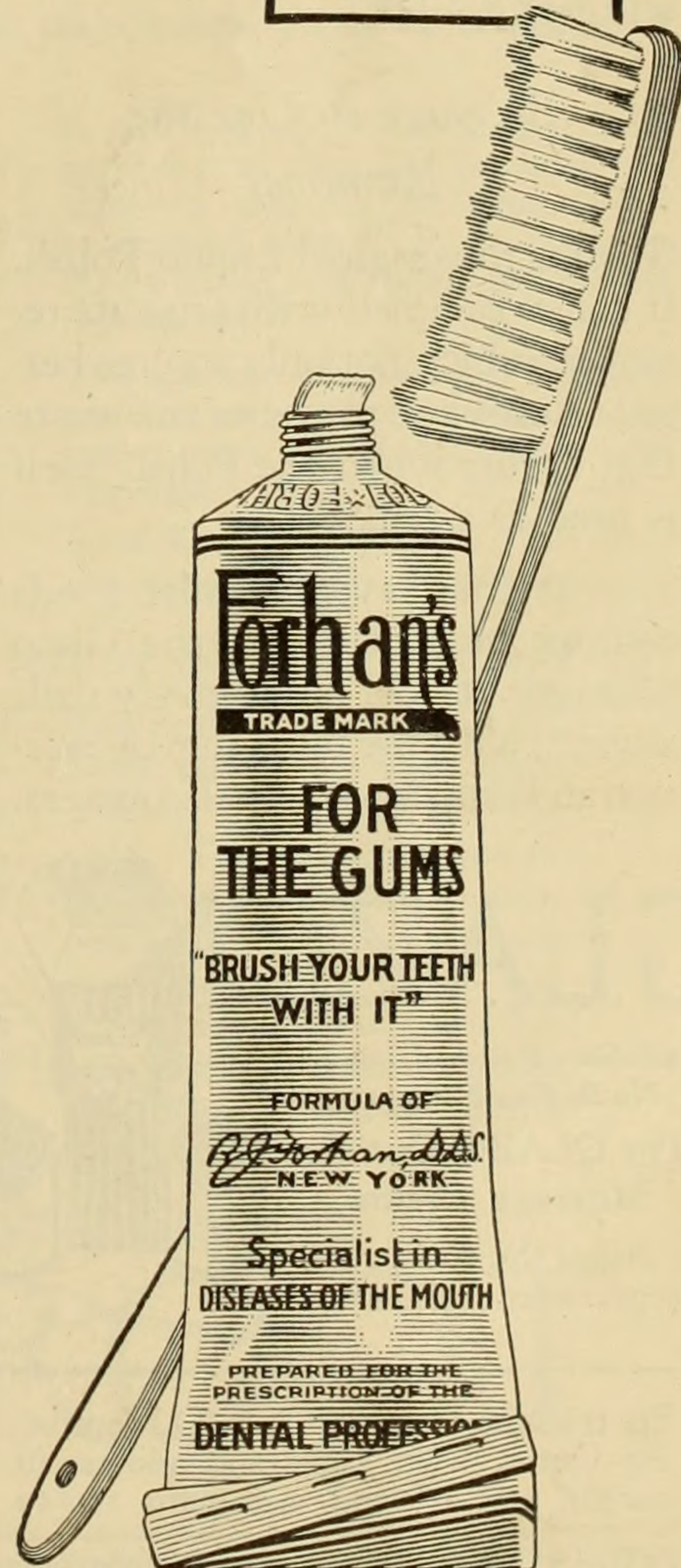
Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York

# Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—  
it checks Pyorrhea



Just as a ship needs  
the closest attention  
under the water-line,  
so do your teeth un-  
der the gum-line







## In the Hollow of Her Hand

What a firm hold lovely hands seem to get on a young man's heart!

There's something irresistible about them when soft, slender fingers are bejeweled with lovely gleaming nails—something that appeals to every man. And how easy it is now for every girl to have the well-kept hands that Fashion and good breeding demand!

Just a touch with the handy Glazo brush, a moment's drying—and your nails are glowing like beautiful pearls, with a lustre that soap and water cannot dim and which will last a week.

### Be Sure to Use the Remover

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

Nails Stay Polished Longer—  
No Buffing Necessary

Try GLAZO Cuticle  
Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and  
keeps it even and healthy



For trial size complete GLAZO Manicuring Outfit, write name and address in margin, tear off and mail with 10c to  
The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.

face and keen eyes, his bright handkerchief and big chaps. I hope the people of this country won't soon forget him, and I reckon they won't, for no one has been more splendidly sung in song and story and poetry.

I haven't room here to tell you much of the life we led. We worked hard, long hours. We slept under the stars. If I had a good horse and enough to eat, I was happy. And I learned there the simple philosophy that has never failed me and that will never fail any man—to keep my mind and my body clean; not to eat too much; to sleep plenty in the open air; to keep myself physically fit always; to respect all women, shoot straight, play fair, care for the weak and overcome the evil.

I roamed all over Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Montana, Wyoming and the two Dakotas. I worked on the ranches, I drifted back to the 101 Ranch outfit and went out with their Wild West show, I did exhibition riding and shooting and won a few contests, and I was an officer of the law in this great new country in a lot of different places.

### Tom Meets "T. R."

It was during those years that I met Teddy Roosevelt again—in San Antonio. I was sitting around singing some cowboy songs, or I guess it'd be better to say I was trying to sing them. The Colonel came over when I was through and said, "I am Teddy Roosevelt. I enjoyed those songs a lot." And I said, "Pleased to meet you, Colonel. I am Tom Mix." Well, if he didn't remember me, and when he came out to Oklahoma once to do some hunting, he asked me to be his guide. That was the biggest honor I ever had, and I'll never forget the man—the big man—I saw in those days. He typified all that was best of the Great West that he loved. When he was inaugurated, I went up to Washington to see it. I was so proud I reckon I acted like I'd been made president myself. And he hadn't forgotten us and entertained me and my gang that I'd brought along.

It was early in those days, too, that I got married for the first time. She was the daughter of a rancher in Oklahoma. Young folks make some queer mistakes like that. We did. And later my wife got a divorce—and the second time I was the luckiest man that ever lived, but I'll come to that later on.

Most of my really thrilling adventures came while I was acting as officer of the law, and because of that and before I tell you about a few of them, there's one point I'd like to make. Those were the days of the war against the cattle thieves, the rustlers, and I suppose to folks nowadays it looks like we handled them in a pretty summary fashion. Well, I'll admit we didn't mince matters any with those birds, and we handed them out justice in severe and large doses. But it was necessary, and much as some of us hated it, it had to be done.

I expect our courts were kind of crude, but we never forgot our point and we had to settle things quick or we'd have been wiped out ourselves. We were fighting for our very existence in those settler days, and fighting against great odds, because cattle stealing was profitable and because of the vast stretches of unpopulated country it was easy and so the rustlers formed great organizations, and what was almost civil war prevailed. Cattle thieving had to be put down or the west could not survive. Distances were tremendous. Population was mighty small. The rights of property had to be guarded above everything, if we were to advance.

After the first great years, cattle raising was a hard toilsome business and a man was ruined if he lost many of his animals. Often, too, a man's life depended upon his horse, and to steal a man's horse was to aim at his life, so that horse thieves also were treated to swift punishment.

The cattle rustlers menaced all that was good in the west and feeling against them ran high.

At different times, I was sheriff of Mont-

gomery County, western Kansas, of Washington County, Oklahoma, and of Two Buttes, Colorado, city marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, and special enforcement officer in the same state, and I was a marshal in Montana, New Mexico and Arizona and a Texas Ranger. I allied myself with what looked to me was right, and I went ahead and acted for what seemed best under trying circumstances.

I guess when some of us look back now we wonder how we ever did some of the things we did, but in those days danger was so ever-present a man never gave it a second thought. I got a reputation for being pretty fast with a gun, but I reckon they thought I was better than I was. I was pretty quick on getting the drop, but a man had to be or he didn't last long. I could break a piece of thread held horizontally at thirty paces, but there were plenty of other fellows could do that, too.

I guess the biggest feather in my cap in those days was when I captured the Shonts brothers single-handed. They were a couple of famous desperadoes and rustlers down in New Mexico. And one spring they shot a couple of ranchers and run off the herd of horses they were waiting to bring down and sell for the round-up. That was the last straw and there was \$750 reward offered for their capture.

Now in those days, \$750 was a lot of money, so there was a posse formed and we started up into the Capitan mountains, where they were hiding, after them. Well, every fellow had his own ideas, and was looking to get the glory and the reward for himself if he could, so several of us left the posse to follow trails of our own. I was pretty sure I knew where they'd headed for and I wanted to bring them in myself if I could.

As it happened, I was right, and the next day I came upon their camp hidden down in a canyon I remembered. I hid up on the mountain that night, watching the smoke from their dugout and trying to keep warm, because there was a little snow falling, and along about dawn I slipped down into the corral. I knew there were two of them, and a cook, and I knew I'd have to get the drop on one of them so I'd only have one to fight, because I never did see a cook that was any good at fighting. Both the Shonts boys had the reputation of being quick on the trigger and dead shots, so I wasn't taking any more chances than I could help.

### On the Trail of Outlaws

I hid behind a little shack in the corral and pretty soon one of the brothers came out to water the stock. He looked around, but the snow had kept on falling and covered my trail down the hill, so he didn't see anything to make him suspicious. I waited until he came in the corral and then I told him to stick up his hands quick. Well, in spite of me having the drop on him, he reached for his gun and I knew him too well to take any chances, so I had to let him have it and I damaged him quite a little.

The shot brought the other brother running with his gun in his hand. The sun was just coming up, and on the snow it made an awful glare, so that for a minute when he opened the door it blinded him completely. He had on a belt buckle that caught the light, and showed him up to me like he'd been a target. I shot low, and got him through the leg. It brought him down hard and his gun flew out of his hand. I collected their guns then and took them into the dugout.

Well, I couldn't move them, because of the way they were shot up, so I had to stay in their dugout with them for four days. I'd told the boys which way I was going, and I figured when I didn't show up they'd come looking for me. I didn't trust that cook, so I had to cook and nurse those men alone and I didn't dare to go to sleep. I knew they were desperate—capture meant death—and would take any chance. They were part of a gang, too, and their men might come before mine did. So I couldn't go to sleep, and being shut up in a dugout for four days with men who want to



kill you, even if you have got the drop on them, isn't good for the nerves.

At the end of four days my posse arrived and we made out to take them back to town.

I got the seven fifty reward all right, along with a lot of compliments, but it didn't do me much good, because I found out after those two boys had gone further west a whole lot than New Mexico, that they had a mother. And she hadn't known they were bad, and they'd always taken good care of her. It left her pretty flat broke, besides breaking her heart, and being as I was responsible for one of her boys going and indirectly for the other, too, I made her a little present of the money. It wasn't anything, because I didn't need money in those days, anyway.

**Shot by a Woman**

That reminds me, that I got shot once by a woman. Can you beat that! It happened over in Arizona somewheres. There was a white man over there who had an Indian wife, and he'd been sticking up trains and stages a little too frequent and yet nobody had seemed to catch up with him. So one time after he'd stuck up a train and scared a lot of women into fits and shot the engineer, we made a concentrated hunt for him. It took me a couple of weeks to locate his hideout, which was a good one, and then I stayed up on the hill for three days with a pair of glasses, watching him. I wanted to learn his habits, and figure out how was the best way to come at him, because he was a dangerous customer and one of the greatest shots in the West.

I noticed he came out real early every morning to feed his horse. So one night I crept down—it took me most all night, because I know men like that don't sleep very sound and if they saw a shadow they thought hadn't ought to be there they'd sure take a shot at it for luck—and I hid in the manger.

When he came in, in the morning, I sure had the drop on him and there wasn't anything for him to do about it. I put him on a pony he had and tied his hands to the pommel of the saddle and his feet together under the horse and started him down the trail to get my own horse.

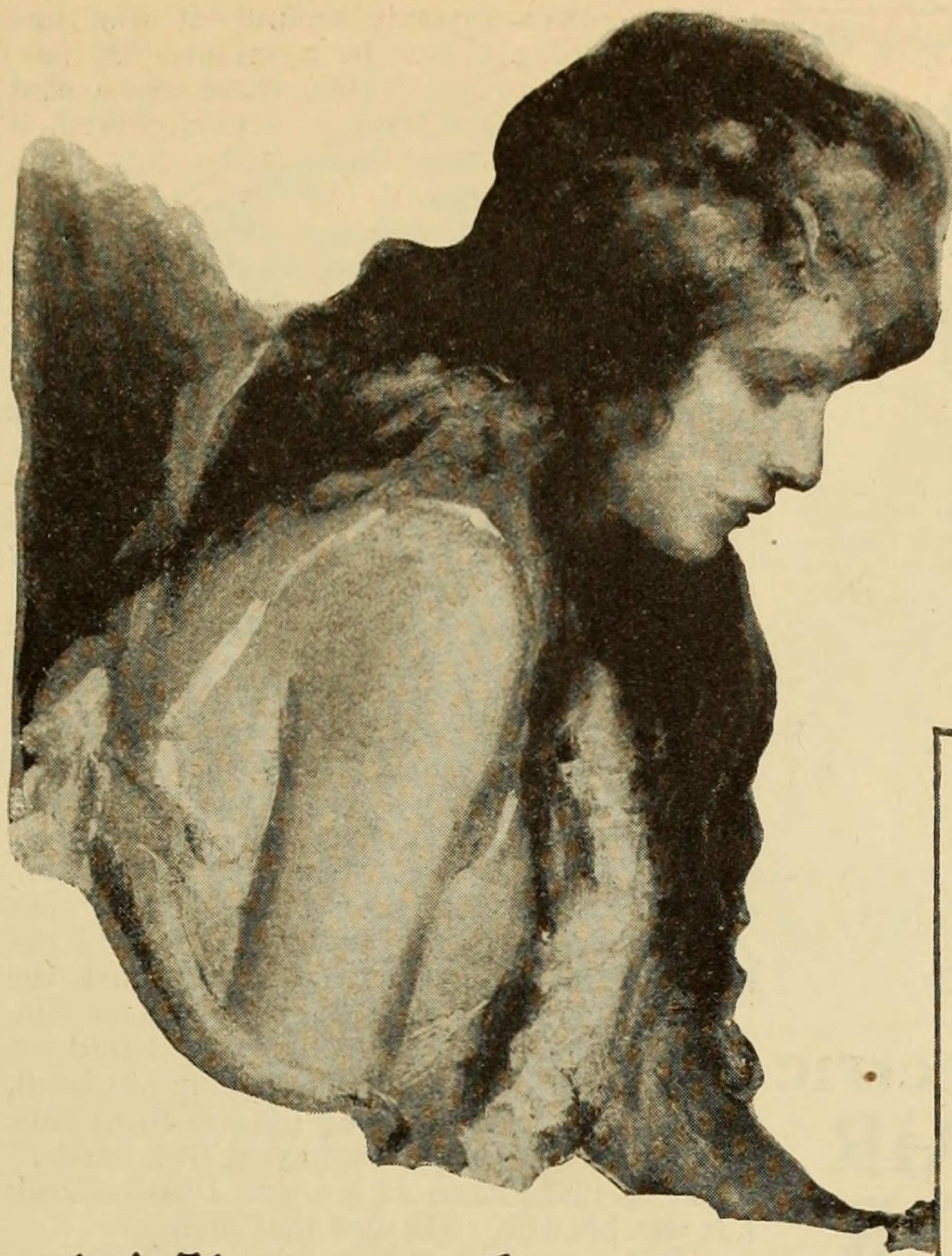
Well, I had sure overlooked his squaw complete, but in about two seconds I remembered her and I've never forgotten her since. She let go at me with a shotgun from the cabin, and it ripped a furrow along my back that looked like the Erie canal. It dropped me, stunned, and the horse with that bandit tied on him ran off down the trail as fast as he could go.

I lay there feeling sort of sick and scared to raise my head for fear this time her aim would be better, but everything was quiet and I decided she was through. I began working my way down the trail, and finally found my own horse. I rode on until I met a cowboy, and I deputized him and we started hunting this train robber. We found him, and he was pretty glad to be found. Nobody likes riding around on a horse he can't get off of and can't stop. We took him into town and I got my back washed up and everything was all right.

One little row I was in is pretty well remembered by old-time Westerners—they call it the affair of the Lone Tree Ranch—but it really didn't amount to so very much. At that time I was sheriff of Two Buttes, a Colorado town about 36 miles from the railroad and close to the Kansas border. It was right in the heart of the cattle country, and we were having a lot of trouble with organized rustlers.

It was funny how I got onto this man Blair, and how that battle actually started.

There was a man and his wife named Driscoll lived in Two Buttes, and one afternoon while Mrs. Driscoll was coming home, three Mexicans insulted her. Well, I didn't hear anything about it then and that evening while I was standing in the saloon talking to the proprietor, Driscoll came in. He never said a word, just walked right through and out the back door, into a little room behind the bar.



① *Is your scalp dry?*

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic*. Then gently massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

**When hair is beautiful - BEWARE - say Nature's 3 warning signals**

**E**VEN the most beautiful hair may be doomed to destruction. Beneath the beauty of today—the scalp warns you of baldness tomorrow. Hair experts say that a perfectly healthy scalp is hard to find. No head is safe—but most scalp troubles can be avoided—if you start soon enough.

Fortunately, Nature has provided 3 *warning signals* to tell you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

Once you discover which of these conditions threatens *your* hair—you can adopt one of the three treatments, shown here, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful.

*Wildroot Hair Tonic* plays a large part

in such methods. Used alone, its chief purpose is to clean and condition the scalp—to make the hair lustrous—and to remove dandruff. Put a bottle on the bathroom shelf, where you can use it frequently.

Two special combinations of *Wildroot* products are suited to combat the dangerous conditions of *excessive oil*—and *over-dryness*.

Read the three simple rules. All drug-gists carry *Wildroot* preparations.

② *Is your scalp oily?*

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress*.

*Have you found dandruff?* ③

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

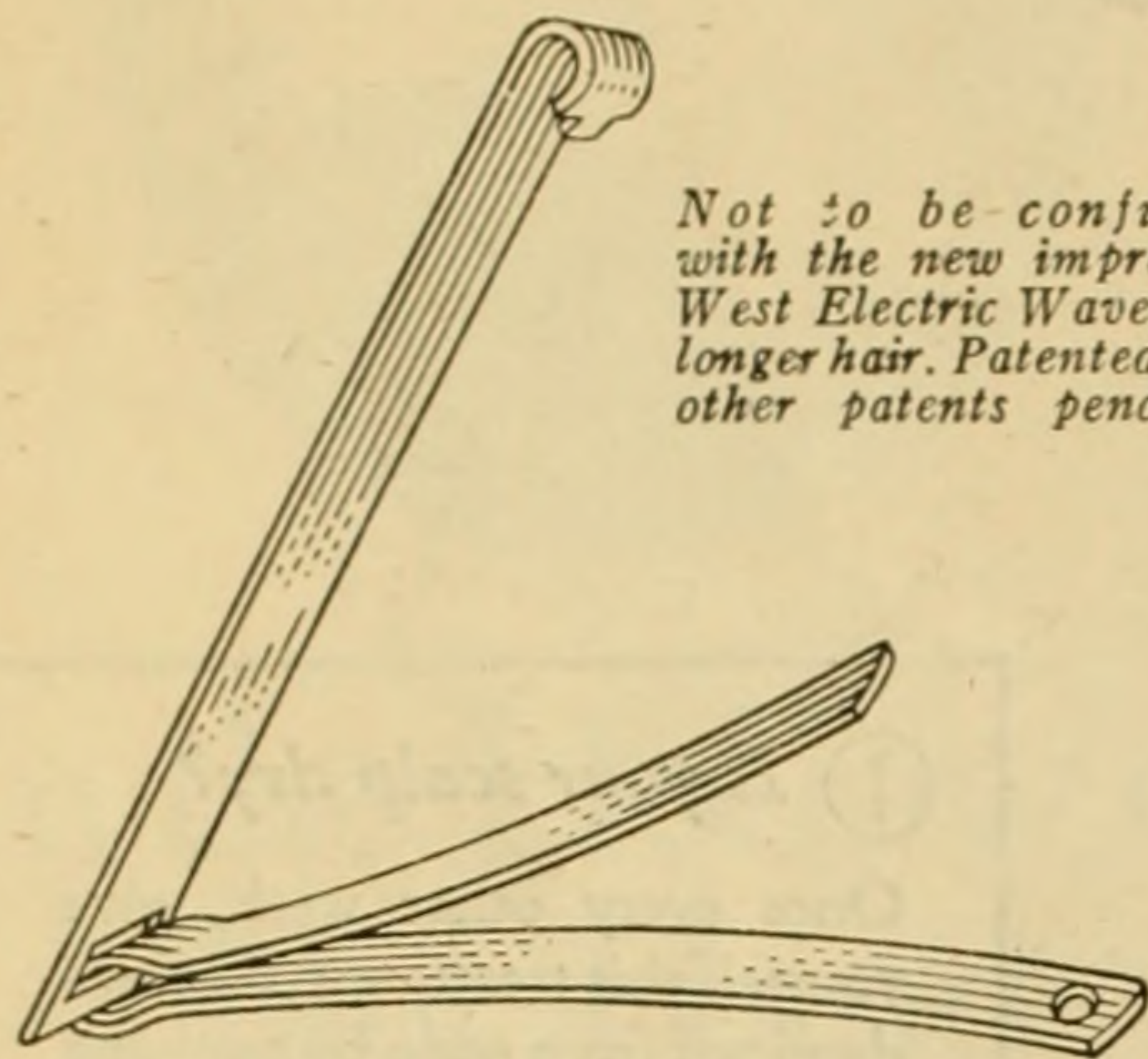


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H A I R T O N I C



## Your hair can look professionally curled every day...



Not to be confused with the new improved West Electric Waver for longer hair. Patented and other patents pending.

### with the new West Electric BOBBED HAIR CURLER

THAT lovely coiffure with the soft becoming curls! It can be yours every day, and so quickly you'll be amazed—if you use these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers.

No heat. No sticky lotions. No keeping the hair up all night. Nothing to break or tear the hair. Just dampen your hair, roll it up in the curler and lock the curler. When the hair is dry, slide out the curler without unwinding the hair.

#### Does not disturb the curl

This is the only curler that can be removed from the hair without disturbing the curl. It means that your hair is *curled* (not frizzed)—and stays curled twice as long. Moreover, it is the simplest of all curlers to use, and curls even the shortest hair.

Try these new West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers. They cost only 25 cents for a card of 5, or 10 cents for a card of 2. If your dealer hasn't them, fill out and mail the coupon below. The West Electric Hair Curler Co., Philadelphia, Pa.—The West Electric Hair Curler Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

THE WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.  
173 Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find 25 cents for five West Electric Bobbed Hair Curlers.

Name.....

Street.....

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

Dealer's Name.....

There wasn't anybody around—it was just about closing time. In a minute the bar-keeper says to me, "Tom, there was a shot fired in that back room." I says, "Well, if there was they must have used a cap pistol, because I didn't hear it."

Just then the door swung open and Driscoll came back in. He looked kind of white and had his hand held close to him and I saw a little blood on it, but he didn't say anything and I thought he'd just got shot in the hand and wasn't hurt bad. I said, "Say, what's going on in there?" He says, "Three Mexicans insulted my wife and I found out they were in there, but—they got away." Well, I didn't stop to listen. I started into that back room and out through the window, looking for any greaser that had insulted a white woman.

One of them I caught up the road aways, and I dropped him with a bullet in his ankle so he couldn't run. But it was an awful dark night, and there were barbed wire fences everywhere and the other two got away. I took this one Mexican back into the saloon, and there I found Driscoll had been shot through the stomach and was dying. I got the lights pulled down quick and stuck the Mexican under there so Driscoll could see him, and he identified him all right, and told me who the others were. I says to him, "Driscoll, why didn't you come and tell me about this, instead of taking the law in your own hands?" But he just looked at me, and I understood. It was his wife. He died that night.

As I came out of the saloon, a fellow came up and said he'd seen a Mexican hiding in a big mortar mixer down the street. We looked, but he was gone, but the next day I saw a Mexican riding out of town and he had mortar on his shoes, so I brought him back.

Well, I was busy with the trials and hangings for a couple of weeks, I had to testify and all, and couldn't get started out after the third murderer. When I did, strangely enough, it led me right into the biggest gang of cattle thieves that I was ever mixed up with. I found out that this Mexican was pretty smart and was a sort of lieutenant for a man named Blair.

#### Among Cattle Thieves

Now Blair owned the Lone Tree Ranch, and I'd had my eye on him and it for some time. It was a bum ranch that had been practically abandoned before he took hold of it, because of its location. But it was near the borders of two other states. This man Blair was suspected of being the head of a lot of rustlers, and a sort of fence for the cattle thieves. I was sure all the stock he had was stolen, but he was an oily customer and none too easy to trap with the goods. He was a dangerous man to handle, and he had his gang pretty well organized as I soon found out.

I was pretty sure he was driving four or five steer off at a time, from across the state line, butchering them right on the Lone Tree Ranch, and selling the meat at outrageous prices to the big railroad grading camp down the road, and finally one day when I was trailing this Mexican that had shot Driscoll, I got evidence that satisfied me and that I reckoned would satisfy any Colorado jury that ever sat.

I rode back into town that night looking for some of my deputies to start out, because I wanted to move fast. But it just happened that there wasn't a soul I could lay my hands on. They were off on other jobs. I know this Mexican suspected what I'd got, and if he got to Blair in time, they'd either get away or they'd barricade themselves in the ranch so it would mean a lot of people would get hurt when we tried to take him. So I decided the best thing to do was to ride over quick and quiet and try to take Blair myself, and take a chance on rounding up the others afterwards.

I started off at dawn on my horse Old Blue—he was the most wonderful horse that ever lived and I loved him like a brother—crossed the creek north of Two Buttes, and started east. It was a cold, bright February morning,

and it was awful rough country. There wasn't much use trying to make time on those trails, but Old Blue knew I was in a hurry and he did his best. Along about noon I got a peek at the big old pine standing up all by itself against the blue sky—that's where the ranch got its name.

I slowed up and looked around cautious, but the place seemed deserted. I rode up as casual as I knew how and knocked on the door of the ranch house with my six-shooter. Nobody answered and I got suspicious and pretty sore, for fear they'd beat me to it and got away. I knew Blair was one of the worst men and the biggest influences for evil in the country and I wanted to take him.

As I came around the corner of the house to the side that faced the barns and corrals, something hit me like an express train and knocked me off my horse. As a matter of fact, there were fourteen slugs of buck shot in me, and they all hit me right then.

Well, I was sure shocked and enraged, not only because it hurt like blazes, but to think I'd ridden into it, like some tenderfoot, and let those low-lived cattle thieves plug me that-away. It sure riled me worse than I'd ever been riled before in my life.

It happened that when I'd fallen off Old Blue I held onto my shot gun—had that much sense left anyways. And while I lay there on the ground with it under me, cussing myself, I looked up through Old Blue's legs and saw something moving cautiously in the corral. I didn't know what it was, but I reckoned it must be evil or it wouldn't be around here, so I moved my gun under my stomach and shot. Well, it seems I got old man Blair right there and then. He thought he'd killed me when he saw me fall and was starting over keeping me covered when I fired. He had cashed in his whole stack of chips right then.

#### Tom Does Some Shooting

The two Mexicans ran into a kind of tool shed and barricaded themselves and I got up and started for it, shooting everything I had for all I was worth right at them. I shot so fast and so hard I made a kind of screen for myself I guess. I was plumb crazy by that time anyway. That buckshot was driving me loco and I was convinced that one of those men was the Mexican I wanted.

I kicked the door in shooting all the time, and then I jumped in sideways, quick, so they couldn't get me while I was in the light. They both shot, one took some of my hair off and the other went through my left side.

I think it must have dazed me, for a second. Because I just stood there—it was very dark—thinking how sorry I was for those two poor ignorant souls. Low and ornery as they were, I felt sorry because I knew wrong never paid, and even if they killed me now, someone else would kill them later, and maybe they'd never know any better.

And then, like a flashed warning, I saw in the man's eyes that he had located me and was going to shoot again. I must have moved pretty quick. One of them had climbed up onto a rafter, and I let him have it from my six-shooter just as the other guy fired. The man on the rafters fell and spoiled his partner's aim, and as they went down I shot again.

I got on my horse and rode the six miles over to the grading camp—Old Blue doing most of the work and going as easy as he could because he knew there was something mighty wrong with me. We got there all right, and they took care of me, and finally shipped me up to Denver where they dug the lead out of me and in a year I was as good as new, though there were plenty of times in there when nobody would have offered you a white chip for my next breath. I was too tough to be killed by cattle thieves.

But maybe that was one of the things that started my mind to working on the trail that eventually led me into motion pictures—a sort of desire to settle down.

(END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT)



# I Knew Them When

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 ]

But some lurking devil whispered to him that wearing the amethyst ring would give him a touch of the bizarre that might appeal to romantic picture fans. Well, he wore it. The effect was not immediately apparent. At first, he received letters commenting favorably upon it. Then it was not mentioned. Several months later, however, rumors began to fly about him. He was accused of being a Don Juan and an affected actor. Every one of the rumors criticizing him had their foundation in the fact that he had worn a "woman's ring." Bushman was alarmed. He realized that the ring was endangering his very career. So, like the sensible man he is, he discarded it. Never again was it seen in pictures.

When the news struck the studio that Charlie Chaplin was coming from Keystone to work for Essanay "at a tremendous salary," the whole studio was agog to learn what kind of man he was. Everyone had seen him and laughed at his activities on the screen until they were weak. Even at that time he was very much a celebrity. We wanted to know just what kind of celebrity he would turn out to be. He might "high hat" the "gang," and while ignoring the others demand all sorts of impossible things, as is the way of stars. Or he might turn out to be a "regular fellow." Frankly, I think most of us expected him to come dressed as we had seen him in the pictures, with his long shoes, large pants and trick hat.

YOU all know the Charles Spencer Chaplin of real life. Well, he is the person who came to Essanay. He turned out to be a quiet, shy little man, pale, almost ascetic. When he spoke, which was seldom, his voice was low and ringing. He proved eager to meet everyone, and during the time he was on the lot he made more friends than any other actor or actress there.

The only time I ever saw Chaplin really excited was at Al Stenburg's restaurant, a place on the corner of Argyle Street and Broadway, where most of the actors and scenario writers took their lunch. It was the custom of a group of us to shake dice to see who would pay for all the lunches. And, if Chaplin ever thought of anything but his work, it was of that moment when he would test his luck against the rest of us.

He watched every throw of the dice eagerly, bending over the table and insisting that the player leave them there while he rapidly counted up the points he had to beat. Given the box for his shake, he would make at least five false motions before he got the temerity to roll the dice. When he won he would chuckle, his eyes snapping, and laughingly sympathize with the man who had been beaten. But if he lost, his expressive eyes would mourn for all the world to see. It wasn't the money involved. I don't think he ever thought of that. It was the fact that the fates, as expressed through the dice, had been unkind to him.

Chaplin made but one picture at the Chicago studio. That was "His First Job." He used no script and he made a scene over and over until it satisfied him. I remember watching him rehearse a scene all morning until he announced he was ready to take it. While the camera was grinding, he inserted a piece of business of catching his foot in the door, and that bit of unrehearsed action brought a roar from fans wherever the picture was shown.

One of the most charming characters about the Essanay studio was Henry B. Walthall, "The Little Colonel" of Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" and hero of a thousand tragic films. I suppose every picture fan who ever saw him thinks that he is the saddest and most woe-begone specimen of the human race. Yet, I never met a man who had a sense of humor more keen than Henry Walthall's.

His favorite sport was duck hunting, and every once in a while during the open season Stenburg's would be the scene of "duck



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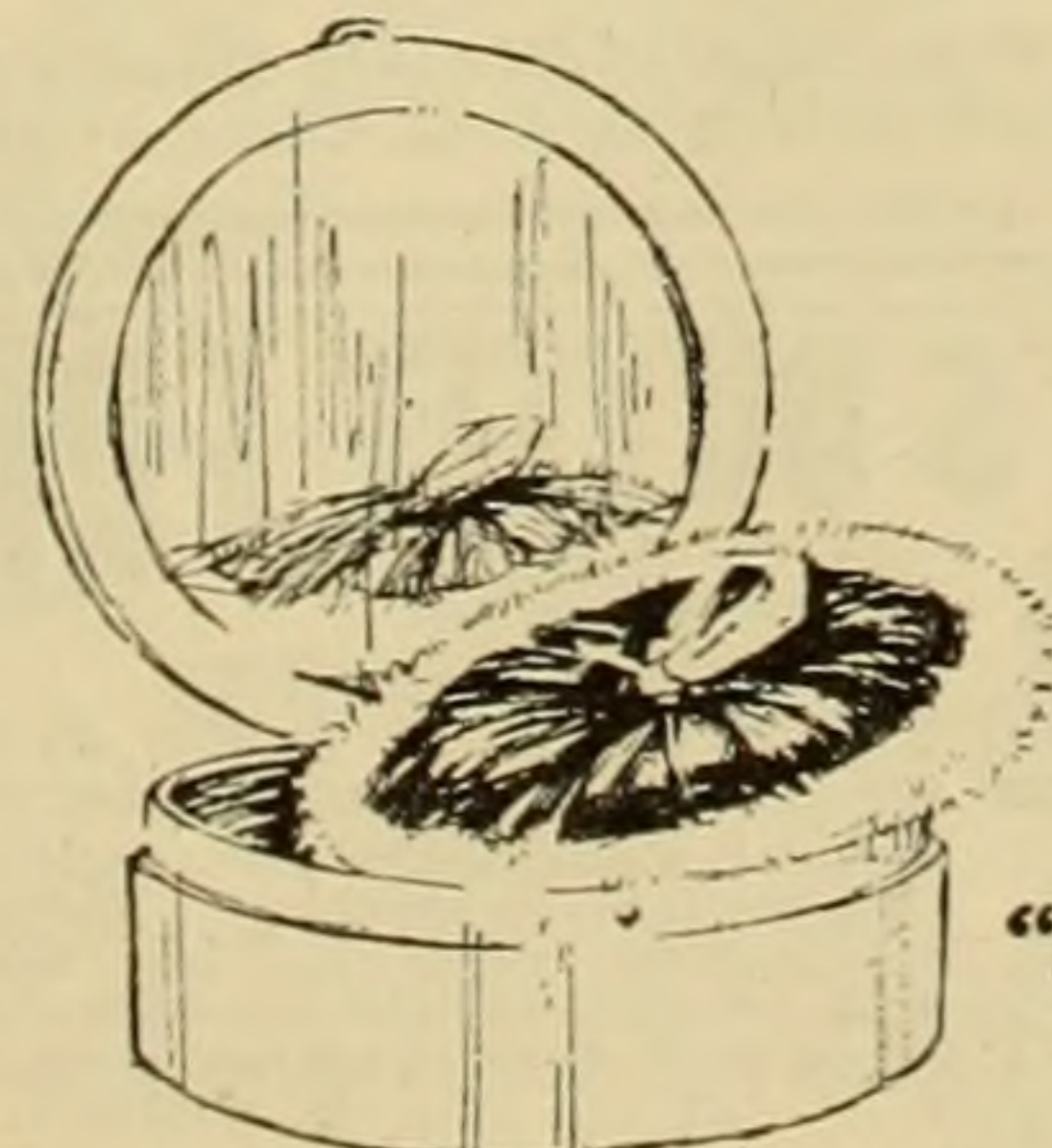
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**Pink Skin:** This youthful-looking skin is not "florid," but has real pink tones. Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is exquisite on such a skin.

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suppers" which are still remembered in Chicago, Hollywood and New York. These suppers were stag affairs and were attended by a chosen few. After the supper those who were able would contribute their bit to the program by doing some stunt. I still have a gorgeous recollection of a well-known moving picture star striving with tears in his eyes to bring out the pathos of "Little Orphan Annie," making the appropriate gestures, but totally unable to form the words. And the Little Colonel sat there very gravely registering a grief as deep as the speaker's and glaring at those who were doubled up with mirth. Those were the pre-historic days before Volstead.

Ten years ago, and how the world has changed. Here is Gloria Swanson, conceded to be one of the greatest actresses of her time. Why, I knew her when—

I wonder how many people who see her fight her way from rags to riches in the films envy her and think she is lucky?

Well, I saw her do a piece of work that was so good that it delayed her success at least three years.

Gloria, as I have said, was tempestuous, impatient and always sure of herself and her eventual success. She chafed continually under the terrible, monotonous waiting for a chance.

"I could do that part better than she can," she would say, as she watched the work of some woman who had "arrived." "And I will do it some day. You see if I don't."

The brilliant bit of acting that almost ended Gloria's career came when she was chosen to take the part of a street woman in a three-reel picture.

The director gave her her instructions. She was to face the man who had wronged her and plead for his love before his sweetheart.

GLORIA walked out calmly enough, and went through the rehearsal with commendable poise. But when the camera started to crank, she gave a prophecy of the emotional actress she has since become. The fervor and the art of her work sent the director into ecstasies, and at the conclusion of the scene he almost embraced her. She was overwrought when she left the set and she broke down crying in her dressing room.

In the projection room it was found that her scene was a "knockout." But while everybody was rejoicing at the finding of a new actress, orders were given to rewrite the picture, eliminating the scene and to retake that part of the picture.

Gloria's splendid burst of acting, though running but a hundred and fifty feet, had so beclouded the work of the star who led the picture that, in a fit of rage, she ordered Gloria removed altogether. Gloria's effort, launched by a born actress at what she thought was the propitious moment, prevented her from ever getting another good chance on the Essanay lot. She had to go West and become one of the Keystone girls and then work up through a long apprenticeship to stardom. Gloria Swanson's career has been no easy one.

And there was Agnes Ayres.

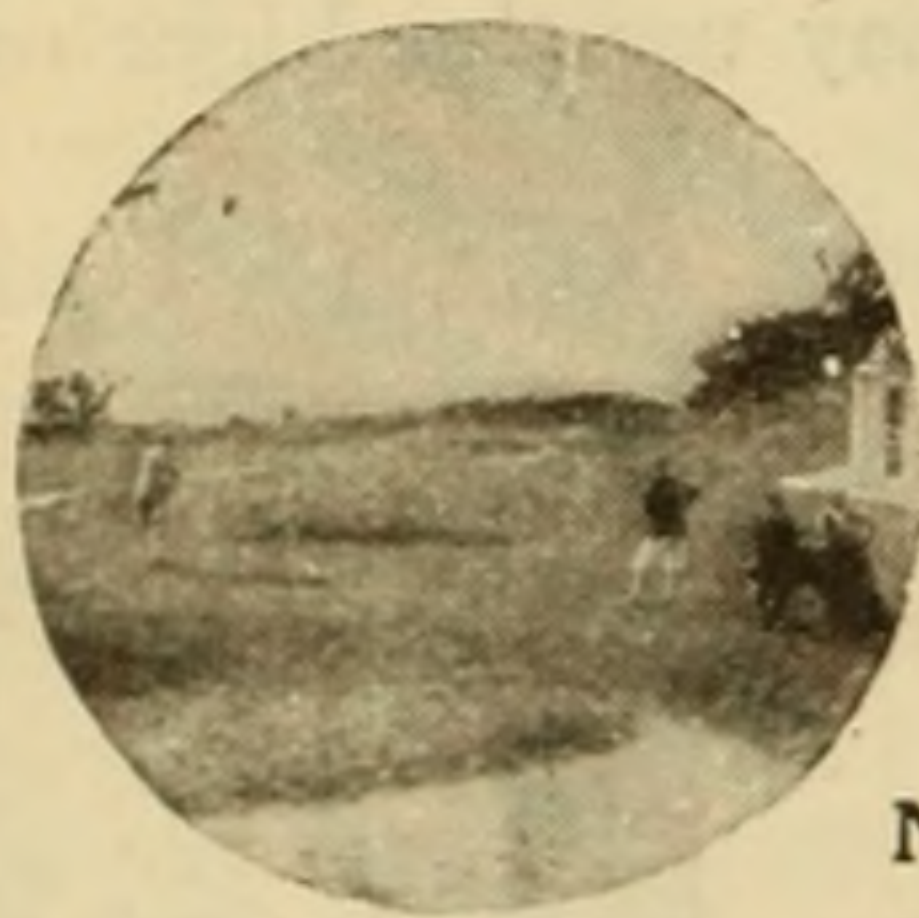
I believe that her advent into pictures was a case of pure chance. Her health was not good and the doctor had ordered her to loaf a while. Loafing did not appeal to the frail girl and she drifted over to "watch them taking moving pictures."

When I first knew her, pictures amused her. She liked them immensely, but they seemed so useless. She had been a model, sitting for Lorado Taft, the sculptor, who modeled her classic head and face and shoulders into clay. And she had the viewpoint of the studios on moving pictures. But it was not long before she succumbed to the fascination of the Kleigs and Cooper Hewetts and became as eager as any other extra girl to get a chance to act. And she got many chances. Her beauty was in demand. Unhappily, she did not get the big chance. She had to leave Essanay and serve her apprenticeship further West. Well, moving picture acting, like that of the theater, is a

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business. One must learn it before one succeeds.

Which reminds me that Virginia Valli, another beauty of a different type, calmly continued her moving picture career in the face of passionate statements by at least two directors that she would never make good as an actress as long as she lived. The reason was her temperament, and to explain it you must see Virginia as I did when she first arrived from a small town in Wisconsin.

**T**HERE is no denying Virginia's pulchritude. One day the studio door opened and she came in. Soon the news was noised abroad that "a peach" was down on the mourners' bench. Picture then a number of young men stepping casually down to ask Miss Erin Hogan, the telephone operator, a totally unnecessary question. Miss Hogan's board was across from where Virginia sat.

Virginia was frankly interested in a moving picture studio. She was as frankly oblivious of the various young men. Also she was calm with the calm of the perfectly healthy young female. Babbie, the casting director, coming upon her, hired her at once for a mob scene.

Her beauty pushed her right out of the mob into a bit and there the directors first got the reverse of that thoroughly poised young woman's makeup. Virginia had a sense of humor. When she was told to weep or to rant, she just smiled. I remember that Larry Windom, directing her in a "Small Town Guy," threw up his hands and told her that, as she had about as much sentiment as an iceberg, she might as well quit the pictures. But I see by the "fillums" that Virginia is getting along fine.

And there's Helen Ferguson who has just had her nose fixed and is being cast for all sorts of big leading women's parts.

Why, I knew Helen when—  
Helen first came on the lot accompanied by her mother. She had just dropped her dresses to ankle length and was very conscious of the fact that she was grown up. Helen's mother was always with her.

They were around the lot for a long time before her chance came and during the interim Helen worked in mob scenes and watched unceasingly. Her pluck and ambition was so obvious that a scenario writer sat down with a girl of her type in mind and wrote a two-reeler called "Sundaying in Fairview." The story dealt with a hard-boiled young salesman, compelled to spend Sunday in a hick town, who was brought back to a respect of womanhood by a very young and very innocent maiden.

The scenario writer then went to the superintendent and pleaded Helen's cause. He demanded that she play the lead.

"Why, that girl is only a child. This isn't an orphan asylum," the superintendent objected.

"I know," said the scenario writer. "But the girl in the story is an orphan and time will cure her youth for her. Give her a chance."

So Helen got her first chance and did so well that she appeared quite frequently in the smaller pictures. Of course she wasn't made immediately, but the training she received at Essanay has stood her in such good stead that she is in constant demand at the studios today.

Wallace Beery was always an actor. True, he started on a circus lot and handled elephants. Yet the lure of the performer was on him. That and a desire to create. Wally, when he was directing his brother and Ben Turpin, always showed by example the point he wanted to get over. Once he wanted Ben Turpin to get on top of the roof of the Hotel Sherman and hang by one hand. When Ben (there were no substitutes then) did not quite get the idea, Wally climbed up and showed him. Another time, he wanted an actor to skid in an automobile and turn clear around while going full speed. So to show exactly what he meant, he got out his Stutz (remember they were built like buckboards) and skidded as per his own directions in a puddle of water. The result interested him so that he made a regular



# To the woman who is not afraid to be frank — in her thinking

**F**RANKNESS of speech is one thing. Frankness of thought is quite another. And a wholesome thing it is. Nothing more surely gives a woman poise and confidence than the habit of frank, straight thinking about her own physical well-being.

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Every woman with a sense of responsibility to herself will want to have a copy or to pass a copy along to her friends. It is a booklet every mother will want to give her daughter. A copy will be mailed in dainty "social correspondence" envelope. Use the coupon below.

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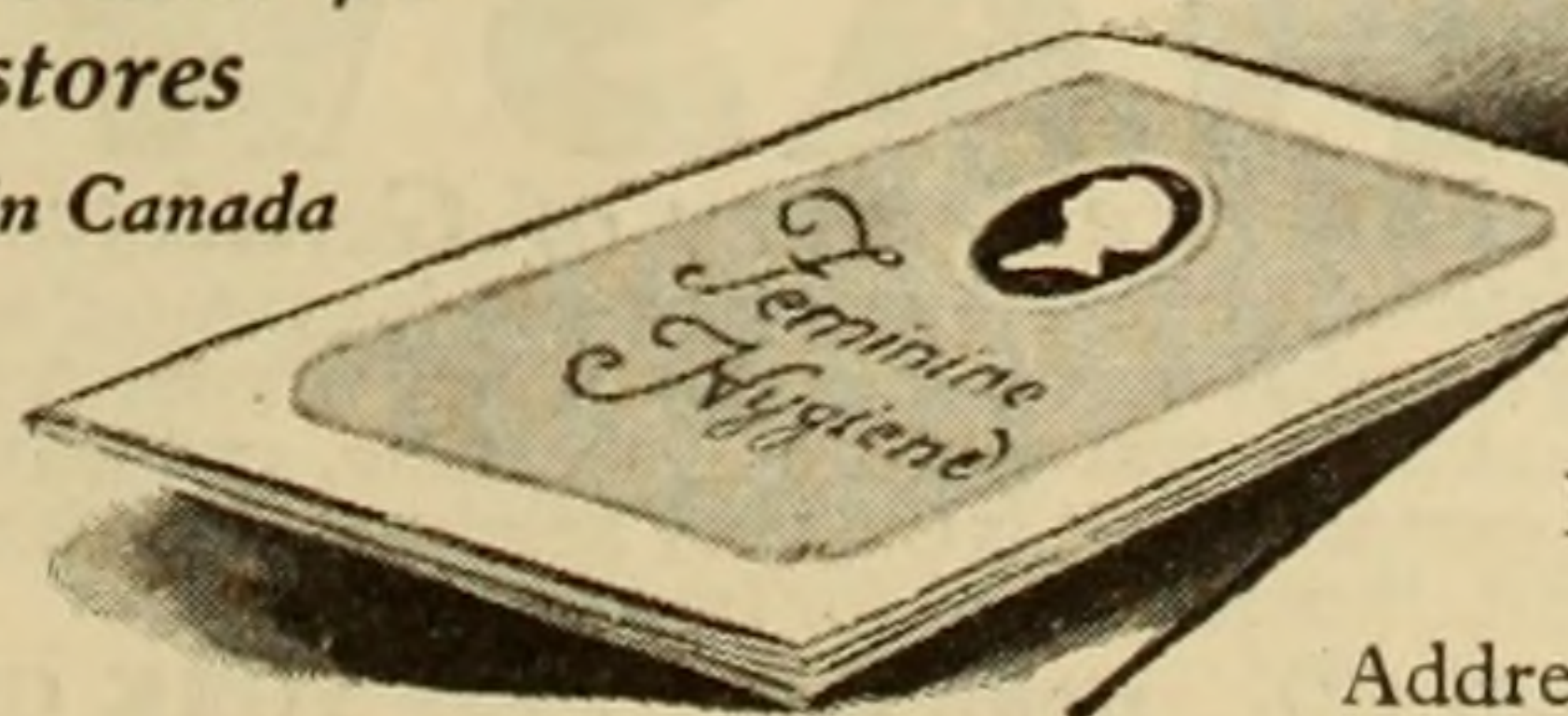
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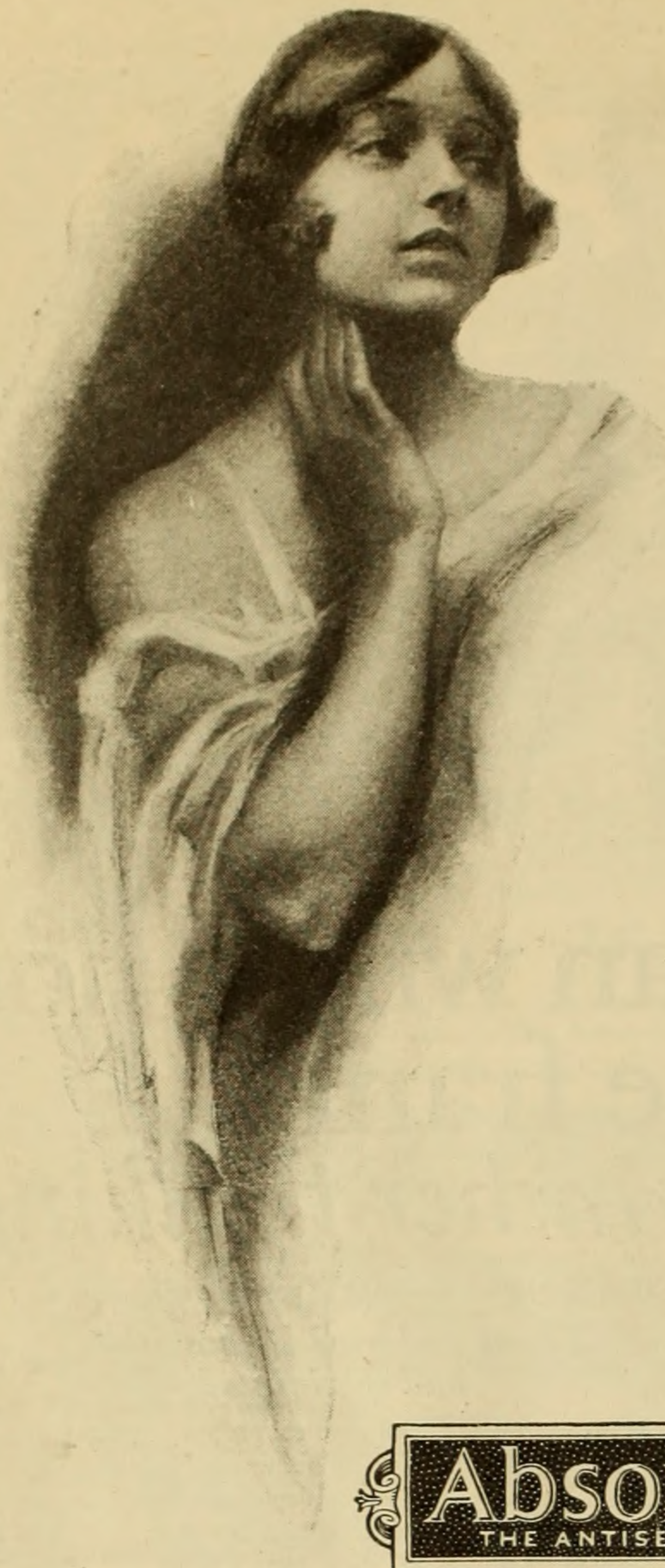
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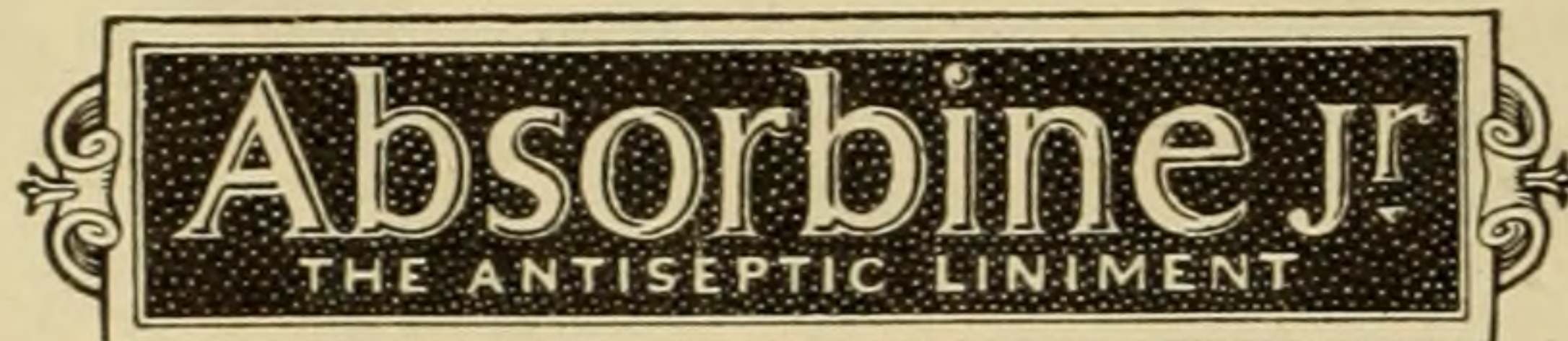
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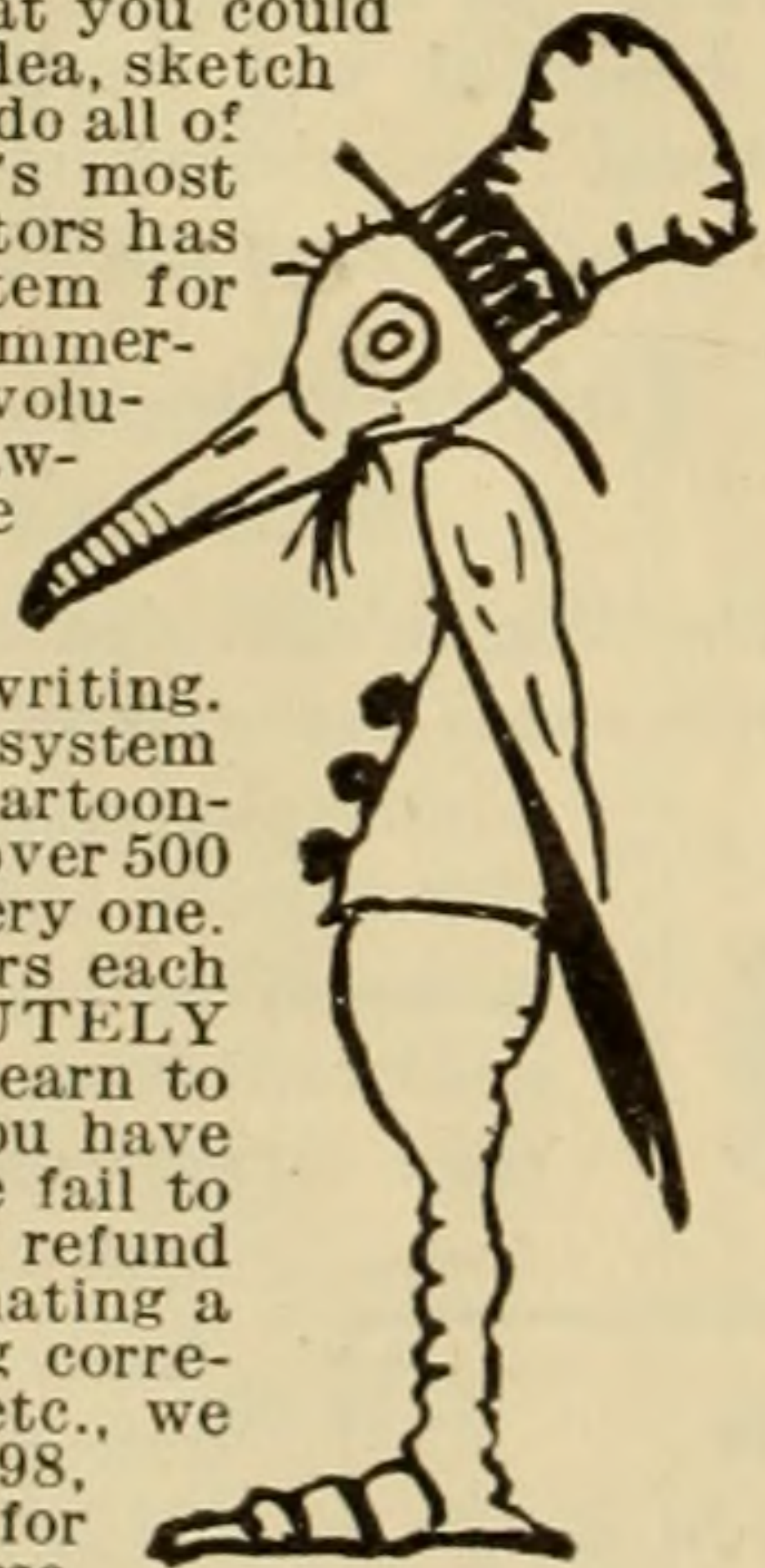
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practice of it. I don't know how he is now, but when I knew him he was totally without fear.

Rodney La Rocque was another who got his first big chance at Essanay. It was in the first version of "Ruggles of Red Gap," and the same writer who insisted on Helen Ferguson as his leading lady wrote the continuity. The management was strong for having a well-known legitimate actor take the part of the ineffectual cousin of *Cousin Egbert*, but the continuity man, urged on by La Rocque's almost tearful insistence, held out for him—and put him over.

If there ever was a self-made star in moving pictures it is Bryant Washburn. Always a capable and popular actor, Bryant literally hoisted himself into the "Big Time" by his own mental bootstraps.

This is the way it happened:

Washburn was continually heckling George K. Spoor to buy him a story that would give him some position in the film world. He argued, not without reason, that he had served his apprenticeship, and in serving it had brought much money into the coffers of Essanay. Now, Bryant's salary then, while respectable, was not tremendous, and I think a new baby had just arrived at the time.

Mr. Spoor saw the force of his argument and told him to watch out for a story he thought he would like and Spoor would buy it for him. Bryant watched and in *The Saturday Evening Post* found "Skinner's Dress Suit." Spoor bought it for him.

BUT when Bryant brought the story to the scenario department, he was told finally and abruptly that the story would not do for screen purposes. The manager of the plant told him the same thing. So did everybody else until he brought it to this writer. I saw the possibilities and said so. So did Harry Beaumont who, up to that time, had been doing the smaller pictures.

Together Beaumont and I worked out details. I wrote the continuity and in the course of time the picture was finished. It jumped Bryant's salary to \$1,000 a week, opened new fields for Harry Beaumont and was shown in the Rialto Theater on Broadway, a goal for which Essanay had been striving for some time.

Mack Sennett has declared that Ralph Graves, potentially, is a great comedian. If he says so, Ralph has hinted the same to him. And if Ralph has hinted it, it's so. How do I know? Why, I knew Ralph when he played one of the romantic leads in Mary McLane's idyll, "I, Mary McLane." I also was very well acquainted with him just before Mr. Griffith started the filming of "Dream Street."

Ralph was under contract to Mr. Griffith and was pining to make a name for himself. When Mr. Griffith told him he was going to film "Dream Street," Ralph looked through the script and picked out the part of the tough brother.

But when he told Mr. Griffith he wanted to play the part, the director told him he had not had enough experience. He also added that he was going to give the part to a well-known actor.

Now, Ralph is an earnest Christian Scientist. He had a tiny apartment on Forty-fourth Street near Fifth Avenue, and he also had a "Science and Health." So every night he came straight from Mamaroneck to the studio and "demonstrated." Meanwhile he beset Griffith to allow him to play the part. And Griffith finally yielded. Unbelievers will say it was his insistence. But Ralph says it was the following of the tenets of his faith. And, as Ralph has a firm jaw and a well-developed arm, it might be well to believe him.

They flash across the silver sheet, the stars of today who were the extra people of yesterday. And I sit back in the seat I've bought and smile and think to myself:

"Yes, sir—or ma'am. I'll say you're good. I'm sure glad to hear you're getting a million a year. But I knew you when—"

And that's part of the pleasure I get out of life.



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## The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

meeting held at Fairbanks' home in Beverly Hills on January 19. About the eighteenth of March, Price arrived in New York to begin operations. The United Artists Corporation of Delaware was incorporated in April, with Oscar Price as president, and William G. McAdoo as general counsel.

### United Artists a Sensation

The announcement of United Artists was something of a sensation to the sensation weary film world. The supreme classic remark of the occasion came from Richard Rowland, then head of Metro Pictures Corporation. He received the interesting tidings from Arthur James, press and intelligence agent of Metro. Rowland meditated on the significance of the new move for almost a full second.

"Well," he remarked, "the lunatics have taken charge of the asylum."

It should be added, lest there be an assumption that the comment sprang from snobbery, that Rowland has been philosopher enough to classify himself as "one of the accidentally rich."

The name of Hiram Abrams came early into the affairs of United Artists and presumably he had been something more of a factor in the formation of the organization than the outward moves indicated. Abrams' long association with Paramount and the Zukor enterprises gave him, in the eyes of the uniting artists, something of the atmospheric value that accompanied the comfortable assurances of the old Famous Players-Artcraft payroll with which they had parted not so long before. McAdoo and Price were a handsome new front, but they seemed to want some of the old back to lean against.

Meanwhile Abrams and Adolph Zukor had fallen apart with considerable depth of feeling. Therefore Abrams might well be expected to make the competition of United Artists with Famous Players-Lasky decidedly snappy.

Differences arose a little quicker than immediately between Price and the United Artists over issues which centered on Abrams' program and plans as general manager of the concern. There was a most animated debate in Douglas Fairbanks' bedroom in a New York hotel, and Price resigned, effective April 15, 1919. Shortly McAdoo also disconnected and sold his shares in the enterprise.

Incident to the McAdoo-Price withdrawal a vastly pretentious theater project intended to assure the stars of United Artists a sure avenue to the market went by the boards. This scheme which Price had been engineering included the millions of the Dupont interests, James and Nicholas Brady, E. E. Smathers, a wealthy oil operator, Joseph Godsol, and a consolidation with the then still active Goldwyn concern.

### Hazardous Situation of United

The loss of the theater project left the United Artists and their product to the open market, with only box office value of big names to compete against all the intricate machinery of control built up by the big complex corporations. The consequences are beginning to become apparent as this chapter is written, with the trade openly discussing movements by which the famous stars of the United Artists group will be led back into the fold of one of the major organizations.

Meanwhile D. W. Griffith has definitely accepted a re-association with the Zukor enterprises. And this is but another move in the big motion picture game. It has very little to do with actual pictures and film, but it has a great deal to do with the interplays of screen war and diplomacy.

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### Hair Roots Seldom Die

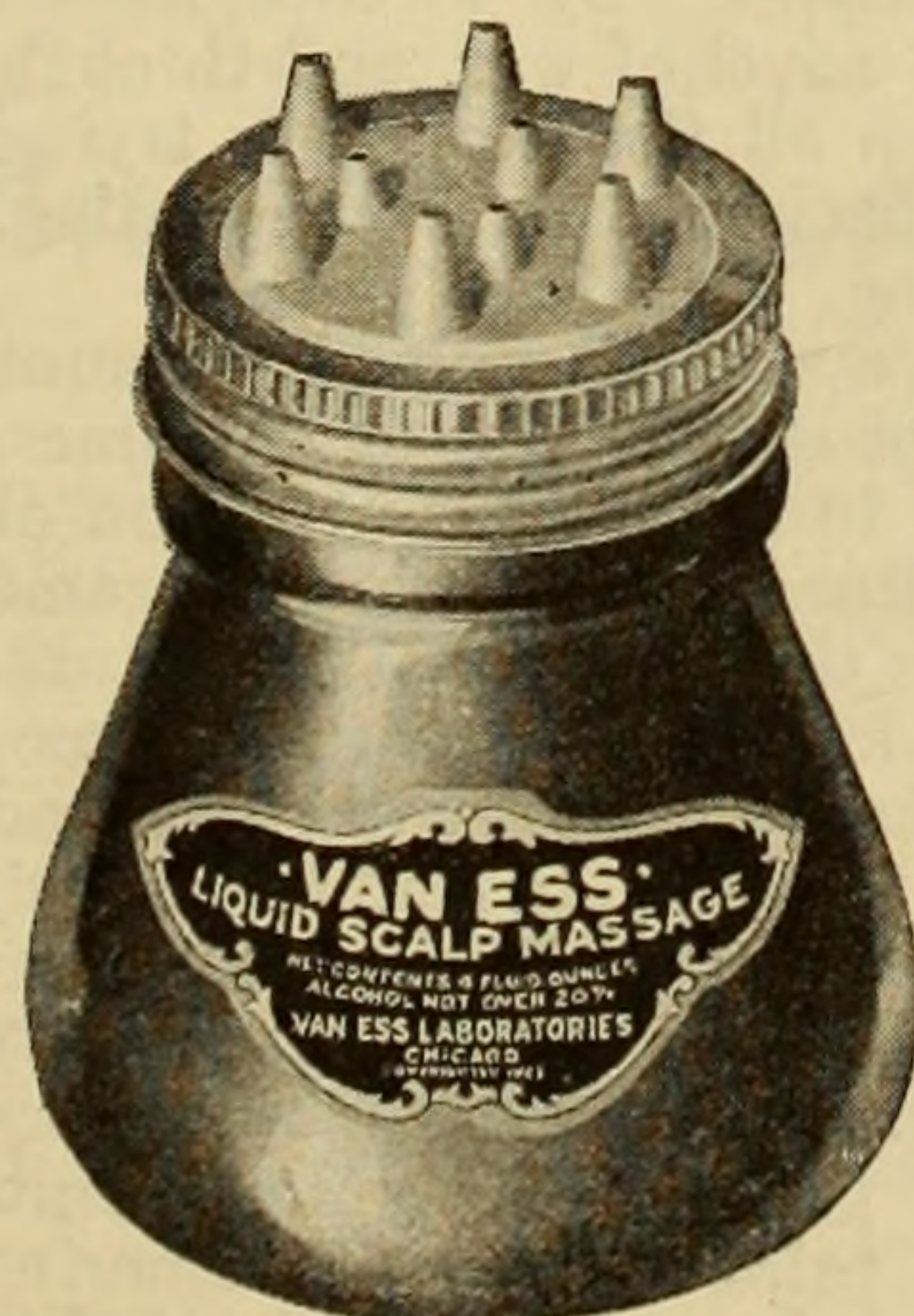
Records show 4 men in 7 either bald or partially bald at 40.

Yet science proves only 9 men in 100 need ever be bald.

That is because hair roots seldom die from natural causes. Dermatologists used to think baldness denoted dead hair roots—that the roots could not be revived and new hair grown.

### Note This New Way

You can see from the illustration that Van Ess is not a "tonic," it combines a massage and lotion. You do not rub it in with your fingers. Each package comes with a rubber massagecap. The nipples are hollow. Just invert bottle, rub your head, and nipples automatically feed lotion down into follicles of the scalp. It is very easy to apply. One minute each day is enough.



We proved otherwise. Highest authorities agree. Great dermatologists are now using a similar basic treatment. Hair on 91 heads in 100 is the record.

### Kills the Infected Sebum

We have traced about 91% of falling hair and baldness to a simple infection of the scalp oil (Sebum).

Sebum is an oil. It forms at the hair follicles. Its healthy function is to supply the hair with oil.

But frequently it becomes infected. It cakes on the scalp. It plugs the follicles—forms a breeding place for bacteria. Then germs by the millions start to feed on the hair. Baldness soon follows.

You can see this Sebum on your scalp, either in the form of an oily excretion, or, when dried, as dandruff.

You must combat that infection—must remove Infected Sebum. If you do, hair will grow. Remember, the hair roots are not dead.

This new method—this Van Ess method, combats the Sebum—kills the infection. We guarantee it. It stops falling hair—it grows new hair in 90 days. If not—your money back.

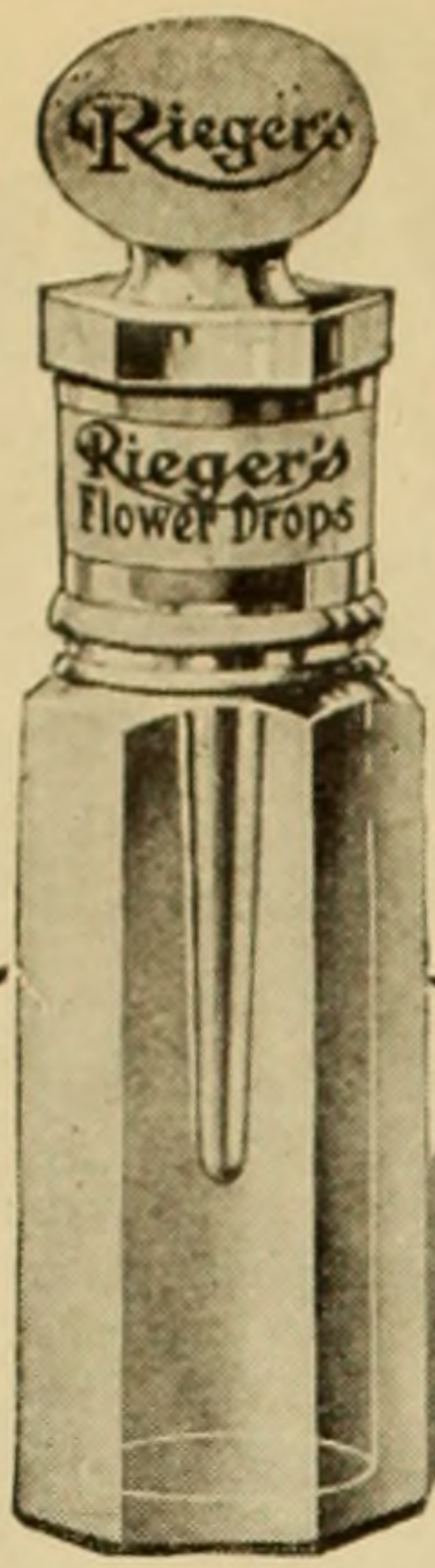
We thus guarantee our treatment, because it is safe for us to do so. We know the statements we make are amazing—know the public will be skeptical. So we ask no money unless we succeed. You are the sole judge of results.

### Where to Obtain It

Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage is sold at all druggists or toilet counters. Or—by mail. \$1.50 per bottle or \$4.50 for a 3-bottle 90-day treatment, with which we will send you a written money-back guarantee. Send no money; we will supply by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside U. S. A. must be accompanied by postal money order.

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ounce

\$8.00  
a half  
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# Sample 20c

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume! Send Now.

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Compact Rouge, (medium—dark—orange) . . . .50

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United Artists, as a federation of the greatest individual box office names in the world's greatest popular art, has been an inevitable and interesting experimental form. As we have reviewed the affairs of screen history we have seen every remotely possible plan of operation conceived by some one somewhere at some time as immediately practical. The motion picture, like the rest of us, never learns except by experience. The motion picture tries everything at least once.

The experience of inventors, players, authors, directors and cameramen, should by now add up to a total conviction that there is an art of business which is decidedly apart from the art of picture making. Picture making can be incidental activity of the business of selling pictures, but the business of selling can never be a minor incidental of picture making. Distribution dominates every popular product in the world, from peanuts to pearls.

The formation of First National and the consequent crystallizing of booking combined movements among theatres meanwhile set in action a counter movement of distributors, notably Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, toward theater control. The war began to be fought in terms of theater seats quite as much as in stars and pictures. In a comparatively short time Adolph Zukor's organization controlled about four hundred theaters, covering strategic points all over the United States.

### Loew Extends His Holdings

Marcus Loew, who had continued prosperously as an exhibitor since the historically remote days when Zukor left Loew Enterprises to go his own gait, was extending his theatre holdings widely. There appeared to be an excellent chance that he was going to be caught between the two sides of exhibitor-distributor warfare. As a counter move Loew acquired a control of Metro Pictures Corporation in January, 1919. Loew became a producer-distributor to protect his far-flung theatre chain.

Loew went into Metro at a fortunate moment. Metro's fortunes were at low tide. The concern was somewhat uncertainly recovering from the staggering blows of the influenza epidemic and its shutdown of the picture industry, coming on top of the post-armistice period when it along with every other motion picture concern was overloaded with war dramas. In those gloomy days Metro saw its weekly income drop from \$108,000 a week to \$6,000, while a weekly payroll for the distributing system alone was eating into the treasury at the rate of \$30,000 a week. In addition Metro was at that time engaged in the costly production of "The Red Lantern" with Alla Nazimova.

The world was trying to find itself in the dull hush that followed the war. Loew got in on the ground floor.

Then strange fortune smiled on Metro. Richard Rowland, then president of the concern, is a person governed by a whimsical even if practical philosophy. War pictures had well near spelled the ruin of Metro, and yet Rowland followed with a fatal fascination the weekly advertisements of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. It was a novel of war, and through these months when all the world was trying to forget the war its circulation was mounting, mounting, mounting.

Here was a success which seemed to flaunt itself in the face of every index of the times. It was something to engage the attention of the busy-minded Rowland, alert in that game of chance and wits that is the motion picture. But, curiously typical of the world of the motion picture, Rowland's curiosity did not lead him to investigate the book, to read that rapid, cloying tale of horrendous glammers for himself. The book was nothing, but those weekly figures in the Literary Section of the New York Times—"fortieth printing—forty-first printing—forty-second printing" were enamoring and compelling. A dozen times he decided to order negotiations for the motion picture



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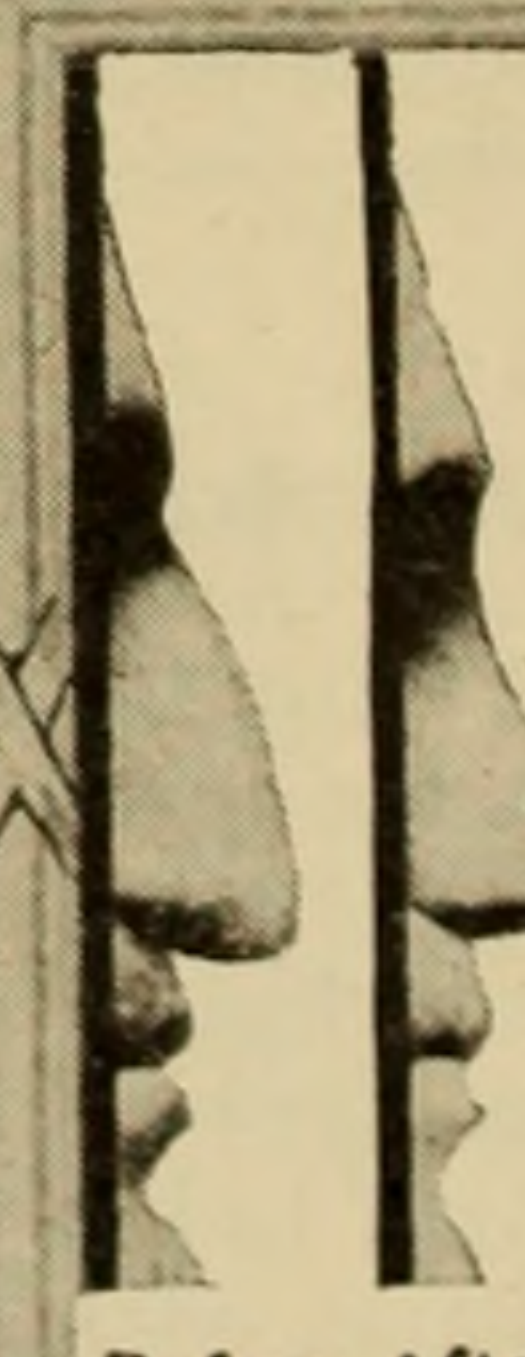
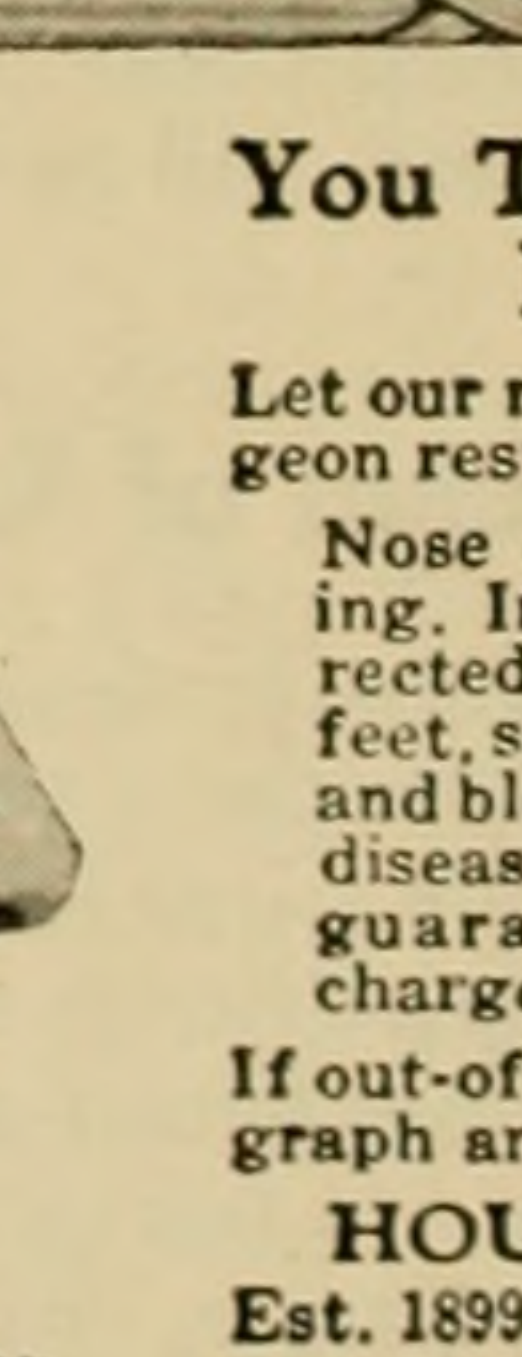
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rights, and then one word "War" intervened, and he did not make the step. It would be a folly against all experience. War pictures were dead.

An agent, a Broadway sharpshooter, vending motion picture rights, found his way into Rowland's office in his rounds.

"How'd you like to have the rights on 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse'—ten thousand dollars advance against ten per cent royalty?"

Rowland sat like a man with a lone ace and a distrusted hunch against a pat hand. He decided to draw four cards.

"I'll take it, O. K.," the president of Metro decided, wondering what to think of himself as he spoke.

A week passed and nothing happened. Rowland was almost glad it did not.

Then Jack Meador, press agent for Metro, strolled into the office.

"How would you like to buy 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse'—I know the Ibanez representative."

Here was that hunch offering itself again.

"Yes, I want it," Rowland replied.

Metro paid a commission of \$1,000 to the agent who could not deliver the story, and agreed to pay \$10,000 to the representative of Ibanez on the signing of the contract.

### Ibanez Inspects America

Meanwhile Ibanez came over to see this strange America which had gone so mad over his book. There were other bids for "The Four Horsemen." It was winded that the Fox Film Corporation had offered \$75,000. Ibanez thought the Metro deal, all but consummated, was inadequate. Rowland effected a compromise and paid an advance of \$20,000 against ten per cent of the royalties. The story was Metro's.

"Read the 'Four Horsemen,'" Rowland wired Metro's west coast studio.

"Do not buy 'Four Horsemen,' it will not film," the studio replied.

"Have bought the 'Four Horsemen' and it is going to be filmed anyway," replied Rowland.

Everybody in the Metro establishment shook their heads over this wild notion of the boss's.

Rowland called in June Mathis.

"Take this book and make a continuity. When you get one you like bring it to me. You've got to make good on this for me. Everybody in the world thinks I'm crazy."

When Miss Mathis delivered her script Rowland thumbed it over rapidly. It looked like a script and he had faith in Miss Mathis.

"Now about a director?"

Miss Mathis had a notion of her own.

"There's a young man out there who is more likely to see this than anyone else—Rex Ingram."

Rowland was taking chances all along the line on this wild war picture project now.

"O. K.," he ruled. "And how about Carlyle Blackwell for this *Julio* part you like so much?"

### "Valentino Is the Part"

"There is an Argentinian dancer out there—Valentino—he is the part," Miss Mathis suggested.

Rowland deliberated. "Why deliberate?"

"Say, you take this script and go over there and make this picture—hire anybody you like. It's your job."

When the "Four Horsemen" came to New York and got its Ritz premiere the picture folk looked at it. "Great picture—but it's war," they said, and went away feeling a bit surprised, maybe even a little sorry for Rowland. He had many grave doubts himself. The picture represented \$640,000 of what had been very good money before it was spent.

Then the picture went on at the Lyric theater. The second day brought a sold-out business and the great career of the production had begun.

# Why Warner Bros. Pictures Are America's Choice

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### "Find Your Man"

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From David Belasco's Stage  
Production of Sacha Guitry's  
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From the Novel by Howard Rockey.

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From the Novel by Edwin Bateman  
Morris.

### "The Dark Swan"

From the Novel by Ernest Pascal.

### "The Age of Innocence"

From the Prize Novel by Edith  
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### "The Lighthouse By the Sea"

From the Play by Owen Davis.

### "A Lost Lady"

From the Novel by Willa Cather.

### "A Broadway Butterfly"

### "The Bridge of Sighs"

From a Song Theme by Charles K.  
Harris.

### "How Baxter Butted In"

From the Play by Owen Davis.

### "Eve's Lover"

From the Novel by Mrs. W. K.  
Clifford.

### "The Man Without a Conscience"

From the Novel by Max Kretzer.

### "My Wife and I"

### "Recompense"

From the Novel by Robert Keable,  
Sequel to "Simon Called Peter."

### "The Dear Pretender"

From the Novel by Alice Ross Colver.

### "The Eleventh Virgin"

From the Novel by Dorothy Day.

Now Ready for the Season 1924-25

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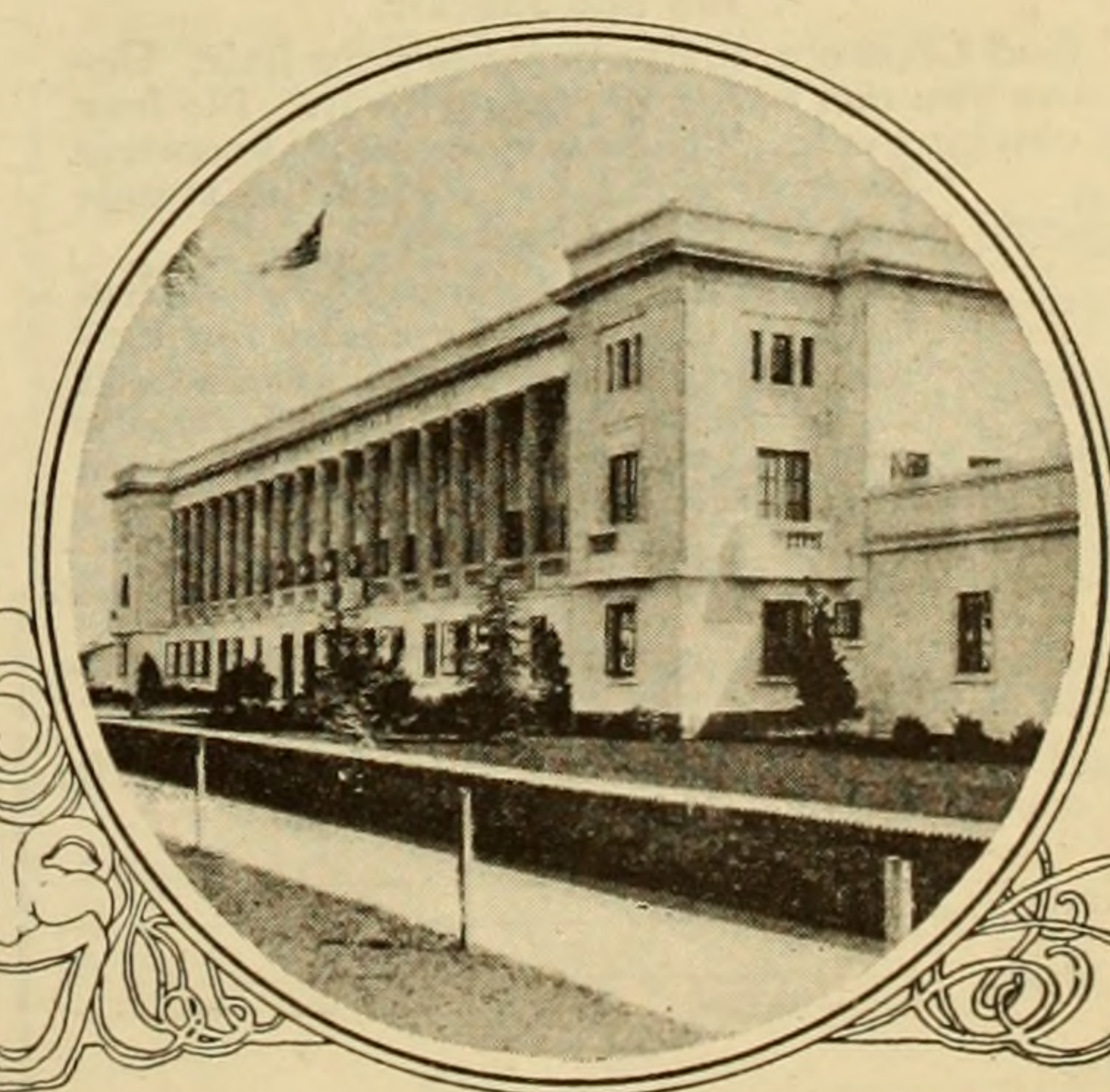
Louise Fazenda  
Willard Louis  
John Roche  
June Marlowe  
Ernst Lubitsch

Harry Beaumont  
William Beaudine  
Phil Rosen  
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Send me trial bottle of **Cleero**. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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Profits began to loom. Rowland was preparing to leave Metro and he had in mind a trip to Europe.

"It looks like we were going to have to pay Ibanez a lot of money," he commented to Marcus Loew. "Let's buy him out."

Over in Mentone, by the blue, blue sea, Rowland visited Ibanez. The Spanish novelist was building an expensive new home. He possibly could use some cash. The conditions looked auspicious for a deal.

Rowland and Ibanez motored over to Monte Carlo and dined.

In the after-dinner hour they strolled about the Casino.

Oblivious to the clustered groups over the roulette tables they walked up and down that hall of chance.

Rowland had to have a pretext for his proposition. He sprang it.

"As long as you have an interest in that picture we shall have to handle it by itself to be fair to you. But we want to be free to deal with it as our own. We may want to sell it along with other pictures and make combination deals—so we want to buy your share. Now you might get more by waiting and riding through with the picture—and you might not. Anyway, we will give you—"

Rowland mentioned some figure in francs, many, many francs.

Ibanez grinned.

"Talk dollars," he answered.

"A hundred thousand American dollars," Rowland responded.

"No."

### Ibanez a Shrewd Bargainer

They took another turn down the Casino. Fortunes were passing at the whim of the little ivory ball at the wheel.

"The best possible figure is \$150,000," Rowland ventured.

"No, no," from Ibanez.

They strolled back and forth, pausing idly and casually to glimpse the monotony of that endless drama of desperation at the wheels of Monte Carlo.

"One hundred and sixty thousand."

Ibanez shook his head. He looked away, seeming to be minded of nothing but the spectacle before them.

"One hundred and seventy thousand—and that is all."

Ibanez looked at Rowland and decided it was indeed all.

"Si."

And so it was settled. Which made the total cost of the story rights on "The Four Horsemen" just \$190,000 to Metro.

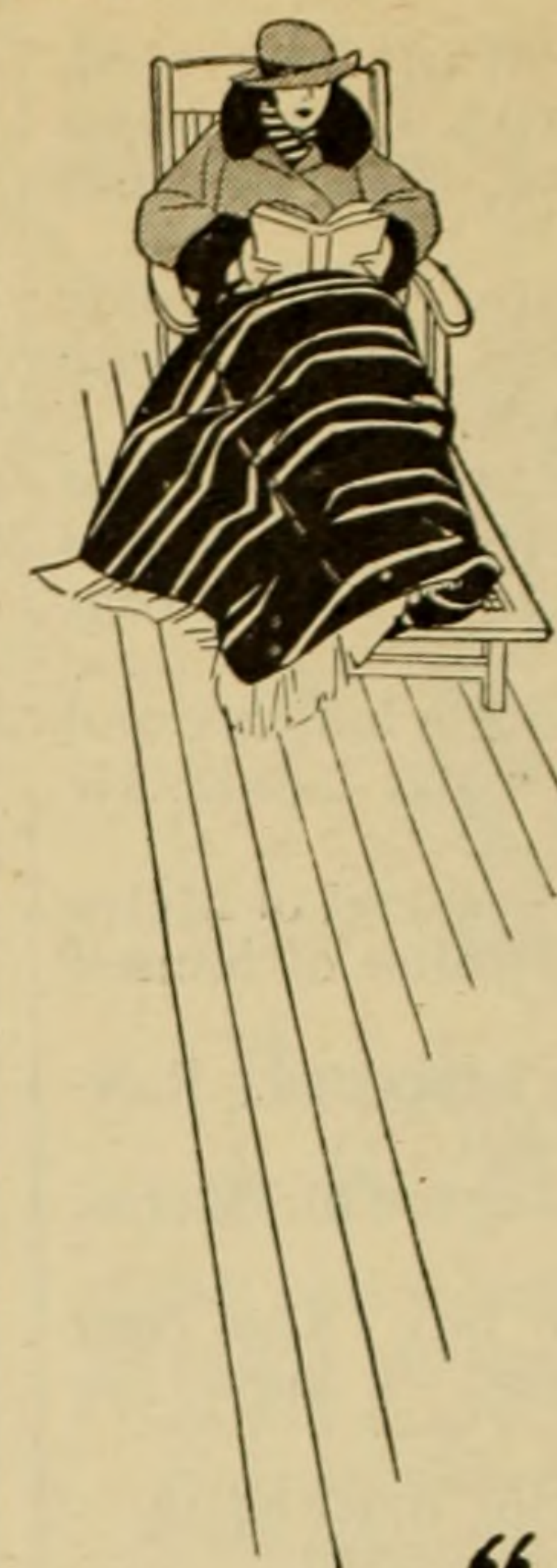
When Rowland came ashore in New York again the books showed that they would on that date have owed Ibanez \$210,000. The gross earnings to date on the picture are about \$3,500,000—the record of the motion picture industry. Ten per cent of that amount is \$350,000, so Metro's winnings on that night at Monte Carlo are thus far about \$160,000.

The role of Julio Desnoyers in that picture of course made Valentino such a figure of such a quality of fame as would have fired the pride of the virile old centaur, Madariaga, himself, the fictional progenitor.

There is another novel more fantastic than the career of Julio Desnoyers in the pattern of interwoven destinies affecting Valentino since. It is beyond these pages to deal with that tale, which is still writing itself in contemporary events. But in the world of the motion picture there are Don Madariagas. And in the wars of this screen world the four Apocalyptic horsemen are riding.

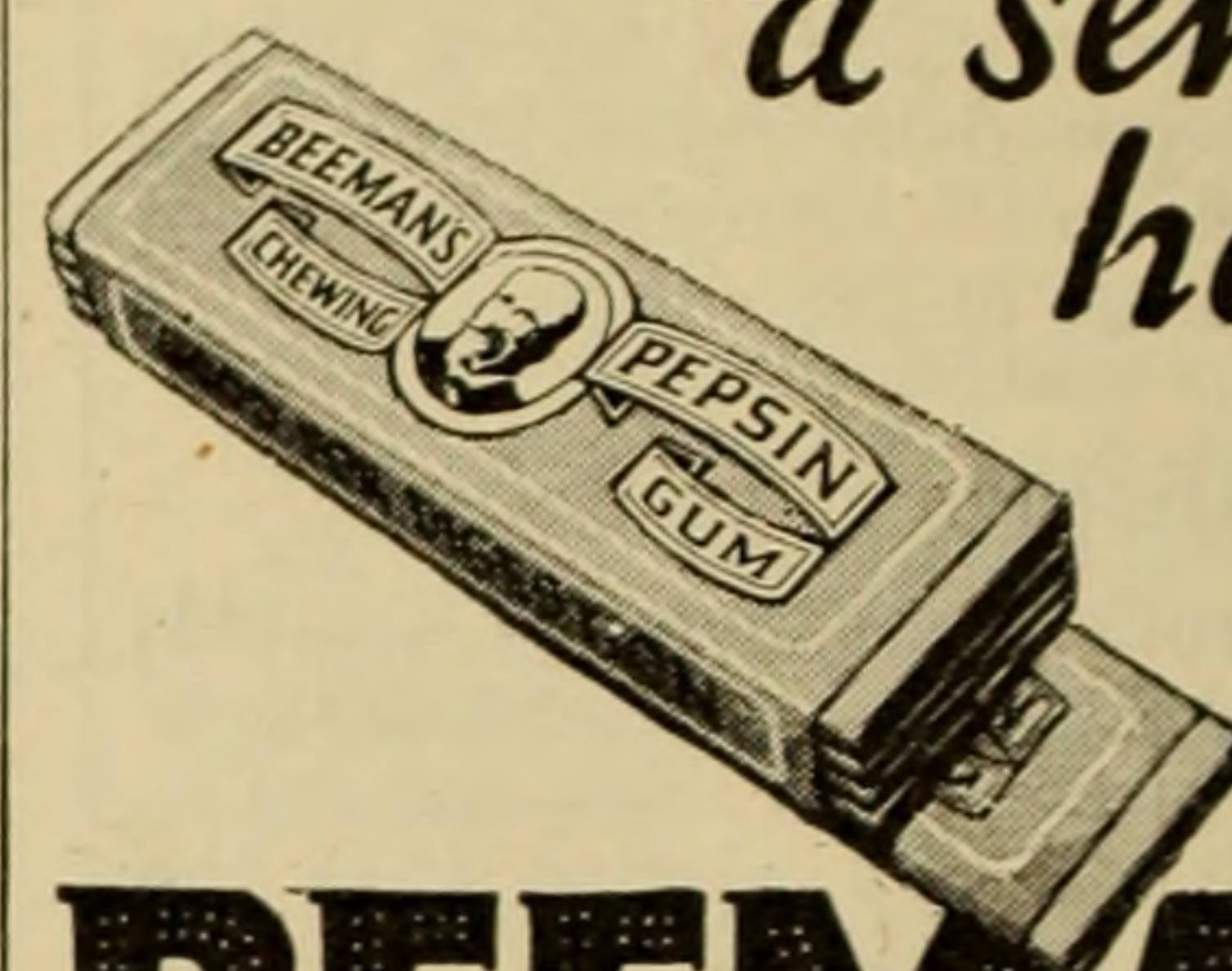
Valentino is one of the pieces, a knight, perhaps, on the chess board of the motion picture.

Not so long ago, Richard Rowland, in an idle hour, picked up the novel of "The Four Horsemen" to read it for the first time. He turned a few pages and then threw it under the bed. He has already had all the thrills it can deliver.



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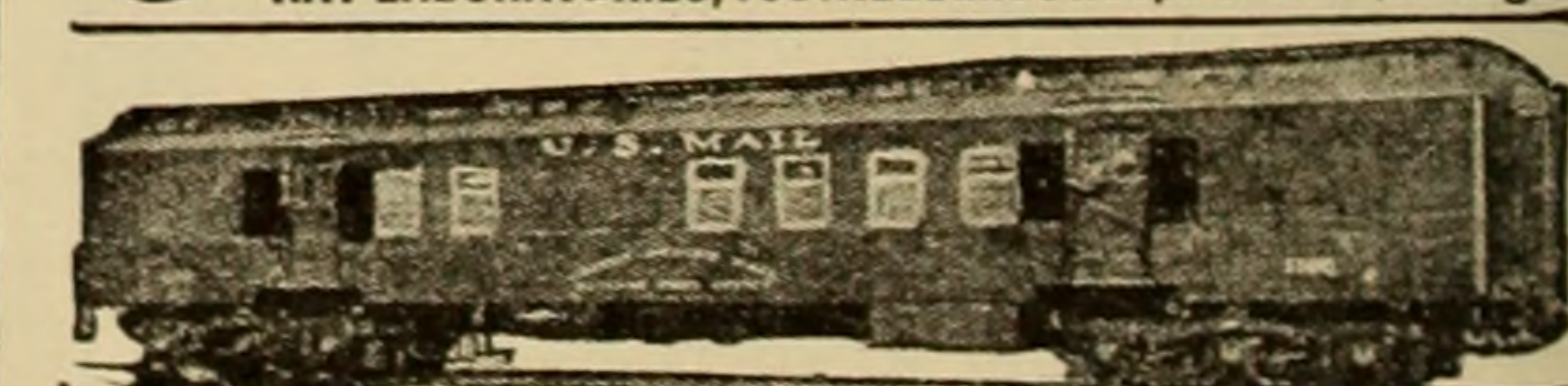
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Through its first quarter of a century the motion picture institution went its headlong willful way with a careless disregard of the public, behaving like a spendthrift son.

Very recently the motion picture came of age and has been forced to admit the responsibility of its majority through being confronted with its follies.

For a good many years the motion picture indulged in the most immodest and thoughtless extravagances of self-proclamation. It screamed for public attention. It set up its domicile in a show window and was pleased when all and sundry paused to observe its eccentric affairs. It was all publicity. In no other business in all the world was personality so capitalized and exploited.

There are many commandments besides that matter of throwing stones for people who live in glass houses.

### Films a Target for All

Fifteen years of the motion picture theater and a considerable sprinkling of million-dollar employment contracts had by 1920 sufficed to make the people of the screen about the most public figures in the world. A series of events pertaining to what would otherwise have been their private affairs, among important personages of the screen, now conspired to considerably shock the conventions and mores of the American public.

Most of these affairs, by the distortion of viewpoint attained the quality of sensations, although they were in themselves commonplace enough, among the people of the screen and among the people of the classes so violently affected.

So it is not because the events have been in themselves important but because their consequences have so largely affected the screen world, some few of them must be reviewed here.

It seems unfortunate indeed that the first of these sources of public agitation to be named must be the Pickford divorce, which is none the less a vital element of the history of this phase.

For some years it had been known and the subject of widespread but unprinted comment that Mary Pickford's marriage with Owen Moore, a romantic episode of the old Imp picture days, had resulted unhappily. But largely the public, especially Mary Pickford's public, had rather forgotten or never knew that she was married. Mary was just Mary—America's Sweetheart. And America of all lands would never countenance a married sweetheart.

In an interview with Benjamin de Casseres some years ago she said:

### Mary Pickford's One Role

"I play only one role, Mary Pickford. I believe that is the secret of my art—of all art."

In that Miss Mary was correct, superlatively correct.

Now, about Saint Valentine's day in 1920, Miss Pickford departed from Hollywood in quiet mystery.

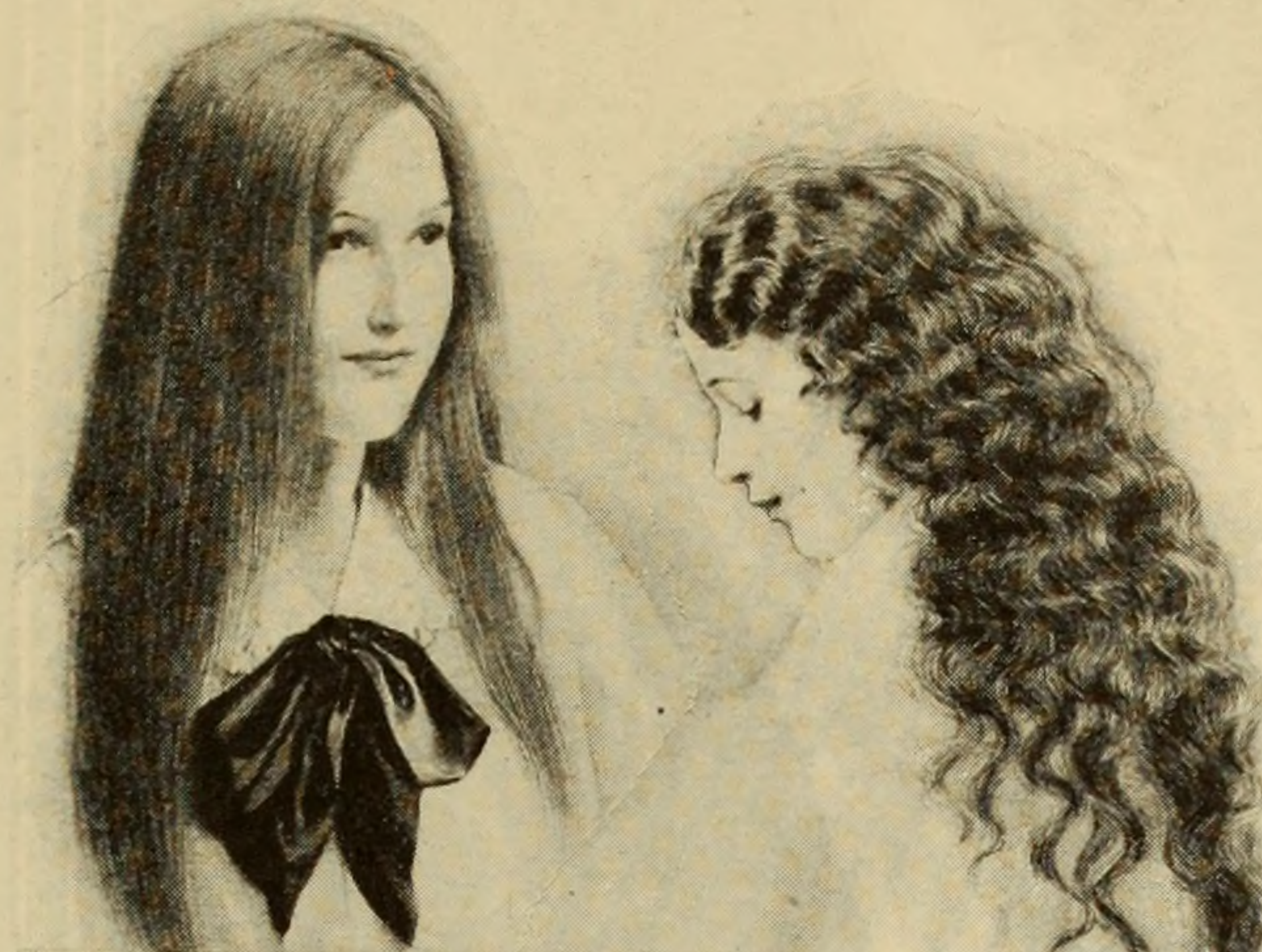
A remote ranchhouse on the outskirts of the obscure town of Genoa in Nevada became host to one Gladys Mary Smith Moore. Genoa is a spot for somber chapters of dead romance. It was settled by the Mormons, wanderers of the desert, in 1847, and has since become a lost town with scarce an inhabitant among its weathered crumbling wooden shacks.

Nearby was the court town of Minden, not far also from Carson City. A lawyer filed suit in behalf of Gladys Mary Smith Moore for divorce from Owen Moore on grounds of desertion.

Then, like a figure in a melodrama, driven, melodrama like, by a miracle of coincidence, came Owen Moore and a camera man to Virginia City, arriving in the swirling height of a Nevada storm. It was given out that Moore had come to make some snow scenes for a coming picture. It seemed that he was unable

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Send for the Outfit, try it, and if you are not absolutely satisfied with its results, return it within thirty days, and your deposit will be immediately refunded. The directions with the Outfit are clear and simple. The use of it is interesting. The results wonderful. Think of it! Straight, lanky hair all your lifetime—yet from the very day you apply the Outfit—natural lasting waves, curls and ringlets!

The celebrated scientist, Metchnikoff of Paris, said of the Nestle Permanent Wave, "It is the greatest discovery ever made for woman's comfort, and the benefit and health of the hair."

### Each Nestle LANOIL Outfit Contains Free Trial Materials

These you may use to try the Nestle LANOIL Wave in your hair. No charge whatever is made for them, and no deduction taken either for postage or for using the Outfit, should you decide within thirty days that you do not care to keep it.

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What a whale of a difference  
just a few cents make

to find hotel accommodation in Virginia City. He drove through the storm to Minden. While he sat at luncheon in the little frame hotel there an officer of the court surprised him and served the papers of Gladys Mary Smith Moore's divorce action.

Then Moore rode away in the snow, story-book fashion.

Coincidences happen like that—in the movies

On March 2, Gladys Mary Smith Moore, accompanied by her mother, went into court at Minden before Frank P. Langen, judge, and gave testimony. A decree of divorce was granted.

The story was covered by a country correspondent of the Reno papers, in great simplicity of manner. It reached the newspapers of the United States couched in such gentle terms that they were several days discovering that it was a story. The first dispatches included this paragraph:

"Immediately after the decree Miss Pickford went back to the ranch where she had been living. She said she was seeking a quiet place to live and intended to stay near Minden for a long time and to make the state of Nevada her permanent home."

The pressure of queries from news editors in a few days had their effect on the correspondents at Reno and another wee trickle of a story came through quoting Miss Pickford as saying she would never marry again. The space writers of Nevada seemed to be strikingly infertile.

Presently Miss Pickford appears to have changed her mind about a permanent home in the metropolis of Minden, Nevada. On Saturday, March 27, of the same year, 1920, being something less than a month later, Douglas Fairbanks gave a quiet but important party at his home in Beverly Hills. The party was in honor of Miss Pickford. Now, incidentally, among the guests were the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, and even more importantly one R. S. Sparks, who, it merely chances, was a deputy county clerk.

While Mr. Sparks was at the party he issued a license to wed to Douglas Elton Fairbanks, age 36, and Mary Gladys Smith Moore, age 26. This was more convenient than the red tape of the regular bureau at the court house, and, even less conspicuous.

### Mary Pickford Marries Fairbanks

The next day, Sunday, March 28, Douglas and Mary were married by the Rev. Mr. Brougher. So far so good.

Sunday and Monday passed without events. Tuesday the story broke and went chattering over the telegraph wires. It was no sensation, but it tended to confirm some prior rumors that Miss Pickford and Fairbanks were fond of each other.

Something went wrong up in Nevada, however. On April 16 Leonard B. Fowler, attorney general of Nevada, filed a suit to set aside the decree of divorce, charging wholesale collusion, conspiracy, fraud and untruthful testimony, in the action at Minden.

Now it began to be a national story. It was also something of a local disaster for Nevada's divorce industry. A number of sojourners from the east found themselves seriously delayed in Reno by a wave of agitation against "short time divorces."

The action to set aside the decree was fought through to the Supreme Court of Nevada which ultimately, at the end of May, 1922, two years later, sustained the validity of the divorce.

Meanwhile, the Pickford divorce was frequently in the public prints, in news and editorial columns and much on the public tongue. It was most unfortunate and most unfair to Miss Pickford. Her divorce action was probably no more open to question than some thousands of others which passed unquestioned. But motion picture fame provides a shining mark.

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Mme. Edena, 503 Fifth Ave., New York, Dept. 6.



This case contributed importantly to the texts of national gossip about the films and film folk for the year 1920.

The flow of newspaper and grapevine comment on the life of the motion pictures was given a dash of considerably stronger stuff in 1921. On July 12 of that year a top of column motion picture sensation broke out in the papers, in connection with an action brought by Attorney General Allen of Massachusetts for the removal from office of Nathan A. Tufts, district attorney for Middlesex County, Mass.

Among the specifications in this action was that there was some connection between the office of district attorney, and the suppression of an affair involving a motion picture party four years before.

### The Arbuckle Affair

It appears that a number of motion picture magnates of national prominence had attended a dinner to Fatty Arbuckle given at the Copley Plaza Hotel on March 6, 1917. The dinner was such a success that it adjourned for continuance at Brownie Kennedy's road house at Mishawum Manor, Woburn, Mass. Supper was served and a pleasant time was had by all, from midnight until four o'clock in the morning. A deposition relating the details, including one item of twelve girls, stated that the supper bill was \$1,050. Presumably the \$50 was for hat checks. But the first cost was nothing compared to the upkeep.

Less than a month later the host of the evening got word from a friend in Boston that things were not so good. Somebody had squealed with great vigor. There was a conference of film magnates in the calm of New London, Conn. A fund of \$100,000 was raised to deal with the situation and meet claims. The money was apparently applied where it could do the most good in the least time. The whole course of that \$100,000 was never officially traced, so far as public records are concerned. Details will be found in the newspapers of July 12 and 27, 1921.

The affair and its revelations had some internal bearing on personal politics and grudges within the motion picture industry in which the writer is delightfully neutral.

This event added to the velocity of gossip and ill-will against the motion picture immensely. Once again it was not the event itself, nor even the expenditure of money to hush it up which put so much vigor into the wagging tongues. The whole story was a monotonous, commonplace repetition of the sort of things which happen all the time all over the land. It was because the persons concerned were wealthy and as conspicuous as they had been able to make themselves by dint of billboards, press agents and spread-eagle announcements on the main titles of their pictures. They had asked for public attention and they got it.

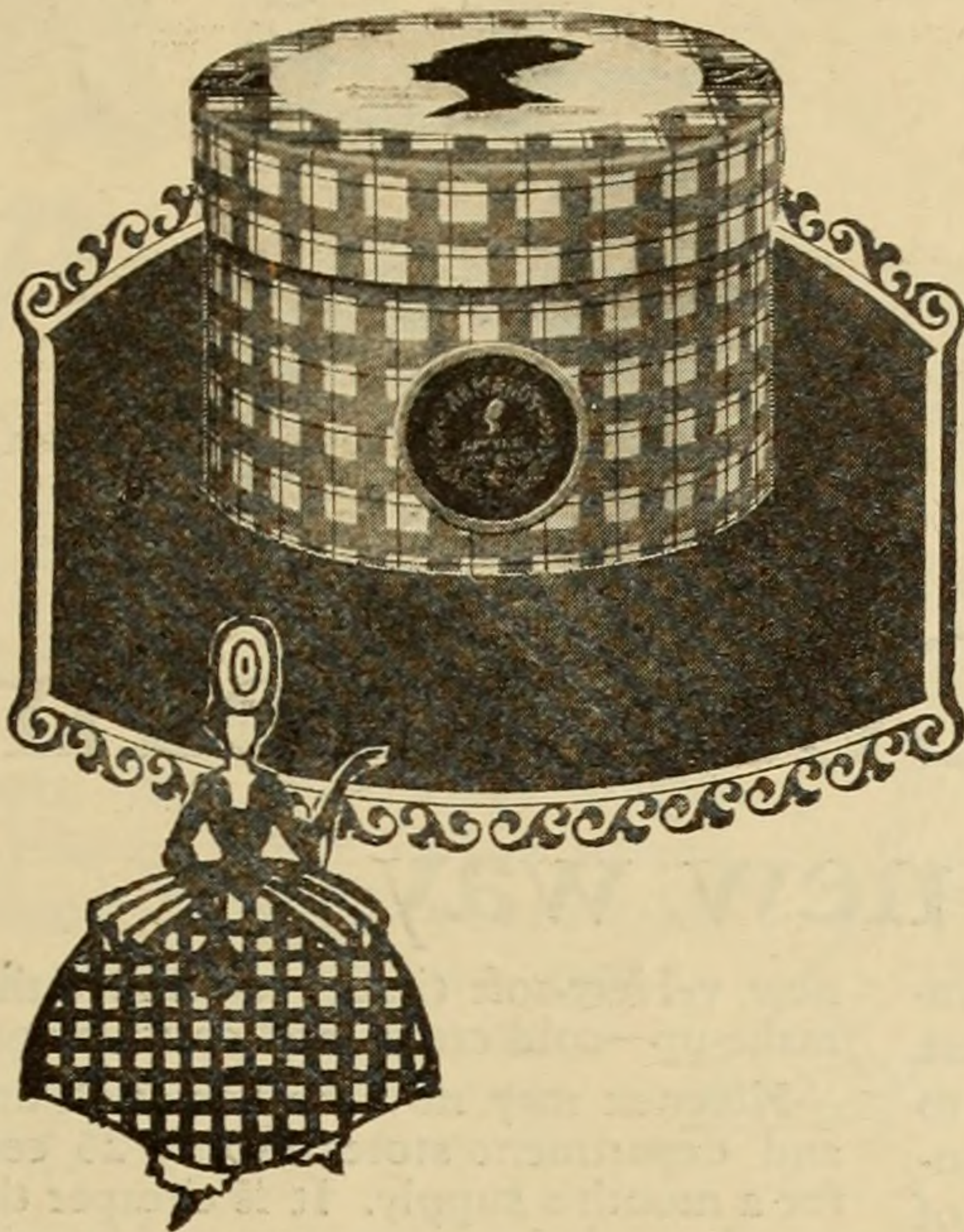
### Scandal Becomes History

There have been many bankers' parties, coal men's parties, steel men's parties, and, to be sure, other motion picture parties of considerably greater ornamental merit than the widely heralded \$101,050 function at the social center of Woburn, Mass. But this one got the publicity promotion required to make it a shining event of screen history.

It was a considerable misfortune that this Woburn morning reception should have been a sequel to a dinner to Fatty Arbuckle. Because that young man was in his ill-starred way to bring down upon the motion picture and himself a crushing cap-stone of disaster, within a few weeks of the July disclosures.

On Monday, September 5, 1921, there was a party at a San Francisco hotel, attended by a number of persons variously connected with the motion picture industry, including Fatty Arbuckle. Virginia Rappe, a screen actress of minor roles, died following the affair. Details began to percolate and, on September 11, Arbuckle delivered himself to the authorities in San Francisco.

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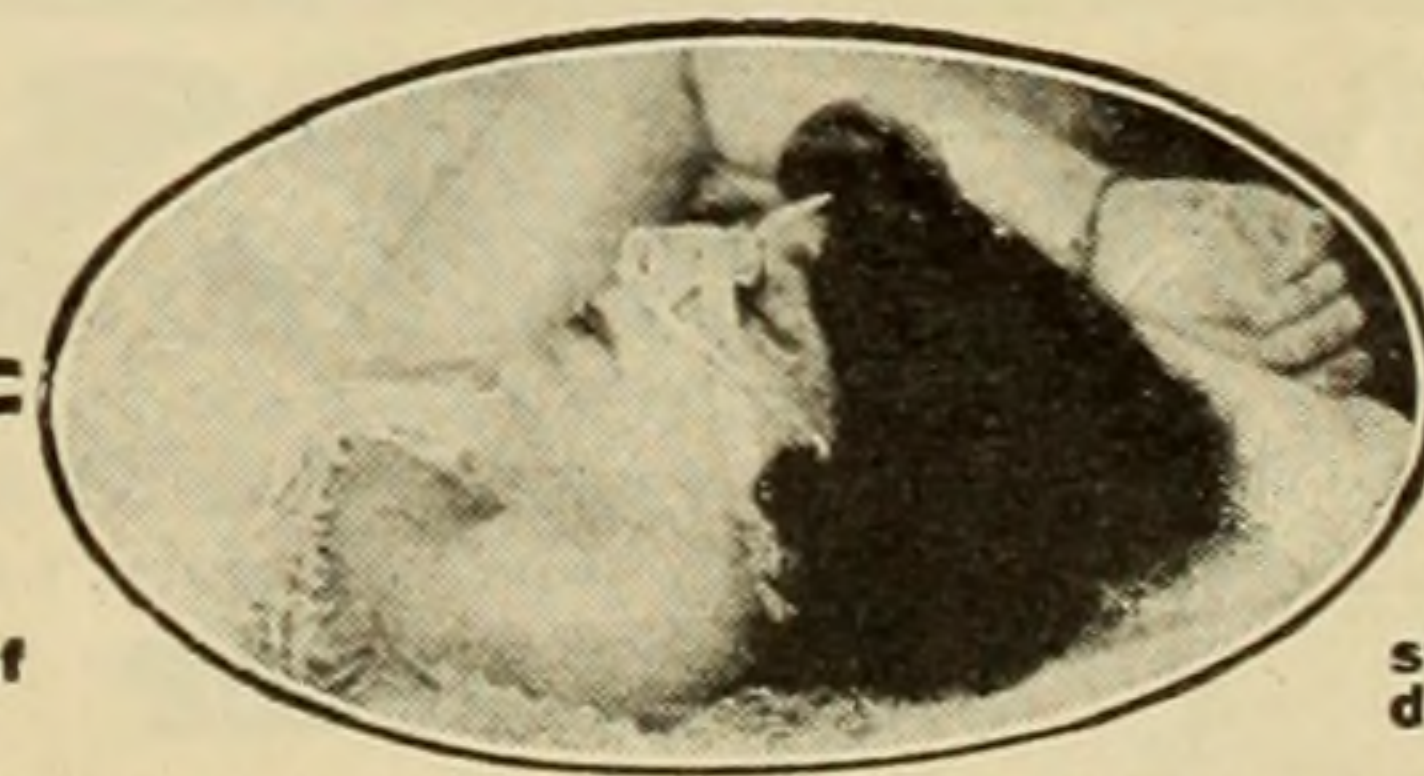
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CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago

## KLEENEX

The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

The smoldering gossip of corruption in the motion picture industry broke into flame. New York film offices were stricken with a wave of terror.

There were endless conferences, lawyers scurried about, press agents tore at their hair and typewriters. Statements flew and the San Francisco telegraph lines were overloaded.

Here was a discouraging set of facts. It was proving difficult indeed for even the ingenious makers of the motion picture thrillers to fit the admitted facts into any semblance of an acceptable tale. But there was a definite idea that somehow by grace of skill and persistence it would be possible to pull a miracle scene with Fatty Arbuckle as a hero.

Elaborate plans of defense were laid. Everything imaginable to improve the atmosphere, at least superficially, and some things unimaginable, were done. Minta Durfee Arbuckle, wife of the sad comedian, who had been separated from him for a considerable time, went speeding to San Francisco. Recently she sued for a divorce in Paris. The slogan of the hour, in September 21, was "Stand by Roscoe." Millions in films and good will were at stake.

Two trials were had, resulting in disagreements of the juries. A third was more successful, resulting in an acquittal of Arbuckle on a charge of manslaughter.

### Public Opinion Indicts Arbuckle

The affair had many of the aspects of accident. But while Arbuckle was acquitted of the somewhat technical charge against him, he and the whole motion picture business shared in a conviction at the bar of public opinion under a broader indictment.

By the time the Arbuckle affair was getting well worked into public ferment the motion picture chieftains began to admit that things were in an exceedingly bad way.

It was the autumn of 1921, and in their days of their trial there seemed to be no end of the pestilence and scourges. Woe was deep in the kingdom of the screen and the signs in the sky gave no promise.

But like the period of greatest suspense in a Griffith thriller, the lone horseman and champion of the right was even then galloping to the rescue. He had been on the way since the spring of 1919 at least. His coming had been forecast, not in letters of fire or stars in the sky, but in very discreet whispers at discreet moments in directors' meetings, at luncheons all the way from the Ritz to the Astor, and all those places where the films clans meet.

The first public inkling, and it was a remote inkling, indeed, appeared on May 6, 1919, even before the motion picture sky had grown appreciably cloudy, in *Wid's Daily*, now the *Film Daily*, a motion picture trade journal. Page one of that issue presented an article, as follows:

#### MYSTERY LUNCH

WHO WAS THE LITTLE MAN AT THE IMPORTANT PARTY?

Scene, the Claridge, Parlor B. Time, yesterday, about 12:30 p. m.

In the cast: Adolph Zukor, Arthur Friend, Famous Players; Pat Powers, Universal; Charles C. Pettijohn, and Wm. J. Clark of Exhibitors Mutual, and several others of the industry, AND, a little slender man who was probably of importance.

As the party arrived they quietly reached Parlor B, and for once no one would say what it was all about.

Investigation disclosed that Parlor B had been secured for a luncheon by Charles C. Pettijohn. Late yesterday, when Pettijohn was found he said: "Oh, my birthday falls on May 5 and I had a little party." But he smiled in a peculiar manner.

None of those attending the luncheon would discuss what took place. Interest is chiefly aroused in who the little man in the gathering was. He has not been a familiar figure in picture circles, at all events.

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How To Have A Clear Complexion



This story was accurate as far as it went. The luncheon party in Parlor B, however, included also: William Fox, Robert H. Cochran, of Universal; Gabriel Hess and Samuel Goldfish of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation; Saul Rogers, attorney for the Fox Film Corporation; Percy Waters and Harry Berman.

Since this is not a nominating speech it is not necessary to longer hold out on the mystery of the mysterious little man "who was probably of importance." He was Will Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, of whom you have doubtless heard before.

Now this was not at all the inception of the movement which today connects Hays with the industry, as might be hastily surmised. Hays was looking the motion picture over as a campaign manager. The motion picture industry did not know yet that it was looking for a deliverer and it little suspected Pettijohn of being a prophet. That is one of the important things about Pettijohn.

**Indiana in Film Politics**

Now we must indulge in a film cutback to Indiana, a state famous for its output of fiction and practical politics.

Will Hays is from Indiana.

Charles C. Pettijohn is from Indiana.

When Will Hays was the chairman of the Indiana Republican organization, Charles C. Pettijohn was secretary of the Indiana Democratic organization.

Indianapolis centers on a circle and men meet.

Hays and Pettijohn were friends as well as politicians.

Pettijohn is counted by those who know him well enough as a first class friend and a first class politician. No one will ever erect a cigar store behind him on the assumption that he is a wooden Indian. Pettijohn was then incidentally an attorney of considerable skill and popularity owing to the facility with which he had defended a number of impetuous gentlemen charged with promoting the local death rate.

Among other things, Pettijohn, in political and other affairs, operated in a close and confidential capacity for Thomas Taggart, the Democratic boss of Indiana, proprietor of Pluto and French Lick, where one can also play golf.

Pettijohn was and is, therefore, a person of experience. Like all real politicians he can hear the distant footsteps of the elephant just as far as he can see the long ears of a donkey.

Which manifestly has nothing at all to do with the situation.

However, we may recall for the moment that hardly a block down Broadway from where Parlor B of the Claridge stood is Marcus Loew's theater, which was once Hammerstein's Music Hall, and that in the days of 1896 and the full-dinner-pail campaign the Republican National Committee held seven boxes at that palace of amusement. There, for the duration of the battle, the newly invented American Biograph presented the miracle of living pictures of Major William McKinley. By coincidence Abner McKinley, a brother, just before the campaign had become a stockholder in the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company. The Republican admiration for the screen began at the beginning.

Now, by 1919, the engineers of the Republican campaign had not forgotten the accidental disaster of the Ince anti-war picture, "Civilization," which had played so large a share in the second Wilson victory. It was desirable, among other things, that no such accident be repeated. And May 5, 1919, was none to early to be thinking about November and election time in 1920. Hays wanted the screen for Harding.

About October 14 Pettijohn left the Exhibitors Mutual, which was the remnant of the old Mutual Film Corporation, and became attached to the Selznick organization in capacities close and important to Lewis J. Selznick.

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**Do You Like to Draw?**

Copy the picture of the skating girl and send us your drawing. Perhaps you will win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years old or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you have not had much practice.

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**RULES FOR CONTESTANTS:**

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- 2 Send one drawing only, making Figure exactly 5½ inches high, on paper 6 inches wide by 7 inches high.
- 3 Use only pencil or pen.
- 4 No drawings will be returned.
- 5 Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
- 6 All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by March 15, 1925. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of Federal Schools, Inc. All contestants will be notified of prize winners.

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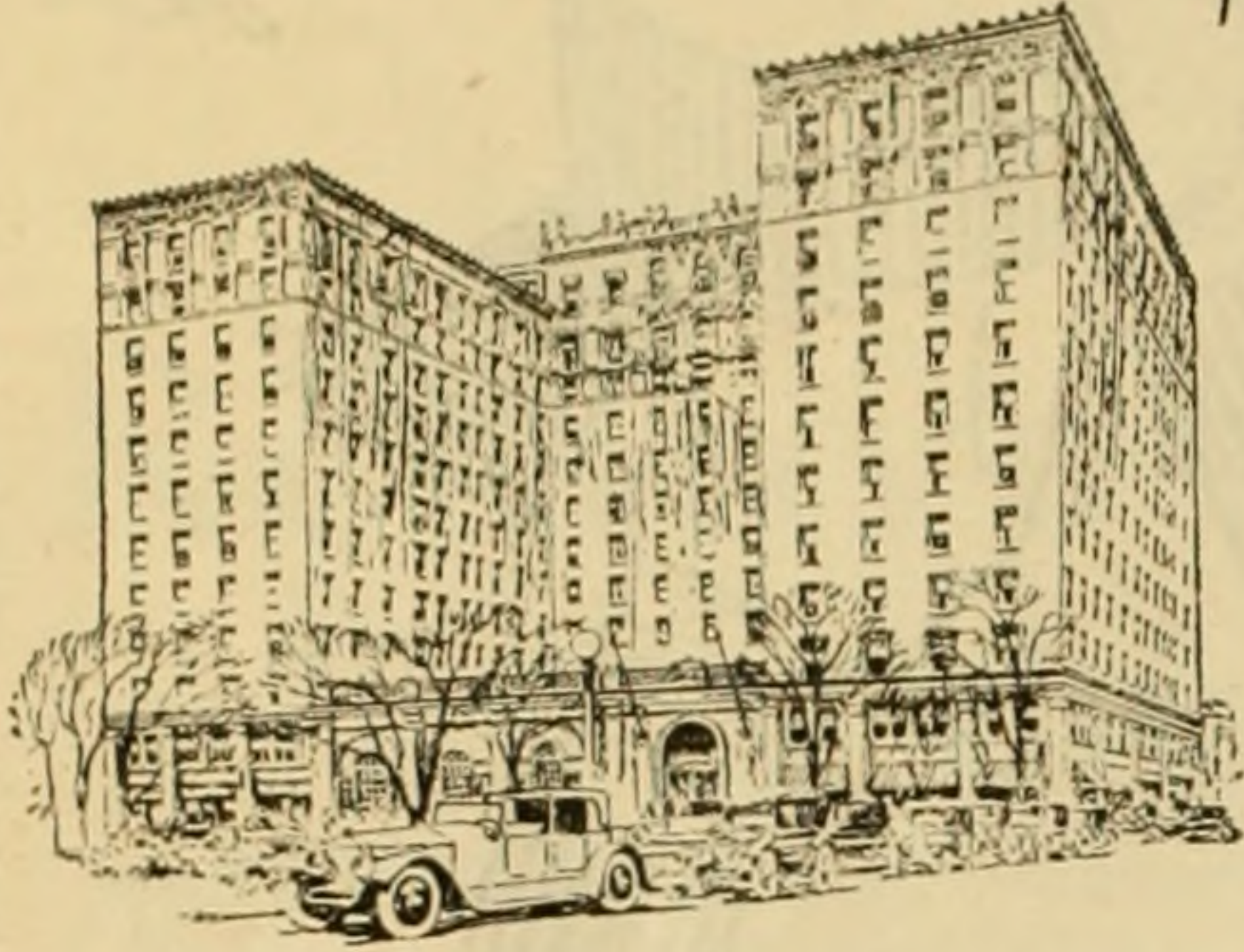
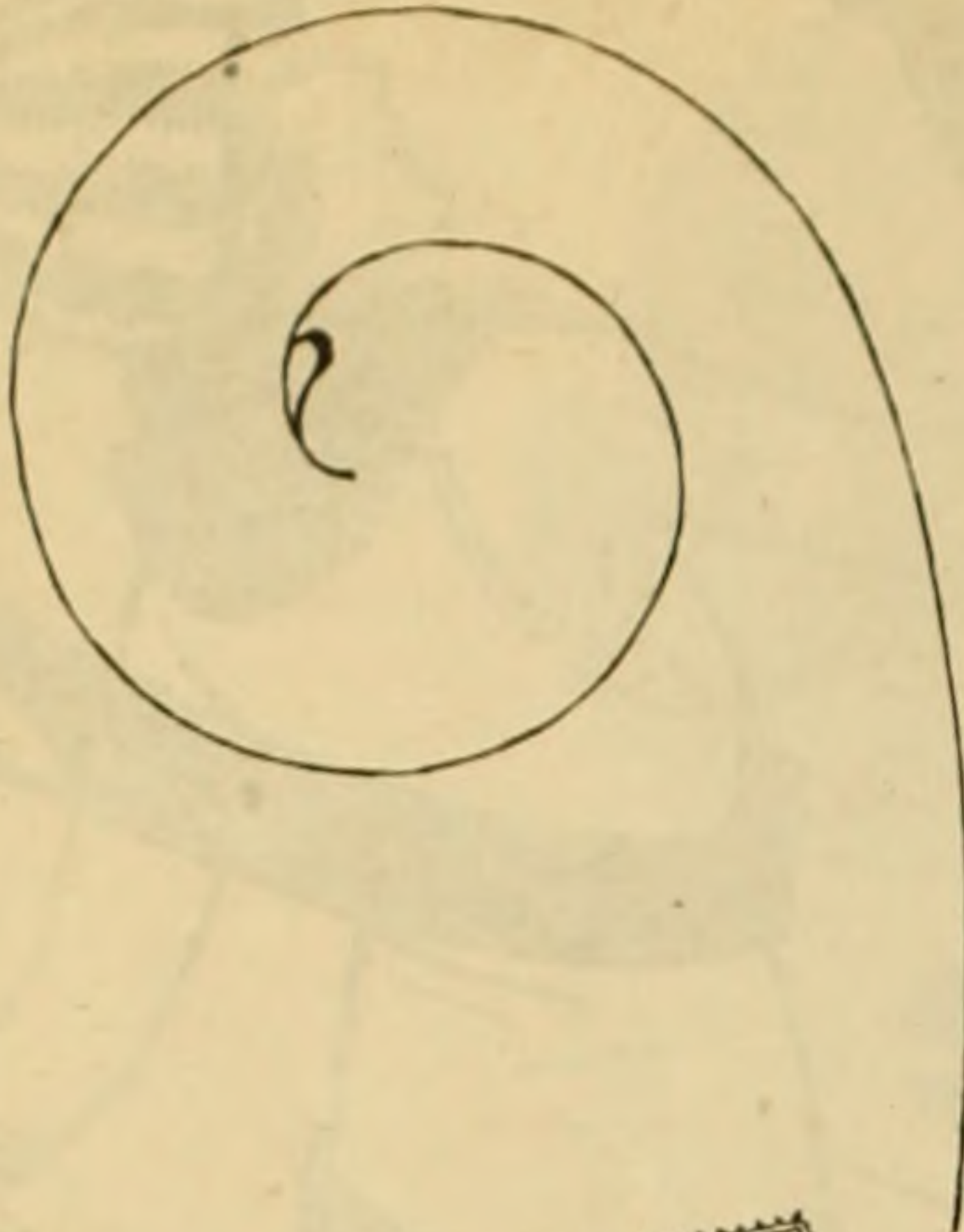
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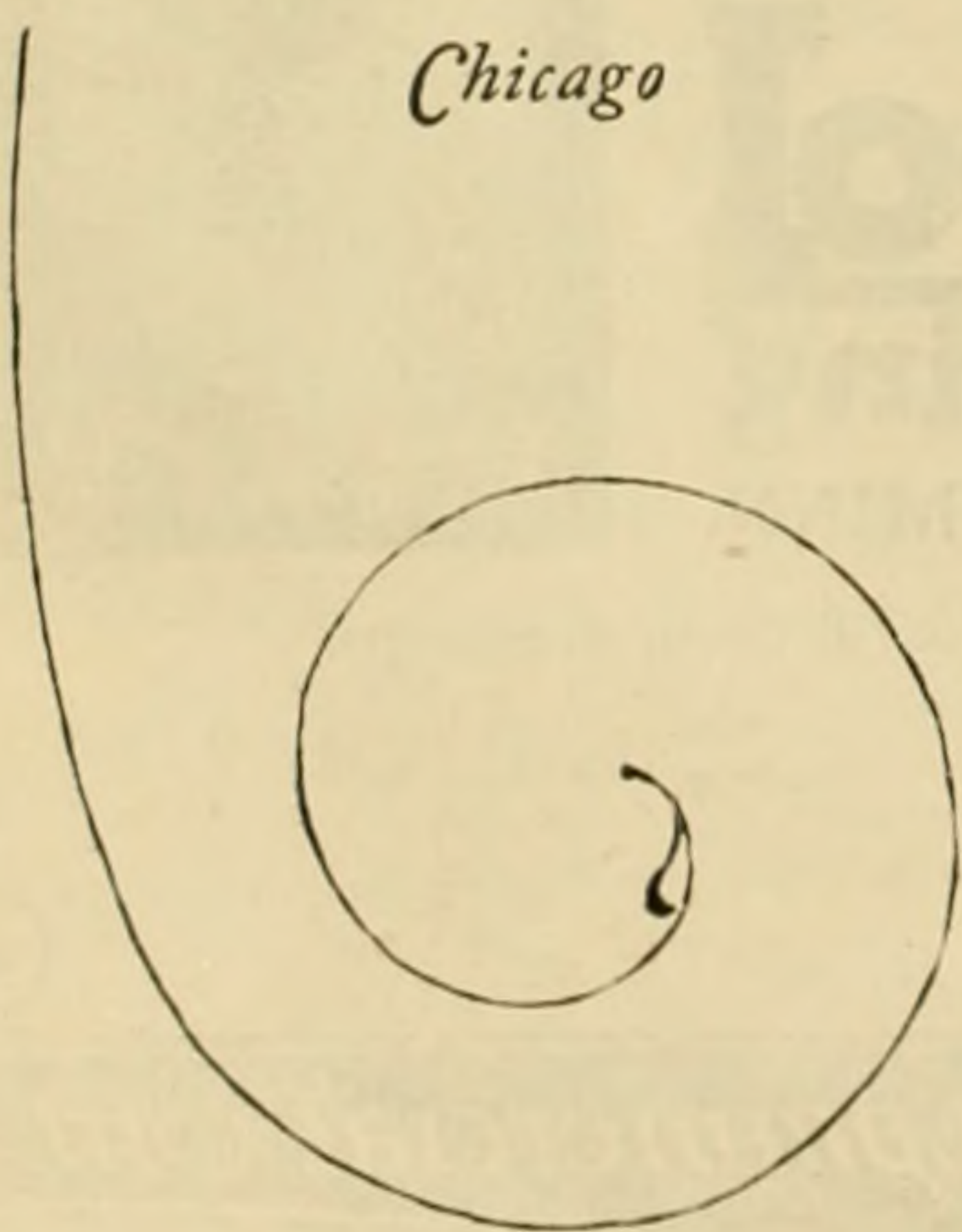
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SHERIDAN ROAD AT BELMONT

Chicago



Presently the World Film Corporation, from which Selznick had been ejected years before, went into a decline and was acquired by Selznick Pictures Corporation. Selznick privately admitted that it had been one of his ambitions to buy the World and junk it just by way of squaring things. Now it chanced that the World was the distributing agent for Kinograms, a news reel. It also chanced that Kinograms had a "rich uncle" and an opportunity to expand. The Associated Screen News, Inc., was born of that expansion and it manufactured, to the order of Selznick Pictures Corporation a reel known as Selznick News.

The situation got full of news reels and complexities.

A considerable quantity of motion pictures aimed at the education of the yeomanry and freeholders of the republic went into circulation in the campaign of 1920. Very little of it had a strong Democratic bias.

Also advice from Hays made a very fair screen actor of Harding. He posed freely and often.

Meanwhile the little mystery man of Parlor B was getting better and better acquainted in and about the motion picture industry. Lewis J. Selznick had heard a great deal of him from Pettijohn and Selznick was proud of Hays' acquaintance as a genuine insider and man of affairs.

### Hays Recognized as a Film Friend

It became well impressed on the motion picture industry in several ways that Hays could be a friend worth having and the motion picture had never had any pals who knew telephone numbers in Washington. It was properly impressed. Quite a few little favors were done, done in that graceful open handed way that is bread-upon-the-waters. Just for example, Nicholas and Joseph Schenck had a Russian friend who was confronted with Ellis Island difficulties which prevented entry into the United States. A way around Ellis Island, perfectly lawful but dexterously managed, was found. Now the Schencks had Fatty Arbuckle comedies released through Zukor's Famous Players, and Talmadge dramas released through First National Exhibitors Circuit, and besides held an intimate relation with the Marcus Loew enterprises. It was a big tie-up of friendships. There were others.

The campaign, as need not be detailed, went through with such a success as to crown Hays with the largest wreaths of laurel ever issued to a campaign manager. Warren G. Harding and a Republican Congress went in with a roar like a Mississippi levee letting go under the June rise.

Then Hays took an office of his own and proceeded to neatly wind up the far flung affairs of the campaign.

While Hays was so engaged some of his motion picture friends came to call. He was now a considerably bigger man than he had been at that luncheon in Parlor B.

### Films Make Hays an Offer

William Fox suggested that he would like to have Hays join his organization at say about \$75,000 a year. Some of the other motion picture concerns also thought they might be able to use a maker of landslides like the election of '20.

Hays was cordial and polite, but busy. He must have known perfectly well that all nice efficient Republican campaign managers become postmaster general. It is the traditional party method, time tried and proven. The post-office is the place for the organizer. It is sometimes good for the mails and it is always good for the party. This is something the Democrats have overlooked.

And never had the Democrats so overlooked the opportunity as when they installed Postmaster General Burleson. He had contrived to make the post-office, the one place where everybody gets a government contact, the most unpopular institution between Rainy Lake and the Rio Grande.

Anna Q. Nilsson, admired for her beautiful eyes.



Make your Eyes Irresistible by emphasizing the lashes

A SINGLE glance is unforgettable if darted from under long, shadowy lashes. You can have beautiful lashes instantly by darkening them with Winx. It is a waterproof liquid dressing which makes the lashes appear longer and heavier. Winx dries the moment it is applied, clinging so smoothly and evenly that it cannot be detected. Absolutely harmless.

Winx (black or brown) 75c. At drug or department stores.

Write your name and address on a piece of paper and mail it with a dime for a sample of Winx. Another dime brings you a sample of Pert, the rouge of youth.

For outlining your eyebrows try Winxette (Winx in cake form.) It is applied with a brush. Complete, 50c.

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Hays naturally went to Washington and became Harding's postmaster general. Even more important, he became a vigorously effective postmaster general and restored the mail service which was beginning to be seriously missed, even in the telegraphically minded film business. Letters began to arrive on time. The post-office machinery picked up with a click and began to run with a steady purr. Drastic measures and burly marines in convoys discouraged mail robberies.

A serious crisis threatened in the impending rail strike. It is hard to visualize the demoralization of business that would likely have followed the cessation of mail service. Hays pictured it, and it is perhaps permissible at this late day to say that there were plans set ready for one push of the button to put the whole U. S. army at moving the mails.

The post-office which had been intensely unpopular became popular. Even the dextrine on the back of the stamps tasted better after Hays got ahold.

Now by December, 1921, just when Hays was dashing from city to city and sitting up nights with the wires that told him the rail situation, the motion picture men were sinking deeper and deeper into the gloom of the industry's disgrace. They needed a friend, quickly.

The flow of scandal was telling at the box office. Censorship movements were acquiring new strength. Professional enemies of the screen were capitalizing opportunity.

The motion picture industry had made two slightly organized efforts to help itself. The first was the Motion Picture Board of Trade, born to a short and uneventful life under the undiplomatic auspices of J. W. Binder in 1915. The second was the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry of later date, headed by William A. Brady, a showman. The National Association could be of no help in the difficulties of 1921. It was weak from a lack of confidence and common interest. The motion picture men had to be driven by the most desperate necessity before they could unite for a common cause. They now knew they must unite and that the only effective aid must come from outside the industry. None of those who had participated in letting the motion picture fall into the Slough of Despond could be of use in pulling it out.

### Judge Landis a Shining Example

They remembered what baseball had done in a similar if not quite so desperate a plight. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis had been plucked from his place of special eminence on the Federal bench to redeem the repute of the game.

The time was very ripe.

Pettijohn discreetly mentioned the name of Hays to Selznick, and some others. Nicholas and Joseph Schenck had pleasant words to say. There were other nominations, among them Hiram Johnson of California and Herbert Hoover.

There was a conference at a lawyer's office down in the Wall Street district. "Not Hoover," they decided. "He's rich enough to be independent." Johnson—well, Johnson was from California.

Selznick was strong for Hays, for the reason, he says, "He was the biggest man I knew." The choice was Hays.

Hays had been injured in a train wreck. He was recovering under treatment in his suite at the Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. There Selznick and Saul Rogers went to interview him December 8, 1921.

They bore with them a roundrobin, under date of December 2, 1921, inviting Hays to the leadership of the industry. There were some touching phases in that document. ". . . and are striving to have the industry accorded the consideration and dignity to which it is justly entitled, and proper representation before the people of this country. . . ." "We feel that our industry requires further careful upbuilding and a constructive policy of progress. . . ." One important passage read:

# New Writer Wins Two Prizes in Photoplay Contest

W. F. Hicks, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, has been announced as the winner of both the first and second prizes in a photoplay contest conducted by the Universal Pictures Corporation.

Mr. Hicks' winning stories, "The Living Proof" and "The Two Roads," are about to be produced and he will receive a bonus in addition to the two prizes.

Mr. Hicks is just one of scores of new writers who have learned to write short stories, plays, photoplays and novels through the home-study courses in the technique of writing offered by the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

THE list includes Harold Shumate, author of "The White Sin" and the screen versions of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "The Moonlight Sonata"; Phyllis Cumberland, who sold "Tangled Lives" to Thomas H. Ince; Theodore Harper, who wrote "The Mushroom Boy"; Miss Bernadine King, who wrote "What Did the Bishop Say?"; Winifred Kimball, who won the \$10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News*; John M. Byers, who sold his first play to a New York producer; Charles Shepherd, who wrote "The Ways of Ah Sin"; Ethel Middleton, who wrote "Judgment of the Storm"; Jane Hurrle, who sold "Robes of Redemption" to Allen Holubar; Ledyard Baily, who sold "Oh, Those Men" to the *Woman's Home Companion*; Mrs. Della Varrell, who has published a three-act drama and a one-act comedy, and whose musical comedy is now in rehearsal; William Wallace Cook, who sold "The Trail of Billy Doo" to the Universal Pictures Corporation; Frances White Elijah, who won a \$2500 prize with her scenario, "The One Man Woman"; Mrs. Hanna Hawkins, who sold "Cinderella With a Difference" to the Fox Films Corporation; George H. Hodenpul, Jr., who sold "The Fib" to Selznick; Rodney Hynson, who wrote "His Majesty the American" (a Douglas Fairbanks' hit); James B. Leong, who wrote "Lotus Blossom" and "The Door of Hope," and was technical director of "Broken Blossoms"; Elsie S. Lewis, whose story, "Love Heals All Wounds," appeared in the October, 1924, issue of *Dream World*; Earl C. McCain, who recently sold "Flashing Miles" to *Short Stories Magazine*; Frances Marian Mitchell, who sold "Father's Home Town" to Mary Pickford, and Anita Pettibone, whose novel, "The Bitter Country," has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Company.



Harold Shumate Author of "The White Sin" and "The Last Rose of Summer." Mr. Shumate was formerly a salesman.

Some of these writers had never written a line for publication before they enrolled with the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

### Learn the technique of writing

Through the Institute's course in Short Story Writing and Photoplay Writing they learned the technique of story building and plot development—they learned *right at home in spare time* to write stories and photoplays acceptable to editors and motion picture producers—they learned how to write stories that sell.



Ethel Middleton Author of "Judgment of the Storm," one of the big screen successes of recent years. Also published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Palmer Institute will not only teach you the professional *technique* of writing, but through its contact with editors and producers can be of very great help in enabling you to sell your stories. The Institute's Story Sales Department has headquarters in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Chicago—the leading literary centers of the country.



Winifred Kimball Winner of the \$10,000 prize in the contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News*. Her picture was produced by Goldwyn.

### Well-known writers help you

The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists and motion picture writers. Fifty Free Scholarships and two \$500 prizes are awarded annually to deserving students.

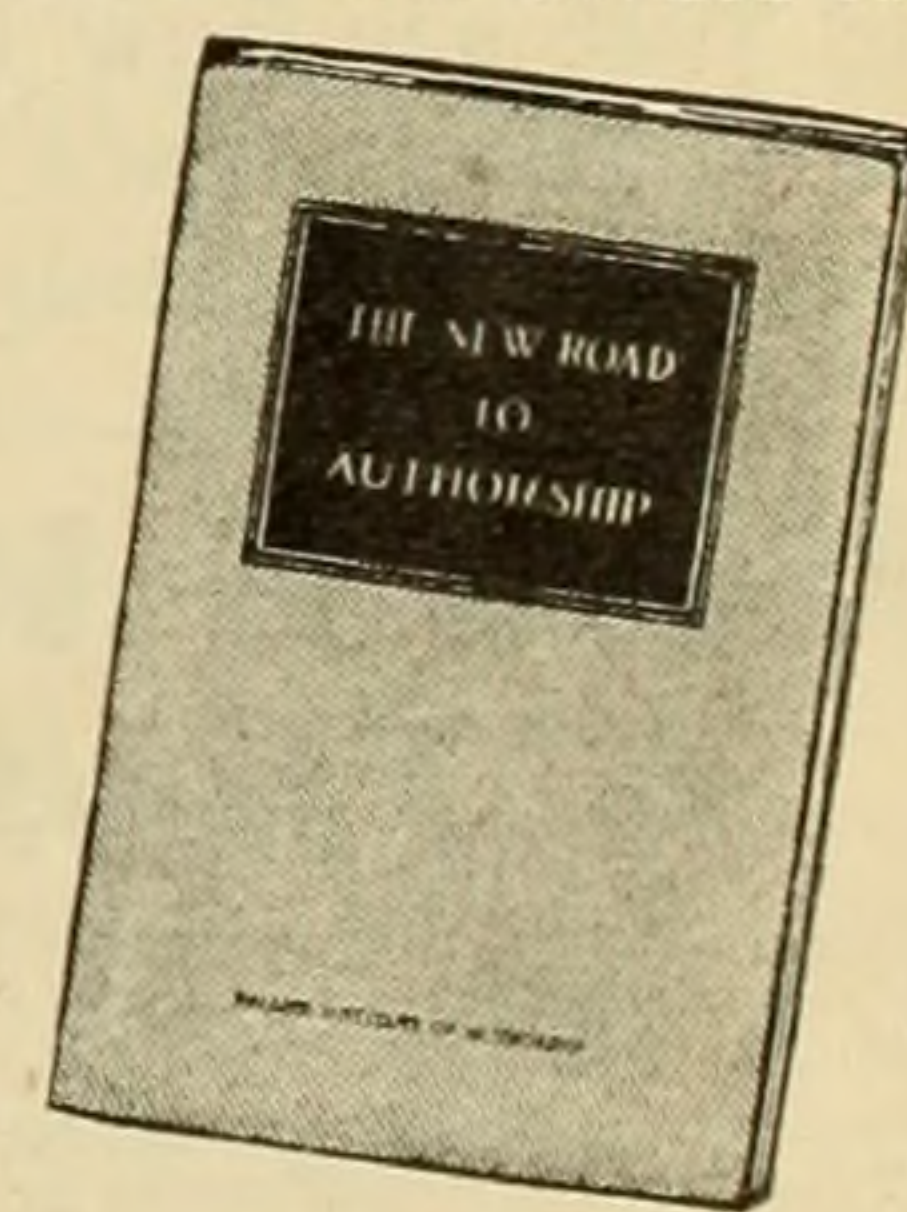
Serving on the Advisory Council of the Palmer Institute are the following distinguished men: Frederick Palmer, author and educator; Clayton Hamilton, well-known playwright and author-educator; Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Yale and Columbia Universities; Frederic Taber Cooper, author-educator; Russell Doubleday, publisher; C. Gardner Sullivan, screen writer and director; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of *Photoplay Magazine*, and Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director.

### Write for this Book and Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it seeks for training only those with natural creative ability who can profit by its instruction. Therefore, no one is invited to enroll for its home-study courses until he or she has passed the Palmer Creative Test.

This test is the most novel means ever devised for enabling you to obtain an accurate analysis of your writing ability. The filling out of this Creative Test and our analysis and subsequent training have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. Our Board of Examiners grades your reply without cost or obligation.

Just mail the coupon and we will send the Creative Test to you free—together with our book, "The New Road to Authorship."



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"The compensation we are prepared to pay in the event of your acceptance is one hundred thousand dollars a year under a commitment satisfactory to you, for a period of three years."

The signatures included Adolph Zukor, William Fox, Samuel Goldwyn, W. E. Atkinson of Metro, Morris Kohn of Realart, Rufus S. Cole of R. C. Pictures, Lewis J. Selznick, P. L. Waters of Triangle, Carl Laemmle, and United Artists Corporation, by Hiram Abrams, president.

Hays was able to sit up slightly and listen. There were several indications that he was going to recover.

He was properly surprised. It is, however, a safe guess that he was not entirely unprepared, and that some excellent information was coming from a reliable source in New York. Pettijohn had by this time cast loose from the Selznick concern and was officing for himself in Fifth Avenue.

Rogers and Selznick returned to New York and reported.

December 17 there was a gathering at Delmonico's where Hays met the film men. He was going home to Indiana for Christmas. He said he would think it over some more.

## Will Hays Joins the Pictures

Christmas morning the postmaster general was at his breakfast when a babble of small boy conversation arose around the bedecked tree in the next room. Three youngsters, Billy Hays, Jr., and his cousins, Charles Edward and John T. Hays, aged 5, 6 and 8, were exulting over their gifts, more especially a set of cowboy suits. They began to put them on, planning a parade before their elders.

"I'll be Bill Hart."

"You won't, I'll be Hart."

"Won't either, I'll be him."

"Then I'll be Doug—so there."

Will Hays was listening. The politically acute are said to have their ears at the grass roots. Hays was this morning listening to the voice of the people expressing themselves with guileless sincerity at the foot of the Christmas tree. He decided the films were important.

The postmaster general's real decision about the scope and possibilities of that movie job appears to have been made that morning of December 25, 1921.

On January 14, next, the formal acceptance came and President Harding issued a statement from the White House, expressing appreciations of Hays and regrets at his approaching departure from the Cabinet.

In March, Hays opened the offices of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., at 522 Fifth Avenue, and received the customary floral horseshoes.

A number of Democratic orators in Washington "viewed with alarm" and then the excitement subsided. Hays went to work.

And there was work aplenty to do.

In the weeks while Hays was approaching his new and conspicuous post the motion picture scandal sensation wave had received a powerful new impetus.

William Dean Tanner, also known latterly as Taylor, an English soldier of fortune and of motion picture fame as a director, was murdered in his apartment in Hollywood sometime in the dark hours between February 1 and 2.

Taylor was a person of more than commonplace studio calibre and the mystery of his taking off was sufficient to make him a national story, against the already high-colored background of the screen world.

Newspaper correspondents moved into Hollywood in armies and wrote freely. The nation's motion picture excitement reached its crest.

Evidences of a plan and directional skill began to be apparent in the industry's dealings with correspondents. The motion picture began to scream with outraged innocence. It was a rather new role.

Writers, better known for their fictional contributions to the scenario departments than



"And now  
she's so slender!"

"Did you ever see such a change in any one? Grace used to be positively stout. Now she's one of the smartest dressed women I know. She must have done something to regain her youthful figure."

She did do something. Realizing that her success and charm depended upon a slender silhouette, she used Marmola Tablets.

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## He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other man would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just cut out this ad, write your name and address on the margin, and mail to us with 10c in stamps. The little book outlining these revelations will then be sent to you, postpaid in plain wrapper. Knowledge is power. Send your dime today.

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for their abilities as reporters, were brought in as a defensive army. They reached Hollywood in the morning, and by night completed profound articles stating they had been unable to verify reports of wickedness. They had the same importance as interviews on America with European celebrities who have just had their first look at the Woolworth building. But big names helped.

The truth about Hollywood was really a light pink compromise between the paintings of the sensational press and the deep coat of homemade whitewash.

The motion picture industry offered some rewards for the apprehension of Taylor's slayer—and trembled with apprehension lest the solution might prove worse than the mystery.

Gradually the sensation subsided and died, still a mystery.

Meanwhile, in New York the Hays office was organizing and teaching the motion picture industry not to be so self-conscious, so obvious and so clumsy.

The Hays office was presently to be found most unlike any other office in the motion picture business. It was effectively furnished in taste and it operated with an attitude of courtesy.

Under that is a machinery of organization and experience that it would take two books to explain.

In the organization a personnel of a new stripe appeared. A tendency to Americanize this end of the business became evident. The right and left bowers of Hays in the project developed to be Courtland Smith, formerly head of the American Press Association, incidentally a brother-in-law of Arthur Brisbane—and C. C. Pettijohn, of Indiana and Fifth Avenue.

Since the coming of Hays, motion picture sensations have not been so sensational. A slight and normal sprinkling of divorces and the like still occur in the Latin quarter of the films, but they are not now symbols of the industry. Picking on the films is no longer the national sport. Some legislative triumphs for the pictures have been recorded, and, most important of all, people with a pain about the films can now tell it to Hays instead of shouting to the newspapers.

The Hays office costs the motion picture industry, and therefore the public, about a half a million dollars a year.

It is the biggest bargain since Thomas Edison spent \$24,000 inventing the Kinetoscope in 1889.

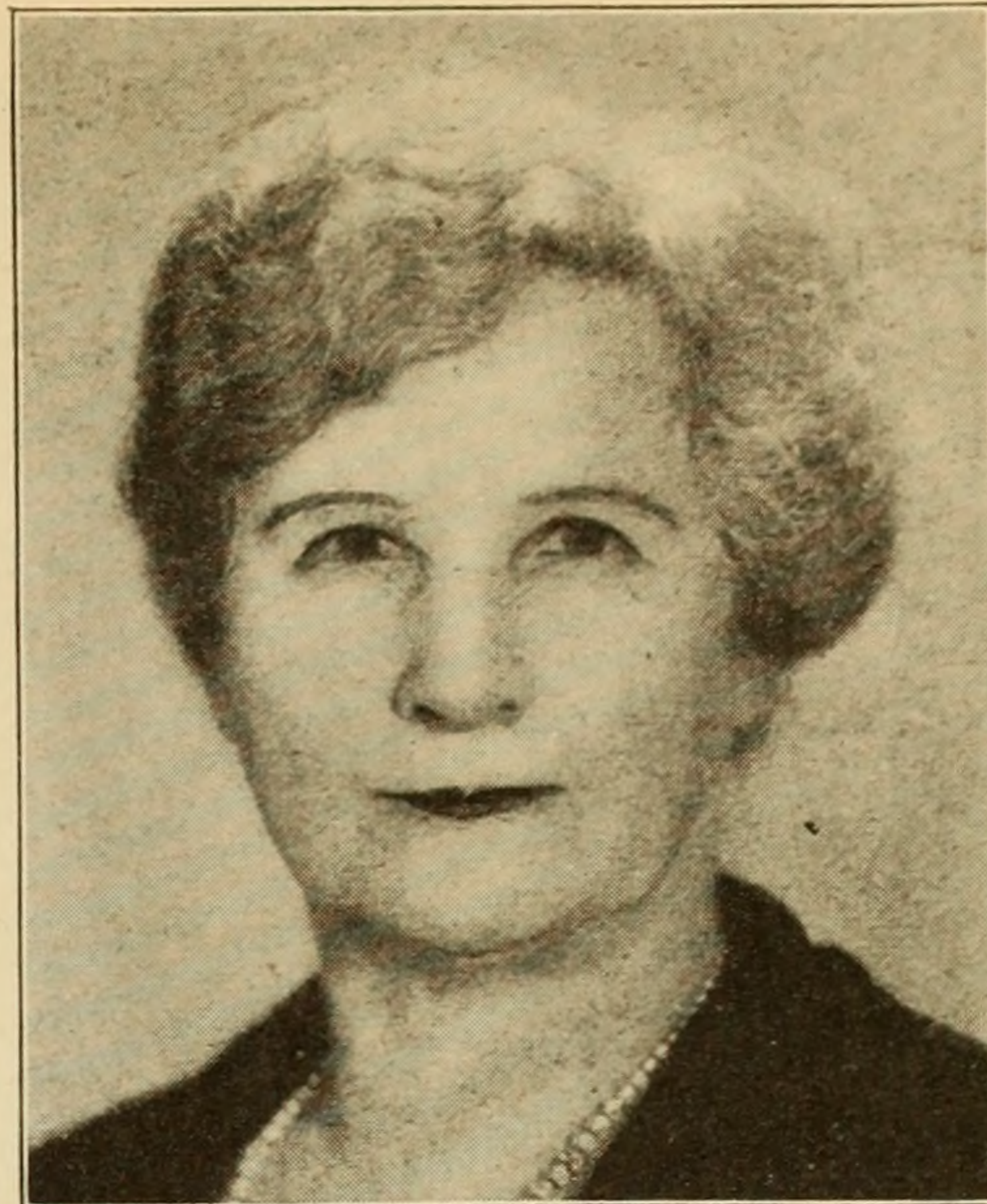
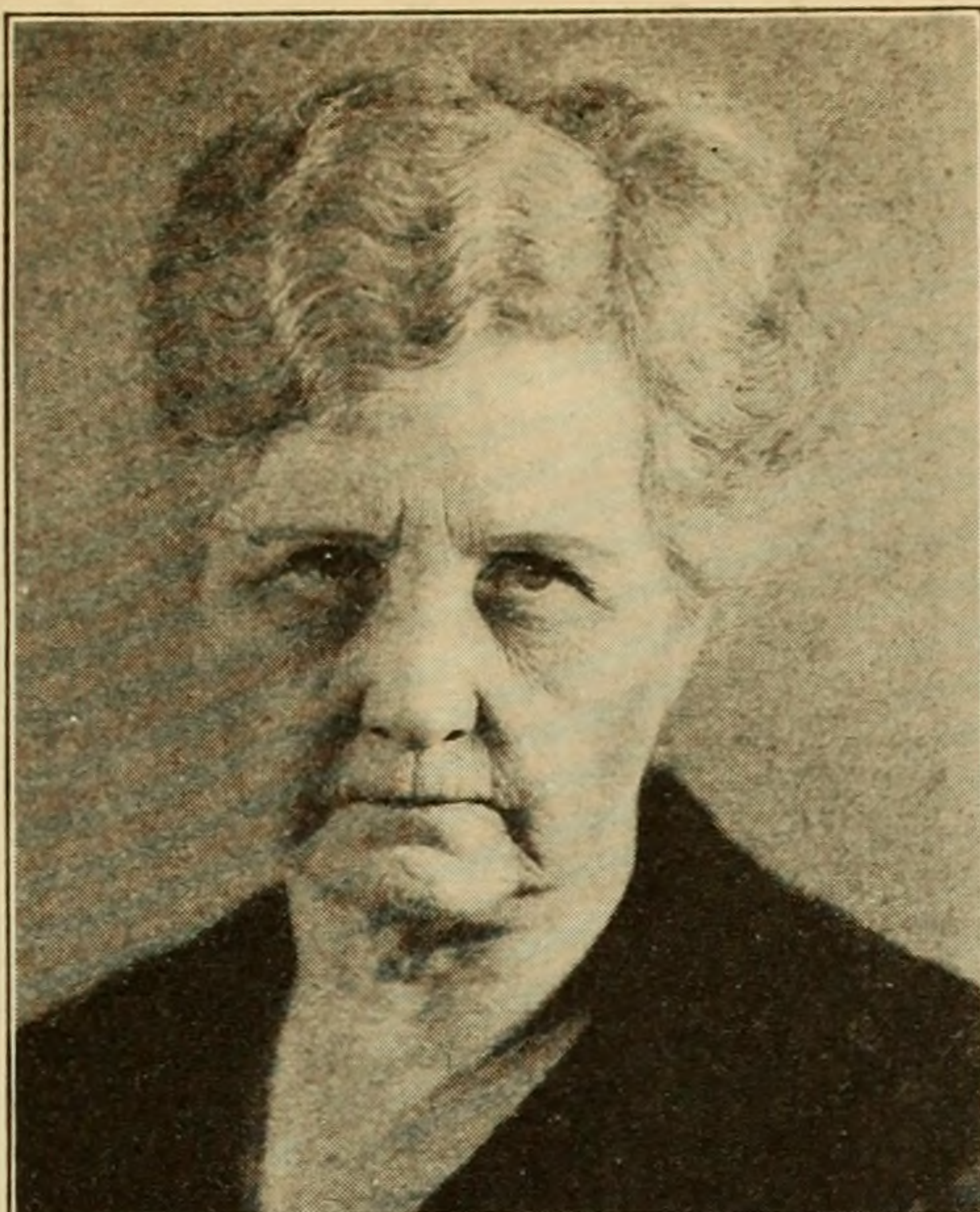
[ THE END ]

## The Extra Girl's Lament

*I wonder when he'll cease to say,  
"Yes, we have no work today."  
Over, and over, and then again  
He bawls this plaintive old refrain;  
And smilingly, which hurts the more,  
Enquires just what you're looking for.  
However quick the framed reply  
He'll answer back with twinkling eye,  
"Sorry, my friend, nothing doing today."  
The same old story in the same old way.*

*You get a tip from one of your pals,  
The Chaplin Lot wants boys and gals.  
You walk because you haven't a car  
With a job in view it don't seem far.  
But there he stands—The man at the gate,  
And his greeting is, "Sorry, too late."*

*It has to break sometime, that's certain  
Before the fall of the final curtain;  
But if it don't and I must wait  
And meet the chap at the Pearly Gate,  
I won't be surprised to hear him say,  
"Sorry, too late, nothing doing today."*



# See What FOOD Can Do!

Isn't this a wonderful example of how Nature rewards the woman who obeys Nature's laws? Faulty nutrition had made Matilde Hoffman an "old woman." In looks and feelings. Proper feeding—not dieting—restored her in this most marvelous manner. And it will do similar things for any woman. For it is a perfectly natural change.

It took Mrs. Hoffman exactly five months to accomplish the amazing improvement in health which the above photographs show. But Biofood begins to evidence its gentle correction within two or three weeks!



## What Biofood Did for a Run-Down Woman

And Christine Hollingworth! Virtually an invalid, she traveled the world to find a climate or waters that would give her vitality. This Chicago lady returned still suffering from anemia, indigestion, serious nervous disorders. She started taking Biofood and in eight weeks was on the high road to normal, active state of health. See her pictures above!

What is Biofood? It is a food—scientific, concentrated nourishment—the Kühne Brothers developed it through long study of biochemistry. It doesn't in any sense substitute for your three full meals (which you soon eat with a new relish!) but supplies the vital elements our pampered palates rarely get in modern, "soft" dishes prepared only to please our taste.

Another young matron found a chronically weak, sluggish condition completely conquered after several weeks of Biofood. Her report tells of a new and perfect functioning of organs which commonly lag in the strenuous life of women today even as they enter their thirties. And yet, Biofood, with all its amazing tonicity, is easily taken each day; it is practically without taste. Just three elements in simple tablet and liquid form. Biofood is bound to become a universal manna. Science has already given it a high place in the annals of health. The U. S. research bureaus have gone deeply into biochemistry for the common good.

Biofood has a corrective influence in all parts of the body—wherever the bloodstream carries its nurture—even the extremities. People take Biofood for its marvelous aid to digestion—and find it slowly but surely alleviating trouble with soft, unsound teeth! Or they start with Biofood because of kidney trouble—and eye-strain disappears, headaches are no more, simply because Biofood has nourished and strengthened tissues surrounding the optic nerves!

## The Same Little Girl!

There is no Biofood "age." It gives blood and bone nourishment that everyone needs. See what it did for little Mildred Boyer of Washington, D. C. Her parents had thought their child normal in mental and physical development. But the father tried Biofood for Mildred—and again the camera will give you an idea of the result. They report a most gratifying progress in her studies and in her bodily vigor.



The secret of biochemistry's quick impulse to the human system is *assimilation* and *elimination*. They are both rendered practically perfect soon after biofeeding begins. Constipation is *unknown* to biofed men and women!

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Do you wish to try Biofood? Without cost or obligation you may have The ABC of Health. This is a very interesting and mighty valuable book that will give you a new understanding of yourself and a new power for robust, vibrant health. Then you may have your own supply of Biofood for actual demonstration *with results guaranteed in writing!* Clip coupon now:

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Please send me, without obligation, plainly wrapped and postpaid, The New ABC of Health. (21)

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Address .....

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"PETER PAN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by J. M. Barrie. Scenario by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Peter Pan*, Betty Bronson; *Captain Hook*, Ernest Torrence; *Mr. Darling*, Cyril Chadwick; *Tinker Bell*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Tiger Lily*, Anna May Wong; *Mrs. Darling*, Esther Ralston; *Nana* (the dog), George Ali; *Wendy*, Mary Brian; *Michael*, Philippe de Lacey; *John*, Jack Murphy.

"SO BIG"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Novel by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Earl Hudson. Directed by Charles Brabin. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron. The cast: *Selina DeJong*, Colleen Moore; *Dirk DeJong*, Ben Lyon; *Purvis DeJong*, John Bowers; *Klaas Pool*, Wallace Beery; *Jakob Hoogandunk*, Ford Sterling; *Widow Paarlensberg*, Dot Farley; *August Hemple*, Jean Hersholt; *Simeon Peake*, Sam De Grasse; *Marchie Poole*, Gladys Brockwell; *Pauline Storm*, Rosemary Theby; *Dallas O'Meara*, Phyllis Haver; *Julie Hemple*, Charlotte Merriam; *William Storm*, Henry Herbert; *Dirk DeJong*, Baby Dorothy Brock; *Dirk DeJong* (later), Frankie Darrow.

"THE DEVIL'S CARGO"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Charles Whittaker. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Ben*, Wallace Beery; *Faro Sampson*, Pauline Starke; *Mate*, Raymond Hatton; *Martha Joyce*, Claire Adams; *John Joyce*, Wm. Collier, Jr.; *Jerry Dugan*, George Cooper; *Millie*, Dale Fuller; *Farwell*, John Webb Dillon; *"Square Deal" Sampson*, Emmett C-King; *Jimmy*, Walter O'Donnell; *Mrs. Farwell*, Martha Mattox; *Briggs*, Louis H. King.

"EAST OF SUEZ"—PARAMOUNT.—From play by W. Somerset Maugham. Screen play by Sada Cowan. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Daisy Forbes*, Pola Negri; *George Tevis*, Edmund Lowe; *Harry Anderson*, Rockcliffe Fellowes; *British Consul*, Noah Beery; *Lee Tai*, Sojin Kamiyama; *Amah*, Mrs. Wong Wing; *Sylvia Knox*, Florence Regnart; *Harold Knox*, Charles Requa; *Sidney Forbes*, E. H. Calvert.

"A THIEF IN PARADISE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Novel by Leonard Merrick. "The Worldlings." Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Helen Saville*, Doris Kenyon; *Maurice Blake*, Ronald Colman; *Rosa Carmino*, Aileen Pringle; *Noel Jardine*, Claude Gillingwater; *Bishop Saville*, Alec Francis; *Ned Whalen*, John Patrick; *Philip Jardine*, Charles Youree; *Rosa's Maid*, Etta Lee; *Jardine's Secretary*, Lou Poff.

"WIFE OF THE CENTAUR"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Novel by Cyril Hume. Adapted by Douglas Z. Doty. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Joan Converse*, Eleanor Boardman; *Jeffrey Dwyer*, John Gilbert; *Inez Martin*, Aileen Pringle; *Mrs. Converse*, Kate Lester; *Edward Converse*, William Haines; *Mattie*, Kate Price; *Hope Lorrimore*, Jacquelin Gadsdon; *Mr. Lorrimore*, Bruce Covington; *Harry Todd*, Philo McCullough; *Chuck*, Lincoln Stedman; *Uncle Roger*, William Orlamond.

"FRIVOLOUS SAL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by J. K. McDonald. Scenario by J. K. McDonald. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Roland Keene*, Eugene O'Brien; *Sal*, Mae Busch; *Bennie Keene*, Ben Alexander; *Steve McGregor*, Tom Santschi; *"Red" Osner*, Mitchell Lewis; *Chita*, Mildred Harris.

"TOMORROW'S LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Charles Brackett. Scenario by

Howard Higgin. Directed by Paul Bern. The cast: *Judith Stanley*, Agnes Ayres; *Robert Stanley*, Pat O'Malley; *Brown*, Raymond Hatton; *Bess Carlisle*, Jane Winton; *Grandmother*, Ruby Lafayette; *Maid*, Dale Fuller.

"THE LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA"—WARNER BROS.—Story from play by Owen Davis. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Mal St. Clair. The cast: *Rin-Tin-Tin*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Flora Gale*, Louise Fazenda; *Albert Dorn*, William Collier, Jr.; *Joe Daggett*, Mathew Betz; *Edward Cavanna*, Douglas Gerrard; *Caleb Gale*, Charles Hill Mailes.

"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY"—FOX.—Story by Edward Everett Hale. Scenario by Robert N. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Lieutenant Nolan*, Edward Hearn; *Anne Bissell*, Pauline Starke; *Lieutenant Riddle*, Earl Metcalfe; *Aaron Burr*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Nolan*, Lucy Beaumont; *Major Bissell*, Wilfred Lucas; *Captain Shaw*, Will Walling; *Peter*, Harvey Clark; *Captain Kearney*, Edward Piel; *Captain Danforth*, William Conklin; *President Monroe*, Emmett King; *President Jefferson*, Albert Hart; *President Lincoln*, George Billings.

"SO THIS IS MARRIAGE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Carey Wilson. Scenario by John Lynch and Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Peter Marsh*, Conrad Nagel; *Beth Marsh*, Eleanor Boardman; *Daniel Rankin*, Lew Cody; *Mr. Brown*, Clyde Cook; *Nathan*, Edward Connelly; *Uriah*, John Boles; *King David*, Warner Oland; *Bath-Sheba*, Mabel Julienne Scott; *Vera Kellogg*, Miss Dupont; *Augustus Sharp*, John Patrick; *Mrs. Stuyvesant Lane*, Claire de Lorez; *Mollie O'Brien*, Shannon Day; *Bobbie*, Jack Edwards; *Maid*, Estelle Clark; *Theress*, Thelma Morgan; *Smith*, Francis McDonald; *Dorothy Pringle*, Eugenie Gilbert; *Hawkins*, Sidney Bracey; *Riley*, Thomas O'Brien; *Donald Gibson*, Philip Sleeman; *Daisy de Belle*, Gloria Heller.

"THE DANCERS"—FOX.—Story by Gerald Du Maurier and Viola Tree. Scenario by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: *Tony*, George O'Brien; *Maxine*, Alma Rubens; *Una*, Madge Bellamy; *Fothering*, Templar Saxe; *Pringle*, Joan Standing; *Mrs. Mayne*, Alice Hollister; *Evan Caruthers*, Freeman Wood; *The Argentine*, Walter McGrail; *Ponfilo*, Noble Johnson; *Captain Bassil*, Tippy Grey.

"THE NARROW STREET"—WARNER BROS.—Novel by Edwin Bateman Morris. Adapted by Julien Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Doris*, Dorothy Devore; *Simon Haldane*, Matt Moore; *Ray Wyeth*, David Butler; *Garvey*, Russell Simpson; *Nell* (the stenographer), Gertrude Short; *Aunt Albina*, Kate Toncray; *Aunt Agnes*, Tempe Pigott; *Edgar Deems*, George Pearce; *Easter*, Madame Sultewan; *The Office Boy*, Joe Butterworth.

"THE SLEEPING CUTIE"—F. B. O.—Story by Beatrice Van. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Directed by Del Andrews. The cast: *Peggy Davis*, Alberta Vaughn; *Ted Adams*, George O'Hara; *Tim Mooney*, Kit Guard; *Sylvester Tomkins*, Albert Cooke; *Harold Van Cleve*, Stanley Taylor.

"THE DIXIE HANDICAP"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by



Reginald Barker. The cast: *Virginia*, Claire Windsor; *Judge Roberts*, Frank Keenan; *Johnny Sheridan*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dexter*, John Sainpolis; *Noah*, Otis Harlan; *Bubbles*, Joseph Morrison; *Major Warrington*, Otto Hoffman; *Mr. Bosworth*, Edward Martindel; *Mrs. Bosworth*, Ruth King; *Losing Jones*, Loyal Underwood; *A Tout*, William Quirk; *A Tout*, James Quinn; *Freight Conductor*, Bert Lindley; *Sheriff*, William Orlamond; *Constable*, Milton Ross; *Milkman*, J. P. Lockney.

"CURLYTOP"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story by Thomas Burke. Scenario by Frederick & Fanny Hatton. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Curlytop*, Shirley Mason; *Bill Branigan*, Wallace MacDonald; *Shanghai Dan*, Warner Oland; *Bessie*, Diana Miller; *Wang Toy*, George Kuwa; *Sproggs*, Ernest Adams; *Hilda*, Nora Hayden; *Annie*, LaVerne Lindsay.

"YOUTH AND ADVENTURE"—F. B. O.—Story by Howard Clark. Scenario by Howard Clark. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast: *Reggie Dillingham*, Richard Talmadge; *Joe Potts*, Pete Gordon; *Clint Taggart*, Joseph Girard; *Mary Ryan*, Margaret Landis; *Red Mullin*, Fred Kelsey; *Phyllis of the Follies*, Katherine Lewis.

"LET 'ER BUCK"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick and Raymond L. Schrock. Adaptation by Edward Sedgwick and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Bob Carson*, Hoot Gibson; *Jacqueline McCall*, Marian Nixon; *Col. Jeff McCall*, Charles K. French; *James Ralston*, G. Raymond Nye; *Kent Crosby*, Wm. Steele; *Miss Mabel Thompson*, Josie Sedgwick; *Sheriff*, Fred Humes.

"THE SIGN OF THE CACTUS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Norma Wilde. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Cliff Smith. The cast: *Jack Hayes*, Jack Hoxie; *Bell Henderton*, Helen Holmes; *John Henderton*, J. Gordon Russell; *Panhandle George*, Francis Ford; *Old Man Hayes*, Josef Swickard; *Earl of Chico*, Frank Newberg; *Sheriff*, Jack Pratt; *Jack Hayes* (age 15), Bobby Gordon; *Bell Henderton* (age 13), Muriel Frances Dana.

"THE LOST CHORD"—W. B.—ARROW.—From song by Adelaide Proctor and Sir Arthur Sullivan. Directed by Wilfred Noy. The cast: *Arnold Grahme*, David Powell; *Countess Zara*, Alice Lake; *Pauline*, Dagmar Godowsky; *Count Zara*, Henry Sedley; *Joan*, Faire Binney; *Jack*, Charles Mack; *Arthur Ames*, Sam Hines; *Levina*, Signor Salerno.

"FLASHING SPURS"—F. B. O.—Story by William Lester. Scenario by William Lester. Directed by Reeves Eason. The cast: *Sergeant Stuart, of the Rangers*, Bob Custer; *Steve Clammert*, "The Spider," Edward Coxen; *Ruth Holden*, *Country Girl*, Marguerite Clayton; *Rena Golden*, *Vamp*, Marguerite Clayton; *Butch Frazier*, *Rough Heavy*, Joe Bennett; *Scarbee*, *Rough Heavy*, Bill Hayes; *John Holden*, *Father* (bit), William Milan; *Flynn* (an old powder man), Andy Waldron.

"RIDIN' PRETTY"—UNIVERSAL.—From story by Raymond L. Schrock and G. Hively. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Arthur Rossen. The cast: *Sky Parker*, William Desmond; *Maize*, Ann Forrest; *Miller*, Stanhope Wheatcroft; *Stringbean*, Billy Sullivan; *Big Bill*, Slim Cole; *Shorty*, Tex Young; *Gloom*, Billy Gillis; *Barb Wire*, Frank Rice.

"THE NO-GUN MAN"—F. B. O.—Story by Dorothy Arzner and Paul Gangelin. Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: *Robert Jerome Vincent*, Lefty Flynn; *Bill Kilgore*, William J. Quinn; *Carmen Harroway*, Gloria Grey; *Obediah Abraham Lincoln Brown*, Raymond Turner; *Tom West*, James Gordon Russell; *Oklahoma George*, Bob Reeves; *Snooper*, Harry McCabe.

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*March 18<sup>th</sup>*

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**"COMIN' THRO' THE RYE"**—HEPWORTH.—Story by Helen Mathers. Directed by Cecil M. Hepworth. The cast: *Helen Adair*, Alma Taylor; *Colonel Adair*, James Carew; *Paul Vasher*, Shayle Gardner; *Mrs. Adair*, Gwynne Herbert; *Sylvia Fleming*, Eileen Dennes; *Mr. Tempest*, Henry Vibart; *Dick Fellows*, Francis Lister; *George Tempest*, Ralph Forbes; *Simpkins*, John MacAndrews; *Alice Adair*, Margot Armstrong; *Mrs. Titmouse*, Nancy Price; *Jane Peach*, Christine Rayner.

**"BAD COMPANY"**—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From story by John C. Brownell. Adapted by George Hobart. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Gloria Waring*, Madge Kennedy; *Peter Ewing*, Bigelow Cooper; *James Belmont*, Conway Tearle; *Teddy Lamont*, Lucille Stewart; *Dick Reynolds*, Charles Emmett Mack. Chorus from Earl Carroll's Vanities.

**"THE GOLDEN BED"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the book by Wallace Irwin. Scenario by Jeanie Macpherson. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Flora Lee Peake*, Lillian Rich; *Margaret Peake*, Vera Reynolds; *Colonel Peake*, Henry Walthall; *Admah Holtz*, Rod La Rocque; *The Marquis de San Pilar*, Theodore Kosloff; *Bunny*, Warner Baxter; *The Duc of Savarac*, Robert Cain; *Mrs. Amos Thompson*, Julia Faye; *Amos Thompson*, Robert Edeson; *Flora Lee Peak*, Jacqueline Wells, *Margaret Peake*, Mary Jane Irving, *Admah Holtz*, Don Marion, as children; *James Gordon*, Charles Clary.

**"FORTY WINKS"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Lord Chumley" by David Belasco and Henry C. de Mille. Scenario by Bertram Millhauser. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Eleanor Butterworth*, Viola Dana; *Lord Chumley*, Raymond Griffith; *Adam Butterworth*, Theodore Roberts; *Gaspar Le Sage*, Cyril Chadwick; *Annabelle Wu*, Anna May Wong; *Lieut. Gerald Hugh Butterworth*, William Boyd.

## When Alice Quaked

LEAVE it to Alice Terry to have the funniest story in the world about reducing. Whether it is Alice's superlative frankness or her real Irish wit, I don't know, but in any conversation she can always be relied upon to bring forth the most uproarious experiences.

A group of Hollywood beauties were discussing weight reduction one day and Alice told the following:

It seems that several years ago she had taken on a few superfluous pounds and decided that she ought to get rid of them. She heard of a famous reduction treatment which gave exercise by electrical massage and she immediately started a course of treatments.

The first day she was rather nervous when they installed her in a chair, connected batteries in various places, and then covered her with a few hundred pounds of sandbags. The masseuse then turned on the electric current. There was a terrible rumble, Alice saw the walls of the building sway and felt the floor heave. She gave one scream, scattered the sandbags in every direction and started flying out of the door clad only in nature's garments, and was half-way down the stairs before the operator could explain to her that there had been an earthquake.

"Of course it was my luck that the worst earthquake Los Angeles had had in years should happen just at the moment they turned on an electrical current, and while I was covered with a lot of hefty sandbags and had absolutely nothing on."

"HOW many will your car hold?"  
"All the neighbors—and once in a while my wife and myself."—*Life*.

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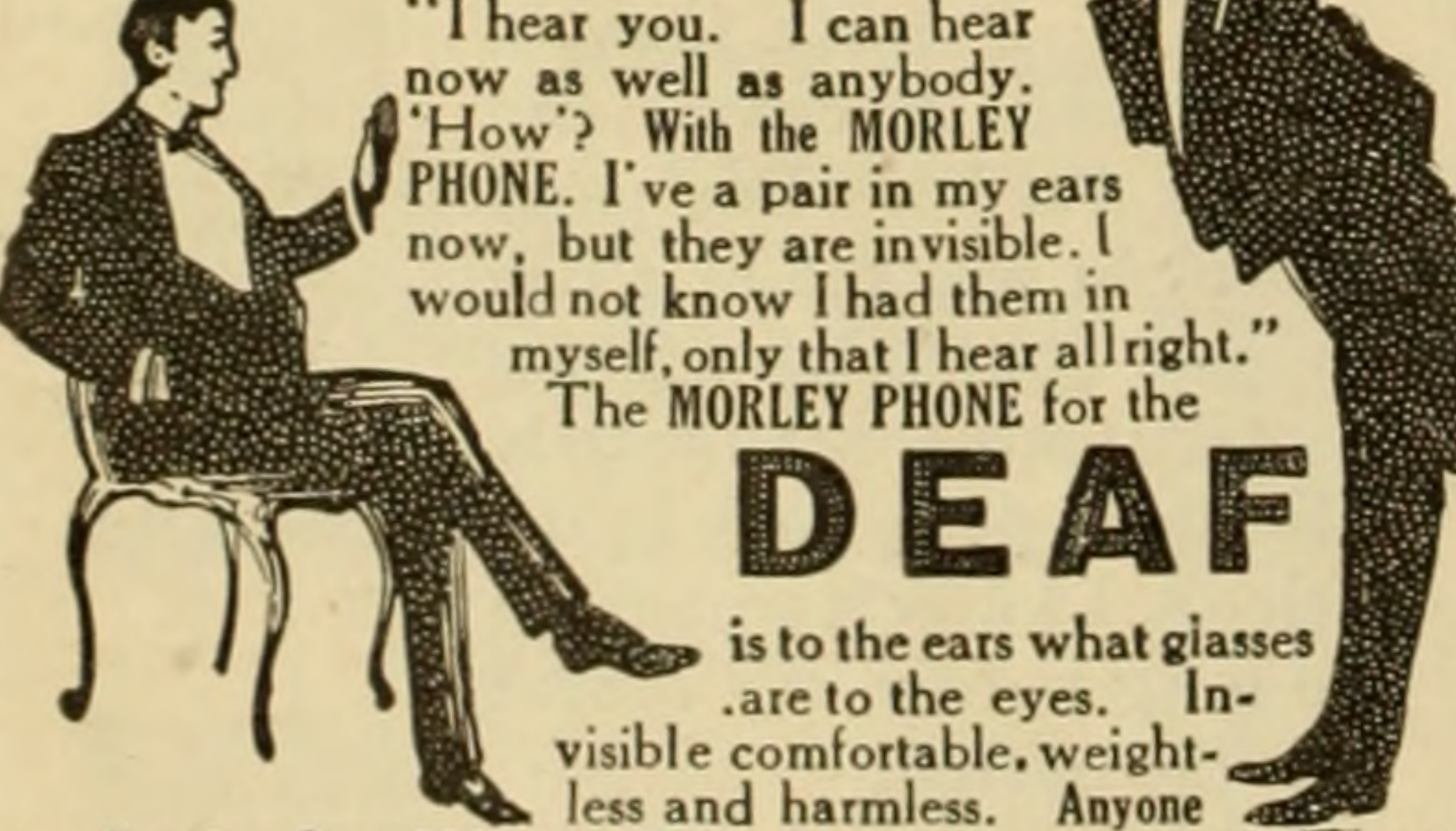
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## Women Men Love

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

all the same type. I thought that the minds of all men were polygamous."

Charles Belmont Davis, our best pal and most lenient critic, chose Hope Hampton. "Yes, Miss Hampton is the one who gives me the greatest thrill. And another one I like is Jetta Goudal."

"Hope Hampton and Jetta Goudal! Diametrically opposed in looks, type, temperament and everything. You don't observe any traffic rules, do you?"

"No, never did. I'm a jay-walker. Like it!"

Right in the office we encountered Frank Pope and he declared for Corinne Griffith and Aileen Pringle, adding, "But Miss Pringle's appeal is to the intellect, entirely."

"Better not let her hear you say that," we warned.

IT was interesting to find out which women the screen actors liked best and they never jump the way you think they will. Meeting George Walsh on Broadway, we permitted ourself to be inveigled in for tea and then combined business with pleasure.

"Which screen star gives you the greatest thrill?"

Now, if he had said Estelle Taylor he would have been coldly received; but when he said Norma Talmadge we complimented him on his good taste. George has a singleness of purpose. Norma is his only choice.

Harry Morey's choice is Alice Terry, Alice Joyce and Betty Blythe. And two other men when cross questioned, admitted a fondness for Betty too. They are our night city editor who rolled his eyes and gasped whenever he recalled "The Queen of Sheba" and a cub reporter who is so young that he is frightfully blase and through with things.

"Not for 'The Queen of Sheba,' eh?" we replied to his assertion that he didn't like pictures and couldn't fall for any of them.

"Well, now you've said it. 'The Queen of Sheba'—that's different. That was the last time I saw a picture; and believe me I haven't forgotten the Queen. Doesn't she make pictures like that any more?"

"That was Betty Blythe. Yes, she still makes pictures."

"But not like that! I think she has the most beautiful—most beautiful expression I ever saw. She looks so regal and sweet and womanly! Yes sir! I forgot about 'The Queen of Sheba' when I said I didn't care for any of the screen stars."

"Don't you like Gloria Swanson?"

"Never saw her," replied the cub reporter, subsiding once more into boredom. And we couldn't bother any longer with a man who never had seen Gloria Swanson.

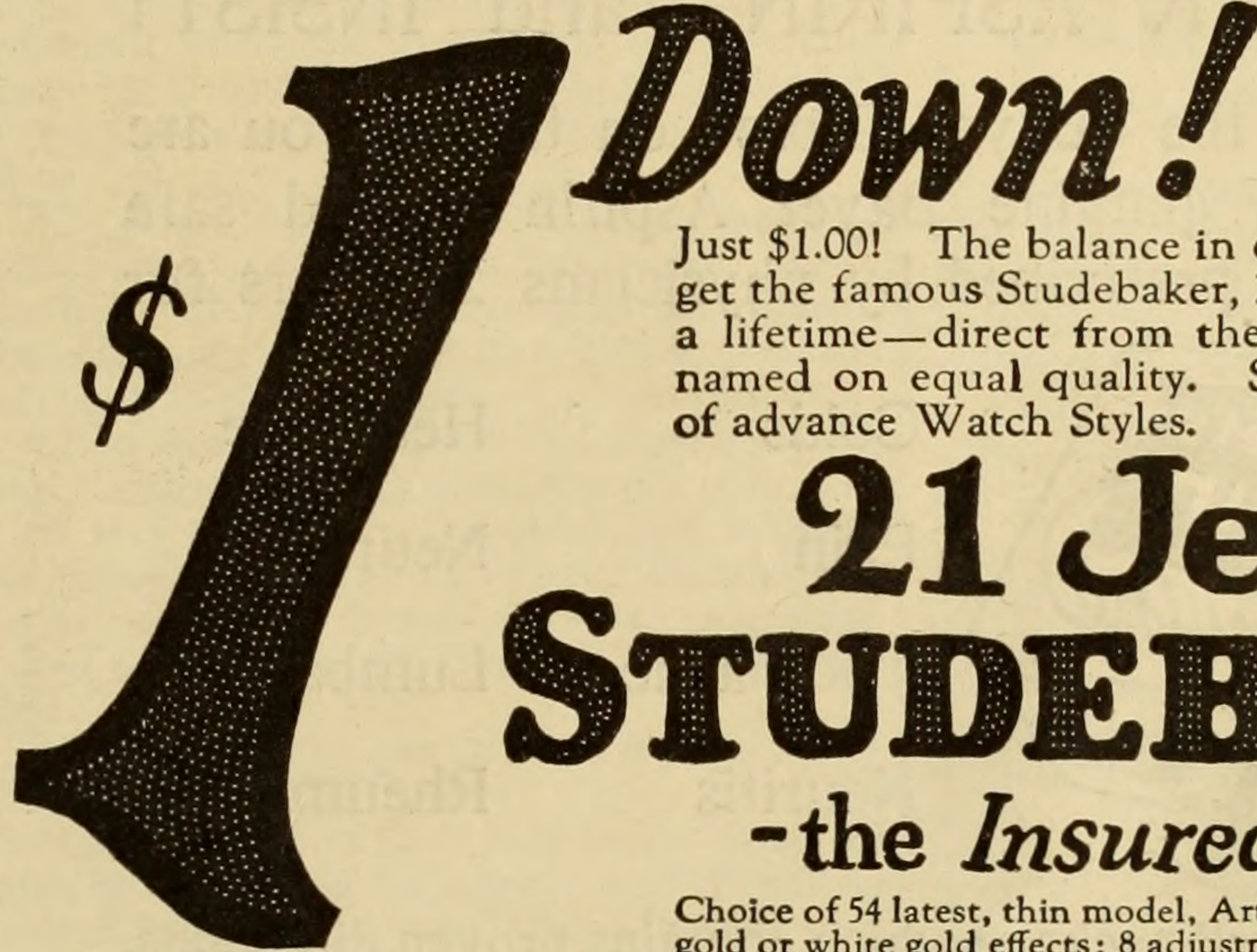
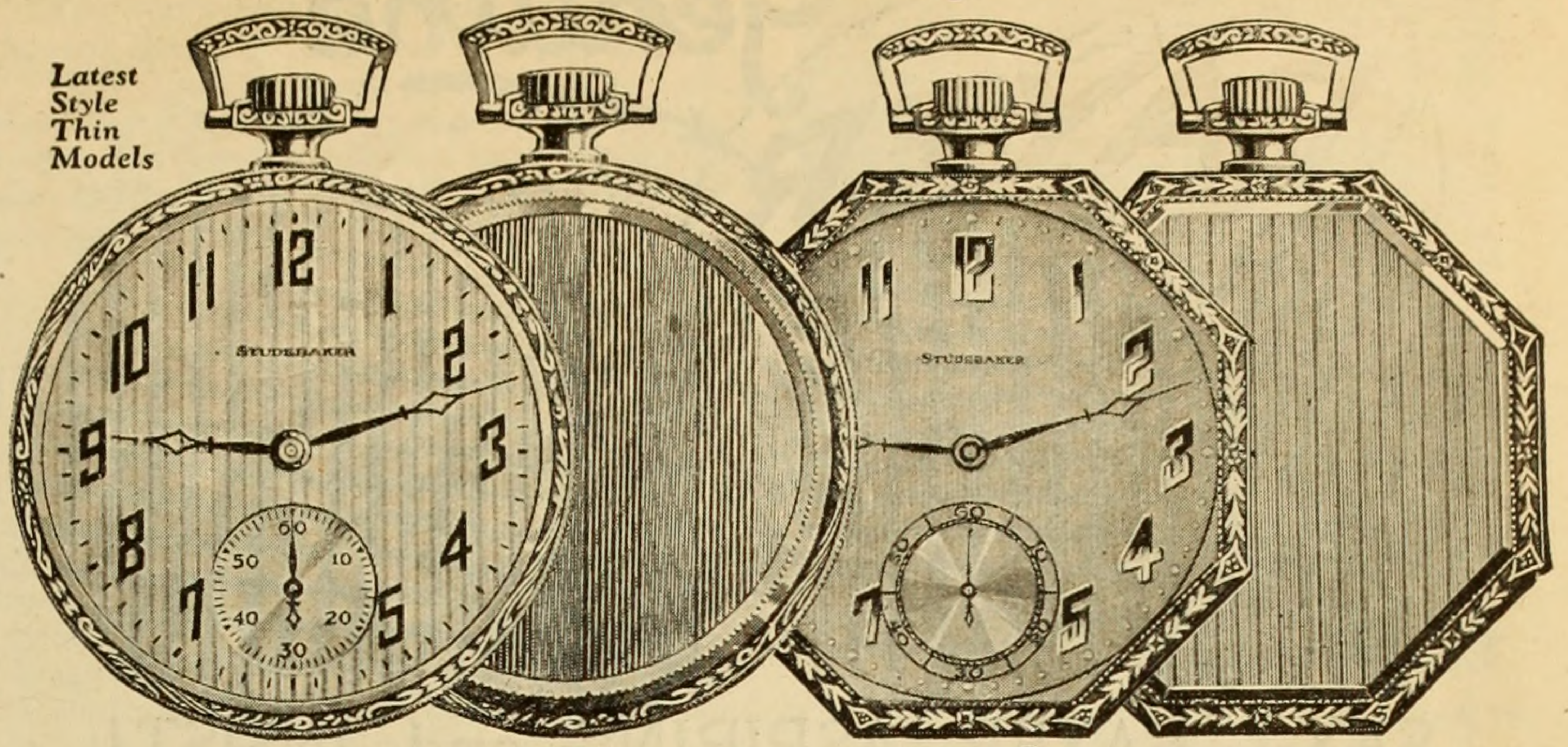
Once we asked Ramon Novarro which screen actress gave him the greatest thrill. "Lillian Gish," he replied. "I cannot resist any one whose eyes are set far apart like hers." And, of course, it is just little things like that which fascinate—things which no one but the recipient of the thrill can understand. Why, Herbert Howe used to declare that Louise Glauum was the most beautiful woman and the greatest actress on the screen. Later, we believe, she had to abdicate in favor of Betty Blythe and then came Alice Terry. Followed Pola Negri, but at the last writing from Italy it was someone else again. Not perhaps that he loves Pola less but Rome more.

I wonder who's thrilling him now.

FROM Carmel Myers in Europe comes word that despite many published reports to the contrary, the bob is still the rage in Paris. "I haven't cut my hair yet," she writes, "but that isn't because short hair isn't still the height of fashion but because of a personal preference for long hair. Every time I have a marcel the hairdresser begs me with tears in his eyes for permission to shear off my tresses."

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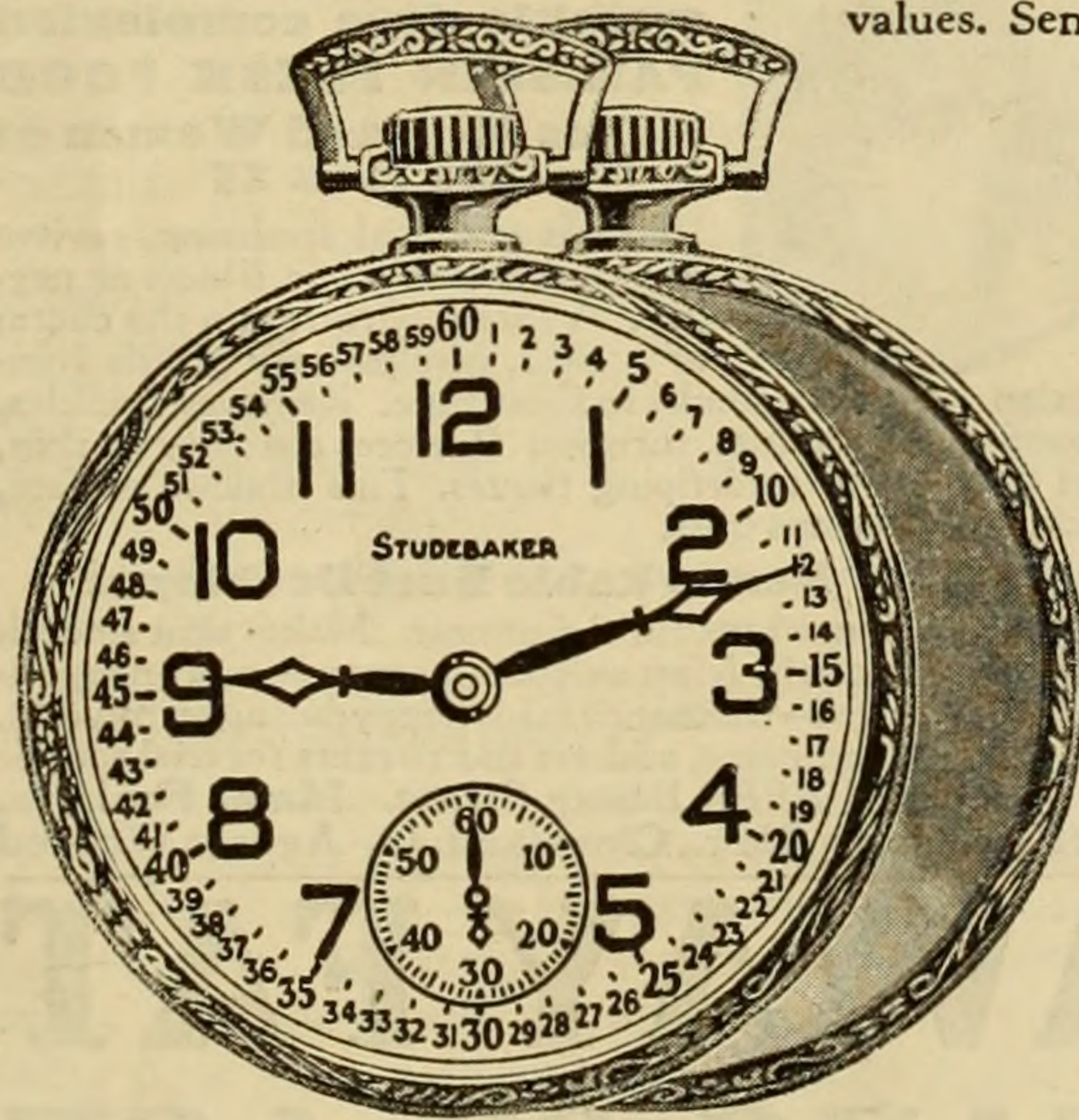
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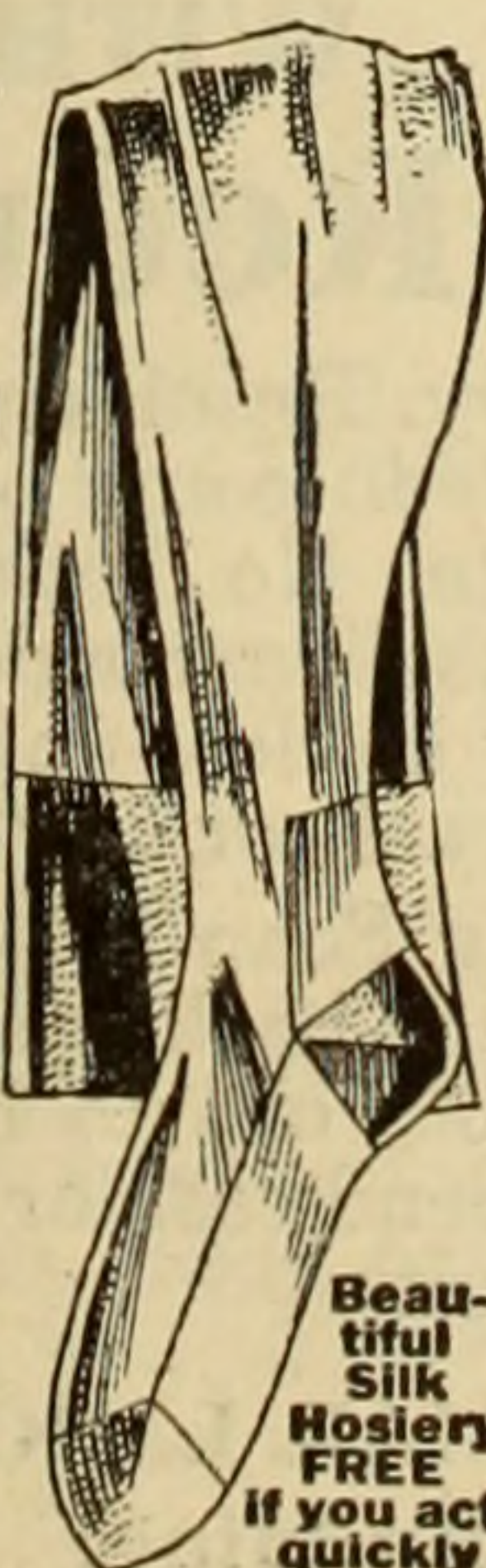
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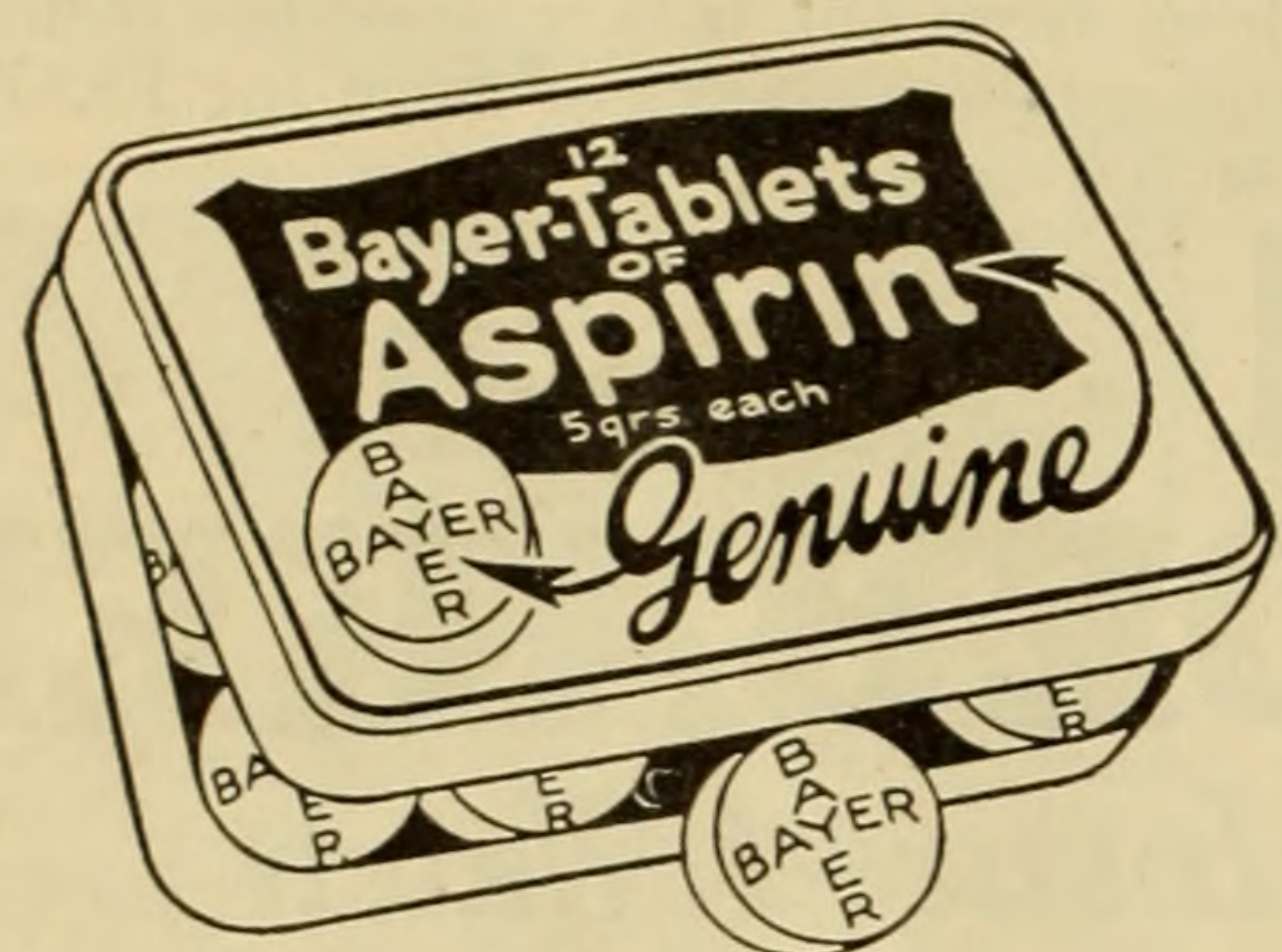
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It Can't Be Done

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

CHAPTER XXVI

TONY HULL went to his interview with Davidson like a man going over the top against certain death. He was confident what the outcome would be, and his only desire was to have matters settled as quickly and as amicably as possible. He found Lew with his feet on the desk, smoking a long, thin cigar.

"Hello, Tony," he said blandly. "Have a seat and a smoke. And first off, tell me what you thought of the showing last night. You should have come around. I was looking for you all evening."

"What was the use, Lew? I didn't want to tell you any fairy stories. Guess you heard enough, as it was. The picture was just what I told you it would be, when I begged you not to put Miss Shirley in it. Rotten. Why kid yourself?"

"Look here, Tony!" Davidson assumed a belligerent attitude. His feet crashed to the floor. "That ain't no way for a member of my company to talk."

"I'm not speaking for publication, Lew, and you know it. I'm telling you. You ought to be glad there's somebody in the bunch who has guts enough to tell you the truth."

"Well—what was the matter with the picture? You helped pick it out."

"I know I did. There's nothing the matter with the picture, except Miss Shirley."

With an effort Davidson smothered his annoyance.

"I guess you don't like her personally, Tony. But I know you wouldn't let that interfere with your work, directing. Maybe the part didn't just suit her. Now here's the dope. I been figuring out that what she needs is a costume play, understand, like 'When Knighthood Was in Flower.' One of them romantic things, with knights and castles and tournaments. Something she can wear stunning clothes in—show herself off against a proper background." Unconsciously he repeated Irene's words. "When I told her about that Elaine thing of yours she fell for it—hard. So I'm willing to put it on—give it a million dollar production. Great chance for you, Tony. Did you bring the scenario along? She's anxious to read it."

"No, Lew." Tony shook his head. "I didn't bring it along. That scenario's mine."

"What do you mean—yours?"

"I mean that I wrote it in my spare time, and that it belongs to me, not to the company."

Mr. Davidson gave this aspect of the matter a few moments' consideration.

"Sure—sure," he said at length, smoothing out a frown. "I know that. We're hiring you as a director, not an author. But we can easy fix that up. I'll buy the story, just like I'd buy any other story, see, and pay you a fair price for it. So get the scenario in to me first thing in the morning, and—"

"Look here, Lew," Tony interrupted coldly. "You and I might just as well understand each other. The only way I'll sell that picture to Davidson Productions is on the understanding that Jane Dare plays the lead in it. Miss Shirley isn't equal to the part. You'd better find her something else."

The anger which had been boiling up in Davidson's breast turned his face a sudden purple.

"I don't want it for Miss Dare," he snarled. "I want it for Miss Shirley." A pretty figure he would cut, going back to Irene empty handed. "And I want you to direct her in it."

"Lew,"—Tony rose—"let's quit kidding ourselves. I won't sell you the picture for Miss Shirley. And I won't direct her—in any big production, till she's learned how to act—if she ever does. I think too much of my reputation. Of course I know that lets me out, so here's my resignation." He tossed a folded sheet of paper on the desk. "I guessed what was coming, so I made it out in advance. No hard feelings, Lew. Just a difference of opinion."

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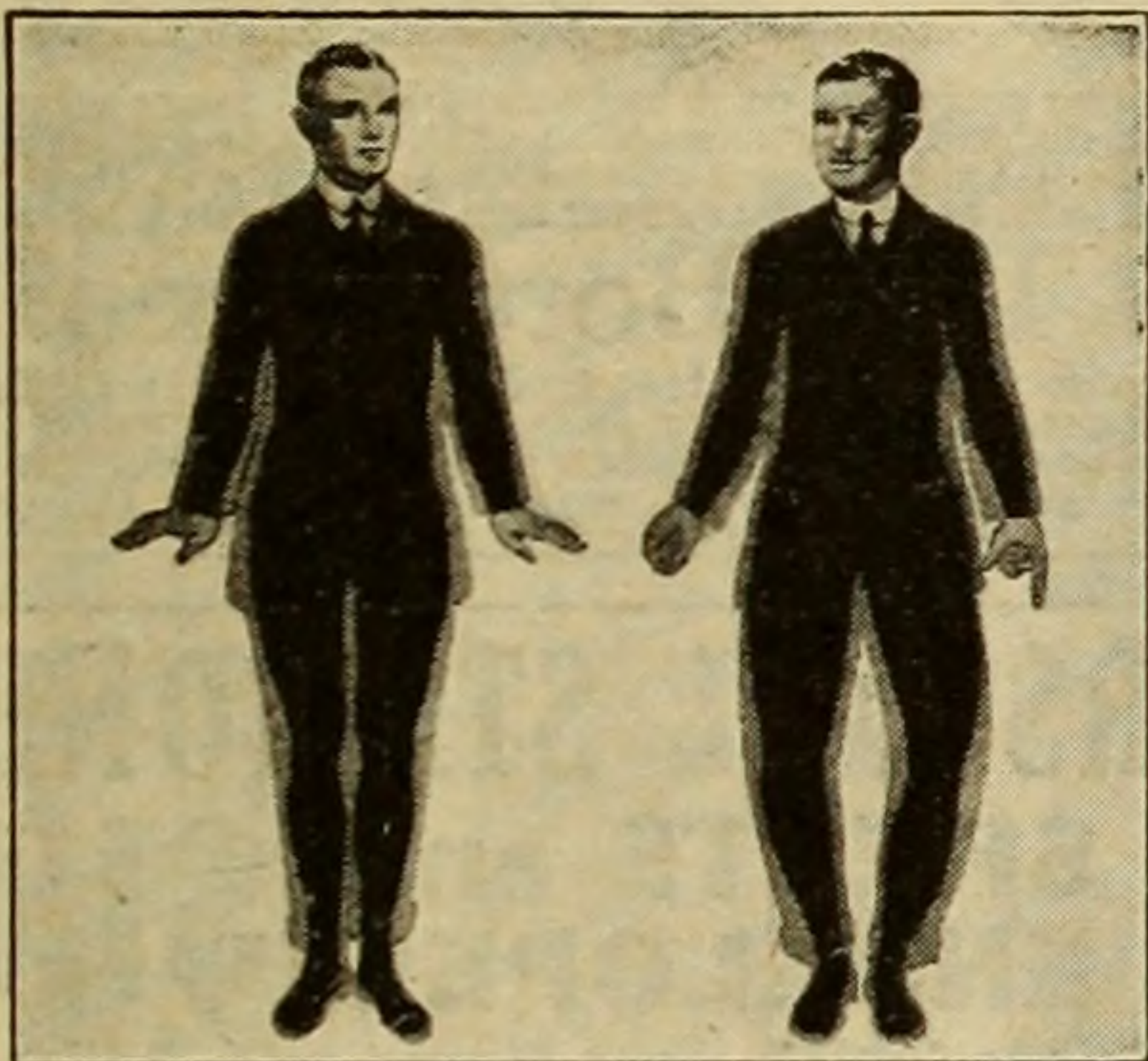
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We might as well part good friends." He put out his hand. "You can easily get some one to take my place."

"You ain't treating me right," Davidson shouted, ignoring Tony's outstretched hand.

"You're not treating yourself right, Lew. Some day you'll wake up and find it out. So long." He closed the door of the office behind him, feeling lighter of heart than he had felt for many weeks.

### CHAPTER XXVII

IRENE, who had spent the evening at the opening of a new play, met Davidson by appointment at the Ritz a little after eleven. Their intention had been to have supper, and then go back to her suite at the hotel and read the new scenario together. She had sent out, during the afternoon, for a copy of Tennyson's Idylls of the King, and read his famous "Elaine" through several times with the keenest interest. Here was a part just made for her, she decided. Mounted as Lew had promised to mount it, the production would make her famous. She hurried to their appointment, filled with the most pleasurable anticipations.

The gloomy air with which he met her told her at once that something was wrong. When she heard of Tony Hull's refusal—Mr. Davidson softened the story in its telling as much as he could, to save her pride—she was furious.

"You mean to say he won't let me have the part because he wants that Dare girl to do it?" This was the reason Davidson had assigned for Tony's attitude—he did not mention the latter's opinion of Irene's ability as an actress. "And you let him get away with a thing like that?"

"I didn't let him get away with nothing. I discharged him."

"Good. There's plenty of better directors than he is, looking for a job. And that Dare woman has got to go too." Irene had dropped some of her girly-girly pose, now that she felt sure of her hold on Davidson, and was beginning to show her claws.

"What do you mean, baby?" he asked uneasily.

"I mean that I want you to let her out. Tomorrow. They've both been working against me from the start. I shouldn't think you'd want to see me surrounded by a lot of enemies."

"I don't—you know I don't. But she's got a contract."

"Contract or no contract, she's out. I won't have her around. You can find plenty of ways to get rid of her. I'll never act in a picture with her again."

"All right—all right." Irene was beginning to show signs of tears. "I guess I can fix it. And I'll have our scenario department dig you up another costume piece—"

"I don't want another one. I want this one. It's just made for me." She was showing all the temperament to be expected of a full-fledged star. "I don't see how you can let a cheap director stand in your way. I read the thing over this afternoon and it fits me like a glove."

"Read the thing over? Read what over?"

"Why—Elaine, of course."

"You mean to say it's published?"

"Of course it's published."

A look of joy spread over Davidson's sallow face.

"Then what's the matter with getting hold of the author and buying the film rights? Who wrote it, anyway?"

"Tennyson. And he's been dead for thirty years."

"What! Dead for thirty years! And you making all this fuss? Why, baby doll, if you want that part, it's yours. The copyright's run out. All we got to do is hire an author to put the thing in shape—he can finish it in a couple weeks—and we're all set. Tony Hull ain't got no more rights to the idea than we have. And I was ready to pay him good money for it! What do you think of that!"



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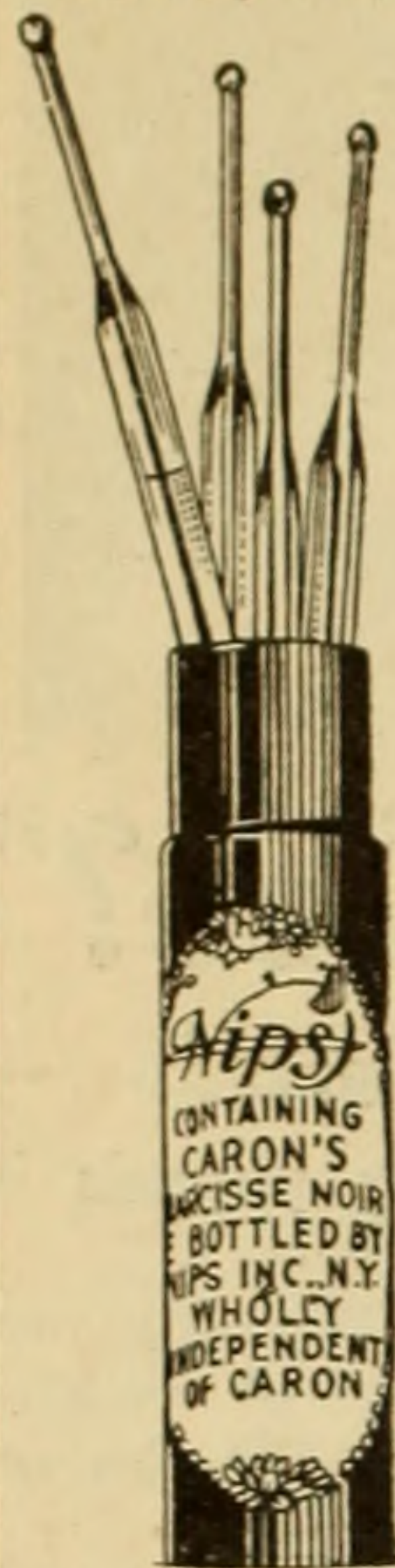
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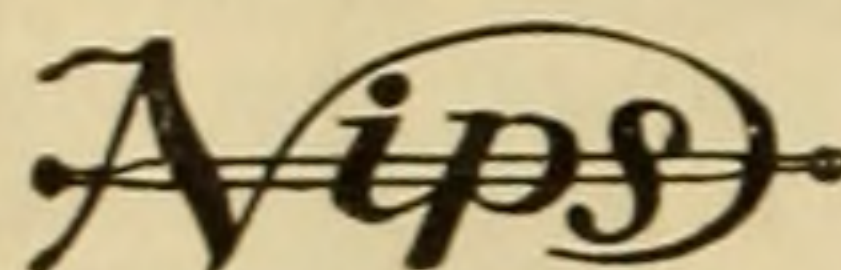
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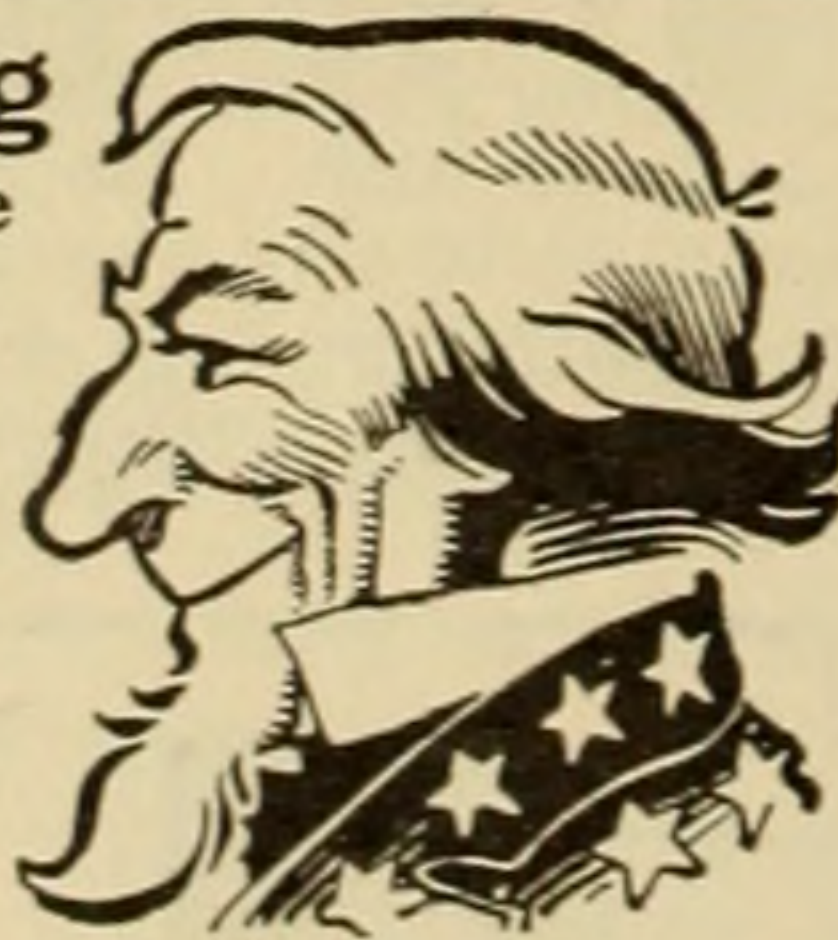
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Irene grasped the situation almost as quickly as Davidson did. She realized, moreover, the extreme need for secrecy.

"This fellow you hire to write the scenario," she said, "has got to be told to keep his mouth shut. And everybody else. The thing's got to be kept dark—at least until the production is well under way. I don't suppose Tony Hull is in a position to do anything, but there's no use taking chances. We don't want any competition."

"Sure we don't. I'll see about the scenario writer first thing in the morning. Sammy Glotzmann ought to be good, on a job like that. And I'll sign up Joe Hallett to direct it—he was in to see me Saturday—did all those big westerns, knows about horses—there's a lot of horses in this piece, ain't there? He's just finished with 'Superba'. High priced, but artistic. You'll like him."

"I will if he's a good director. This picture isn't any three-ringed circus, you know, even if it has got horses in it." She was all business now; the schoolgirl pose had gone completely, dropped like a worn-out cloak. "And don't forget you're to get rid of that Dare girl. Now that we have decided to do this picture there's a double reason for not having her about. If she got wind of it, she'd tell Tony Hull at once."

"I guess you're right," Davidson agreed, "but I don't see just how I'm going to work it."

"Leave it to your lawyer. He drew the contract, didn't he? If he can't break it he's not worth what you're paying him."

"Sure—sure," Lew hastened to placate her. But he was not at all sure. As matters turned out, however, Jane, for reasons of her own, made everything quite easy for him.

### CHAPTER XXVIII

TONY HULL, after leaving Davidson's office, went to his club and sat for a long time in a dark corner of the reading room, thinking. When eleven o'clock came he put on his hat and drove to Jane's apartment.

She had just come in, when he arrived, and the expression on his face brought an answering smile to her own. It was not the expression of a man who has failed.

"You look as though you had good news," she said, offering him a cigarette.

"Perhaps," he laughed. "I've left the company. And I want you to leave it, too. Tomorrow. I've got a great idea."

"What is it?" Jane asked, responding to his almost boyish eagerness.

"My own producing company, with you starring in the part of Elaine."

"But!" Jane gasped, the announcement almost taking her breath away, "you—where are you going to get the money?"

"Leave that to me. With my reputation as a director, you as our star, and the picture all ready to go into production, there won't be any trouble. Certain wealthy friends of mine, Joe McGrath, Arthur Venable, old man Purdy, have all told me whenever I was ready to launch my own producing company to come and see them. We'll need a lot of capital, of course. This is a big picture and has got to be put on in a big way, but I figure three hundred and fifty thousand will do the trick—four at the outside. And that isn't big money, to men like Venable, or Purdy."

Jane considered the matter for several moments in silence.

"Tony," she said at length. "It's a big chance, and I appreciate it, but are you sure you want me for this part? There are a lot of other women whose names would mean more to you, in a financial way. You've got to consider that."

"Not any who can act it better—or as well. It's a business proposition with me. I'll put Cyril Lane opposite you—his name will carry a lot of weight. Get out of that contract with Davidson as soon as possible. We can't afford to lose any time. It won't take long to close up the financial end. Men like Purdy or



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"You see, Jane, I'm not going to play this game the way some producers have, taking all the cream, in big salaries, and leaving their backers to hold the bag. I'm willing to give them control of the stock, keep expenses down to rock bottom, take my pay out of profits, give them a chance to make some money, too. A lot of capital has been lost in the picture business because the producers were rotten business men—or worse. Crooks, some of them, milking their backers with extravagant overhead, absurd salaries, production costs two or three times what they ought to be. Throwing money into the street. It's hurt the business, there's no denying that. I'm going to give my crowd a fair deal, not a circus."

Won over by his enthusiasm, Jane listened eagerly while he went into the various details of the venture. The big Sun-Art studios near Tarrytown were available at a reasonable rental. The Westchester country would provide the wooded exteriors they needed. He had his head cameraman, his assistants in all the various branches already picked out—had spoken to them—held them in line, for weeks, anticipating what had occurred. They discussed the matter until two in the morning, and when he left, Jane was unable to sleep.

Certain features of the thing puzzled her. There was no doubt of Tony's dislike for Irene Shirley, since he had broken with Davidson on account of her. She might be his wife, but if so, he certainly did not care for her. On the other hand, his proposition to Jane had been merely a business one, so he said. She preferred this to be the case, of course, and yet—delighted as she was to feel his confidence in her ability as an actress, to know that he considered her the one woman to play the part, she still was conscious of a certain disappointment that he had made everything so cold, so businesslike.

He did not care for her, of course. She was sure of that. And yet, even while he was telling her about camera men, and production costs, she could not suppress a mad desire to have him take her in his arms, smother her with kisses. He was so warm, so brown, so altogether adorable. Then she grew calmer. All this had been fought out, disposed of, weeks ago. It was humiliating, to allow herself to think about him, in that way, at all. When she finally fell asleep she was thinking resolutely of Ben Hardy.

CHAPTER XXIX

FOR over a week Jane heard nothing from Tony concerning his new venture, but consoled herself with the thought that such matters always took longer than was expected. Meanwhile, she played about quite happily with Ben.

The matter of her release by the company had proven unexpectedly simple. Davidson had sent for her, and in a manner half belligerent, half apologetic had put the matter before her. Miss Shirley, he said, wished to pick her own casts. Lew knew his woman—knew that in dealing with Jane he was dealing with someone of sensibility, of refinement. Nor was he mistaken. Without the least hesitation, but with an unholy joy in her heart, Jane told him that she would rather seek an engagement elsewhere than remain where she was not wanted, whereupon the contract was duly cancelled and the two parted with expressions of mutual esteem. It should have occurred to Lew's keen brain that the victory had been too easy, that there was something suspicious in the fact that Jane had put up no fight, but his mind was too full of thoughts of Irene, of carrying out her wishes, to function with its normal shrewdness.

Some days later, moved by a sudden impulse, Jane told the whole story to Ben Hardy. It had been difficult, up to now, not to tell him, since he had questioned her frequently about her work.

"I'm out of Davidson Productions now, Ben," she said. "And out of a job, too—for the moment. But Tony Hull is raising money to put on a big production and wants me to star in it. That's why I gave up my position with Davidson."

"Has he got the money yet?" Hardy asked. "I don't know. He didn't expect to have any trouble—"

Ben gazed at her with a seriousness unusual in him. They were sitting on the sand at Long Beach, resting after a somewhat strenuous swim. The surf had been heavy all day.

"Look here, Jane," he said. "I want to marry you. Don't act as though you were surprised. I've wanted to all along—more than anything in the world. This picture business isn't any bed of roses. Why not try being my wife for a change? I'm sure you'd like it—we'd have a perfectly gorgeous time travelling around—seeing the world." He pointed to the curving horizon. "Over the rim, leaving all our troubles behind us."

"Just when I am on the point of realizing my life's ambition? Of being the star, in a half-million-dollar production? Ben, dear, you don't know what you're asking."

"I'm asking you to be my wife, and that will make you happier than all the productions in the world. I know it."

"No, you don't—not anything about it. You don't understand what ambition means."

"Well—I like that. I had the ambition to make half a million dollars, didn't I?"

"I know. But the kind of ambition I'm talking about isn't a question of money. Call it fame, if you like—vanity—conceit—I don't know—the impulse that makes people paint, write, act, do a lot of other things, for the sake of doing them, succeeding in them, quite apart from any money they may get for it. I want to be a big screen artist, just for the joy of success—not because I'll get a small fortune a year in return for it. Money, alone, wouldn't satisfy me."

"I was offering you love, too, Jane."  
"I know, Ben. You're a dear. But I think I'd—smother—in what they call a home."

"YOU wouldn't say that if you loved me," Hardy remarked gravely. He seemed surprised, hurt.

Jane looked up at him. Perhaps, in his direct, honest way he had hit upon the truth. Was she thinking of Tony, after all—using her ambitions to cloak her real feelings? The thought that this might be true annoyed her beyond expression.

"Anyway," Hardy went on, "I don't ask you to give up your work—your career. We needn't have children if you don't want them. Marry me at once, Jane, and instead of going around the world on our honeymoon we'll compromise on a week-end at Atlantic City, and you can go ahead with your work in Mr. Hull's production. How about it?" He grasped her fingers, half buried in the sand. "Oh, Jane, my dear, my love, don't you know that I want you—your happiness—more than anything—just to hold you in my arms—always—to keep away from you all the ugly things in life—all the things that hurt"—he paused, his voice trembling. "My little girl—always."

Jane did not take away her hand. His earnestness thrilled her. She knew that what he offered her was something very big and real, that, whatever might come to her, in her work, success or failure, here was a haven of safety, always. Why think of Tony, married, indifferent, using her in his plans because he expected to make money out of her? A business proposition, he had said. And Ben was so dear and thoughtful—if she could only feel about him the way she felt about Tony—the way she had felt, that night at the bungalow!

"Ben," she said slowly. "I appreciate your offer—deeply. Are you willing to wait for my answer, until this new production goes on?"

"Why, you lovely thing, haven't I been waiting for you for nearly three years? I guess a few weeks more or less won't make

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much difference. Not any, in the way I feel." He resumed his old bantering manner. "My offer goes, whether you succeed or fail. Heads or tails, you win either way. I'm ready with a contract to star you as my leading—and only—lady, as long as I live. All you've got to do is sign on the dotted line. All the successful movie stars are married. Most of them do it frequently. You'd better get busy." He rose, laughing, and pulled her to her feet. "One more dip, and we'll start back for the white lights. Don't forget, even if you won't marry me, you're going to dine with me tonight."

### CHAPTER XXX

IT was while dressing for dinner that Jane heard from Tony for the first time since their talk about the new production.

"I've been trying to get you all the afternoon," he told her over the telephone. "When can I see you? It's important." She sensed a note of tragedy in his voice.

"Why," she glanced at the clock on her dressing table, "I've a dinner engagement at seven. But it's only a little after six, now. Where are you?"

"In a booth, at Forty-second Street. I'll come right up, if you say so. Are you dressed?"

"I will be, by the time you get here. In fifteen minutes, say. I hope nothing has gone wrong, Tony. You sound so sort of—well—depressed."

"I'll tell you when I see you. About fifteen minutes. Good-bye." He ended the conversation abruptly, and Jane, wondering what had happened, hurried through her dressing.

He came in at half-past six, wearing a very troubled expression indeed. Thoughts of Irene flashed through Jane's mind, but his first words dissipated them.

"Jane," he said, tossing his hat on the couch, "I've come to release you from our agreement."

"Release me?" She stared at him blankly. "You mean—from the production?"

"Yes." He nodded gloomily.

"But—why?" It flashed through Jane's mind that her name might have proved less of an asset, in his attempts to secure capital, than he had supposed. Well—she had offered to withdraw in the beginning, but now—to be thrown overboard as it were.

"Because I've failed. I can't get the money. I've seen Purdy, Venable, McGrath, and a lot of others, too. They all tell me the same story. Money's tight. The market's down twenty to thirty points. The pictures, as an investment, don't look good to them just now. They wouldn't touch my proposition with a ten foot pole.

"When I reminded them of what they'd told me a couple of years ago they laughed and said I wasn't in touch with the money market. I'm not, either. That's where I made my mistake. Purdy showed me figures. He's lost a quarter of a million, in oils alone, since March. Not fly-by-night concerns, but big, substantial companies, like Cosden. Venable gave me a list of banking and brokerage houses that have failed since the first of the year. To attempt to float a picture producing concern under present conditions, he said, would be like trying to sell electric fans to the Esquimaux. In six or eight months, he thought, things might be different, but right now, nothing doing.

"McGrath, who is closer to the picture business than any of them, told me some of the biggest producers in the country are having trouble right now, and one or two of them are seriously considering closing down their plants. So I guess we'll have to forget about it, for the present, and wait until another year. And since you can't very well wait on promises, I felt the only fair thing to do was to explain the circumstances to you, frankly, and leave you free to look for something else. I'm sorry. You don't know how much I've hoped and planned and worried, on your account. Next year, perhaps—" he gave a wry smile, reached for his hat. "Well—I mustn't keep you. It's almost seven."

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"Never mind about that, Tony. It's only Ben, and I can see him at any time. Please don't feel discouraged. And don't worry on my account. I can wait, and so can you. It hurts me, to see you so down, so blue. I'll find an engagement without any trouble. And of course, you'll have no difficulty at all. Any of the big companies would be only too glad to sign you up. Your picture will be as good, a year from now, as it is today, and in the meanwhile you'll have plenty of time to get together the necessary money. So don't worry, dear boy. If you'll promise to let me play the part when the time comes, that's all I ask."

Tony took her hands, a new light growing in his somewhat tired face. The past ten days had been full of bitter disappointments.

"Jane, dear," he whispered, "you're fine—splendid. I can't tell you how much better you've made me feel. It hurts, to have to come to you, of all people in the world, and confess failure. The part is yours, whenever you want it. Meanwhile," he regarded her with a queer, whimsical smile, "I hope you won't decide to marry Mr. Hardy, and leave me in the lurch." The doorbell rang as he finished speaking.

"There he is now," Jane laughed. "I want you two to meet." She opened the door, and Hardy came in, looking very prosperous in his well-cut dinner clothes. He smiled warmly as he gripped Tony's hand.

"So you're the chap that's going to make Jane a star," he said. "More power to you. She told me this afternoon about the new company you're forming for her. Any stock left for sale? If so, I might take a flyer on a couple of shares myself." He laughed, offering Tony a cigarette.

"I'm afraid it's all off," the latter said, wincing at Hardy's words. "I can't raise the money."

"Why not?" Jane could not tell, from Ben's voice, whether he was disappointed or glad.

"Oh—the condition of the money market. You know, better than I do, I guess. We'll have to put it off until next year."

"Next year?" He glanced sharply at Jane. "Then—what are you going to do in the meanwhile?"

"Get another engagement, of course." She smiled gaily enough, but beneath her gaiety Hardy saw the bitter disappointment. He motioned to a chair.

"Let's sit down and talk this thing over," he said. "Just how much money do you want?"

"Oh—a lot," Tony replied carelessly. "Three hundred and fifty thousand."

"Three hundred and fifty thousand! I'll say it's a lot. This must be some picture."

"It is," Tony said simply. "A big costume production, like 'Robin Hood,' or 'Little Old New York.'"

"IT'S one of the loveliest things I've ever heard," Jane said enthusiastically. "Mr. Hull read it to me one night, and I know. The story of Launcelot and Elaine, from Tennyson's Idylls of the King. The way he's adapted it, it couldn't possibly fail."

"H—m." Hardy puffed reflectively at his cigarette. "You think there's money in it, then?"

"Money!" In his eagerness Tony almost jumped from his chair. "A million!"

"For whom?"

"For the company producing it, of course. The stockholders. I'm to be one of them. And Miss Dare. For our services, and the use of the scenario, we proposed to take forty-nine per cent of the stock, leaving the money end of it fifty-one per cent and control. We're willing to take nominal salaries, and gamble on the picture being a success. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"Yes. I'd say it was." Hardy drew a pencil from his pocket and began to make figures on the back of an envelope.

"If you happen to know any people with money to invest in a picture proposition," Tony went on, "I'd be glad to read the scenario to them and explain my plans in detail. Most



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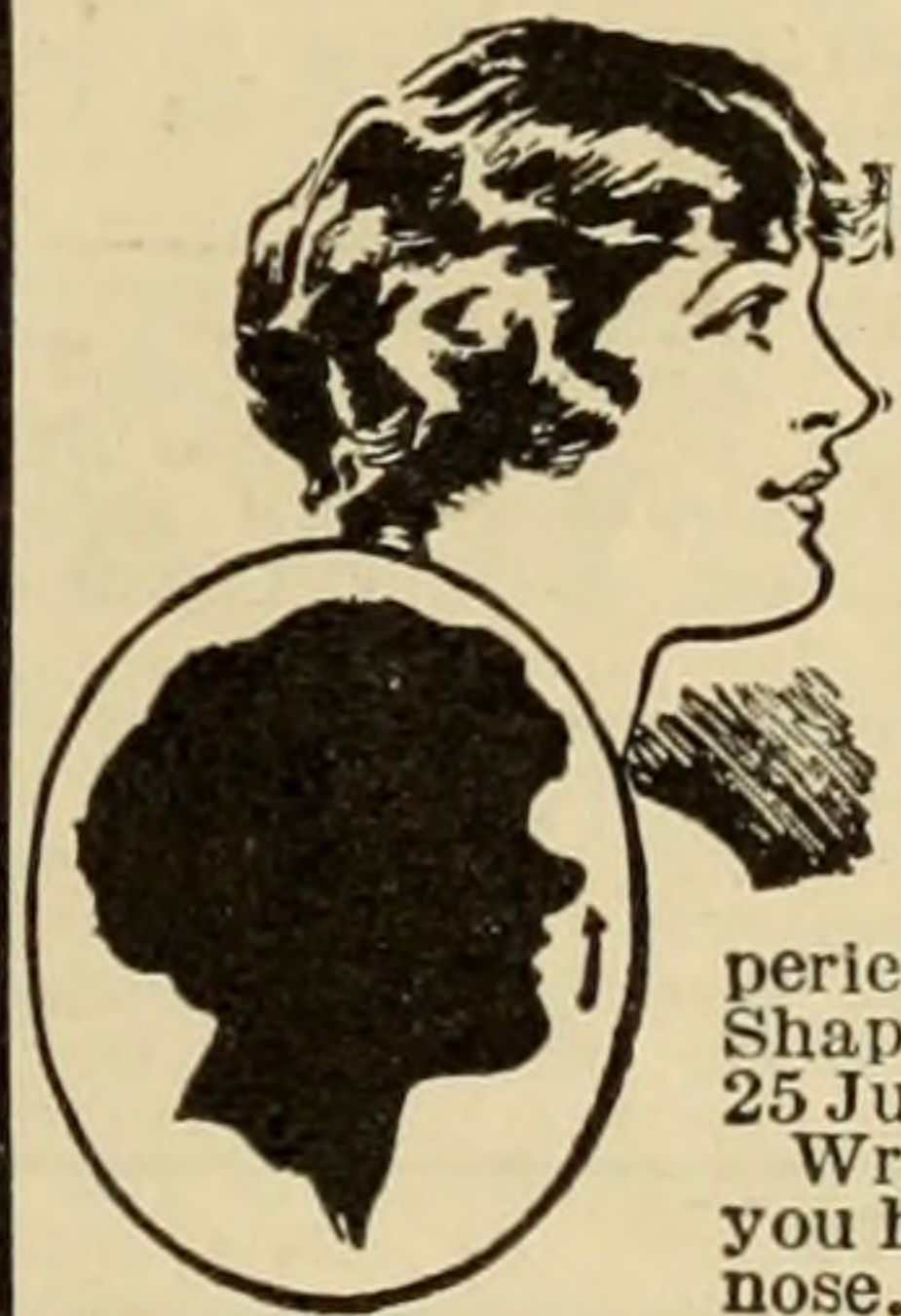
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"What a pity you don't know a few millionaires, Ben," Jane said, glowing. "This is the chance of my young life. But of course you don't. Well—we might as well go to dinner."

Hardy thrust the envelope on which he had been figuring, back into his pocket.

"I haven't any millionaires up my sleeve, Jane, I'm sorry to say," he laughed, "but I do know a man who will put up the money for the picture."

"Who?" Jane and Tony exclaimed in chorus.

"Why—yours truly," said Hardy with a quiet smile.

A SUDDEN silence fell over them. Neither Jane nor Tony, in telling Hardy about the picture, had thought of him as a possible backer, and to neither did the suggestion appeal. To Tony it was unwelcome because he thought Hardy had offered to furnish the money on account of his love for Jane, which was to some extent true. Caring for her himself, he felt an instant, if somewhat unreasonable, jealousy. For weeks he had been more and more aloof in his attitude toward Jane because he believed that she preferred Hardy, a younger and far more wealthy man, to himself. To have his rival now step in and rob him of his one great chance to give Jane success, make her a star, proved a bitter thought. He had failed—now Hardy would earn the gratitude he had hoped to win himself. His face darkened, he stared moodily at the floor.

To Jane the suggestion was equally unwelcome, although from quite different reasons. Ben had asked her to marry him. Could she accept this princely offer—the risking of almost his entire fortune—without being irrevocably obligated? He had asked no price in return for his financial aid, it is true, but could she treat in a cold business way an offer which she knew had been prompted almost entirely by love? There was always the risk of loss. Costs usually outran first estimates. Ben's half-million might all be involved, before they got through. It was a tremendous responsibility. She glanced at Tony, saw the lack of enthusiasm in his face.

"I don't think we can let you do that, Ben," she said. "There is nothing certain in the picture business. You might lose your money—"

"So might anyone else," Hardy replied lightly. "It's a chance every investor takes. Isn't my money as good as the next fellow's?"

"Perhaps it's better, Ben. You're a friend."

"Then, if your proposition is as good as you say it is, you'd be doing me a favor to let me in.

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NOTE: If your druggist does not carry SANGRINA in stock he can get it from his wholesaler or you can send a money order or check for \$1.50 to the Scientific Research Laboratories, Dept. 199, 350 W. 31st St., N. Y. C. and one full sized box Sangrina will be mailed you prepaid.

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I brought the natural color back to my hair by a secret method that no one can detect, I did it in the privacy of my own home at barely any expense. Once again my hair has the color and lustre of more youthful days. Write me and I will tell you a True Story and how to do it free. Address, Juel Denn, 8932 N. Robey St., AR-46, Chicago, Ill.

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KEEP YOUR YOUTHFUL BEAUTY Wrinkles can be quickly removed. Apply RINKLE OIL at night; in the morning your skin will be smooth and dainty. RINKLE OIL is not a cream nor a soap but a pleasant fragrant oil. Just send \$2. If you prefer, pay postman when delivered. Mailed in plain package. WILLARD FRANCES, Dept. 60—6 N. Michigan, Chicago

And if it isn't, you don't want anyone in—yourself included. That's right, isn't it?"

There was no answer to his argument, and Jane attempted none. She could not tell him that her real objection to accepting his offer arose from the fear that she might be bound in more intimate ways. Hardy, however, sensed her thought.

"There are no strings to my proposition," he said quietly. "It's a business offer, and I want you to look on it as such. I may easily double my money. If I do, fine. If I don't, that's my lookout. Please don't think that you'd be bound in any way."

Jane did not answer. It was rather fine of him to say that, she thought, even if he did not entirely mean it. Of course he would hope for a reward, even if he did not demand one.

Tony, equally unable to put his jealousy into words, suddenly spoke. A few moments thought had convinced him that to allow his personal feelings to interfere with Jane's chances of success would be utterly selfish and unworthy of him.

"If you honestly want to go into this thing, Mr. Hardy, on a purely business basis, and not because of any sentiment you may feel because of your—friendship"—he hesitated over the word—"for Miss Dare, I see no reason why we should not accept your offer."

"Done," said Hardy promptly, putting out his hand. "I'm just as anxious to make money as the next fellow. And this looks to me like a mighty good proposition. And if, while I'm doing it, I help make Jane a star, why—I'll be all the happier. What do you say if we toddle along, now, and talk over the details at dinner."

### CHAPTER XXXI

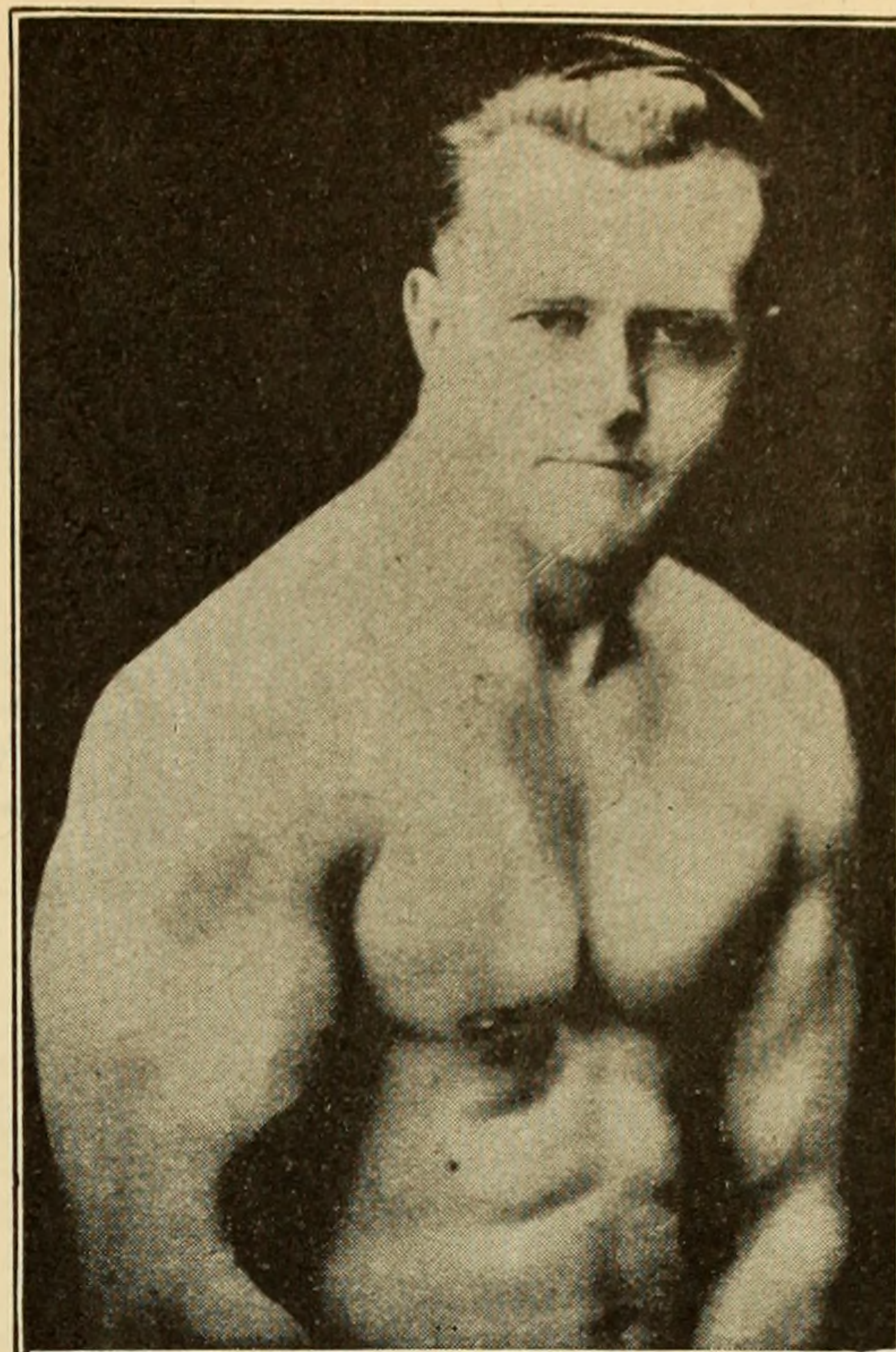
THE lot at the Sun-Art Studios presented a lively appearance as Ben Hardy crossed it that hot August day. Tony Hull had lost no time in beginning work on the production, for he realized that every day before the coming of cold weather would have to be utilized, if the picture was to be finished that year. Hence work had been concentrated on the exterior sets—the palace of King Arthur at Camelot—the quaint mediaeval village streets, the wide courtyard and tilting field before the palace, in which the tournaments were held—the grim stone front of the castle of the Black Knight—the house of Merlin. All the interiors could wait, they could be shot in the studio, but the sunny autumn days which lay before them were absolutely essential for the outdoor scenes, unless the picture were to be put off for another year, at prohibitive expense.

With a pleased smile Hardy glanced at the half-finished front of the palace, minus its upper story and battlements. These, he knew, instead of being built, would be supplied by the ingenious device of painting them on glass, through which the views of the building would be photographed. Carpenters, plasterers, painters, were exhibiting a gratifying activity under the stimulus of the bonus system which Tony had instituted. The lot presented a scene of unbelievable confusion; it seemed impossible that order could ever be brought out of it—that within a short time the great courtyard, now filled with lumber, plaster, mixing boards, scaffolding, would echo the cries of a multitude of extra people, the tramp of horses, the fanfare of trumpets as the tournament, at which Sir Launcelot was to crown the Lily Maid of Astolat queen of love and beauty, took place.

At the studio he learned that Tony was out on location. A property man, just leaving with some reflectors and a hamper of lunch, drove him out in his machine.

The road led through charming wooded country to the banks of a calm, pleasant stream. Bushes lined its banks, overhung by many fine oaks, maples, beeches.

"They're shooting the barge scene this morning," the property man told him, in answer to a question. "Some scene, too, believe me."



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN  
The Muscle Builder

## How Long Do You Expect to Live?

Make your own answer. It's up to you. I know you might be hit on the head with a brick or be pushed off the end of a dock. But barring accidents, what then? If you take care of an automobile it will last for years—abuse it and you might as well cash it in after the first year. This is just as true of your own body.

### IF YOU DO—YOU DIE

Go ahead with your careless living if you want. Eat and drink what you like. Abuse your body—it's yours to do with as you please. You may think you're having a good time. But are you? You get up in the morning feeling half dead. You drag yourself through the day. Don't you know your body is clogging up with poison? Don't you know your lungs are starving for oxygen? Don't you realize your inner cells are breaking down and you are not doing a thing to replenish them? You're dying, man—and you don't know it.

### I ADD YEARS TO YOUR LIFE

You need exercise. You must have it. Tie your arm to your side and it will wither away—but use your muscles and you have more muscle to use. Every vital organ is completely surrounded with muscles which make those organs function. Exercise and you strengthen the organ itself. You wear down the dead tissue. The white corpuscles of your blood carry it off and the red corpuscles supply new healthy tissue. You drive death and disease out and bring new life to a worn down and famished body.

### YOU NEED A TEACHER

Just any kind of exercise won't do. I have had men come to me who were literally broken down from work in factory or mill. With scientific instruction I brought them back to strength and power.

My system has been tried and proven. It never fails. Some claim, eh? Well, it's true. I don't care what your present condition is. I'll knock those microbes higher than a cocked hat. I'll shoot you full of life and vitality. And muscle? That's my middle name. In three months I'll build up every muscle in your body. I'll broaden those shoulders and deepen your chest. Every breath will bring deep loads of oxygen to your lungs, purifying your blood and shooting a thrill throughout your entire system. I'll brighten your eyes and clear your skin. I'll make you so full of pep you will feel like shouting out to the world: "I'm a man and I can prove it."

And remember, fellows. I don't just promise these things—I guarantee them. Do you doubt me? Make me prove it. That's what I like, because I know I can do it. Come on, then. Snap into it. Are you ready? Let's go.

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It is FREE

It contains forty-five full page photographs of myself and many of my prize winning pupils. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now, and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will literally thrill you. All I ask is 10 cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today, right now, before you turn this page.

### EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 103, 305 Broadway, New York City

### EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 103, 305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

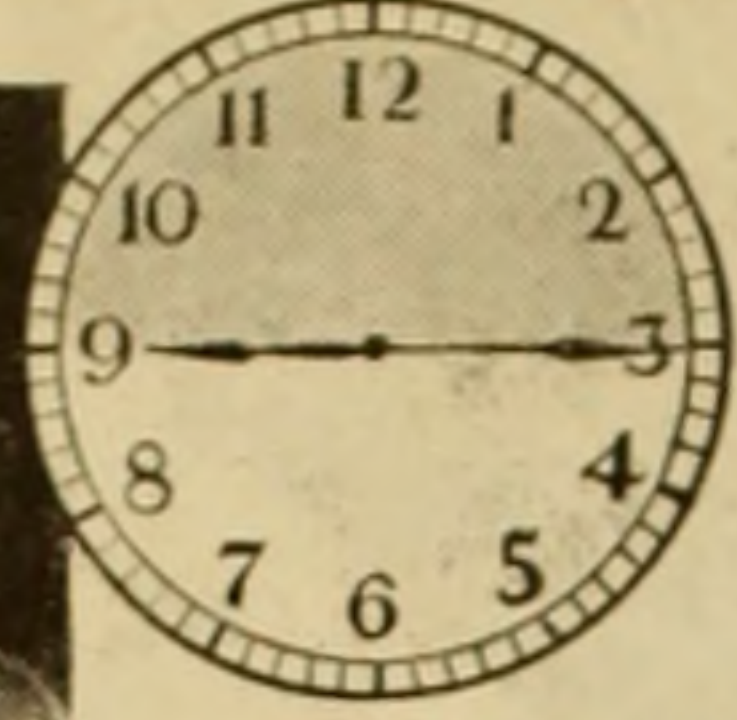
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Street.....

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



# Make This 30 Minute Test

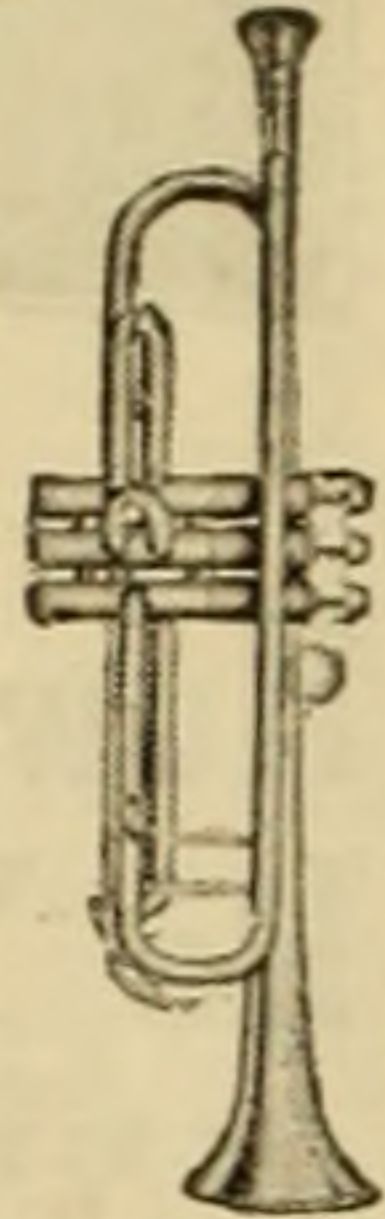


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From a grassy bank where the sparse trees left the surface of the river flooded with sunlight, Hardy caught his first glimpse of the scene. A long, shallow barge—once the hull, of a decrepit motor-boat—was floating slowly down the stream. Its high prow was carved and painted in the semblance of a huge swan. Its black sides lay low in the water. Over its high, gilded stern hung a sombre canopy, beneath which stood a grotesque dwarf, guiding the craft with a steering oar. In the center of the deck a bier had been erected, and on it lay Elaine, in the semblance of death, beneath a gold and purple covering. Her face was like marble. In her hands she held a roll of parchment. A rarely beautiful picture, Hardy thought, as he gazed at it.

Along the banks three cameras were clicking sharply, while Tony and his assistants shouted directions through megaphones. Behind him stood a group of actors, among them Cyril Lane, in full armor, but with his helmet off, because of the heat. The scene being shot was one of the last in the picture, but was being made among the first, while waiting for the larger sets to be completed. The carrying of the body down a path to the bank, the placing of it on board the barge, had already been shot when Hardy arrived; with these scenes would be connected up, later, the interiors showing Elaine's death, the funeral march through dim castle passageways, to the gate opening on the path outside, already shot. Further down the stream a set of landing steps had been built, leading up the bank. Here the body, recognized by Sir Launcelot, would be carried ashore; by a trick of the camera the battlements of his castle would appear beyond the landing.

TO Hardy's layman's eyes it all seemed very confusing, but he had the utmost confidence in Tony's ability, and did not bother the latter with many questions.

The small launch which regulated the movements of the funeral barge by means of an invisible, under-water cable, now halted, while the cameramen began to move their instruments into position further down the bank for another shot. Ben went up to Tony, who stood in his shirt-sleeves, wiping the perspiration from a very red forehead.

"How's everything going, Tony?" he asked, as they sat down in the shade of some bushes. During their short acquaintance a very real liking for each other had developed between the two men, in spite of the rivalry which consumed them. Perhaps each recognized in the other a fair and worthy antagonist.

"Fine. Jane is wonderful. Nothing too hard for her. Look at her out there in the broiling sun, under that horseblanket." He laughed. "Most women would want to get up and smoke a cigarette or something, but not Jane. She knows as well as I do that once that pose, that arrangement of the bier covering, is lost, we'll never get it back again, and she wants to have this picture perfect, down to the smallest detail. When I see some of the egotistical, brainless little false alarms that are being touted to the public as stars nowadays, it makes my blood boil. Well—not much use trying to make a silk purse out of sow's ear. It can't be done. What's the news in town?"

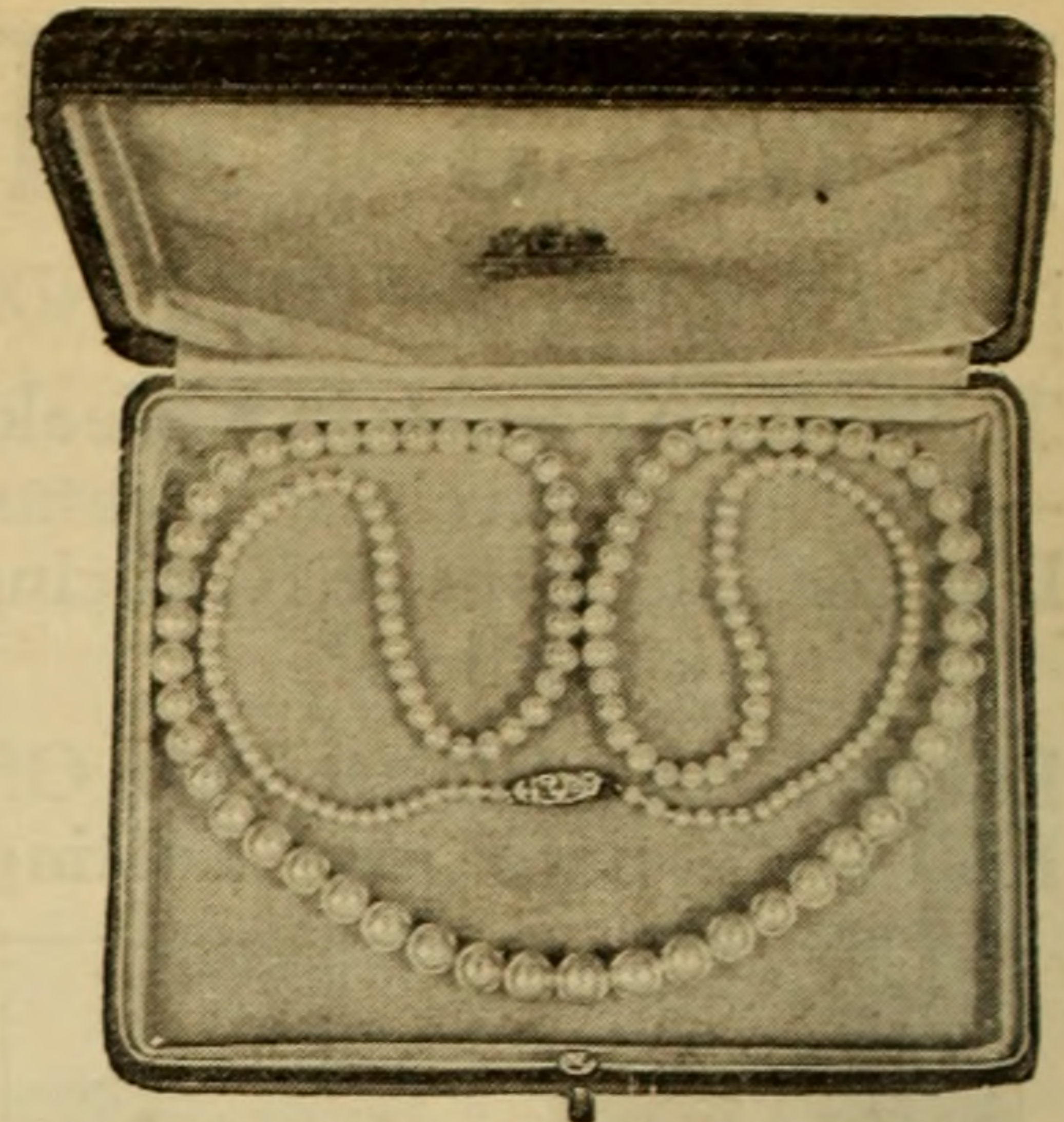
"Not a thing. I brought those contracts with the Hudson Lumber Company out for you to look over before I sign them. And by the way, here's a letter came for you this morning." He took a large square envelope from his pocket and placed it in Tony's hands.

The latter glanced at it carelessly, then started as he recognized the handwriting.

"It's from Alice Carroll—used to be with us until Davidson canned her to make room for Irene Shirley. Good little actress, too. Wonder what she wants. He tore open the letter, glanced at it. Then his face went white.

"Good God!" he whispered, staring out across the water to where Jane lay on her gilded barge. "Good God!"

"What's the matter?" Hardy asked, looking at him in astonishment.



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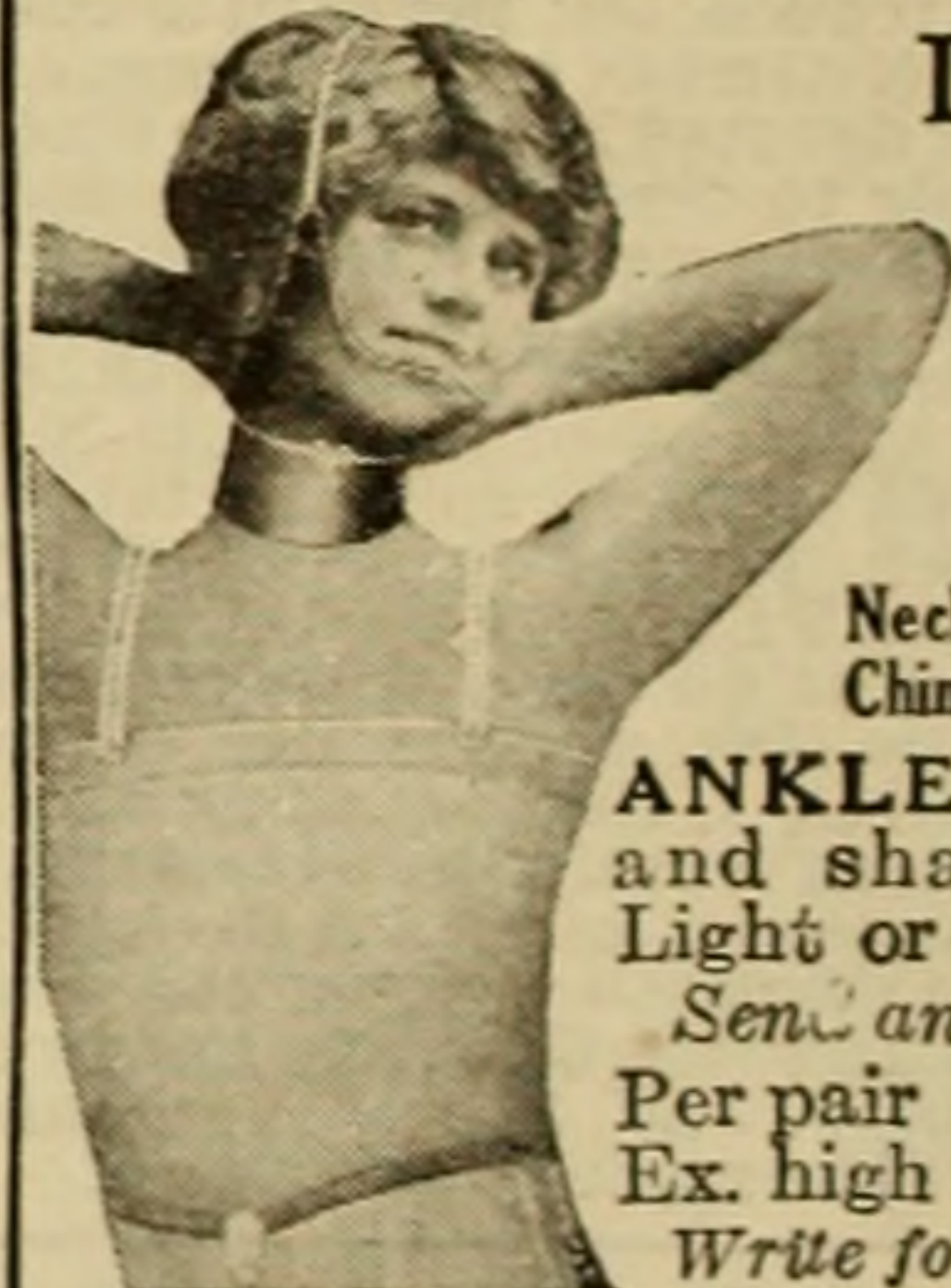
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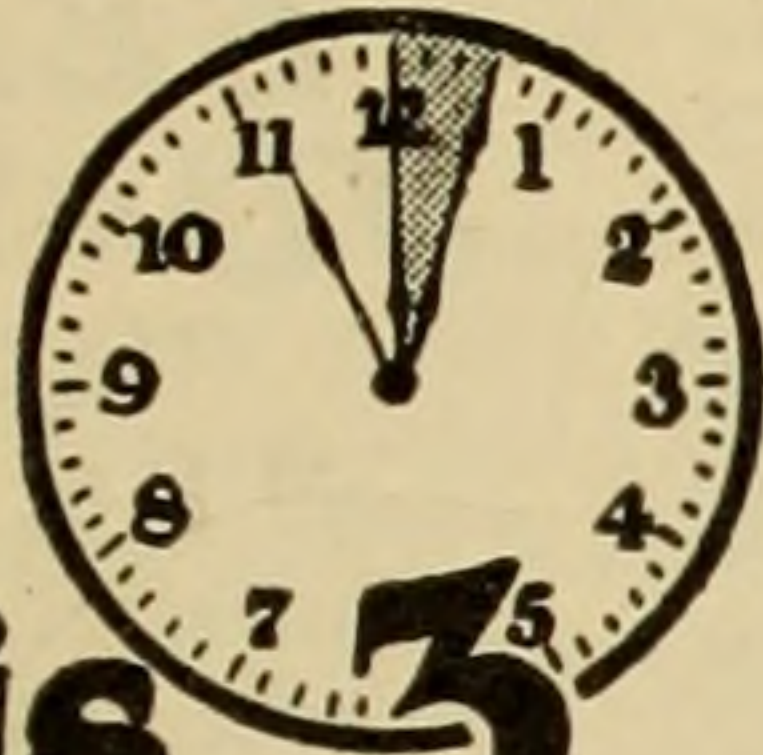
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No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin! A new discovery clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, roughness, blotches, muddiness or any blemish.

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There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Banish freckles, pimples and blackheads this new way; don't let liver splotches, moth patches, tan or sallowness mar your beauty. Make this 3-minute-before-bedtime test. Smooth this cool, fragrant creme on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror.

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"Almost overnight Golden Peacock Bleach Creme removed all tan from my face, and when I got up in the morning my husband asked if I felt ill because I looked so pale. I told him of the preparation and he said he could hardly believe his eyes. I did not look the same person."  
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"Ben"—Tony turned on him grimly—"you've brought terrible news. Listen to this." He read from the letter.

"I hear that Lew Davidson is putting out that Shirley creature in a new costume production based on Tennyson's poem Elaine. It's not supposed to be known, but I have a friend at court who tells me the gossip. They're starting work this week, and Lew, the old fool is going to give her a million dollars' worth of scenery and costumes. Didn't you once tell me you were working on the same idea? If so, it looks as though he had put one over on you. Thought you might like to know."

"No wonder you said 'Good God,'" exclaimed Hardy, with a mirthless, crackling laugh.

[END OF PART V.]

## At Last—The Blonde Vamp

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

But it was a success. Anna Q. "got away with it." When the picture was released under the title of "Inez from Hollywood," the critics and the audiences liked her. They were neither surprised nor horrified, apparently, to find Inez vamping in golden hair and blue eyes. Perhaps it was a bit of relief.

Anyway, Anna Q. has broken the age-old convention and opened up a new field to our lovely blonde actresses, who hitherto—to their own disgust—have been limited to playing good and virtuous women.

But then, Anna Q. is one of those people—serene, forceful, with unexpected depths of intelligence and temperament showing through at most unexpected moments. She occupies a rather unique place on the screen—does Anna Q. She has never been starred, but she has a following infinitely bigger than half of these producer-paper-made stars. She has given some of the finest performances on the screen, and her name means something to a cast artistically, and a great deal to the box office, financially.

Off the screen she is one of those women you thoroughly like.

There are very few people who are universally liked. Most of those who are, have a saccharine quality that suggests instantly lack of character. But Anna Q. isn't like that. I think it is her quality of absolute sincerity and naturalness, coupled with a complete indifference as to whether anybody likes her or not, that wins everyone's warm regard.

Usually you hear people say, "Dear Anna Q. I like her. She's a peach, really."

Which must be a rather nice thing to have said about you.

In the meantime, she has tramped beneath her charming feet a stupid and silly tradition, and I congratulate her, and if you yourself have a taste for blonde vampires, as I find so many of my friends have, you can congratulate her, too.

## Why, Anyone Could See That!

RUDOLPH VALENTINO'S present managers labor under no delusion that the public does not know what Rudy looks like. For on all the new business stationery which is being used to exploit Signor Valentino there is a fine portrait of our hero, but nowhere on the stationery does his name appear.

"Great idea, don't you think?" asked one of the Valentino staff, showing a letterhead to Harry Brand, publicity promoter for Norma and Constance Talmadge. "Everybody'll know whose picture this is, won't they?"

"They sure will," answered the tactful Mr. Brand. "Just by looking at it once anybody can tell it's Tony Moreno."



## What I Do to Keep Exquisite

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My fame as a beauty has lasted 40 years. And now, at a grandmother's age, it continues. The thousands who see me daily on the stage marvel at my youthful bloom.

Now I offer to all girls and women the helps that made me what I am. I searched the world to get them. For four decades the greatest experts have offered me their best. Now I have had them combine their utmost helps in four preparations. They contain 52 ingredients. And I place them at your command, at every drug store, every toilet counter.

They form, I believe, the greatest helps to youth and beauty in existence. I ask you to try them, for your own sake, at my cost.

### My Rosy Skin

My complexion is the marvel of millions. It is as soft and smooth and rosy as a child's. It is due to three things which every girl and woman is bound to use when she knows them.

One is my Facial Youth—a liquid cleanser which I found in France. It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. You will never realize what a clean skin means until you use my Facial Youth.

Another is my Youth Cream. It is the result of decades of development. Now it contains a dozen ingredients, including all the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin. Also products of both lemon and strawberry. Compare it with the creams you know. No other way exists, so far as I know, to bring comparable results.

### My Youth Clay

My greatest help is my White Youth Clay. Millions have used the old-type clays, crude and muddy. They got amazing results, for no woman can use even the crudest clay without them.

But my Youth Clay is a new-type product. It is white, refined and dainty. It is the final result of over 20 years of clay study.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it—of the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to leave a rosy afterglow. Many women seem to drop ten years with one application. No girl or woman can look her best without the use of clay.

### Hair a Halo

My hair is like a halo. It is thick, luxurious, lustrous. I have never known falling hair or dandruff, never a touch of gray. Today my hair is far finer than 40 years ago.

That is due to my Hair Youth. French experts gave me the basic factors, but other experts, year after year, have added new discoveries. Now it embodies, in my opinion, the best the world knows for the hair. I apply it with an eyedropper, directly to the scalp. It cleans and stimulates, feeds and tones. I have never met anyone who in other ways attained comparable results. I wish every girl and woman who loves beautiful hair would learn what this method does.

All druggists and toilet counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps, exactly as I use them. I will gladly mail you a sample of any if you will send this coupon, stating which you want. My Beauty Book will come with it. If what I have learned has any interest to you, try one. Clip this coupon now.

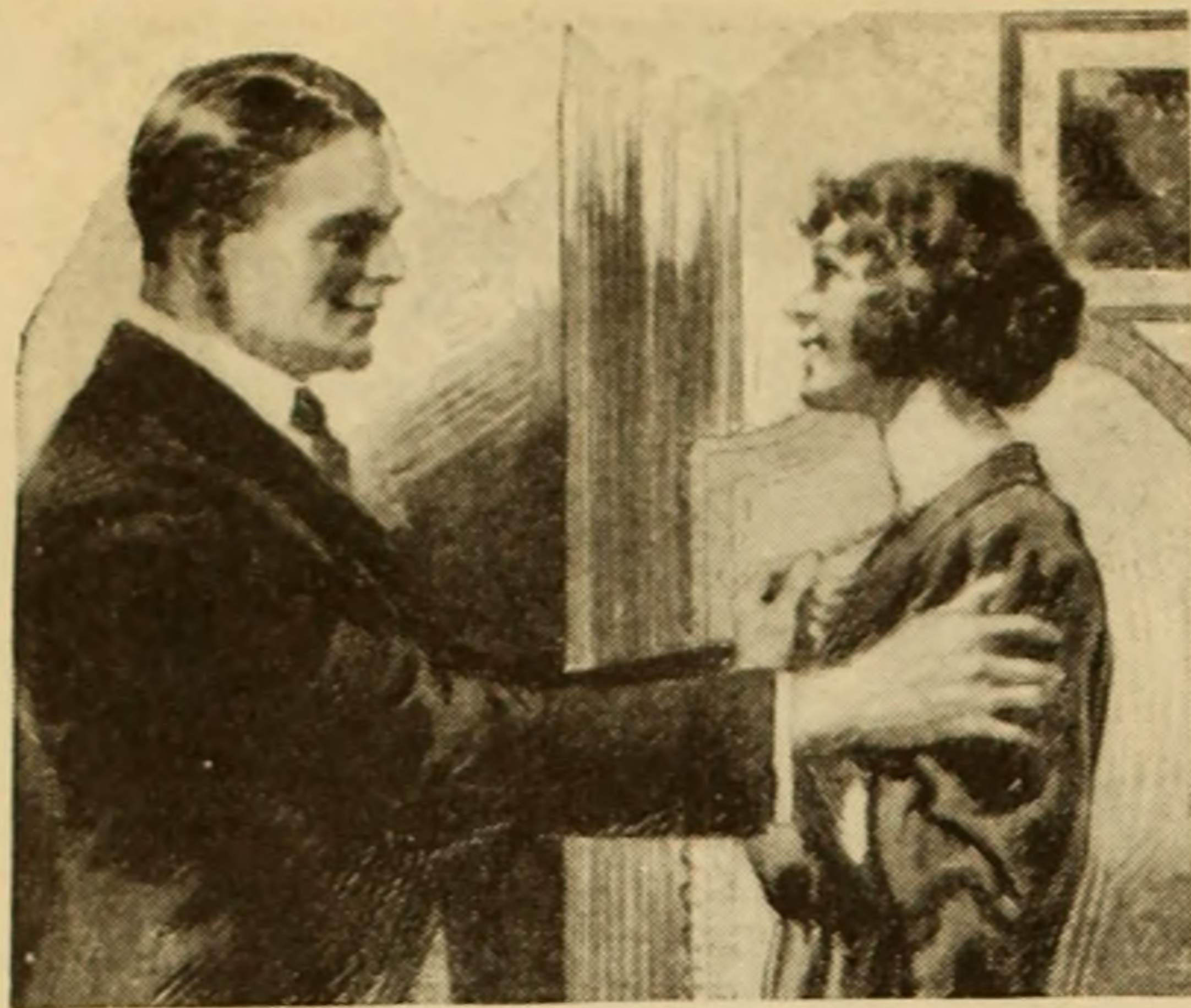
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“And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn’t urged me to send in that I. C. S. coupon!”

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

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## Says She'll Never Marry Actor

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

interests me is because she's one of the very few born New Yorkers. People don't, as a rule, expect that dreams of an old-fashioned marriage may be found in the head of a girl born on One Hundred and Sixth Street. It happens, though. Incidentally, Edna Murphy and May McAvoy were born just four blocks away from one another. Edna later moved to Brooklyn and it was not until they were both working in pictures that they chanced to meet and compare notes on the up-town street of their birth. I don't know that this proves anything except that nice, normal girls are the same everywhere.

You wouldn't have to know her name to be certain that she is Irish. Her hair is fair and her eyes the gray-blue of Irish lakes at sunrise. Also her ancestry is evident in quick flashes of humor and the buoyant spirit and charm the little green isle gives to its favored sons and daughters.

So many young actresses come to their work by plunging in head foremost that it is almost startling to record gentler methods. Before she graduated from the Manual Training High School of Brooklyn Edna Murphy was posing for commercial photographers—the pretty girl who wore the latest thing in gowns and hats. This work, in turn, led to her engagement as a model for Lajaren Hiller. From the Hiller studio she came to begin her screen career, playing lead with Alice Joyce in “To the Highest Bidder.”

LATER she was the baby vamp in “Over the Hill,” a featured player in “Fantomas,” and co-star with Johnnie Walker in “Live Wires.” After that came the ingenue lead in “What Love Will Do,” and “The Jilt.”

Paramount claimed her for “The Ordeal,” and her latest picture is “A Man Must Live,” in which she played lead with Richard Dix. There is a possibility that she may go on the dramatic stage for a time. She wants the experience and Broadway may claim her for a little while, but her chief interest is the silent drama.

When I talked with her it was just after a party she had given for her high school sorority sisters. They are the youngsters who have come on since she left school—Edna is twenty—and she looks with interest on the young person of seventeen or eighteen. According to her summing-up they are better poised than the girls who preceded them by a year or two, prettier and more self-confident. They know where they are going and are on their way. But my prediction is that none of them will catch up with Edna. She is the kind of girl for whom wonderful things happen. Perhaps she was born under a lucky star, or in the right month, but, on the other hand, it may be her charm and winsomeness and willingness to work that have given her such a good start.

The great ambition of her life is to be in Paris in the springtime, when lilacs are blooming in the Bois. It will undoubtedly happen for her. But how she is going to do any work—what with loving pretty clothes and being in Paris—is more than I can tell you.

THERE is great rejoicing in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, for shortly before Christmas Old Man Stork, who has been working overtime in Hollywood, won an exciting race with Saint Nick and left a baby daughter on their doorstep.

The infant has been christened Paula, after Mrs. Schertzinger, and the director, who is now translating Elinor Glyn's “Man and Maid” to the screen, declares that anyone who hears Paula Junior “sing” will never believe her father really wrote “Marcheta.”

“A lusty pair of lungs but a little short on harmony,” says Victor.

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Youth—and an exquisite rose-tinted skin, white as milk and soft as silk.  
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## Jackie Coogan's European Diary

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

exciting and interesting part of the program was the boxing contests between the little boys.

They are awfully strong and know how to box very well. Mr. Jaquith who is in charge of all the refugee children in the Near East told me that these boys and girls had practiced and studied for this program for many months, and I was happy that I had come nearly ten thousand miles to see these boys and girls who are so grateful to America for helping them, and who have no father or mother or anyone to love them.

In the afternoon we went to the Parthenon on the Acropolis, and there I was presented with the silver Cross of the Order of George. Thousands of people were in the Parthenon, and it was a beautiful sight. My daddy told me that there were more than seventy thousand children under the care of the Near East Relief, so all of the children in America who helped gather my cargo should feel very proud that they worked so that seventy thousand of their little brothers and sisters across the sea could live and be happy. I know that I was very proud when I delivered the cargo to the Near East Relief, and to Greek officials in the Parthenon, and the Cross of the Order of George that I got is for all the boys and girls in America. They couldn't very well give every boy and girl one of these decorations so they gave it to me for all of us. When we returned to the hotel, Mother and Daddy told me how proud and happy they were that their little boy was chosen to represent all of the boys and girls at home, and that the greatest thing in the world was helping others who were unfortunate and that I should always remember and help those in need wherever I could.

The next morning we visited some of the orphanages outside the city. In one place there was a little girl about eleven years old who only had one leg, and couldn't play very well with the rest of the children. So Daddy had a measurement made and wired to Paris for an artificial limb, and when we returned to Paris on our way home the little girl wrote us a letter, thanking us and telling me that she could now play with the other boys and girls. It was a very sweet note.

After that we visited the Temple of Zeus, where the orphanage boys from the Zappion have their games and do their exercises. I joined the gymnasium class and it was lots of fun. They do the same exercises that we do at home. Then we saw the stadium where the famous Olympic games are held.

JUST before I left Athens I received the Golden Cross of the Order of Jerusalem, and it was from the Church, and it was given to me for bringing the milk and other food that American boys and girls had gathered, to Athens.

When we left Athens on the fourth day a chorus was down at the station and they sang "The Star Spangled Banner." They sing our national anthem all the time, and I believe I heard it more over there than I ever did at home. We started for Budapest but were caught in a terrible rainstorm and missed our connections and had to spend the night in Belgrade where the mosquitoes almost devoured Mother and me. They certainly do raise big mosquitoes in that part of the world. We arrived in Budapest on Sunday morning and went to Coronation Church. In the afternoon some friends took us on board the S. S. Glow Worm which was anchored in the Danube River. This yacht used to belong to Emperor

Franz Joseph before the great war. Then we took a ride about the city and the next morning we left for Vienna. We might as well have gone direct to Berlin, because we couldn't go out much on account of the crowds in front of the hotel. All day they stood out in front crying "Jackie," and I had to appear at the window about every hour and speak to them. Every time we did get out for a few minutes the crowds mobbed our automobile and the police couldn't do a thing with them. We left the next day for Berlin.

We arrived in Berlin on October 17th. We stopped at the Hotel Adlon which faces the Unter den Linden which is the Fifth Avenue of Berlin. Berlin is a very beautiful city, the streets are very clean and the buildings down town are all the same size. I noticed that they don't have skyscrapers any place in Europe. The crowds were very big in Berlin, but they were very orderly and we came and went with a big detail of police. We visited the gardens where the Kaiser used to have a private hunting ground, but which are now a public park. Herr Adam who owns one of the biggest department stores in Berlin insisted that we visit his store and when we got there he wanted to give me almost everything in the place. Everybody wanted to give me presents, but of course I couldn't take them. I visited the famous toy factories in Nurnburg. Before the great war Germany used to make most of the toys for the world, and when I was there they were getting ready for the Christmas rush.

OUR four days in Berlin were full of interesting sights. We saw the Crown Prince's house, and the Kaiser's big palace. Someone told me that the Crown Prince was selling bicycles now—I guess he's finding it harder to be a business man than it was to be a Prince.

We left Berlin on the German National Railway as guests of the company. The next day we arrived in Lucerne, and the next day in Geneva, where the League of Nations meet.

We arrived in Geneva on October 24th, my tenth birthday, and we had a dandy party at the hotel. After that we visited the Woodrow Wilson Memorial. I saw the big St. Bernard dog that gets six francs a day from the League of Nations for food. The gentlemen in the league have adopted him. He's a very big dog and gentle and kind to children.

We returned to Paris, and sailed on the Leviathan on November 10th, and arrived in New York six days later. The good old U. S. A. looked good to me and Daddy and Mother and the rest of the people in our party. After a few days in New York I went to Syracuse to visit my grandmother, and we ran into a snow storm and I had the first snow ball fight of the year with the boys in the neighborhood. Then we returned to Los Angeles. We were gone about four months. It was a very wonderful trip, and now I'm going over it all with my tutor.

The greatest thing of the year happened when Santa Claus sent my baby brother Bobby. I want him to grow up in a hurry, because next time I go to Europe I'm going to take him along, because I can find my way around now. Maybe next year I'll get a baby sister and then we'll have a complete family. Before I finish writing this diary for PHOTOPLAY I want to thank all those boys and girls who helped me in the Children's Crusade and to remind them never to forget their little brothers and sisters across the sea, and to help them when ever they are called upon.



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# COLGATE'S Perfumes



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*Keep all your teeth clean and you will keep all your teeth*

SCIENCE has created a brush that cleans all the teeth. It is not just any brush made small enough to get into the mouth.

It has a curved surface that fits the shape of your jaw. It has saw-tooth bristle-tufts that reach in between teeth. It has a large end tuft that helps clean the backs of front teeth and the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. This brush is the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you know what makes your teeth decay? It is germs.

Germs are always in your mouth. They collect upon your teeth. They create lactic acid. This destroys the enamel. The important thing is to keep germs off your teeth—to remove the clinging mucin, which holds the germs fast against them. That requires a brush scientifically designed with a saw-tooth arrangement of bristles. It requires a brush with a large end tuft that can reach the backs of back teeth. There is such a brush—the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

Do you brush your gums when you brush your teeth? You should. See how the center row of bristles on every Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush is sunk below the level of the two outer rows. That is to give your gums the correct and mild massage they need. Brush your gums. They will soon

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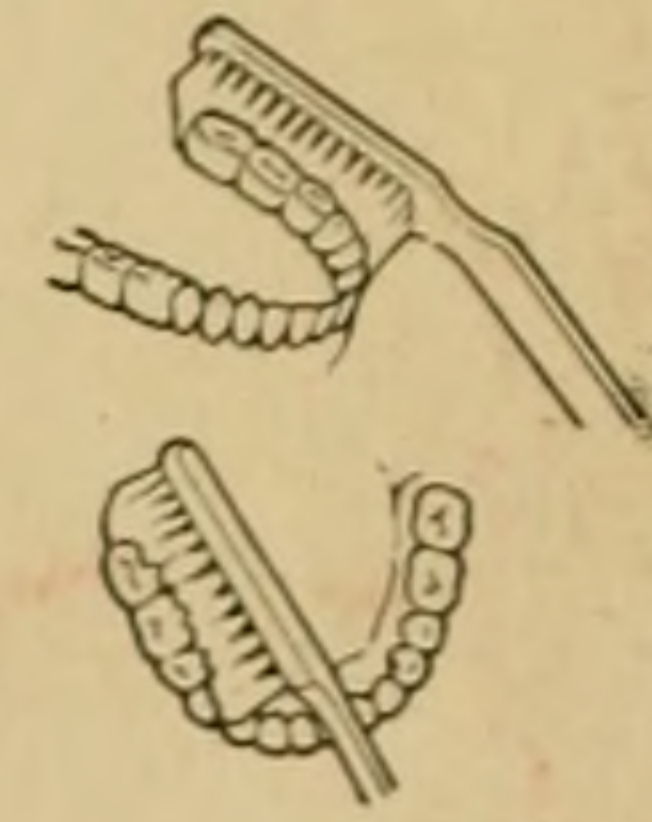
Do you know it is easy to get

teeth clean and beautiful? The curved handle, the saw-tooth bristle tufts, the large end tuft and the tapered and beveled head, combine to make brushing amazingly easy.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling



*You can see that the mouths of this man and woman are not as wide as their jaws. The tooth brush has to curve around the jaw or it won't reach their back teeth. Notice the diagram. See how the curved handle and the curved bristle-surface help.*

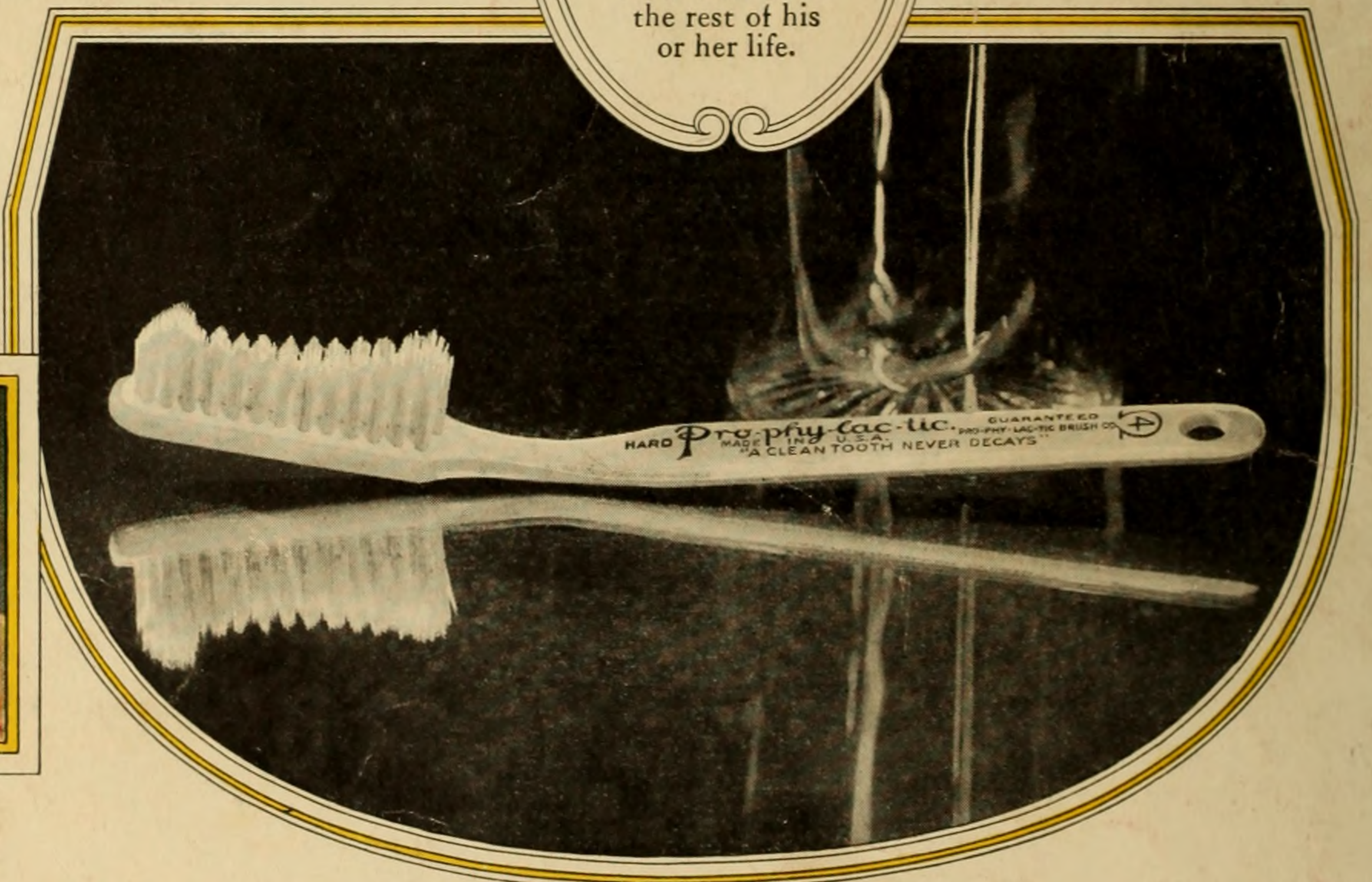


Any brush will clean a flat surface—but your teeth are not flat. Every tooth has five sides. The saw-tooth, cone-shaped bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans between teeth. The diagram shows you. The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth as shown in the diagram at the left.

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