

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

May

25 cents



LEATRICE JOY

Menjou Talks About Women



It's an actual fact—

DANDRUFF and Listerine simply do not get along together. And, peculiarly, the real importance of this fact was discovered by dandruff sufferers themselves who persisted in writing in to the makers of Listerine, urging that this use be advertised.

Hundreds of letters, from women as well as men, are on file, making claims for Listerine much stronger even than the manufacturers of

Listerine would care to make. So if you are troubled with dandruff, you'll be glad to know that regular applications of Listerine, doused on clear and massaged in will actually do the trick.

It's really wonderful how it invigorates, cleanses and refreshes the scalp. And how it brings out that luster and softness that women want—and men like. Try it yourself and see.
—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

DANDRUFF and Listerine simply do not get along together

Dentists know the damage that soft food does to gums

Though their language is technical, they show us a simple way to keep the gums in health

THERE are four quotations at the right. There might have been forty—or even four hundred! For dentists everywhere are preaching the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth.

In the technical journals of the dental profession—in the clinics—in the lecture halls, you will find a remarkable interest in the care of the gums! You will find the experts blaming the food we eat—you will find them ardent advocates of stimulation and massage. They warn us of the alarming increase in stubborn troubles of the gums, today so prevalent.

How soft, luscious food robs our gums of health

Our daily food is tempting and toothsome. But it is these creamy and luscious dishes that fail utterly to give to the gums the stimulation they need to keep in health.

With little work to do, the gums become logy. The circulation of blood within their walls slows down. The tissues become soft and flaccid—too weak to resist infection. Then “pink tooth brush” appears—a slight bleeding of the gums, a warning of greater troubles to come.

Why Ipana and massage are good for the gums

Your dentist will tell you, probably, that the mechanical stimulation should be restored—that the circulation within the gum structure should be quickened by massage. And very probably, he will recommend that this message be done with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the usual cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Massage will rouse the stagnant circulation within the gum walls,

and Ipana itself, because of its ziratol content, will strengthen the under-nourished tissue.

Dentists know Ipana. Our professional men have demonstrated its virtues to over 50,000 dentists. They know ziratol. Many of them use it in their practice as an anti-septic and hemostatic. It was the approval of the profession that first gave Ipana its start.

A month's use of Ipana will start the good work

Switch to Ipana completely for one month. You will like its delicious taste and its power to keep your teeth brilliant. You will note with delight how it helps you to have firm healthy gums. The coupon in the corner brings a ten-day tube. But the full-sized tube—enough for a hundred brushings—will demonstrate to you beyond a doubt all Ipana's virtues.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



Modern food robs the teeth and gums of the exercise they need to keep them healthy. This page tells how, with Ipana, you can repair the damage soft food is doing every day!



Look over this testimony

It is quoted from authoritative lectures and writings. The dentists agree that soft food is at the root of our gum troubles and that proper stimulation is the indicated remedy.

From a recent dental paper:

“Rendering the food super-fine is an echo of the oft-repeated charge that we do not use our mastication muscles enough—that we establish a blood stasis and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment.”

From a prominent specialist:

“Most of the food of the American today requires but little chewing. Many of our vegetables are “Burbanked.” There are no longer fibrous vegetables requiring much exercise to prepare them for swallowing. Another beneficial effect of foods requiring vigorous chewing is the stimulation of the gingivae.”

From a British authority:

“The gums must be frictionized all over, behind and before, every square inch of them, at least once and preferably twice a day. Friction of the gum, best carried out with the tooth brush, would absolutely prevent the onset of pyorrhea.”

From a specialist in gum diseases:

“In cleaning teeth, the bristles must move from far on the gums to the biting surfaces of the teeth. In so doing, venous blood circulation in the gums is stimulated, while the interspaces between teeth are reached. This stimulation by the brush is a great help toward gum massage.”

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. I-56 42 Rector St., N. Y., N. Y.

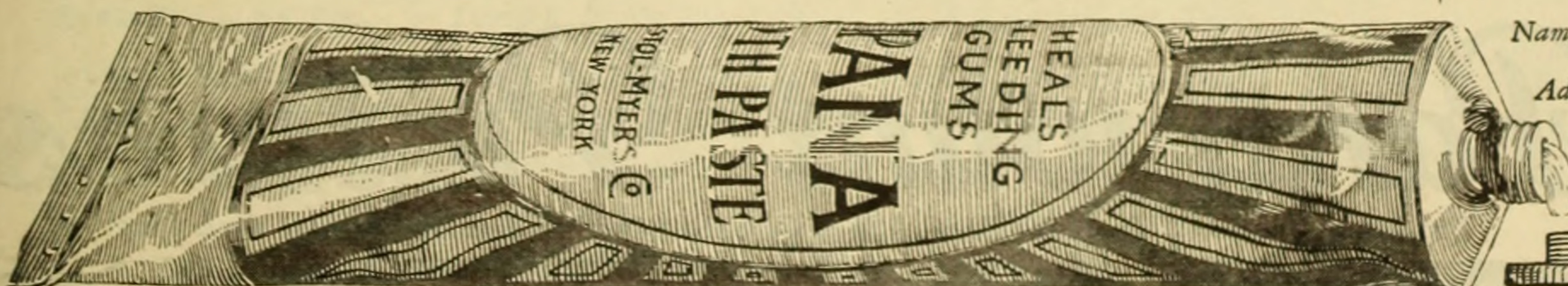
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Name

Address

City

State



Snap into it!



THE music's playing and the show's a-showing somewhere near you! The crowd is there, and trouble is not, and Paramount guarantees a good time.

With half the world asking for more Paramount Pictures and the other half seeing them from Greenland to Cape Horn, who wouldn't make them best!

Out of the house!—and into the cast of life!—Paramount's waiting for you!

See these Paramount Pictures and You'll be a Paramount Fan for Life!



ADOLPHE MENJOU in "A SOCIAL CELEBRITY"

With Chester Conklin and Louise Brooks. Story by Monte Katterjohn. Malcolm St. Clair Production.

The screen's perfect lover has found his perfect plot at last, beginning as Village Barber and leading to Tonsorial Dictator to the Four Hundred—ladies, ladies all the way! Every girl who ever had her hair bobbed will admire Adolphe's technique with the scissors and learn some new tricks from the most up-to-date beauty parlor she ever saw!



Harold Lloyd in "For Heaven's Sake"

Directed by Sam Taylor. Here is the prize surprise package of the season, laughter, laughter all the way! This star's pictures are produced by the Harold Lloyd Corporation and released by Paramount.

Douglas MacLean in "That's My Baby"

Directed by William Beaudine. Imagine riding in an aeroplane with a mischievous kid on each side of you trying to make you loop the loop! That's just one high spot among hundreds in Doug MacLean's latest and best.



Bebe Daniels in "Miss Brewster's Millions"

A Clarence Badger Production with Warner Baxter and Ford Sterling. From George Barr McCutcheon's "Brewster's Millions." Bebe Daniels inherits one million dollars with the promise of another seven millions if she spends the first million within one year!



Thomas Meighan in "The New Klondike"

With Lila Lee, Directed by Lewis Milestone. From the comic story about Florida by Ring Lardner. Baseball! Sudden riches! Sudden laughs!



Gloria Swanson in "The Untamed Lady"

With Lawrence Gray. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Story by Fannie Hurst author of "Mannequin," the \$50,000 prize story. The untamed lady has a pretty face, twenty million dollars and an ungovernable temper. Picture Gloria in that plot!



Richard Dix in "Let's Get Married"

With Lois Wilson. Adapted by Luther Reed. From "The Man from Mexico," by H. A. Du Souchet. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The fastest, funniest Dix farce yet. If you saw "Womanhandled" you know what that means.



Paramount Pictures

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

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



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 6

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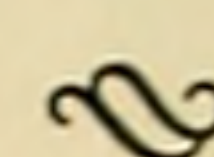
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will be found on page 108*

\$5,000

in

Prizes



Another

great

new

Cut

Puzzle

Contest

starts

in

Photoplay

Next

Month

Poise

How the Stars maintain it!

THE great actress must have poise, for without it there can be no charm, and but little personality. She knows this, and would willingly spend thousands of dollars to secure it.

But it is not a matter of money. Mostly it depends on health, vitality, comfort and freedom of motion.

Shoes are vital to all these factors. Bothersome shoes make poise almost impossible because they seriously affect health and activity.

This explains why the great actresses like Norma Shearer, Anita Stewart and others of distinction wear

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

They know that this shoe, by keeping their feet free from all aches and pains, free from all sagging and straining and pinching, is an invaluable help in maintaining their poise and charming appearance, especially since it is designed in the smartest styles.

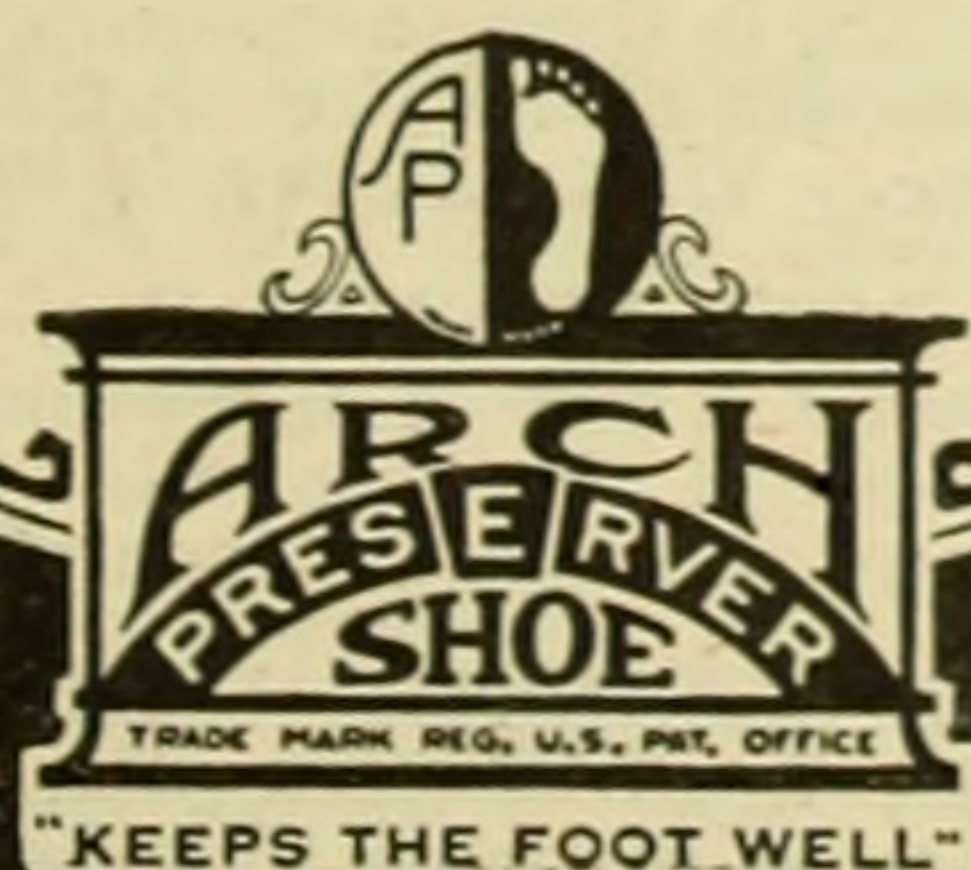
This is the different shoe that is "changing the ideas of the Nation." It has demonstrated to thousands and thousands of women that they can have happy, useful feet, therefore attractive poise, and still enjoy the very latest creations in fashionable footwear.

No other shoe can give the advantages of the Arch Preserver Shoe, because the exclusive features of this shoe which enable it to support the arch and permit perfect freedom of bones, muscles, nerves and blood-vessels, are patented. Sizes for women, misses and children.

Send the coupon for the booklet, "Foot Youth," which tells all about this shoe and what it will mean to you.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
480 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio

Miss Norma Shearer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star, now playing in "His Secretary" is shown here wearing the "Norma" Arch Preserver Shoe model — named in her honor.



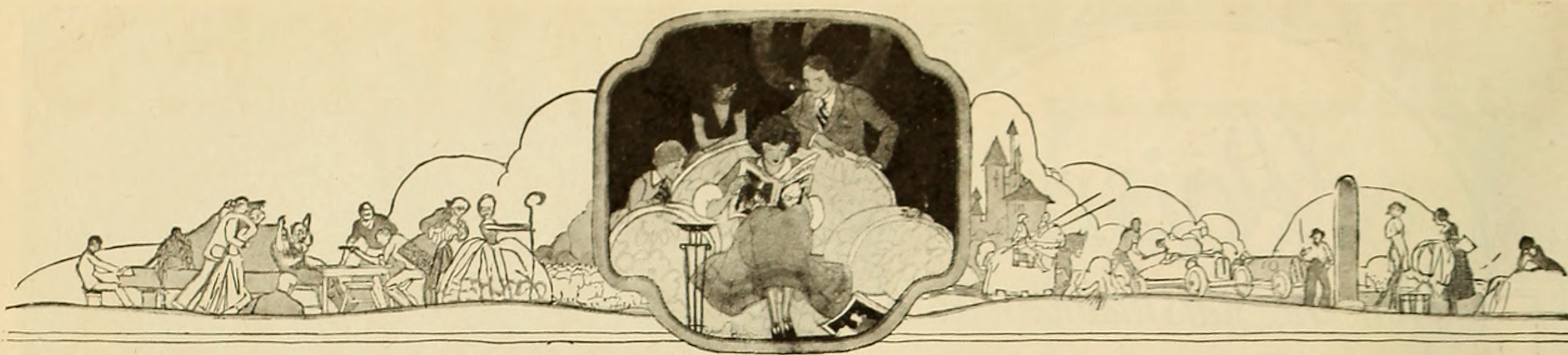
The Selby Shoe Co.,
480 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio.
Please send booklet No. T80, "Foot Youth."

Name.....

Address.....

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

My shoe dealer's name.....



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AMERICAN VENUS, THE—Paramount.—We think this is great entertainment. Esther Ralston and Lawrence Gray are romantic figures against a background of the Atlantic City Beauty Pageant—in color. (March.)

ANCIENT HIGHWAY, THE — Paramount. — A passable story of the timber lands with Jack Holt preventing the villain from jamming the heroine's shipment of logs. (January.)

ARIZONA SWEEPSTAKES, THE—Universal.—A snappy Hoot Gibson western with some novelty and good comedy situations. (February.)

AUCTION BLOCK, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Charles Ray is the man about town in this picture. There are a lot of laughs throughout, and you'll enjoy this. (April.)

BEAUTIFUL CHEAT, THE—Universal.—Very amusing at times, but nothing to get real excited about. (April.)

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

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

BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers.—A splendid story with Rin-Tin-Tin as thrilling as ever. (December.)

BEN HUR—Metro-Goldwyn.—The undying drama of Christ interwoven with the story of *Ben Hur*, the young Jew who aimed to serve him. Ramon Novarro is at his finest. A picture everyone should see. (March.)

BEST BAD MAN, THE—Fox.—Unsuitable for Tom Mix. A flimsy plot but Clara Bow makes it endurable. (February.)

BEST PEOPLE, THE—Paramount.—An entertaining story of a son and daughter of the hoipolloi who insist upon marrying a chorus girl and chauffeur, believing that love is the only thing. (January.)

BIG PARADE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—See this if you have to pawn your shirt. One of the finest pictures ever made. A thrilling love story against the World War background with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree. (January.)

BLACKBIRD, THE — Metro-Goldwyn. — Lon Chaney is at his best in this picture. He wears no make-up. Don't pass it up. (April.)

BLUEBEARD'S SEVEN WIVES—First National.—Let the gas go out and use the quarter to see this. You'd never believe Ben Lyon could be so funny, with Lois Wilson in the role of a flapjack flipper at Childs. (Feb.)

BLUE BLAZES—Universal.—A fair Western with Pete Morrison as the star. The usual riding, shooting, conflict and love. (March.)

BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost are ably assisted by Louise Fazenda. (November.)

BRAVEHEART—Producers Dist.—Rod La Rocque's first starring picture, and a good one. The romantic tale of an Indian in love with a white girl, played by Lillian Rich. (March.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—M-G-M.—Charlie Ray as the country bumpkin again, and Pauline Starke a smart chorus gel. Good entertainment. (February.)

BROADWAY LADY, THE—F. B. O.—Pretty good story with Evelyn Brent as a chorus girl with a heart of gold who marries into society and is innocently involved in a murder. (March.)

BUSTIN' THROUGH—Universal.—Jack Hoxie riding and fighting to save his ranch from a grasping land company. A good Western. (December.)

CALGARY STAMPEDE, THE—Universal.—The best Western in many a day, with Hoot Gibson. Different. Some remarkable riding stunts that will thrill you. (December.)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

CALL OF COURAGE, THE—Universal. — Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

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

CAVE MAN, THE—Warner Bros.—Another silly vehicle featuring Matt Moore and Marie Prevost. Not the fault of members of the cast, but in the ridiculous story. (April.)

CIRCLE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A weak tea society drama. It is neither interesting nor real. (December.)

CLASH OF THE WOLVES, THE—Warner Brothers.—Rin-Tin-Tin makes another big hit, this time in a beard. A good story. (January.)

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.

CLASSIFIED—First National.—Don't miss this one. Corinne Griffith, "the screen's most beautiful," proves she can act, in this unusually entertaining comedy-drama of a New York working girl. (January.)

CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE—First National.—Leon Errol of the collapsible knees, and Dorothy Gish as his shrewish wife make this a fairly amusing comedy-drama. (February.)

COAST OF FOLLY, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed. (Nov.)

COBRA—Paramount.—Disappointing to Valentino fans. Rudy is not rightly cast in this and Nita Naldi is entirely unbelievable. (February.)

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

COMING OF AMOS, THE—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

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

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

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

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

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

CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE—Rayart—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

DANCE MADNESS—Metro-Goldwyn.—Nothing new in the plot, but it establishes Conrad Nagel as a splendid comedian. It's too sexy for the children. (April.)

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

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

DARK ANGEL, THE—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. (November.)

DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

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

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

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

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox.—Plenty of action with Buck Jones. Weak on story. (Dec.)

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

EAST LYNNE—Fox.—This decayed old melodrama is almost interesting with such a fine cast and beautiful backgrounds. Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe and Lou Tellegen play the principals. (March.)

ENCHANTED HILL, THE—Paramount.—The shop-worn Western plot, brightened up by the presence of Florence Vidor and Jack Holt, and capable direction. (March.)

EVERLASTING WHISPER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix fans will like this. Others won't. Old stuff. (Dec.)


[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S

PRODUCTION

"The VOLGA BOATMAN"

By **LENORE J. COFFEE**
 Adapted from Konrad Bercovici's novel
 WITH **WILLIAM BOYD, ELINOR FAIR,**
VICTOR VARCONI, JULIA FAYE,
 and **THEODORE KOSLOFF**



CECIL B. DeMILLE
 the Master-Genius
 who thrilled the world
 with "The Ten Com-
 mandments" surpasses
 himself in this inspired
 production.

AGAIN the master magician De Mille has waved the magic wand of his directorial genius and brought to life on the screen a mighty, epochal drama that sounds a new and triumphant note in the history of motion picture entertainment.

Brushing aside the cobwebs of motion picture tradition, he has approached the subject of the Russian reign of terror with a sympathetic and human understanding. In "The Volga Boatman" is depicted the heart-beat of a nation in revolt—pulsating—human—dramatic—irresistible.

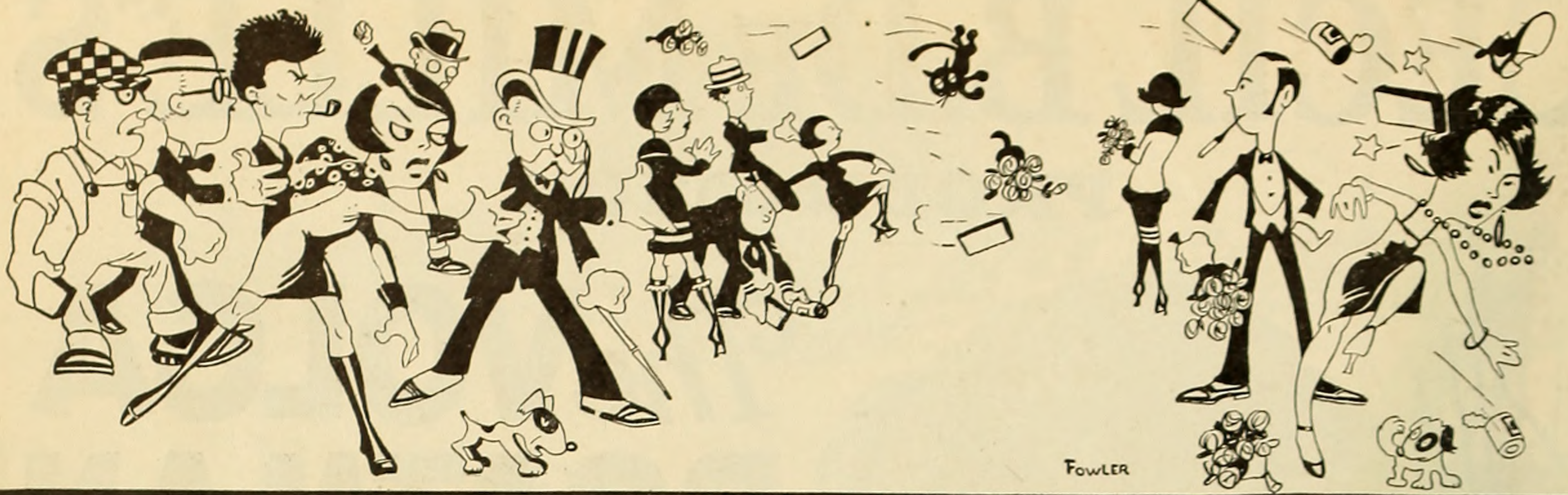
And from this maelstrom of flame and strife emerges a heroic and sublime story of love and devotion involving a Prince, a Princess and a Volga Boatman. Never in the history of the cinema has there been depicted a more fascinating, thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten theme—A Veritable Achievement.

To miss seeing
 this is to miss one
 of the screen's
 finest productions.

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PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

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Brickbats & Bouquets

Three prizes to be given every month for the best letters—\$25, \$10 and \$5

LETTERS FROM READERS

\$25.00 Letter

Tacoma, Wash.

It amuses me the way so many "nice" persons deplore the tendency to exploit "sex" in the movies, when we consider the success of the films that show that very thing. Why deplore sex? That much maligned element has as much right in the films as any other, and is just as interesting when rightly handled.

It would be very hard to convince me that the younger generation or any generation for that matter, can be corrupted by the films. I will admit that I have seen things that might start my son asking embarrassing questions, but never have I seen a thing in the films that upset my Puritan conscience to the extent that I bolted for the door. Besides, with the aid of reputable movie magazines it is easy to pick out film fare for a child.

The great portion of the public seems to love anything that has a risqué or spicy flavor. Why this is I do not know. Freud could possibly explain it. Naturally, producers with an eye to business try to satisfy that demand. But when we turn to literature, don't we find the same thing? Did Shakespeare ever write a Pollyanna play? Did Anatole France, Dumas—Balzac, or any number of other great writers attempt to put the soft pedal on?

The films furnish too much entertainment, both artistic and educational, to be continually picked on. It is time the so called mental giants give them a rest.

P. R. MOTTAN.

\$10.00 Letter

Nottingham, England

This is neither a Brickbat nor a Bouquet, only a suggestion! We English all love your beautiful country, whatever our other differences may be, but you never really gave us a high standard film with great scenic effects. Why not Longfellow's "Hiawatha"? This most beautiful series of pen-pictures has thrilled us English people from our school days. Why not let us see, through the medium of the film, "The curling smoke of wigwams, and the rushing of great rivers"? We islanders, with our hundred odd miles of cultivated country, and the sea, do not know what a real forest or waterfall or river is. The Negro and the Oriental, we see everywhere, but to your country is given only the "noblest of savages," the true American. Save us something fine by which to remember the Indian, give us a thoroughbred Red man (not a half civilized monstrosity the real Indian would scoff at) in a real Indian legend. The memory

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.

of such a film will remain in our minds long after Valentino and the other "idols" have faded into things forgotten.

We want a just representation of the aristocrat of the uncivilized races, to counter-balance the impression of the "Buffalo Bill" rubbish we had in the crude old days.

Please, America, just one film for us who can never see your beauty or share your grandeur.

S. E. K.

\$5.00 Letter

Astoria, L. I.

With the passing of Barbara La Marr, the screen has lost one of its most beautiful, talented, and lovable actresses, and probably one of the most misunderstood. Only the other evening I was reading about her aspirations to come back to the screen with roles which would show the real side of her beautiful nature. The next morning I was staggered by the news that the Grim Reaper had taken her away to find the peace which always seemed to be denied to her in life. To those of us who have always been her true admirers it always seemed that Barbara never did have a chance to show her splendid possibilities. Even in her most hectic roles there always seemed to be a wistfulness in her eyes which bespoke her dislike for the part she was portraying. She was too great an artist to let that feeling creep into her characterizations. She seemed, in all her beauty,

more suited for the role of Good Samaritan than Salome.

Now she has gone to Eternal Peace. It will be a long, long time before another personality of the screen will replace her in the hearts of her fans. To many of us she will always remain as a memory of a beautiful and good woman; a splendid actress, risen to the heights which few attain.

PHOTOPLAY, do not forget her. Render her tribute by publishing her photograph not once but many times. Tell us about her life with that fairness and kindness so characteristic of your magazine—and, please boost her work in "The Girl from Montmartre" when it is shown.

MANUEL BLAKE.

Boy, You Don't Recognize Sex

Washington, D. C.

That a picture may be at once interesting, worthwhile, and amusing without displaying sex-appeal, rip tearing dramatic effects, or nonsense comedy was soundly proved by the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter," with Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou.

The splendid pair and their director deserve the best in praise. So does whoever told Florence Vidor how to bob her hair and the bored Menjou how to acquire that joyous alertness, so long wished for in stars—as well as waiters.

The whole picture was carried through with its artistic perfection. True art can be as well displayed in simple vehicles as in heavy tragedy. The same genius who wrote "Hamlet," created "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I am overjoyed to see that someone has shown an appreciation of this on the screen. May we have some more delicacies such as the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

M. M. P.

Hey, Eleanor, Lookit This!

Union, N. J.

I have yet to decide whether I have been impelled by Eleanor Boardman's charming beauty or her undeniable talent as an actress, to utter these words of praise in her behalf.

I recently had the pleasure of seeing her in "Memory Lane." In this picture she is the personification of romance, the modern goddess of love. Her performance deserves the highest of praise. She simply glanced through the scenes with the grace and poise of a Grecian goddess. All combined, these qualities make the picture a delightful treat.

CHARLES LAUDANO.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 15]

“he came swiftly toward her!”

SHE was a terrible temptation to him—as she would have been to any man. And Zara suddenly realized that the door was shut and locked—and that she was alone with him in the room.

She stood perfectly still and watched him warily—wondering what mad thing he would attempt to do.

He came swiftly toward her, clasped her in his arms and passionately kissed her mouth.

“Zara!” he murmured hoarsely. “Do you think I am stone? I tell you I love you—madly.”

“Animal!” she hissed and struck him across the face.

* * * *

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“She drew back panting, and deadly white.”

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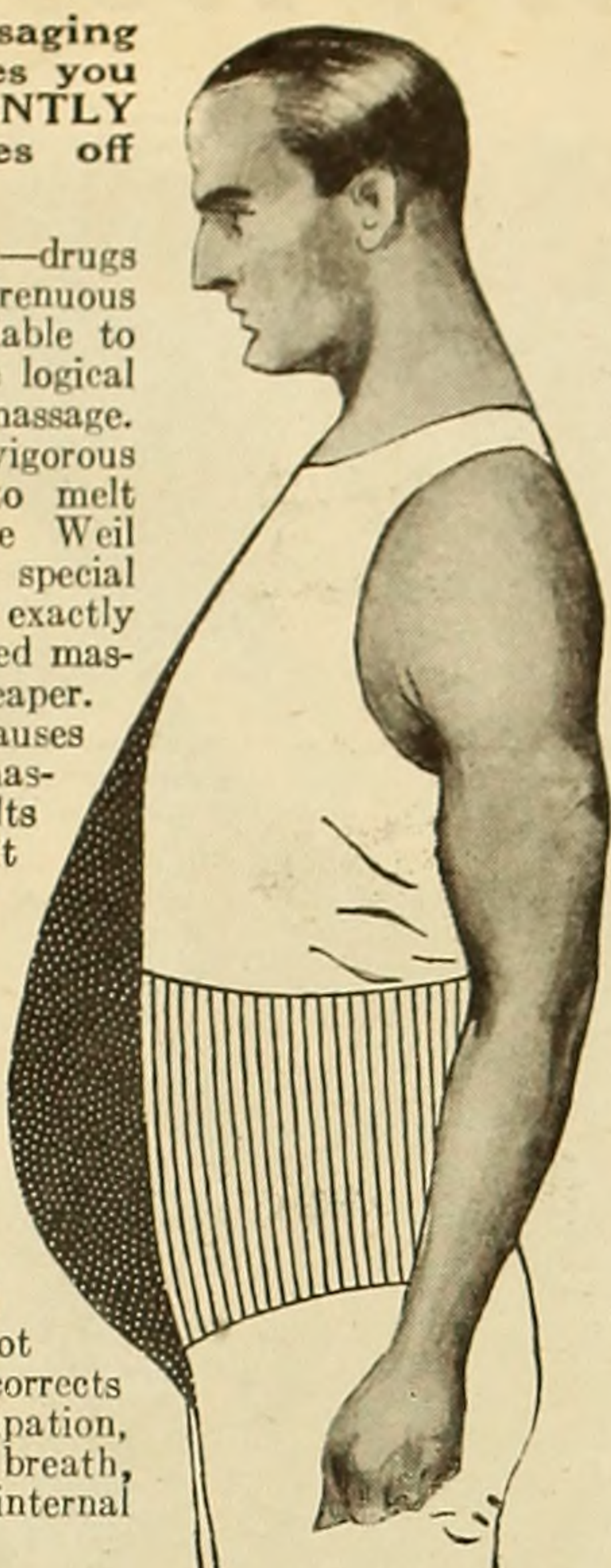
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EXCHANGE OF WIVES, AN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Two couples flirting madly with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody, Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree shine. (December.)

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

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

FIGHTING HEART, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

FIRST YEAR, THE—Fox.—A highly amusing comedy of the vicissitudes of married life during the first twelve months. Many of the incidents will strike home. Matt Moore is funny and pathetic. (March.)

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

FLOWER OF THE NIGHT—Paramount.—Jo Hergesheimer's special story for Pola proves a dud. Negri fans will like parts of it. (December.)

FLYIN' THROUGH—Davis Dist. Co.—Al Wilson, the stunt aviator, provides a flock of thrills and entertainment. You'll like it. (December.)

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

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

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

GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

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

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

GO WEST—Metro-Goldwyn.—Hardly a comedy because hardly a laugh. Yet the picture is very interesting. "Brown Eyes," the cow, gives a fine performance. (January.)

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

GRAUSTARK—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. (November.)

GREEN ARCHER, THE—Pathe.—A stirring chapter play with more thrills than Sherlock Holmes. Worth following. (March.)

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

HAUNTED RANGE, THE—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another Western. (November.)

HAVOC—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

HELL'S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille again gives the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (November.)

HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

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

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN—Warner Brothers.—A good plot is ruined to make a slapstick holiday. Matt Moore massacres the title role. (Nov.)

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

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

INFATUATION—First National.—Dull and uninteresting. But Corinne Griffith fans will go anyhow because it's worth anybody's quarter just to look at her. (March.)

IRENE—First National.—Colleen Moore pleases again. George K. Arthur's work is one of the outstanding points of the picture. (April.)

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

ISLE OF HOPE, THE—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (November.)

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

JUST SUPPOSE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess is a prince of Europe who falls in love with an American girl, played by Lois Moran. Very mild entertainment. (March.)

KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE—F. B. O.—Not worthy of Gene Stratton Porter. Little Gene Stratton, the girl-boy, is very interesting. (December.)

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

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

KNOCKOUT, THE—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. (November.)

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

LAST EDITION, THE—F. B. O.—An exciting story of the inside workings of a great metropolitan daily, with Ralph Lewis as foreman of the press room. Good. (December.)

LAW OR LOYALTY—Davis Dist. Co.—Again our friends, the Mounted Police, struggling between love and duty. Fairly interesting. (December.)

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

LAZYBONES—Fox.—A real characterization of a small town fella given by Buck Jones in a well told story. Fine supporting cast. (January.)

LET'S GO GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—Introducing a new Western star, Tom Tyler. The boys will like him. Good fights, stunts and rescues. (Dec.)

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

LIVE WIRE, THE—First National.—Johnny Hines in the title role. Lots of "gags" and rough-neck comedy. (November.)

LORD JIM—Paramount.—A fair translation of the well known book with Percy Marmont giving a good performance. If you don't know the book, the picture is a pretty good melodrama. (January.)

LOVE HOUR, THE—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

LOVERS IN QUARANTINE—Paramount.—The younger set will think this hot stuff. Their elders may be amused. Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford, good. (December.)

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

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

MAN ON THE BOX, THE—Warner Brothers.—Spend a good evening with Syd Chaplin. (December.)

MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. It's Meighan at his most noble. (November.)

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

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

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

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

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

MIDSHIPMAN, THE—Metro - Goldwyn — A rather juvenile story, but it brings back Ramon Novarro, and that's enough for most fans. (December.)

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

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

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

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

MYSTIC, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PACE THAT THRILLS, THE—First National.—Beautiful Mary Astor wasted in this silly story. (Dec.)

PAINT AND POWDER—Chadwick.—The good little chorus girl becomes a star and marries the producer. Just fair. (December.)

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

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

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

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

PLASTIC AGE, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—The collegiate set is carrying on again. The usual jazz drama, with Clara Bow and Donald Keith. (December.)

PONY EXPRESS, THE—Paramount.—James Cruze directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence. (November.)

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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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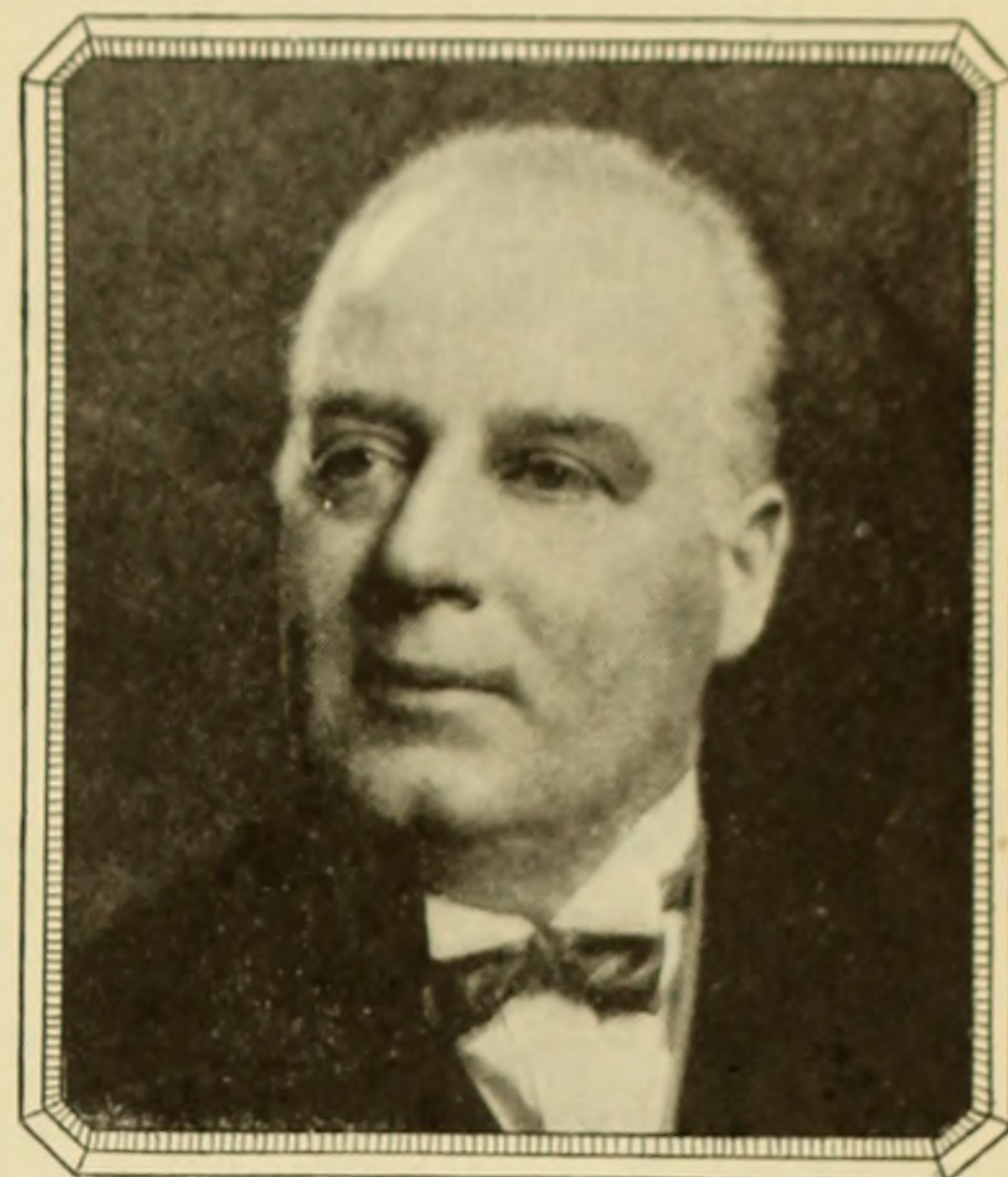
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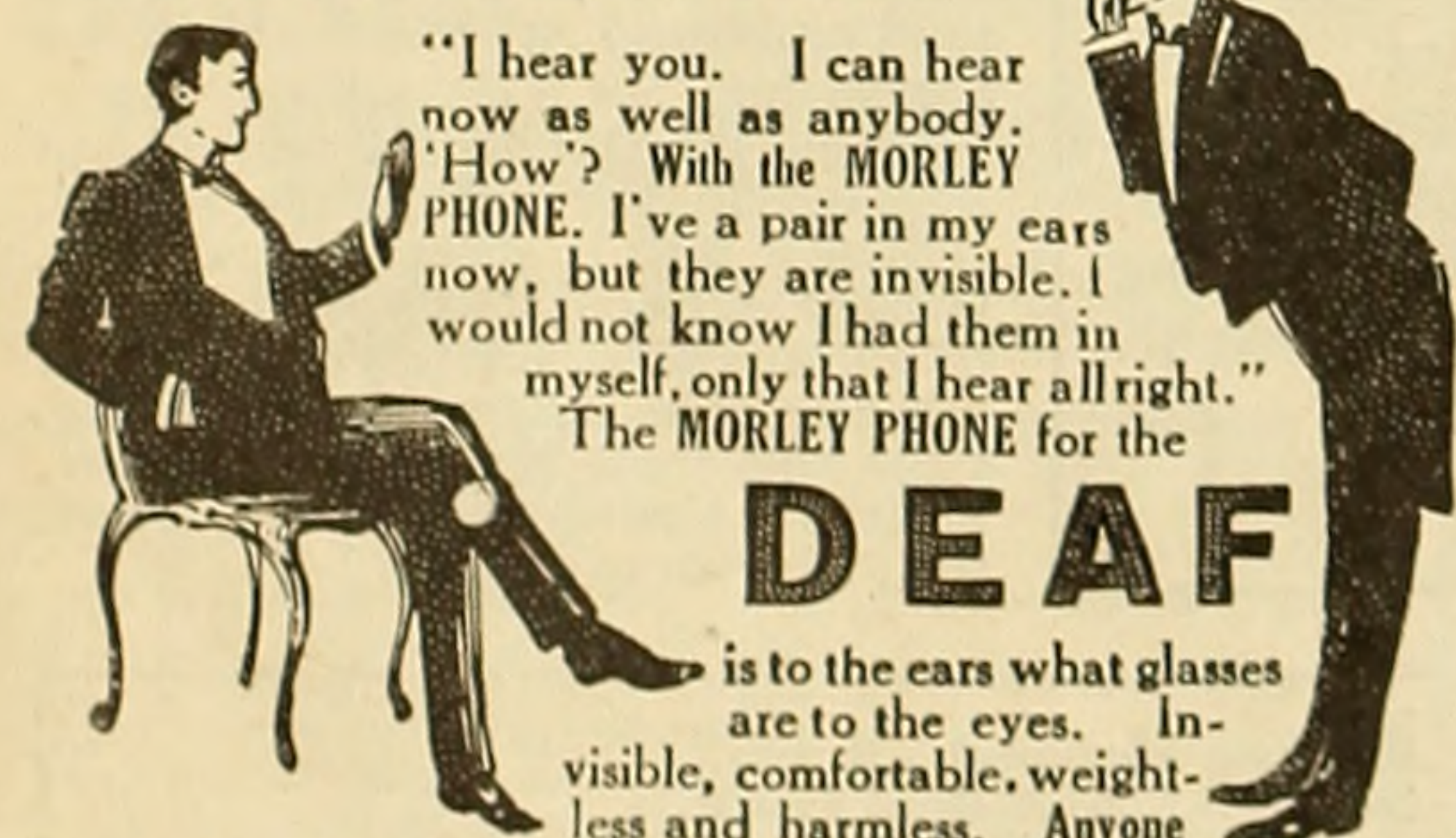
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

PROUD HEART (title changed from **HIS PEOPLE**)—Universal.—One of the finest pictures of Jewish emigrant life we've seen. Schildkraut, *pere*, contributes a great performance. (December.)

QUEEN O' DIAMONDS—F. B. O.—There's not much to recommend in this picture, but we think you'll live through it. (April.)

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

RED HOT TIRES—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

RED KIMONO, THE—Vital.—Avoid this picture. It is a very stupid version of a good story by Adela Rogers St. Johns, and not worth anybody's time. (March.)

REGULAR FELLOW, A—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay burlesque of royalty with Raymond Griffith as a prince with democratic ideas. (November.)

RIDIN' THE WIND—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson disappoints. He rescues his brother from bandits, returns the stolen money and wins the girl. (December.)

ROAD TO YESTERDAY, THE—Producers Dist.—Catch this picture for the gorgeous train wreck. The story is a little muddled but fairly entertaining due to the reincarnation theme. (January.)

ROCKING MOON—Producers Distributing.—A good story with a new and interesting background—an island in Alaskan waters. Laska Winter is the outstanding member of the cast. (April.)

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

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

SATAN IN SABLES—Warner Brothers.—Lowell Sherman is a bad Russian grand duke. Pauline Garon is a little rose from Montmartre. (December.)

SCANDAL STREET—Arrow.—An interesting picture because of movie studio atmosphere. Story of a movie actress and her husband who are both starred at the same studio. (January.)

SCARLET SAINT, THE—First National.—A very dull story and inexcusably sexy. (February.)

SCRAPPIN' KID, THE—Universal.—A conventional Western with Art Acord. Fair. (February.)

SEA BEAST, THE—Warner Brothers. The exquisite Dolores Costello overshadows John Barrymore and the thrilling tale of *Moby Dick*, the white whale. Almost unbelievable, we know. See for yourself. (March.)

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

SEVEN DAYS—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gribbon is very amusing. (November.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Paramount.—Leave the dishes in the sink. If you miss the first of this, you're lost. A corking comedy-melodrama with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts. (January.)

SEVEN SINNERS—Warner Bros.—A hilarious crook story with Marie Prevost and Clive Brook heading a good cast. (February.)

SHIP OF SOULS, THE—Asso. Ex.—Lillian Rich and Bert Lytell in a story of the north where men are driven mad by the silence and solitude. Only fair. (March.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SON OF HIS FATHER, A—Paramount.—One of the dullest pictures on record, from a Harold Bell Wright story. (December.)

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

SOULS FOR SABLES—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

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

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

SPORTING LIFE—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

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

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

STELLA DALLAS—United Artists.—An almost perfect picture, with one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title role. (December.)

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

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

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

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

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult entertainment. (November.)

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

THANK YOU—Fox.—The performance of Alec Francis as a small town minister is the only redeeming feature of this film. (December.)

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

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

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

THREE WISE CROOKS—F. B. O.—Pretty bad. Evelyn Brent tries to rescue the picture from mediocrity by some good acting, but to no avail. (December.)

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Fox.—The old feud story, refreshingly told, with fine humor. (December.)

TIMBER WOLF, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

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

TONIO, SON OF THE SIERRAS—Davis Dist.—A pretty good story of the by-gone West. (Feb.)

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

TOWER OF LIES, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

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

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

TRUE NORTH, THE—Griffith Prod.—A splendid scenic novelty of Alaska and Siberia with plenty of thrills. (February.)

TUMBLEWEEDS—United Artists.—Bill Hart returns to the screen in a story of the days when the Indian territory was thrown open to settlement. (Feb.)

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

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

VANISHING AMERICAN, THE—Paramount.—In spite of its weak points, this epic of the American Indian is very worth while seeing. Richard Dix gives a fine performance. (December.)

VOLCANO—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with Bebe Daniels as a girl who believes she has black blood in her veins, and is forced to renounce her love of the white man. Ends happily. (March.)

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

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

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

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

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

WHAT FOOLS MEN—First National.—A nice little picture, with Lewis Stone. Introducing a new hero, Hugh Allen, who is very pleasing. (December.)

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Universal.—A peach of a comedy with Reginald Denny, Marion Nixon and ZaSu Pitts. Lots of suspense. (Dec.)

WHEEL, THE—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

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

WHY WOMEN LOVE—First National.—A good sea story with a number of thrilling episodes. (Dec.)

WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot that contains all the old movie hokum. (November.)

WINDING STAIR, THE—Fox.—A passable romantic melodrama that falls short through a colorless performance given by Alma Rubens. (December.)

WITH THIS RING—Schulberg—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

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

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

WRECKAGE—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)

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



These pictures show Mr. Shirley's improvement in drawing. Read his letter.

From Drudgery to \$3800.00 a YEAR for - DRAWING

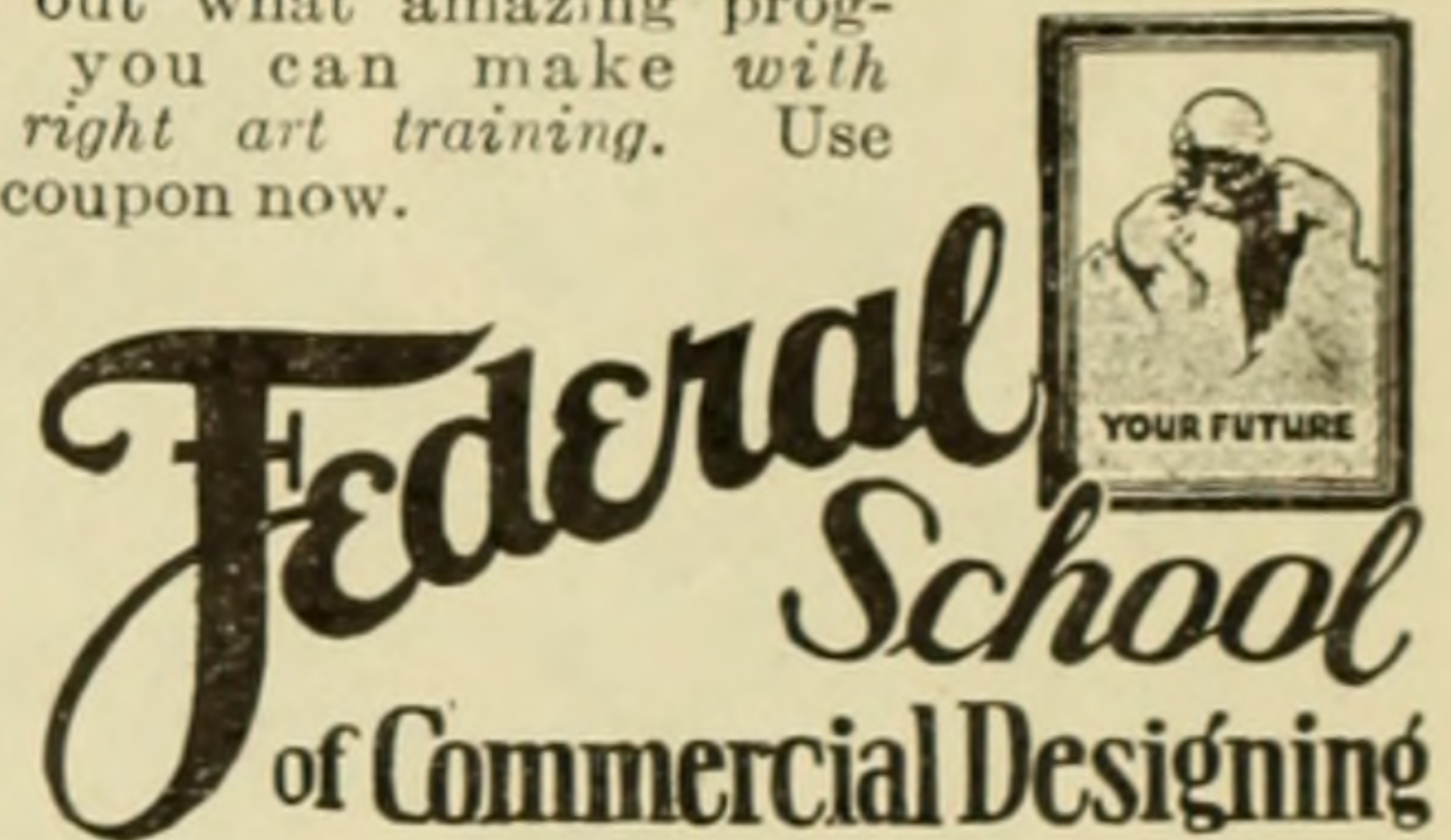
Just a few years ago Lloyd Shirley had a small-pay clerical job with no future. It was drudgery. He liked to draw, but could not quit and go to art school. One day his wife read a Federal School ad, and sent for "Your Future," telling about the Federal Course.

Mr. Shirley enrolled, studying evenings. In just a few months he accepted a position as artist for a paper company, at a better salary. He's been climbing steadily since—read his letter:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3800.00 a year and I have just started. This commercial drawing is work I love to do. If it had not been for the opportunity of studying art in my spare time, and the kindly interest of the Federal faculty, I would never have gotten out of the rut I was in. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

Send for "Your Future"

Mr. Shirley is typical of hundreds of Federal Students who have gotten out of the rut, doubled and tripled their incomes in a short time. If you like to draw, and have a little ambition, read "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now.



341 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

I enclose 6c in stamps for "Your Future."

Present Occupation.....
Age.....

Name.....
Write address plainly in margin.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Is This a Cactus?

St. Louis, Mo.

That the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde type of rôle fits Lon Chaney well, and that Lon Chaney seems best adapted to it is unquestioned in my opinion, but granting it so, what justification is there for this consistent stereotyped performance?

The name Lon Chaney has become associated with the Poe series of uncanniness. Of course, I'll take a Frankenstein any time to anything else but I fear we are going to become tired to Hydies, masqueradors and cripples, particularly placed in weak plotless stories.

The last of Lon's stories were purely vehicles for Lon and not Lon for the story.

This is a cross between a bouquet and a brickbat and is not intended to praise or blame. Come on now Chaney and take the bluebird for happiness. OLIVER D. MEYER.

For Better Stories

Piedmont, Canada.

The people who select stories to be filmed should be told what's what. It is most unfair to take one's revenge out on the actors and directors.

Who picks the story in the first place? And why does not the "picker" use his business sense? If a great novelist writes one good screen play, does it follow his next one will be as good?

Sometimes a screen story is so beautiful that we come away another person. We can't remember the troubled thoughts we had when we went in. Some of the beauty clings to us still. We imitate, in our rooms, the little artistic touches seen in the "movie" room. We find ourselves trying to be brave as the

hero in the play. . . . That's when we have been to a MOVIE! But when we come away from "trash" we wonder where they got the story.

In every big city there should be an office where stories from sober people were looked over, accepted or rejected. What a wealth of novelty that might find!

The bit of land with the solitary elm tree has a little house farther back on it, where I am writing this. We are going in a party to see "Stella Dallas" if it comes as far north as this. We are 46 miles from the great city of Montreal. We must go through dangerous hills to go to our only picture house and it takes us a long time. Do you blame us if we do a little cussing when we are disappointed?

Best wishes to PHOTOPLAY and all the lovely people who cheer us up here in the silent hills. MISS AIMEE DWYER.

"His People", Again

Los Angeles, Calif.

The director of "His People" is to be congratulated on his clever handling of a story rich in human interest and heart throbs.

The whole thing could have so easily been overdrawn, but it was all so sane and real, one could imagine oneself in the lower East side of New York.

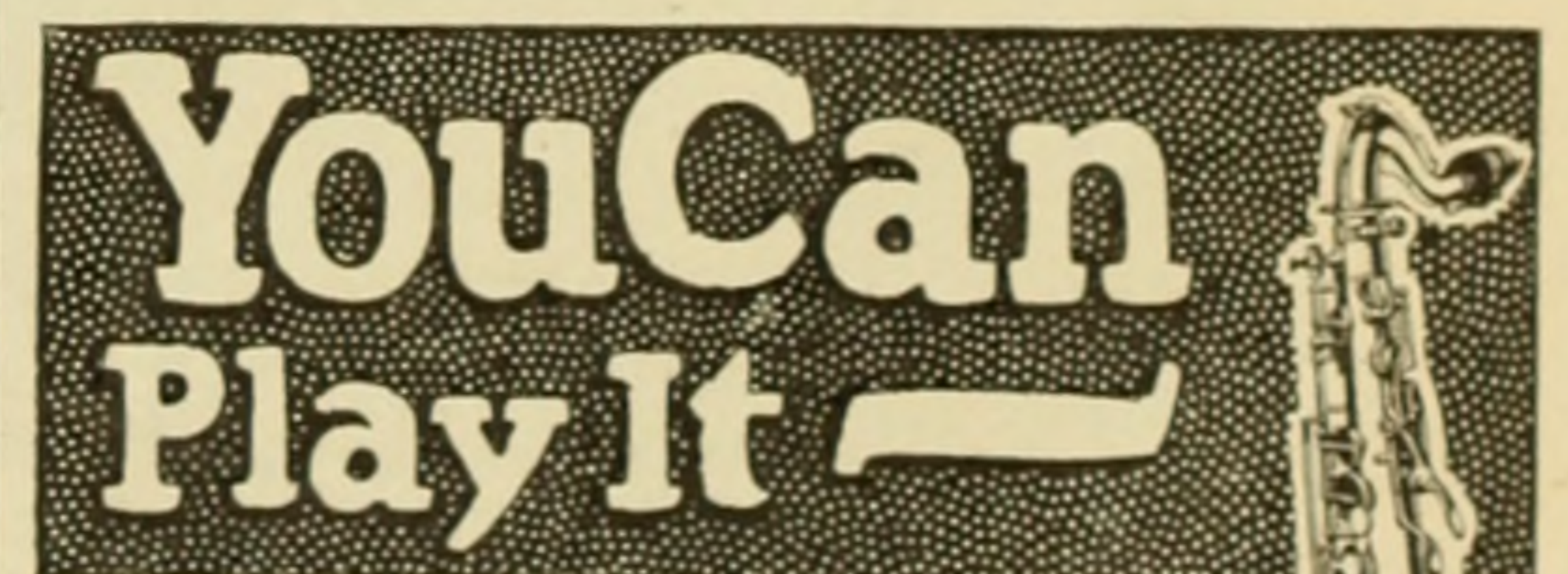
Just a simple tale of Jewish parents with two sons.

Please give us more stories of this sort free from sex suggestion, just natural everyday people who live and let live.

Rudolph Schildkraut gave a performance that seemed perfect. Everyone in the audience understood the heartaches of Mama Cominsky. What more can be said of real art?

LEOTA HOLDEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]



If It's a Buescher Saxophone

We give 3 free lessons with each new instrument. They start you. Teach yourself. It's great fun practicing because you learn so quickly. Even though you have failed with some other instrument, you can learn the Buescher Saxophone. And it will make you the most popular person in your set. 6 days' free trial in your own home, any instrument. No obligations. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings liberal proposition. Address:

Buescher Band Instrument Co. (5)
1503 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

Naive--or Nervy--



"No other actress on the cinema today could play this character with the artistry and faithfulness of interpretation that Norma has put into the role."

—David Belasco

"I never made a picture I like better."

—Norma Talmadge



True or Tricky?

Can YOU solve the riddle of Kiki, the adorable waif?

WHIMSICAL gamine of the Paris gutters, fighting for luxury, fame and love.

Is she only artless, a clever actress, or an accomplished temptress?

Handsome young Renal wonders, as roguish Kiki skips saucily about his luxurious home . . .

You'll wonder too . . . until pranky, plucky Kiki plays the most breath-taking trick of all in her nervy, gallant gamble for the man she loves!

See lovely Norma Talmadge in "Kiki," her greatest success, with Ronald Colman as the baffled lover . . . It's the peppiest, punchiest Paris Picture ever screened.

Elaborately filmed from the famous Belasco production of this play which ran two years on Broadway!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK presents

NORMA TALMADGE

"KIKI"

with **Ronald Colman**

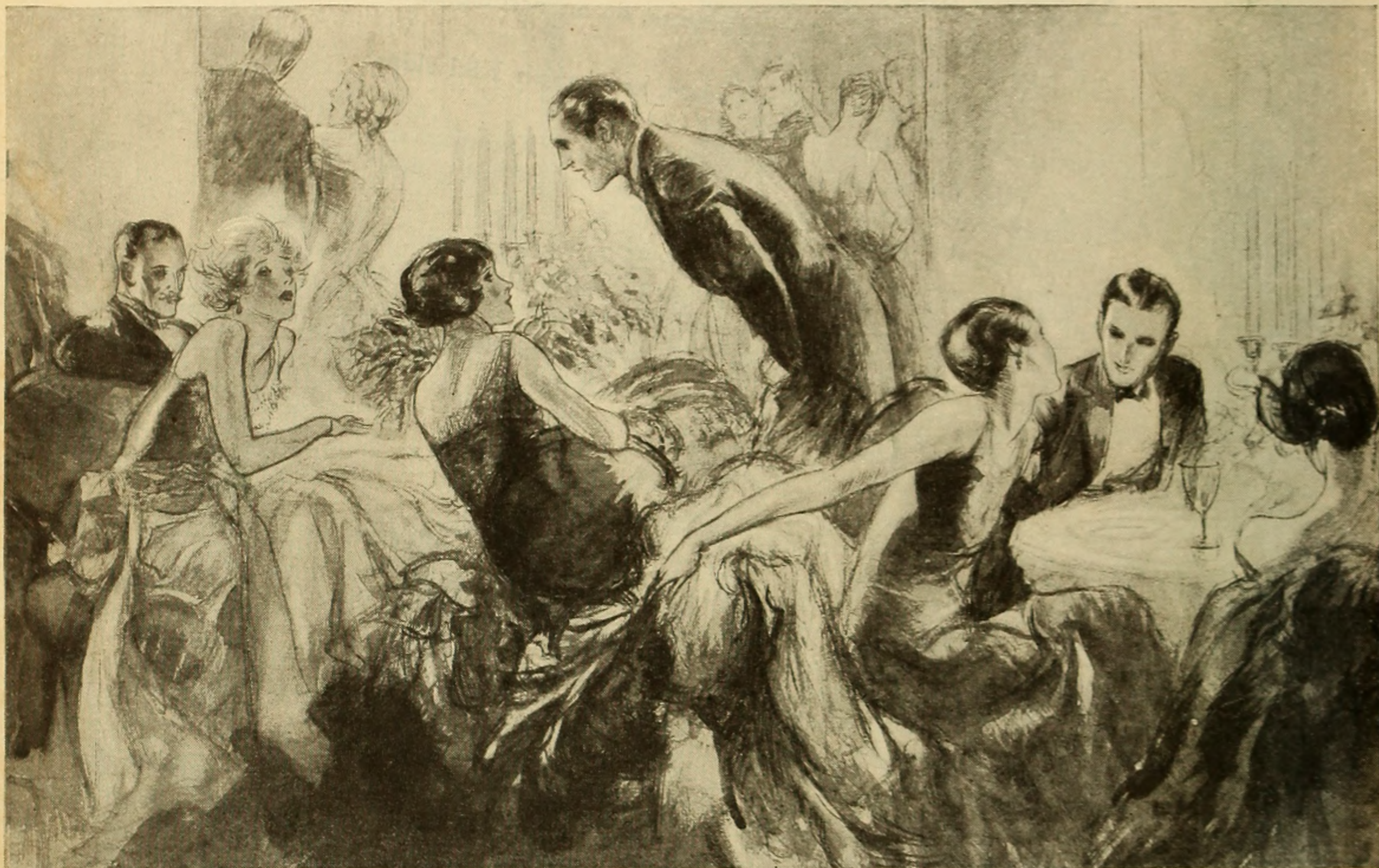
Screen story by HANS KRALY
Based on the stage play "KIKI" written by ANDRE PICARD
and adapted by DAVID BELASCO
A CLARENCE BROWN Production



First National Picture



Three hundred and fifty-two Stars at Hollywood



WHERE THAT PERISHABLE POSSESSION, A BEAUTIFUL FACE, IS WORTH MORE THAN STOCKS AND BONDS . . .

say they find this soap "splendid" . . . "wonderful for their skin" . . .

HOLLYWOOD—a city of fairy tales!

Here some little working-girl suddenly finds herself a princess—wearing sables and diamonds—dining off gold plate.

Here a penniless vagabond becomes, almost overnight, the owner of a palace and a fortune.

Two pass-words open all the doors at Hollywood—youth and beauty.

Radiant, youthful beauty — nowhere else has it ever been at such a premium—won such huge material rewards. Gathered together in this one spot one sees more young lovely faces than anywhere in the world.

How do the stars at Hollywood take care of their skin? How do they keep it smooth, soft, exquisite?

We asked 480 stars at Hollywood what toilet soap they select for the

care of their skin, and why they prefer it.

Three hundred and fifty-two—nearly three-fourths—answered, "*Woodbury's Facial Soap!*"

"UNTIL I USED WOODBURY'S I could not use any soap on my face, but this leaves my skin as soft as a baby's."

"WOODBURY'S makes the skin so soft and smooth!"

Now—the New, Large-Size Trial Set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited,
505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

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

"SPLENDID after removing grease paint."

"MY SKIN CHAPPED EASILY—so I started using Woodbury's and have had no trouble since."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

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

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

Copyright, 1926, by The Andrew Jergens Co.



Russell Ball

New Pictures

FLORIDA, land of languid beauty and real estate. Its romantic charm has been perfectly captured in this beautiful scene from "The Savage," a forthcoming First National production featuring May McAvoy with Ben Lyon and his rabbinical beard.



M. I. Boris

JUST a real nice guy. That's Lawrence Gray. Only a short time on the screen he's won the distinction of playing twice opposite Gloria Swanson. After being together in "Stage Struck," Gloria chose him for her conqueror in "The Untamed Lady."



Spurr

VERA REYNOLDS used to be a Sennetter. Her eye could catch a custard pie with the best of them. Then her face caught Cecil de Mille's eye and launched a contract. Two years of hard work under his direction and now Vera's being starred.



Seely

THERE has always been a spring-time freshness about Anita Stewart. A veteran of Vitagraph, she free lances now, and loves particularly films that take her on long location jaunts to foreign lands. Her newest picture is "Rustling for Cupid."



Richee

THE discovery business rages so hard even Gloria Swanson went in for it. Above, Arlette Marchal, whom she found in Paris. Her recommendation was all Arlette needed to be Paramount imported. You'll see her soon in "The Cat's Pajamas."



Ruth Hariett Louise

THE Country Boy is learning city ways. All slicked up, Charles Ray is back, on the Metro lot, playing the man and playing it well. "The Auction Block" proved that. Charlie slipped badly for a while, but he's learned his lesson.



Richee

CHARMING Margaret Morris will be Douglas MacLean's heroine in "That's My Baby." Margaret's a Minneapolis girl who rose from the extra ranks to a long-time contract with Paramount. Her greatest chance was given her by "The Best People."



Why swords flashed in Beauty's garden

"Why," demanded the Lady Joan in disapproval, "are you two trying to kill each other in my garden?"

The gentlemen maintained an embarrassed silence.

"Ah, Michael," she exclaimed, espying her faithful gardener peering from behind a tree, "step forth and explain this scene."

"Please, Your Ladyship," said Michael, "it all started with Lord Ormond saying that your beauty came from beauty soaps and lotions that he had brought you from the far East. Sir Harry said His Lordship lied in his teeth. Then . . ."

"Sir Harry, you are quite right," interrupted the lady, smiling, with heightened color, and turning to the handsome young nobleman. "I never trust anything upon my face but Ivory Soap! Will you walk in the garden with me?"

DOES it surprise you to learn that the finest treatment you can give your complexion is really very simple? That just about all your skin needs is—*soap and water cleansing*? This is what the physician, the dermatologist, the skin specialist will tell you. These authorities go further and say that more elaborate treatments are usually useless and frequently harm the skin—by making it sensitive, enlarging pores, or relaxing tissues.

But just *any* soap will not give your skin the perfect cleansing it requires. You need a gentle soap that protects delicate texture and bloom—a soap of unquestioned purity—Ivory. With good health and Ivory Soap—so safe that physicians almost universally recommend it for babies—the care of your complexion becomes a very simple matter.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

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DAINTY NEW GUEST IVORY
PRICELESS— 5 CENTS



PHOTOPLAY

May, 1926

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

WHAT is William Fox going to do with "What Price Glory?" and "Seventh Heaven" and other big Broadway theatrical successes that he has corralled for pictures? Will he duplicate his flat failure to give us a screen production that carried the spirit and the success of the stage version of "Lightnin'," and the inadequacy of "The First Year," which did not live up to expectations?

If these four are not ideal screen material, what is? All successful plays are not good screen material. Not by a jugful. But all four of these are, and we would be delighted to see Mr. Fox retrieve himself with the two that are now going into production.

THERE is a growing tendency among producers to look askance at stage plays. Few of the big money makers have come from that source. But there is still a theory, gradually weakening in the light of experience, that a successful stage play would make a successful movie.

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION" had been produced on the stage under the title of "The Clansman," from Dr. Dixon's novel. But it was no tremendous success, nothing comparable with the popularity of D. W. Griffith's epoch making film. "Hearts of the World" was an original screen story. So was "The Big Parade," "The Ten Commandments," and most of Douglas Fairbanks' successes. "The Four Horsemen" was a novel, as was "The Covered Wagon," "The Sea Hawk," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." "The Miracle Man" was a short story, and "Over the Hill" was a theme taken from a poem.

Doesn't it prove that, after all, it is not the source of the story, but the intelligence, the craftsmanship, the treatment, and the showmanship, that make the picture?

Whatever they say, it is the man at the head of the production forces that makes or breaks a picture. There is a very small group of men in the whole industry who are directly responsible. They choose the stories, regardless of their origin. They select the directors and casts. They have entire charge of the production and the last word with the finished film.

ONCE asked Louis B. Mayer who was responsible for a number of hits recently turned out on the

Metro-Goldwyn lot. Was it his directors, was it his brilliant supervisors, Thalberg and Rapf, or who or what?

"Well," he said, "Thalberg and Rapf are the finest men in the business, but I know whom the home office blames for the bad ones. It's Louis B. Mayer." He said it. And Marcus Loew picked Mayer.

THE trade mark in pictures has come to mean just as much as the trade mark of a soap or a canned soup. And like these commodities, no amount of advertising can make them popular unless the quality of the product lives up to the advertising. Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn, First National, Universal, Pathe, Producers Distributing Corporation, Fox, United Artists, stand for varying standards of quality in the public mind. Every picture you see under one of those trade marks affects your judgment of that banner. All the advertising in the world would not convince you of the superiority of any of them if you were to see a long line of poor productions.

Fortunately, the American public is growing in tolerance with its increasing knowledge of the intricacies of production, and it will come back for more punishment time after time. Then, two or three good pictures renew the faith in the trade mark and the enthusiasm for more pictures.

ONCE sat in a conference at the Bankers' Club in New York with four Wall Street men who were considering the purchase of one of the big film companies. The only reason they didn't buy it was that they could not, for any amount of money, secure the services of a producing head. They had almost closed with one at a salary of a quarter of a million a year. Then they all began to give their opinions of how pictures should be produced. That producer picked up his hat and started to leave.

"But we are not through yet," said one of the bankers.

"I am," said the producer. "You couldn't pay me enough money to stand the gaff of producing pictures with four men telling me what to do. Too many cooks spoil pictures as well as soups."

THE productions of any company are just as big or as small as the man at the top.

Synopated Heart

WHO filches our purse needs will explode, for the lining is bare. Who filches our heart trespasses, for East is East and West is West and even in pictures the Coast-lines should not knot.

But they do, for the other day— We were enjoying an asterisk argument with an unseen telephone operator who insisted we had waited only nine and a half minutes for a number, while we insisted ten was correct. Suddenly, the door of our office, which in nowise resembles John D. Rockefeller's, swung wide and in pranced Boy Cupid, a cunning gill of mischief with guileless eyes and Singer Midget bow and arrow.

"Hello," saluted our visitor with moonshine infection. "For cryin' in low. How are you, Cupe?" We shook hands and placed the receiver on the desk.

"I feel like the last rose of autumn and spring has just come. Think of my being so low when mortals are being knocked for bars of Lohengrin marches."

"What's on your cerebellum, T. N. T.?" "I can't make heads or torsos of the movie stars," he deplored. "No sooner did I decide Connie Talmadge would marry Buster Collier than she springs a nifty and yesses Captain Alastair Mackintosh from Scotland."

"Scotch über alles," we murmured. "Cut the split infinitives," he wailed. "I'm all bewildered. Do you know anything about the flicker favorites' romantic doings?"

"Cupe," we elucidated, "what the Oracle was to Athens, we are to Movieopolis."

"I can see modesty is at the root of your poverty," he psychoanalyzed. "But girl, not all my secretaries and file systems can keep abreast of these picture whatnots. Why don't you scribble what you know and help me check up?"

"Have you five tons of asbestos in stock?"

"Yes." "Very well. Now go to the movies, Cupe, and call again tomorrow morn. Goo'bye and look out for the subway crowds."

We slip a sheet of typewriter, but our eyes discordantly.

"Hey . . .," we pick it up. " . . . and if you think you waited more than nine and a half minutes for that number you're the loon's shadow," the operator was finishing.

"Right you are, Gloria Swanson. Take a sleeping potion, ole bean, and nightmare over your signals. The War's just beginning."

Silence, except for noise everywhere. Our fingers gallop over the keys. They spill:

Syncopated heart strings, a racing romance of the cinema folk which we hereby dedicate to a palpitating world with malice toward none and fun for all.

Be there man amongst you who, to himself, never has exclaimed: My ideal is a jewel and my fingers yearn to be of the butter-and-egg variety, but canst not, for Rudolph Valentino has breathed into Latin type life and love; King

Words
by Dorothy Herzog
Music
by the Spheres

Vidor has immortalized "The Big Parade"; and the perfect lover is made only by a sagacious press-agent.

There may be an un-common conception amongst many that the picture cavorters are individual dots in an individual art. The common conception should be they are heterogeneous bodies, good mixers and, oft-times, good stayers. Look ye to your newspaper headlines.

Boy Cupid rants and raves over the w. k. game of heart throbs as played in cinema-land. Therefore—

We raise the asbestos curtain of love and reveal to you first that rare cosmopolite triumvirate: Rudolph Valentino, Pola Negri, and Charlie Chaplin.

Let the syncopated heart strings jazz forth romantic bars. Prosit! The play is on.

Charlie Chaplin bemoans he is not a lad of pleasure but just plain poisonous. The gentle sex bows to his artfulness and the fire in his eyes. He may be the Pagliacci of the silver sheet, but he is an Adonis in continuity.

While footing it debonairly in Germany, he met the smouldering Pola Negri. Flint struck spark and evoked a blaze. Pola came to America to hunt big game and eagles as an avocation, and Sharlee rushed her *a la* the famous Yale-Harvard football game of whynot. Newspaper scribes flocked to their Elysium where *charlotte russe* reigned supreme and chicken was *a la* comedy king. Throughout the world, enthusiastic readers absorbed the story of La Negri and her Sharlee.

At the peak of the delicious suspense, Sharlee betook himself to his studio and his projection room, whilst Pola snapped ringed fingers and *fini* to an 8,000 mile romance of hurricane force but puny endurance.

The world refused to do its stuff on its pivots until Sharlee eventually started "The Gold Rush"

and Lita Gray skyrocketed into prominence. She did more than skyrocket. Lita had a screen mama who knew that two and two, added or multiplied, made four.

Mexico and mar-Pola continued a raring game of While Pola popularized the Lorelei in

Hollywood and captivated Rod La Rocque, "Craney" Gartz, William Haines, and Dr. Daniel C. Goodman, Sharlee welcomed an infantile Junior to his family and Rudolph Valentino endeavored to obliterate his second matrimonial mishap.

La Negri's piercing slate-gray eyes espied the suave Rudy, appraised him, and sparkled with pleasure. What cared she for the blank cartridge report that Valentino and Vilma Banky were linked together by casual gossip in a 101 degree Fahrenheit way? Piff, nothing.

Did Rudy care when we popped the question at him: "Is it true?"

"What?"

"That you are among the elect? That the divine Pola has crowned you?"



Rudy

Red hot romance.
Sizzling romance.
Rudy's and Natacha's.
Icy dislike. Courts
and lawyers. Divorce
Rudy and Natacha. And
now comes Pola. Hey! Hey!

Natacha

paper into the w. k. telephone receiver buzz-

Pola

So Sharlee went to ried Lita and the divine speedily on her exhilarated the Lorelei in

captivated Rod La Rocque, "Craney" Gartz, William Haines, and Dr. Daniel C. Goodman, Sharlee welcomed an infantile Junior to his family and Rudolph Valentino endeavored to obliterate his second matrimonial mishap.

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"That you are among the elect? That the divine Pola has crowned you?"

Strings

The wedding march is a jazz tune in Filmland. Every little marriage has a triangle all its own

He shrugged, oh, so Latin-ish and un-Cicero-ish. "I do not know. I do know that I shall not marry again."

So he returned from New York to the Coast, after a gay vacation on Continental soils. And he was nearly met in Albuquerque by the tempestuous Pola. We say nearly. La Negri was enticed back to Los Angeles in time to avert too many newspaper headlines.

Hollywood promptly fell into a state bordering on hysteria. Could it be true? Sh-h-h, hark. Pola and Valentino go a-visiting the Gouverneur Morris in Coronado Beach. As suddenly, they disappear.

"Hear they've hastened to Mexicali, Mexico, married, and are honeymooning in Palm Springs, Calif.," exclaimed a news-maddened city editor of a L. A. paper.

Oh, dear, how perfectly luscious. Precisely Rudy's Odyssey when he eloped with Natacha Rambova. Foiled again. Truth is not stranger

than fiction; only more expensive. So it is, Vilma Banky again heroines for Valentino in his new picture, "Son of the Sheik." Rumors are rife. Poor Boy Cupid . . . Sharlee is now a married man with a Junior in the family and a second offspring due to arrive. Rudy and Pola continue jazzily on their syncopated heart string route, with junctions up and down the lines but tracks barring the perfect understanding.

We fade-out and -in to Constance Talmadge, reckless daughter of a cautious family. La Negri stoked her way into men's hearts. Connie danced, chided, and entranced her reign there.

Connie's fluttering life is one heart milestone after another. She chucked Irving Berlin to run away and marry John Pialoglou five years ago via the double wedding, yes with Dorothy Gish and James Rennie on the successful receiving end. Berlin was floored for the count. He chirped up when Connie lost interest in her husband and a separation, followed by a divorce, occurred p. d. q. John resumed his Beau Brummel activities on the street called Broadway.

Connie betook herself West, where she annexed William Collier, Jr., better known as Buster. Buster was a laugh a second. They had hilarious times together for almost four years. Marriage was around the next week. Buster was younger than Connie, but that was a trivial detail.

After one of her cyclonic visits East, Irving Berlin, with hopes burning high again, saw Connie off. Farewells made him melancholy. "What'll I do, Dutch, when you are gone?" Dutch is Connie's nickname, originating because of her blue eyes and blonde hair. "By jove, that's a great title for a song," Berlin caught himself saying. So he wrote "What'll I Do," dedicat-



Cupid's big four. Florence Vidor, King Vidor, Eleanor Boardman, George Fitzmaurice. Divorce, King and Florence. Engagement, George and Florence. Now George is free, King engaged, maybe, to Eleanor. Wow!

ing it, it has been reported, to Connie.

Gradually, he forced himself to lose his infatuation for the charming, though frosted, Connie. He proceeded to fall headlong in love with Ellin Mackay, daughter of the big Postal click and collect man. He bombshelled a slumbrous world by eloping with Miss Mackay. A month and a half later, Connie sprang a ditto surprise by taking on a second "worse half" in Captain Alastair Mackintosh, "unoccupied professionally" member of a wealthy Scotch family. Connie halfway confesses to having met her latest about three years ago through William Rhineland Stewart, an ex-society swain of hers.

That, however didn't minimize Buster Collier's forlornness at being left a romantic orphan, as badly floored by Connie's unexpected desertion as Irving Berlin had been, so many years before. Was Connie's sudden mar-

riage inspired by Berlin's ditto? Boy Cupid, check up your files.

We iris-out and -in to Florence and King Vidor. Florence, years ago, was just a little girl in Texas, where men are men and women—well, ladies. King Vidor, a youth with tortoise glasses and genial manner, arrived in the home town to shoot a picture. Would the Texas 400 extra for a thrill? They would and did.

King espied Florence, slim, girlish, beautiful. Florence espied King, good-looking, self-possessed, capable. Palps. Love at first sight. Marriage. The girl with a comfortable roof over her head left it to gamble with her husband; career and thousands versus flop and pennies.

Florence was a lovely flower devoid of tropical warmth. King missed this yet lived in happy domestic isolation until one day—

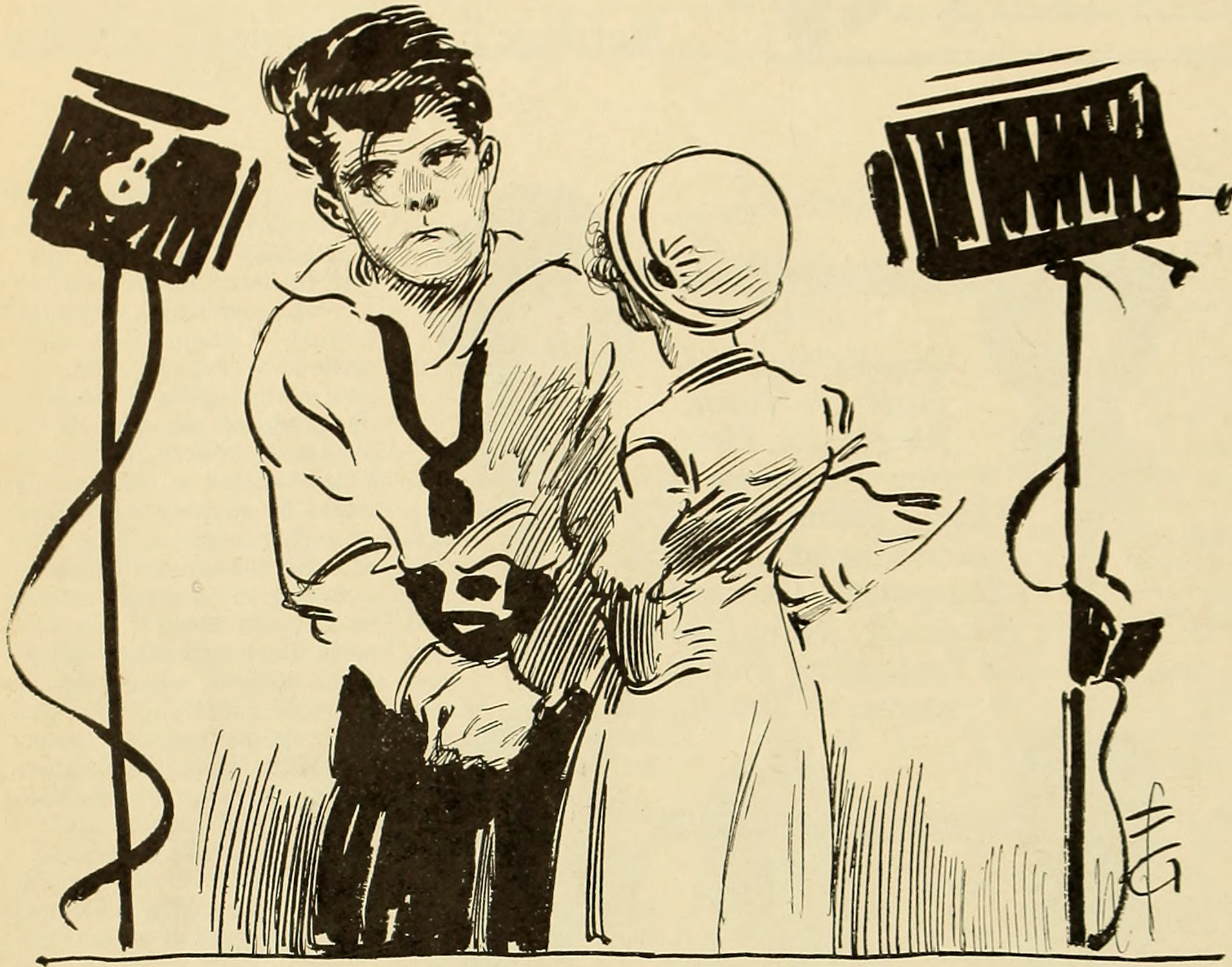
Well they just separated. Who can tell just why? After all there are just two people in the world who know the inside of any marriage—the man and the woman. The real trouble rarely ever gets to the judge. Everybody likes Florence. King is hard to know, but when you do know him he's a regular citizen in addition to being one of the few directors with brains and balance.

He met another girl, tall, slender, moody. This girl came from Philadelphia, which also boasts the Liberty Bell and Wanamaker's. She strived for a career in pictures. King appreciated her ambition and her talent. Sympathy. Friendship.

King had moved to new quarters. Florence, with their little daughter, remained in the house that had once been home. Months stumbled by. All [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

IF John Brown, the Millville, Pa., street cleaner, is divorced by Mrs. Brown, 50 people hear of it; if a local celebrity of Chicago is involved in an escapade, 100,000 people are interested. If a film star is divorced the whole world wants every detail. Picture folks live under a giant spotlight of publicity. Their hearts, broken or blissful, become the hearts of humanity

As an Actor Frank Godwin



Jim



Hezi

I didn't hear Anna. I was steeped in Histrionic Art. Being tender-hearted, I hated to think of putting Jack Barrymore and Lon Chaney in lesser places

By Himself

EVERY man and woman harbors, secretly or otherwise, the belief that he or she could, if given the chance, be a truly great actor or actress. But I—I am as one set apart—one singled out by the gods and placed instantly at the top. No "breaking in" for me—no "lean years" about which the stars write—not I. One day I was just a plain, plodding illustrator—the next I was a leading man playing opposite a great star.

None of them have anything on me—no sir!—I know how it all feels—except the salary—I never quite got to that—I was a plain plodding illustrator again too soon.

But listen—here's how it happened:

One warm, rainy Sunday evening Hezi Tate, Hollywood's reddest-headed director, called for me at the hotel and asked me if I would like to go to a party.

"Yes," says I. "All right," says he. "Step this way."

Whereupon I was ushered or whisked (or whatever it is) into his car and we sallied forth into Hollywood's seething lanes of traffic. After ten narrow escapes from Eternity (my nerves were all shot from orange juice anyhow) we stopped before a house on a hill.

"Roadhouse?" I asked. "Jimmy Cruze's," said Hezi Tate, and we went in. There were a great many people there, but just what they were all doing, I'm not sure, but they were moving about a great deal.

Hezi introduced me to as many as he could stop (Hezi knows as many people as Howard Chandler Christy). The ones I remember were Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, James Cruze, Lew Cody, and—

gosh! I don't know how many others. Anyhow, very suddenly somebody, some lovely female voice cried, "Frank Godwin!" I hid behind an overstuffed chair, but instantly remembered it was just a party and there wouldn't be any process servers there, and the thought stole over me, "Somebody here knows me."

As I slowly rose from behind the chair I saw from whence came the voice—and—to show my skill at repartee—I—without an instant's hesitation replied, "Anna Q. Nilsson!" And I was right. You see Anna used to pose for me in the days when artists' models charged fifty cents an hour and usually got a quarter, so the artist would have a quarter left to eat with.



Betty

MET Frank Godwin. The boy threw a wicked brush for years in Philadelphia and New York until he fell for the California climate. Now he's painting portraits of Los Angeles society folks with his expensive oils. A lot of the movie gals were models of his in days gone by, and Frank is one of the favorites of the colony. He was a flop as an actor, but he likes the folks, and every month will see his work in *PHOTOPLAY*. Incidentally the kid can write like a veteran.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

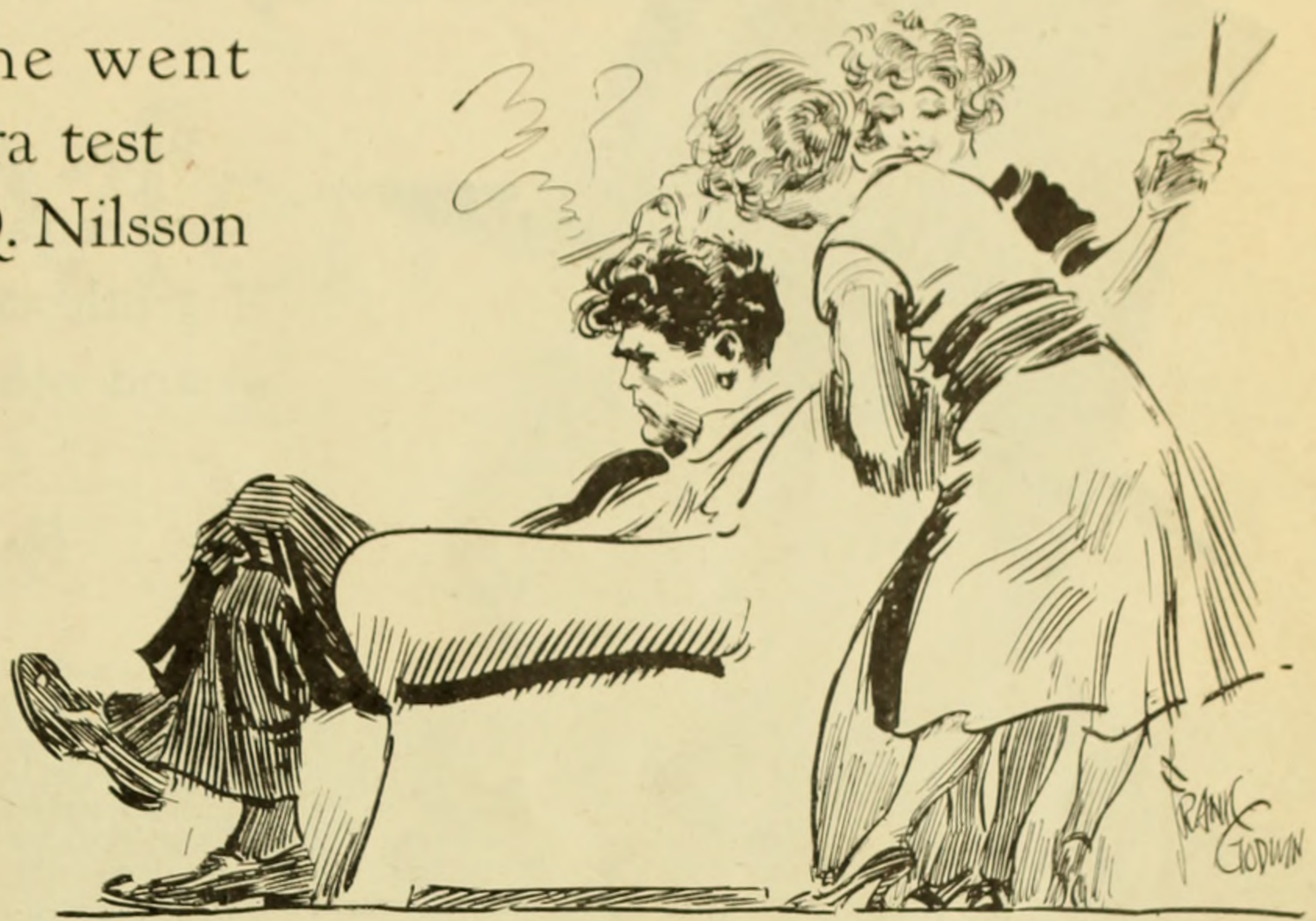
They do most things quickly in Hollywood. I don't remember any conversation between that meeting and a few moments' later when I had been rushed to another room, hurled into a chair before a mirror and was having my hair curled by Betty Compson and Anna Q.—My hair is very peculiar. James Montgomery Flagg says it is black marsh grass—so I knew they couldn't make it worse. I had been cleanly

Proved to be a Fine Painter

That was after he went through a camera test inspired by Anna Q. Nilsson



Me



I was having my hair curled by Betty Compson and Anna Q. when Anna said I was just the man for the lead in her next picture



Anna Q.

shaved just before leaving the hotel, so I felt more or less sure they would not insist on much more than the hair curl.

Even if they had meant to do more, they couldn't have, as at that point I was ordered by big Jim Cruze, in his most authoritative "director" voice, to come out, have a chest expansion contest with him.

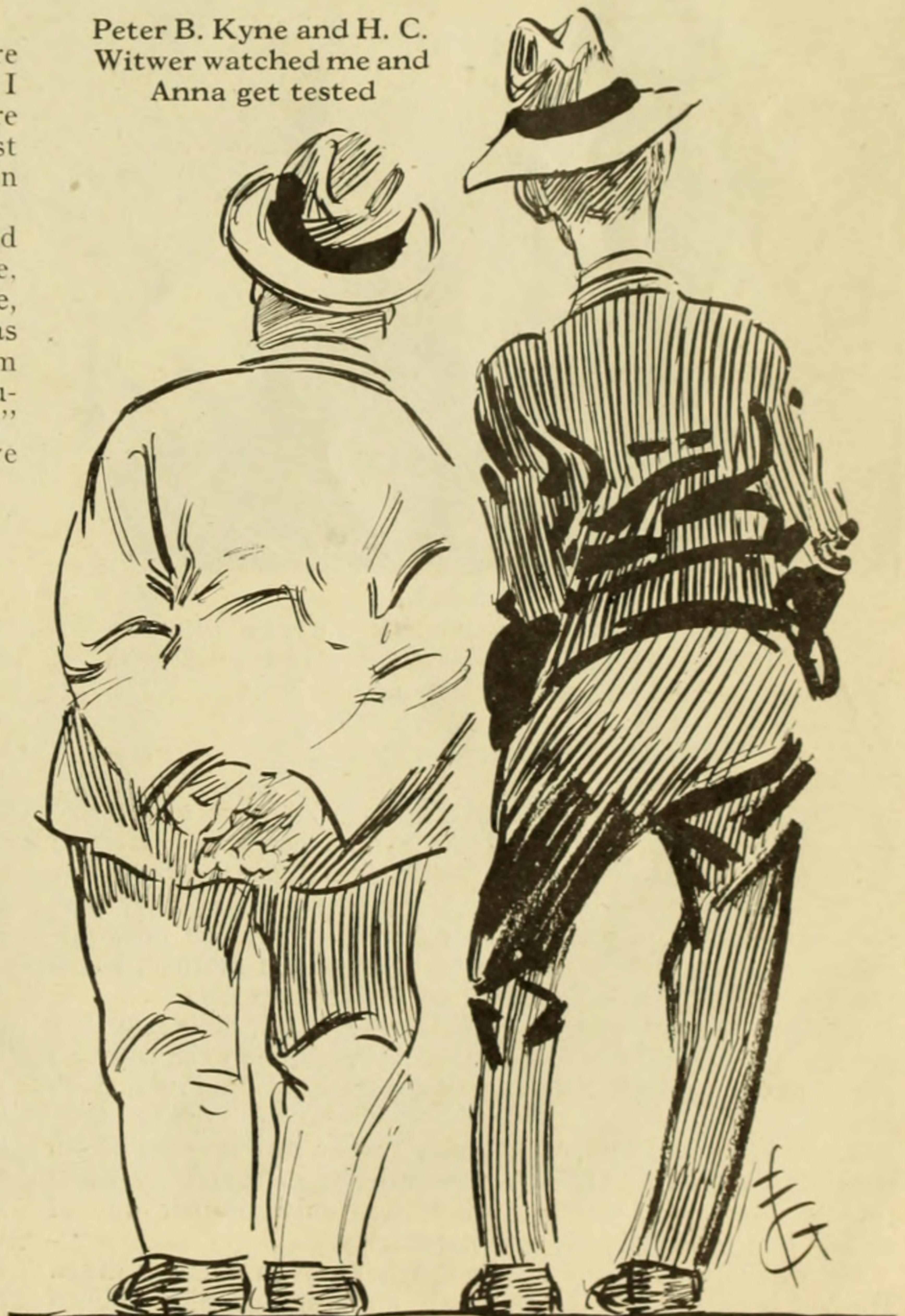
I figured this was something an initiate had to go through with, and obeyed. We put ten dollars on the outcome and I won. Hezi Tate was the judge—I don't think he was prejudiced—well, anyhow I had my coat off and my hair curled and I'm pretty big and—well, anyhow, very suddenly Anna Q. said: "Say! you're just

the man for the lead in my new picture." Well! I felt that, up to the moment, my masculine pulchritude had never been fully appreciated and I began looking for a mirror so I could enjoy it as well as they. But Anna continued, "He's a tramp."

I stopped looking for a mirror. "At any rate," I said to myself, "it is an opportunity for some fine acting." And I began to feel better. "Come to the studio tomorrow morning," Anna said. "You'll have to have a test, you know."

A test! what could that be? It sounded very ominous. I went home and dreamed of being tested. I was dropped from a balloon, run over by a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

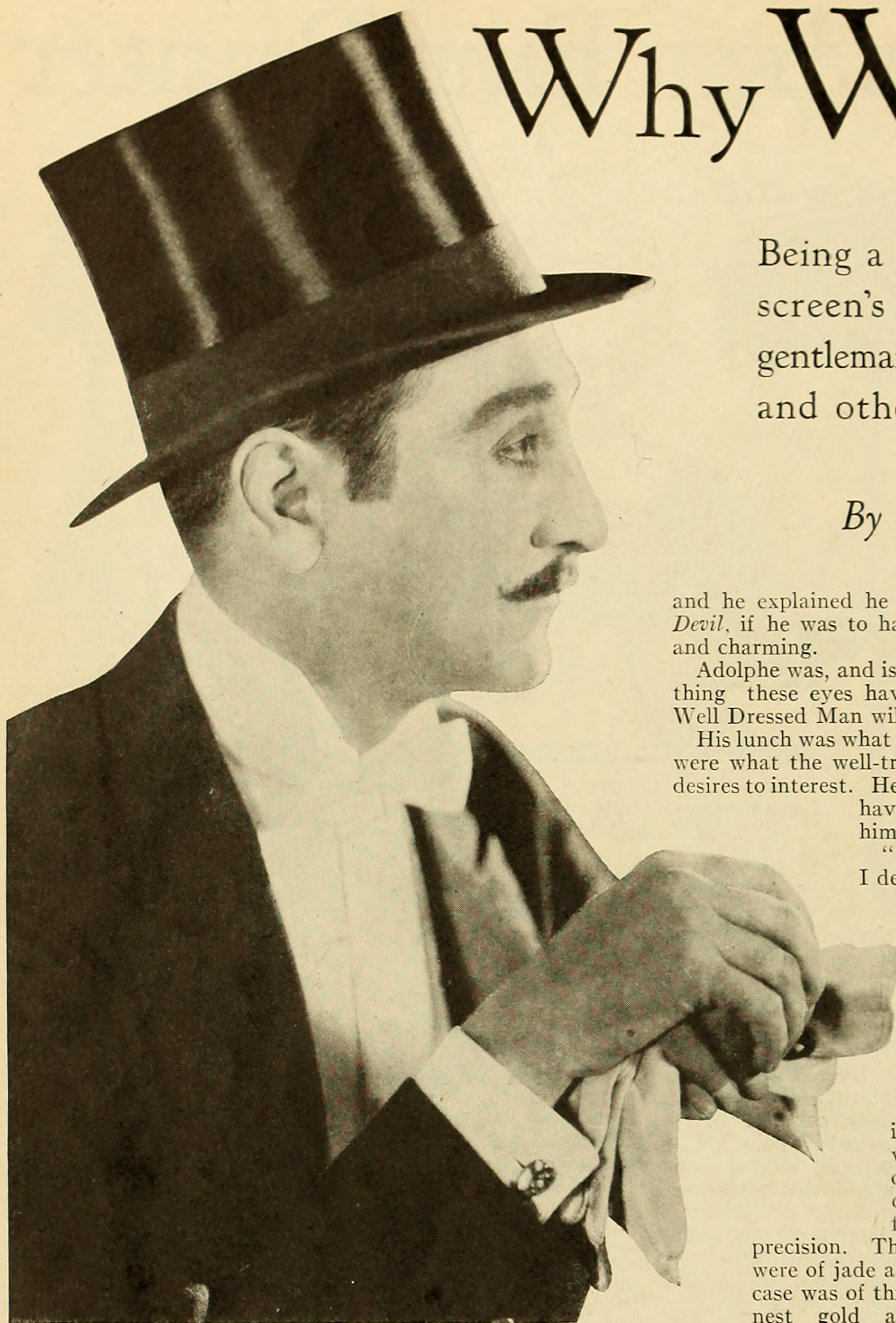
Peter B. Kyne and H. C. Witwer watched me and Anna get tested



Why Women

Being a frank talk with the screen's most sophisticated gentleman anent women, love and other annoying things

By Ruth Waterbury



Women will read this anyway, but the man who can read it and not call up his barber and his tailor is pretty far gone

ONE day Chaplin produced "The Woman of Paris." The next day there was a new screen type. He was the sophisticate, the gentleman whose heart is not necessarily made of gold nor as big as all outdoors; the gentleman who does not necessarily marry the poor girl nor who is not unusually fond of his dear old mother; but a gentleman, nevertheless, and gifted with sex appeal.

Adolphe Menjou was that gentleman. Adolphe is still that gentleman, only a little more so. And Adolphe in the last two years has developed a feminine box office public second to none.

These facts being what they are, I went to Famous Players studio to ask Mr. Menjou why women so definitely liked sophisticated men, which in effect was only another way of asking him to explain his own popularity.

He was sitting in the studio lunch room in evening dress. He had been playing the *Devil* all morning for Mr. Griffith

and he explained he thought it absolutely essential for the *Devil*, if he was to have any trade at all, to be sympathetic and charming.

Adolphe was, and is, both. He sat there, quite the correctest thing these eyes have beheld in years. He was What the Well Dressed Man will Wear.

His lunch was what the intelligent man will eat. His epigrams were what the well-trained man will say to a lady whom he desires to interest. He was so perfectly put together it wouldn't have surprised me at any moment to hear him commence ticking.

"Why do women like sophisticated men?" I demanded.

"What do you mean by 'women'?" countered Mr. Menjou. "Every woman is different from every other woman."

"I mean the women who go to see your pictures."

"Oh! That's as simple a matter as good grooming."

He was perfectly groomed.

There was not the smallest bulge in the bosom of his fine dress shirt. There was not the faintest wrinkle in the folds of the hand-made French linen handkerchief that was tucked in his cuff. His fine, white tie was knotted with faultless

precision. The buttons of his waistcoat and his studs were of jade and diamonds. His very smart cigarette case was of thinnest gold and opened like an

envelope. His watch was wafer-thin, of platinum, edged with sapphires and monogrammed A. M. in tiny diamonds.

"If we must have a discussion about it," he continued, smiling from the depths of his charming, tired eyes, "we must work from the supposition that women, as a class, are superior to men. They are great realists and know more accurately than men what they want from life.

"Now, the wise woman, the woman of the world, is not so interested in *being* out with a man as she is in *being*

"**W**ARS are won and fortunes squandered, but at the end of the day's work the most important question still remains, 'Who are you going to have dinner with tonight?'"

"**I**NTENSE love, so real that it is fairly abject in its force, annoys women. A woman is pleased with the kiss of devotion, but the kiss that really thrills her is the one that she is quite sure doesn't mean love at all."

"**M**EN and women, both, go on chasing romance until the end of their days. When we get too old to chase it in fact, we chase it in fancy. Every woman has her dream lover, no matter how many or how few her husbands."

Like Sophisticated Men

seen out with a man. She is aware that she can not afford to be seen with a man who appears ordinary. Only the sophisticated man realizes how important is the line of his shirt, and the choice of his collars and cravats, to the lady whose interest he could command. Clothes make the man as much as the woman. When a woman sees a man dressed correctly, she likes him. Not for himself. For herself. She wants other women to see her out with such a man. She knows that will raise her stock among her feminine friends.

"Another thing. There is a great deal said about men being interested in a woman who is mysterious. Well, women are even more interested in a man who is mysterious. Most men bore most women to tears, or matrimony. The sophisticated man has sense enough never to tell all he knows."

He paused to eat a piece of pound cake.

"All real success is founded on failure," he stated. "The intelligent person learns something from each mistake. The next time he knows what to avoid. Success founded on any other basis is ephemeral."

"Real sophistication is success. The true sophisticate is the person who has adjusted his life so that it brings him comfort, amusement and delight. About the sophisticated man there is always the hint of mystery and of disappointments he has gracefully forgotten."

"You mean disappointments in women?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Menjou. "No other disappointments really matter to any man."

We smiled, at one another.

"Romance," the star said, "can not last. Love can not last. I do not mean to be cynical about it. It seems to me these are only facts to be faced. Though, understand, that I am differentiating between romance and love. They aren't one and the same thing."

"Then you think," I asked, conscious of the thin ice upon which I was treading, "that all marriages are foredoomed to failure?"

"Oh, no." Mr. Menjou shook his head. His gestures are as subtle off screen as on. "No, indeed. With marriages that last an emotion grows up between the man and the woman. It may be friendship. It may be gratitude. It may be mutual de-

pendence. But it is neither romance nor love. Those two always depart, early.

"But we all want love. We all need love," I insisted.

"Ah, yes," said the too wise Mr. Menjou. "I agree. And one thing always remains with us. No matter how often we lose love, the eternal urge to pursue it lasts. Wars are won and fortunes squandered, but at the end of the day's work the most important question still remains, 'Who are you going to have dinner with tonight?'"

"Men and women, both, go on chasing romance until the end of their days. When we get too old to chase it in fact, we chase it in fancy. Every woman has her dream lover, no matter how many or how few her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



It was three years ago in "A Woman of Paris" that Chaplin gave Menjou his opportunity. Menjou reciprocated by giving the screen a new type. Edna Purviance was the girl

CLOSE-UPS *and* By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

LONG-SHOTS

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal.: Everyone's writing the diary of a modern Pepys, so here goes one of an old-fashioned boy:

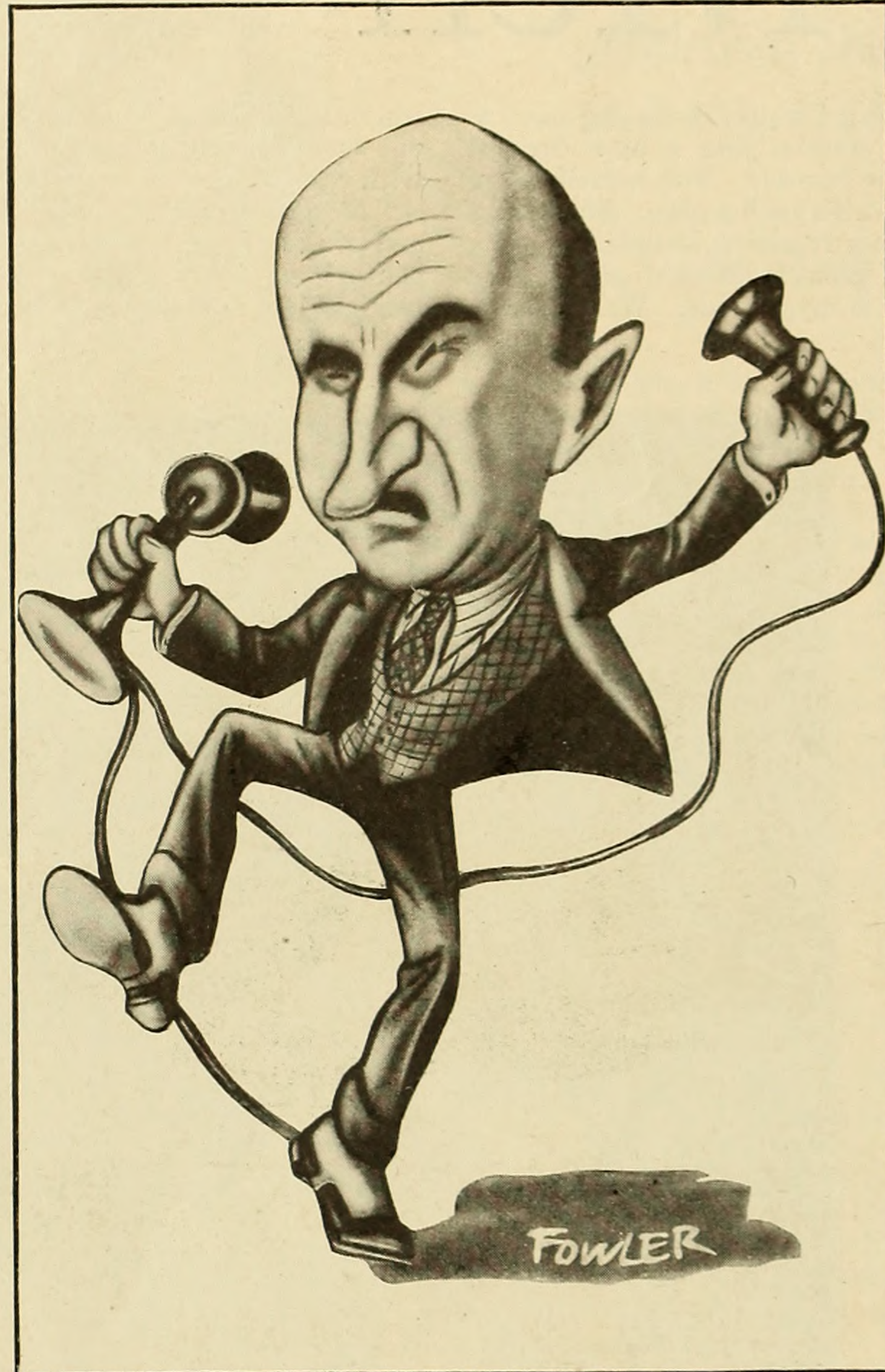
Peggy Hopkins Joyce dropped in at my igloo Sunday evening just as the church chimes were pealing "God Be With You Ever More." That is, she didn't exactly drop in; we all but had to take the screen door off its hinges to get her diamond through. Peggy's face isn't her fortune alone. Her hands must be worth about a couple of million each. I don't mean the diamonds either. They are beautiful pointed slimmish hands which she always carries palms up either because the diamonds are too heavy to turn over or to facilitate further contributions, I know not which.

Ivan and Adela St. Johns and Pat Powers, the producer, came with her. Ivan got hooted by fans for writing a story about Peggy calling her an old-fashioned girl. But Peggy really is very old-fashioned—as old-fashioned as Eve. George Jean Nathan says Peggy was born a couple of centuries too late; had she been vouchsafed the world when kings were kings she would have been a Pompadour and ruled a European nation. But what would Peggy want of European nations today—they're all bankrupt. She's done very well as it is with this nation; she's married most of it, and—a very pretty collection of engagement rings she has to show for her kindness.

UPON twitting our Adela about her attempt at suicide, namely, her article on "The One and Only Great Actress," I was taunted for not coming back with The One and Only Great Actor, Adela pointing out that she was courageous enough to follow up my list of the ten most beautiful women with one of the ten fairest boys. I parried weakly that there would be no suspense in an article by me on The One and Only Great Actor, as everyone would know who it was, by the title, without reading the article.

"Oh, I mean besides Ramon Novarro," said Adela.

But there is only one Allah and all the rest are prophets, I argued. As a matter of fact men are so much brighter than women that we have several great actors whereas, according to Adela, who in the next incarnation will be the Archangel Gabriel, there is only one great actress. For, in addition to Novarro, there is the Chaplin boy whom I consider very good;



When Sam (Goldwyn) read the script after agreeing to loan Colman there was hot spluttering of telephone wires

Emil Jannings, John Gilbert and Eric Von Stroheim, the terrible meek.

I'VE firmly resolved to resist all temptation of naming the greatest, from henceforth. After seeing "The Big Parade" I sent the Howe Medal (not to be confused with the Valentino button) to John Gilbert. Then I saw Novarro in "Ben Hur" and ripped off all the medals General Pershing gave me for my wonderful imitation of a soldier while oversea. This confusion could be avoided very easily, I feel, as it is with circuses. I always liked Barnum and Bailey's, but I always knew Ringling's was the greatest show on earth because it said so on the billboards.

BY the way, have you noticed that it is now Reginald Denny, the *Incomparable*, according to advertisements? Just a little while ago it was the *Incomparable* Alla Nazimova. Alla was forced into retirement by the child labor law when she grew too young to play grown-up parts.

THE day Joseph Schenck moved into the Pickford-Fairbanks studio I helped him house-warm by accepting my invitation to lunch with him. Mary and Doug are off for Europe, leaving Norma and Constance Talmadge on the lot to take care of the studio cat, mow

the lawn and keep the stages scrubbed.

I don't know whether it was a special occasion or just movie extravagance but they had chicken, and I ate up the profits on two Talmadge features, being in competition with Ernst Lubitsch, who, being from the Warner Brothers studio, had not lunched for a long time and was so affected by the rich viands that he signed up with Mr. Schenck after the third piece of pie. (The lunch was then charged up as overhead on his first production.)

MR. SCHENCK told how he landed Jackie Coogan for Marcus Loew at a time when every other producer was bidding for him. There was a deadlock in the bidding, each magnate having offered Jackie a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for each of four pictures, making a total of five hundred thousand for the contract. Mr. Schenck didn't want to out-bid them as he felt a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per picture was enough spending money for the kid. Yet he had to offer some superior inducement. What

Peggy Hopkins Joyce pays Herb a visit. And he, too, thinks she is old-fashioned—as old-fashioned as Eve

he did was offer five hundred thousand dollars in advance on the entire four, and Pa Coogan, who likes to count the eagles before they're hatched, snapped up the offer. Thus the story of Jackie's half million dollar "bonus" that enabled him to pay off the mortgage on his roller-coaster and keep his paw in spats for another year.

I ASKED Ernst how he prevailed upon Sam Goldwyn to loan Ronald Colman for the heavy rôle in "Lady Windemere's Fan."

"Oh, maybe I paint the part a little pink when I tell Sam," grinned Ernst, "and maybe I forget to tell what the other characters do except walk in and walk out."

Anyhow, when Sam read the script after agreeing to loan Colman there was hot spluttering of telephone wires.

"Why didn't you tell me it was a villain you want him to play?" thundered Samuel.

"Villain?" repeated the innocent Ernst in a weak voice. "My English is so bad I have difficulty to explicit, ya."

There was a conference (there always is in Hollywood when two or more people get together and refuse to answer the telephone). Mr. Goldwyn's representative, Mr. Lehr, demanded to know whether or not the rôle was that of a villain.

"Villain?" queried Ernst.

"I do not know what is villain. He love a beautiful girl if that is villain."

Mr. Lehr pondered for a time and then, with inspiration, "Does he make a sacrifice?"

"Ya, he lose the girl," said Ernst.

That settled it, he evidently was not a villain, and Ronald was loaned for the production on condition that Ernst use a credit line to the effect, "Ronald Colman—through courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn."

So faithful was Ernst in carrying out the letter of the contract that in directing Ronald he would say, "Mr. Colman you walk across the room—you stop by table—you pick up book—then you look into the eyes of Miss McAvoy, by courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn."

WHICH reminded me that I received a letter from a stenographer asking could I get her a chob as Ronald Colman's secretary, and if not could I employ her myself, I being Ronald's only rival in her opinion. She said she thought I'd be interested when I saw her as she was a combination of Alice Terry and Corinne Griffith. I felt I'd be interested, all right, but not for work, and I didn't know just how she'd take dictation otherwise. Anyhow, being nothing if not fair, I passed the letter on to Ronald, and thus the Colman-Gilbert controversy becomes the Colman-Howe.



"We're old pals," explained Doug, lovingly. "I knocked his teeth out." "Sure," beamed the Mexican affectionately

AFTER lunch at the Pickfair studio Doug Fairbanks invited me to go with him and his guest, Anthony Asquith, down to Chinatown to celebrate Chinese New Year's, which occurs on Buddha's birthday. Had Buddha lived he would be a little over four thousand years old or about the age of Fanny Ward (though of course he would have looked older).

There was a dragon dance in progress on Main street, Chinatown. One China boy danced inside the dragon's head and another celestial did a slow motion Charleston in the tail. It was a very solemn rite until Doug observed that the dragon looked like Lon Chaney.

A Chinese youth then observed that Doug looked like Doug Fairbanks and on the strength of the resemblance took us to the Joss house, where punk was burning at the shrines and *hors d'oeuvre* was spread out for Buddha's refreshment.

When we left we gave the old sacristan a couple of dollars whereupon he genially hauled forth a box of cigars from behind the altar and said, "Have one." He also gave us each a sack of nuts and a bunch of firecrackers.

Having done so well we hurried across the plaza to the old Mission church. I dropped a quarter in the box and lit a candle. Doug did likewise with an expectant look, but no cigars were

passed and Doug, disillusioned as to Christianity, went out with a back-to-Buddha expression on his countenance.

Just as we were about to re-enter Doug's high-powered chariot there was a horrendous bellow and Doug turned to clasp a Mexican around the neck. The gentleman was of tenderloin cut with huge gold tusks springing out of a grand canyon grin.

"We're old pals," explained Doug, lovingly. "I knocked his teeth out."

"Sure," beamed the Mexican affectionately.

He had been a member of Villa's army and was engaged by Doug for a fight scene. Taking the matter seriously the doughty bandit proceeded to strangle our star in the best Villa fashion, whereupon Doug with a murmured apology knocked the gentleman's front teeth down his canyon. The gold teeth are Doug's Christmas present to the hero, who in Sonoratown is now known as the boy with the million dollar smile—because he smiles eighteen karat all the time.

Such are the little acts of star's charity which you do not hear about.

WE went over to Charlie Chaplin's lot to see the circus scenes for the new picture. I'd heard that Charlie had learned to walk the tight rope, and sure enough there he was, in person (no doubles), walking a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

That Stockholm Venus

By Myrtle West

GRETA was very worried. A frown corrugated her brow. Blonde hair swept back and curled, in Byronic style, about the collar of her bright red jacket.

She was more worried than she had been when she attempted, with disastrous results, to use her first English word.

The word had been "Hell!" Final and unrelenting. It could not be disguised.

But how was Greta to know that the cheerful sounding English word—spoken brashly by a shipboard companion—was taboo even in polite Hollywood poker circles?

How was she to know the effect of her word upon Ricardo Cortez when he gallantly questioned:

"And what do you think of Hollywood?"

Said Greta, tossing her head in her quaint foreign way:

"Ah, he-ll!" And the double "l" lurched, song-like, up the scale in the manner of Swedish-born people. Like Anna Q. when she is agitated. And Greta Nissen.

Today Greta Garbo was very much worried indeed. Worried over a problem that assumed monumental importance.

"Vhat vill all the peoples do vhen Culver City, Los Angeles and Hollywood are all one beeg city? It vill be verry nice to have such a beeg city. But vhere vill they all poot their motor cars?"

It was an overwhelming question.

Would double-decked boulevards solve the problem? Perhaps.

"Ja? Maybe! Thanks God!"

Greta Garbo has been in America three months. Three amazing, flurried, bewildering months. Haste to do this. Haste to do that. Greta cannot understand the relentless hurry to do things. In her Stockholm—where there are several brothers and sisters—one does not rush. One has plenty of time. But, of course, this is America. This is Hollywood of which one has heard so much.

Hollywood of which returning travelers have glowed and gloated over. Such fine restaurants in which to eat! Such beeg ballrooms in which to dance. Such beeg hotels in which one can live forever, almost, without stepping out once. Eating, sleeping, dancing. All under one roof.

Ja, they have beeg hotels in Europe, but the hotels there do not seem like American hotels.

Hollywood is not quite as Greta expected. She had visioned a combination Valhalla and Paradise. It is lovely, however, and she is glad she is living in . . . Santa Monica. Santa



The lovely Garbo startled Hollywood by using her only English word, "hell," to express all things. But the Metro officials didn't reprove her. They had seen her in "Torrent" and were too busy shouting "Halleluiah"

Greta Garbo has jumped from Sweden to stardom in a single film

Monica where the broad blue Pacific crashes against the palisades like her own northern seas against the mainland, filling fjords with salty water.

Greta has no desire to join the vacuous circle of teas, dinners and dances into which the favored newcomer is invited. Besides, she has no time for men . . . or love. This, by her own admission.

Instead of a Hollywood bungalow she lives at a Santa Monica hotel in a little colony of her fellow countrymen who consist of the so-called "Swedish invasion." There is Maurice Stiller, the director whose Swedish-made pictures attracted the attention of Louis B. Mayer to both director and star. There is Lars Hansen, known as the John Barrymore of Sweden, and his wife, who was formerly in pictures in Europe. There is Benjamin Christianson and there is an art director from her own country, in addition to several others of equal importance.

A "little Sweden" on the banks of the Pacific. Quite inviolable from the attacks of Hollywood's social set. Quite happy in their enjoyment of the new land.

"Are you not foreign? Ja?" queried Greta, her fascinating mouth laboring over the unfamiliar words.

"No. But half English."

"So-o-o! Vhat is the other half?"

"French and Irish and Scotch."

"Scotch?" quoted Greta. "Ja. I have heard of Scotch here. It is what you say pro . . . pro . . . pro-hee-bee-shun!"

And now Greta is learning to ride horseback. She is learning the Argentina tango so she may dance it with Spanish Antonio Moreno in also-Spanish Senor Ibanez' novel, "The Temptress," which she hopes will be directed by Swedish Mr. Maurice Stiller.

"Da—da—dum—de—de," chanted Fanchon of ballet fame as Greta and Tony dipped and swirled about the floor in the intricacies of the dance.

"Now dip! Now turn!" called Fanchon, and Greta stopped, puzzled.

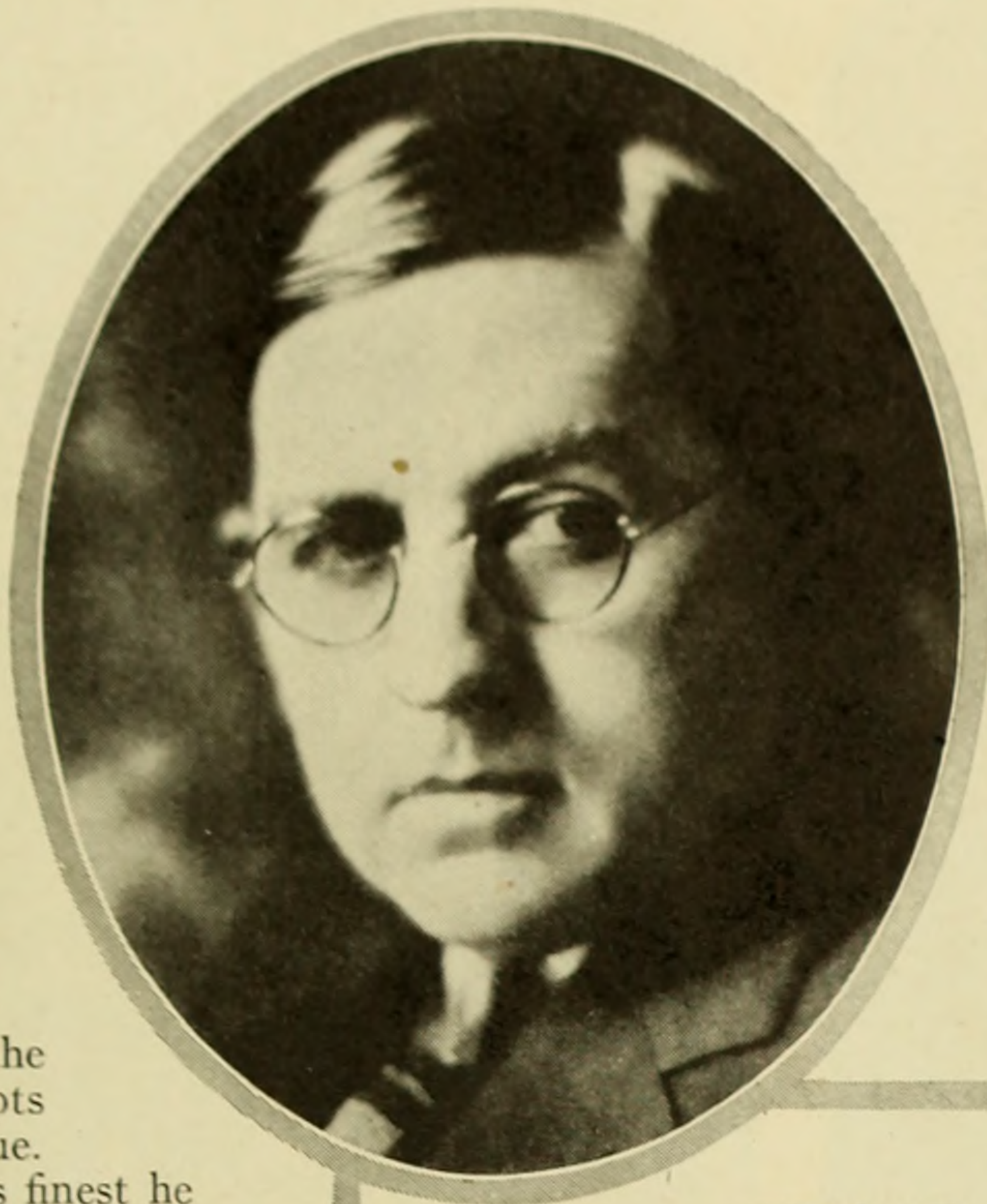
"I do not know the vord 'deep.' Vill you tell me please?"

She is a tall girl. Long-limbed like so many Scandinavian women, but with slender grace that is not always seen in that race. Blue eyes, a lengthy blonde bob, a fascinating mouth.

A face that you would remember long after the body had crumbled away.

Peter B. Kyne's Prayer

By
Peter
B.
Kyne



If hokum draws the heart up into the throat, if it brings a joyous laugh, or a sympathetic tear, it is no longer hokum. It is Art

ately sets about to write or paint or talk or act down to what he conceives to be a certain level of mediocrity is worse than a fool. He is an arrogant ass. The plain fact of the matter is that such things aren't done, because nobody can do them. The creative instinct is a distinct urge to the best, not the worst. It is an urge that may not be stifled.

When some producer turns out a picture that is of the "tried and true" school of architecture, when it is banal and foolish, when it represents life as it is not, when it violates all the canons of intelligence and good taste, I say that producer is turning out the product that HE LIKES. He thinks it's great and because he has rotten bad taste and more than fifty per cent of humanity are like him, he appeals to their intelligence unconsciously and not because he is deliberately trying.

His plea that he gives the public what it wants is pure swank. He would have you believe he is a smart fellow.

Boobs always strive to appear intelligent, and to the other boobs they may appear intelligent, but to the intelligent they are never in disguise. An intelligent man will conceal his ignorance, not parade it.

Do you think that the world's two greatest editors—George Horace Lorimer, of the Saturday Evening Post, and Ray Long, of the Hearst magazines, waste their time fiddling around trying to select manuscripts that will please their subscribers? Not so. They are too smart for such foolishness. They select stories that please them, and the devil take the public. If the public doesn't like the mental pabulum they select for it the public may go hang. Being intelligent men they select stories and articles that appeal to intelligent [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

DEAR God, bless the public and send them good pictures. They're so much smarter and so much more appreciative of good things than the wretches who decry their intelligence. And send the motion picture people editors, not just people who assume that title.

Good Lord, look down in Thy mercy and send them editors with editorial ability; then create a confusion of tongues as Thou didst at the Tower of Babel, so that no moneyed jackass may tell the editorial editor how terrible he is, to the end that the picture will be made over the owner's protests, prove a success and forever silence the yawp of producer, director, star and motion picture press agent.

Let there be no more fiddlers playing violins.

THIS morning while crossing Twenty-third Street in a taxi the driver made two attempts to turn up Fifth Avenue.

From two of New York's finest he received a furious "bawling out." As he wended his way over to Madison Avenue to make his left turn he looked back at me and said:

"Honest, mister, dese cops are crazy. Every one o' dem, s'help me. Dey'se crazier'n hell!"

I agreed with him that they are—crazy from trying to make morons obey traffic regulations! Somehow, the incident impelled me to a consideration of the motion picture industry and its crazy efforts to make pictures for the delectation of taxicab drivers.

From time to time in trade magazines I read the old complaint that pictures are what they are because the public creates a demand for that sort of picture; that when the public shows indubitably that it desires better pictures the producers will give them better pictures.

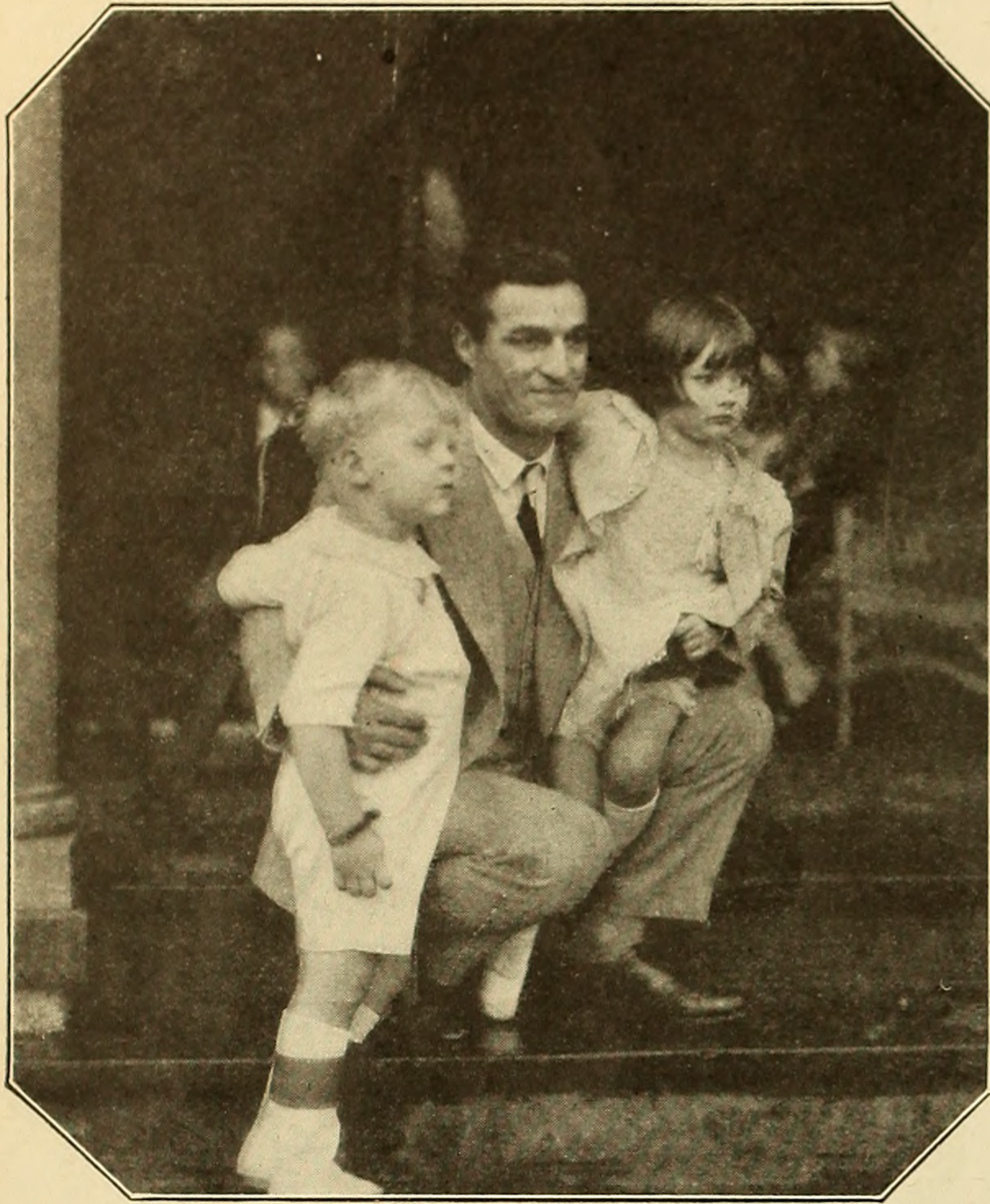
For the twelve years I have been prowling around motion picture lots—a sort of cinema John The Baptist wandering in the wilderness—I have had to listen to a world of this sort of twaddle from men whom I verily believe do not possess sufficient story intelligence to pound sand in a rat-hole.

The thing that is done best in the industry is the gentle art of passing the buck, and the public is the rightful receiver when some thin dull story, badly made, performs the flop any intelligent person who gave the story a reading knew it would perform. The low order of intelligence of picture patrons is blamed for the fizzle.

This is the most monumental buncombe. The fact is that every time a producer makes a picture he is doing his best to make the best picture it is possible for him to make. Nobody deliberately does his worst when he is creating something. He just cannot help doing his best, and when his best is the other fellow's idea of the worst, he blames the other fellow. I have always believed that bad taste in pictures has its inception in the studio.

Any creative artist, be his grade however lowly, who deliber-

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



The whole 47 of Hollywood's younger set threw a party to celebrate Thomasina Mix's fourth birthday, and got very spiffed on chocolate cake horses and candy hay. Thomasina paused just long enough to pose with her dad and her pet beau, Bill Hart, Jr.



The reddest head in all Hollywood. That's Peggy Blake's. Peggy does bits for First National, but where she really shines is in Technicolor. That process washes most girls drab. But Peggy, under it, glows as golden as her salary

RICHARD DIX always has a story to tell. This is his latest:

A young stenographer became very much annoyed and worried because her employer kept staring at her feet. Continually his eyes were glued to her shoes.

She confided her troubles to the man across the hall, who offered her employment in his establishment. She accepted. After working in the new position for a week, she noticed her new employer was just as captivated by her pedal extremities as was her other boss. Finally she asked what caused the stare.

"Well, my dear lady, you will either have to stop wearing patent leather shoes or you will have to wear bloomers!"

THERE is no doubt about it. Living in an atmosphere of stars and temperament, one is bound to assume their ways. Take, for instance, Madame Helene who conducts the futuristically decorated cafe at the gate of the United Studios.

Recently she opened a wayside inn and, for the benefit of her picture patronage, printed a neat little line at the bottom of her studio cafe menu:

"Madame Helene's Rose Villa is now open to her public."

"Her public" had a sense of humor and the line disappeared the next day.

However, Madame may be forgiven. Anyone would be who concocts such ambrosial date *torte*.

NO month is complete without a bright remark from Vilma Banky. She makes life in Hollywood worth living. Vilma is attempting to learn

Americanese . . . slanguage . . . and the other day at one of Mrs. Clarence Brown's celebrated teas, Vilma overheard a flapper commenting on her weariness.

"I'm so darned tired, I feel like a corpse!" wailed the flapper.

Vilma made a mental note.

The next night she was a member of a very high-browed gathering.

An appropriate time to flaunt her newly-acquired phrase.

"Oh!" she breathed, as only Vilma knows how. "I'm so tired—I feel like a body!"

Explanations were immediately in order.

AND the other day I was talking to Ray Coffin, who gently feeds the ravenous press with news about the beautiful Banky. Ray, of course, had at his tongue's tip one of Vilma's famous remarks.

She had not been playing in a picture for some weeks and was overjoyed to hear she would soon wear the greasepaint as Valentino's leading lady. She rushed to Ray:

"I am so-o-o glad I am to work. I will soon have much publicity stuffs for you now!"

FIRST Inquiring Extra: "What sort of a story is this thing that Herbert Brennon is going to make. . . 'Beau Geste'?"

Second Well-informed Extra: "It's about Beau Brummel's youngest brother . . . a wise-cracking guy who used to go around spilling funny stories. Finally some egg in

the French court started to call him 'Beau Geste' which is 'froggie' for jest."

Whatever the title may convey to the uninitiate, this story of the Foreign Legion in Africa promises to be one of the biggest specials that Brennon has ever made.

CLARA BOW now takes her bow for establishing a new fashion in the colony and her beau approves. But at that we stop. It really should be "beaux". . . Clara has so many dotting swains.

The fashion is to have a dog to match the color of your hair. And trotting after Clara about the studio nowadays is a very charmingly mannered chow dog of auburn hue. A color that blends admirably with Clara's glinty locks.

Florence Vidor, Virginia Valli, Alma Rubens and others of the raven-haired crew will have to buy some jetty spaniels, but Mary Carr, with her snowy hair, is the only actress I can think of who is privileged to carry a French poodle!

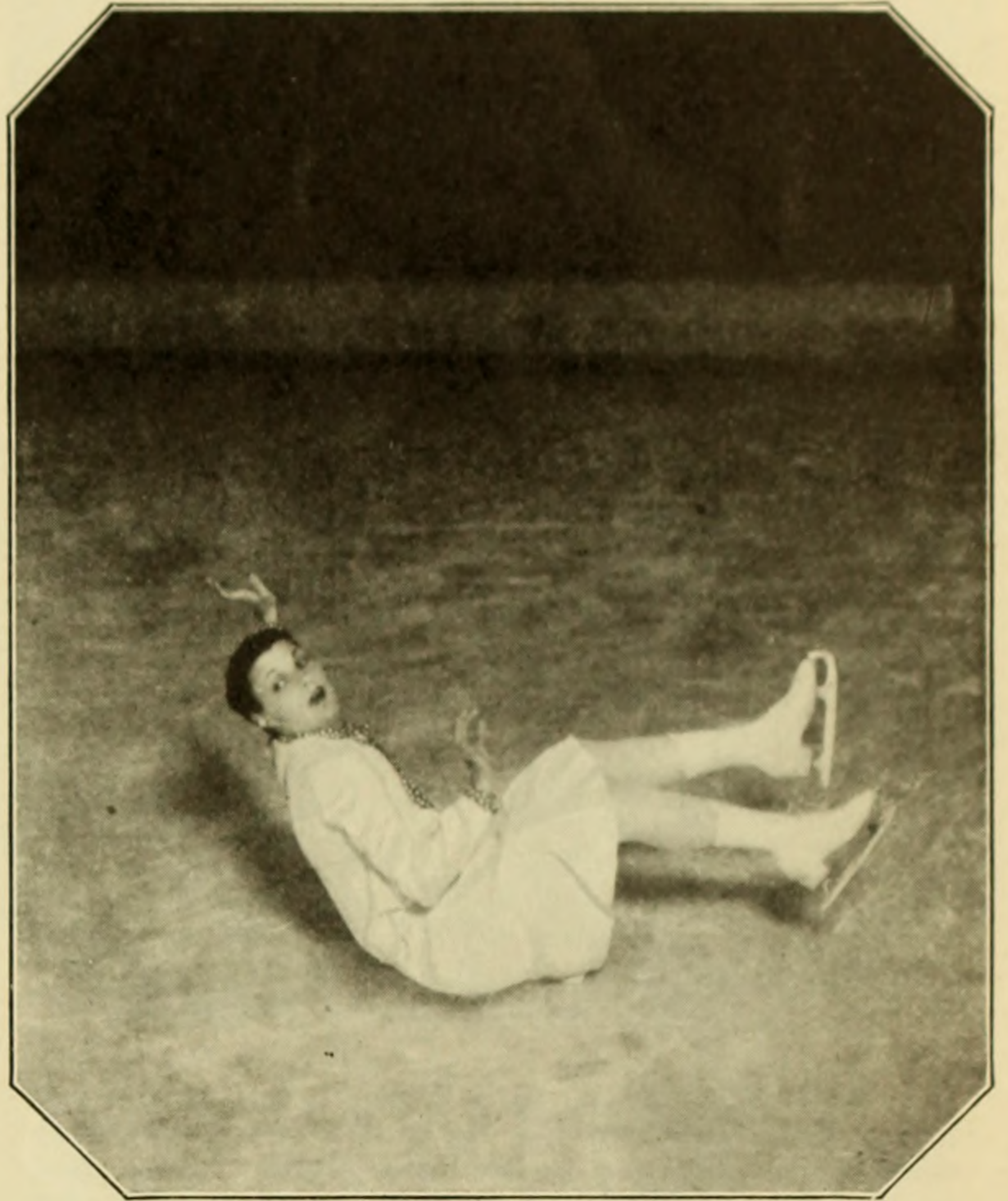
PATSY RUTH MILLER almost proved the claim that her parents made daily when, after a hurried consultation, doctors agreed that Pat had the measles. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are always contending that "Pat will never grow up" and that "she is just a little girl."

The Warner brothers, too, were mightily worried that their star must needs be isolated for a period of weeks and delay the picture that Pat had been toiling day and night in.

But the next day the rash had disappeared and the doctors agreed it must have been hives. Pat had been indulging in the season's first strawberry shortcake.

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Seeing Lillian Gish being loving during "The Scarlet Letter" Metro-Goldwyn are happier, for they had their own trouble getting Lillian to put torrid temperature into her "La Boheme" scenes. Here is Lillian sending hot looks at Lars Hansen

Fair and slightly cooler Leatrice Joy here goes in, heavily, for winter sports. Fancy breaking the ice in the heart of Los Angeles! It's a new skating rink out there that Leatrice is descending upon and the ice is made fresh each morning from ammonia

ABOUT the hardest thing in the world to do is to make a comedian smile. And Douglas MacLean is no exception. Altho "Buster" Keaton does win the Benda mask for the world's most solemn face.

Doug, for years, had been trying to duplicate a very natural smile that a photographer had captured. The other day by chance he met the same photographer.

The following day found Doug all posed for a picture. But the grin wouldn't come. It looked too artificial. The photographer despaired and finally said:

"Look to your left, Mr. MacLean."
Doug looked.

"Now look at me!"

Doug looked and chortled—openly.

The photographer was posed with a toy monkey on his head. A trick he used to tickle the kiddies' humor.

And Doug's next picture is "That's My Baby!"

fire brigade) that the trio could locate by wire.

It was saddled and on a huge placard was written "Buckaroo," the name of Bebe's favorite horse.

The extension ladders of the town were all in use, so Bebe didn't have her canter after all. But she's waiting to get even with the three.

SHE was a high-priced vaudeville headliner. He was an equally high-priced picture star. Their names I won't mention. It wouldn't be nice, you know.

On her first night at the local performance, Friend Husband was present. He became very incensed at his wife's position on the bill.

"Unless you give my wife a more prominent place on the program I shall do something drastic!" he thundered with his best silent drama gesture of eloquence.

"Can't do it." This from the exasperated manager.

"Then she will not appear tomorrow night!"

"Can I depend on that?"

OF course Henry Victor denies that he said it, and claims it occurred to a sight-seeing British friend of his. I have my doubts. But before I tell you what it was, let me introduce Henry Victor, one of England's most popular leading men who abandoned British stardom to pursue a shining spot in Hollywood's firmament. A countryman of the illustrious Colman and the worthy Brook.

This friend was on his first visit to Hollywood studios and was particularly impressed with the immensity of the Universal Studios at Universal City. But, alas, the name would not stay with him.

And to make matters worse he was continually referring to the studios.

He wanted to mention it again. The name was gone. A superhuman effort to recall it—and:

"I say now! How far is it to . . . to . . . Eternal City?"

OF course everyone in Hollywood knows Noah Beery and his fringe-like haircut, which is necessitated by the legion of character rôles he plays. Everything from hoss traders to faro dealers and back again to desert prospectors. And every rôle calls for hair—long and oiled—curling about his ears and neck.

At the opera—at the orpheum—at the horse show—at cafes—Noah—in his Beery bob—and Mrs. Beery are seen.

ALL of which is a preamble to Norma Talmadge's wail, when, after gazing covetously at Connie's sleek head—fresh from Jim's nimble shears—she said:

"I'll be glad when 'Kiki' is over, so I can have my hair cut short!"

With sisterly devotion Connie looked at Norma's wildly fussed "Kiki kut" and consoled:

"But it looks very nice when you wear a hat, dear."

"Oh, yes it does! Only yesterday at the Montmartre Ona Brown mistook me for Noah Beery!"

BEBE DANIELS' friends mourned when she left Hollywood after a pleasant sojourn of almost six months. But those who wept most were the equestrians who cantered with Bebe on Sunday mornings.

Some of them put their heads together—Jimmie Cruze, Betty Compson, his wife, and Jack White—and when Bebe's train arrived at Albuquerque there awaited the biggest brawniest white horse (a member of the local



Here's a helpful hint against the next time you don't know where to put things. Estelle Clark, in fun, hangs musical instruments on her Charleston garter. Not to be undone Charles Ray uses his as support for comb, watch, pen and lighter



That's a feather fan Esther Ralston's got wound around her finger. Most stars have to encounter so much hot hair. But Esther simply slips her fan in high. The feather pinwheel turns, an idle icy breeze results and Esther keeps her cool head

I WONDER how Flo Zeigfeld can continue to glorify the American girl when all of his beauties have apparently heard the siren yodel of the esteemed M. Greeley and gone to Hollywood. The latest to follow the Royal Road to the films is Peggy Fears.

Which reminds me of the story about the slightly inebriated individual who was presented to Peggy at a cafe the other evening. "This is Peggy Fears . . ." introduced the introducer.

"Peggy fears who?" challenged the unsteady newcomer.

Another cinema newcomer who is basking in a lion's share of the limelight is pretty Pauline Pane who, accompanied by a retinue of servants and what is reputed to be three millions, is cutting a wide swath entertainment-wise in the film colony. Her dinners and gowns are attracting much comment. Pauline is English and pretty with cuddlesome ways.

HE was a recent addition to our films. From Sweden. One of his first purchases was a radio. But it did not work. So he took it back to the shop. Said he:

"What is the charge for this battery?"

"One and a half volts," obliged the dealer.

"Pardon, please. I do not understand American exchange. How much is that in Swedish money?"

IT was a dark and stormy night. The wind whipped the sea into an inky fury. Huge spotlights swept the shoreline and paused to rest on the pier where a drenched woman lay on the rough planks and a water-soaked man desperately poured an amber-hued fluid between her lips.

It was a motion picture in the making, to

be sure. But the stinging salt-charged air and the beating waves and the drenched garments on the man and woman—Seena Owen and Joseph Schildkraut—were very real. The picture was "Shipwrecked."

Suddenly from out of the watching crowd dashed a little man in a very large derby hat. He ran to the emoting two and snatched the glass of amber-hued fluid from Schildkraut's hand. And sniffed it.

"Huh! It's a good thing for you it's only tea!"

And they say we are not enforcing prohibition.

THE Puritan fathers would have pulled their long faces longer if they could have been resurrected for a day and conducted to the set where Lillian Gish is gelatinizing the famous "Scarlet Letter." Dimpled Puritan maidens in demure bonnets and voluminous aprons pulled cigarettes of the "filthy weed" from beneath aprons and puffed happily between scenes. And a few rolled hosed limbs were visible when a Priscilla or a Prudence thumped the pseudo-New England turf with feet Charleston-mad.

AND speaking of "The Scarlet Letter," it brought the re-union of two Griffith players who had not been together before the camera since 1918, when Griffith co-starred them in "The Great Love."

The initial screen appearance of these two Griffith players was in "The Birth of a Nation."

They are Henry Walthall of "Little Colonel" fame and Lillian Gish.

In "The Scarlet Letter" Lillian plays Hester Prynne and Walthall is her husband.

HOLLYWOOD is full of Griffith discoveries. Now that Dick Barthelmess has rented a home on Whitley Heights and intends to make it his residence for at least a year while he

makes a number of pictures. This to the delight of Bill Powell, who is one of Dick's closest friends. And also to the joy of Ronald Colman and Charles Lane—four handsome Eveless men who are eyed with speculation—and chagrin—by the fair sex.

And Charles Emmett Mack, another Griffith protege, is also a permanent resident of the west coast.

"How do you like the sunshine and flowers of California, Charlie?" he was asked the other day.

To which Charlie snorted: "Haven't seen 'em yet!"

His latest role is "The Unknown Soldier" and he has been wallowing in the mud of a mock No-Man's-Land for so long that even his lashes are gummed with clay.

"I VILL be glad," said one beautiful member of the so-called "foreign invasion," "when I am a beeg star like Lillian Gish. Then I will not need publicity and to have peectures taken shaking hands with a prize fighter."

HE was the dramatic critic of a large New York paper. She was Patsy Ruth Miller, who, because she is pretty and witty and eligible, is the engagement-bait for every visiting notable who escorts her to a premiere, whether he be married or single.

They were approached by a reporter, who thought he espied another engagement rumor. But he was outwitted by her companion—once a reporter—who was apparently cognizant of Pat's engagement-strewn path. Said he:

"I'm Herman J. Mankiewicz of New York. Out here to do some stories for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But neither Miss Miller, Mrs. Mankiewicz nor myself care to have an engagement announced."



Bob Leonard missed his miss, Gertrude Olmstead, to whom he's engaged to be married. So he traveled 3,000 miles to see her just for four days. Gosh! what devotion. Remember when Bob was Mae Murray's husband and director? So do we



Here's Connie Talmadge and her new husband, Alastair Mackintosh, upon their return to Hollywood after their three day honeymoon. Observing the fate of others, Capt. Mackintosh never got engaged to temperamental Connie. He just married her quick

IT was at the last Sixty Club dance. Priscilla Dean, on the arm of one of her many aviator suitors, glided by the table at which sat Ward Crane, all alone.

She stopped and murmured:

"Poor Ward! You look so lonely!"

Says Ward: "Don't worry about me, Priscilla. Save your pity for Buster Collier."

(That afternoon Connie Talmadge, whom Buster has been more or less hopefully squiring for the last three years, had quite suddenly and without warning become the bride of Alastair William Mackintosh)

THE other day I was having lunch at the studio with Ernest Gillen and a very attractive young lady (I won't tell you her name as some day she may be considered for a lead in a Glyn picture and I don't want to hurt her chances).

At the lunch table I had solved for me one of Hollywood's most baffling problems—namely, why does Madam Glyn look upon the world in general through half-closed eyes?

"Easy," says the pretty girl who was lunching with us, "she has developed her famous squint from continually looking for IT."

RAYMOND HATTON has at last achieved his greatest ambition—to play the rôle of a gentleman with sex appeal.

For twelve years Ray has labored before the kleigs, playing every type of character except one which would allow him to occupy the center of the screen in the rôle of a great lover.

In "Behind the Front" he finally is given credit for having the elusive It made famous by Madam Glyn.

In the scene Wally Beery and Ray are talking about the girl who professes to be in love with them both. Ray, posing as the martyr, says to Wally:

"You take her. She loves you. You're so handsome!"

"No," replies Wally, not to be outdone, "She's yours. She loves you because you've got sex appeal."

SPEAKING of actors scoring heavily, reminds us that Jack Holt actually did just this in the recent polo tournament at Del Monte, when he played on the victorious Midwick team.

During the tournament a scare was thrown into Holt's producers when word was received from Del Monte that the star had been hit in the head by a hard-driven polo ball.

It knocked him unconscious and left a wound in his scalp, but Jack recovered sufficiently to continue play with his team.

OVERHEARD at a Hollywood party.

"How do you like it over at Warner Brothers?" one of the guests asked the Great Lubitsch.

"Oh, fine," said Lubitsch, "only sometime I hope when I get half way through a picture and she is going good, they will forget to say to me 'hurry up, Mr. Lubitsch, we have to get it in the mails by Tuesday.'"

IN "The Isle of Retribution," which James Hogan is directing for F. B. O., the script called for a skunk.

Hogan left it up to Johnny Burch, his assistant, who is considered an expert with animals, having served more than a year's apprenticeship under Larry Trimble, who can do everything but make an animal talk.

Hogan felt quite safe about the skunk, as did the cast, including Lillian Rich and Bob Frazier. They all had confidence in the resourceful Burch.

So the assistant director rented a deodorized skunk.

But after they got the skunk on the set and reached for him in his cage it was conclusively proven, to everyone's dissatisfaction, that the operation was a dismal failure.

The explosion of a mustard bomb couldn't have cleared the stage quicker and it was hours before work could be resumed.

THE influence of motion pictures has been felt throughout the entire world. It has reached even to the Chinaman, it would seem.

During the filming of "Eve's Leaves" at the De Mille studios, the restaurant man heard there would be more than 200 Chinamen used in the picture. So he got ready to feed them—laid in a supply of rice, chop suey, chow mein, etc.

Just before lunch the first day they worked, Tom Gubbins, who supplies the Chinese talent, dropped into the commissary and the proprietor smilingly informed Tom that he was ready to feed his Chinks.

Tom listened patiently and then told the restauranter that he had better throw out all the Chinese junk and stand by with plenty of ham and eggs. Pictures and picture salaries, it seems, have changed the Chinese around Hollywood. They don't crave rice and such things, anymore, but insist on the best in American cookery.

They leave the chop suey and chow mein to the tourists, who visit Los Angeles' Chinatown.

FRIENDS of Reginald Denny were given a tremendous scare during the fierce storm which recently lashed the Pacific coast, wrecking wharves and piers and causing heavy loss in shipping circles.

Reg and a couple of friends left San Diego in his thirty-four foot power boat, the "Barbarine," shortly before the gale hit the Pacific. They were on a fishing trip and were bound for Ensenada, Mexico.

Frantic wires from Universal officials showed Denny and his guests had failed to make Ensenada and for several days they were given up for lost.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

Some New Bobs

Who said bobbed hair lacks variety? Not the movie stars. Merrily they bob and bewilder. Esther Ralston's newest cut is trimmed out underneath, slicked flat and softly curled



Pola's "orchid bob" bloomed and faded—fortunately. Now she wears a loosely coiled rope of hair about her distinguished head and lets her bob grow much longer at the sides



Maybe Clara Bow is getting tired of playing flaming flappers. Certainly Clara's newest coiffure is reminiscent of the days when grandma was a girl. Banged and bobbed, Clara gives it the modern name of "gigolo"



By Faith Service

Illustrated by

Harley Ennis Stivers

Lilith Flame was a professional temptress. But she discovered she couldn't work at it after hours



False Faces

They both wore the masks Fame had provided.
Then Love began some face lifting

THERE are no two ways about it, the folks from East Machias, Ohio, would have described Lilith Flame as "outlandish." What they would have said about Lilith Flame's boudoir only the fallen angels can know. And if they could have come in upon a characteristic pose in Lilith's life, when she was ensconced before her triplicate mirror, doing things to her face, they would have felt that they had been damned to gaze upon Original Sin, unmasked and certainly ashamed. They would have gone back home to do penances and to shrive their souls alive.

Lilith was the last meaning of the word "ultra." She had raised the art of Being a Woman to the more than nth degree. She had made the term "vampire" obsolete. Her face was an ivory oval set too daintily for flesh and blood belief upon a slim column of alabaster. Her hair was as wicked as old bronze,

holding amber and absinthe lights. Her eyes were slanted, Oriental-wise, thus proving that all men are brothers or have been at one time.

She wore gowns that can only be described by the word "inconsiderable" with the addenda of their considerable cost. Her press agent said of her, "She is Lilith-before-Eve, the First, the everlasting Temptress. She was born on a lotus leaf in a jade backwater of the Nile. She incarnates a Peruvian orchid, the last day of Pompeii, the love of the archangel, Israfel, and she is to be seen in her latest super-special 'More Scarlet Than Sin' at the Royal Imperial Theater, October ninth," etc., etc.

Lilith's boudoir was a fitting frame for such dark beauty. The French windows were shrouded in black velvet, palls holding the body of the light. The walls were metallic gold and hung with fantastic sketches done by Russians and Futur-

ists and matted in lacquer red. The rug was deep black silk velour. An ivory chaise-longue was piled with the pelts of furred animals and the feathers of Oriental birds. Exotic cushions, black velvet with gold tassels, languished upon the floor. Little tables of perverse shape and decadent color were here and there, bearing a samovar like a distorted gold god, decanters of Venetian glass, priceless Tanagras, nudes in bronze and marble and terra-cotta, secretive boxes after the Florentines. A bowl of orchids gave a sullen, sulphurous note over the Italian marble mantel and the innumerable sons of Buddha, in cloisonne and gold, spat incense from nooks and crannies.

The piece de resistance of the room was the dressing table. Which bore the conventional phalanxes of cold cream jars, vanishing cream jars, mascara pencils, rouge containers, lipsticks and lip salves, powder bowls, tonic lotions, astringents scented with lemon, almond and guava, skin bleaches, tweezers, razors, depilatory powders, combs, nets, pins, essences, attars, perfumes, toilette waters and a large ivory skull for the decent interment of loose hairs. Also a pleasant little pastille burner in the shape of a modern crematorium.

It is perhaps a startling statement to be made, here and now, but it must be said—Lilith Flame was honest. By which is meant more than at present meets the eye.

It is not to say that Lilith was unnecessarily honest. Extravagantly honest. She did not slip off the silken, slumberous, seductive sheath of Lilith Flame and announce to a thereby disillusioned world that "I am NOT Lilith Flame . . . I am

Mildred P. Means from East Machias, Ohio, born of a father who 'traveled' for a rubber goods concern and a mother who spent her life in bearing eleven children of whom I was the unwanted sixth. (Not even a seventh daughter—not even).

She did, of course, nothing of the kind. For what would have been the advantage? The public would have been deprived of their strongest fillip, their most subtle intoxicant. And Lilith Flame would have been deprived of the two thousand five hundred dollars that was her weekly stipend for being . . . Lilith Flame. She would have been coincidentally deprived of her Ifota-Fraschini, her town Packard, her Park Avenue apartment, her Great Neck estate, the services of her personal maid, secretary, chauffeur, press agent, Jap butler, cook, French laundress and Heaven knows what all. To any practical person the inadvisability of such a step will be only too apparent.

She would be deprived, too, of Gaillard De Koven.

And now we come to the gist of the matter.

Lilith was in love. She was ardently, passionately, eternally and tragically in love. She was also honestly in love. She not only loved Gaillard De Koven as woman loves "but once," she also admired him, respected him, looked up to him, revered him.

A bad situation.

And she wanted, oh, so badly, to be honest with him. When he took the words of her under-paid press-agent out of that young man's indigenous pen and said to her, "You are Lilith-before-Eve, the first, the eternal siren," she felt like beating a tattoo upon his irreproachable shirt front, like crying out loudly raucously, "No! No! I am Mildred P. Means of East Machias, Ohio." She felt like adding humbly, a suppliant, "Ah, Gaillard, love me . . . love me anyway . . ."

But she knew that he wouldn't.

Gaillard was a cosmopolite, a man-of-the-world, to the manner born. He was a cynic. A skeptic. A Neo-something-or-other. A modern. There was finesse in every inclination of his sleek head, in every



Her mad, wild boudoir was where she donned the false face. But tonight she was in love and longing to be simple



Lilith could have been honest with Gaillard DeKoven except for her past. It was spotless. That was the trouble

intonation of his exquisitely modulated voice with its nice suggestion of the best English accent. To him, Lilith knew, a woman was an episode, the stanza of a poem, the cadence of a song, the petal of a rose. Gaillard De Koven was, in a sense, Lilith over again, her complement, save in the mere matter of sex and wearing apparel. He was the last son of the old De Koven family, founders of New York, of whom none were left, nothing indeed save a few ancestral portraits staring at blind storage walls. Impoverished and curious he had turned to the movies and the movies had taken him into their large, upholstered, luxurious arms to the tune of two thousand a week and royalties. As a munificent exchange for this beggarly hospitality he had given them the *distingue* De Koven name and the princely shadow of the last of the De Kovens for the omnivorous appetites of their public.

Interviewers wrote articles about him titled "The Real Aristocrat," "A Blue Blood Comes to the Screen," "The Last of the De Kovens in 'The Last of the Mohicans,'" and other apt things. One enterprising publication illustrated the interview with a drawing of a family tree, rather cloudy about the branches, but a tree, none the less.

Producers rubbed their abdomens and said, "Well, that's the type we need—the real stuff. Old family. College bred. Distinguished presence. Knows how to wear evening clothes and enter a room. A gentleman. A FIND."

Gaillard proved himself to be the true aristocrat, too, in other ways than tonsorially. For he was also the democrat. He didn't object a bit to mingling with the sons of families who would never have been received by the De Kovens. He told Lilith that, "Just at first . . . things like that . . . rather a rub . . ." But he had come out of it beautifully. Suavely and beautifully. He said that he "put it all down to experience." He got so that he didn't mind a bit. "When in Thespia do as the Thespians do," he said rather vaguely.

LILITH was in agony. She wanted to be honest with Gaillard. That is, she didn't want to, but she felt that she would have to be. Hideous visions of what would happen when he discovered the truth haunted her sleepless nights and made her director ask her if she was taking "proper care of herself."

If she should ever become his wife—Mrs. [CONT'D ON PAGE 96]

What Movies Do These



HERE is a contest that is starting in New York City and will, within a few months, extend itself to every large metropolitan city in the country.

Nothing has ever been offered for the entertainment of devotees of motion picture theaters which rivals it in scope or prize money opportunity. It is open to everyone, from grandma to the little folks, and many, many thousands of dollars in cash prizes and other prizes, to be offered by individual theaters, will go to the ones who solve these delightful puzzles.

This will be conducted by one of the largest newspapers in your city in co-operation with the motion picture theaters.

It was devised and prepared by the editorial staff of PHOTOPLAY, but will be presented in the newspapers and theaters.

It is amazingly simple, but it will require that you use your memory and knowledge of pictures and your knowledge of picture plays and players.

Excerpts from forty of the best motion pictures of the last few years will be shown in the theaters, one a day. They will show all the famous stars in their finest films, and in action, with typical excerpts from these plays, and it will be up to you to guess the name of the plays and the name of the star. In addition to that, all you will have to do is to write, in fifty words or less, your criticism of three or five of those particular pictures or your idea of the theme or the moral of that number of them.

Every day, after the con-

Get into practice to win one of the Big Cash Prizes soon to be offered by newspapers and theaters in your city

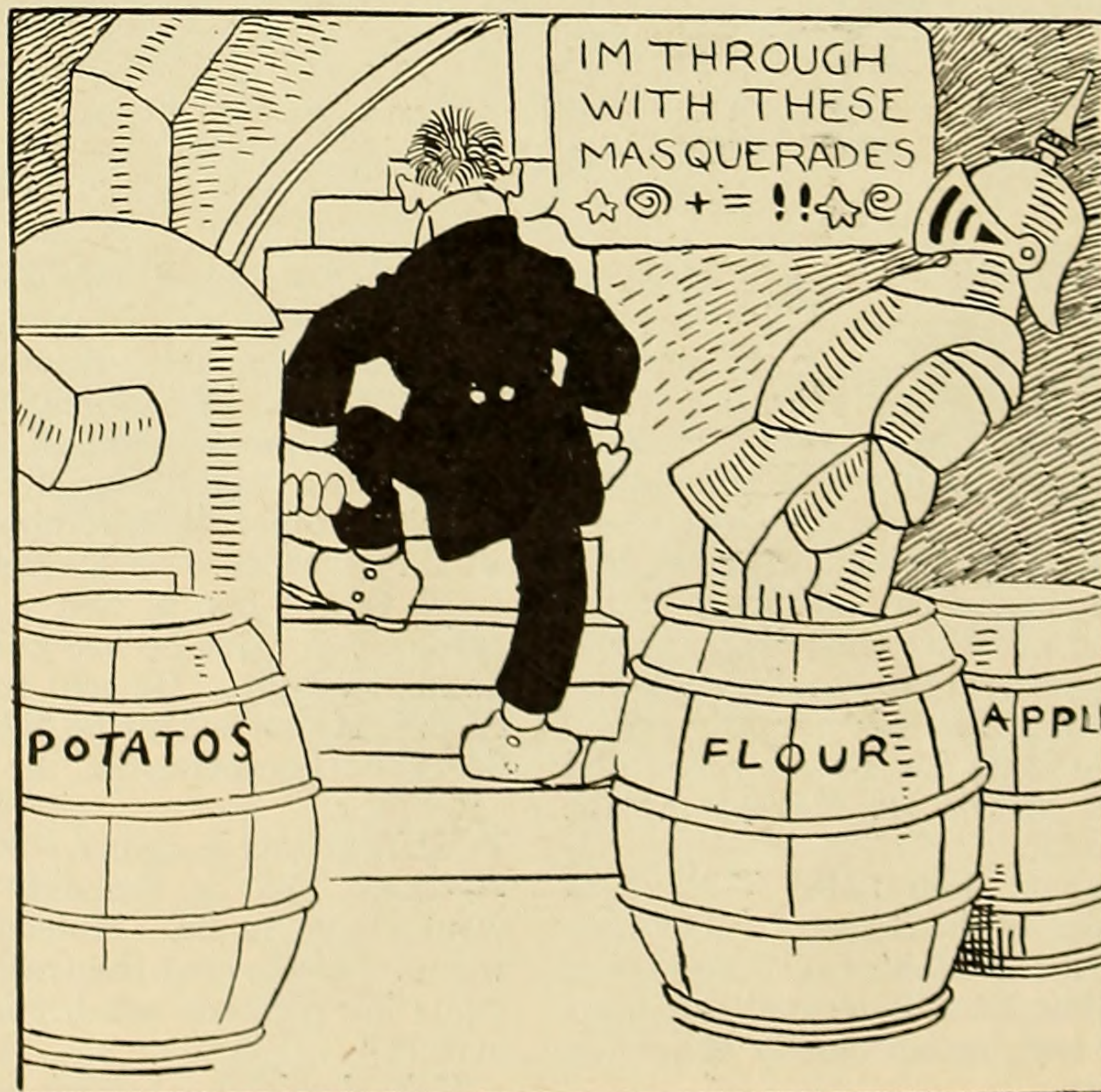
test starts in your city, your theater will run the scenes from one picture with titles which furnish clues. The same day a cartoon appears in your newspaper which is a further clue. The titles of the films you see in your theater every day for forty days are a delight in themselves, and it will furnish you a world of fun to try to guess the pictures. The theater managers, the newspapers and the whole industry are co-operating to make it one of the most amusing contests ever offered.

It starts in New York with over a hundred theaters showing the films every day and the *New York Daily Mirror* running the cartoons and the names of every theater giving their patrons the entertainment, in addition to their regular program, and paying \$10,000 in cash prizes.

It has no connection whatever with the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE \$5,000 cash prizes which this magazine offers every year to its readers and which starts in the next, the June issue of PHOTOPLAY. You can win in one or both contests.

After the contest starts in New York it will be extended to city after city, and you should ask your newspaper or theater manager when it will appear in your community.

The cartoons which appear in the newspapers are drawn by McManus, the famous comic artist whose work is familiar to many millions of people, and the delightfully funny titles of the films were prepared by Robert Sherwood, the famous motion picture critic, and editor of *Life*.



Cartoons Represent?



Theater managers have hastened to arrange for the daily use of the film on its entertainment value alone, not to speak of the publicity the newspaper gives their theater, and the tremendous interest of motion picture fans who will try to get the correct answers and win the big cash prizes which are being offered.

In addition, it will stimulate a more intense interest in pictures, their stories, technical qualities and in the stars shown.

In the end it will furnish for the motion picture industry the most complete ballot of public opinion of pictures ever assembled.

It will express, for the first time, a great symposium of public criticism. Heretofore the box office has been the producers' only method of judging public taste. Here is an opportunity for them to profit by the real voice of the people they are attempting to serve.

If you live in New York, or vicinity, buy a copy of the *Daily Mirror*, that brilliant tabloid paper that has such a tremendous circulation in that territory, and get all the details. Or ask your theater manager. Out of the scores of theaters running the contest there you will find one in your vicinity. If you see pictures anyhow, why not see them where you have a chance to put thousands of dollars in your bank in your name. It is no work at all. It is the finest kind of clean and entertaining amusement. It is ten times as fascinating as the cleverest cross-word

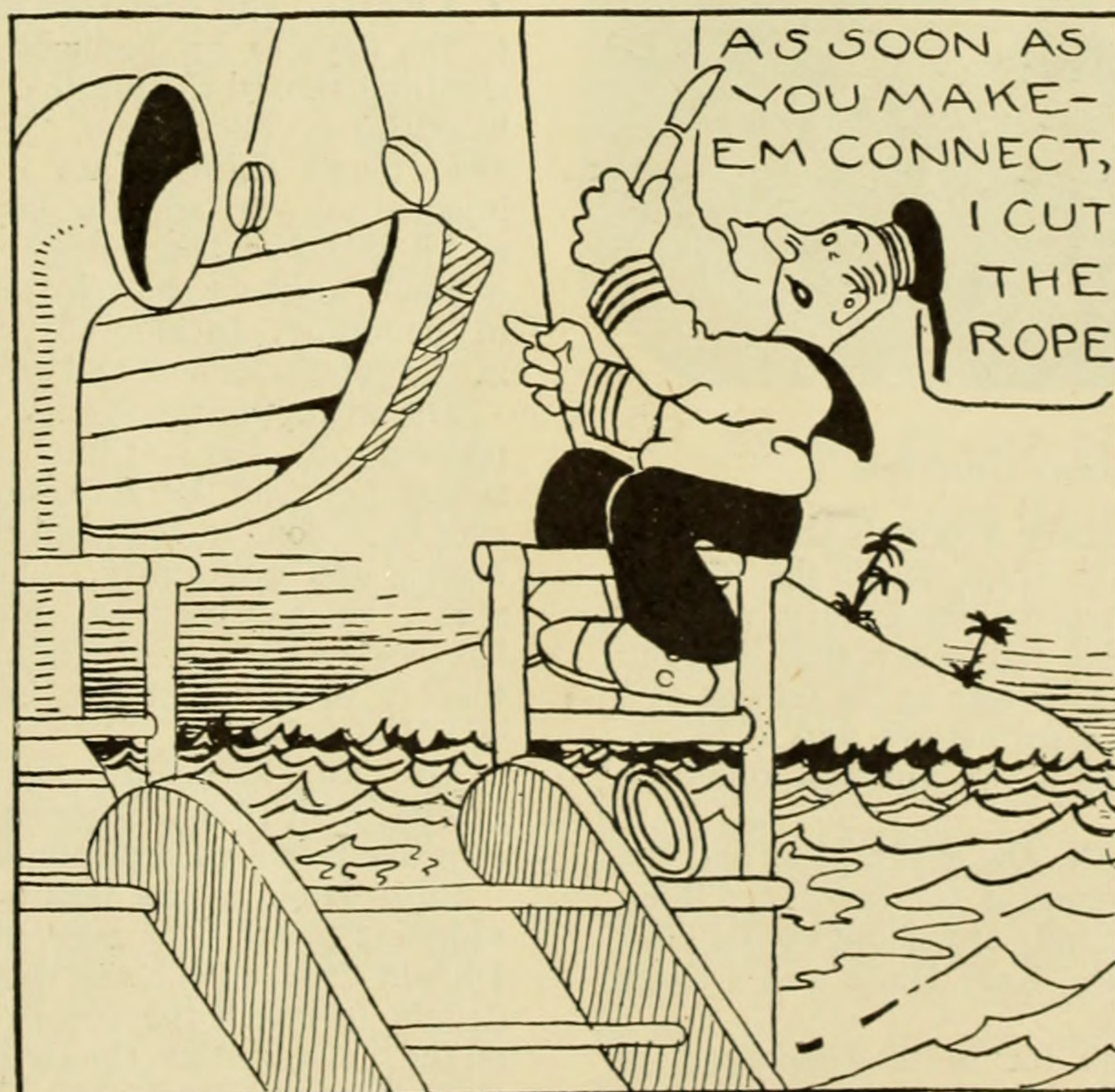
Starts out with \$10,000 in Prizes in New York City. Ask your Theater Manager when you will get your chance

puzzle you ever attempted to solve.

Join in the contest at your first opportunity, and ask your theater manager when you will get a chance at it. There are scores of prizes in addition to the big ones, and you have as good a chance as the next one, more so if you have been a reader of *PHOTOPLAY*, and have kept in touch

with the march of picture events.

Everyone is eligible for this contest, except members of the staff of the theaters, the newspapers concerned, and *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE. The editor of *PHOTOPLAY* will head the boards of judges, which will also include the motion picture editor of your newspaper, and a board of three representative citizens of your community.



Every member of the family may participate. All answers will be judged strictly on their merits. The first filed will have no preference over the last one which is received before the expiration of the time limit. But the full details will be given in your local theater and newspaper.

Every city will have its own cash prizes—\$10,000 is the prize money for New York City alone.

The next time you visit your theater, ask them when it will be available for you and your family.

If you neglect getting in on this great contest, you may be throwing money away.

Come on in. The Money's fine.

Write *PHOTOPLAY*, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, for any additional information you may want.



THE BAT—United Artists

EEEEEE! "The Bat!" It's thrilling. It's chilling. It's a scream of laughter and spookiness. Your spine quivers and your hair stiffens every moment.

Perfectly written, originally by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood and scenarized by Julien Josephson, this Roland West production is simply superb. Each detail dovetails properly into every other. Lights flash, guns are fired, secret panels swing, and the laughter and the creeps alternate till you chew your fingers in excitement and delight.

The involved plot is centered around a criminal with the bat as his trademark and his operations in a Long Island household. Beyond that we refuse to tell. But when "The Bat" flies in your neighborhood, don't fail to see it and take the youngsters, if it's not too late at night.



LA BOHEME—Metro-Goldwyn

KING VIDOR'S version of Henry Murger's short stories of the Latin Quarter of Paris from which the Puccini opera was suggested, is a picture of striking beauty, wonderfully directed by Vidor and acted with much skill by John Gilbert. The theme is simple, as delicate as the tension of a lyre, and tells the story of *Mimi*, a seamstress, and *Rodolphe*, a struggling playwright, against a colorful and romantic background.

A note of tender pathos pervades the entire piece and the ultimate tragedy is too heartrending for words. Lillian Gish is seen in another of her wistfully appealing but familiar characterizations. Renee Adoree, Karl Dane and George Hassell are included in the cast.

This production is a triumph for Metro-Goldwyn, for Vidor, and for John Gilbert, and will prove a real joy.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE BLACK PIRATE—United Artists

A ROISTERING tale of the Spanish Main is "The Black Pirate," and I pity the man whom it does not waft back to the days of his boyhood, when he dreamed of himself climbing aboard the pirate craft and cleaning the seas of the bloodthirsty buccaneers, "Yo, ho, ho—fifteen men on a dead man's chest." Into it the ever-youthful Doug has injected the very spirit of boyhood romance and adventure, and it would be a hard-hearted parent, indeed, who would not willingly advance the price of the tickets for every youngster in the family. Incidentally, they should include themselves in the entertainment and adventure.

The entire picture is done in colors, not the usual colored photography, but soft tints that delight the eye and emphasize rather than detract from the story value. Nothing has ever been done in colors on the screen that approaches it in beauty and uniformity. The year of experimentation and study that has been put into this phase of the production has been well repaid. In it, Mr. Fairbanks, for the first time in motion pictures, has secured the beautiful effect of mural paintings.

The plot? What do you care about that? It's all about pirates, with Doug, single-handed, capturing a huge galleon to prove he's a good pirate himself. Imagine that!

Billie Dove is the beauty in distress, captured by the toughest pirate that ever slit a throat or scuttled a ship. Donald Crisp runs away with the acting honors, and it is a delight to watch the way in which Doug gives way to him on the screen and lets the audience enjoy Crisp's characterization of an old Scotch pirate. Go see "The Black Pirate."

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BLACK PIRATE THE GREATER GLORY
THE BAT LA BOHEME
LET'S GET MARRIED TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP

The Best Performances of the Month

John Gilbert in "La Boheme"
Lucy Beaumont in "The Greater Glory"
Greta Garbo in "The Torrent"
May Allison in "The Greater Glory"
Louise Fazenda in "The Bat"
Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Greater Glory"
Edna Mae Oliver in "Let's Get Married"
Donald Crisp in "The Black Pirate"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 108



THE GREATER GLORY—First National

AS opposite as the pages on which their reviews are printed, is the appeal of this splendid picture to that of "The Black Pirate." No bounding tale of adventure is this. Just the story of an Austrian family before and after the war, a story that, while it makes no pretense of being a preachment against war, carries a message that will be carried away and pondered by all who see it.

It is the work of June Mathis, that brilliant woman who had so much to do with the success of "The Four Horsemen," and it is an artistic monument to her ability. The action takes place entirely in the city of Vienna, and was adapted from Edith O'Shaughnessy's novel, "The Viennese Medley." No battle scenes are dragged in for the sake of box office effect. No insincere attempt is made for the so-called "punch" or "thrill." It is one of the most sincerely produced pictures ever presented to the American public, one of those rare pictures that you can stand seeing twice.

Briefly, it is the story of an aunt and her family of nieces and nephews, broken and impoverished by the war, and their struggles for a bare existence, and through it run two love stories of surpassing sweetness. Never has a picture of foreign locale been made with more faithful atmospheric effect. It is Vienna itself, and never for one second is the illusion lost.

The picture is significant, too, in that it brings May Allison back to the screen, after a few years of absence, and her work is as sincere and lovely as the picture itself. Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle give the best performances of their picture careers. You should not miss this picture.



LET'S GET MARRIED—Paramount

RICHARD DIX and Gregory La Cava should never be separated. "Womanhandled" proved that they had a delightful sense of humor, and in this latest offering they have again presented the story with a gay humor. Its fun is airy and a trifle flighty. The picture starts out with an unusual amount of wit and action which keeps its pace right to the finish, the laughs coming fast and furious.

It's all about a wealthy man's son who is continually in hot water. He falls in love with a sweet, unsophisticated girl, and from then on he does everything to try and make a hit with her. Of course, as you might have suspected, the girl is Lois Wilson.

Don't miss it—it's a sure cure for the blues and the kiddies will enjoy it too.



TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP—First National

THIS picture takes Harry Langdon's doleful face and pathetic figure out of the two-reel class and into the Chaplin and Lloyd screen dimensions. Not that he equals their standing yet, but he is a worthy addition to a group of comedy makers of which we have entirely too few. Langdon has graduated and this picture is his diploma. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" will introduce him to a wider public, and the public which followed his two-reel career will be doubled or trebled. The boy's good.

Harry plays a kid hobo, who enters himself in a trans-continental hiking contest. He's just got to win the race to win the gal, who is his inspiration, and Harry believes that all's fair in love and war, and he's in both. He isn't exactly on the level in the race, but you should worry about his sporting morals.



THE TORRENT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

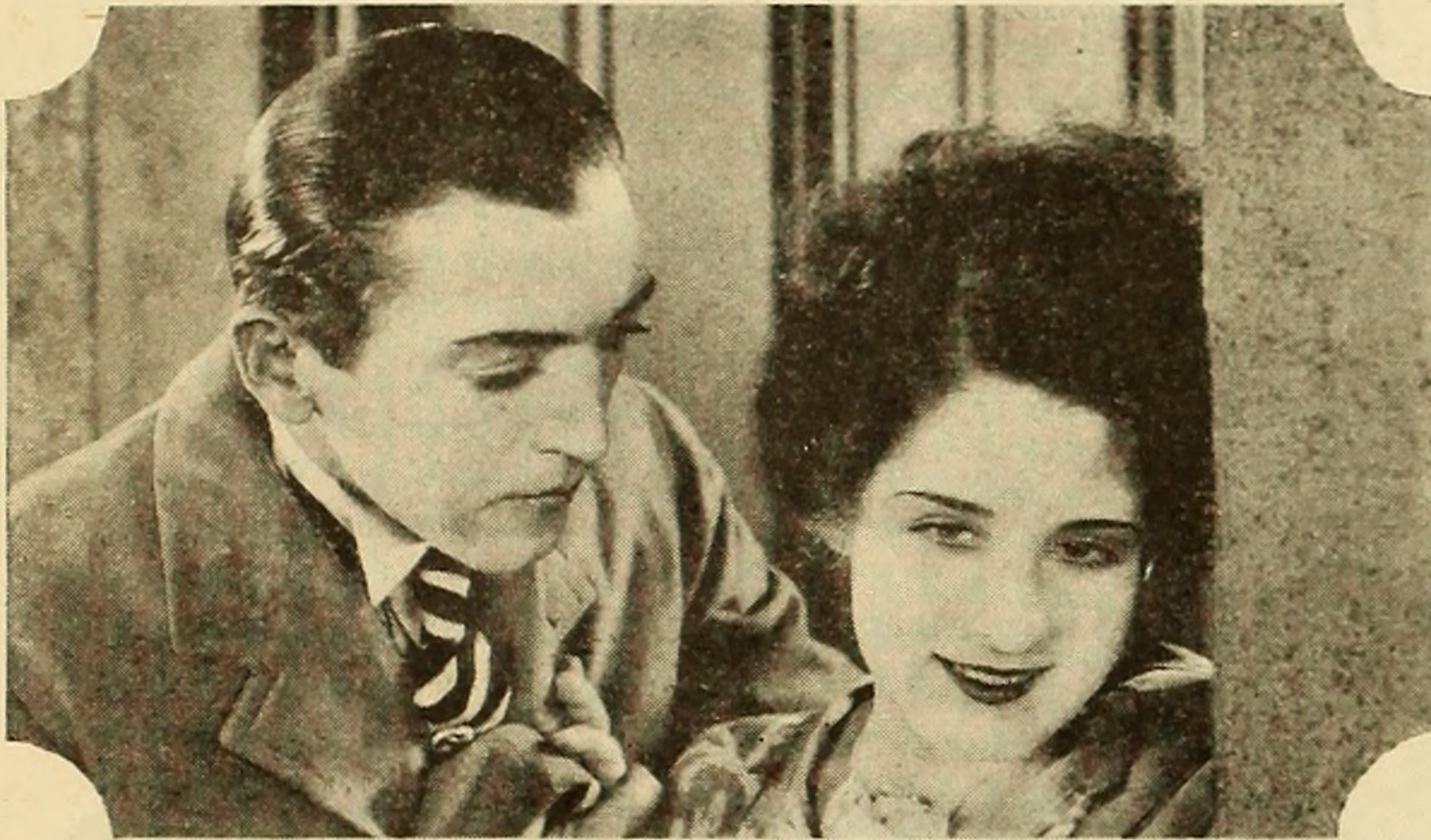
MONTE BELL stands well in the foreground of those directors who can take a simple story and so fill it with true touches that the characters emerge real human beings and the resulting film becomes a small masterpiece.

Such work has he created in "Torrent," and for fans who are slightly grown-up this picture will be a vivid delight. Greta Garbo, the new Swedish importation, is very lovely.



THE UNTAMED LADY—Paramount

THIS is an awful disappointment. Story by Fannie Hurst, direction by Frank Tuttle and starred by Gloria Swanson, and the whole a total washout! The story simply never gets anywhere. It concerns one of those untamed darlings, a spoiled baby first, a spoiled debutante later, who breaks numberless hearts by dropping twenty-carat engagement rings on football gridirons.



THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS—Metro-Goldwyn

THEY must have told Benjamin Christianson, the Swedish director, that hokum was king. As a result "The Devil's Circus," his first American made picture, has everything in it from a trick dog to the crippled girl who walks. The picture has strength and the power of several scenes—the night march of the caravan, the girl's defilement and her fall from the trapeze—lift it above the mediocre.



THE COHENS AND THE KELLYS—Universal

SEE this by all means. If the movie-going public of New York City is any criterion as to the comedy value of a picture, then this will be a wow throughout the entire country. They went wild over it—and how they howled and screeched! The plot is filled with all the old hokum about the Jews and the Irish but, nevertheless, it brings out the loud guffaws—even from the blasé.



FASCINATING YOUTH—Paramount

HERE are the sixteen graduates of Paramount's school of acting showing how well they've studied their lessons. Byron Morgan wrote them a story that's not so very much—all about a kid who runs his father's summer hotel to winter success. Sam Wood provided direction that saved it. The sixteen are peppy, gay and youthful, and their spirit gets across. It's good entertainment.



OH! WHAT A NURSE—Warner Bros.

SYD CHAPLIN should go back to trousers. Enough is enough. His latest contribution to film humor is of the slapstick variety, with much horse play and low comedy. Most of the gags are screamingly funny, but after "Charley's Aunt," Syd in petticoats again gets to be an old story, even though he does it remarkably well. Splendid entertainment, especially for the youngsters.



THE NEW KLONDIKE—Paramount

YOU have all heard about the real estate boom in Florida—but wait until you see what actually happens. Ring Lardner, who knows his laughs, was commissioned to write this story for Thomas Meighan, with the result that it is one of the most interesting of Meighan's vehicles. Some very amusing situations are developed, and there's a young fellow, Paul Kelly, whom you'll like.



THE DANCER OF PARIS—First National

EVERYONE became excited when they heard that Michael Arlen had written an original story for the screen. But great expectations were not realized in spite of all the nudity, jazz, bachelor apartment parties and love scenes. Dorothy Mackaill does as well as could be expected in a very cold rôle. Conway Tearle is the male attraction. Not for children.



SEA HORSES—Paramount

THE story gets off at a slow start and continues its snail-like pace until the fourth reel. Then we have fights, a typhoon, a storm at sea and what-not. Florence Vidor is the young lady who goes in search of her husband, who is wasting his life on a tropical isle. Into her life comes a brave he-man, Jack Holt. Not as snappy as the usual Alan Dwan production.



THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD—Fox

ATHRILLING melodrama centered around the flood of 1889. It is apparent that the flood is the most important sequence in this picture, and around it the story was written. Besides the thrilling flood scene, this serves to introduce a very charming young lady, Janet Gaynor, who is easily recognized as one of the season's best "finds." The remainder of the cast is excellent. It's worth-while.



THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE—First National

NEVER has Barbara La Marr looked more beautiful than in this, her last production before her death. This is by no means the best of Barbara's work, but her beauty alone will suffice the most critical fan. The story is incoherent and every now and then wanders off for itself. It's all about a masked dancer. If it is only to gaze on the fair loveliness of the gorgeous Barbara once again, see it.



MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Paramount

BEBE DANIELS was a graduate from the comedy ranks and this picture is reminiscent of the early days spent in serving her apprenticeship. The only missile missing is the famous custard pie. All the old gags used in two-reelers are found here, even to the old familiar chase through the hotel lobby by the cops. Will go over big with the children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



The Lark of the Month

"DORIS," said May Allison, "I know a place down on Fifth Avenue where we can get some nice little frocks at wholesale. Let's go down there and pick up a few."

"Sounds good to me," said Doris Kenyon. "Let's go."

Next morning after the last scenes of "Men of Steel" were shot, the two beautiful blonde buddies (rivals for the affections of Milton Sills in the picture) were trying on dresses in the models' dressing room of the wholesale place. In the tiny room four mannequins were shifting from one frock to another as the head salesman called out the numbers of the designs and the girls passed out into the showroom and paraded in their best mannequin style. Grouped around were a dozen or more out of town buyers, order books and pencils in hand.

"Four twenty-nine and six seventy-four," yelled the salesman through the door.

"Hey, you two have them models on," said one of the girls. "Dare you to go out and model them for the customers?"

"Game?" said May. "Why not?" said Doris.

So the two strutted out, and up and down the floor, hands on hips, and swinging slowly around so that the customers could get every detail of the dresses.

Inside the dressing room the girls were giggling their heads off at the idea of two high salaried movie stars pinch hitting for them.

Doris and May made the biggest sales of the day. But they were terribly disappointed. Not one buyer tried to date them up for dinner.

Big Boy Blue

Kind hearts mean more than coronets
and a level head more than genius.

Monte Blue proves it

By
*Dorothy
Herzog*



Monte as *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm"

CAME the dawn, but to us who reposed blissfully in the arms of Morpheus 'twas a mere rumor.

Came low noon. And so, up with the alarm in time to dash pell mell to the Algonquin and keep a luncheon engagement at high noon with Monte Blue, the lad with the "four out of five have it" smile, the six feet three of animated framework, and the breezy good humor of him who can afford to disdain dyspepsia advertisements.

As a rule, be it whispered, a flicker star is a mere mortal who draws his salary via check and never remembers if it is hawf pawst two or haaf paast two. Like Heinz' culinary repertoire, the picture world has its fifty-seven varieties, ranging from beans to mincemeat to applesauce.

Big Boy Blue, however, is old fashioned. He talks honestly about his past, laughs at his hardships, and says nothing about a person unless it be something nice. Furthermore, he treats all women chivalrously, bank account and position to the contrary.

Why, Monte actually has the temerity to admit he dug his way from obscurity to electric lights. On third thought, perhaps this is because he is Irish on his mother's side, and French and Cherokee on his father's.

Monte proved with nary a contradiction his old-fashionedness by meeting us on time. Not having seen him for years, we shot him one gimlet look, the kind recruited by every adroit movie heavy, and realized gladly he was the same old Monte of the infectious smile and warming friendliness. He may have a starring contract, a beautiful wife, a bank account large enough to make a gang of wolves unhappy, but he's the same old chap of pre-affluent days.

"GOSH, you haven't changed a bit," we volunteered. "Not even married life has done it."

He stared agog. "Why should it?"

Of course we had no sprightly retort to this. We thought of a darb the next day but, hie ho, the sun had done a fade-out and an iris-in so 'twas too late to elucidate.

Without more ado, we trailed a waiter to a corner table for two and dispersed numerous packages to his best inconvenience and that of the sustenance he proceeded to usher in.

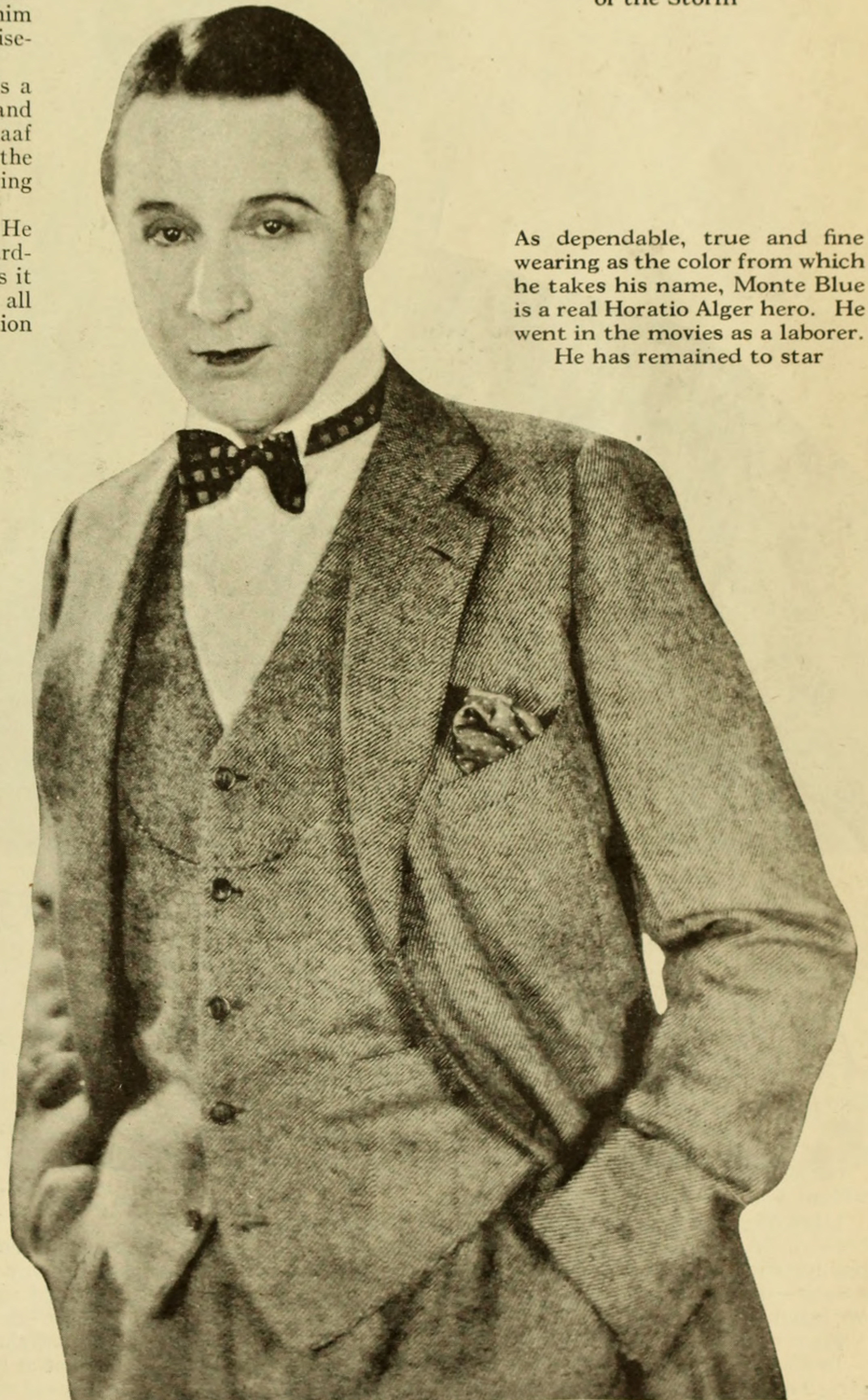
"Monte, tell me about your wife. Is she sweet?"

"Who, Jimmy?"

"No, your wife."

"But Jimmy is my wife. Her stage name was Tova Danor, but her real name is Tova Janson, so I call her Jimmy. She's a darling," and his eyes out-confection-ari-ied anything in a bakery window. "I met Jimmy while working with Mae Murray in 'Peacock Alley.'"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



As dependable, true and fine wearing as the color from which he takes his name, Monte Blue is a real Horatio Alger hero. He went in the movies as a laborer. He has remained to star

Hollywood's Real Hermit

This is the first interview Harrison Ford has had in years

Which is his own fault exclusively. He treasures privacy



Remote . . . aloof . . . living in a little world comprised of his mother, his sister, his books and a few intimate friends, Harrison Ford is the true Hermit of Hollywood, if not of motion pictures

A MAN lives on a hilltop in Hollywood who is called Peter. His hair is snowy and long. His feet are bare and ruddy. He carries a gnarled stick—a distaff, for the story's sake. His companions are a mild-mannered white dog—sometimes quite clean—and three donkeys. About their mild manners, I cannot vouch.

Occasionally he sallies forth in a one-mule shay labelled "Plant Food." Origin of name unknown.

More often he is to be found where Hollywood's scandal is brewed. At Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard. At the sending station of the grapevine telegraph, consorting with the crowds—passing a bandying word to his acquaintances—who are legion.

He is called Peter the Hermit.

In his hilltop tent with the crazy stovepipe belching a frayed strand of smoke, he gives occult and spiritual advice to the care-

By Myrtle West

worn, love-worn and movie-worn pilgrims who wend their ways to his hermitage.

Peter the Hermit of Hollywood. But, really, he is not the Hermit of Hollywood.

The real Hermit of Hollywood is Harrison Ford. Not only the Hermit of Hollywood, but of the entire motion picture world. Harrison Ford is entitled to the name of Recluse of the Reels.

You never see him lunching at the Montmartre of a Saturday noon.

You never see him coasting down Hollywood Boulevard, hanging halfway out of his roadster in the manner of affluent chauffeurs and picture personages who want to be observed.

You never see him at the premiere of the latest spectacle, dodging spotlights in the manner bridesmaids do the bridal bouquet (not at all)!

If he dines at the Montmartre it is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Bull

SHE'S an exceptional girl, Marion Davies, exceptionally beautiful, blonde and brilliant. Ambitious, too, which isn't the way of most beauties. "When Knighthood was in Flower" put Marion in the leading ranks. Now she's the favorite of the Metro lot.



ONCE in a while we'd like to see Corinne Griffith smile. A languid lady, no matter how lovely, becomes monotonous in time. You're next is "Mlle. Modiste," Corinne, and won't you please remember you are too talented to let yourself be beautiful but blah?



Freulich

NOT beauty of piquancy or personality, or camera trick or lighting is Mary Astor's but the beauty that the old Greeks knew and immortalized. Red gold hair, deep brown eyes, perfect skin and John Barrymore to play opposite—oh, what a kind, kind fate!



Waxman

SHE'S quite the newest of the stars, is this pretty Olive Borden. She likes to look like a vamp, but she's really just a kid and a little, cute one at that. Across the page is her story.

Chicken—Southern Style

Referring to Olive Borden and to the meals her mother cooks.
Both are considered nearly perfect in Hollywood

By
Madeline Mahlon

ALL young picture actresses should be just nineteen. They should have long dusky hair. And lashes that curl, darkly, like the curve of an archer's bow.

They should have brown eyes, of course. But, essentially, they should have bodies molded as softly as an exquisite figurine.

Like Olive Borden's.

Can you imagine a girl who actually looks that way? And who is not the least perturbed about it. Who is quite as unaffected as an April day? Although some April days do seem a bit vain as they half-timidly thrust their opening blossoms upon one.

On second thought one can't speak of April days and Olive Borden in the same breath. She is more like an August day in Tahiti. Or at least she appeared that way. She was wrapped, when I met her, like a gaily-foiled south sea doll, in a piece of bright calico, and her tiny bare feet were soled in grass sandals. Frederick O'Brien, author of "White Shadows of the South Seas," would have approved.

And, too, all promising young actresses should have a genuine southern accent—not one studiously acquired—and be able to say "corn" and lose the "r" in the soft folds of sound.

Like Olive Borden.

Poor Olive! She had so many "discoverers." Almost as many as did America with descendents of Vikings, Vespucci and Columbus all wrangling. Olive had Paul, the cameraman—and Milt and Jimmy, the press agents—and Bonney of the casting office, and a flock of others waving calendars to prove they discovered her prior to anyone else. And now the Fox Company thinks it is a discoverer.

That's the way with beauty. A homely girl is never discovered unless she concocts a savoury sauce and then some man hurries along and pops her off to his kitchen where she makes herself homelier by steaming her face over more savoury sauce.

Olive . . . blessed with the diplomacy of her southern ancestry! It was Paul, the cameraman, who gave her needed hints about her make-up, and Milt and Jimmy, the publicists, who gallantly introduced her to the press, and Bonney of the casting office who gave her helpful encouragement. And so on. A charming way to divide the honors and see that each one gets a comforting piece of the cake.

But no matter who discovered Olive, she has always had her speculative, albeit youthful, eye on pictures as a likely occupation. And when she was very young Mother Borden used to take her to see Jane and Katherine Lee. Then when Olive was sixteen—a luscious southern peach of Norfolk, Virginia—there came a bid to the Annapolis Prom.

It meant a new dress, as mother pointed

out. Also new slippers, because at the last "hop" that doltish college youth, who thought he was tripping on air, had actually been dancing on Olive's dainty feet. The Bordens—just mother and daughter, for Dad died when Olive was a baby—were not poor. Nor were they wealthy. They were at that brave stage where dollars are counted twice, and a roast, after the third day, is made into stew.

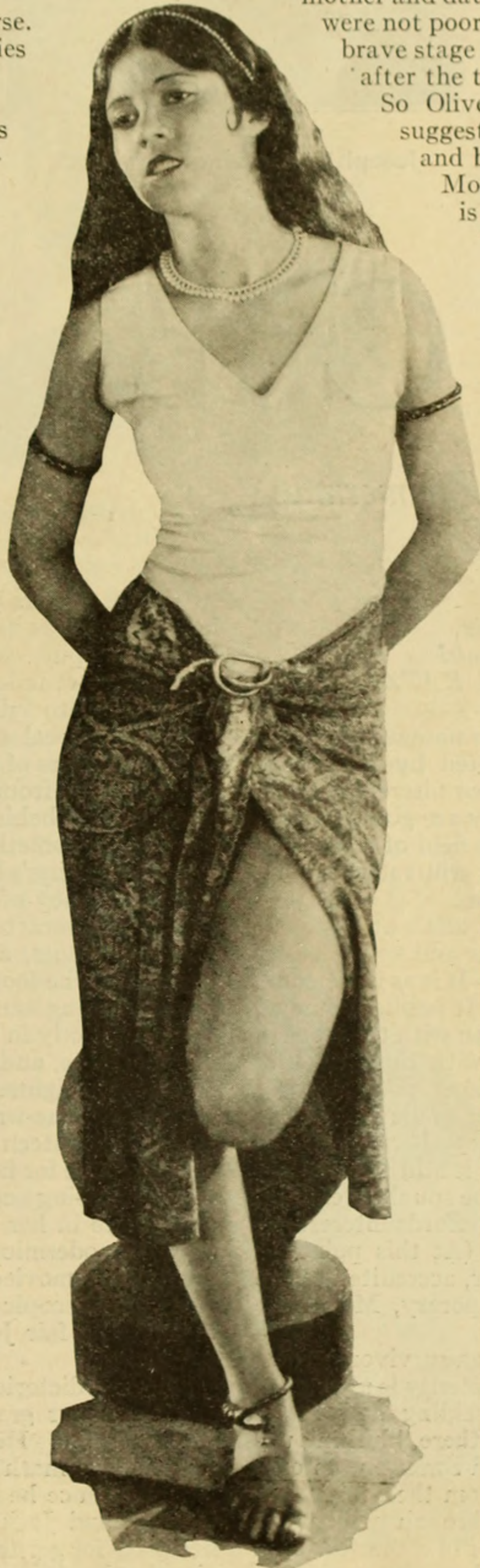
So Olive, with the bright vision that is youth's, suggested that from the Prom she go to New York and break into pictures.

Mother Borden, with the hardy fortitude that is a mother's, sagely shook her head.

"Not that way, my dear. We will do things correctly. If you want to go into pictures, we will go to Hollywood. But it will be the Prom or Hollywood. Which?"

Olive's first opportunity in Hollywood was a bit in a Christy comedy where she was to imitate Lila Lee. Now her acting instructions had been nil. And what she knew about acting was sketched from the Heave and Smirk School of Emotion. She romped all over the stage and grimaced into the camera. The director was tired . . . and frank. Brutally so. "You'll never be an actress. Go back to school. Go anywhere! But go away!"

Mother invested their small savings in a candy shop which went the way of bad investments, but not without a vigorous struggle to thrive, with Olive back of the counter [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



Olive in her first character role—a half-breed girl on a southern archipelago. The scene is from "Yellow Fingers"

IT is not my business to make predictions. But once in a while valour gets the better part of discretion.

At the present moment I am irresistibly moved to call your attention to one Olive Borden. Not so long ago, I believe, she and her mother ran a little candy shop and home-cooking lunch room, where the Hollywood folk gathered to eat. But today, Olive is skimming up the ladder and looks to me like one of the best hits of star material since Shearer and Banky dazzled fandom.

If—have to put that if in—if little Olive can be taught not to do trick things with her mouth, she is going to be a riot. She is exquisitely beautiful, she has an adorable figure, she has fire and appeal, she has possibilities in the acting line.

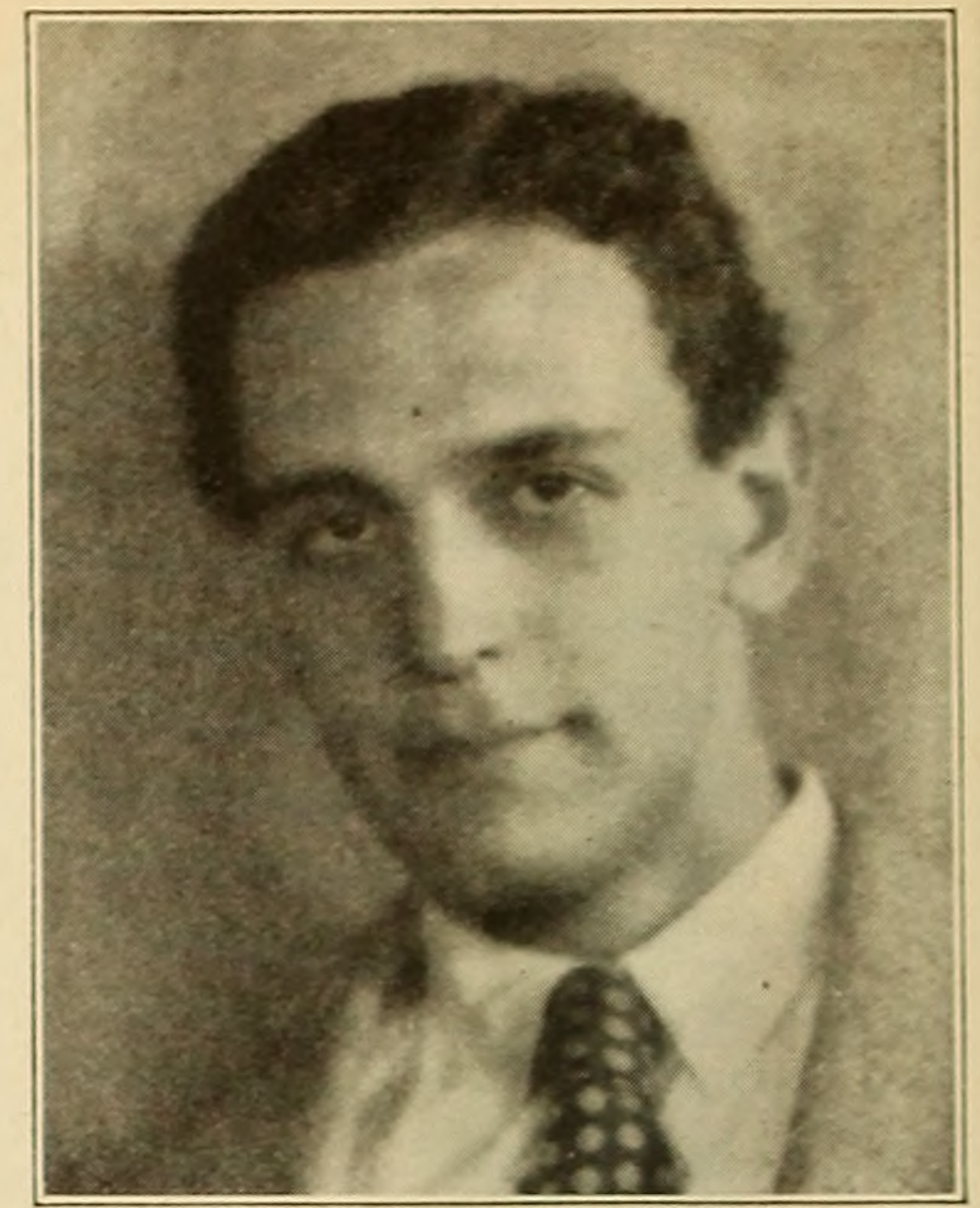
IVAN ST. JOHNS.



Charles Rogers of Kansas



Josephine Dunn of New York



Charles Brokaw of New York

Screen Cubs

By Katharine Zimmerman

A New York screen critic tries to go on record as making three discoveries. We shall see.

*"We're junior stars of '26
"We'll be like Swanson, Joy and Dix,
"Camera! Camera! Zis! Boom! Fratz!
"ZUKOR! LASKY! BALABAN! KATZ!"*

SO far the sixteen graduates of the Paramount School of Acting have been carefully hand-fed by fairy god-papas and god-mamas, on experience filtered through the gauze of wisdom. Henceforth they are going to take pot-luck with less fortunate brethren in the field of screen endeavor, and the probabilities are that they will rattle around for some time until each finds his proper level.

This rattling process is a disconcerting affair at best. It strains with impartial zeal on talent, temper and spinal vertebra. It calls for a level head and steady feet. It is as impersonal as an address to a double-tailed tree toad. It implies courage, grit, stability and all the optimism of the man with the wooden leg who said he "could keep his socks up with thumbtacks."

They are a good-looking group, these eager youngsters of Paramount's selection, but comeliness never made a Pickford nor a moustache a Menjou. Their talents have been graded to a certain extent in the mills of Astoria, but it still remains for them to manifest—pardon the vulgarity—the spunk to endure. How many of them will fall by the wayside affords interesting, if a trifle morbid, scope for speculation. (At this point we catch a fleeting echo of the Paramount cheer, accredited to the soaring imagination of our learned contemporary, Miss Rose Pelswick.)

The problem of selecting from these sixteen survivors two or three names that may go down to cinema posterity is as fraught with complications as the question of deciding how many angels can dance on the point of a pin. Is there, blushing unseen among them, a potential Dix, a second Swanson, an out-Chapliner of the great Charles himself? From their initial cooperative effort, "Fascinating Youth," through which the graduates pace with all the earnest endeavor of a tom-cat on a barbed-wire fence, we were at first inclined to give a gloomy negative. Then we remembered how another learned contemporary beat us to it in the "discovery" of Harold Lloyd. Wherefor, in a reconnoitering and more humble spirit, we turned again to a contemplation of their antics. And, behold, we were rewarded. We "discovered" Buddy Rogers.

Charles Rogers has been a cub before, it seems. His previous incarnation was as a budding journalist in Kansas, but ere he could win spurs as a knight of the silver pen, the trumpets of Paramount sounded, and young Rogers came out of the West. We decided to "discover" Rogers, not on the strength of his aesthetic appeal or his bubbling boyishness, but principally upon evidences of that indefinable quality that distinguishes a natural actor from a marionette. His inexperience is vast, of course. But behind all the ear-marks of directorial dictation there lurks something in the method and presence of the lad that all the king's horses and all the king's men could not inject into the person of Rogers—or anyone else. Personality, perhaps. Or character.

At all events, against a background of fifteen other likely youngsters, he looms like a frigate among sailing smacks. He has a winning smile, expansive and expressive, and inclining quite distinctly in the direction of juvenile leads. Three years, peradventure, and if his energy endures, Broadway should see his name in lights.

In the home-wrecking category, Josephine Dunn, of New York and eighteen summers, may with time and careful training make a niche for herself in films. She has allure and grace, and very promising ocular, if not emotional, control. An encouraging note in her work is the glimmering of a latent comedy sense, hypodermic humor that gets under one's skin—so rare an attribute in moviedom today that a bare suspicion thereof warrants microscopic analysis. If gentlemen do indeed prefer blondes the fair Josephine may yet go far on the wings of a screen type.

The valedictorian of the class, Charles Brokaw, twenty-six and an honor graduate of Ohio State University, will bear watching, too. He is of the fifty-seventh soulful variety, possibly the aftermath of a season of *Romeo* to Jane Cowl's *Juliet*. In appearance he effects a fetching compromise 'twixt Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. While there seems no imminent necessity for getting hysterical in this direction, Brokaw has the air of a hard worker about him, and dogged plugging away might eventually land him in the leading man class.

So much for our "discoveries." There may be talent undreamed of in our philosophies that seethes unharnessed among the other thirteen. In that case they have but to give us a well-bred horse laugh and refuse to be [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

Face Your Age

By
Elizabeth Sears

The second of three articles on the fascinating subject of numerology. Everybody's doing it

[To be concluded]
next month

THE birth date is as important in the study of Numerology as the knowledge of your correct baptismal name. You may fudge on your birth date when giving your name for analysis; but you get no accurate information if you do. And just for the ones who prefer to say "over thirty" let us look over the laws of the destiny number and show you how to work it out for yourself in the privacy of your own room.

While your name reveals the secret of all you have accomplished in other lives, the record of what you have done and the list of the influences that are of help to you, your birth date alone will tell you exactly what experience you are to gain on this plane and in this life.

This birth path or destiny is unchangeable. It is fixed and immutable and not to be put aside. If you refuse to learn your lesson, you won't advance. You may obtain a more helpful vibration or new materials with which to work out your destiny by changing your name to gain another vibration; but the tests of your birth number must be met, face to face, fully and without shirking.

If this destiny digit indicates that you must face and conquer poverty, trials or difficulties of any kind, it is up to you to meet this issue squarely and get it over with—just like having your teeth out.

The digit of your destiny number will indicate not only your need for development; but the power you possess for drawing to you materials for the development. It is the average of your soul and its power is always about with you. This is the strength that comes to you when you think you are at the "end of your string."

Sometimes we term it "reserve strength," and so it is. But it might be used daily and freely, if we knew the secret of that strength, instead of waiting until we do not know which way to turn, from ignorance of this natural law.

Knowing the power of this destiny number, you may determine for yourself whether or not your difficulties are meant for development or are caused by your own careless negligence. If your destiny number, for instance, is a 7, and your ideality number is a 5 or a 2, you are not going to have an easy time making your adjustments with life, for the latter are social numbers and will not do harmonious team work with the sombre 7 willingly.

If, on the contrary, your destiny number is strong and harmonious with a corresponding ideality influence, everything in life will come to you easily and overcoming difficulties should not permit you as much credit as should go to the poor chap whose numbers do not work together



Adolphe Menjou is endowed by nature with great abilities. "How will he use them" asks Miss Sears

so harmoniously. That is, providing you work with the positive side of your influence.

If you have strong numbers and remain on the negative plane, you have so much more to answer for in the way of talents unused. And some day you will have to pay for the neglect. You must harness your ambition in any case, with determined effort, if you expect to get the most out of any number influence.

If you will learn to use every experience that comes to you on your destiny plane wisely, you will soon make friends with your mistakes—and avoid further ones. It is useless to stew over past mistakes. Far better to label them as warning posts for pitfalls for the unwary and pass on to the better road. For your destiny number will always draw you to the places in which you must fulfill the highest need of your life. It is responsible for the brave ones who are walking along a path of poverty to learn their lesson, as well as for the ones who have climbed to the highest peak of financial success. It brings within your circle the people whose influence must bear directly upon the work you are to accomplish.

Your destiny number is divided into three periods. These govern three phases of your life. Let me illustrate by an example of a woman I know who was born on January 25th, 1880, and who spends much of her leisure time in wondering why she hasn't advanced further in the world of art.

The month digit being 1, she was under this influence of strong dominant and creative power until her 25th year. She demanded her own way in all things and was most aggressive and headstrong. The creative influence of the 1, would have aided her greatly in her ambition for an artistic life, if she had used it wisely and grasped every opportunity it afforded her for development.

About the age of 25, she came under the influence of the digit of the day of her birth, the number 7, obtained by adding the 2 and the 5. This subjects her to the reserved atmosphere of the reflective and reticent worker who finds expression difficult.

She is neglecting to utilize the attractive power of this number to its greatest degree. 7 is always a number of great power of attraction, if used with faith and serenity. When she is 50 she will come under the influence of the number 8, which should surround her with active, scientific mental atmosphere. The total destiny number is 7 and she should endeavor to attract to her the opportunity to serve the world as a higher teacher, understanding that she must endure much opposi-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

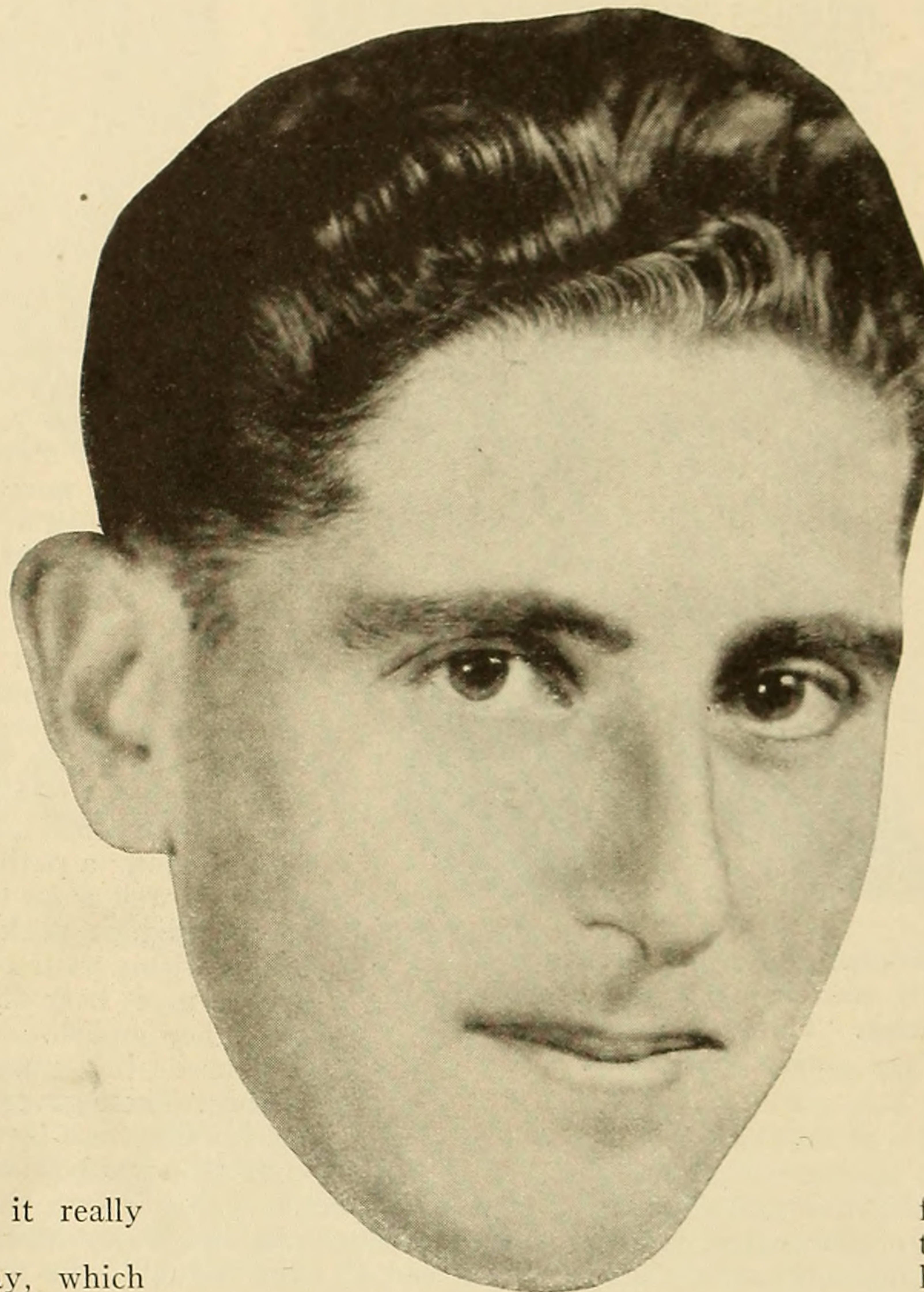


Gloria Swanson, according to the rules of numerology, will, this year, complete an ambition she has been holding for a long time. What is it?

The Boy Director

By
Dorothy Harden

Watch
this
kid's
smoke.
He's
the lad
that
made
"Behind
the
Front"



On the set he is older than the character man, and rules the cast he joked with only a few minutes before with an iron hand

AFTER all, does it really matter?

It was Tuesday, which doesn't matter, but it really was Tuesday. The noon hour had passed, as noon hours have an annoying way of doing. Therefore, we footed our avoirdupois to the Algonquin hostelry where that "Regular Feller," Edward Sutherland, had promised faithfully he would come from "Behind the Front."

We raced a fat man for the only empty chair in the lobby and beat him by a foot. We gazed around triumphantly, anticipating applause, and discovered Mr. Sutherland sitting next to us with an inscrutable expression on his face. We say inscrutable because it happens to be one of our favorite words.

Beginning a new paragraph honestly, Mr. Sutherland's expression wasn't inscrutable at all. It was fearful.

"I can't be interviewed today," he announced. "I am thinking."

"Very well and O.K.," we said agreeably, "but don't overdo it."

Whereupon, much relieved, we hied ourselves to a quiet restaurant around the corner. A glum headwaiter offered us a table near the door. We didn't want the table near the door. The headwaiter became glummer and more insistent. It looked bad for the city's peace. Eddie put his hand in his hip pocket. The headwaiter hastened to take us to a quiet table in a corner. Eddie drew forth a handkerchief. The headwaiter's face resembled an unripe persimmon in search of a victim.

"Good work, Eddie," we applauded.

"I can't get rid of this cold," he returned. We sighed and forgot to be philosophical.

Silence, while we pored over a menu card that looked like a newspaper gone daffy. The waiter appeared castaneting silver. We ordered. Somewhere, new motion picture companies were being organized. New stars were being made. Old stars were

signing checks. Life is like that. Life is a comedy and all the world seeks its laughs on the other feller.

Edward Sutherland knows it. Eddie is the boy director on the Famous Players lot who, off the set, radiates the roguish allure of a "Peck's Bad Boy" in the act of getting away with it! On the set, he is older than the character man, and rules the same cast he joked with only a few minutes before with an iron hand.

That's Eddie Sutherland, the youth who made "Behind the Front" and gave Famous Players its biggest box office smash in months. Eddie hails from a well known stage family. His mother was Julia Ring, sister of Blanche and Frances Ring, who is none other than Mrs. Tom Meighan. His father, Al Sutherland, managed his own company in London, and it was in Lunnontown, thirty years ago, that young Sutherland came into the world.

As a youngster, he fluttered back and forth across the Atlantic, attending sixteen schools during his nomadic boyhood, finally ending at the Brookline, Mass., High School.

"Did you graduate?" we queried.

He smiled, a bit ruefully. "Never graduated from anything in my life!" Which, though interestingly restless and youthfully cynical, is not exactly true.

Eddie speaks French and German fluently, and when it comes to scientific fighting, there isn't a man his weight who can equal him in a ring. Graduation stuff? Piff, my deah.

Of course, Eddie followed in the family footsteps and crashed into the footlights. That went oke, but later he lined-up with Helen Holmes and her train serial company (please do not confuse with seals) at \$15 a week, plus \$5 extra every time he doubled for Miss Holmes. He has worked as propman, cameraman, film cutter, assistant director for Charlie Chaplin, actor, and now, director.

Eddie's aunt, Blanche Ring, gave him his first stage job. Recently, he reciprocated by giving her her first screen engagement in his new production, "It's the Old Army Game," starring W. C. Fields.

Eddie is the kind of youngster, even today, who can do favors for others but can't accept them. It used to burn him up, at the time he was directing his in-law uncle, Tom Meighan, in "Coming Through," to think that casual gossip credited Mr. Meighan with putting him over as a director. As a matter of fact, Eddie and Tom had snappy set-tos, both having minds of their own. Eddie figured he was the director and he wanted to carry on, accordingly. Tom had other ideas. They made only that one flicker, together.

Though once married to Marjorie Daw, he was made a court-bachelor years ago and premeditates no matrimonial venture in the near or distant future. What he does premeditate is eventually to direct pictures that reflect life shorn of "gags" but not devoid of humor. Features [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



MISS ELINOR PATTERSON is the beautiful young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Medill Patterson and a great-granddaughter of the late Joseph Medill, who founded one of Chicago's most distinguished families.

Miss Patterson made a brilliant debut in Chicago society but after one season determined to go on the stage. After a winter of training in a dramatic school she was chosen for the part of "The Nun," shown in the oval, in the famous Reinhardt-Gest spectacle, "The Miracle." She plays her part with inspiration that marks the true dramatic gift



MISS ELINOR PATTERSON daughter of Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

"A DEBUT as gay as a burst of jazz! Teas, balls, the opera! Heavenly for a year, but after a season I turned to something more substantial—the theatre! You know what that means—just when one is slaving one's hardest one has to appear one's best! For the skin which is doubly taxed by society and professional life and which must be kept clear and free from weariness, Pond's Two Creams are perfect."

Elinor Patterson

ELINOR PATTERSON is an artist born. With a background of wealth, position and aristocratic family traditions, all the tendencies of her life have been to accent her beauty and feminine charm in a purely social way.

But with determination almost paradoxical in a body of such fragile and exquisite blonde beauty she turned her steps from the too easy path of social success and directed them to the often stony road

tells how a doubly taxed skin can best be cared for

that leads to stardom in the theatre.

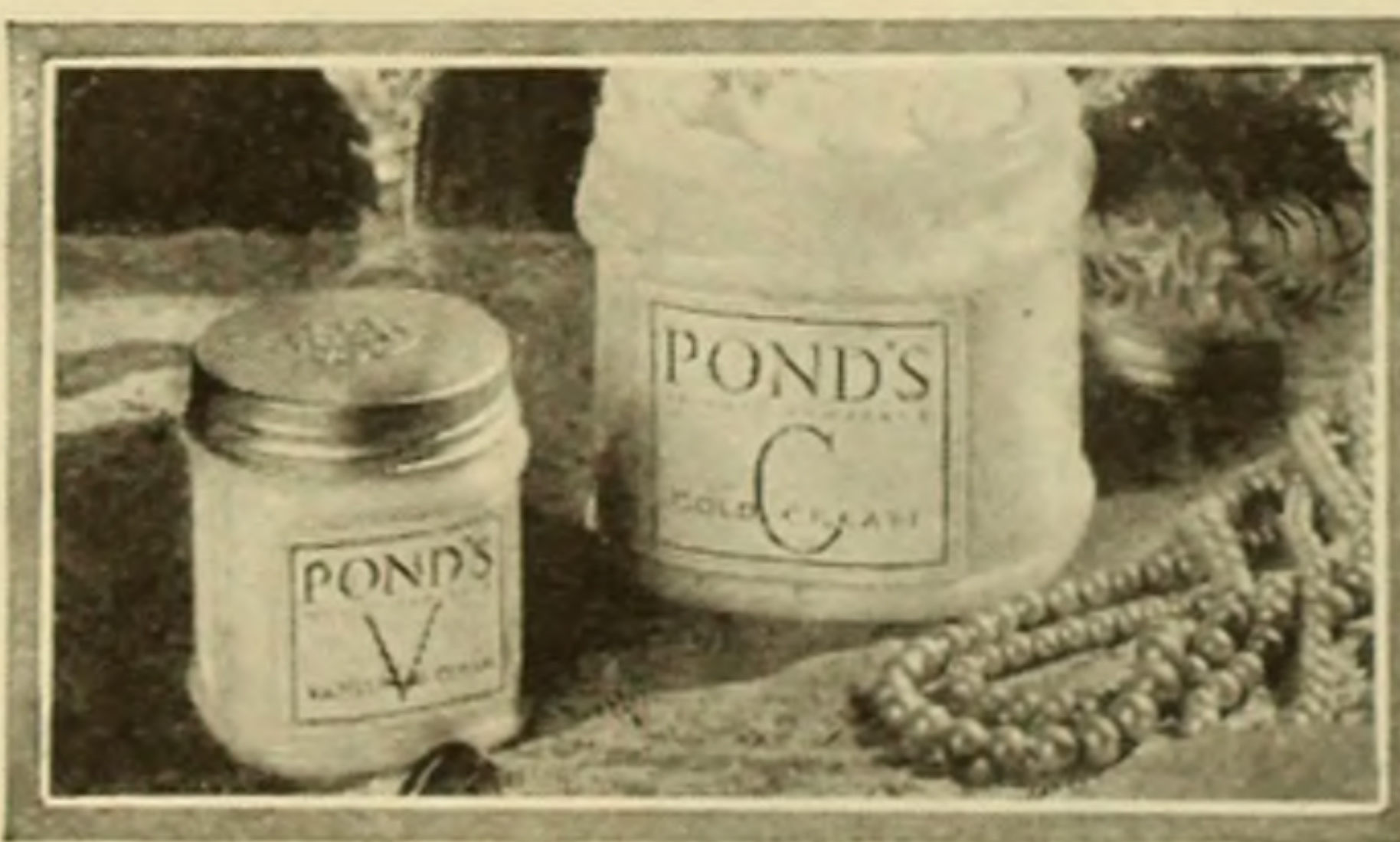
But however far her art may carry her, Elinor Patterson will never be just an actress. Wherever she goes she is drawn into social life. Her charm and beauty and her family's prestige make this inevitable. So she has to be doubly prepared, to appear before the world which sees her across the footlights, the world which sees her on the ballroom floor.

HER lovely skin with its rare petal texture, its flush of unfolding youth, its trans-

parent delicacy, in spite of the double strain put upon it, must be kept in all its present perishable loveliness—imperishable!

Miss Patterson believes this end can be achieved by the following use of Pond's Two Creams:

For cleansing your skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, before retiring and frequently during the day. Leave it on a few moments. Wipe off with a soft cloth or tissue, repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. For a delicate, smooth finish, a firm powder base and protection against dirt and weather, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after every daytime cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.



THE TWO CREAMS the younger set is using

Free Offer: Mail this coupon for trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and folder of instructions.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
147 Hudson Street, New York City

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

The Sight That Failed Her

Or, circumstances, more baffling than artistic temperament, over which the Great Director had no control

By James Clarke

CECIL DEMILLION was about to realize his life-long ambition. He had erected a set larger than ever before—it fairly dwarfed the pyramids or the Woolworth Building, and ran neck to neck with the German war debt.

If you get what I mean—this set was a wow—a set than which there was no whicher.

A non casual observer, after giving his eyes a twenty minute trip around its circumference, would probably say that it was the living room of John D. Mostlybuck's summer or, perhaps, winter home. If he did say this and Cecil heard him he would say he was right, except that John Mostlybuck's middle initial was not "D," since his name is Waldemar, which begins with a "W," as in the word "Waldemar."

"Are you ready?" shouted Cecil through a megaphone, specially built for this one big scene by the United Steel Corporation, with supports supplied by Trustem Bridge Co., Inc. Five minutes later the echo came bounding back, closely followed by a faint, far distant "Let 'er go."

"Are all the long distance phones installed for the conversation scene across the room?" "Have all the waiters been equipped with motorcycles for the banquet scene?" "Are all the rolling conveyors installed for carrying the glances around the room?"

Thus question after question boomed from the gigantic horn, until the vast room became a great bedlam of cannonading that made strong men quake in their boots, or even in their stocking feet if they were unfortunate enough to be caught in that state.

Suddenly from a corner of the room far removed from Cecil a speck appeared. Seizing a handy pair of field glasses (Cecil was a great hand to have lots of glasses around either full or just drained) and placing them to his eyes in accordance with

an old custom, he perceived that the speck, was, forsooth, two things, a horse and a rider. Barring accidents they should reach him within ten minutes and meanwhile he held his breath (this is believed to break all previous records at breath holding and will be presented to the next meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union for confirmation).

Exactly ten minutes later, daylight saving time, the erstwhile rider was at Cecil's feet, or perhaps, for accuracy, we should say, "foot," as Cecil had one foot neatly supported on a chair, as was his wont.

"The worst thing possible has happened," the courier managed to gasp after swallowing hard twice and gulping once.

"Spare no details," came back Cecil, after steeling himself with stolen courage.

"You remember Lotta Lukes, if I'm not mistaken,"—this from the half portion of the above mentioned speck that wasn't the horse.

"You are not mistaken," Cecil assured him. "I do remember her. She is the leading lady in this, my greatest and best production."

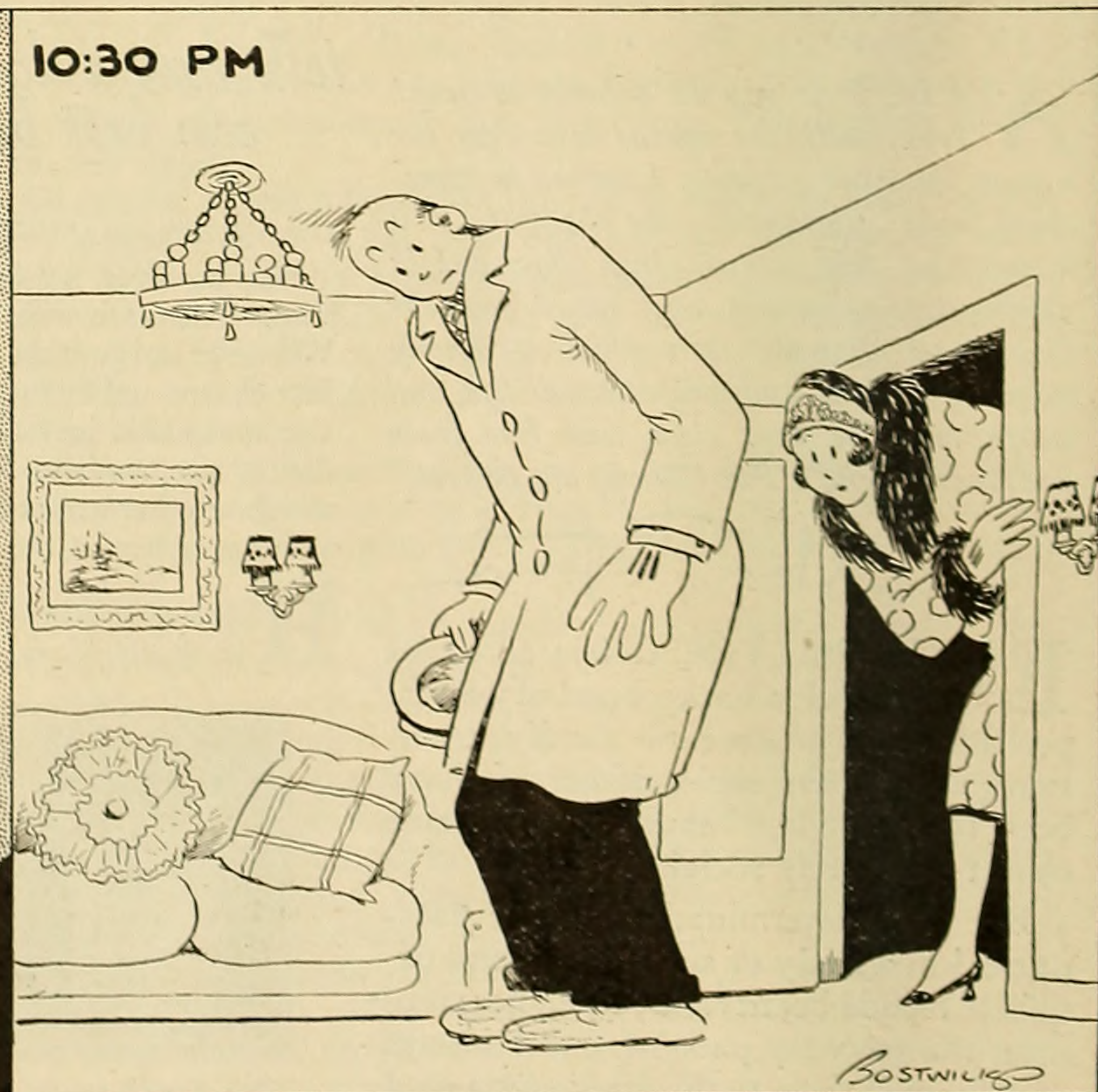
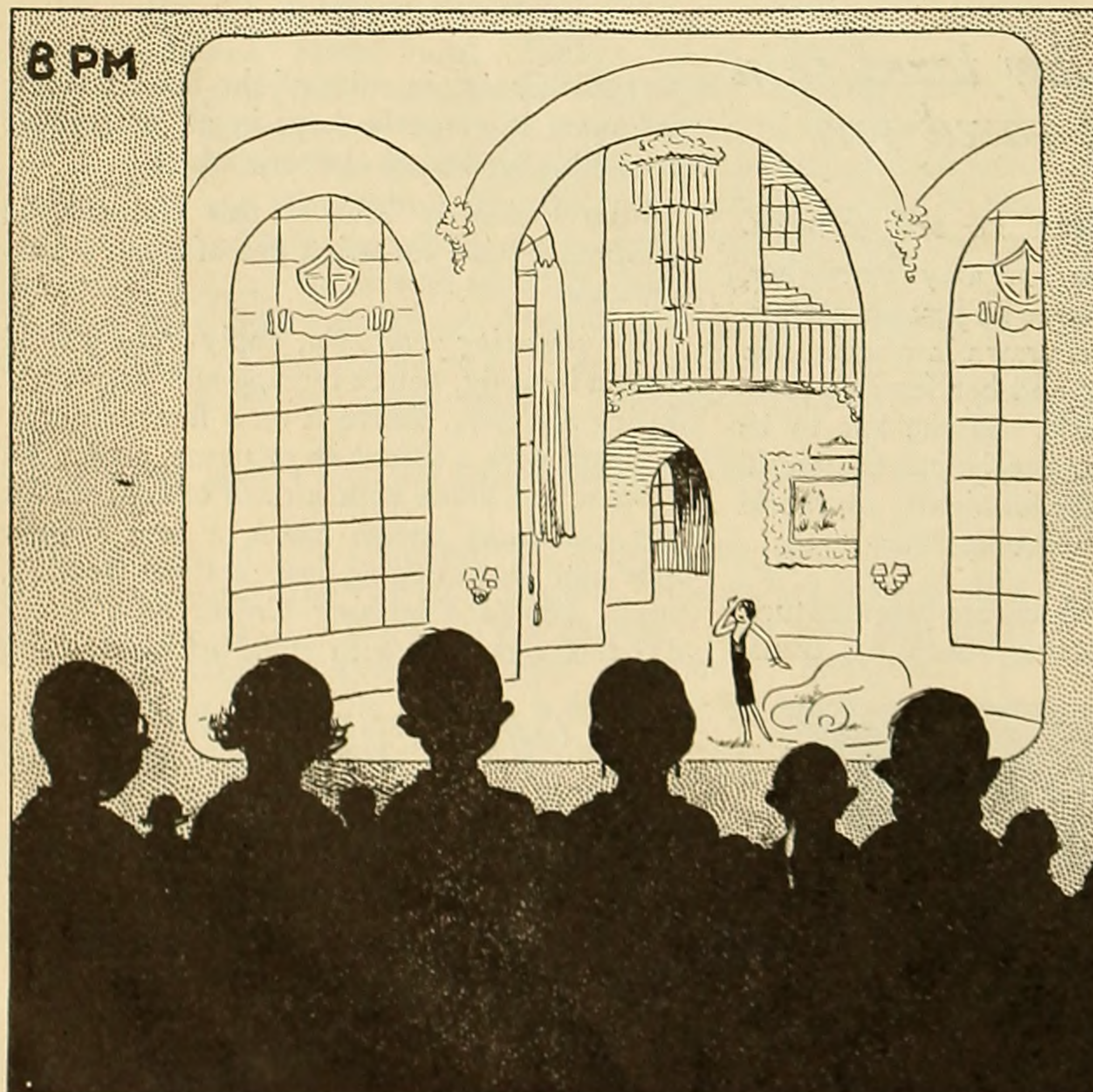
"Well," gulped the messenger for the third time by actual count, "that's just the trouble. It's all off, she can't play in this setting."

"T'ell she can't," from Cecil, "Ain't she the greatest movie queen that was ever good to her mother and liked to roll up her sleeves and cook?"

"That may all be, but she can never play in this picture." And then he fairly shouted,

"WHY, SHE'S NEAR SIGHTED!"

The pallbearers were six of Cecil's most intimate associates and business friends.



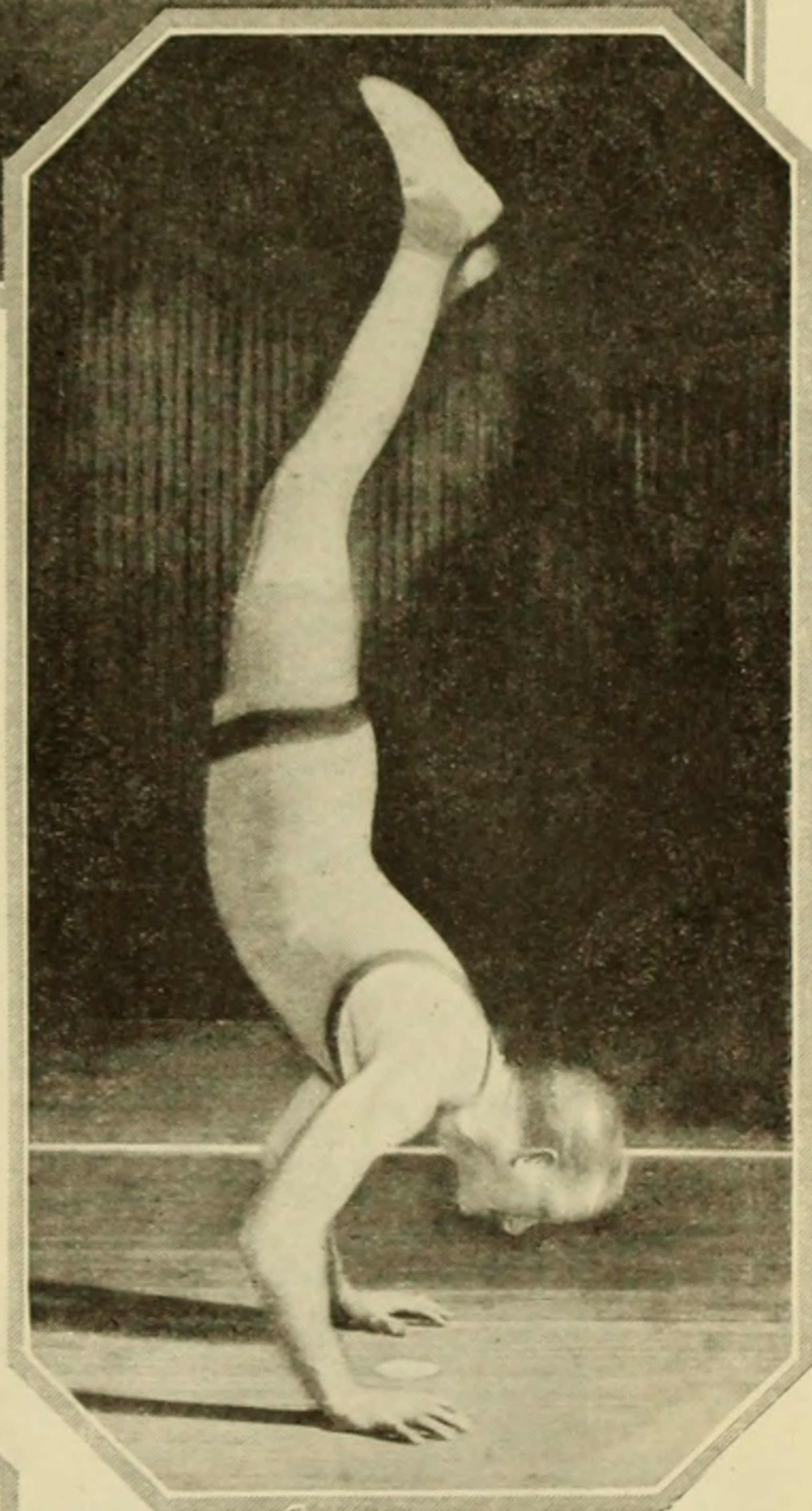
After viewing a film super-production the cozy little flat for two does seem a little crowded

Gone, that "all-in" feeling!



"I AM A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN. I began to get worried when my skin lost its freshness. I was desperate. One day in school a friend offered me one of her Fleischmann's Yeast sandwiches, which she told me were tasty and beneficial. I began to eat Yeast sandwiches. In two weeks I was feeling better; in about three my skin had regained its natural freshness. Now, I feel and look as a girl of seventeen should. The credit is all due to Fleischmann's Yeast."

ANNA WALDRON, Bloomfield, N. J.



"AN ATHLETE and former physical director of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, during the war I served as director of an aniline dye plant. When I returned to my old active work, I was not fit; I suffered from an acid stomach. Then I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. I no longer suffer from acidity of the stomach . . . And I enthusiastically recommend Yeast to the men who come to me to be kept fit."

FRANK MILLS, Cincinnati, Ohio



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system — aids digestion — clears the skin — banishes constipation.

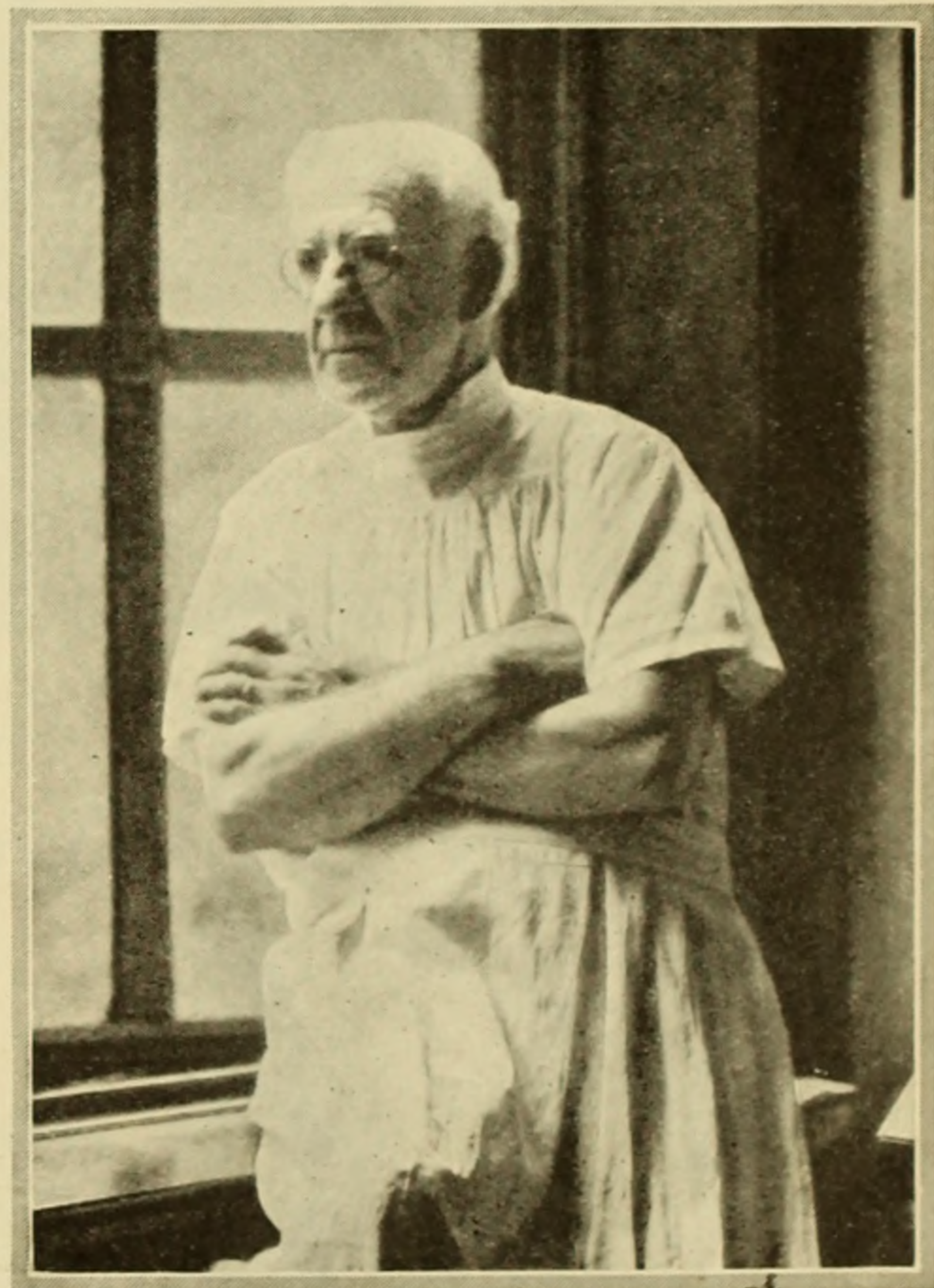
*Constipation banished—
skin and stomach disorders corrected—
glorious, invincible vitality once more—
with the aid of one simple food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

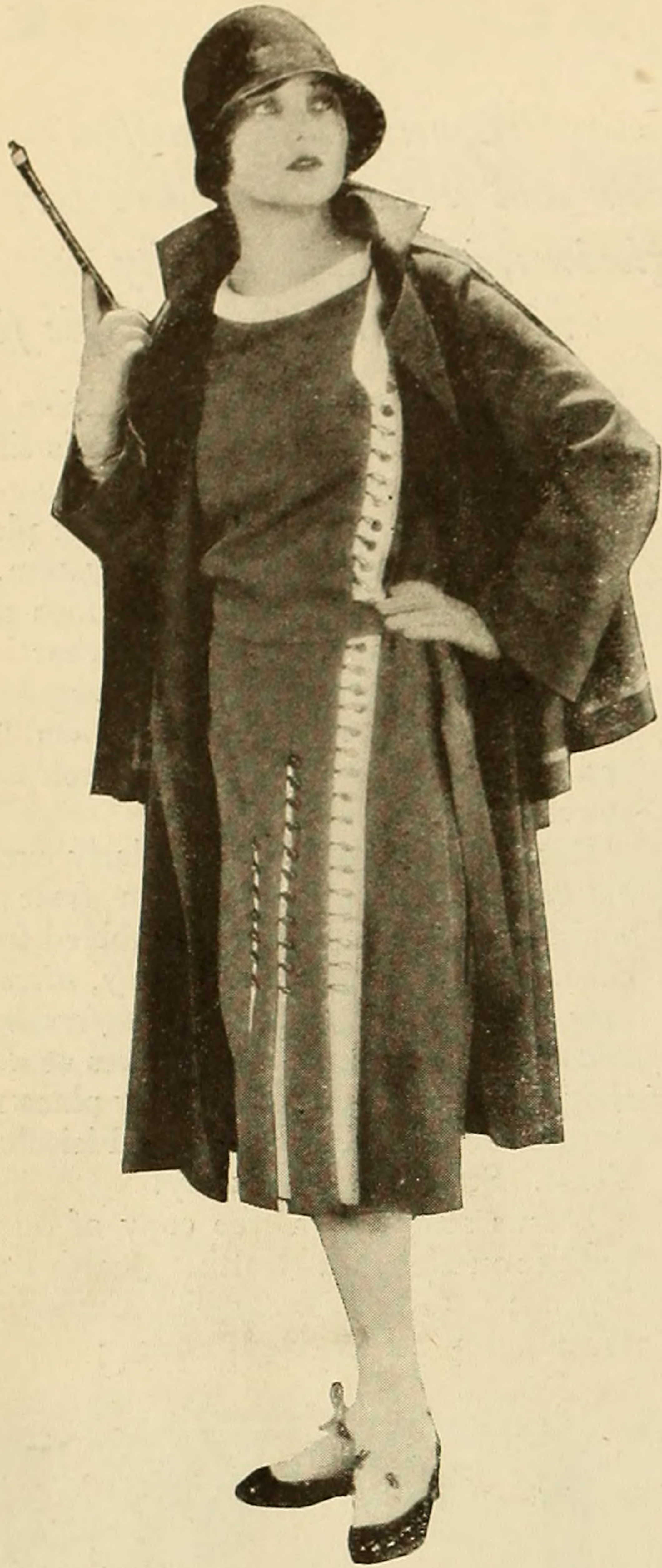
Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 17, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO I began to feel all out of sorts and generally run down. I attributed this condition to constipation and overwork. I am an osteopathic physician. I began taking 'Fleischmann's Yeast.' I am now in fine physical condition. My constipation is gone. And I am recommending Fleischmann's Yeast daily to many of my patients."

ERNEST M. HERRING, D. O., New York City

The Clothes of a Perfect Day



Later afternoon, to contrast with the greyish-green ensemble, Corinne dons this outfit—a white felt hat, a Russian coat embroidered in pastel colors and boots of soft, white kid



Morning, afternoon and night. In three costumes beautiful Corinne Griffith shows a delightful and complete wardrobe for the smart girl. The ensemble above is for morning and early afternoon



Corinne's evening cloak is of ostrich, graduating black, grey and white; her gown of coral satin embroidered with sunbursts of silver, slippers of silver, stockings nude tinted. Evening clothes like these suit any occasion, clime or season



A lavender horsehair hat perfect for formal afternoon teas or informal dinners



UNKNOWN BEAUTY

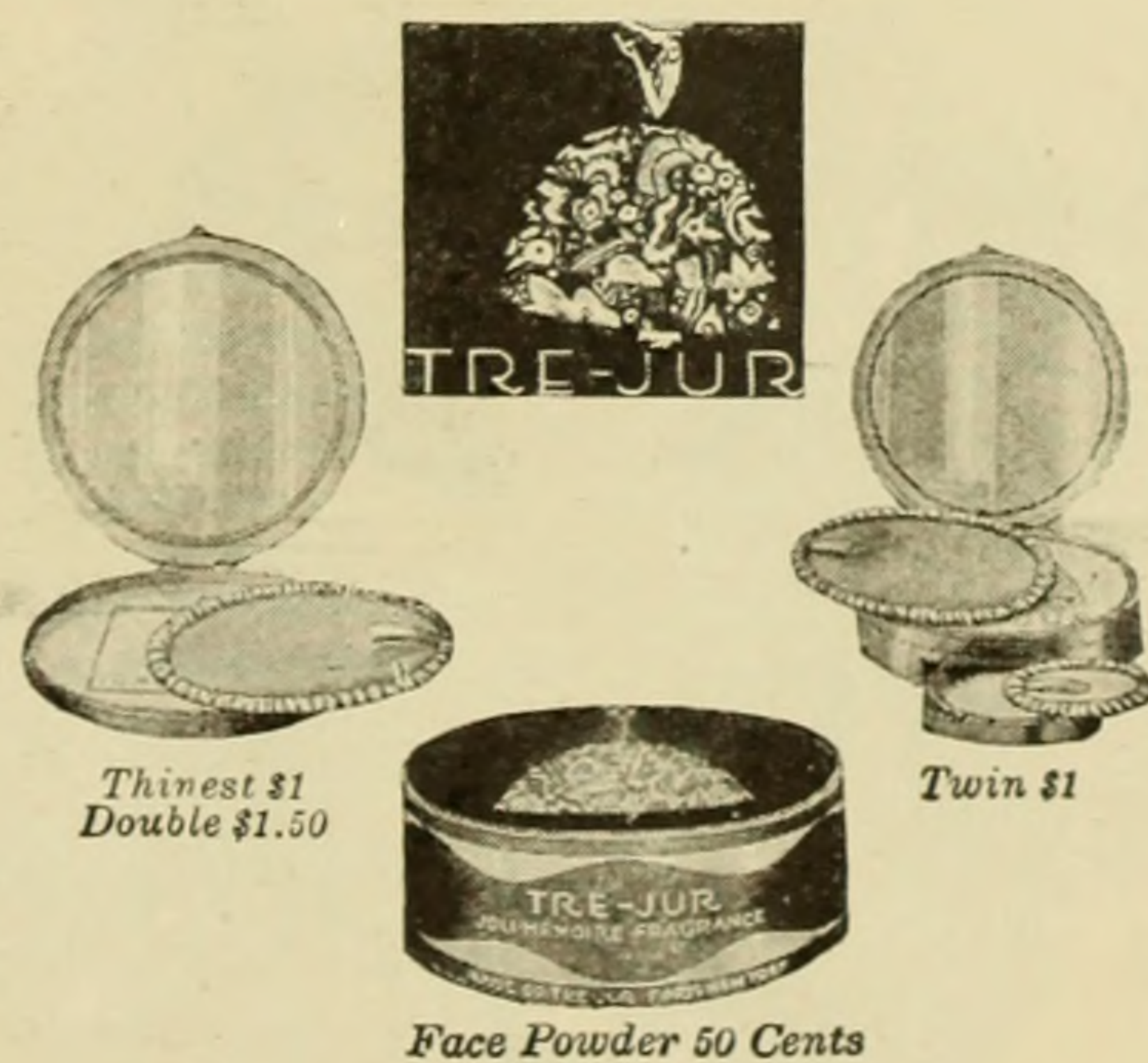
There are thousands like her

THESE days—when delightful women familiar to Fame are endorsing this cream and that rouge or perfume—we take secret joy in the knowledge that countless beauties, *unknown to greatness* are using Tre-Jur Compacts and Tre-Jur Face Powder. . .

And finding in them, the final touch to Charm.

For the name Tre-Jur has become the popular Symbol of Loveliness—and its use by beauties famed and beauties unsung, is not only habit, but Fashion.

Tre-Jur Compacts have captured the Feminine World for three quite simple



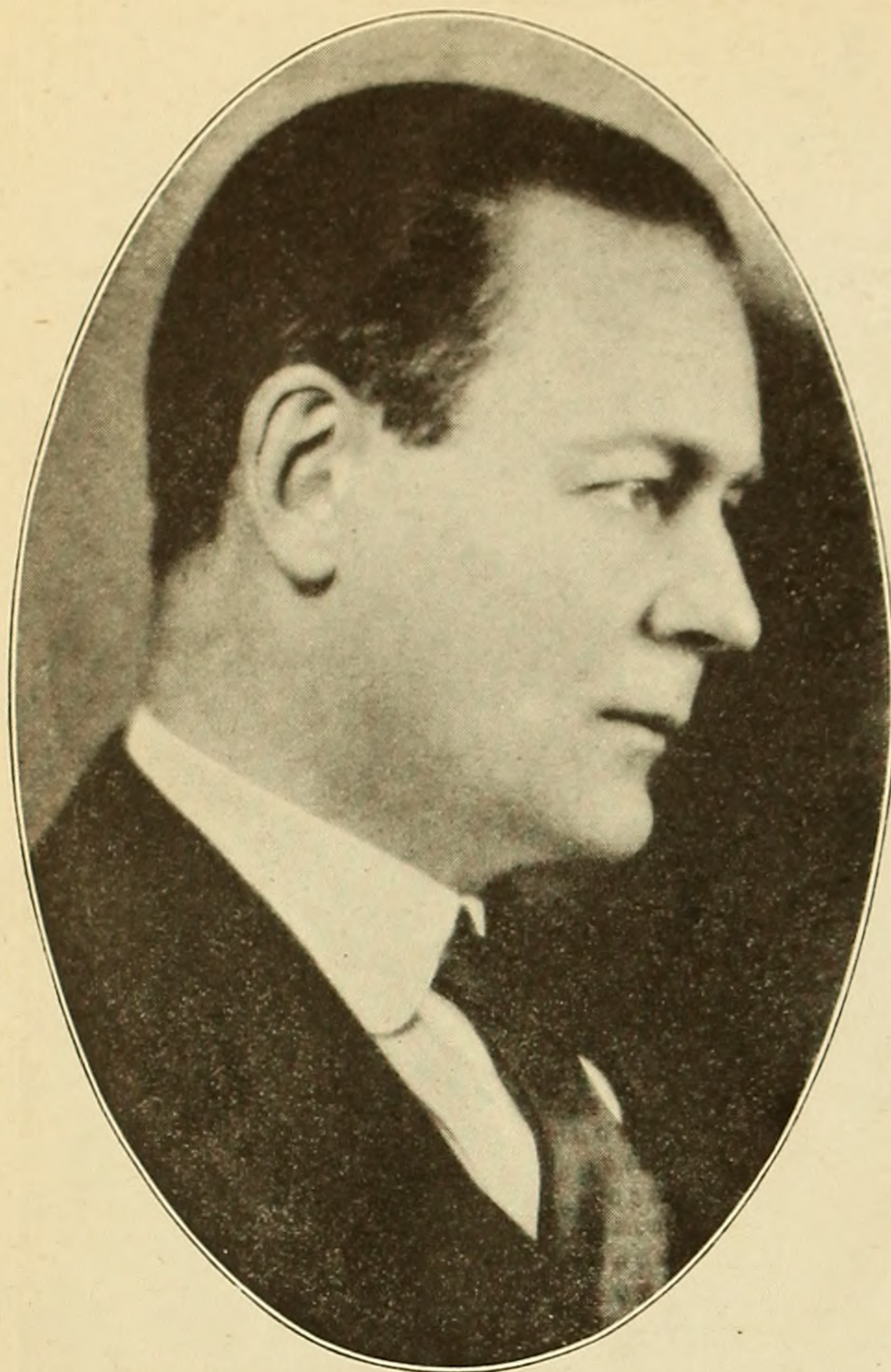
reasons . . . They are designed for supreme convenience. They are exquisite in their form and contents. They represent greater *value* than any compacts in America. Speaking of Value—do you know Tre-Jur Face Powder? Exquisite in quality, silken soft—in a lovely box of generous size—at 50c.

Sold at your favorite store or sent by mail from us. Compact refills are always available.

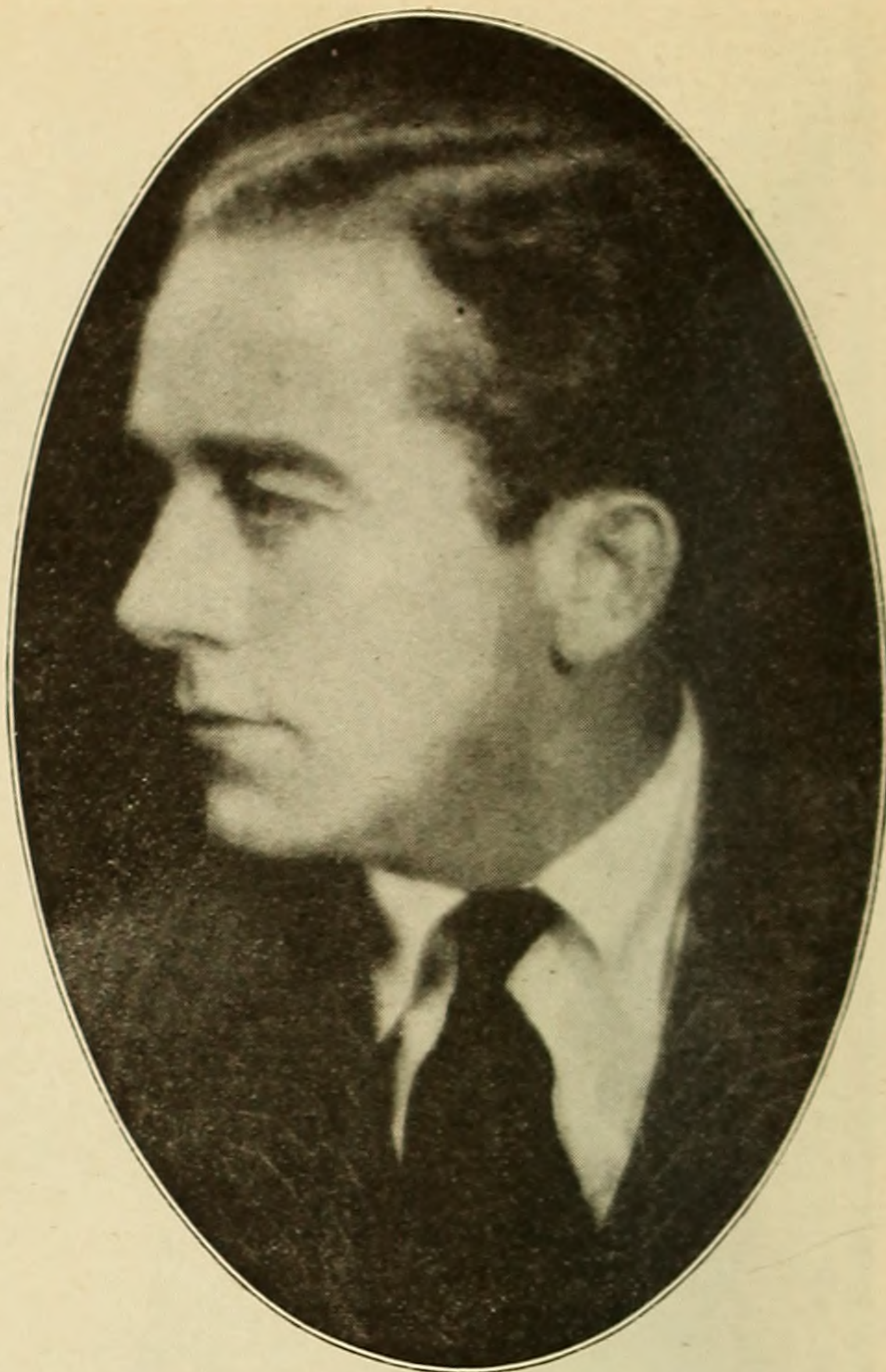
HOUSE of TRE-JUR, Inc. 19 W. 18th St., N.Y.
22 Rue La Lande—Paris

TRE-JUR

FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS



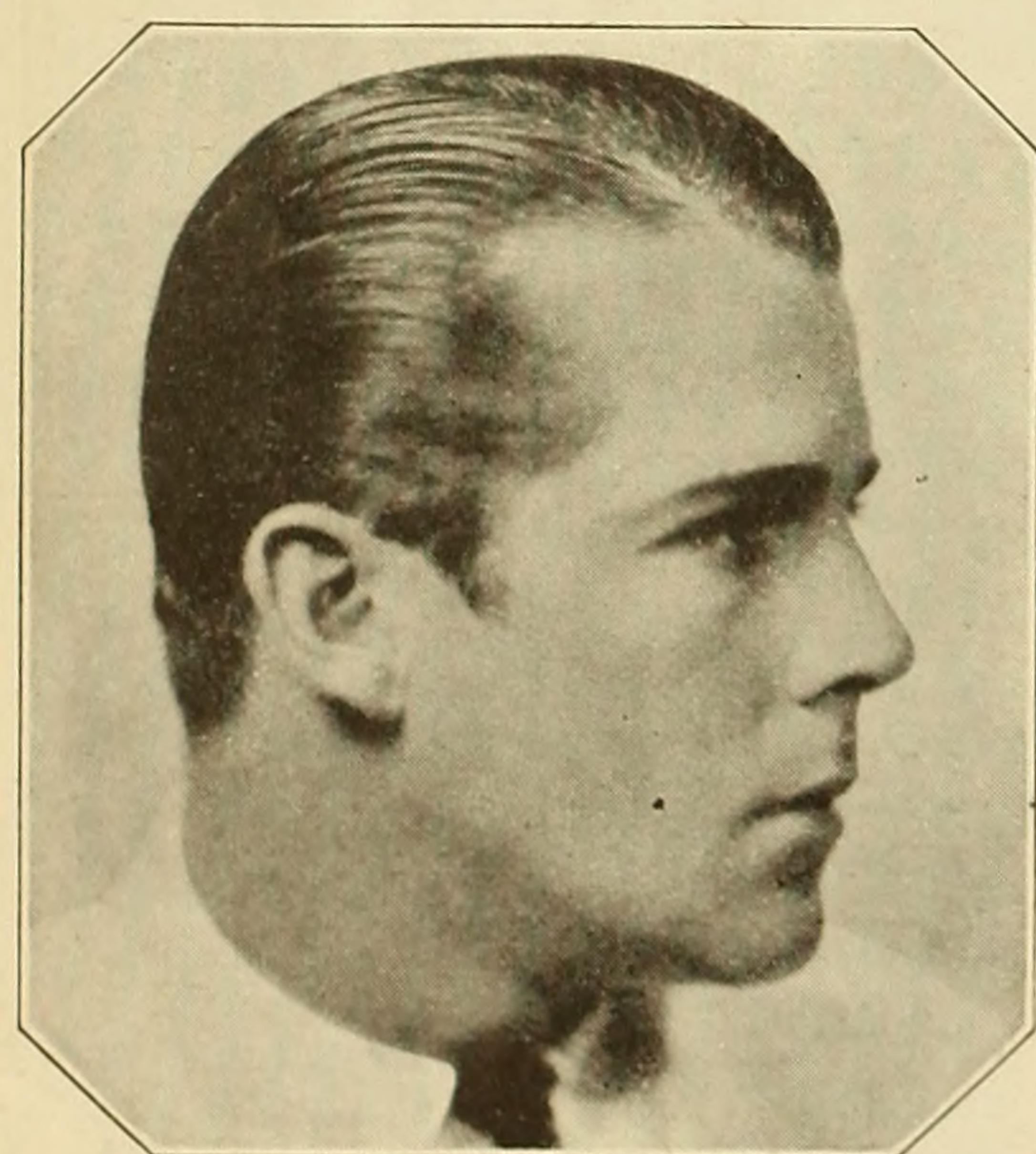
Ten years ago Huntley Gordon varied his stage work with posing for collar ads, and thereby earned the title of "one of the original collar ad men." The cinema beckoned—now Huntley is the screen's most misunderstood man



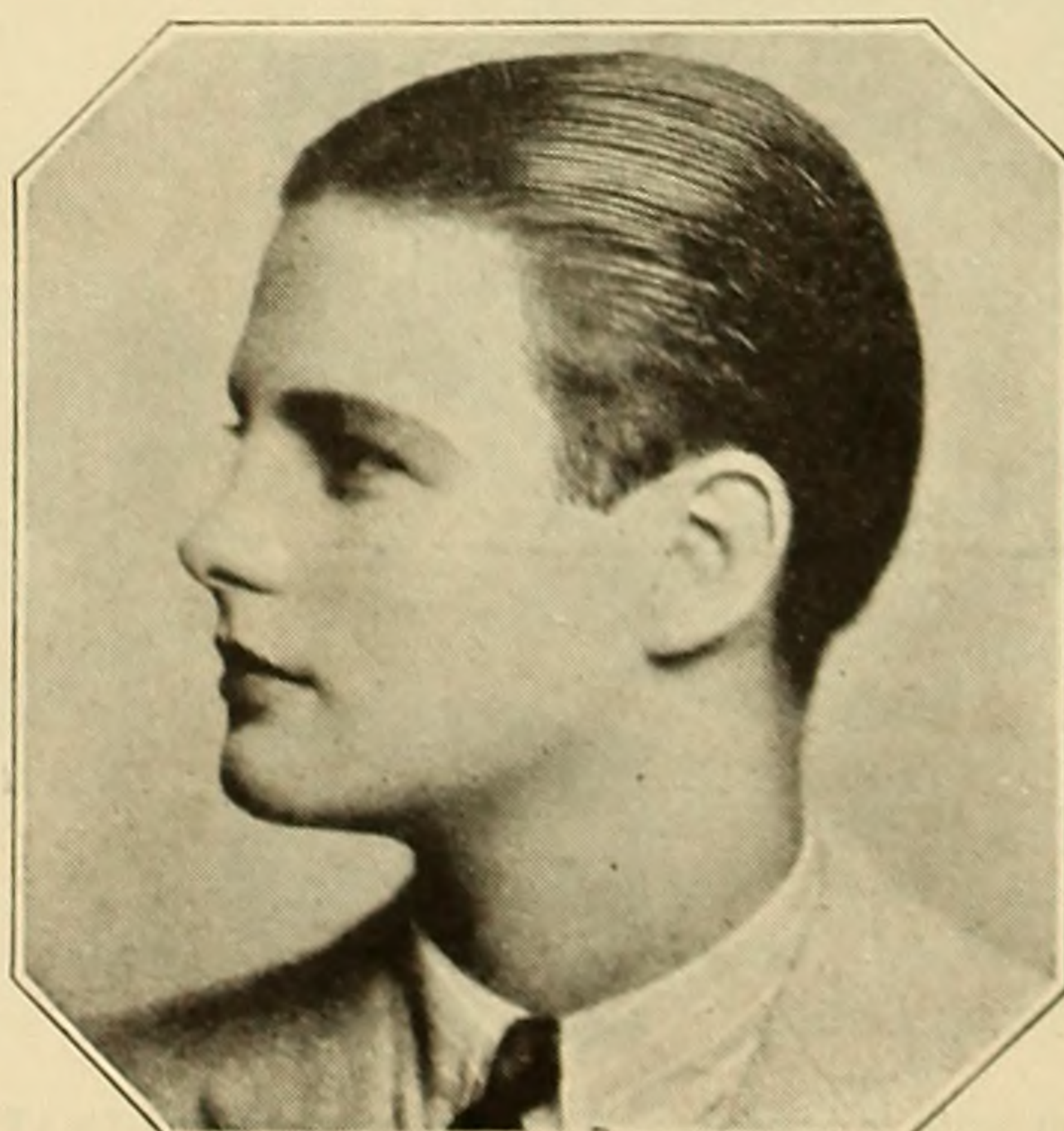
Back in the good old days Jack Mulhall divided his time between the stage and the model's platform, and his likeness decorated many a signboard advertising the latest cravat. Nowadays Jack is one of our most popular leading men, often seen opposite the Talmadges

Model Young Men

They're in the Movies Now



Illustrators saw Reed Howes as the typical American youth—athletic and handsome—and he posed for many collar ads. Three years ago he abandoned the starched collar in favor of the sport shirt model and became a handsome daredevil of the screen



Masculine necks are usually mere collar racks—and not what you'd call pretty. But Mathias Kemp won his first fame as the possessor of a perfect neck, which he obligingly encircled with a popular make collar for pictorial purposes. Now Matty is in the Universal stock company



What the Ziegfeld Follies are to beautiful young girls, the collar ads are to handsome young men. William Lawrence is another model young man with classic profile who got a chance in pictures after he had appeared many times before the collar ad public

"How should I wash clothes made of Rayon?"

women ask us

One woman writes: "Last week I purchased two lovely rayon undervests at a very attractive price. Now I want to know how to wash them since I have heard that rayon is hard to launder. Won't you please tell me if it is safe in Lux?"

RAYON is a new kind of textile fibre, the first man has succeeded in creating. It is entirely different from silk or wool or cotton. *And more sensitive to laundering than any one of these three!*

To help women avoid unfortunate experiences with washing rayon, the largest soap manufacturers in the world—the makers of Lux—experimented in their laboratories till they found what they believe is the safest way of all to care for it.

When rayon is wet it loses a great deal of its strength (some grades more than others). This strength comes back as soon as the fabric dries.

Any treatment

but the gentlest most careful, seriously affects the delicate fibres.

Never wring, never twist, never rub rayon. *Rubbing with cake soap may ruin it.* For when wet the fibres are temporarily weakened so that even light pressure may break them apart.

The safest, gentlest way to wash rayon is in sparkling, bubbling Lux suds! With Lux there is no rubbing to harm delicate fibres. You know from using Lux for your silks and woollens that it won't harm the most fragile thing that water alone won't injure.

Follow the directions in the panel when you next wash rayon—they tell you the safest way. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

NEVER were underthings more exquisite, more delicate in colorings than this season! Many of the new vests and knickers are of rayon, the artificial silk which has grown so enormously popular. Many of the new stockings, too, are made of rayon. Launder them the safest, gentlest way of all—the Lux way!



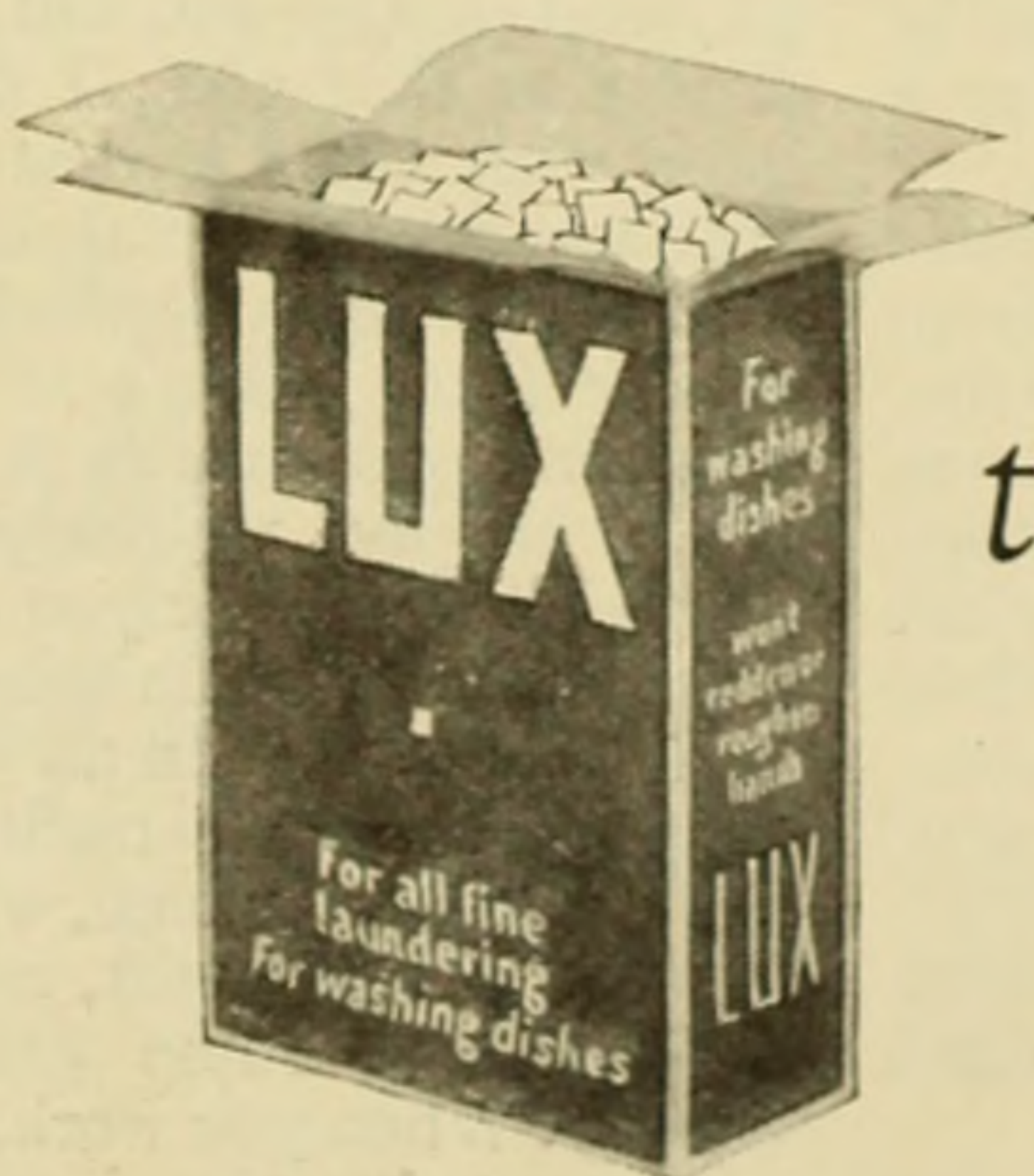
The Safest Way to Wash Rayon

Cut out these directions
—follow them next time

WHIP up a tablespoonful of Lux in lukewarm water. Take off your rings—the prongs might tear the wet fibres. A rough finger nail, too, may catch in the fabric and cause damage.

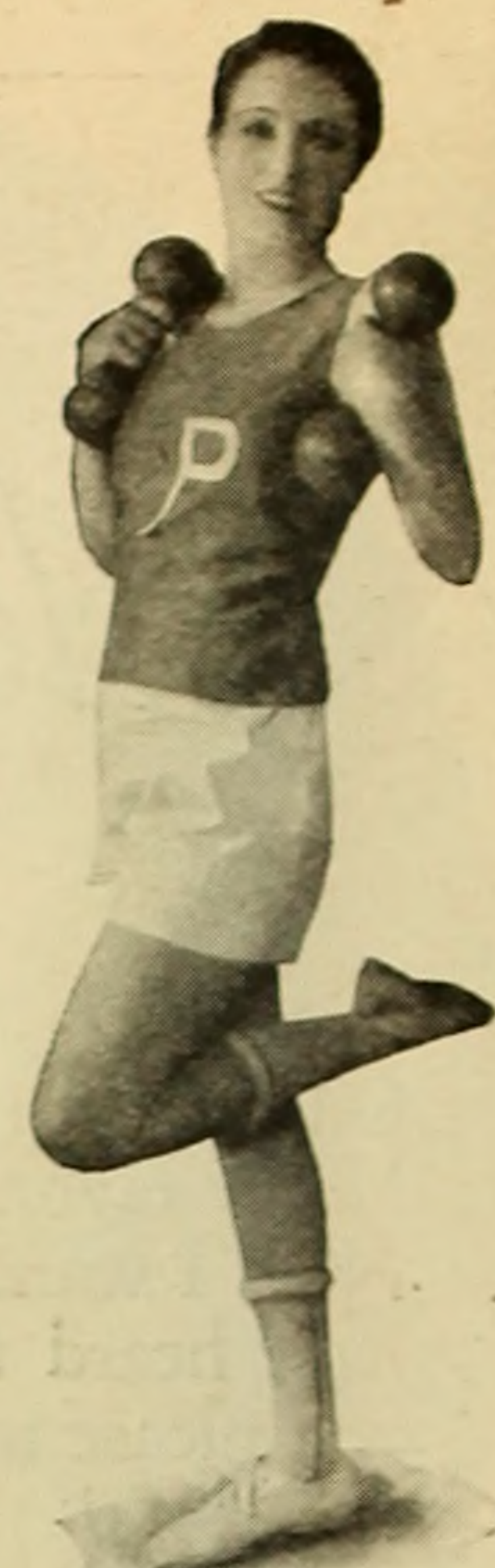
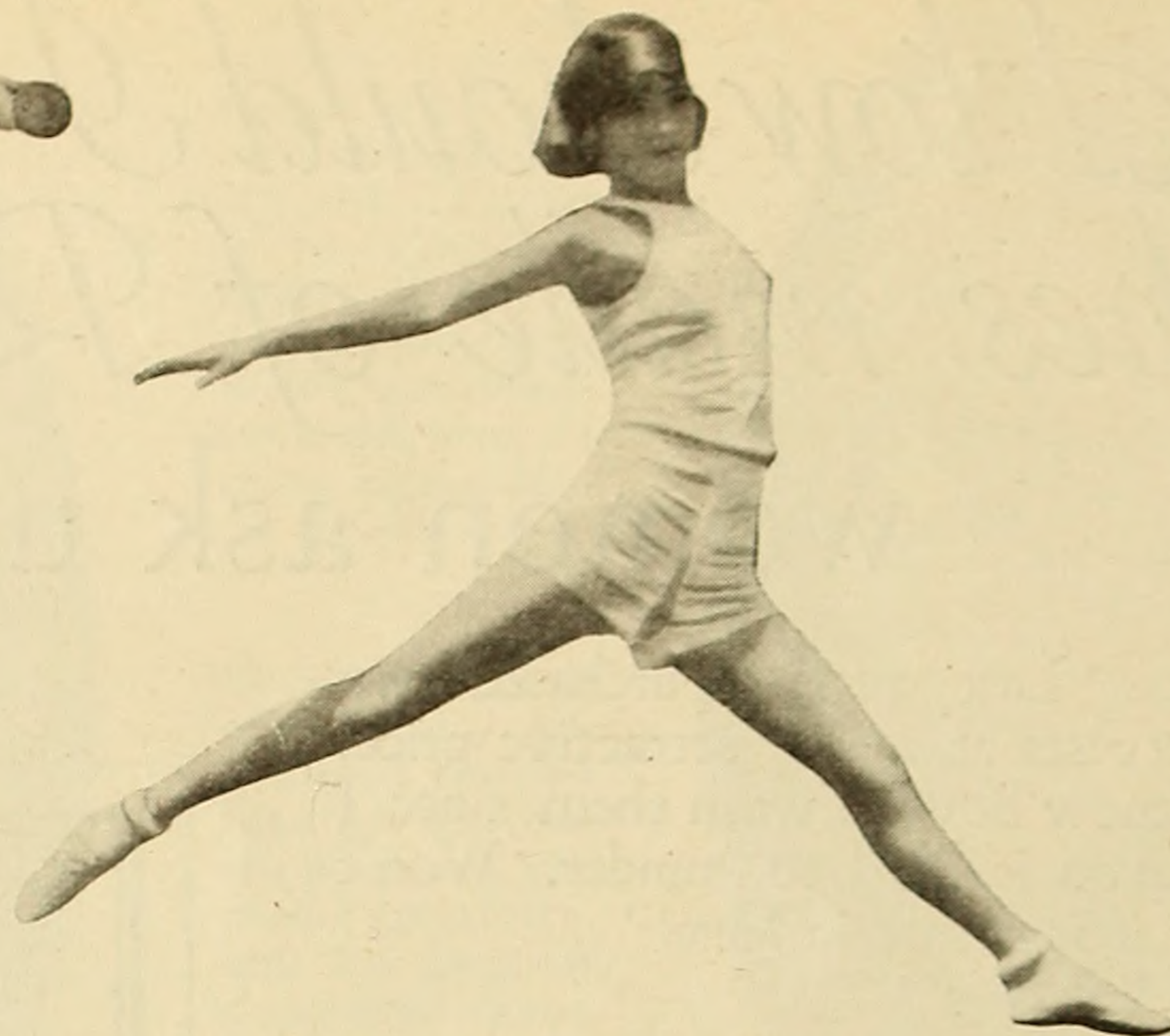
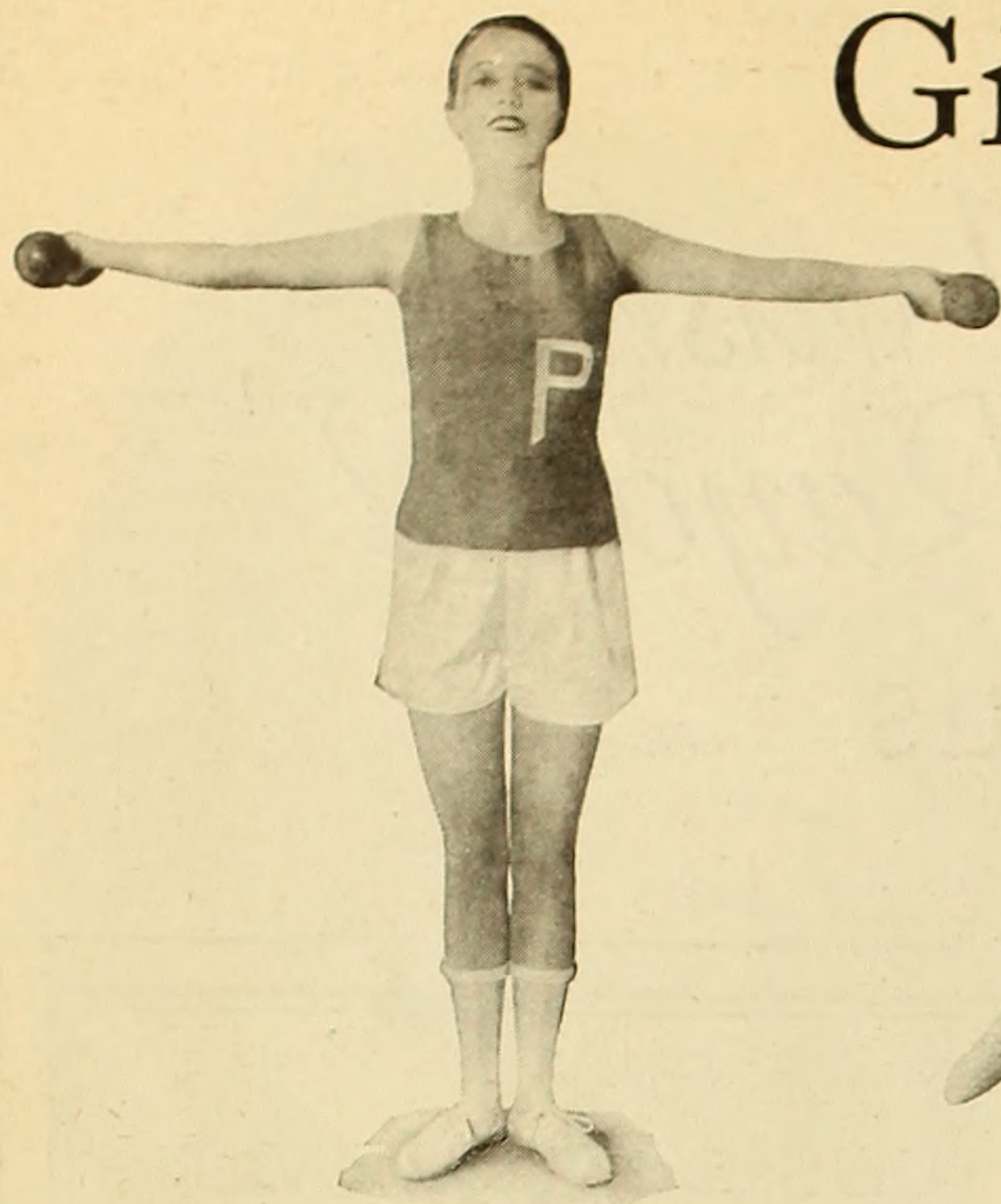
Plunge your underthings into these fluffy bubbling, *pure* Lux suds. Swirl them about, gently pressing the suds through the fabric. *Never* rub with a cake of soap! Then squeeze out the suds—never wring—and rinse several times in lukewarm water.

To dry, wrap the garment in a towel and squeeze out as much water as possible, do not twist. Then spread on a towel and pull into shape or hang the garment lengthwise over a clothesline or rack. *Never* use clothespins. *Never* dry in excessive heat. For rayon garments which require pressing, iron across the weave with a warm, not hot, iron.



Now
the big convenient
package, too

Girls' Problems



Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck

Her Letter

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I am a business girl and I am troubled with the problem of always being tired. My health is perfectly satisfactory, but I simply haven't any pep. What shall I do about it? I work in a small office as a typist. The work isn't very hard, but I put in eight hours daily there. I would like to walk home, but I never feel up to it. I never feel up to doing much of anything, but I'm only twenty, and I hate going home every night and staying in like an old lady. Can you tell me a cure for this?

My Reply

Energy conquers all things.

I would like to have this as a wall motto for every ambitious girl. Energy conquers all things.

It is unlike any other quality in the world. The more you use the more you have. You have only twenty-four hours in each day. You have only one life to live. But your energy, your pep or vitality, is limited only by your demands upon it.

If you don't make yourself work hard, you won't. If you don't make yourself stir, you'll just sit. And then along about fifty, you'll wonder where your life is and why you didn't get the lucky breaks like the other fellow.

There has never been a really peppy human who has staged a lasting failure. Such persons may make mistakes that cause a temporary failure, but you can't keep them down. They rise to the top as inevitably as a cork in an ocean. It is impossible for a girl filled with vitality to stay ordinary.

I make these statements flatly to you, little Miss Tired Typist, because I know from observation and practice that they are true.

Provided there is nothing organically wrong with a person, there is no reason that they have to be always tired except that they are lazy and want to be tired. The tiredness then becomes an excuse from further exertion.

First, then, go to the best doctor in your town and have a physical examination. Don't come away comforted with a liver pill. Get his real opinion. All good doctors are worth talking and listening to.

Even if he tells you there is something out of plumb with your internal arrangements, you

don't have to accept that as defeat. There never was a sicker man than Robert Louis Stevenson, who found the gigantic energy to become a very great author. Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, went on to triumph, burdened with a hunched back and a crippled foot. The list of such people is limitless.

But taking you at your word that your health is good, I must urge you to make it perfect. When I say the more energy you use, the more you have, I do not mean that you can work all day in your office and dance all night at a smoky cabaret and have additional

Play hard each day. Choose for your recreation something in which you are really interested, and if possible make it one of the open-air sports. Try to plan each day so that it holds a little laughter for you. If you can't laugh at anything else, laugh at yourself. That can always be done and it's very healthy, too.

When you move, move with snap. When you rest, do so completely. Don't be a self stopper. Nobody ever heard of a flat tire being the life of the party.

When you leave your office and you feel tired because you have been working with your brains all day—at least, I hope you have—do, by all means, walk home briskly. The blood will start flowing through your veins and before the first mile is passed, you will feel so refreshed, you'll hardly believe you're the same person.

Finally, train your imagination to expect big things of you. Raise your standard high enough and you'll run to keep up with it. It is better to burn your candle at both ends than never to light it at all.

MICKEY OF IDEALS.

Mickey, I think the very best thing you could do is follow your brother's example and show your love for your parents. If you really want to go to college, be prepared so that you could work your way through whether it is necessary or not. It isn't harder for girls to work than it is for boys. Girls just think it is, that's all. You write a very good letter and I think it is quite possible that you could learn to be an excellent journalist, but don't choose the profession thinking it's an easy one. It's a very hard one.

JEAN LEE.

For five feet, 7 inches, if you are about 20 years old, the correct weight is approximately 135 pounds. With your light brown hair, greenish blue eyes and fair complexion you can wear white relieved with some other color; black not especially good; golden brown; blue; blue gray; darkest purple; no red; pale pink and soft rose; bronze. Straight line dresses have the effect of making one appear taller but a girl of your height can wear any model she chooses because long slender lines are very fashionable.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Getting "Pep" Is This Month's Problem

Write me your problems. If you desire a personal reply in matters that need understanding rather than rules, I will be glad to send it. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply.

I have had printed for you directions for obtaining any desired improvement in your appearance—advice on diet, reducing, increasing weight, care of skin, general health. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for them.

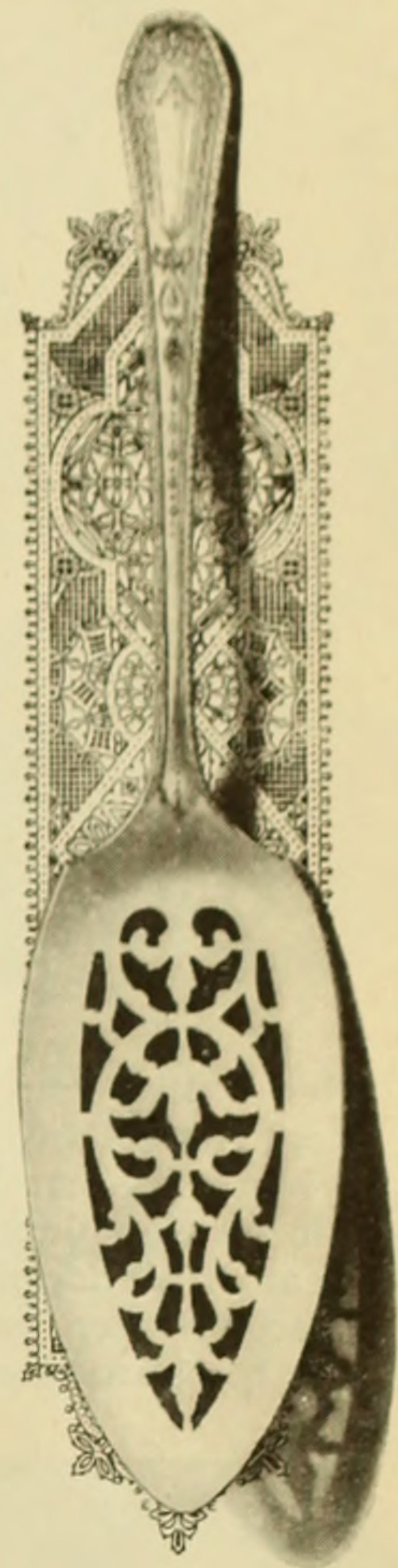
pep. But if you will intersperse mental with physical energy, you will get the added vitality. As far as that goes, I do believe that a half hour with the Charleston is more beneficial than a week with a bottle of sulphur and molasses.

Common sense applied to health is the finest energy force. One's destiny is not half so much in one's stars as in one's diet.

Eat simply, regularly and not too much. Drink all the water you can. Get all the fresh air you can. Fifteen minutes a day of exercise may very well mean an extra thousand dollars a year in earning capacity. Take a daily bath. Get eight hours' sleep, with at least a half hour of it before midnight, as many nights a week as possible. These are sane safeguards of vitality. When you work, work hard. Dawdling uses up twice the energy that the drive to win does.



©1925 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

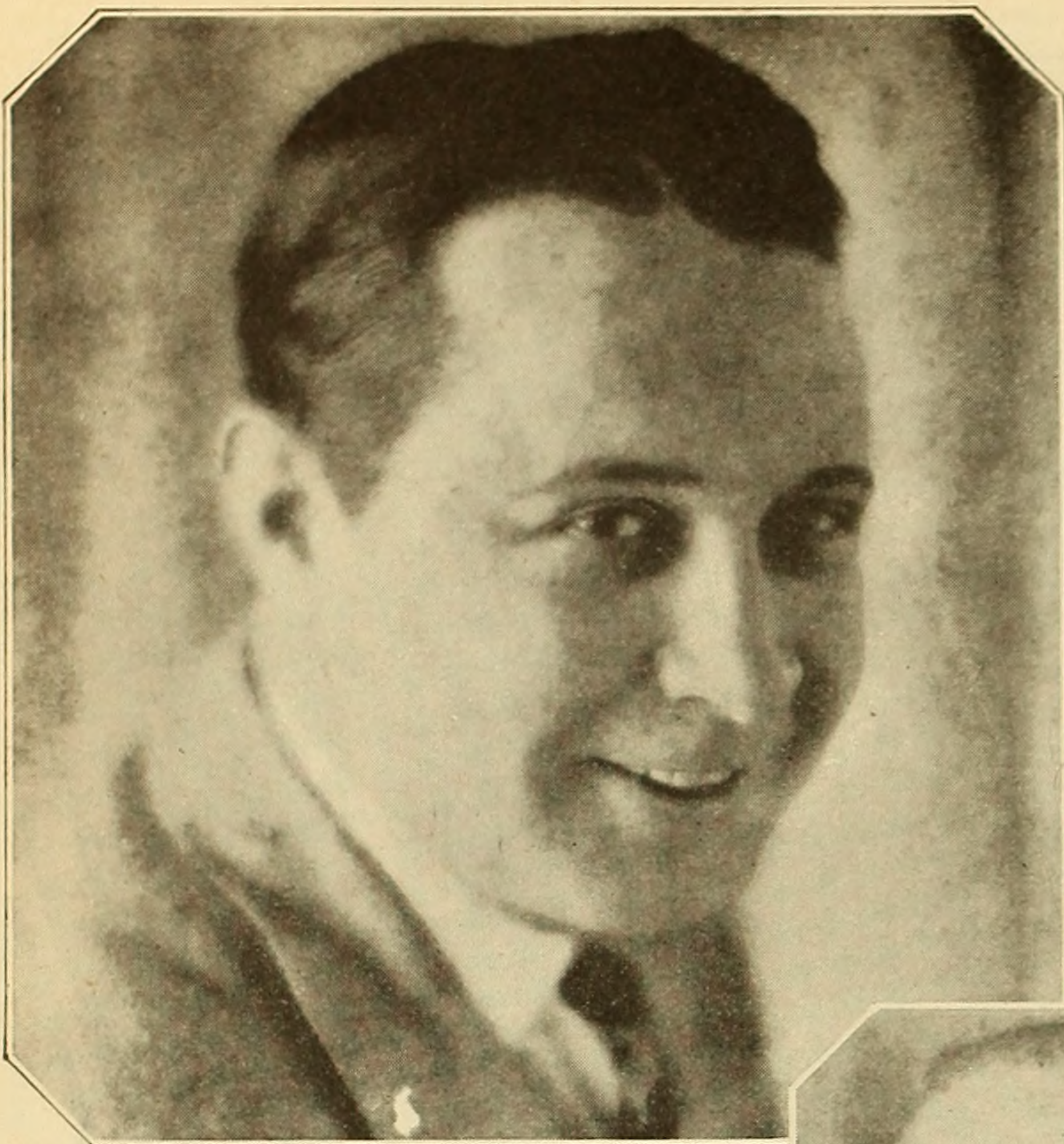


DEMEYER.

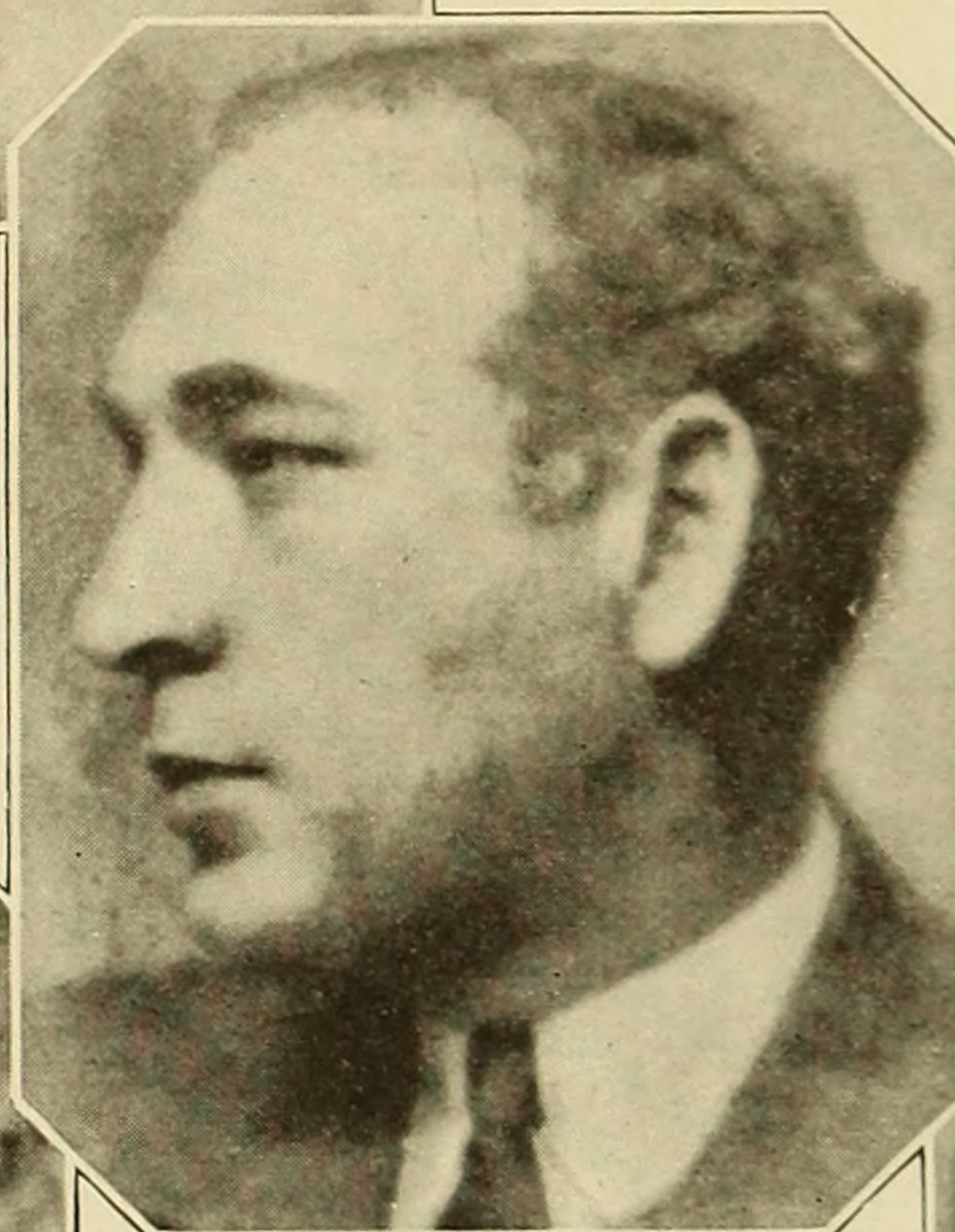
LANVIN - Paris. created this
 Bridal Gown especially for
 COMMUNITY PLATE, "the silver of brides"

Lovely as the wedding march on muted violins,
 Community Plate is as much a part of the
 wedding as the bride's bouquet . . . A sea-
 blue chest, filled with gleaming silver for six
 covers . . . Slim silver teaspoons . . . A lace-
 like pastry-server . . . all in the finest plate
 . . . Which is your choice? . . . The chest is
 \$37.75. The teaspoons are \$3.75 for a set of
 six. The single piece may be \$4.25.

Some Descendants of America's Oldest Families



Red, white and blue. Monte has kept his picturesque Indian name, which means Blue Mountain. Monte was placed in an orphanage near Indianapolis, when his rail-roader father, half Cherokee, failed to return from his last run



Twenty-five per cent of the little red corpuscles that animate Edwin Carewe are Chickasaw Indian. His grandmother was a full-blood member of that tribe. Mr. Carewe produces and directs good pictures for First National



Maybe her Cherokee ancestors would have called her "Princess Rippling Locks." Some people call her Mrs. Rudolph Valentino No. 1. But she is winning fame under her own name—Jean Acker, in Cecil De Mille pictures



Manhammer's son. Not until he has distinguished himself in the eyes of his tribe can this little Navajo boy have a name of his own. Because of his distinguished performance of Nasja in "The Vanishing American," we have christened him "Good Actor"



This is not Priscilla Dean or Barbara Bedford. It is Princess Leaping Deer of the Dakota tribe of Sioux Indians. She was discovered pounding maize by Jack Hoxie's company on location near Deadwood, S. D. The Princess is now in Hollywood studying movie contracts

Only 2 Women in 10 Today

still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday

8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way which solves woman's oldest hygienic problem . . . by ending the insecurity and uncertainty of old ways . . . and by providing easy disposal.



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND
Graduate Nurse

THE rigid exactments of modern social and business life demand a new hygiene for women. Days are too precious, too full, to be lost . . . or interfered with by even natural complications.

For that reason, you will find much more than simply a mere convenience in this new way. It will make a great difference in your life.

Gayest, filmiest frocks may now be worn without a moment's thought. Social demands are met in confidence. One lives every day . . . unhandicapped. The uncertainty of the old-time sanitary pad has been supplanted with a protection both absolute and scientific.

Factors that changed the hygienic habits of the world

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton, covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

Each Kotex pad deodorizes with a new

secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives!

Easy disposal—simply discard

[[There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would a piece of tissue—without embarrassment.]]

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, your peace of mind, your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

You can get it anywhere, today

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy. Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in 2 sizes: the Regular, and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex will be mailed free on request. Cellucotton Products Co., 166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

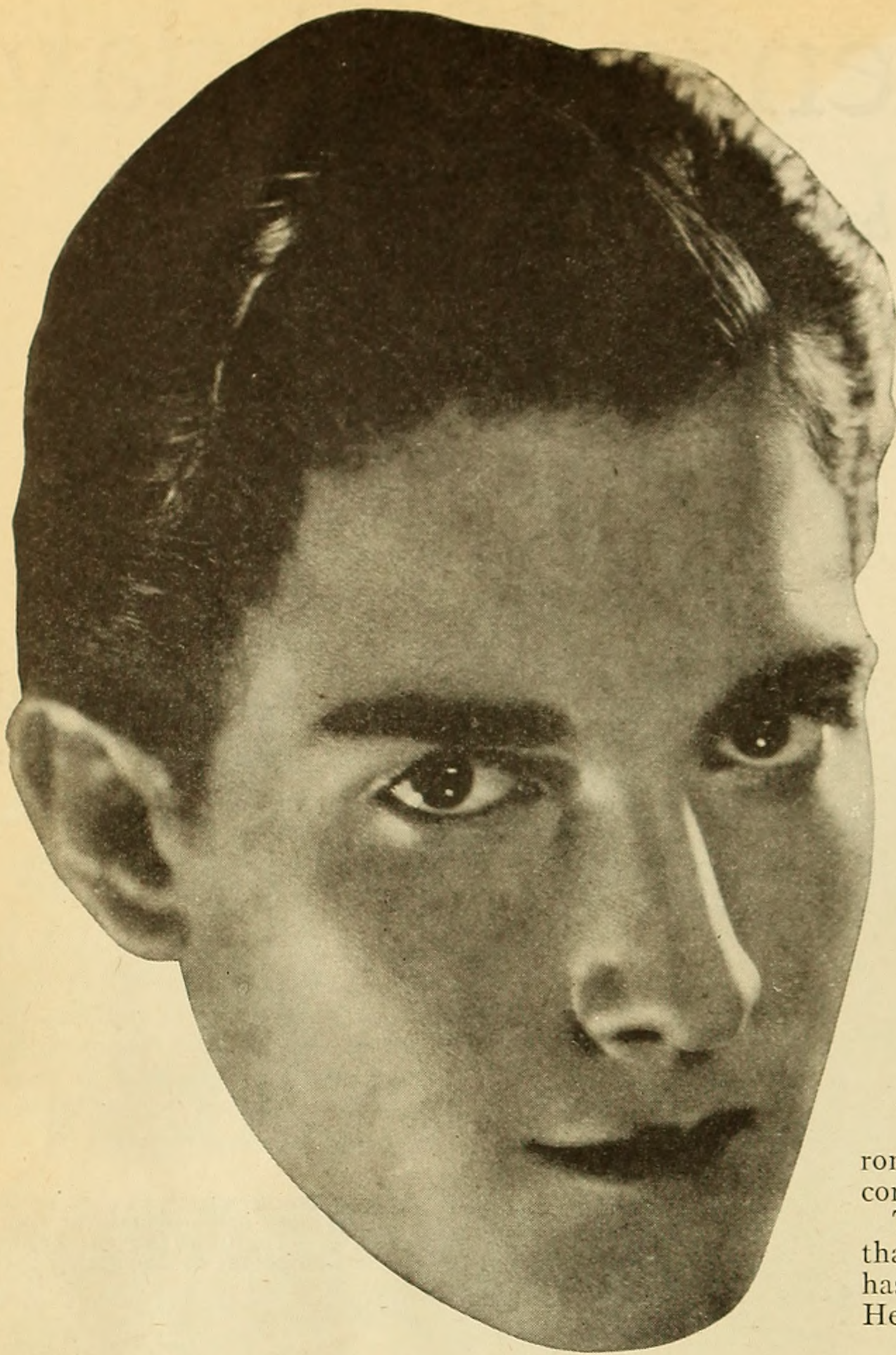
*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

"Ask for them by name"
KOTEX
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES



Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen
Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue



One in 10,000

Raymond Keane, just 19,
is the luckiest lad
in Hollywood

By Dorothy Spensley

YOU want to tell him not to forget his rubbers. And to be careful when he crosses the street. I guess you call that "the maternal urge" that rests in every woman's heart. Even in the most calloused ventricles.

And, too, he makes you think of Romance—with a capital "R," riding a white charger. Romance . . . and Spring . . . and birdies . . . and Corot trees . . . and sulphur and molasses.

He has only played in one picture. He played his part with spirit and with youthful fire. Reminiscent of the days before Valentino discovered how invaluable he was. Unheralded talent is usually that way, until it begins to wonder how the world struggled along without it. And with that a change, for it loses its charm and attempts sophistication and artifice.

But before he begins to mug and smirk . . . which I hope he never does. . . I want to tell you about Raymond Keane. About the astounding good fortune which brought him into a leading role after less than two months' residence in Hollywood. And a beginner, too, without a bit of stage background.

Raymond looks like a pot-pourri of Jack Gilbert, Ramon Novarro, Joseph Schildkraut, Ricardo Cortez, Rudolph Valentino. Like all the raven-haired male contingent. "But more like Jack Gilbert in the tearoom scene," he naively confided. And yet quite with

Raymond Keane never starved, never struggled, had no influence, knew nobody, but in his second appearance before the camera he was a leading man

a charm of his own, which must be personality with a dash of Madame Glyn's favorite ingredient. The girls' guild is going to approve of him. The flappers will be torn between maternal solicitude and romantic yearnings. The maternal urge will wreath carmined lips with a benign smile and a glint of unhallowed romance will glitter in many a girlish eye. Truly a deadly combination.

This, of course, if he doesn't decide that he knows more than the director and others of the studio faculty. Raymond has every opportunity to become a striking screen success. He has youth. He is just nineteen . . . and, by his own admission, very experienced! He has personality. He has charm of appearance. And photographic beauty. Whether he has the perception to see the wisdom of maturer judgment is to be seen. I only hope he doesn't start to chew the scenery in lieu of acting!

Raymond is not old enough to realize how fortunate he is. Youth seldom does. He has, at nineteen years of age, a very comfortable five year contract with Universal Film Company, and his first picture, "The Midnight Sun," has given him a role that displays his personality to a decided advantage. It is a picture of lavish costumes and continental splendor and sets off the dash of youthful Raymond like black velvet and diamonds.

He came from Denver eight months ago. An only child—artistically inclined. He is a violinist and has made numerous public appearances in that city. He was given several days work as an extra in Norma Talmadge's "Graustark," which Dimitri Buchowetski was directing. Buchowetski was to make a Russian picture upon completion of the Talmadge story and he saw in Raymond the youthful hero of his next story. He talked with the boy and Raymond's next screen appearance was in a leading role opposite Laura La Plante.

It really should not have happened. It is too good to be true. It is too glowing a precedent. It happens only once in ten thousand times—and when it does happen it buoys up the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



Only nineteen, and playing his first love scene, with Laura La Plante before him, and three boils on his neck



Will others he meets outrival you in natural charm?

The allure of natural skin beauty, as thousands will tell you, follows a simple daily care

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for one purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, it has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Blended of cosmetic oils, famous since the days of Cleopatra. Palmolive is made to be used freely; on the skin.

Remember these facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.

TO be charming today, one strives for *natural beauty*. All of modern beauty culture is directed to that end.

Every day, on every side, one sees the result . . . beauty that stands in contrast to the artificial allure of yesterday.

Skin care has become a simple matter, with cleanliness and healthfully open pores its basis. Natural beauty thus is safeguarded and protected.

The rule is one anyone can follow with little effort or bother . . . just the daily use of the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as embodied in Palmolive.

Natural beauty . . . the daily care that fosters it is this:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive, massaging it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then

repeat both washing and rinsing. Let the final rinsing be with cold water. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

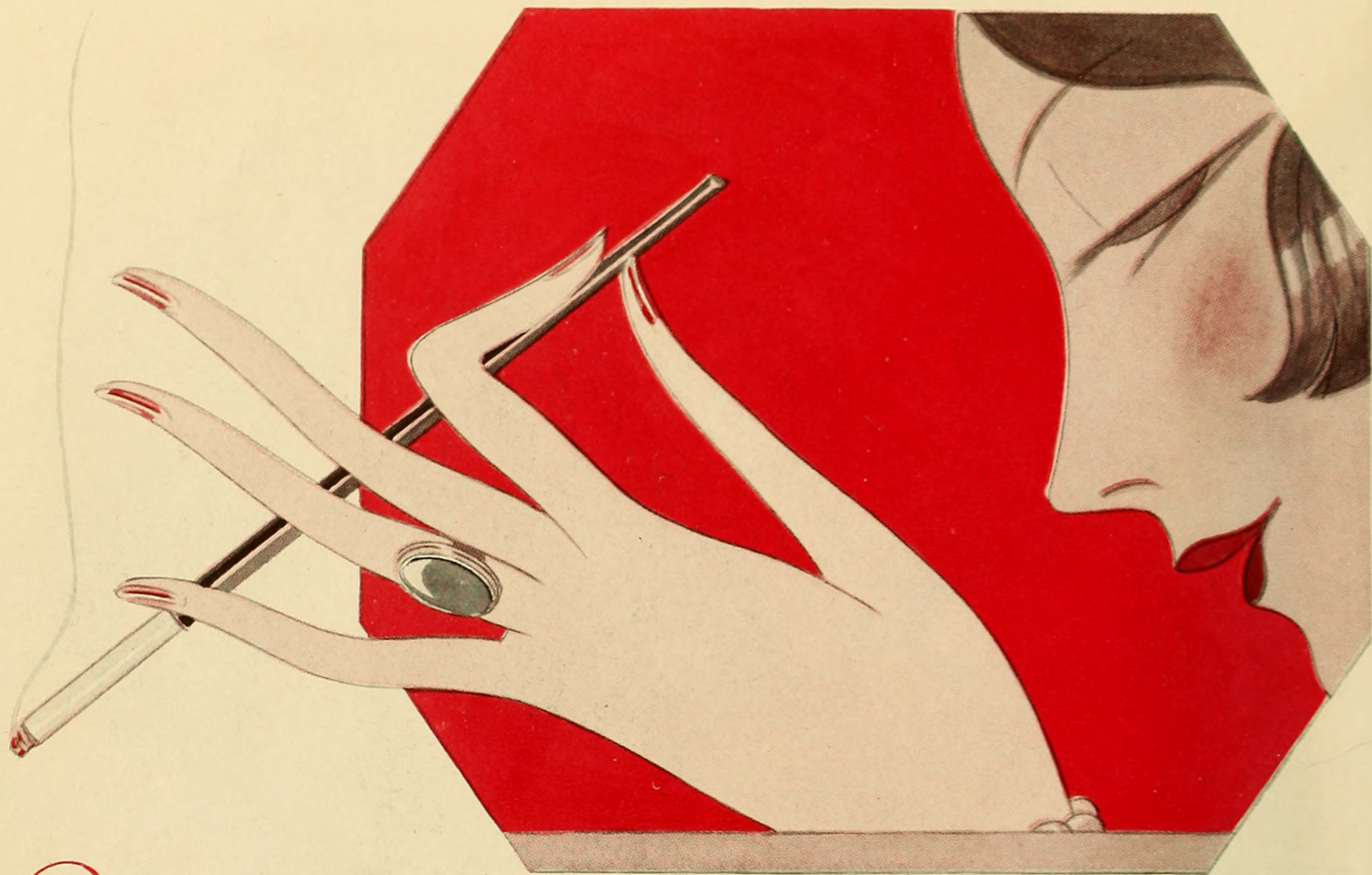
And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PALMOLIVE

Retail Price **10c**

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



A rich, vivid rose! And without having to tint the nails first!

Cutex brings out a New Liquid Polish with A DEEP ROSE SHADE

DECIDEDLY DEEPER—actually a rich, vivid rose!

When the vogue of gleaming tinted nails first intrigued us, everybody thought they were ever so nice. Then as everything in the whole world of fashion became more brilliant and scintillating, these gleaming nails took on a deeper and ever deeper hue.

Now, to meet this new vogue in polishes, Cutex brings out a liquid polish in a Deep Rose shade.

No need to tint the nails before polishing. Cutex Liquid Polish, Deep Rose, is itself a rich, vivid color. And it can be made still deeper by simply applying a second coat after the first has dried.

TODAY fashionable women hardly feel they have completed their toilette



Try this Smart New Shade!

Mail coupon with 6c for extra generous bottle of the new Deep Rose shade, Cutex Liquid Polish.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-5
114 West 17th St., New York City
I enclose 6c for bottle of Cutex
Liquid Polish, Deep Rose.

until their nails take on the rosy hue and sophisticated brilliance that this new Deep Rose shade, brought out by Cutex, gives.

An Effective Choice for Evening

Particularly is the new shade effective under artificial lights—when pale tones fade into dullness and warmer more exotic colors are their most radiant.

See how its rich, vivid tones, against the sparkling background of fashionable evening affairs, give a special emphasis to shapely finger tips.

Cutex Liquid Polish in the new Deep Rose is the same price as the same polish in the natural pink you already know—35c at all drug and department stores. Other Cutex preparations also 35c each. Sets containing every essential for the home manicure are 35c to \$5.00. Or see the special offer.

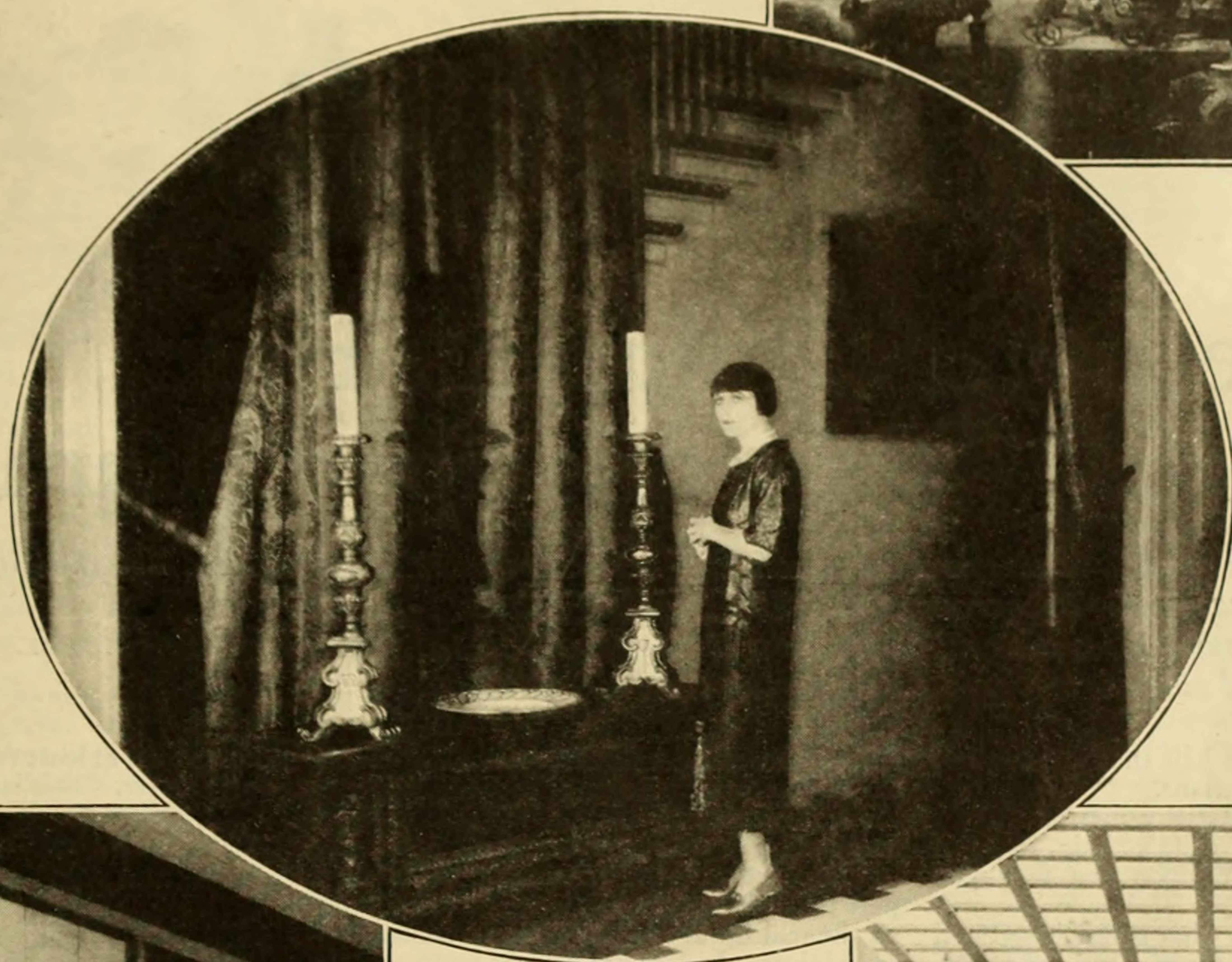
NORTHAM WARREN—New York, Paris, London

A Bit of Europe in Hollywood

*There is an old world
charm in the home that Pola Negri
has designed for herself*



Above — Pola in her drawing room. With its rich upholstery, its paneling and its crystal, it is more of a Continental salon than an American living room

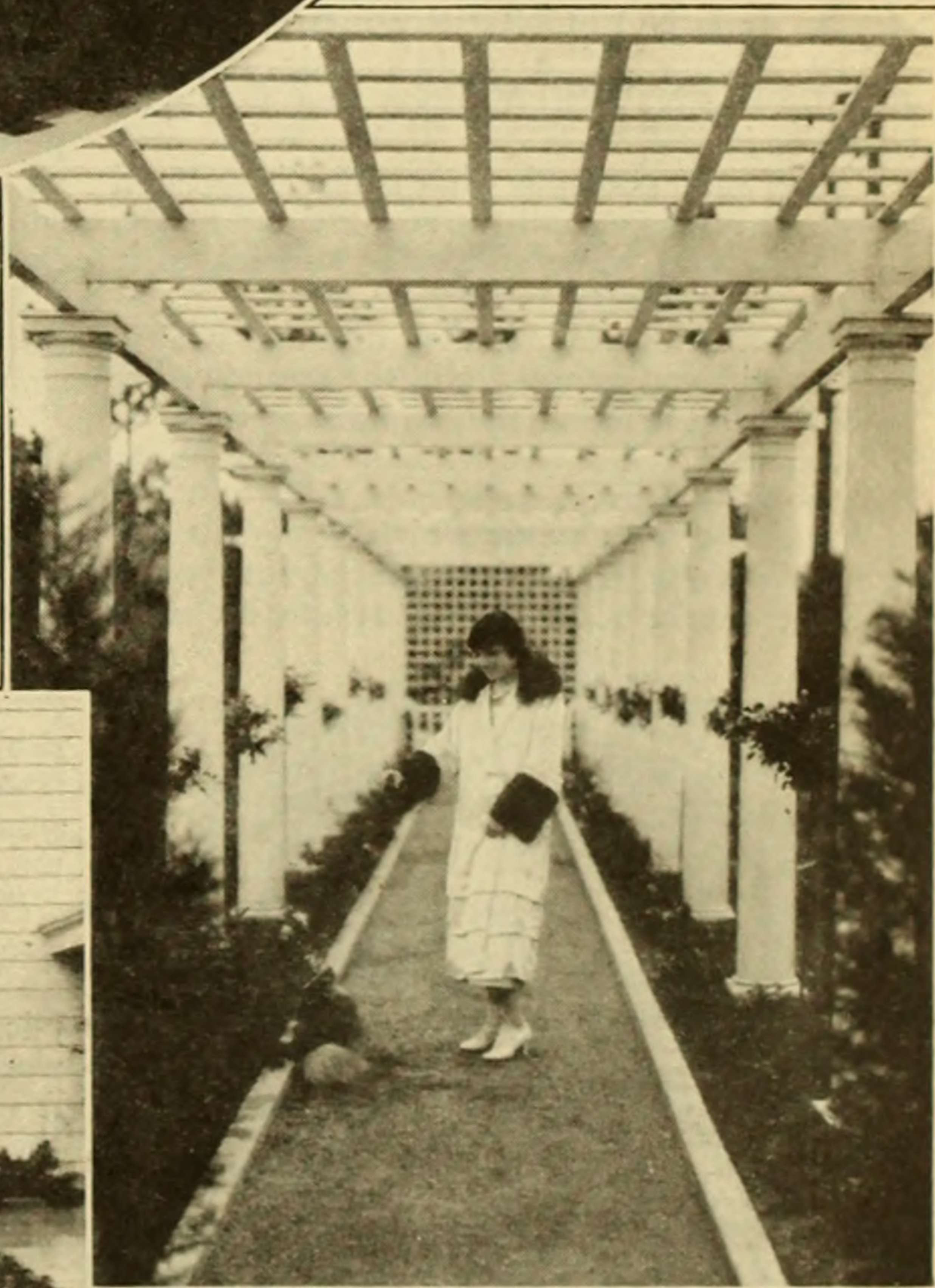


To the right—
A glimpse of the hallway. The severe light-colored walls are warmed by the liberal use of heavy velvets and brocades



Mirrors and gleaming candelabra contribute to the beauty of the dining room

Below — The Patio with its pool and its graceful plantings is one of the beauty spots of the home



The garden is formal, as befits the general design and style of the house itself



Finer things

A good looking comb, like a good looking home—or a good looking automobile—inspires a pride in possession.

Ajax combs command a certain admiration for their beautiful, sleek black appearance—for their modishly distinctive lines.

Perhaps that's why women who know insist on Ajax combs for themselves and for the members of their family. Or perhaps it's because Ajax combs in addition to being good looking are good wearing, good for the hair—good!

Ajax Combs are sold through leading department, drug and specialty stores everywhere and manufactured by

THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., Inc.
251 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK



AJAX Combs

LETHA LANE.—Where do you lead? Your first appearance among my fans. Why, Letha, why have you neglected me in this fashion? Ruth Roland has auburn hair, dark blue eyes, her height is five feet five and a half, she was born in San Francisco in August, 1893, and her disposition is wonderful and full of real estate. Colleen Moore is twenty-four.

D. A. D., TEXAS.—Yes, that's the way you spell Virginia Valli's name and she works at the Universal Studios. Virginia is separated from her husband. She is just twenty-six, in fact she had her birthday one day last month. Claire Windsor is playing in "Bardleys, the Magnificent." No, Ramon is not married. The cute girl in "Speed Wild" was Ethel Shannon. Colleen Moore's next picture is called "Ella Cinders."

EDNA S.—Well, Edna, you don't have to send money for the stars' pictures, but they do appreciate it if you do. The cost of mailing fan photographs is almost prohibitive, particularly for the younger stars and if you'll send them a quarter they will send you the photo pronto and be very glad to do so. Anna Q.'s middle name is Querentia. Don't ask me what it means. I'm not sure even Anna knows. Ben Lyon is twenty-five.

R. M. CHEERIO.—Your friend Percy Marmont is indeed a fine actor. He is about 35 years old, but praise be, he's not married. Do you want further proof he's a smart man?

JUST ME.—Just I too. Just you will tell you that the one and only Rudy has black hair, brown eyes, is five feet eleven, weighs 154 pounds and can be reached at the United Studios. Don't let anyone know I told you.

MISS C. P.—So I always sound cheerful to you, C. P.? That's a good girl. I always am cheerful. In fact, I go cheering around until they now have me in a sound proof vault. People knock Jack Gilbert? Who says so? T'aint true. All I get is questions and praise about him. Jack's a grand guy. I know where-of I speak. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is one inch under six feet and weighs 160 pounds. His address is in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman, Jack's nearest rival, is the same height, weighs five pounds more, has the same color eyes but black hair. He is at the United Studios, Hollywood. Send there for your pictures. Ramon's real name is now Novarro, but he had to get it legally changed to that from Samaniegos. Tell teacher she's all wrong about Ramon's hair. He wore it in here to the office the other day and it's perfectly grand. Good luck, yourself.

MISS C. C.—So it's answers you crave! How we would get along! For it's questions that I live for (and by). A photo of Leslie Fenton? Send your quarter to the Fox Studios. Leslie is twenty-four, but if he's married, he keeps it very quiet.

OPERATOR N. Z.—Dear old chap, you're most welcome. You can't be too familiar with me. It can't be done. Marion Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, she's five feet two, weighs 100 pounds, and has chestnut brown hair and brown, but not chestnut, eyes. Ethel Clayton is going to return to the screen soon though the name of her pictures have not yet been announced. Thanks for liking our book. We think it's good, ourselves.

C. S. W., JR.—First time, eh? Come on in, the page's fine. Yes, that's Betty Bronson's real name. You can get a picture of her from the Lasky Studio, Hollywood. I don't know for positive about Doug, Jr., and Betty, but my scouts tell me there's a powerful amount of sparking going on between those two. Ask Betty to come out to Little Rock? Boy, it's difficult to get that girl out to a soda, much less to Arkansas.

L. W.—We haven't seen any pictures of Mahlon Hamilton lately. Have you? I'm sorry, but I never heard of Bonnie Adair.

E. W. B., AURORA.—Rudy's "Four Horsemen" was first released and that is what made him most popular. "The Sheik," one of his popularest, was a later picture.

ANNA G. W.—You can reach Leatrice Joy in care of De Mille studios. The sparkling Leatrice has black hair and brown eyes. Her next picture will be "Eve's Leaves." Use your own imagination. Doug Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully, now Mrs. Evans. You don't think we give Ben Lyon enough space? Sorry. I'll try and fix it up for you.

D. A. H.—Your two little friends, Alberta Vaughan and Larry Kent both hang their hats at the F. B. O. Studios. And that's where they get their mail.

E. T. F.—Write to Paramount Studios, Pierce Avenue and Sixth Street, Long Island City, N. Y., and they will give you full information regarding the Paramount school, when the next course begins and all that. I understand they were chosen chiefly from photographs, and then from screen tests. A chap five feet, seven has more chance in the movies if he's a couple of inches taller, though that is just the height of Dick Barthelmess and an inch taller than Raymond Griffith. Ronald Colman is five feet, eleven, Novarro, five feet, ten. Outside of height the most essential qualifications, I should say, are the ability to screen, to learn, to act, and to know who to sass.

FRANCES G., ILLINOIS.—You saw Jack Gilbert in "The Big Parade" and now you want his address. Write Jack in care of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.

MR. RUPERT ROOT.—Ramon Novarro is just twenty-seven. No, no, Ramon is not divorced. The boy never got married. The "Midshipman" was mostly made at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. "Ben-Hur" was made in Rome and Hollywood and grand it is. Write Ben Lyon in care of First National, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

RUTH, ELLA AND DOT.—Three little girls from school, are you? Sweet, sweet, sweet. You adore Connie Bennett. What good taste you children have! Connie is daughter of Richard Bennett, the famous actor and sister to Barbara Bennett, the dancer and her mother is Adirenne Morrison, also a famous actress. She was born in New York City just twenty-five years ago and educated abroad.

BROWN EYES.—You are not blue, are you? Yes, your dope on William Haines is correct. Bill is just twenty-six, tall, six feet tall, and handsome, ah very, with black hair, brown eyes and unmarried, though I don't know how that happens. His latest pictures are "Memory Lane," "Sally, Irene and Mary" and "Brown of Harvard." You can get his picture by writing to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, Culver City.

C. N. AND V. N.—One of you is a cleaning fluid and the other is just a good friend, I take it. Who ever told you that applesauce about Rudy. Rudy's just thirty-one, not 42. Ricardo Cortez is nearly twenty-seven and so is his wife, Alma Rubens. He is six feet, one, his hair is brown and his eyes black all the time. His next pictures are "The Torrent" and "Volcano." Glad you wrote. Do so again.

PUPPY.—You gay young dog. Jack Mulhall is married to Evelyn Winans. Ramon does not seem to be in love. He seems to be perfectly happy. May McAvoy is twenty-five and unmarried, while Billie Dove, twenty-two, is married to Irvin Willat, the director. No, no, Fido, I never get tired.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

"See how easy it is!" says Reginald Denny as he and Laura La Plante give an exhibition of the Savannah Shuffle. Miss LaPlante is dancing in slippers of Skinner's Shoe Satin. The scene is from "Skinner's Dress Suit," a Universal Picture.



Millions of Dancing Feet

TO the rhythm of orchestra, radio and phonograph, the world over, people are dancing. And nothing so supplements the beauty of a gown as the lustre of a satin slipper.

Millions of dancing feet—gliding, turning, shuffling—and no material stands up under this severe test like Skinner's Shoe Satin. With all its style and smartness it meets the needs of those who must regard economy.

Skinner's Shoe Satin

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LININGS FOR MEN'S SUITS AND TOP-COATS. LININGS FOR WOMEN'S COATS, SUITS AND FURS. DRESS SATINS, MILLINERY SATINS, SHOE SATINS.



"Beauty is easily lost —through neglect"

says HELENA RUBINSTEIN

TO POSSESS beauty, and to lose it, is truly the greatest of all follies!

Signs of neglect, such as fine cross-weaving lines, blackheads, a slight droop of the chin, oiliness, large pores, quickly become exaggerated and detract from the fresh charm of youth.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN, known the world over as the originator of scientific beauty culture, has prepared, after years of research, a number of special aids to beauty. The world of fashion has long profited from these methods, which are now available to you—for Mme. Rubinstein's greatest desire is to bring beauty to every woman.

BEAUTY AIDS

Cleanse and Mold

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—for cleansing, for molding out the "tired look" about the eyes and forehead, for soothing and protecting the skin. *This wonder-cream is unsurpassed for all normal skins, and at the same time is the only cleansing cream beneficial to an oily, pimply or acne-blemished skin. "Keeps youth in your face." Creates a charming smoothness, and is an excellent powder base.* 4 oz. 1.00, ½ lb. 2.00, lb. 3.50

If your skin is inclined to be very dry, use instead
Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream— 75c, 1.25

Clear and Whiten

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—lightens, purifies and refines the skin. Removes sallowness, light freckles and darkened skin pigment. *"The skin-clearing masterpiece."* 1.00

Blackheads, Enlarged Pores

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special—This marvelous preparation washes away blackheads, all pore-clogging impurities, and refines the skin. 1.00, 2.00

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Valaze Liquidine—frees pores of excess secretions, correcting oiliness—whitens, closes pores, and creates that much desired soft, "mat-like" finish. 1.50

Ideal Finishing Touches

Whether make-up is artistic or not depends largely upon your choice of the right cosmetics. Made in shades flattering to every woman, the incomparable Valaze Vanity Touches, prepared by Helena Rubinstein, show positive genius for coloring.

If you cannot procure Helena Rubinstein Beauty Preparations locally, order direct.



Trade-mark

Write for "Secrets of Beauty," Edition P-5. This fascinating 40-page pamphlet gives you a world of information on the care of every type of skin. Everyone interested in keeping or acquiring beauty should possess a copy. Free on request. Simply write to New York address below.

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PARIS

PALM BEACH

LONDON



Leatrice Joy, with the beauty, the charm and the temperament of April

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

IN Hollywood they call Leatrice Joy, Letty, the chameleon.

It all depends upon the circumstances, the background and the clothes she wears, the type of work Leatrice does.

You can't make a star with electric lights. It is only those whom the public makes who achieve lasting stardom. The public made Leatrice. The public loves her. From Goldwyn to De Mille, including her brilliant performances in "Manslaughter" and "The Ten Commandments," Leatrice has had one of the strongest fan followings. Right now she is having a slump in her work. She needs a change.

Leatrice was born in New Orleans, was queen of the Mardi Gras, and star in "The Folly of Revenge," a fearful film made by a local company called the Nola Film.

It was their first and only, but it decided Leatrice on her career. She shipped to New York with her mother, registered at all the

studios and got her first chance with Maurice Tournier.

He was making "The Pride of the Clan" with Mary Pickford. Mary wanted to rest during a rehearsal and Tournier, looking over the extra girls to find one to take the star's place, saw Leatrice.

It was Leatrice's opportunity and she grabbed it. She acted the Pickford part all over the lot. She did it so well Tournier remembered and put her in his next picture as a salaried player.

To Paramount to make a series of Black Diamond comedies she journeyed and then westward to Hollywood. Her first real part came in "Ladies Must Live." That won her a Goldwyn contract, then one, still existing, with Cecil De Mille.

Today Hollywood wonders about her shattered romance with John Gilbert. They married when Jack was a minor star, only to be divorced before their baby was born.

RICHARD DIX

is certainly enthusiastic
about the new style

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Thermo
KNITTED
KNICKER SUIT

You'll like it too, because it combines style with ease and comfort. Virgin wool knitted fabric holds its shape without wrinkling. Newest colors and mixtures. And the price surprisingly low.

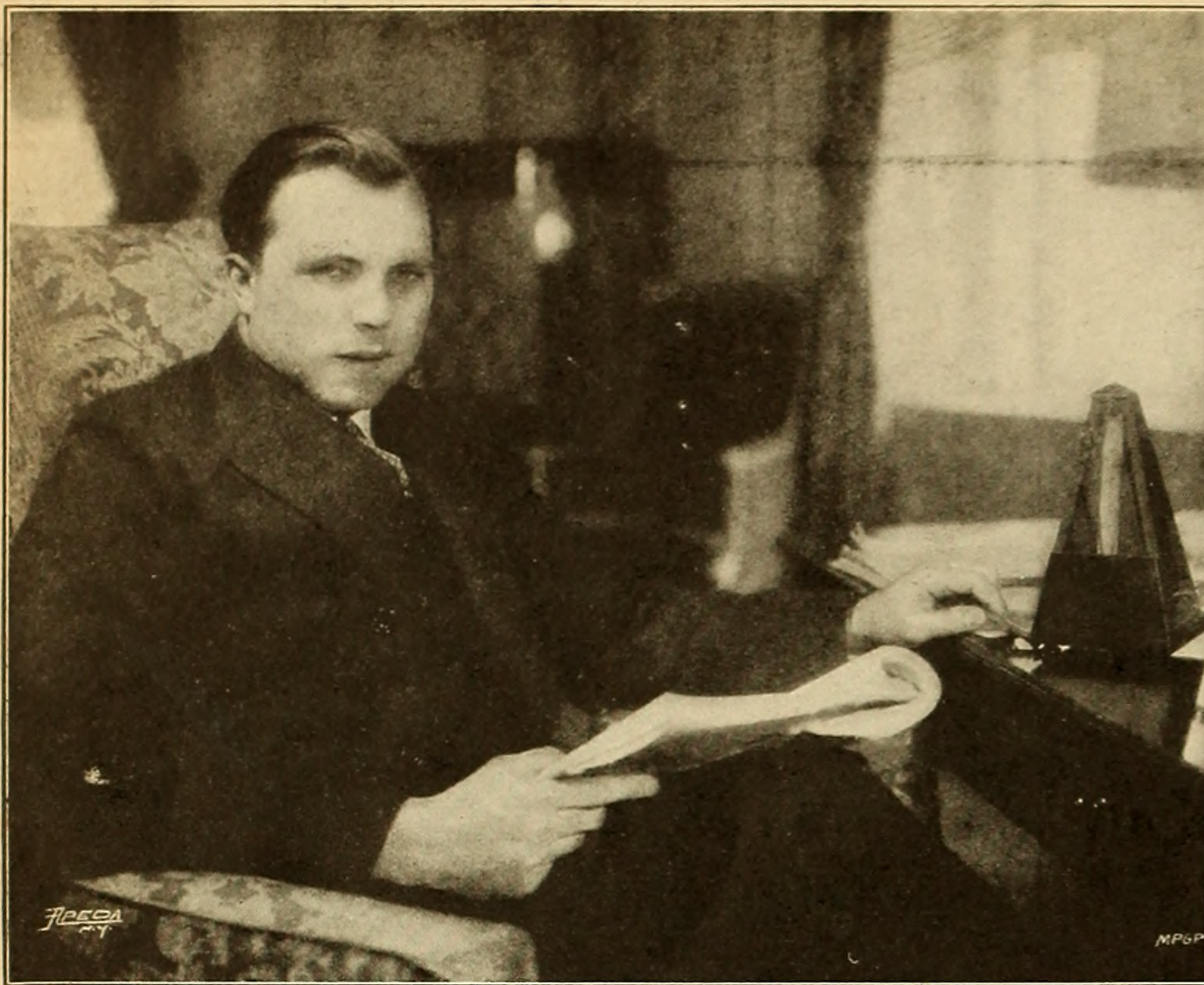
\$22.50

Look for the Thermo label.
If your dealer cannot supply you write us.

THERMO MILLS, INC.

345 Broadway, New York
Dept. P





Our maiden aunts used to remark that unusual excellence was never the result of chance and here is King Vidor demonstrating same. King, knowing that tempo, the quality of timing, is one of the most important things in a picture, keeps a metronome on his desk to tick rhythms for scenes and music

Later came word from Denny over the wire that all were safe. They had been driven into a small Mexican port, which was without telegraph service, by a shortage of gasoline.

They laid over until after the storm and then continued their fishing trip.

WE have a good many laughs handed us in the picture business every now and then. Here's the best one I've had this month.

Down at M-G-M they are making Hawthorne's American classic, "The Scarlet Letter," a thrilling story of our Puritan Fathers, as Lillian Gish's next starring vehicle.

And who was selected to direct this American classic? Victor Seastrom, the talented Swedish director.

For her lead, Miss Gish has Lars Hansen, known as "the Barrymore of Sweden." He portrays the typical early American.

But is this so funny? The greatest life of Lincoln I ever read was written by an Englishman.

DURING the recent labor troubles in Florida, which had the railroads practically paralyzed for a time, Tom Geraghty had a Paramount company making a picture there. He wanted to get back to New York with his troupe but railroad accommodations were not to be had.

As a last resort, Geraghty got the governor of Florida on the phone and said:

"If you don't get us transportation, we'll leave your old state flat."

Tom neglected to state whether they expected to walk or fly. Anyway the threat had the desired effect. The Governor fixed them up with a special train and after crossing and recrossing Florida so many times they

were dizzy, the company finally reached New York.

AS I sit here at my trusty typewriter, a telegram is thrust into my unwilling hand. It is from C. B. De Mille and announces that he has just named Jetta Goudal his newest star.

Certainly speaks well of Mr. De Mille as a "lion tamer," for this is the same Jetta who is suing Paramount for breach of contract and they allege they couldn't handle her.

Evidently Cecil knows how to handle these people with temperament. Wonder if his system is the same as that of Dimitri Buchowetshi who, when he hits the temperamental snag, simply develops so much himself that there isn't any room on the stage for the artist's temperament.

"HOW do you like my new hat?" So Colleen Moore hailed me the other day over at the studio.

I looked it over carefully, for I am proud that Colleen should value my opinion in millinery.

"Great," said I. "Prettiest thing I ever saw you have on. And that dress too, it's very becoming."

"Glad you like them," said Colleen. "My husband, John McCormick, likes them too. They're part of my wardrobe for 'Ella Cinders.' The hat cost three-eighty-five and the dress \$42.00 even, in a department store basement."

And still women try to tell you they dress for men.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN, who has had his down starring unit for some years and is now releasing over Paramount, had a new experience recently.

Naturally a star out on his own gets pretty used to running things according to his own ideas, and coming and going about when it suits him. Doug wasn't any exception.

Until he hired one William Beaudine to direct him.

The second day of the picture Doug arrived leisurely and smiling at quarter to ten.

He was confronted by an irate director breathing fire.

Beaudine looked at his watch. "It's quarter to ten," he said coldly.

Doug consulted his, and agreed.

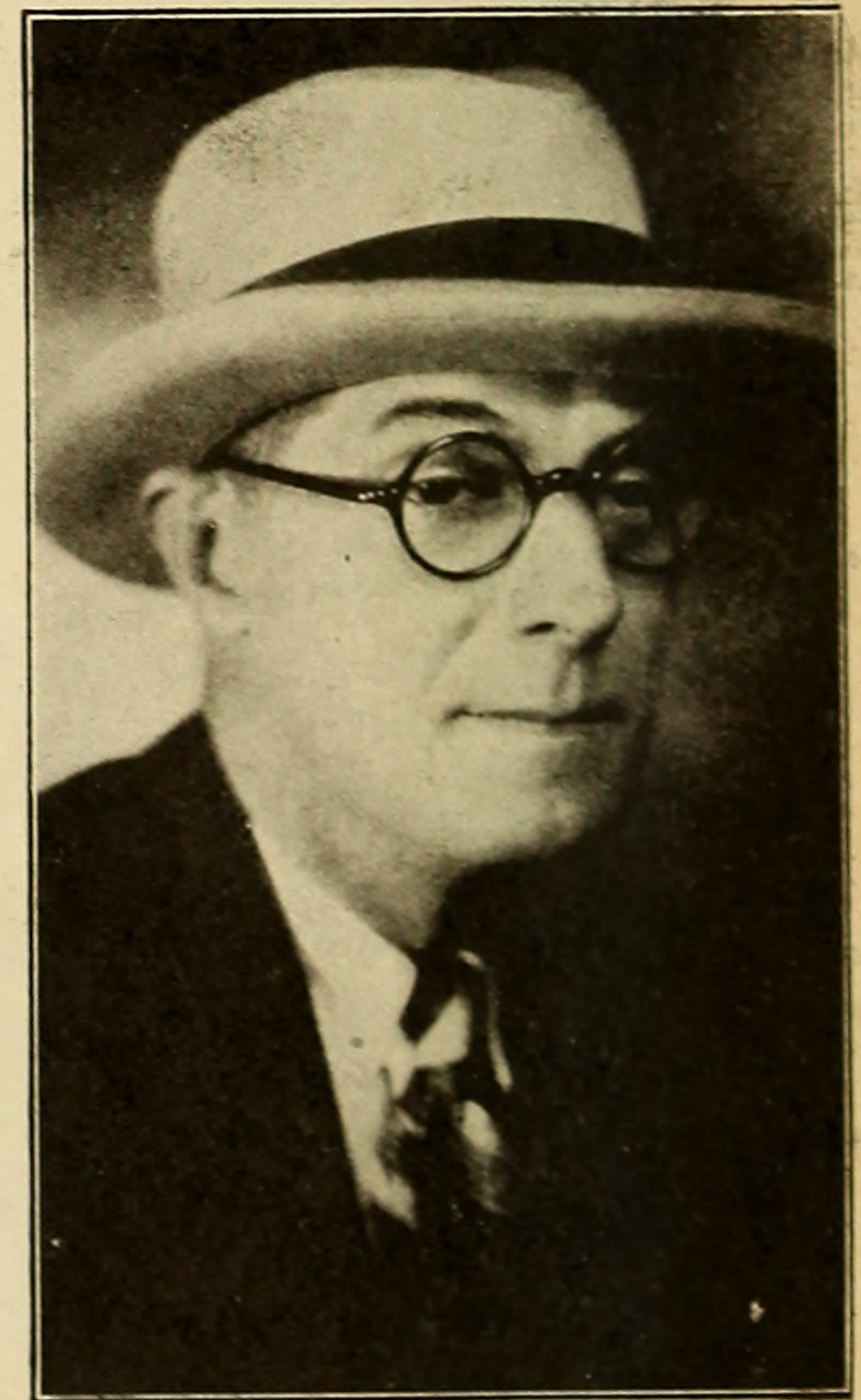
"The call was for nine thirty" said Beaudine. "And when I say nine-thirty, I mean nine-thirty, and not quarter to ten. I'm just as lazy as you are, you know. But I get here at nine-thirty and I guess you can."

Doug has. And the consequence is that "That's My Baby," the new MacLean picture, promises to be a riot. It's one of the best things Doug has ever done.

THE Sixty Club, which is the Hollywood film colony's exclusive dancing club, had a costume ball recently, and it was a huge success. Marion Davies started the fashion of costume balls, and we bid fair to be quite overwhelmed by them.

Elinor Glyn and Eric von Stroheim were the judges and some very gorgeous prizes were awarded.

The prize for best and most beautifully costumed couple went to Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino. They wore Spanish costumes, both in cloth of gold, and they certainly looked stunning. When they took the floor together and did a glorified tango they were a sensation. The prize for the most beautiful costume went to Dorothy Cummings, as a spirit of the Red Cross, and the most humorous to Ruth Roland, who wore a whole circus outfit in a little tent around her waist and on her hat. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

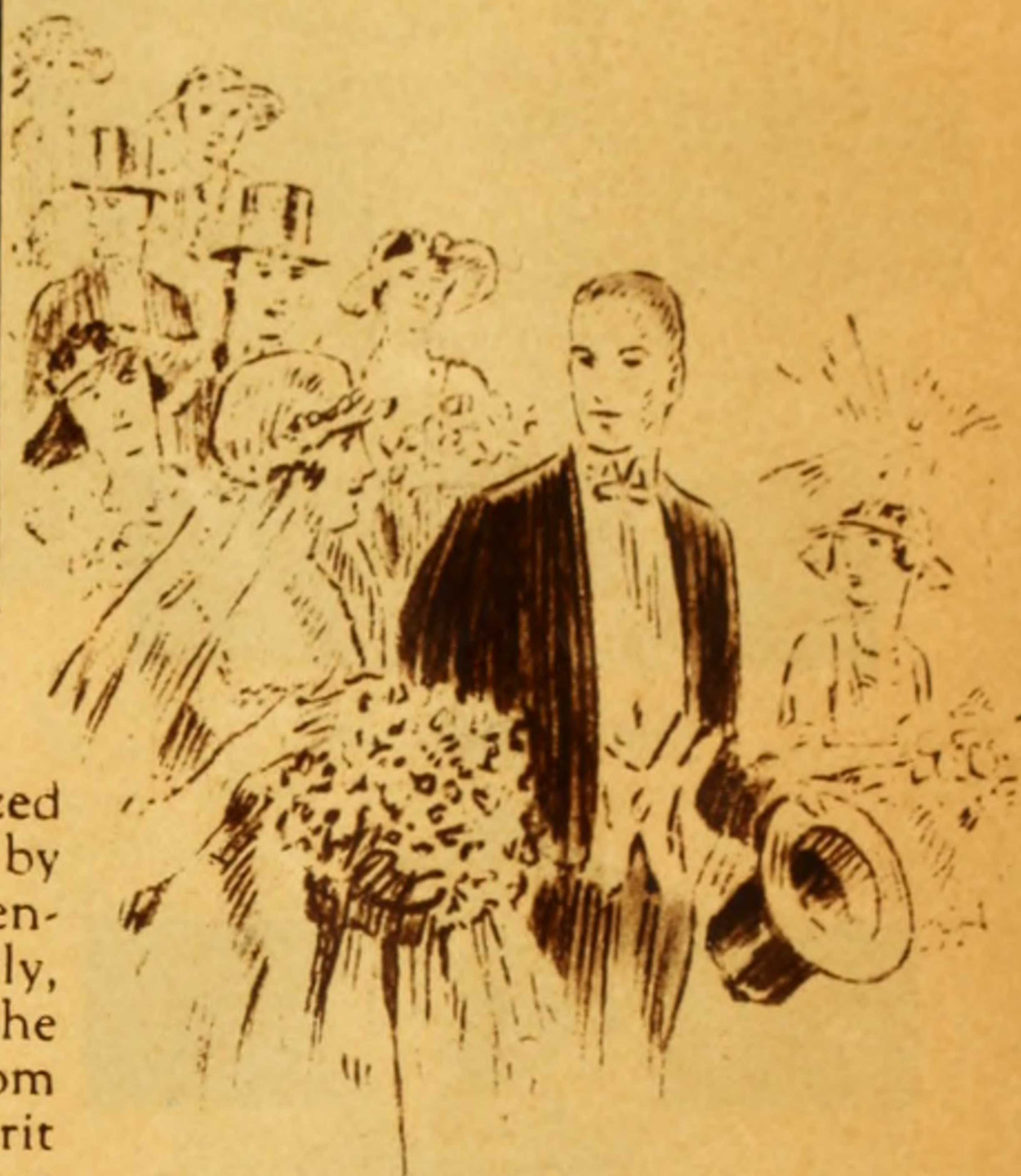


This, boys and girls, is Verne Porter, chief editor of Paramount's story department. Verne just loves to get big, wonderful scenarios from amateurs, so mail that story you have about Aunt Minnie to him at Paramount's eastern studio, Astoria, L. I., and help keep him busy and happy



Specially posed by
Virginia Valli, star
of "The Man Who
Found Himself."

—Paramount



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INTO every art or craft there sooner or later comes a recognized leader—a product admittedly supreme in quality, a standard by which the world may compare values. This position Traub engagement and wedding rings hold firmly, and have held continuously, since decorated rings for the marriage ceremony first rose on the tide of popular favor. There is but one Genuine Orange Blossom ring. It bears, always, the trade mark of Traub, which sheer merit has established not only as a criterion of wedding ring fashion, but as a measure of value and a guarantee of satisfaction as well. The most reliable jewelers everywhere carry Traub rings, offering a wide variety of styles in both wedding rings and engagement mountings, all featuring the beautiful Orange Blossom design.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment," free on request

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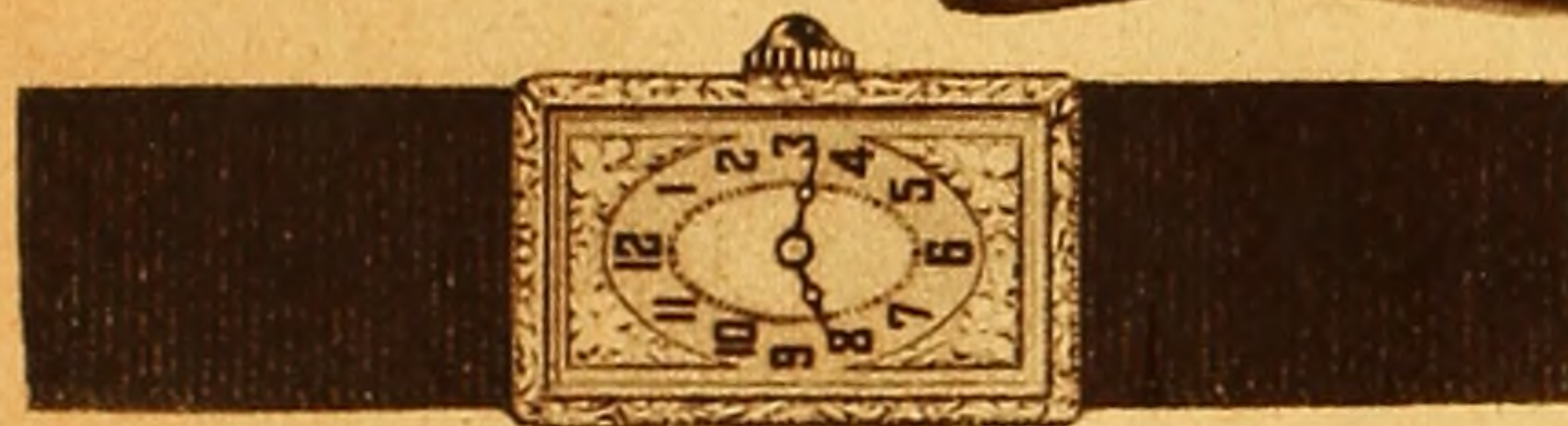




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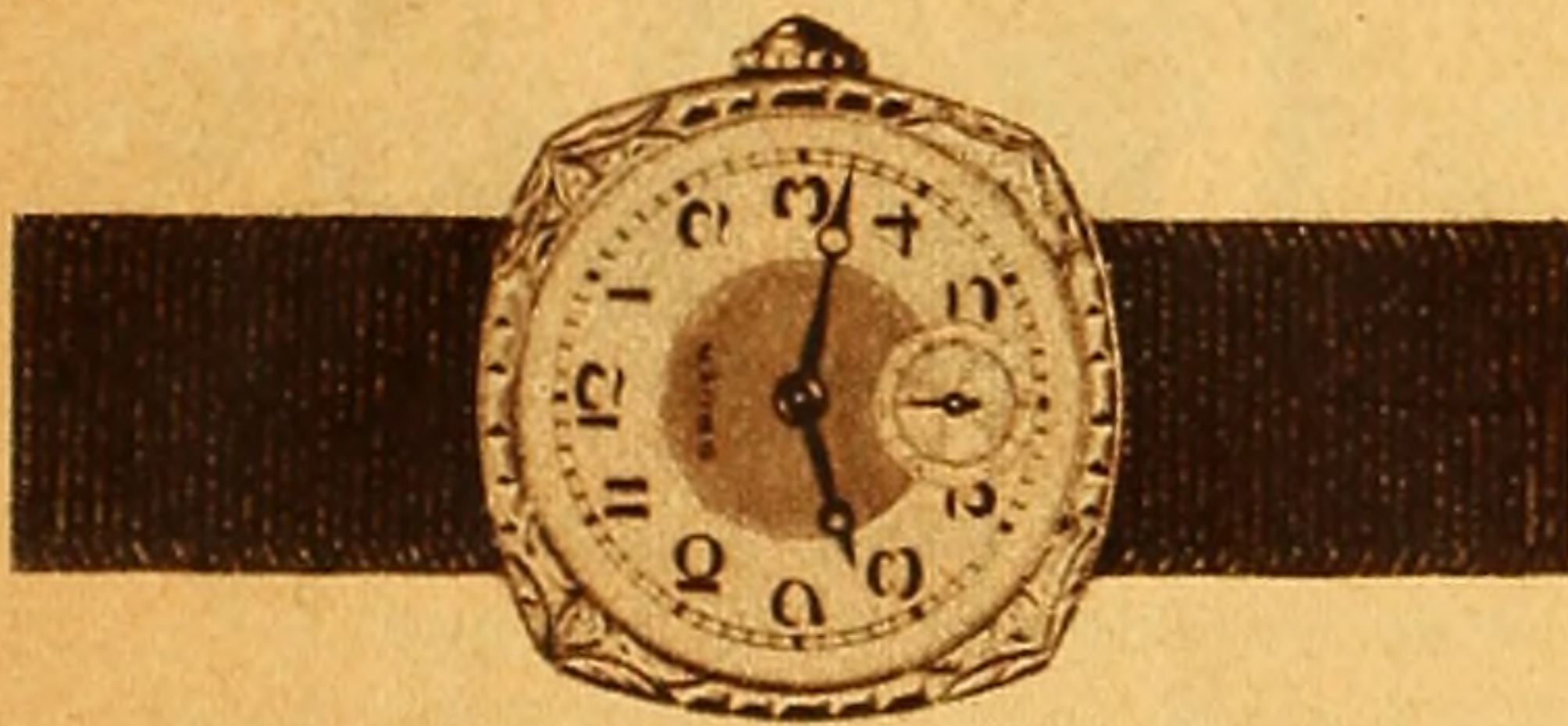
Gruen Cartouche, \$35; Others, \$35 to \$250



Gruen Cartouche, \$50



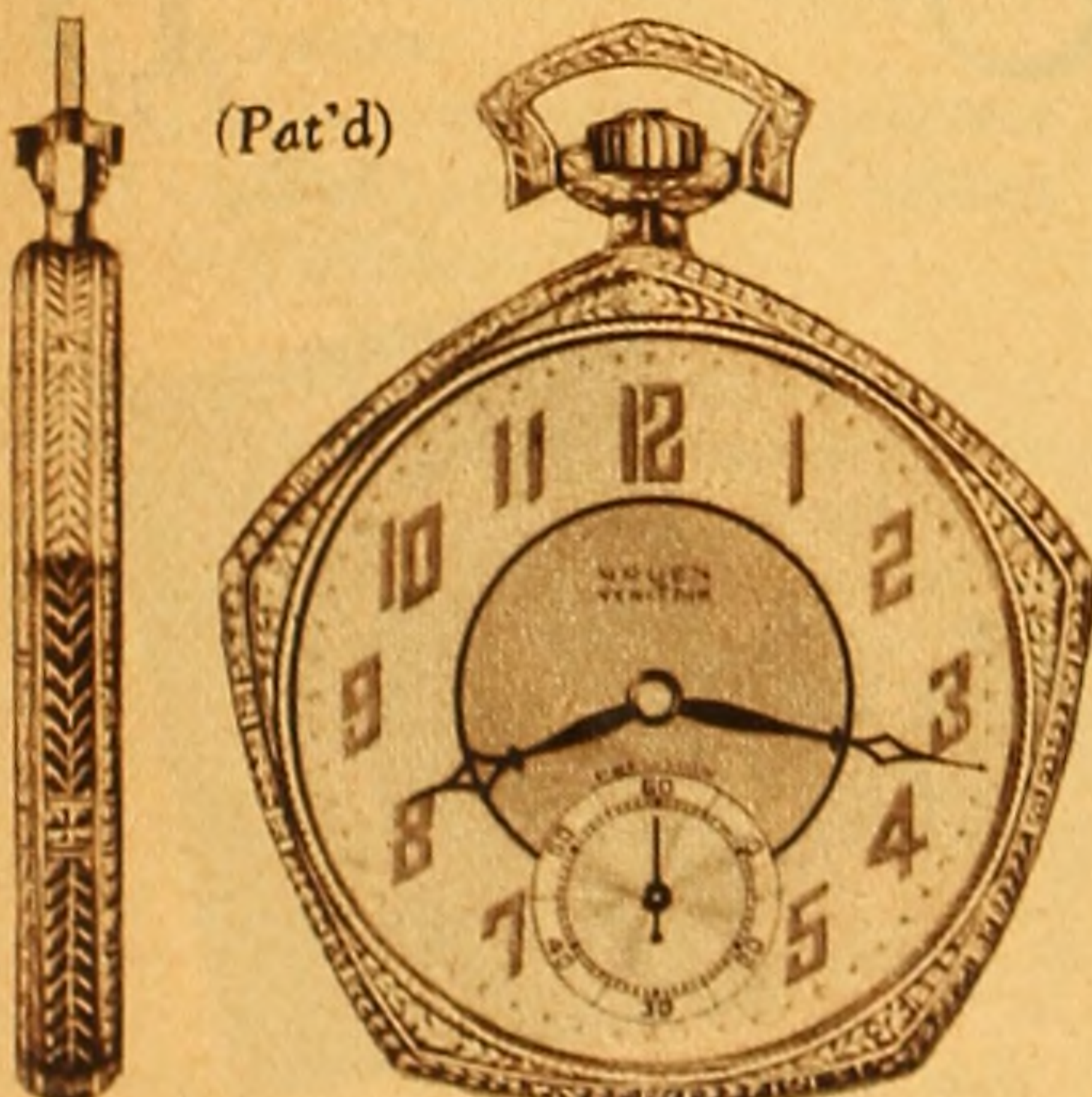
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For Queen Elizabeth there was no finer gift

When the mighty Earl of Leicester sought a gift for Queen Elizabeth in the hope of winning her favor, he could select nothing finer than a guild watch.

In those days, guild watches were the ornaments of princes. Only a few could afford to own them.

Today, guild watches, far more accurate, and far surpassing Queen Elizabeth's in workmanship and design, can be purchased at moderate prices in every American city and town.

Yet even now there is no finer gift. Everywhere, a Gruen Watch, made by a modern guild of watchmakers, meets with prompt appreciation.

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here, as well as many other exquisite examples of modern guild artistry.

Their stores are marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown above.

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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Poor Percy

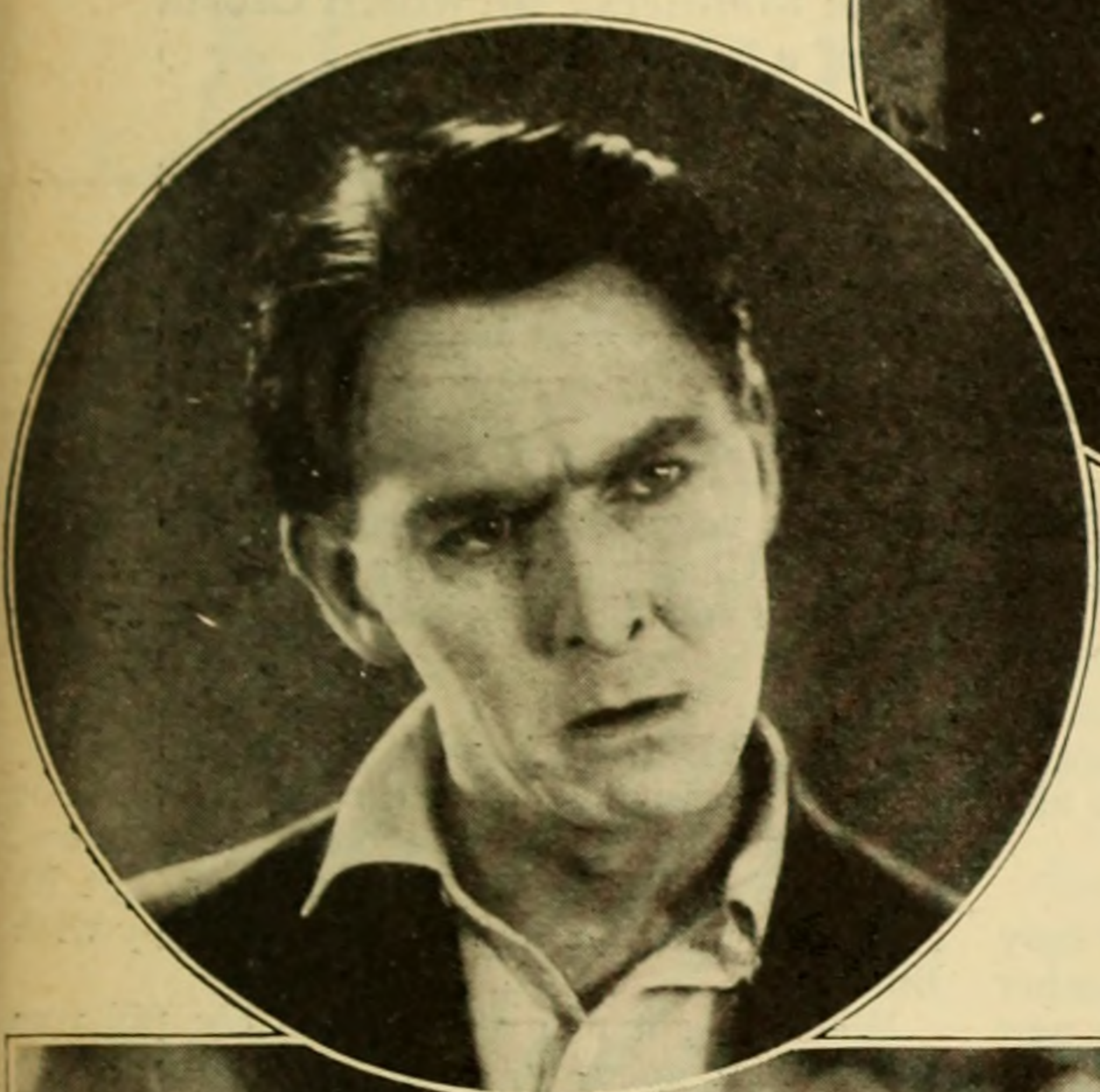
The most persecuted person in pictures

Here he is in "The Street of Forgotten Men." (center circle) Lookit that agony!

"Lord Jim" (below) tortured pitiful Percy some more. In that he lost everything—except his honor



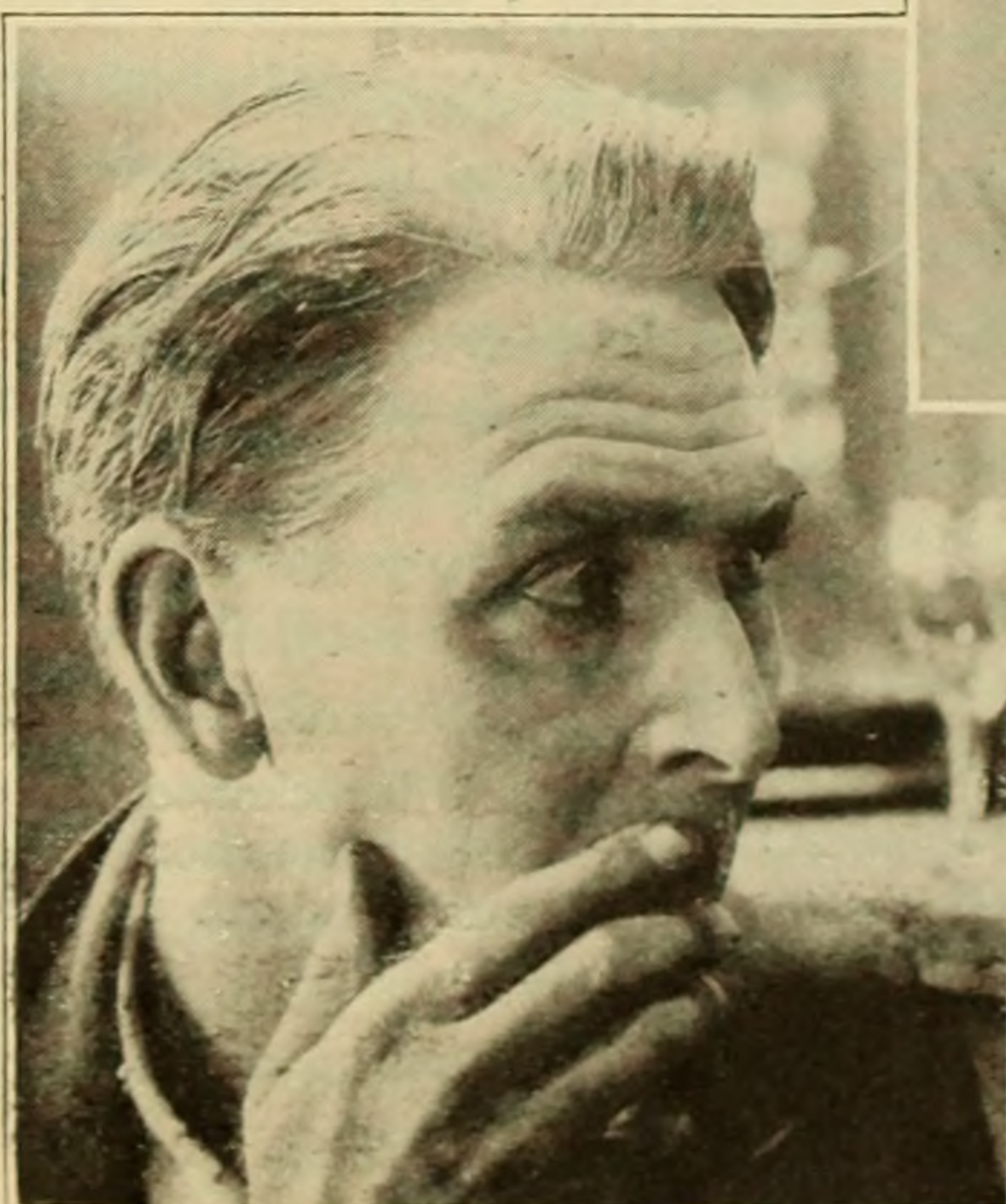
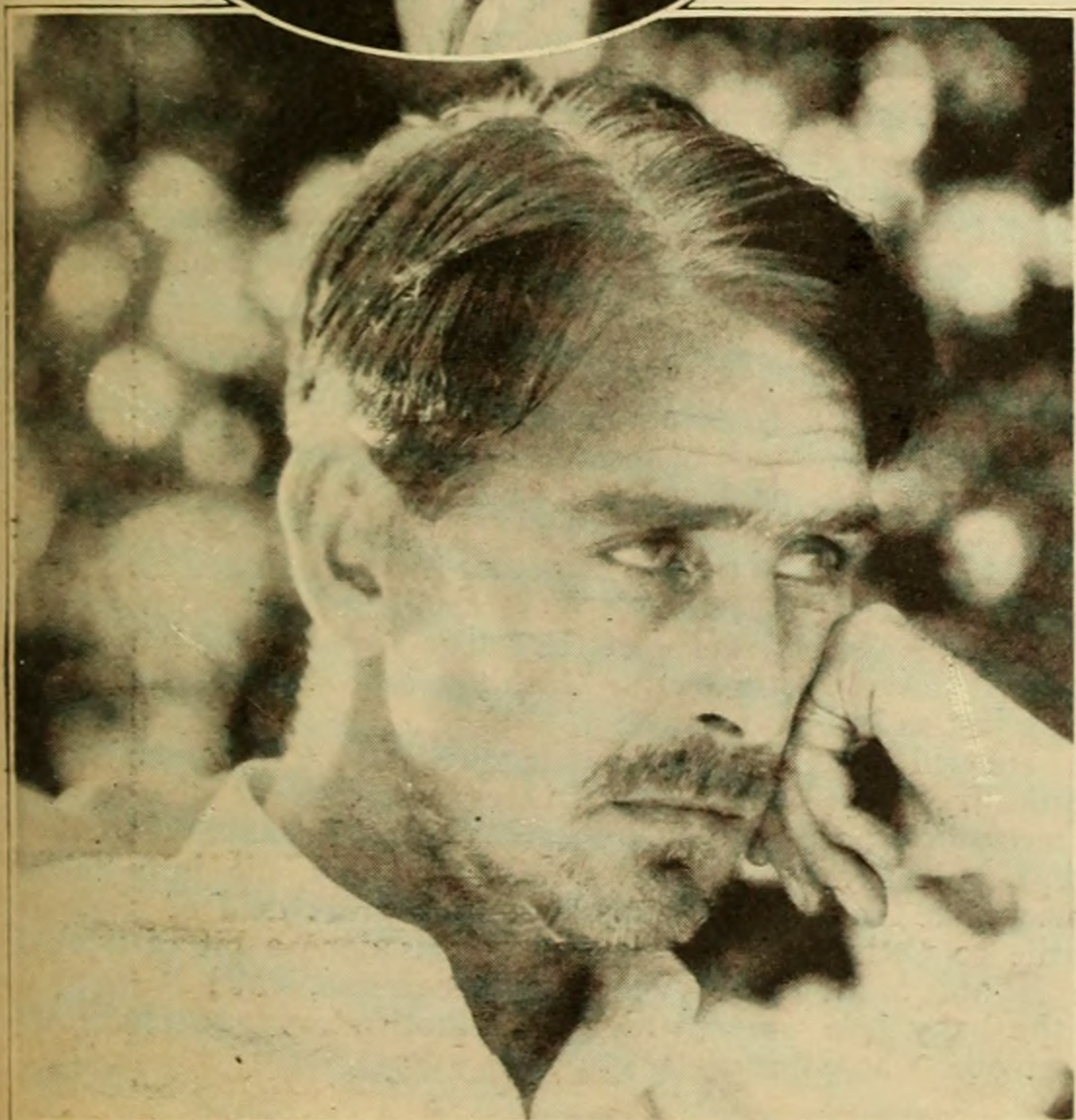
Percy Marmont has suffered more than any other man for his success. *Mark Sabre* in "If Winter Comes" did that to him. *Mark* proved Percy the best heart-broken man in Hollywood



In this shot (lower left) from "Alma of the South Seas," he seems even to have lost his razor. But he gets his salary every Saturday



For sheer suffering, horror and fear operate your optics on this still from "The Legend of Hollywood." Percy was perforated with poison for this plot. Poor Percy!



Here, just to prove he can do it, is Percy cheerful. This is Percy outside the studio. But observe Stalky, the pup. Doesn't he look kind of unhappy to you?



Betty Blythe

Betty Blythe

Endorses the
P. N. Practical Front

BEAUTY of figure is largely a matter of the proper support—a support which at all times adapts itself perfectly to the body. The P. N. Practical Front, with its Comfortable Elastic Feature, fills this requirement surprisingly well," says Betty Blythe, now starring in "Chu Chin Chow."

Stars of the stage and screen whose prestige, popularity and livelihood depend greatly upon beauty of form, find that the Comfortable Elastic Feature* of Practical Front Corsets moulds body lines into beauty lines; brings support without restraint; and gives a fresh fitting each day.

There is a style of Practical Front Corset exactly suited to your figure. The illustrated booklet "Youth and You" will show you. Write for it now, free.

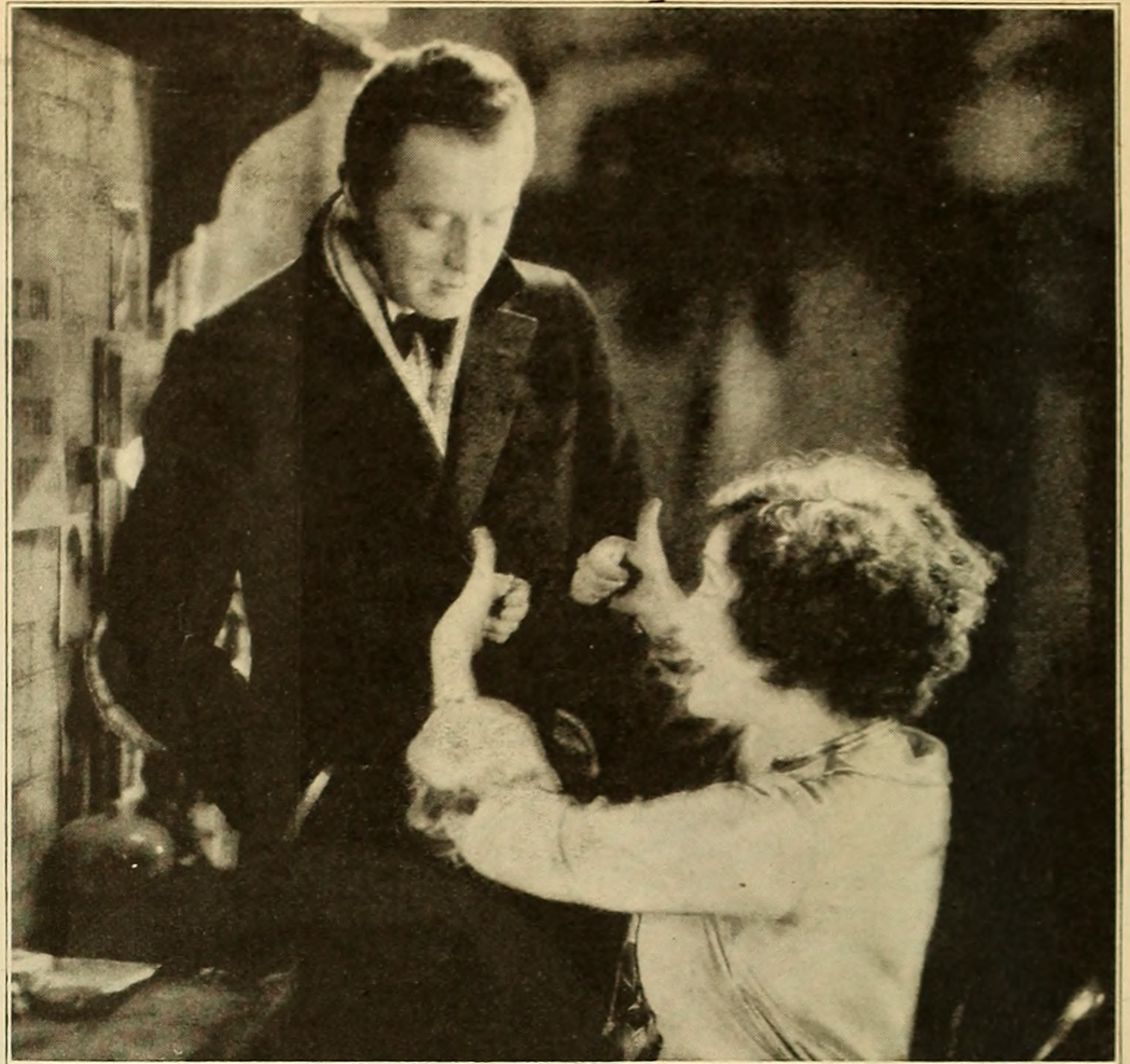
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Practical Front
MAY BE WORN IN ALL COUNTRIES

The Custom-Corseted Look



With many a star has Eugene O'Brien clinched in the final fadeout but never with Gloria Swanson. Now the two will be together in the little Marquise's next picture, "Fine Manners," in which Gloria plays a hard-working chorine of a burlesque show

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

Others present included Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Cedric Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Jane Winton, Douglas Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Dorothy Wallace, Count Carillo, Madeline Hurlock, Norman Kerry, Ward Crane, Kathleen Clifford, and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres).

DICK BARTHELMESS turned to a lady at a Hollywood dinner party the other evening and said, "Have you one of these new electric ice plants in your new house?"

The lady beamed upon him, and went into a long and very detailed description of this and other features of said new house.

I cornered Dick afterwards, however, and demanded an explanation. "You didn't know that lady, and you didn't know she was building a new house. What's the idea?"

"Well," said Dick, with his nicest smile, "I've discovered that the way to be a social success in Hollywood nowadays is to ask every lady about something in her new house. They all have them. It hasn't failed yet."

Maybe that's the explanation, but anyway Dick is having a social triumph in Hollywood. He hasn't been here in a long time and everybody is so glad to have him back.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is getting just as bad as any other proud father. He will now tell you all about how little Charlie, Jr., whose age is still reckoned in months, recognizes him when he comes home from work, how he says "Da-da" and other brilliant remarks like that. I have never before seen Charlie so enthusiastic about anything as he is about his handsome little son. Really, the baby is a perfect darling. If only the next one, whose

arrival is now very imminent, will be a girl, and give Charlie a daughter, I believe he will begin to know the only real happiness he has ever had.

LITTLE Bill Hart, who is going on four, went to visit his father the other day. His father and mother are divorced, you know, and little Bill lives with his mother, but he goes for a few days now and then to stay with Bill Hart.

When he got ready to go and big Bill was telling him good-by, emotion overcame the father, who adores his son. Turning his head aside, he said, "Son, will you kiss me good-by now, and go back to your mother?"

The child regarded him gravely a moment and then said, "I'll kiss you good-by, Daddy, if you promise me not to cry. You're too big to cry."

MOST of the Hollywood people who have seen "The Sea-Beast" were amazed at the lack of technical skill shown in portraying the famous white whale, Moby Dick.

With the present tremendous advancement in camera work and trick printing, it does seem that much more could be done with the sequences of the battle between the whale and the man. As they are, they are most inadequate.

And in passing, we do hope that John Barrymore, the greatest stage actor of our generation, isn't going to get a complex for doing mad scenes. He imported one into "Beau Brummel" without a great deal of cause or authority, and he has done a bit of "Jekyll and Hyde" in this new one, which it seems to me detracts from both story and characterization.

Even the trying light of afternoon does not dismay the woman who uses her correct tone of Pompeian Bloom for the desired note of color in her cheeks.



The blonde with very fair skin finds a natural tone for her cheeks in the Light Bloom or the new Oriental tint.

Perfectly Natural

Pompeian Bloom gives your cheeks a color exquisitely natural

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

I RECENTLY overheard one of my friends say to another: "You, for one, need no rouge, my dear. What lovely natural coloring!" But the truth was this—like thousands of other women, she had found a rouge that gave her cheeks the exquisite natural coloring of a girl in her 'teens. That rouge is Pompeian Bloom.

Today women everywhere realize the necessity of using rouge that matches perfectly their natural skin-tones. And when they use the right shade of Bloom the wholly natural effect is achieved.

From the shade chart you can easily select the particular shade of Pompeian Bloom for your type of complexion.

SHADE CHART for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average American woman has the medium skin-tone—pleasantly warm in tone, with a faint sugges-

tion of old ivory or sun-kissed russet. The *Medium* tone of Pompeian Bloom just suits this type of skin.

If you are slightly tanned, you may find the *Orange* tint more becoming. And sometimes women with medium skin who have very dark hair get a brilliant result with the *Oriental* tint.

Olive Skin: Women with the true olive skin are generally dark of eyes and hair—and require the *Dark* tone of Pompeian Bloom. If you wish to accent the brilliancy of your complexion, the *Oriental* tint will accomplish it.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful skin, most often found in blondes or red-haired women, and should use the *Oriental* tint.

White Skin: If you have this rare type of skin, use the *Light* tone of Bloom.

Special Note: An unusual coloring of hair and eyes sometimes demands a different selection of Bloom-tone from those above. If in doubt, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Bloom, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

SPECIAL OFFER

1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom,

the 1926 Panel, with three valuable Pompeian samples—all for 20c

THIS generous offer of Bloom gives you an opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For 20c you get 1/3 of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing), Beauty Powder, Madame Jeannette's beauty booklet, and the famous 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled "Moments That Will Be Treasured in the Mint of Memory." This panel was executed by a famous artist, and is reproduced in full color. Art store value 75c to \$1.00.



Tear off, sign, and send

Madame Jeannette,
THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2911 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 1/3 of 60c box of Bloom, Beauty Booklet and other samples.

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

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

Shade of rouge wanted.....

This coupon void after Nov. 1, 1926.



Famous Beauties make themselves more beautiful with TANGEE

*For Tangee
changes color
to blend with
each complexion*

YOU'LL hardly believe it until you try it—but this remarkable make-up actually changes to one shade on blondes and another on brunettes . . . It will give you just the color you need whether you are blonde, or brunette, or in-between.

This makes Tangee unquestionably the finest make-up you can buy.

Tangee Lipstick gives blush-rose lips—and is waterproof—frictionproof—permanent—and absolutely harmless.

Tangee Crème Rouge is greaseless—spreads easily—blends perfectly—and does not fade or rub off.

Tangee Rouge Compact is a chic little gun-metal case with puff and mirror containing the same color magic in caked powder form.

Don't put off having beautiful color! Clip this ad and put it in your purse to remind you—or—see the coupon . . .

Mons. Doriot
TANGEE
Be Beautiful with Tangee



Caution: Do not let anyone offer you "something just as good." All substitutes are inferior. Look for TANGEE in orange letters on each container. Tangee Crème Rouge, \$1. Tangee Lipstick, \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c.

Introductory Offer

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us one dollar for (1) a full size Tangee Lipstick, and we will send you in addition (2) a generous free sample of Tangee Crème Rouge, and (3) "The Art of Make-up" written by a famous beauty expert. (Your dealer's name will be appreciated.)

Dept. 83, THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO.,
417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



A babe in arms at twenty-three years. That's Harry Earles. Harry, a midget, has Peter Pan licked. He may smoke black cigars, draw a man-sized salary and have a career, but he never grows up. He got his big chance in "The Unholy Three" and now he's just Douglas MacLean's kiddie in "That's My Baby"

THE Beverly Hills bridle path on a Sunday morning is becoming a really lovely sight, and in time if things keep on will compare favorably with Rotten Row in London, or the famous Golden Gate bridle path in San Francisco.

Not a little of its gay appearance and interest is furnished by the number of well known screen celebrities, who turn out every sunny Sunday.

Recently I saw Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix riding, on two gorgeous looking horses. Mrs. Mix brought her riding clothes and boots back from London, and her white whipcord breeches, orange vest, and tan hat gave her a tremendously smart appearance. Virginia Valli and Julanne Johnson were riding with Norman Kerry, whose roan is quite the envy of all. Julanne sticks to the very severe black habit and the horse-show black derby. Florence Vidor and Catherine Bennett were riding, accompanied by George Fitzmaurice. Mrs. Vidor is an exceptional horsewoman, and rides with all the dash and daring of the typical Southerner. Her habit is tan, and she wears a smartly tied stock, and a severe tan riding hat. Dorothy Mackaill, whose English origin comes out in pronounced fashion when she gets atop a thoroughbred, was riding with Jack Mulhall. She affects the sleeveless coat, and wore no hat at all, for which no one who has ever seen her shining blond hair can blame her. Fred Thompson and Frances Marion, after a morning in their tanbark riding ring, came down for a canter on the path.

COLLEEN MOORE had a housewarming for her new studio bungalow the other day. It was grand food and lots of fun, for dozens of girls were packed into the small space, and everybody talked at once and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Norma Talmadge came in from her bungalow next door, with very little on, I must say, as she was doing some intimate scenes from "Kiki." Constance was there, too, very smart in one of those new three piece wool sport frocks. Blanche Sweet and Bessie Love—the inseparables—came together, Bessie in a sleek, severely tailored dress of the kind she

is now affecting, and Blanche moaning because she hasn't been able to find a new way to cut her hair. Florence Vidor had on a purple hat, that I am sure would rival Iris March's green one if only there were a Michael Arlen to describe it. Mrs. Harold Lloyd looked adorable all in white. Mrs. Tom Mix had on the most fascinating sport wrap with a big fur collar, and a canary silk hat, after the famous gigalo model. Dorothy Devore sported the most abbreviated hair-cut Hollywood has yet seen. Frances Marion arrived in a brand-new blue town car, with a little seating space in back looking like a velvet-lined jewel-case. Ruth Roland, Claire Windsor, Lois Moran, Virginia Valli, and lots of other people I can't remember were there.

Colleen declared it was a farewell to the bungalow as well as a housewarming, for she is going to move her dressing quarters over to the new First National studio and take the bungalow right along.

FLORENCE VIDOR was reading from Louisa M. Alcott's classic "Little Women" to her seven-year-old daughter, Suzanne.

She came to the part where the mother of the four "little women" was giving her girls advice about the future, and saying that the proudest and happiest thing that can happen to a girl is to be chosen as a wife by some good man.

"Pooh," said young Suzanne, "I don't think that at all. I may get married, or I may not. But the proudest thing that could happen to me would be to be an architect, and that's what I'm going to be anyway."

NATURALLY, the opening of any John Barrymore picture in Hollywood would be an occasion. But the opening of "The Sea-Beast" was remarkable for a number of exciting events. First of all, Barrymore himself was present and made a speech which reminded all the old-timers present of his illustrious father, Maurice Barrymore, conceded by everyone to have been the wittiest man of his time. Secondly, Marion Davies, who acted as hostess, made a public speech and did it charmingly. And thirdly, Jack

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

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*These two booklets
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Free! ticket to Hollywood*



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to visit the DREAM CITY *free!**

Conditions of Contest

1. You may submit one solution or several, as you wish.
2. Send each solution under separate cover, addressed to "Romance-Hollywood Contest," care of Cox Confectionery Company, No. 159 Orleans Street, Boston 28, Mass.
3. The grand prize will be awarded to the person who succeeds in naming the actors and actresses, and the pictures in which they appear, most nearly correctly, and, in the opinion of the judges, makes the most novel and original presentation of the solution.
4. In case of ties, awards will be given to each tying contestant.
5. The judges of the contest, whose decision is final, are Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of "Photoplay;" the Motion Picture Editor of "Liberty;" and Mr. Frederick James Smith, Editor of "Motion Picture Magazine."
6. Remember, the contest closes June 1, 1926. Winner—and a friend—receive a free Round Trip to, and a week's stay in Hollywood. There are 200 additional prizes. Get your first booklet today—it gives all the details.

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Then read these simple conditions of the great Romance-Hollywood Free Trip Contest. The makers of ROMANCE CHOCOLATES have selected twelve romantic scenes from twelve great photoplays. These scenes are reproduced in two booklets, A and B, *one* of which is packed with every pound box of ROMANCE "Selections." You have simply to name correctly the leading actor and actress appearing in each of the twelve scenes, giving also the correct title of each photoplay. Then, arrange the scenes in a novel and attractive manner.

This contest is open to all. You do not have to buy anything to enter. You may have both booklets, free, by writing directly to us. Get *your* copy now!

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY
159 ORLEANS STREET, BOSTON 28, MASS.

Gaillard Paterson De Koven—if she should ever be the mother of his son—a De Koven—and he should come to find out that the menial blood of Means mingled with the blood of the De Kovens in the person of their son—what then? Oh, what then?

There was, too, a weary, abstract desire in Lilith's heart to be honest with Gaillard for honesty's sake. It would be nice to be able to be herself, to say to Gaillard, "Here I am, for what I am, take me or leave me—"

But if he should leave her—

LILITH was fundamentally honest. She had never deceived herself about herself. She had known, back in East Machias, that as Mildred P. Means she hadn't a chance, not a chance in the world. She knew that you could call a garden rose a garlic and nobody would believe you. The rose would have its price just the same. But she knew, too, that you couldn't keep on insisting that the remote, singular moon is green cheese for fear that people might begin to think it was, might distain it. The fact that, as Mildred P. Means, she had youth and slenderness, ivory skin, red lips, meant nothing at all. Lots of girls in Preemby's Dry Goods Emporium had the same qualifications and what did it get them—Preemby's Dry Goods Emporium and, maybe, a young man from the Leather Goods Factory. She knew, also, that she had no brains. That is, none to reckon with as weapons against the world. Biologically, it was likely that there was something spongy and gray in her beautifully arranged cranium, but having said so much you had said it all.

No, the only thing that she could do was to step from East Machias, a different person. She took six steps. The first was to borrow money from her reluctant and unconvinced mother. The second was to go to New York as Lilith Flame. The third was to have her dark hair touched up to a bronze aureole. The fourth was to present herself at the X-Elent Studios clad in a costume that the female instinct, in lieu of a brain, had dictated to her. The fifth was to appear in a picture as a lady crook with taking ways. The sixth—but the world is in replete possession of the facts about the sixth.

There had been four years of efflorescent glory. Fame. Money. Family gratitude. Pride. Thrills. Excitements. Sensations. Love affairs. Yes, there had been love affairs—now and then. She had slept soundly through these mere titillations of the senses. She had played them as one plays an indifferent game, abstractedly, for the mere fun of gaming. Then she had met Gaillard De Koven.

They had played together in a picture. She had fallen violently in love with him. Surely in love with him. Humanly in love with him. No doubt about that.

One day, on the set, they had been playing a love scene, to the wail of violins and the threadbare voice of the director. Gaillard had muttered to her, face toward the camera, "I love you—beautiful among women—I love you—" He had added, face away from the camera, "I mean it, Lilith-before-Eve—I mean it."

In that moment Lilith's past existence, struggle and glory alike, faded into a dim, forgotten prologue to this crowning moment. In that moment, in those words, the very face of life was bared to her, glorious and awful. In that moment her honesty struggled and was born.

The director said, "That scene was damn good. Camera!"

Lilith was dressing to receive Gaillard. The facial ritual was complete. And Katy, the personal maid from West (not East) Machias, was manipulating the two silken loops that did duty as fasteners. Katy was

from West Machias and had come up in the world with her mistress. She had never quite got used to things, but she was trained to do her duty and keep her mouth shut and she had learned these A's and B's of starchy servitude.

Lilith said, anxiously, "How do I look tonight, Katy?"

"You look good, Miss, real good—"

"Oh, Katy, not good—don't say that—that word. It makes me remember what—what I have got to do—"

Katy ignored the reprimand. She knew that it wasn't Mildred P. Means speaking, but only Lilith Flame who had to say things like that in order to earn her salary, and as God was her judge Katy Toomis wouldn't have had anything happen to Lilith Flame's salary. What the little Toomis' at home would do without Lilith Flame's salary Katy Toomis didn't know and couldn't imagine.

"Are you aiming to get married, Miss Lilith?" Katy inquired, dusting a mere veil of powder over the gleaming shoulders.

Lilith lit a gold-tipped Russian cigarette. She blew distorted frailties into the carved, reflective mirror. "Marriage—" she mused aloud, "Yes, I suppose I am, Katy—I never thought I would come to it—I have always

Cautious Griffith

"HUNGRY" is his name, because he likes raw meat—fresh—anywhere. "Hungry" is a lion and he has a lion's share of the plot of Ray Griffith's new picture "Wet Paint."

"Come on, Mr. Griffith. Get acquainted with 'Hungry.' He'll eat out of your hand," said his trainer. "Yeh!" Ray replied. "And he'd just as soon eat out of my leg!"

said, and meant, that marriage is not for me. It will interfere with my career. It will disillusion some of my fans. It is—bad business. Back in East Machias I thought of marriage as dish water and whining children in dirty rompers, shrieking—here in New York I thought of marriage as reeking with another woman's perfume, as the hot glare of the divorce courts—discontent—but now—now I know better—marriage means being together for all of your lives—oh, Katy, think, for all of your lives—"

"Yes'm."

"It would mean Gaillard and me, never to be parted. Oh, Katy, come in tonight and see him. Come in on some pretext or other before we leave for the night club. I want you to tell me that I am not mad, that I haven't had star-dust thrown in my eyes, blinding me—Katy, there is nothing in the world real to me but Gaillard—"

"No'm."

A bell tinkled, muffled, mournful. The padding, noiseless feet of Takio merely suggested that the plaintive call was being answered. Lilith murmured, "Gaillard—" and Katy retired on disciplined, orthopedic shoes.

"We have an hour before we need to go." Gaillard was sitting beside Lilith on the furred chaise-longue.

"Yes."

Lilith's voice was hushed, low. When she spoke to Gaillard she felt as though she was speaking in a chapel, bathed in stained glass glory, at orisons—

"This room is thick with dreams of you, Lilith. Marvelous the way it breathes you, suggests you, everywhere. I could come into this room alone and evoke your lovely presence—you would be here, beside me, beautiful and strange."

"Not strange, dearest. Not strange to you."

"Yes, strange, and I like it to be so, Lilith. Some men—but some men are amateurs, blunderers. They want to see a woman in the glare of sunlight, ugly and white. They want to know all of her secrets, penetrate all of her mysteries. And most women—well, there is no mystery to most women. They are as frank as bobbed hair and middy blouses. They are about as uninteresting. Lovely, there is one, only one old-fashioned thing I want of you, and that is—to marry me. I want to put a slave-chain of beaten gold around your silver ankle. I want to bind you with metal chains, to immure you in Moroccan walls—centuries ago—and now, now again—"

Lilith felt her honesty turn and square itself, bluntly. Its crude, unavoidable head seemed to be reared, looking at her, waiting. It seemed to be saying to her, articulately, "Well, Mildred, what are you going to do now? Are you going to lie to him? Are you evil enough to lie in the very face of Love?"

The thing which she called her honesty but which was, in fact, her conscience, a conscience reared in Sunday School, on the old testament where the God of Israel was an avenging God, besieged her. The voice of her conscience, a raucous, ugly voice it had—cried out, "Come Mildred, down with the mask—false face—false face—false face."

"And now again, as in ancient Babylon—queen and slave—king and Ptolemy."

"False face—false face—false face."

"Gaillard, I want to tell you something. I have a confession to make."

"How strange your voice sounds, Lilith. Hard. Loud. As if you hate me."

"Maybe it does. I don't know. One thing I do know, I love you. Not hate. Love. But because I love you . . ."

"My beautiful, my child, confessions are out of date, they are obsolete."

"I know. I know all that. And they are nobody's business. But there comes a time—this is one of them. There is something that I must tell you. Don't stop me, now that I have found the courage."

"IF you mean—do you mean that you already have a husband? It won't matter, Beloved. Don't distress yourself. I would scale a higher wall than that of a husband."

"No. No, not a husband. Oh, Gaillard, I am not—not what you think I am."

"You have a Past? Ah, Lilith, Lilith-before-Eve, you could not have so fascinating a Present if there had not been a red and fruitful Past. I am man of the world enough to know that. I know that there must be strangely flavored roots to bear such swooning flowers. Life loved you first, let us put it like that, Life loved you first and gave you lotus hands, pale skin like dreams and eyes like sleeping jewels—ah, well—"

"You don't understand. It isn't that—that kind of a thing. You are making it so awfully hard for me. Can't you—can't you try?"

"Awfully"—what odd words you are using today, my Love. "Awfully"—Gaillard gave a little shudder as if the colloquialism grated upon him ever so little more than he could bear. "Let us not speak of this again," he said, taking her cold hand, stroking it, speaking in his smooth, persuasive, best De Koven voice, "it is past—it is gone. It is what you are that matters. I see the soul of the lonely steppes in your inscrutable eyes. I see the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

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Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



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by
LETITIA HADLEY

DID YOU EVER HAVE an uncomfortable suspicion that you were *not* just as irreproachably fresh and dainty as you'd like to be? What woman hasn't! . . . And how impossible it seems, sometimes, to prevent that distressing odor of perspiration, when you're busy and hurried!

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You'll like Deodo—it's so pleasant to use, so fine and white and faintly fragrant. Dust it over the body and rub it under the arms. It instantly absorbs and neutralizes all body odors. It is soothing and healing to the skin. It does not seal the pores nor check essential perspiration.

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Barrymore hailed his leading lady, Dolores Costello, as the coming great artist of the screen.

The audience was an exceptionally distinguished one, one large party coming direct from a dinner at Marion Davies' home.

Marion herself wore a frock of rose chiffon, trimmed with little ostrich feather sprays, and very long as to skirt. It was most becoming and when she got up on the platform she looked rather like one of those rose and gold rosebuds herself. But her friends experienced untold agonies of nervousness for her, because you know under stress of excitement, Marion sometimes does stammer just enough to be fascinating. But she sailed through with flying colors and was given a tremendous ovation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin were there, Mrs. Chaplin in soft blue velvet, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix were in Miss Davies' party, and Mrs. Mix wore a frock of moonlight satin, covered with iridescent crystals and rhinestones and a cape of ermine. Elinor Glyn was in white satin, and Dorothy Mackaill in white and jade green. Dick Barthelme had little Barbara Bennett—daughter of Richard and sister of Constance—with him, and she wore green georgette. Bill Hart was there, and Lionel Barrymore, and Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Julianne Johnson—oh, it was really very exciting.

LITTLE Thomasina Mix, who celebrated her fourth birthday recently, is her father's own daughter.

Tommy has a small, very black spitfire of a Shetland pony, appropriately named Tony, Jr.

The other afternoon Tom took her out to the ranch and was giving her a riding lesson in the tanbark ring. Tommy was enjoying it immensely and Tony, Jr., was behaving with meek propriety.

But quite unexpectedly a newspaper blew over the wall and lit at Tony, Jr.'s feet. Tony immediately began to buck like an unbroken broncho. Tommy hung on for four or five jumps, and then little Tony gave a specially wild buck and Tommy was flung into the air and lit in the tanbark.

She sat up, unhurt but very much scared. For a long moment she stared at Tony, Jr., her lower lip trembling. Then she rubbed her hand across her eyes, got up resolutely, and stalked across the ring and remounted without a word. Moreover, she took a firm grip on the reins and for the rest of the afternoon she walked Tony, Jr., around that ring like a veteran.

Thomasina had her fourth birthday party at the beautiful new Mix home. There were 40 children present, and on Tommy's right sat young Bill Hart, Jr. He and Tommy are great pals.

IT'S a shame that so few people get a chance to appreciate Pola Negri's enchanting wit. Off the screen, this famous dramatic actress is one of the most amusing and delightful of women.

Just after the papers had given so much space to Pola's hurried trip to Albuquerque, New Mexico—you will remember that she arrived there from the west on the same day that Rudolph Valentino's train was due from the east—Pola had a few friends to dinner at her house in Beverly Hills. Rudy was among them.

After dinner, she ran a news reel for them. But what a news reel. Pola had assembled it, cut it, and written all the titles herself and it was a knockout. First she had taken cuts from her own latest picture, "A Woman of the World," showing her descending from a

train and being met by some man. By titles, Pola explained that this was a picture of her arriving in Albuquerque and being met by a reporter. And some of the questions she had the reporter asking were riotous. Other cuts from Rudy's "Cobra" followed, with more titles, and at the finish some hastily shot scenes to complete the story.

If that news reel ever got out it would be worth a fortune as a comedy feature, for its witty titles and humorous conception. It isn't every great actress who can so charmingly take a small joke on herself.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE is now Mrs. Alastair William Mackintosh.

The youngest Talmadge was married to Captain Mackintosh, a wealthy Briton, at the magnificent home of Jean de St. Cyr, in Burlingame, a fashionable suburb of San Francisco, in the presence of her immediate family and the closest American friends of the bridegroom.

And to Connie goes the prize for knocking the Hollywood motion picture colony absolutely dizzy with surprise. In this little town where everybody knows everything, nobody had ever heard of Alastair William Mackintosh, nobody even knew that Constance had an acquaintance by that name, until three days before the wedding, when the engagement and date of the ceremony were announced simultaneously.

Behind the story of the simple wedding, at which Norma Talmadge was matron of honor and William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr. best man, lies a delightful romance quite worthy of the screen's greatest heartbreaker, and from all accounts this distinguished young Scotchman and soldier is well fitted to have won the girl who is said to have had more proposals than any other screen star.

Alastair William Mackintosh is a member of a very ancient and honored Scottish family and is said to be a man of large fortune. He was at one time equerry to Princess Beatrice, mother of the Queen of Spain and, was a Captain in the British Army during the war where he earned a record for splendid service. He is also an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales.

He first came to America three years ago and met Constance Talmadge through his most intimate friend, William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., who was at that time an aspirant for the hand of the fair Constance. Since that time, it appears, he has wooed her quietly but persistently, especially after she refused young Stewart and the much rumored match in that quarter was definitely off.

MACKINTOSH has been frequently in America since. He and Constance have met in New York when she was there. When she wasn't, Mackintosh came to visit the St. Cyrs at Burlingame. Mr. St. Cyr is William Rhinelander Stewart's stepfather.

He arrived a short time ago. Constance and her mother were at the near-by Hotel Del Monte. Two days after his arrival Constance had promised at last to marry him, and three days later she became his bride.

At the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, mother of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, (Natalie Talmadge), Mr. de St. Cyr and William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr. The bride wore an afternoon dress of grey chiffon, and a small gray hat with a trailing feather held in place by a jade ornament.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackintosh honeymooned at Del Monte.

But the additionally important thing is this—Constance Talmadge has but three more pictures to make under her present contract. It's been rather a question in Constance's



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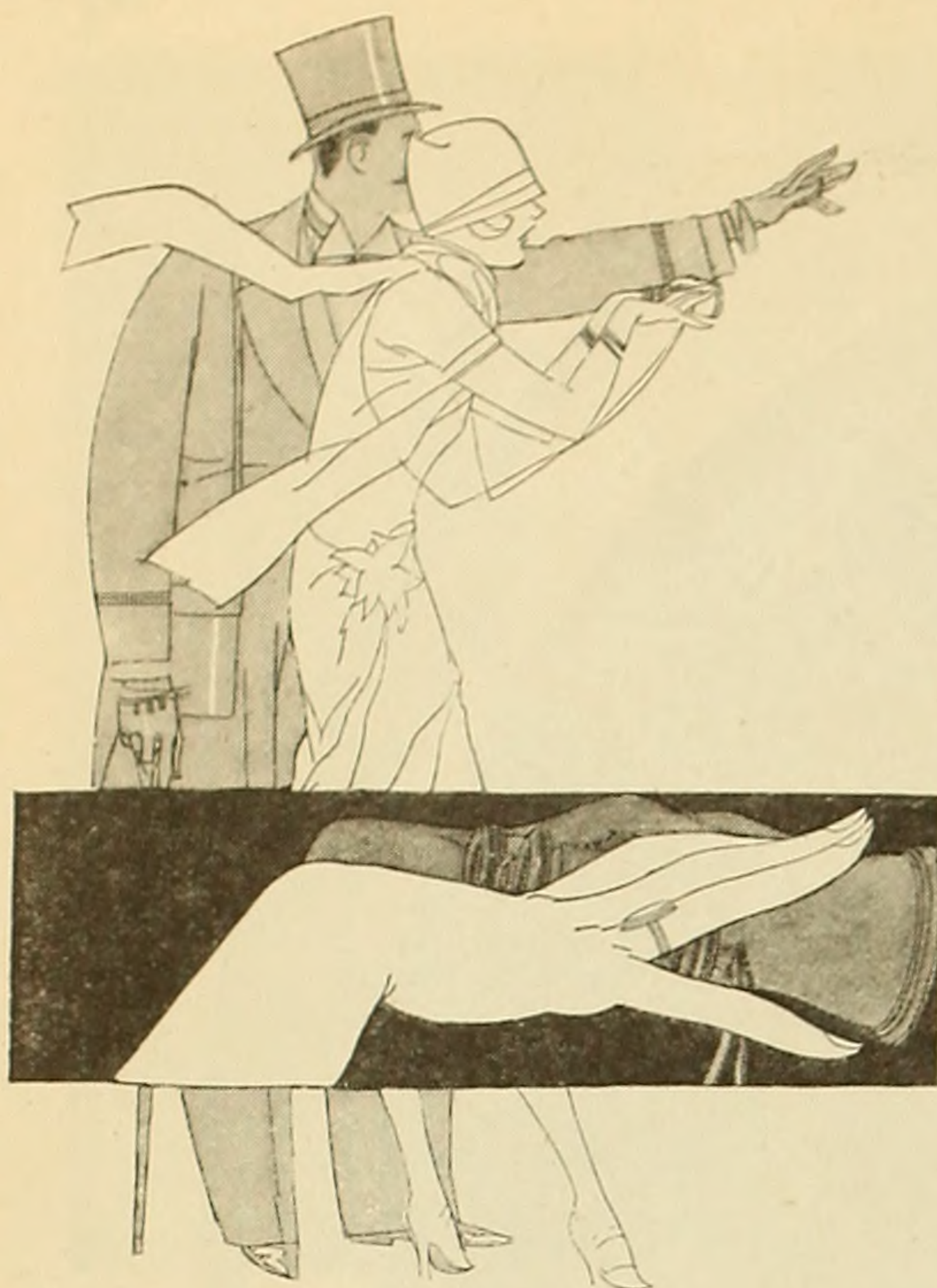
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mind whether after that she would make any more or not. This wedding probably means that after these three pictures the screen will lose its most enchanting comedienne. Constance loves exactly the sort of life young Mackintosh can give her abroad and it is his desire to live in his own country.

WHAT I want to know is, what good did it do Connie to get back her American citizenship? You remember she lost it when she married the first time to John Pailoglou, wealthy Greek cigarette manufacturer of New York.

Since that time Constance has been reported engaged to several distinguished gentlemen, including John Charles Thomas, Irving Berlin, William Rhineland Stewart, Jr., Irving Thalberg and Buster Collier.

Even her best friends had no inkling of her approaching marriage and Hollywood is still trying to recover from its amazement and looking forward to meeting the lucky man.

AGNES AYRES hopes that Justice, that blindfolded goddess who carries her scales with her, will be present when her suit for \$93,000 against the Producers Distributing Corporation comes to trial.

Agnes wants Justice, of course, but her scales are going to come in very handy, for Agnes—who is suing the producing company for breach of contract and several other counts—will have to prove to the court's satisfaction that she had not let herself become fat and therefore violated the clause in her contract which gave them the right to break it if she suffered any "facial or physical disfigurement materially detracting from her personal appearance." And when the contract was broken nearly a year ago, they claimed that Old Lady Poundage had crept up on Agnes and covered with fat the beauty that made her famous.

It will take a judge with the wisdom of Solomon, the discernment of Paris and the diplomacy of a Chesterfield to decide the case. And, in the meantime, Agnes sews on a tiny layette in her Hollywood home, awaiting Doc Stork's visit.

I CALLED the press agent to verify the story. And the p. a. was aghast that I even repeated it. Said it would dispel the romantic glamour surrounding the actor if it was told—especially in view of his next picture, steeped in love and intrigue and youth.

But here it is anyway. I'm mentioning no names.

An old doorman in the east who knew the actor in his stage days heard that the actor was to play a youthful rôle in a current picture. The old man wired the actor, so the story goes, and said:

"Congratulations on your ability to play a character rôle."

To which the actor replied:

"I am not playing a character rôle. It is a juvenile part."

Said the old doorman:

"That's what I mean!"

DOUGLAS MACLEAN believes in keeping on the good side of Mr. Jupiter Pluvius, benign purveyor of downpours, so when he started filming "That's My Baby" he called upon Father Ricard, the famous weather forecaster of the Santa Clara University, whose duties will be to collaborate with Director William Beaudine. Whenever the Father sees rain in the offing, he will advise Beaudine, who will arrange the "shooting schedule" so the company will work in the studio on the stormy days.

Doug says his plans are not going to be "all wet."

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON is apparently out to bag the whip-cracking honors of Douglas Fairbanks, if the facts alleged in a suit for \$25,000 damages filed by Lieut. Gerald de Merveux are true.

It seems that de Merveux, who is a world war hero, and who has been teaching the fairest of Hollywood the art of fencing, claims that Blackton, one of the founders of Vitagraph and now associated with Warners, flayed him with a horsewhip. Blackton admits the whipping and says it was provoked by an angry attack de Merveux made on Mrs. Blackton.

Wonder if the Commodore can flick the ash from the cigarette of a man five yards distant like Doug can?

"WHY the apple in the center of your display window?" Bill Powell inquired of his tailor.

"Vell, I ask you, Mr. Powell, where would the clothing business be if not for the apple?"

THE latest in syncopated proposals occurred when Bob Leonard, accompanied by a sorrowing saxophone, a wailing violin, a blaring cornet and an agile jazz leader, asked Gertrude Olmstead to become his wife. To his plea the music played "Then I'll Be Happy" and burst into a rollicking "Yes Sir! That's My Baby" when Gertrude answered in the affirmative.

Of course Bob, who is a director, didn't need the jazz accompaniment to give him courage, but it happened that Gertrude was going to New York for eight weeks to make a picture and rather than run the risk of losing Gertrude to a New Yorker, Bob made sure by plea and ring that she would become Mrs. Robert Leonard upon her return.

Which settles definitely the rumors of a reconciliation between Bob and Mae Murray, who, until last spring, were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard.

Why Women Like Sophisticated Men

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

husbands. It is the same the world over."

From somewhere in the studio there came the sound of an orchestra playing an old French ballad.

"There it is," said Mr. Menjou, "the eternal love song, always and everywhere. Yet even the most sophisticated admits that love changes. All of us have names for various grades of love—puppy love, calf love, childish love, maternal love. We clutch each love fiercely, thinking there isn't any more. Yet there always is.

"Now, intense love, love that is so real that is fairly abject in its force, annoys women. Small attentions flatter women. Burning

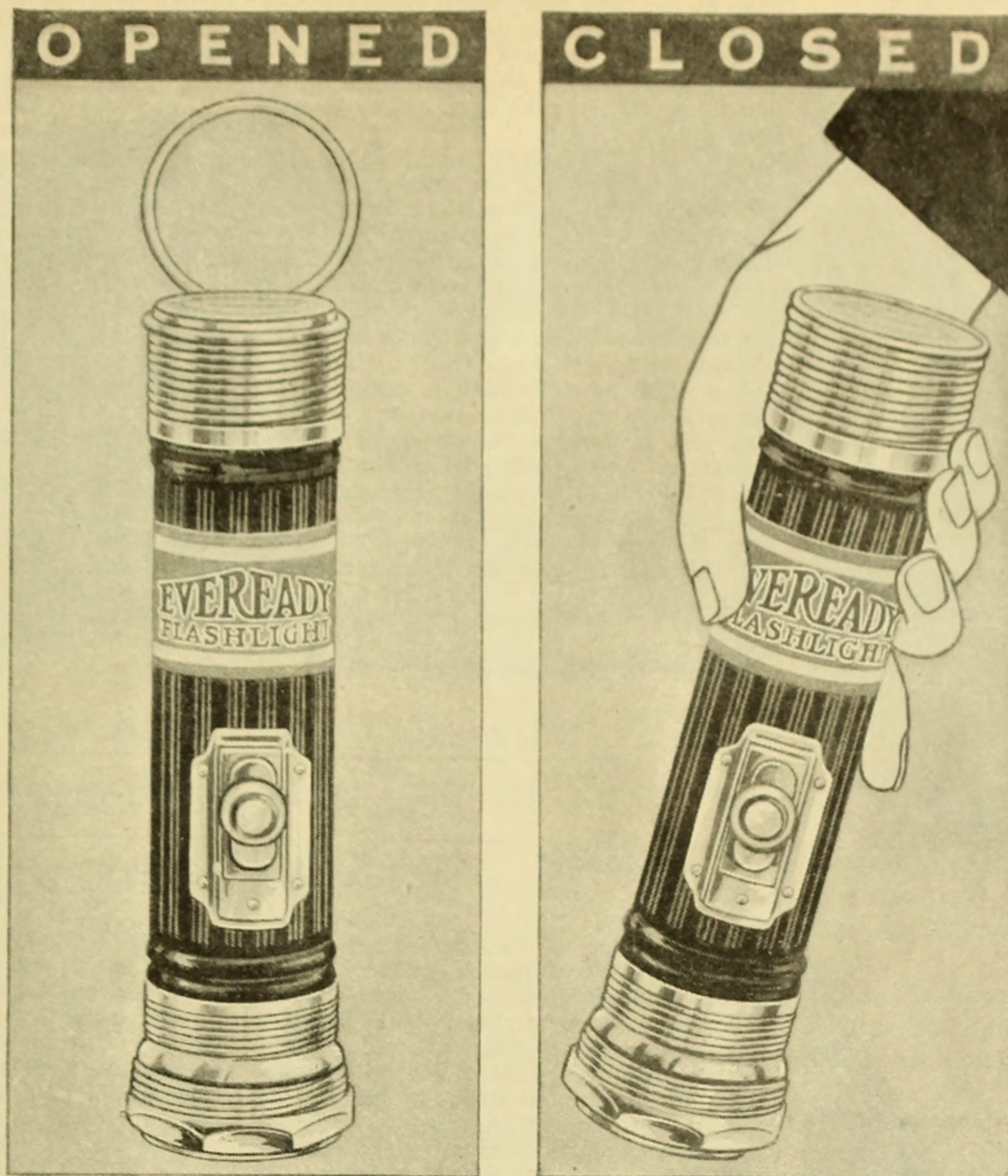
fidelity irritates them. A woman is pleased with the kiss of devotion but the kiss that really thrills her is the one that she is quite sure doesn't mean love at all.

"The sophisticated man knows that every woman possesses something that is individual and fascinating. It may be her hands; it may be her eyes; it may be the way she holds her head. But it makes every woman worth time and attention."

"Why, then, if love is fleeting, does the sophisticated man, knowing all he does, end by marrying a half-educated doll?"

The Menjou eyes twinkled. "Consider what you've said," he ordered. "The sophisti-

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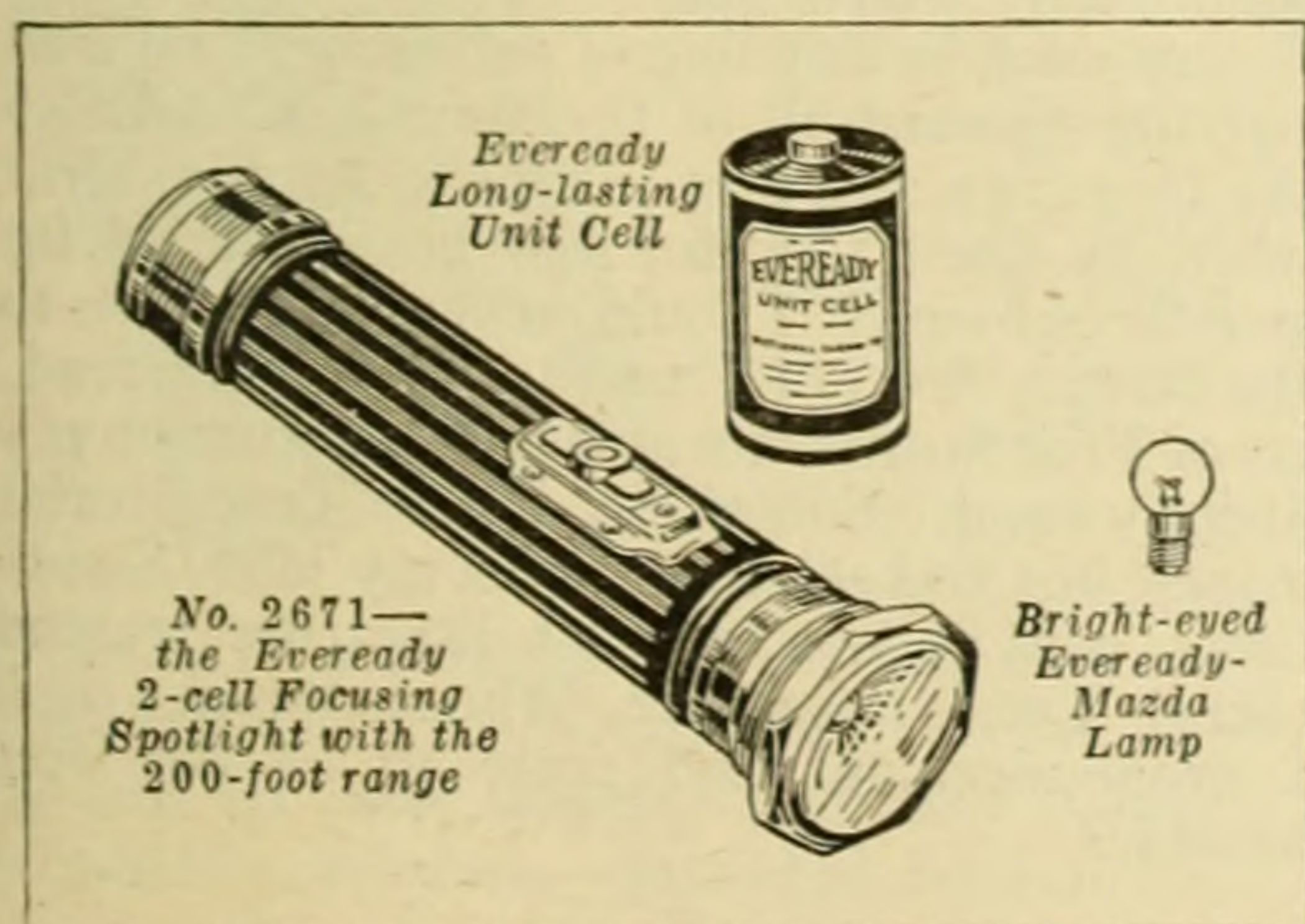
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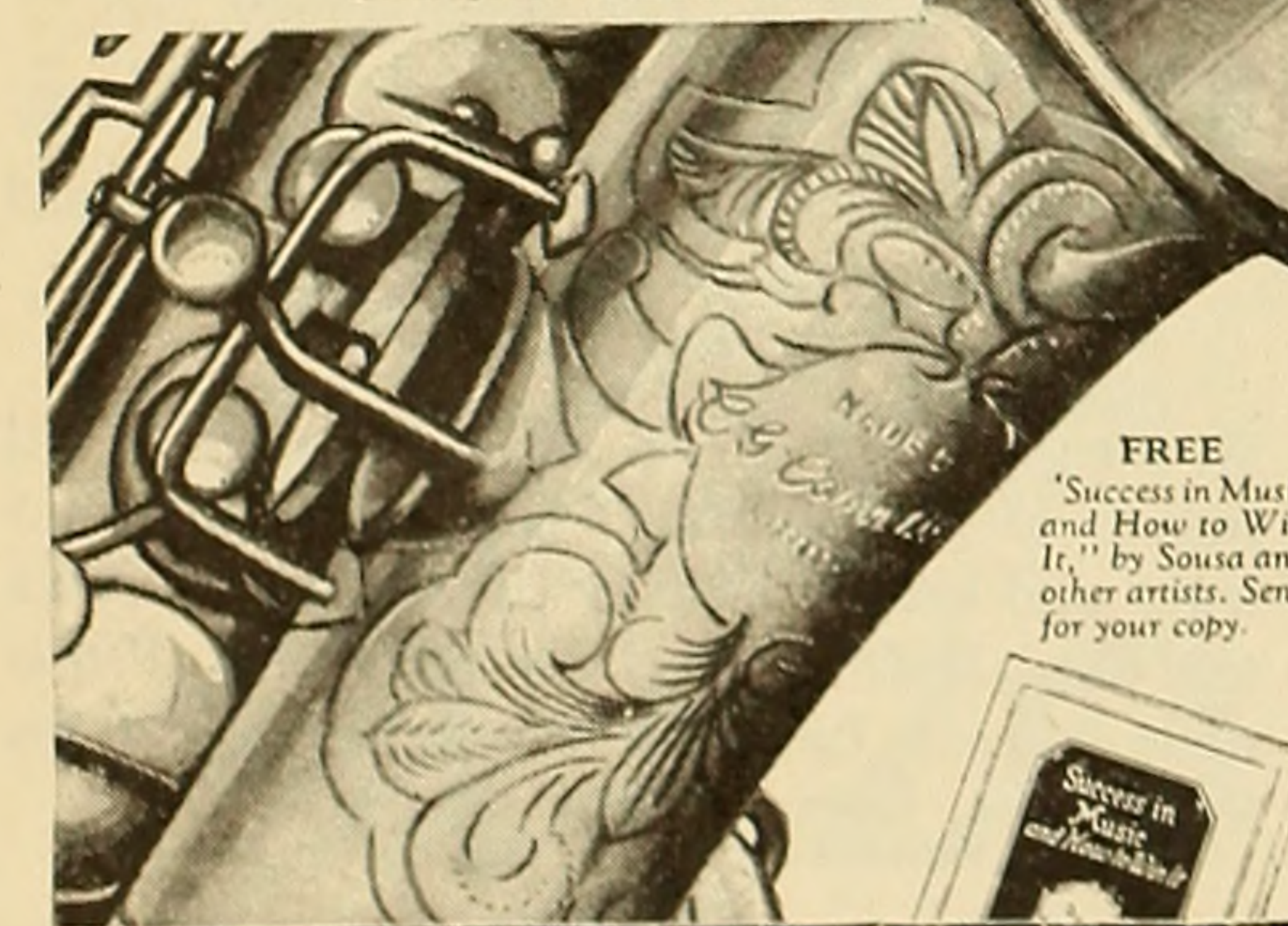


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cate ends with the baby doll—because he has been disappointed with the other types. He looks at the baby doll's pastel prettiness and he says to himself, 'My dear, there is nothing about you that can fool me. I'll just have you about to gaze at your thoughtless loveliness and know that I can't get hurt any more.'

"AH, we all admire the sophisticated attitude," he said. "The reason we people here in America admire it particularly is because it is foreign to us. We are accused of being dollar chasers but we are actually more impressed by manner than wealth. Go into the most expensive restaurant in New York, our richest city. Let a gentleman enter who wears his dinner clothes correctly, who wears, say, a small mustache and a monocle, and the eyes of every woman present will follow him. He may not possess a dollar but his appearance makes him eligible almost anywhere. Behind him may come the usual American business man. He may be worth sixty millions. But the women present will pay little attention to him as an individual. They will bow to his millions but not to his mind. The sophisticated man suggests leisure and wealth. In this country where most of us have to work for everything we get, we

are impressed by the man who can get along by doing nothing at all charmingly. The woman living by the same method does not interest us so sharply. We are more accustomed to her. Women in America until recently have been our only leisure class."

Griffith was calling and Mr. Menjou rose to go. "Two things I want to do before my screen career is over," he said. "One is a picture with Gloria Swanson. We've got the story—a tired man of the world and a tired woman of the world going away, each of them to a little mountain hotel to forget their disillusion. They meet and then . . ."

"What?"
"The inevitable love. It always happens. But Gloria and I can't do it. Not now at least. The star system. . ."

He shrugged.
"And then," he continued, his eyes lighting. "I want to do a costume picture—without gestures. I want to show that people have always been the same. Just because they lived three hundred years ago they didn't walk differently. That picture is my big ambition. Always existence has been the same—love and life and death. Always down the ages the romance search has been on—with the same result."

Peter B. Kyne's Prayer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

subscribers, nor do they arrogate to themselves, like the boob picture producer, the attribute of infallibility. Mr. Lorimer manages to please 2,500,000 purchasers of the Saturday Evening Post weekly and has been doing it for 10, these many years. Mr. Long, with Cosmopolitan, is making fast strides toward pleasing 2,000,000 Cosmopolitan readers monthly. If we figure, conservatively, that three persons read each issue of the magazine which one person purchases, it will readily be seen that these two gentlemen are able to find more intelligent persons in these United States than the movie editors are.

I repeat: Nobody knows what the public wants and it is sheer hogwash to claim such infallibility. I am just completing a novel. Now, I KNOW this novel will be a best seller. That is not arrogance nor is it conceit, but a prediction based on past performances. I KNOW, out of an experience of seventeen years that I cannot please the public and that I do not know what the public wants, but I know mighty well what I want, and I want exactly the thing I create, whether it be good, bad or indifferent, according to the critics who assume to make pronouncements. I know that if the job pleases me, it is going to please a sufficient number of people of my grade of intelligence, and that number will be sufficient to place me out in front and make me a very satisfactory living.

I have done a great deal of public speaking. I have had the so-called intelligentsia listen to me, the people who aspire to what they call the better things of life; the Rotary clubs, the Optimists clubs, the dens of Lions, the women's clubs, the literary clubs, troops, labor unions and high school cadets. In a word the same audience that patronizes motion pictures. I have never found the audiences dull or stupid; I have never found it necessary to talk down to the level of their intelligences. I have always insisted upon titulating my own intelligence in making an address and the interest, approbation, smiles and applause of my audience is never niggardly. The audiences I have talked to are as quick to sense irony, satire or delicate, unctious humor as they are to respond to a story of the two famous Irishmen, Pat and Mike. I love audiences. They're kind and they're intelligent and very wistful.

Motion pictures, with the exception of a few,

fail of their primary mission which is to entertain. That is because the people who make the pictures do not know how to entertain. To be an entertainer is to be something of an artist. Charley Chaplin always entertains me. I laughed at "The Gold Rush" until I wept. I went there for a hearty laugh and it was worth more to me than the price of admission.

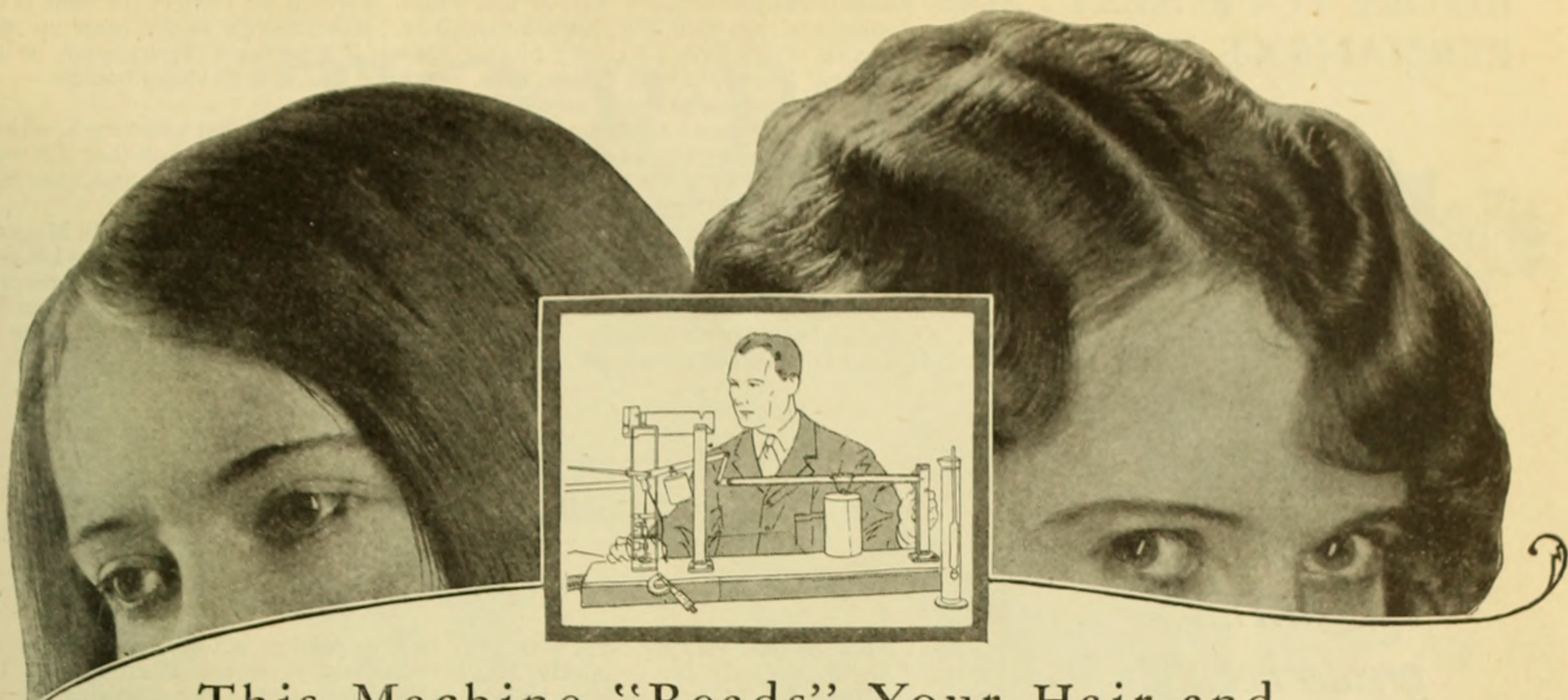
I see where Charley's artistic foot slips occasionally, where he blabs the note, where he achieves bathos rather than pathos, but I think it would be mean and unsportsmanlike to mention that, to be hyper-critical, because he doesn't pretend to infallibility; he gives you so much that is joyous, wistful, artistic, great that the minority report just isn't worth bringing in. He fulfills his duty to the people who trust him. He gives them their money's worth, and he is tremendously concerned with doing just that and not at all with a consideration of what a marvelous artist Charley Chaplin is.

HE is a success because he is a gifted man in his line—a real genius—and like all men of genius he keeps his eye and his thoughts on the job for the job's sake. He makes no pseudo-magnificent gesture, no hollow promise that explodes like a pricked toy balloon. He has established an honest basis of quality, his trade-mark stands for something, we all know it, we believe it and we patronize him and wish we could patronize him oftener than we do.

What bally rot to say that when the public evinces a distinct desire for better pictures the alert and gracious producer will supply him just that! What arrogance! How the devil does the producer know he can do that? If he could the idiot would do it now and not wait to be prodded into action by a public which is, indubitably, inarticulate.

Any man, in any line of endeavor, who isn't striving upward all of the time is already on the toboggan and how pitiful to see him strut when he doesn't even know he is headed for artistic oblivion! I could never write down to the literary level of True Stories, but the readers of True Stories can and do adventure on my literary level. Sometimes I read True Stories myself just to keep touch with my job! Sometimes one finds a gem of literature wasted there! Yet, is it wasted? Who shall make such a pronouncement and cease to be fair and humble?

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The motion picture industry has everything to make fine productions with, except good taste, an instinctive sense of artistry, which is ability to differentiate between bathos and pathos, humor and slap stick, the graceful and the ungraceful. They have no ability to express tenderness, humor, pathos, drama, even if they feel it, but when occasionally somebody succeeds in expressing even a modicum of these great human emotions on the screen how certain, how instantaneous, is the response from the emotionally starved boobs. Yes, people want entertainment, they want their emotions stirred, they want to be lifted for an hour and a half out of life with its bald, brutal and blatant realities, into a world of make-believe—the wonderful world of make-believe that lies even in the brains of the emotionally inarticulate.

Cynics keep up their reference to hokum. I don't know what hokum is, although I am told I employ hokum no little. Thank God for that. I would use more of the same if I knew how. If hokum draws the heart up into the throat, if it brings a joyous laugh, or a sympathetic tear, it is no longer hokum.

It is Art.

And I can't tell you what Art is, although I have a sneaking impression that if it ennobles and uplifts, if it "gets" me under the fifth rib, Art is present.

Some months ago Mr. Louis B. Mayer asked me to write a story to feature Miss Lillian Gish. I asked him what type of story he required for her and he said he didn't know, but that it was certain she would have to suffer a lot. Alas, poor Louis!

I know him well!

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

M. V. B., PEORIA.—Bobby Agnew is not married which they do say is mostly May McAvoy's fault for Bobby has been in love with May for a couple of years now which is a lifetime in Hollywood.

C. H. H., TOLEDO.—Raymond Hatton is still with Paramount. His latest picture is "Behind the Front," and it's a wow. Tom Mix is 38 years old. Mary Brian is an American, bless her, and just 18. I like 'em eighteen. Jack Pickford was born in Canada August 18th, 1896. Mary was born there, too, three years earlier. But even at that she's ten years younger than husband Doug Fairbanks.

MAYA LASERRE, CUBA.—Gracious Senorita. You hablo mucho good English. Eugene O'Brien is not married. I'll say he is still popular—he is playing opposite Gloria Swanson in her new picture, "Fine Manners." You think Norma Talmadge is too sweet to play Iris Storm in "The Green Hat?" Well, well, that depends on how sweet you think Iris was. She was awful good company, anyhow.

J. H., BROOKLYN.—You and me both. Alice Joyce is a peach. Also a lady and an actress. She was born October 1st, 1890. Alice is five feet, 7 inches tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Tho you'd never believe it she was born in Kansas City, Mo. Once upon a time Tom Moore was her husband. Now Mr. Joyce is James Regan, son of the famous hotel man, and they have two lovely daughters.

D. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, William Haines played in "A Slave of Fashion." His next picture is "Brown of Harvard." Bill was born on New Years Day in 1900, at Staunton, Va. Warner Baxter's birthday was March 29th, 1891 and took place at Columbus, Ohio. He has just finished playing with Gilda Grey in "Aloma of the South Seas." Yep, that's his real moniker.

GRACIOUS, PENNSYLVANIA.—Well, I guess the psychologists would say that we all need some form of expression for those pent up feelings of ours, and if we aren't able to get shet of them in a symphony or a poem, why we just write in a diary or to some sympathetic friend. That's me. Tell me all. But, Gracious, don't ask me why your favorite story is changed when it comes to the screen. I'm sorry if the picture version of "So Big" hurt you! 'Tis said it hurt the producers also, in their box office.

G. M. L., BERKLEY.—All right. I'll answer your threat by telling you the bad news: William Boyd just married Elinor Fair, his leading lady in "The Volga Boatman." Sure

he's a coming actor. He started coming twenty-six years ago when he was born in Cambridge, Ohio. For schooling, he went to Oklahoma. There's those as thinks he resembles Wally Reid in looks and screen personality.

GEORGIA, NEW YORK.—Clive Brook is another one of those tall guys being five feet, 11 inches tall and weighing 150 pounds. His hair is brown and he has grey eyes. He's nearly 35. Clive was an English stage actor. He is under contract to Warner Brothers now. Don't weep.

R. L. Z., KANSAS CITY.—Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6th, 1901. As I have already stated several times this month that is his real name. Ben is six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. All the girls in Hollywood like Ben, so why not you?

ADORA H.—Not a movie fan? Oh, Adora, how can you? You must be to make me happy. Your friend, William Powell, is a fine actor, but he's not a star as yet. He is thirty-four, married to Eileen Wilson, and an American. You're welcome.

A DISAPPOINTED FAN.—Don't be. I'm sure the star didn't mean to snub you. He's darned busy and gets tons of mail and undoubtedly although he has appreciated your cards and notes, he just hasn't had time to write you. That really does happen, you know, but the stars appreciate your interest just the same.

S. R.—You say you want us to publish a few facts about Ronald Colman. Fer heven's sake. Don't you read this here book? We don't do nothing else but. Ronald, Ronald, Ronald. So the cry rises. Howsomever, I'll tell it all over again, just for you. Ronnie is five feet eleven, 165 pounds in weight, brown of eye and black of hair, and separated.

G. J. — Ricardo Cortez' new picture "Volcano"—it was originally called "Martinique"—was reviewed in the March issue and will be released to the fans in April. He is over six feet, one inch over. I'll try to see that you get a picture of him in PHOTOPLAY very soon

BUBBLES.—I don't blame you for wanting to know about Lois Moran and Doug, Jr., after seeing their love scenes in "Stella Dallas." Those were young love scenes all right. Lois was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., 1909. She has danced in the Paris Opera ballet and "Stella Dallas" is her first picture. Young Doug was born 1910 and his first picture was "Stephen Steps Out." Of course, you know who his father is

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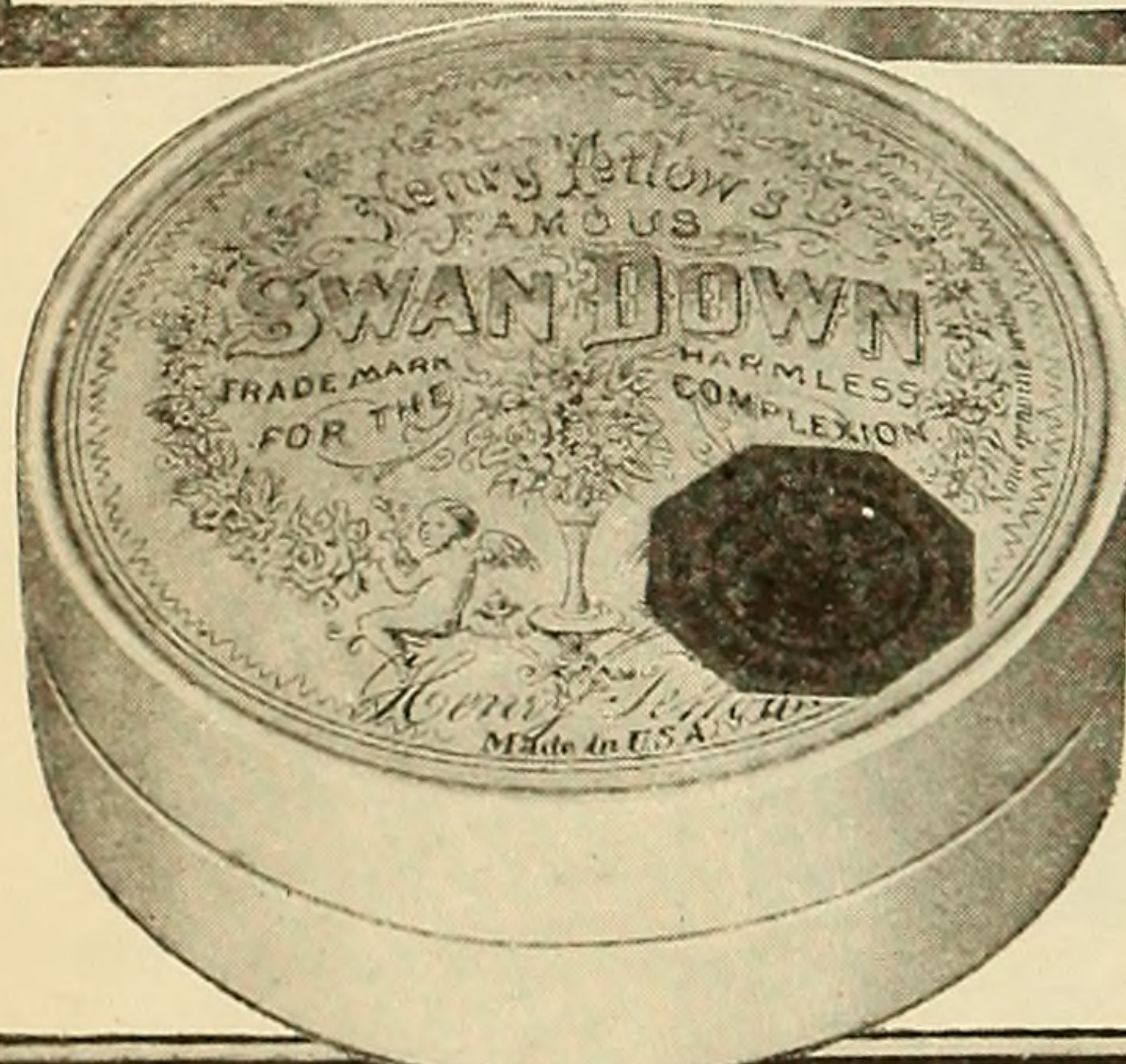
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B. G.—You say you are mine until the detectives find me out. Oh, B. G., will you desert me then? How cruel. How cruel. Don't be. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., thirty-one years ago. He played on the stage for a couple of years and started in pictures in 1921, since which time he certainly has traveled fast in fan hearts. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, twenty-five years back and went on the stage as soon as she could be carried there. She started in pictures when she was eight.

BLUE EYES.—Your friend, Brown Eyes, is with us this month, too. How old does that coon get in whose age one does things? I've always wanted to know. Rod La Rocque is in his twenty-eighth year. He weighs 181, is six feet three, brown haired and black eyed and not married. Rod's just a regular guy, born American and all that. I think he'd probably write you if you gave him the chance by writing him in care of the De Mille studios.

D. R., COVINGTON, LA.—I love questions. Why should I be hard on you, particularly when you want to know of Ramon? Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, February 6th, 1899. He's been in movies since 1917. His people are very high class, indeed.

VIRGINIA M., MICHIGAN.—How do you do yourself, Virginia? You want Betty Bronson's picture. Well, send that starlet a quarter, in care of the Lasky studios, Hollywood, and you will receive her likeness. Yes, that's her real name. 'Twas the other Moore that was married to Mary Pickford, Owen, not Tom. That eighteen-year-old darling, Mary Brian, is not married. Don't know how she escaped, but she has so far. You can reach Gloria at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City. That's her own name, unless you want to call her the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray.

A. M.—You love Norma Talmadge? And who doesn't? Norma uses her maiden name on the screen but in private life she is Mrs. Joseph Schenck and has been for several years.

VIRGINIA COTTER, GEORGIA.—No, Alice Terry has not dropped out of the movies. Alice is all over the place in husband's newest picture, "Mare Nostrum." Alice is 28 years old. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6th, 1899. No, visitors are not allowed to visit the motion picture studios to watch the actors do what they call work.

M. J. D., ILLINOIS.—Richard Barthelmess is a New Yorker. He's one of the few residents of that village who was born there. May 9th, 1897 the date was. Mrs. Dick is Mary Hay, now playing in "Sunny" a musical comedy in which Marillyn Miller, Jack Pickford's wife stars. The Barthelmess home is broken up, however. Mary and Dick live apart and their baby visits each of them six months of the year.

R. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Well, our editor had Harrison Ford interviewed just to make fans like you happy. Read it up in the front where all the swell writers show their stuff. Poor me, they push back here among the advertisements. In case the interviewer forgot any details, I'll tell you, being a big hearted guy, that Harrison was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. He is five feet 10 inches and weighs 157, has brown hair and eyes and a divorce.

HELEN AGNES, SAN FRANCISCO.—You usually pronounce Natacha Rambova's name by calling her Winifred Hudnut or Mrs. Rudolph Valentino but if you insist upon getting up in your Russian, here's the dope. Na-tash-a (accent middle syllable) Ram-bov-a (accent middle syllable). Ronald Coleman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England. No, Ronny won't let anything spoil him. He's a wise guy, he is. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, N. Y. She's a minister's daughter.

QUEENIE, CONNECTICUT.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9th, 1897. Trinity College was his alma mater. He was married to Mary Hay, the pint sized musical comedy star, but they are separated now. They have a little girl three years old.

VIOLA ARMSTRONG, OHIO.—Baby Peggy was born October 26th, 1918 to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Montgomery, which makes her full and sober name Peggy Jean Montgomery. In "The Family Secret" Gladys Hulette played Peggy's mother and Edward Earle the father. Baby Peggy has an older sister who is not as good as Peggy in the pictures.

MARION AND THELMA.—Well, you can judge how popular I am with the girls when they will tell me even their ages. Neil Hamilton and Betty Bronson are a pretty pair, they are. Have I seen Bessie Love do the Charleston? Right in my office. And how! Bessie returned from Europe some time ago and is in Hollywood making "Lovey Mary."

A. A.—Another good girl gone matrimony. Esther Ralston was married in December to George W. Frey. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related. Only sisters in art, that's all. Esther has blonde bobbed hair and Jobyna has long brown curls.

H. S. F., YONKERS.—George Billings played Abraham Lincoln in the picture of that name. Ruth Clifford was Anne Rutledge and Nell Craig was Abe's wife. In "America" Neil Hamilton played Nathan Holden and Carol Dempster was Nancy Montague. Now you won't need that history book.

GLADYS, MT. OLIVER.—Marion Davies was born in—I hate to admit it—Brooklyn, N. Y. Marion's one of those wonderful blondes an old guy like me dreams of. Her hair is spun gold and her eyes are blue as the lake of Killarney. And yet she's not married. There are a few things in this world I don't understand and that's one of them. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes—now listen. When Colleen winks her eyes shine just like a traffic signal—on one side she's one color and on the other another for one of Colleen's eyes is brown and the other is blue. Smart gal, Colleen.

COLLEGIATE CONNY.—Bennie Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga. February 6, 1901. He grabbed his education in Baltimore. He played on Broadway for five years and then went into pictures. In May, 1923 Ben played his first movie part in "Potash & Perlmutter." He is not married. He lives with his mother and sister, like all nice, wise boys do.

THE ROVER, CLEVELAND.—So you are going to write to me every month? Goody, goody, a new customer, asking nice new questions about heights and dates and things. And will you ask as many questions every month as you have this month, Rover? If you do, won't my life be just too sweet! Anyhow here goes for this month. Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg, Canada, September 24th, 1898. She is five feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds, has chestnut brown hair and brown eyes. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill., May 3rd, 1906. She is five feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds, has auburn hair and dark brown eyes. She is not related to Gertrude Astor, for that isn't Mary's real name or Gertrude's either. Gertrude was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and is about 30. She is five feet, 7½ inches tall and weighs 138 pounds. Blonde hair and grey eyes. That sweet man'selle, Renee Adoree, was born in Lille, France, and is about 25 years old. She is five feet, 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29th, 1905. She is five feet, 3½ inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes.



DOROTHY GRAY

COMING to New York ten years ago, the daughter of a noted doctor and scientist, Dorothy Gray, by the discovery of new treatments and preparations for the keeping and bringing back of youth, soon became one of the most famous beauty specialists in the world, numbering among her clientele scores of the greatest names in the international social register.

SOCIETY'S MOST FAMOUS FACES

Kept Youthful by Her Genius

There are three telltale places where age shows first in a woman's face, weak spots. This was Dorothy Gray's conclusion after studying thousands upon thousands of faces during the past eleven years. How to prevent them and to erase them has been her specialty.

SOME people used to think that the almost magical results obtained by Dorothy Gray were extremely complicated, even surgical treatments.

For she is known on two continents as the facial scientist who works marvels for the greatest beauties of society and stage. She first won her fame in counteracting the double chin and sagging throat muscles. To women of the "fading age" she offers facial rejuvenation. To younger women she offers protection against premature age.

Her Salon in New York, in the most exclusive Fifth Avenue location, is the mecca of thousands upon thousands of women who proclaim her their benefactress.

Yet her treatments are apparently simple. Nothing severe. Nothing harsh. In fact, now you can duplicate her treatments in your own home.

You can consult Dorothy Gray by mail as intimately as if you came to New York for a personal interview.

This service she has now developed after ten years of exclusive Salon treatments by appointment. She has prepared printed directions and offers her own preparations. Furthermore, she invites you to write to her in detail and she will answer you personally.

Her specialty is the counteracting of facial age. To it she has devoted her life.

She can help you eliminate a double chin and make



A Double Chin

your throat lines youthful and charming. She can help you erase those hateful lines around eyes and mouth. She can help you "firm" the relaxed, drooping muscles of the face. A sallow skin can be made to glow.

Thousands of women have had almost miraculous results in employing the Dorothy Gray Home Treatments. Years disappear quickly. "You look SO much younger," your friends will say. "Have you been to New York to see Dorothy Gray?"

Below is printed a coupon for your convenience. It embraces the three telltale places where age shows first but you may write a letter instead if you wish to state your problems more fully. Miss Gray will study your requirements and make personal recommendations as to the treatments and the proper preparations.

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Thin Face with Flabby Muscles Under the Chin

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 36	
Please tell me how	
<input type="checkbox"/>	to treat a double chin.
<input type="checkbox"/>	to round out a thin face and strengthen muscles under chin.
<input type="checkbox"/>	to erase wrinkles and lines around eyes and mouth.
Name
Street
City	State

What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

ASSOCIATED STUDIOS, INC., 3800 Mission Road.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "The Wedding March." Cast not named.

William Craft directing "Arizona Whirlwind" with Bill Cody.

BERWILLA STUDIOS, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.

Denver Dixon directing "Range Pirates" with Roberts-Lee.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1420 Beechwood Drive.

William J. Craft directing "The Silent Flyer" with Malcolm MacGregor and Louise Lorraine.

CHADWICK STUDIO, 6070 Sunset Blvd.

Scott Dunlap directing "Winning Futurity" with Cullen Landis and Clara Horton.

Natt Ross directing "April Showers" with Alexander Carr and Mary Alden.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Charles Chaplin directing "The Circus" with Charles Chaplin and Merna Kennedy.

Joseph Von Sternberg directing "The Sea Gull" with Edna Purviance, Raymond Bloomer, Eve Southern and Gayne Whitman.

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Blvd.

Bobby Vernon, Walter Hiers, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns, all working on two-reel comedies.

E. Mason Hopper directing "Up In Mabel's Room" with Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Production will soon start on:

"The Clinging Vine" with Leatrice Joy.

"Sweet Pickles" with Vera Reynolds and George K. Arthur.

"Young April" with Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut.

William K. Howard has completed "Bachelor Brides" with Rod La Rocque and Elinor Faire.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Gower St.

James Hogan directing "The Isle of Retribution" with Lillian Rich, Robert Frazer and Mildred Harris.

Bob De Lacey directing "The Arizona Streak" with Tom Tyler.

David Kirkland directing "The Two Gun Man" with Fred Thompson.

Chester Whitey directing "Secret Orders" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Frazer.

Paramount Prod. William Beaudine directing "Ladies First" with Douglas MacLean.

FINE ARTS STUDIO, 4500 Sunset Blvd.

John Ince directing "Empty House" with Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Darmond.

Spencer Bennett directing "Snowbound" with Allene Ray and Walter Miller.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

John Ford directing "The Shamrock Handicap" with Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton.

Irving Cummings directing "Rustling for Cupid" with George O'Brien and Anita Stewart.

Frank Borzage directing "Early to Wed" with Matt Moore, Kathryn Perry and ZaSu Pitts.

R. William Neill directing "Thirty Below Zero" with Buck Jones and Eva Novak.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.

Buster Keaton has completed "Battling Butler" with Buster Keaton and Sally O'Neil.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine St.

Mal St. Clair directing "Good and Naughty" with Pola Negri and Tom Moore.

James Cruze directing "Old Ironsides" with Esther Ralston, Wallace Beery and Charles Farrell.

William de Mille has completed "The Flight of the Hills" with Clara Bow and Warner Baxter.

Marshall Neilan will direct Betty Bronson in a picture as yet untitled.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

King Baggott directing "Lovey Mary" with Bessie Love.

William Goodrich has completed "Over Night" with Conrad Nagel.

Robert Z. Leonard directing "The Waning Sex" with Claire Windsor and Lew Cody.

Hobart Henley directing "The Heart Breaker" with Ramon Novarro and Sally O'Neil.

Monta Bell directing "The Boy Friend" with Johnny Harron.

King Vidor directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" with John Gilbert and Eleanor Boardman.

William Goodrich directing "The Red Mill" with Marion Davies.

Maurice Stiller directing "The Temptress" with Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 1040 La Palmas Ave

Corinne Griffith Prod. Svend Gade directing "Into Her Kingdom" with Corinne Griffith and Einar Hanson.

Edward Dillon directing "The Dice Woman" with Priscilla Dean and John Bowers.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIO, 1845 Glendale Blvd.

Sidney Olcott directing "Ranson's Folly" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill.

MACK SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Alice Day, Ben Turpin, Ralph Graves, Billy Bevan, Madeline Hurlock, Raymond McKee, Ruth Hiatt, all working on untitled two-reel comedies.

UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Sidney Franklin directing "The Duchess From Buffalo" with Constance Talmadge.

George Fitzmaurice directing "Sons of the Sheik" with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky.

UNITED STUDIOS, 5341 Melrose Ave.

Al Santell directing "Sweet Daddies" with Jobyna Ralston, Jack Mulhall and Gaston Glass.

Sylvano Balboni directing "Don Juan's Three Nights" with Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason.

Edwin Carewe directing "Pals First" with Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, University City, Cal.

E. A. Dupont directing "The Affairs of Hannerl" with Mary Philbin.

Melville Brown directing "Beauty in the Box" with Laura La Plante and Einar Hanson.

James O. Spearing directing "Crashing Timbers" with Viola Dana and Kenneth Harlan.

Al Rogell directing "Dude Ranch" with Art Acord.

Lynn Reynolds directing "Prisoners of the Storm" with House Peters and Peggy Montgomery.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

Ernest Lubitsch directing "Revillon" with Patsy Ruth Miller.

Chuck Relsner directing "The Better Ole" with Sydney Chaplin and Doris Hill.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 E. 175th St., New York City.

Charles Brabin directing "Mismates" with Doris Kenyon and Philo McCullough.

"The Crystal Cup" with Dorothy Mackaill, Lloyd Hughes and Jack Mulhall.

"The Lying Truth" with Milton Sills.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. & Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane Prod. "The Great Deception" with Lowell Sherman.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. & Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Frank Tuttle directing "Fine Manners" with Gloria Swanson and Eugene O'Brien.

Gregory La Cava directing Richard Dix in "Take a Chance."

Edward Sutherland directing "So's Your Old Man" with W. C. Fields and Louise Brooks.

D. W. Griffith directing "Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster, Adolphe Menjou, Lya de Putti, Ricardo Cortez.

Earle Kenton directing "The Palm Beach Girl" with Bebe Daniels, Lawrence Gray and John Patrick.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL.

"The Vienesse Medley" will be released as "The Greater Glory."

PARAMOUNT.

"The Old Army Game" will be released as "So's Your Old Man."

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave. New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices, 1560 Broadway, New York City.

Al Lichtman Corp., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

False Faces

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

inished glories of old civilizations in your
stures. You are that Thing Beyond for
hich we commoner dust must ever seek and
ly I, thrice-blest, may find."

Gaillard said such beautiful things.
"Don't—please, I *must* tell you!"
Gaillard leaned back among the cushions,
inhaling and exhaling as only Gaillard could.
He looked, Lilith thought, like the ads he
posed for, the gentlemanly connoisseur in even-
ing clothes appreciatively savoring a Turkish
blend. Beautiful and *right*.

"Well, Adored," he said, "if you are about
to tell me of some peccadillo with a king, pro-
ceed, proceed. Even so, I shall not disclaim
you. I might, even, evolve a piquant zest
from playing, what is it, understudy, after-
math, something of the kind, to a king."

Lilith rose from the cushions as if their
mothering hold had become unbearable. She
went to the pale green enamelled secretary and
drew forth a bulky missive. It had occurred to
Gaillard, watching her passage across the room,
that she did not undulate as much as usual—
she *walked*.

She returned and sat down, not close to him,
as was her wont.

ALL right, Gaillard," she said, and her voice
was woman-patient, "if you won't listen
perhaps you will read. This letter can tell
you what I have been trying to say to you
better no doubt, than I could have said it. It
is from my mother."

Gaillard accepted, rather gingerly, the rough,
thick letter. He bent his impeccable shoulders
forward so that the feverish mauve light from
the nearest lamp could illumine the incongruous
appearing epistle. Her mother—this letter—
Lilith performed the feat of holding her
breath during the reading of the verbose,
folksy, slightly illiterate family digest. When
she laid it down, dropped it might be nearer to
the truth, she let her breath go and it stabbed
her a multitude of times as it left her lungs.

Silence.
Deaths. Little deaths of heart and hope and
joy, there in that glamorous boudoir, that
sanctuary of beauty, decorate for love, proof,
surely, against the least sordid invasion.

Silence. And because she loved him so
honestly Lilith forgot to fear for herself. His
face was so pale. His hands were shaking.
She had hurt him, who would have spared him
the faintest pang.

"And so," Gaillard's beautiful voice was,
Lilith noted, still beautiful, grave and deep
and slightly slurred with sorrow—"and so,
after all, you have deceived me."

"I told you so! Now you know. But if
you could know, too, how many sleepless
nights I have spent, trying to make up my
mind, trying to nerve my heart, to tell you.
If you knew how hard I have tried to live
those old days down, to cover over with layers
and layers and layers the—the girl I was.
I have striven by every means in my power
to make myself, inside as well as out, the kind
of a woman a man like you could love. It
was necessary, it became true, it wasn't deceit
in any ordinary sense of the word, it was just,
don't you see, gilding a plain pine frame, sort
of like that."

"If you have deceived me about anyone
else, but about yourself. These stories—all
these stories about your birth, your parentage,
your convent days—lies?"

"Not all. Not quite. I did go to a convent
for three months. And surely, surely, you
have been in the business long enough, you
have been in the world long enough to know
that we all, that everyone, plays a part. We
all play parts in life. Many people, a great
many people, writers with pen names, people

Like Lost Pearls

Teeth clouded with the
dingy film that ordinary
brushing won't remove



Please accept a full 10-day test of
this NEW way that world's dental
authorities advise for lightening
clouded teeth and protecting gums.

UNKNOWN to yourself, you
are probably hiding the gleam
and clearness of your teeth be-
neath a dingy film coat—but that
now you can easily remove. A
coating that ordinary washing
won't combat successfully.

In a few days you can make a
great difference in the color of your
teeth. Can literally change your
whole appearance. Can restore
"off-color" teeth to gleaming
beauty. Can firm your gums and
give them healthy, natural color.

Largely on dental advice, the
world has turned to this new way.
A full 10-day tube will be sent you
upon receipt of the coupon below.

Hidden by film

Dental science now traces scores
of tooth and gum troubles to a
germ-laden film that forms on
your teeth. Run your tongue
across your teeth and you will
feel it . . . a slippery,
viscous coating.

That film absorbs dis-
colorations from food,
smoking, etc. And that
is why your teeth look
"off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth,
gets into crevices and
stays. It lays your gums
open to bacterial attack

and your teeth open to decay.
Germs by the millions breed in it.
And they, with tartar, are a chief
cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleans-
ing won't fight film successfully.
Feel for it now with your tongue.
Note how your present cleansing
method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being
used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action
and effect from any other known.

It removes that film And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important
things at once: Removes that
film, then firms the gums. No
grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its
power beyond all doubt. Send the
coupon. Clip it now.

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Address.....

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Only one tube to a family

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Don't blame him! Blame Po-Go—that new creamy French Rouge! Hand-made—packed in Paris, now obtainable over here. Even when the hour is late and the light trying, Po-Go gives a perpetual glow of youth! It's soft and satiny—and it holds the powder well!

Blondes should try *Brique* (the *Naturelle* tint) blended especially for them. *Ronce* (a delightful Raspberry) is for blondes or brunettes. Both for beauty!

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Distributors of *Ciro* Perfumes
565 Fifth Avenue, New York

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Made, boxed and packaged in France

Don't simply ask your druggist. Tell him you must have Po-Go! 50c in its smart box with rouge puff, or quickly sent by mail.

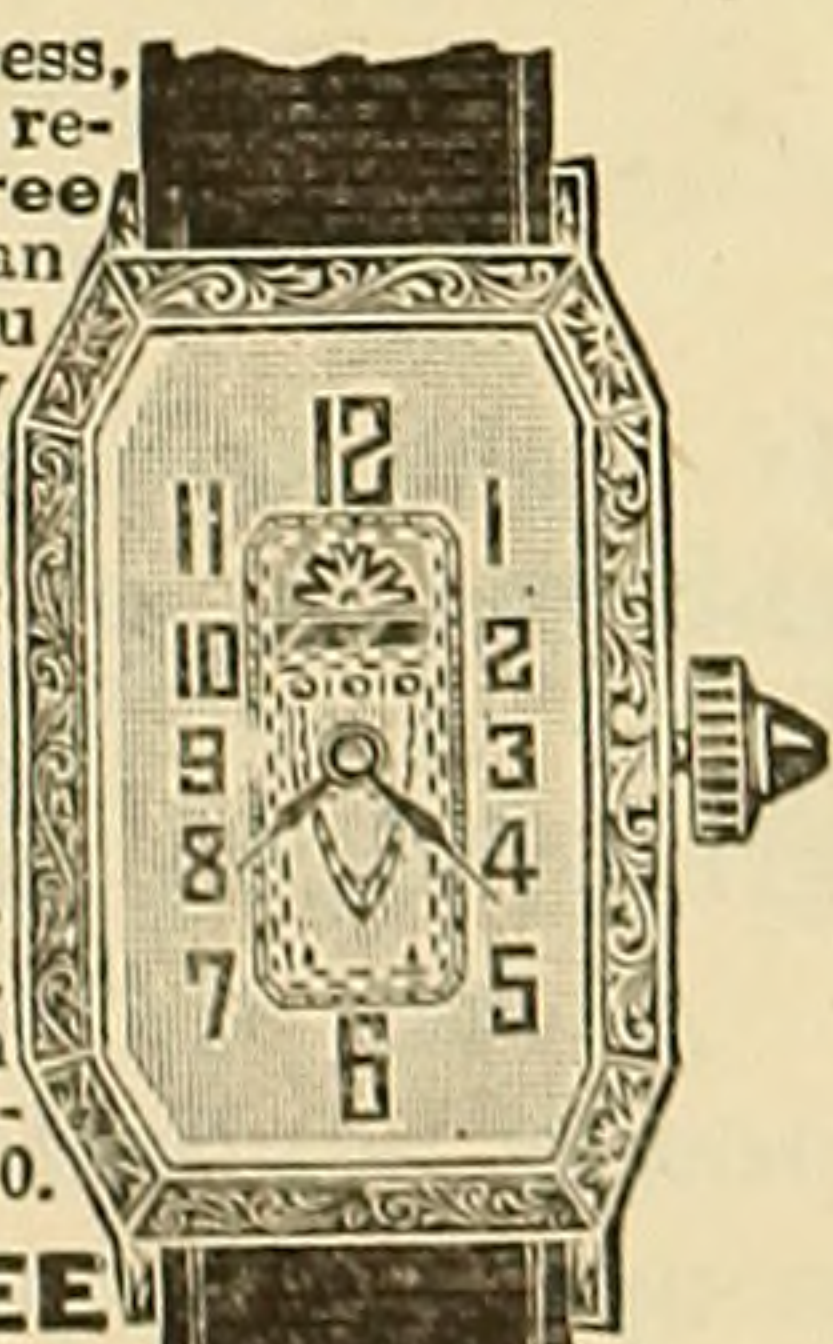


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Department 22

NADDY & COMPANY

Wholesale Jewelers

239 Broadway, New York
(Opposite City Hall)

like that, adopt a different name for a specific purpose."

"I see," Gaillard's voice was edged now, with irony, with bitterness. "I see that I have been loving a woman who has never existed. That is what hurts so. To think that for sixteen years you lived in East Machias. To think that you are the daughter of a traveling salesman—and one of eleven children—one of—"

"Gaillard, don't say too much."
"And I had thought—been thinking—poetry—song—mystery."

"Gaillard, don't be silly. You couldn't have believed all of these things, literally."

"To think that—"
Lilith was losing her temper. As Mildred P. Means she had lost it quite frequently.

"Well, here is what you are to think—that I was named Mildred P. Means and that I considered it expedient, not to say more euphonious, to change it. That my poor, hard working and thoroughly respectable mother had eleven children and the very devil of a time trying to bring them up. That my father was a traveling salesman and not a very good one at that. That money was usually short, if at all, and that these shortages were brought home to us very unpleasantly, at least once a week, by the various butchers, green grocers and butter and egg men in our vicinity. That I went to village parties in my elder sisters' hand-me-downs and that I had a beau who worked in the local garage. That—"

"Oh, Lilith, please—please—I have cared so much."

"You have cared? So that is the verdict, is it? Well, I might have known. But at least I have been honest with you, Gaillard. I hope my—my successor will be as honest. I didn't have to tell you, you know—not now—not yet. My Past is carefully strewn over with orchids and incense—it would have been easy, but I had to be honest with love."

Gaillard looked at her, for the first time since she had begun to speak. He saw her ivory face, her bronze hair with the green and amber lights, her silken body, drooping now, like a flower, her slim, long hands—Mildred Means—Lilith Flame. What was the difference after all? Surely from out the Dark Ages a soul had come to dwell in the incongruous frame of East Machias. He bent

toward her, himself again, "I love you, Lilith. I love you with a love that is great enough to forgive you even this. We will never mention it again. It will be as if it had never been. We will forget. We all have things in our past to forget and who among us should cast the first stone?"

Lilith was in his arms. Honestly now. Securely. "All our lives together," she murmured, "all our lives together."

* * * * *

KATY knocked and Lilith called, "Come in." She guessed that Katy had bribed Takio into letting her announce the waiting car. She said, "The car, Miss Lilith, the car is at the door. Well, for the land's sake!"

Lilith stared, stared. Was Katy going out of her honest, stolid mind? She certainly looked it. She, Katy, the trained, impersonal, retiring servant was staring at Gaillard De Koven, arms akimbo, mouth open, incredulous and yes, familiar.

"For the good land's sake," she repeated, loudly, in a pre-stardom tone of voice, "if it ain't old Pete Hodgkin's boy, Pete Junior. Wasn't I in the fifth grade with him myself? Didn't I live a block away from him in West Machias? Wouldn't I know him anywhere for the spitting image of his pa? I'd know you in Timbuctoo, Pete, for all the fancified clothes you've got on you—you and Miss Mildred—well, now, the pair o' you. Have you been back to Machias lately? Now say, you've got along real good, haven't you?"

Gaillard's elegantly manicured hand was pressed against his high, aristocratic brow. "Lilith," he said, chokingly, "I feel upset—couldn't we—?"

Lilith, enigmatic, stern, motioned to the suddenly inarticulate Katy to be gone. She took Gaillard's hand from his unnaturally florid face. She petted his head with soft little taps of love, of forgiveness, of conspiracy. She murmured little intimate terms of adoration. She had the beautiful nicety not to laugh. She carefully and tenderly readjusted his mask.

"What were we saying, Lilith," he asked wearily, from the shelter of her arms, "something about the past—as I said, we all—?"

"We were speaking about living the Past down, dearest, you and I—all our lives—together."

As an Actor Frank Godwin Proved to Be a Fine Painter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

train, my skull opened to make sure the presence of gray matter would not interfere with my acting, and finally my blood was analyzed and a long file of ladies with thermometers in their mouths was led past me and the thermometer readings taken to see if I had sufficient S. A., which is Hollywood for sex appeal.

I awoke early with horrible sensation that the test was still to be gone through with. Hiring a large car, my son and I drove to the studio.

AT the studio I was informed Miss Nilsson would go through the test with me. "What courage!" I thought. "Brave little woman." Then, "Maybe she loves me and wants to die with me if such must be." Suddenly a rough bass voice from somewhere yelled, "Anytime, Miss Nilsson, that you're ready to be shot; we're all set on stage six."

Shot! It was true! She was going to die with me. We went to stage six. My son came along. So did Peter B. Kyne and H. C. Witwer.

Arriving on stage six, however, I learned from Lambert Hilyer, the director, that the

test was merely being photographed in one of the scenes from the forthcoming play.

Anna Q. and I were told what the story of the scene was and, believe me, she had the best of it. Her back was to the camera most of the time and while I was registering sorrow, thoughtfulness, amusement and cynicism, she was reminding me of fifty cents I've owed her for years, since she last posed for me. She said I ought to pay her since I won that chest expansion contest. But I was acting. I was steeped in Histrionic Art. I didn't hear.

I glanced out of the set once to see the effect my work was having on my audience. My son had turned his back and was watching Johnny Boyle operate his camera, Pete Kyne and Harry Witwer were watching the work in another set. The director was working a cross word puzzle. Anna had gone.

That evening a telegram awaited me at the hotel. It was urgent I return to New York.

With tears of apology I broke this news to John McCormick. He must have known that there were many demands upon my time and that it was too much to hope I would grace Anna's new picture.

He had already hired another actor.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

Rudy's Still Got It

Vincennes, Ind.

I am writing to express my sincere admiration for Rudolph Valentino. I have never missed one picture, so far, that he has been in. Of course every one is privileged to choose their own actors and actresses, but it sure does make me hot to read those letters condemning him. The last picture that I saw him was "The Eagle." I thought it was a splendid plot and had gorgeous settings.

Hurray, for the new comer—Vilma Banky. I wish her the best of luck.

HELEN PHILLIPPE.

Are Thrills Ever Legitimate?

Washington, D. C.

I want to express my disappointment at "The Road to Yesterday." Why did not De Mille have the original modern introduction? Instead of an English house party where an American girl, tired by visiting the Towers and other romantic places, dreams of the past, we have the events occur incongruously in the Grand Canon and are told a hectic story of atavistic aversions and most modern bad behavior. The only decent thing in the first part was the rather pathetic figure of Joseph Schildkraut.

I suppose the Grand Canon and the psychopathic melodrama were introduced for the sake of thrills but it seems to me there were enough legitimate thrills in the 11th century part for the modern part to be convincing.

If I had not liked the old story and part of the treatment of it in the movie very much, I should not care whether the first part were bad or not but I hate to see a good thing ruined by inconsistencies.

KATHARINE GERRY.

Natacha's Champion

London, Eng.

As one who is most interested in the progress of motion pictures, I feel I must express my gratitude to you for your interesting and pertinent contribution to the subject in the February editorial of your valuable magazine.

I am glad to know there is nothing vindictive or mean about Mr. Valentino but the deplorable lack of business capacity in his matrimonial affairs is the cause of the trouble. Love, desire for children, family affection are in real life, of course, as extinct as Dodo and only survive in the films for their spectacular value.

Faced with her husband's ridiculously old fashioned views and failure to realize that marriage is a business concern, there was naturally no course open to Mrs. Valentino as a noble and devoted wife, but to leave her husband without delay to recoup her losses on a bad investment by screening her marriage failure and so to achieve her status as a business woman.

W. T. POTTER.

Nice Pollyanna

Jamaica, N. Y.

If we didn't have rain once in a while we wouldn't appreciate the sun and if we didn't have a few pictures that weren't so good we wouldn't appreciate the good pictures. So why don't the people that are always criticizing the pictures remember the good and forget the terrible? I always do that and it agrees with me very well.

I like Bill Hart's pictures and I would like to see one soon.

MARY R. ELFLENN.



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WARNER BROS.
PRESENT

Dolores Costello

*The Newest and Brightest
Star in the Movie Heavens*

NEVER before has a screen player been as spontaneously lifted to the pedestal of stardom as this beautiful and fascinating daughter of Maurice Costello, famous star of the old Vitagraph days.

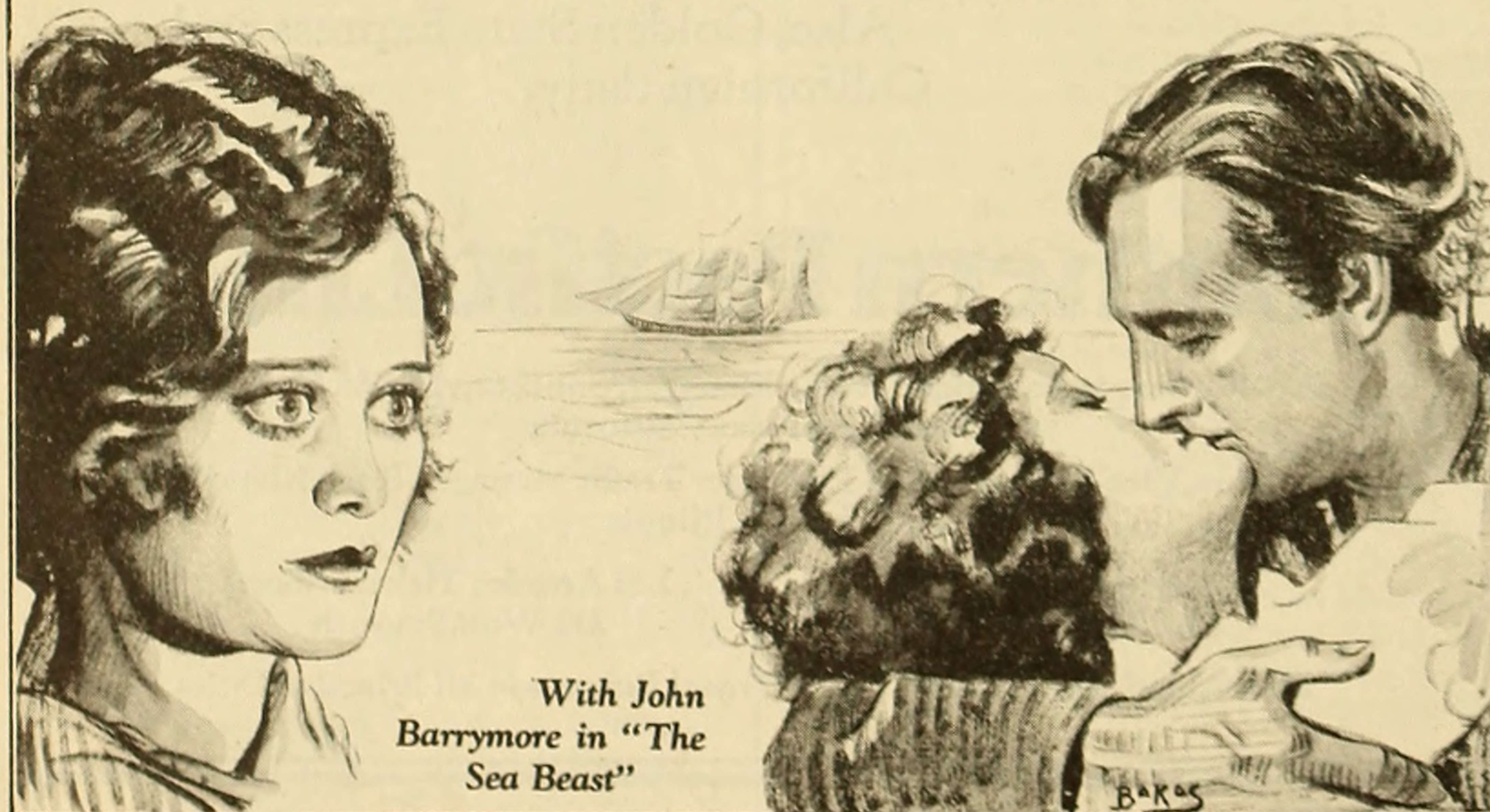
In the two pictures in which she has appeared in important roles, leading critics throughout the country singled her out with the most lavish praise. She has built up a following of admirers overnight. She is today the most interesting personality in the screen world.

Warner Bros. take pleasure in announcing that Miss Costello will be starred in the future in Warner Productions.



Above—In "The Little Irish Girl"

Below—In "Bride of the Storm"



With John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast"

All Sweetness and Light

South Pasadena, Calif.

I have a large bouquet for each actor and actress in the best play I have seen in a very long time, "That Royle Girl."

Of course, the biggest bouquet goes to Carol Dempster. She is the most fascinating actress I have ever seen. She is not just a painted doll, who struts through the play to show off her beauty and clothes. She has charm and talent. I couldn't take my eyes off her all through the play. Sometimes she looks beautiful and other times very homely but she is always interesting.

My next bouquet is given to Harrison Ford. I think he is a fine actor. I don't think it will be very long before he will be one of the most popular actors of the screen.

I must not forget to mention W. C. Fields. He didn't act as well as he did in "Sally of the Sawdust," although he was very good.

Last, but not least, I have a bouquet for James Kirkwood. Although I have never liked him very well, I will have to admit he played his part splendidly.

MARGARET GALLBRAITH.

Pola Has a Defender

Roanoke, Virginia.

Adela Rogers St. Johns, in upholding Norma Talmadge as the screen's great actress, states that Pola Negri has given only one great performance to the films, her Du Barry in "Passion." This statement is ground for amusement because no less an authority than Norma Talmadge herself has admitted that the greatest acting ever seen on the screen was given by Pola Negri in "Gypsy Blood!"

And it is true! Negri did not give the usual artificial Carmen of the opera, but the real Carmen of Prosper Merimee, the author. Another great performance which Mrs. St. Johns seemingly overlooked, is Negri's philandering queen in "Forbidden Paradise." This is easily the most perfectly balanced characterization yet seen in motion pictures. So, in place of only *one* great rôle, Madame Negri has given *three* great performances, and which are sufficient in themselves to prove her the greatest actress on the screen today.

LEWIS D. FACKLER.

Still, Some Agree

Alexander City, Ala.

I wish some of the fans would learn the difference between constructive criticism and knocking. Most of them seem to think criticizing merely means knocking. Well it doesn't. Criticizing means discussing both the good and bad points of the matters concerned.

One should think twice before he writes. Often a fan on the impulse of the moment writes, "She is the sourest, ugliest actress on the screen." It would sound much better for the fan to write, "She doesn't appeal to me at all." So much for that.

One of the saddest things in pictures is the little credit some actors and actresses get for their work. Take Bessie Love, for example. She is truly an artist, yet she misses being a screen idol.

Next, look at Corinne Griffith. A very beautiful young lady but not by any stretch of the imagination the actress that Miss Love is. Yet Miss Griffith is very popular and ranks among the leaders in the film world. She has been giving the public good pictures, but say, Miss Love has done much more than Miss Griffith toward elevating the standard of the cinema.

I wish I could see another picture similar to "Quincy Adams Sawyer." I saw that film years ago but it still lingers in my memory. I enjoy such pictures. They are a relief from so many stilled society dramas.

To close I want to thank the writer of the article about Norma Talmadge that appeared in February's PHOTOPLAY. I agree with it in every way.

SARAH SEGREST.

Defending Fannie

Detroit, Michigan.

Just a few words in behalf and in appreciation of the widely known \$50,000 prize story—"Mannequin."

Because Miss Hurst was the fortunate recipient of a magazine's generosity—BECAUSE of her fame as a fictionist, less fortunate contestants, are greatly underrating its value. They are actually reviewing the opus from a biased angle, so the writer hastens to construct a few sentences in favor of Miss Hurst and those responsible for the selection.

As one who toiled unmeasurably in the hope of annexing the huge award—and lost—I want to publicly congratulate Miss Hurst upon her successful entry, to prove my total lack of prejudice. But, in accordance with what has come to my hearing it seems that this will do little to counterbalance sentiments.

Admitting that the story is not the equal of MADAME X or THE RIGHT OF WAY, the selection is justifiable, considering that the amount awarded is no longer the top price.

L. JOSEPH CARON.

Love for Mary

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Would that some fairy would fashion of sunbeams, and elfin laughter, a fitting tribute to the Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood . . . Mary Pickford. Was there ever a picture that portrayed so delightfully all the joys and the sorrows of childhood, playing a melody on our heart strings as charming as the gay little tune, from which it took its name, as "Little Annie Rooney"? Yet it held the interest of the audience, regardless of age, to the last reel.

Many thanks to all who had a hand in it's making, and my sincerest congratulations to Miss Pickford for her realistic portrayal of the title rôle. She is the *Peter Pan* of the screen. May the years touch her lightly so that she may many times again answer the cry of our hearts. . . . "Make me a child again just for tonight."

MARY BRYAN.

He Watched Him When

Cincinnati, Ohio.

To one who has sat back and smiled knowingly at an actor of as yet unrealized talents, to have shunned professing admiration for acknowledged stars of the day in preference to one whose success I took delight in visualizing, I now join in the praise of the multitude to a nationally known star, hero of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "St. Elmo" as well as "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade." To John Gilbert I present my meagre bouquet composed of best wishes for the future and sincere hopes that each succeeding picture will be better than the last and a master-piece in itself.

LOUISE G. STINEMAN.

Rudy Punctures Another Heart

Prince George, Va.

I am young again—not in age but in heart for I have been thrilled over the love of a man. He is Rudolph Valentino, once the screen ideal of happy school girls but never of grouchy old maids.

Last night I was fortunate enough to witness that fascinating picture "The Black Eagle" and in it the actor at whom I once criticized, rebuked and sneered. Now it is I who have fallen a worshiper before this hero—calm, yet passionate. I am convinced that he deserves now all the praise he received in the past.

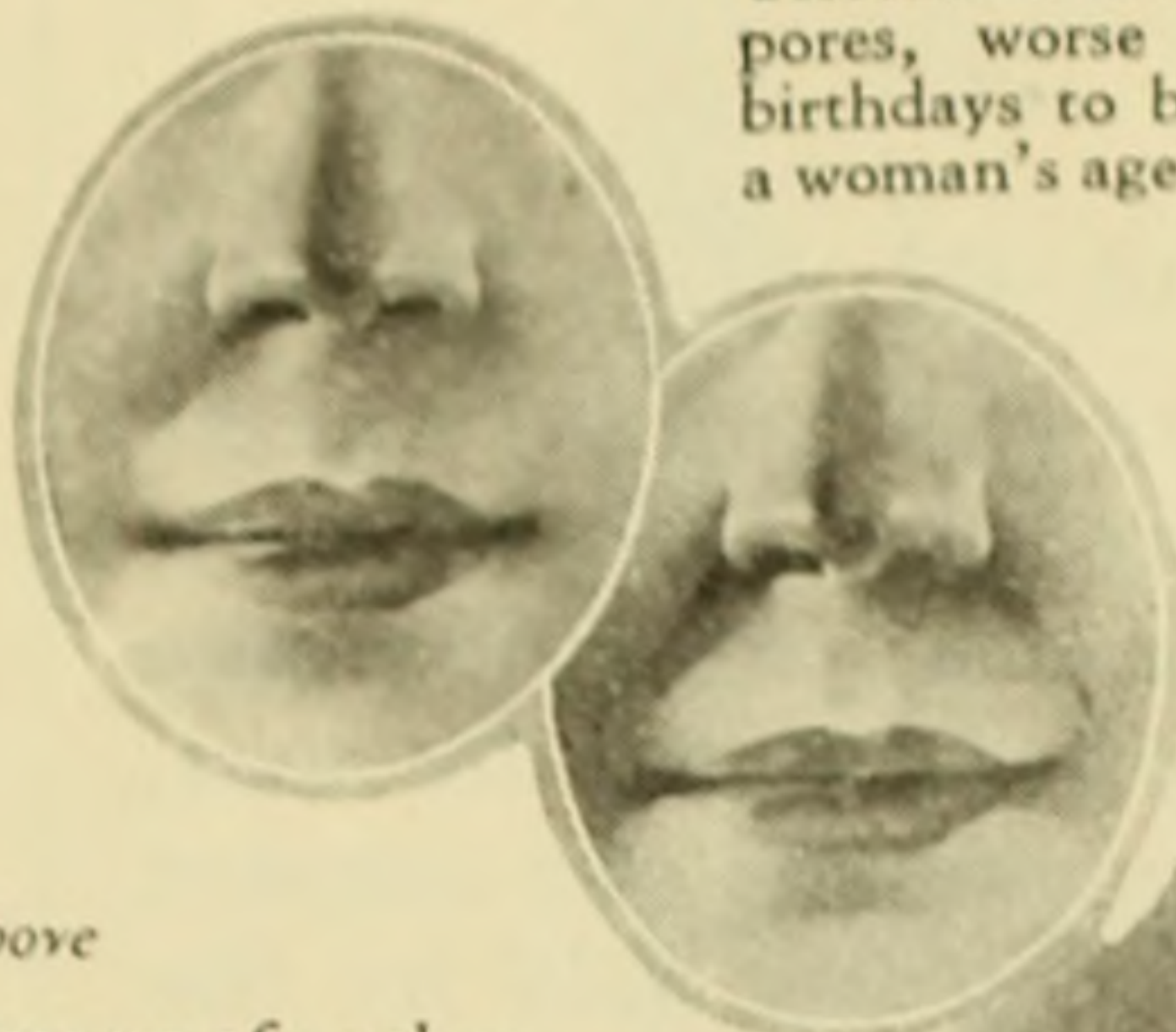
"The Black Eagle" was truly a magnificent picture and the girl, Vilma Banky, has eyes that can melt a heart of steel. I hope she will meet the highest peaks of success, and when hitching her wagon to a star, let it be Valentino, the god of love.

ELSIE BROWN.

CASHMERE
BOUQUET

Below

The lines and coarse pores, worse than birthdays to betray a woman's age.



Above

Close-up of a velvet smooth skin. No "age-lines" or coarse pores.



This "hard-milled" soap, used every day
.... keeps skin young and lovely

There is a radiant, happy beauty in a skin that has the fresh satin-smoothness that Nature gave it—and intended it to keep.

But so many skins have been robbed of their fine-textured loveliness . . . show coarsened pores, and blemishes. And, Oh, the heartaches and the disappointments that result from poor complexions! Only the girl who suffers, knows.

Soap, of Course—But the Right Soap

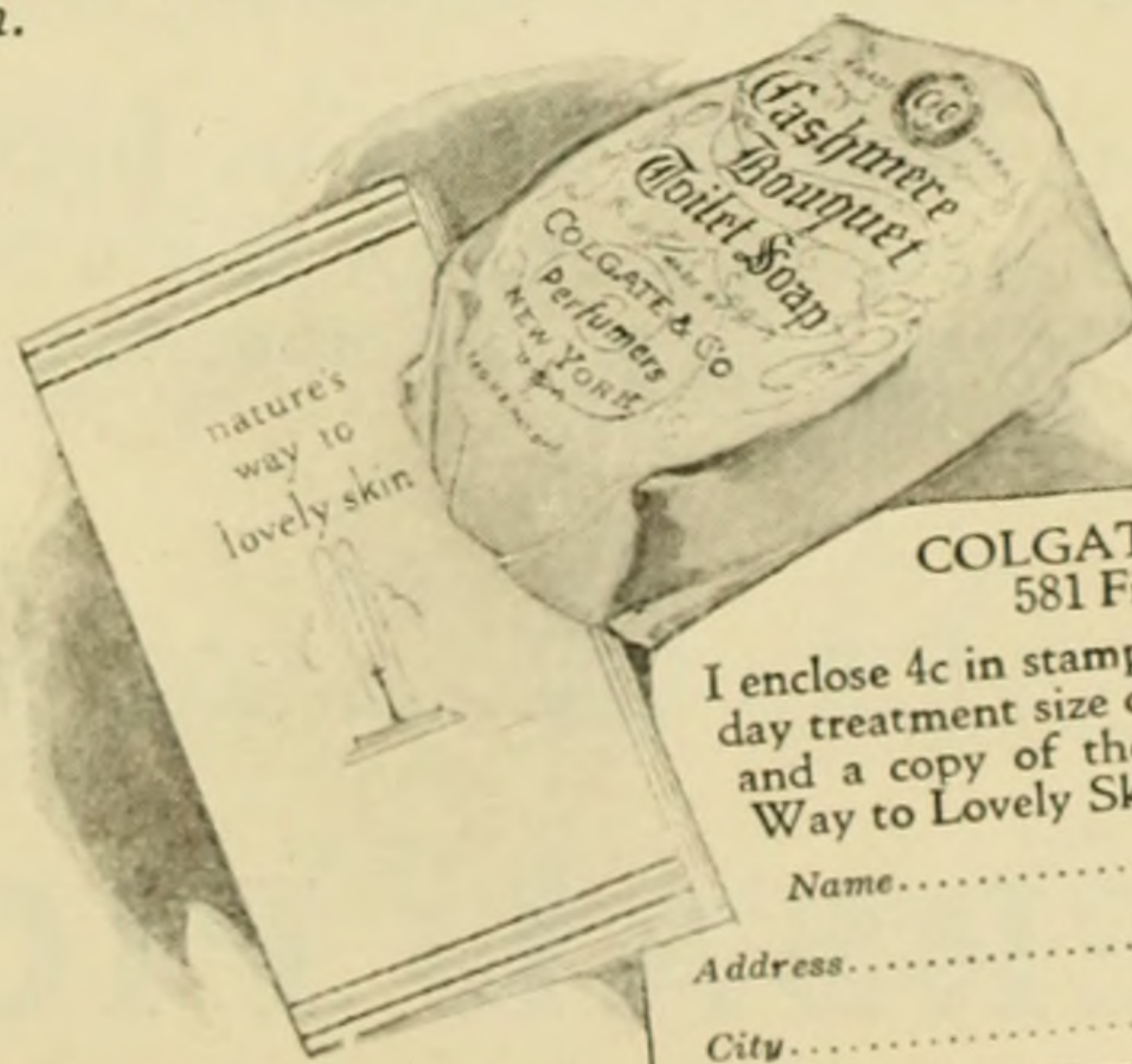
All up-to-date, scientific advice on the care of the skin urges the daily use of soap and water. It is the kind of soap you use that makes all the difference between safe cleansing and the danger of coarsened, blemished skin.

Cashmere Bouquet is made especially for the face, hands and tender skin of the neck. It is "hard-milled," which means that it is put through special processes that give each cake an almost marble firmness. It is not the least bit squdgy. This special hardness is what makes it so safe. Cashmere Bouquet lather penetrates deep into the pores, searches out dust and dirt and rinses away instantly and completely. No undissolved soap remains in the pores. That is why skins cared for with Cashmere Bouquet keep their youthful texture and remain beautiful.

Try This Treatment—Watch Results

Wet the face with warm water. Work up a thick Cashmere Bouquet lather on the hands. Massage this into the skin with the fingertips until the skin feels refreshed and alive. Rinse in warm water. Then a dash of cold. Pat the face dry with a soft towel.

If the skin is inclined to be dry, rub in a little Colgate's Charmis Cold Cream.



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I enclose 4c in stamps. Please send me a ten-day treatment size of Cashmere Bouquet Soap and a copy of the new booklet, "Nature's Way to Lovely Skin."

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Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address



This photograph of HOOT GIBSON will be sent to you on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

Look for "The Flaming Frontier"

Some of the Sioux Indians were eager to eat Gen. George Custer's heart, thinking that it would make them as fearless as he was, but so great was the respect in which he was held by the Sioux Chiefs that they would not permit his body to be touched.

In Universal's fine historical drama, "*The Flaming Frontier*," Custer's great courage at the battle of the Little Big Horn in Montana, is wonderfully well shown and the historical incident is reproduced as close to fact as eye-witnesses related it.

While this great picture abounds in thrills, is full of wild riding, almost unbelievable deeds, a beautiful romance runs through it in which HOOT GIBSON and ANNE CORNWALL are the lovers. DUSTIN FARNUM, whose name and fame are known everywhere, plays the part of Gen. Custer. The direction is by Edward Sedgwick, whose Western pictures have been among the delights of the movies.

REGINALD DENNY has certainly succeeded admirably with "*What Happened to Jones*" and I am positive he will register a greater triumph with "*Skinner's Dress Suit*." These are two of the fastest and most hilarious comedies the screen has ever produced.

Be on the lookout for Universal's latest pictures. There are many gems, such as "*The Cohens and the Kellys*" with GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON; "*His People*," "*The Still Alarm*" and "*Chip of the Flying U*" with HOOT GIBSON.

Universal is offering \$500 in prizes for a good title for a forth-coming picture. Write to Title Competition Manager, Universal Pictures Corporation, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for full details.

Carl Laemmle

(To be continued next month)

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. New York City

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Brickbats for Barthelme

Boulder, Colo.

I have just returned from seeing "Just Suppose" featuring Richard Barthelme and I "just suppose" I should allow myself to cool down and give the "bad taste" a chance to wear off before taking aim with this brickbat.

A Richard Barthelme picture, to me, used to be the kind I anticipated seeing. I always looked to him for something worth seeing, not only because of his capabilities proven in "Sonny" and "Classmates" but because of the genuine stories which he so vividly portrayed . . . the kind that carried a strong appeal, an ideal, the type of story that made him one of the best liked actors.

Do producers imagine that due to the success he gained through these simple stories it is necessary to throw him into a mild story-less comedy or bed time fable of a make-believe kingdom in order to hold his fan following? Or is it because they believe that Richard Barthelme alone, without story or leading lady will draw the throngs?

I am not so anxious to pass out free advice, but really, wouldn't it be pleasant to see Richard in one of his old time pictures with a leading lady who could at least give some idea why she was chosen for the part?

D. NEWMAN.

Another Tribute

New York City.

It is with great unhappiness I witness the passing of Barbara La Marr.

I am grateful indeed to have been one of the fortunate few to have personally met her and my greatest tribute to this very wonderful woman is to attempt to convey her fineness to you.

Hers was a generous and honest nature with a character as beautiful as her features. Never did her success prevent her from lending a helping hand to less fortunate ones.

It is cruel that death has claimed so soon one who was just beginning to find the rays of happiness after many dark years.

But beautiful Barbara La Marr was too good, too wonderful for this world and so He called her to His realm to bring happiness in playing forever that one rôle of her own genuine self.

MATHILDA E. SCOMMODAU.

The Foreign Invasion

Kersey, Colo.

Why do the producers import foreign talent? The importation started, and should have ended with Pola Negri. Since coming to this country she has shown only occasional flashes to incite interest in her. Except for making the front page with marvelous regularity she has most emphatically failed to justify the high hopes we had of her. The smouldering genius of "Passion" is no more.

Every time a comparative unknown gets a fat part and a chance at the fur coats and Rolls Royces, I rejoice with her, IF she is an American. But why the Greta Garbos, the Greta Nissens and the Vilma Bankys? I have not seen Miss Garbo as yet. Miss Nissen has an appeal that is purely pictorial. Miss Banky has beauty, brains and breeding, and is a capable actress, and I admire her BUT there are thousands of beautiful, intelligent and well bred girls in Hollywood languishing for the great chance. And there are no doubt many of these girls, who, if given a chance (witness Betty Bronson, Dorothy Sabastian and Mary Brian) could give as good, if not better, performances than the Scandinavians who are running our films.

Let's give the home girls a chance, let Germany, Sweden, Poland and the Lord knows where else have their respective Mary Pickfords AND pay their salaries. If we must be high hatted, let it be by Americans!

CONSTANCE SCHANK.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

Hollywood's Real Hermit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

probably on an uncrowded Tuesday. And because he likes the food.

If he drives down Hollywood Boulevard he wears huge tortoise-rimmed glasses, amethyst-hued.

And he usually waits until the second day after a brave opening performance.

So you will note, as well as I, that Harrison Ford is as different from the usual order of motion picture persons as Madame Bovary and Pollyanna. Not in moral qualities; of course. Nor psychologically. But merely in vastness of comparison.

Over the 'phone when we arranged our rendezvous, his voice was mournful, and a trifle muffled: "I'm dumb."

"That's fine," I answered brightly, thinking he referred to the weather. Drat telephone conversations!

"I'm dumb!" The voice was louder. And as mournful.

No wonder I was unprepared for the sports clad young man who sauntered into the Fox Studios, where he was appearing in Margaret Livingston's first starring picture, "Hell's Four Hundred."

Confidentially, and by his own misleading admission, I expected a bovine and stolid young man of, perhaps, the screen appearance of Harry Langdon or Buster Keaton in their most asinine cinematic moments. But instead came two eyes, supported by the conventional male physique.

Two of the most piercing brown eyes. Penetrating. Expressive. Harrison Ford's eyes are baffling. As baffling as his personality. His eyes are not quizzical, a bit sad and haunting like Ronald Colman's. Nor are they emotion-swept like Jack Gilbert's.

They are glowing . . . intense . . . and yet strangely remote.

In some respects they are maddening eyes. They could easily drive a talkative woman to distraction. I don't mean by their fervid gaze—which would, at the opportune time, set pulse a-pounding—but by their bland imperturbability. Women do like to be listened to, even if their comments are the most trivial, and Harrison's whimsical gaze seems to give just a portion of his attention. Not an ill-mannered portion, you must understand. But a woman would have that uncomfortable—and maddening!—sensation of knowing that the greater part of his thoughts were winging through the freedom of some far away place.

That is the way he impresses you—until books are mentioned. Then you realize why he is an anchorite, so-called.

Harrison doesn't buy books because the bindings match the color scheme of the library or because the intricate design on a hand-tooled volume delights him. He buys books because he enjoys their lasting friendship. He really loves books. Which is a true way of expressing real regard for literature when love is so lightly regarded these days.

WITH Dreiser making his profound appearance in our conversation—Anne Parrish and her "Perennial Bachelor" skipping in for a sentence—Percy Marks' "Martha" calling for her short digression, and Harrison's remarkable eyes gleaming in full appreciation of Norman Douglas' "South Wind," it was with mincing steps that I made any progress toward the life history of the erudite Mr. Ford.

"Where were you born, Mr. Ford?" Plop! From a wind-swept isle in the Mediterranean to reality. A curtain of whimsicality filmed the Ford eyes.

"Well, now, where is a good place to be born? Where would one get a lot of publicity?"

"You might say China. William V. Mong did, because his name savored of the Celestial Empire."



See for yourself the difference that "Onyx Pointex" makes. In both photographs the ankles are the same. But in the one at the left the ankles are clad in "Pointex."

What a world of difference just the right stocking makes!

WHAT a triumph of design the "Pointex" heel really is! It not only makes "Onyx Pointex" stockings more wear-resisting, but, we say it advisedly, more STARE-resisting as well. "Pointex" allows the ankle to look its best. It conveys an impression of slender smartness even where that quality can ONLY be an impression.

The ordinary ankle in the ordinary stocking is still ordinary. In "Pointex" it assumes a new quality of charm—a new gracefulness—a new beauty. See for yourself just by insisting upon "Onyx Pointex". Sold by leading stores everywhere.



Leading stores everywhere sell the "Pointex" styles listed below:

- Silk, with Lisle Top
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- Style 255, Service weight } 1.95
- Style 355, "Sheresilk" }
- Pure Thread Silk
- Style 350, Service weight } \$2.75
- Style 450, "Sheresilk", the } finest web of silken strands }

"Onyx" Hosiery Inc.

Manufacturers

New York

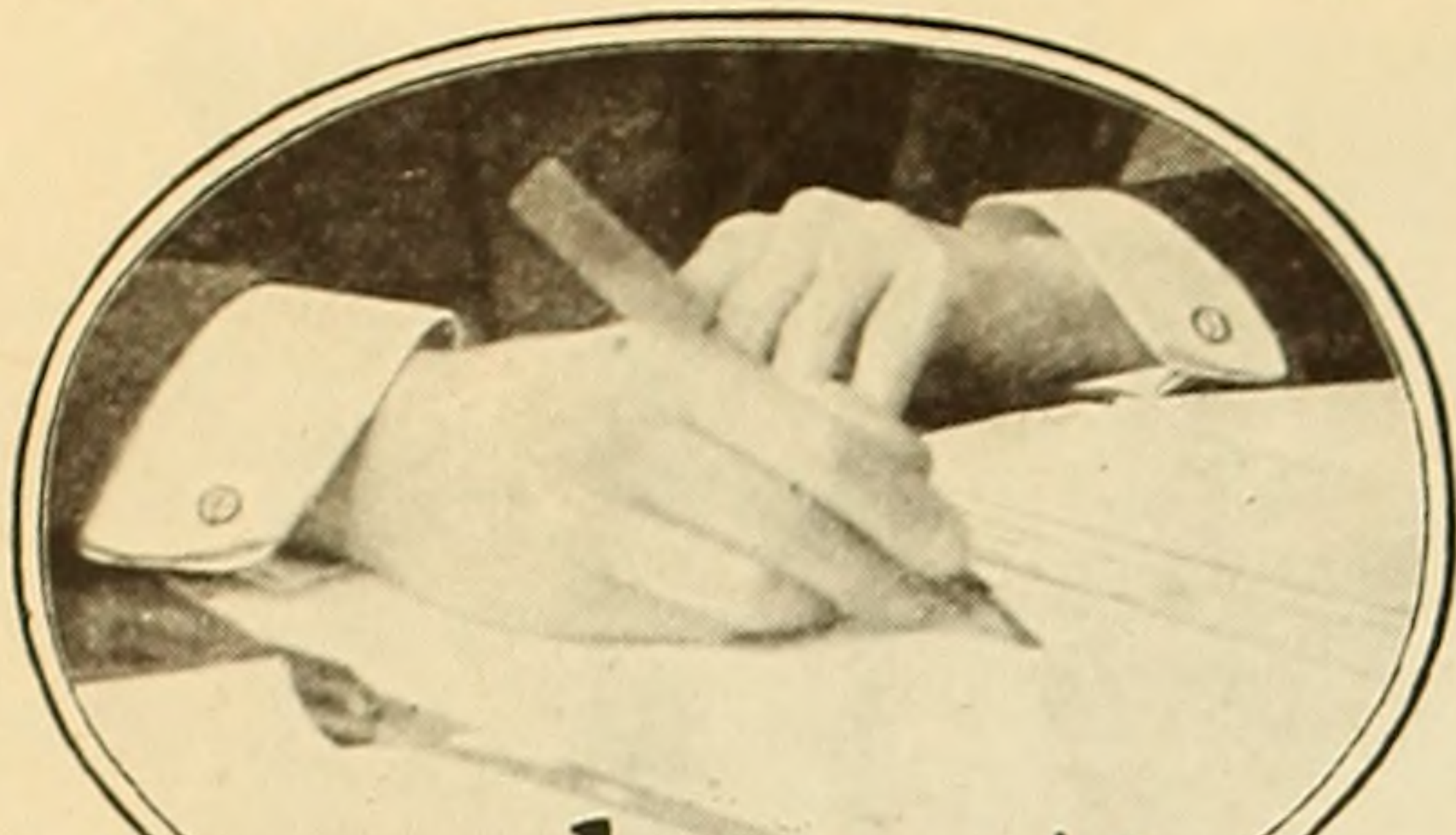
"Onyx" Hosiery

"Pointex"



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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A HUNDRED times a day your cuffs jump into the foreground of the picture—telling your taste in dress!

Kum-a-part Buttons in your cuffs add that touch of correctness that only good jewelry can give.

They're convenient for you to use, click open, snap shut; and they're guaranteed to last a lifetime.

At jewelers or men's shops you can easily match Kum-a-part designs to your favored shirt patterns.

Prices according to quality up to \$25 the pair.

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KUMAPART
CUFF BUTTON
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



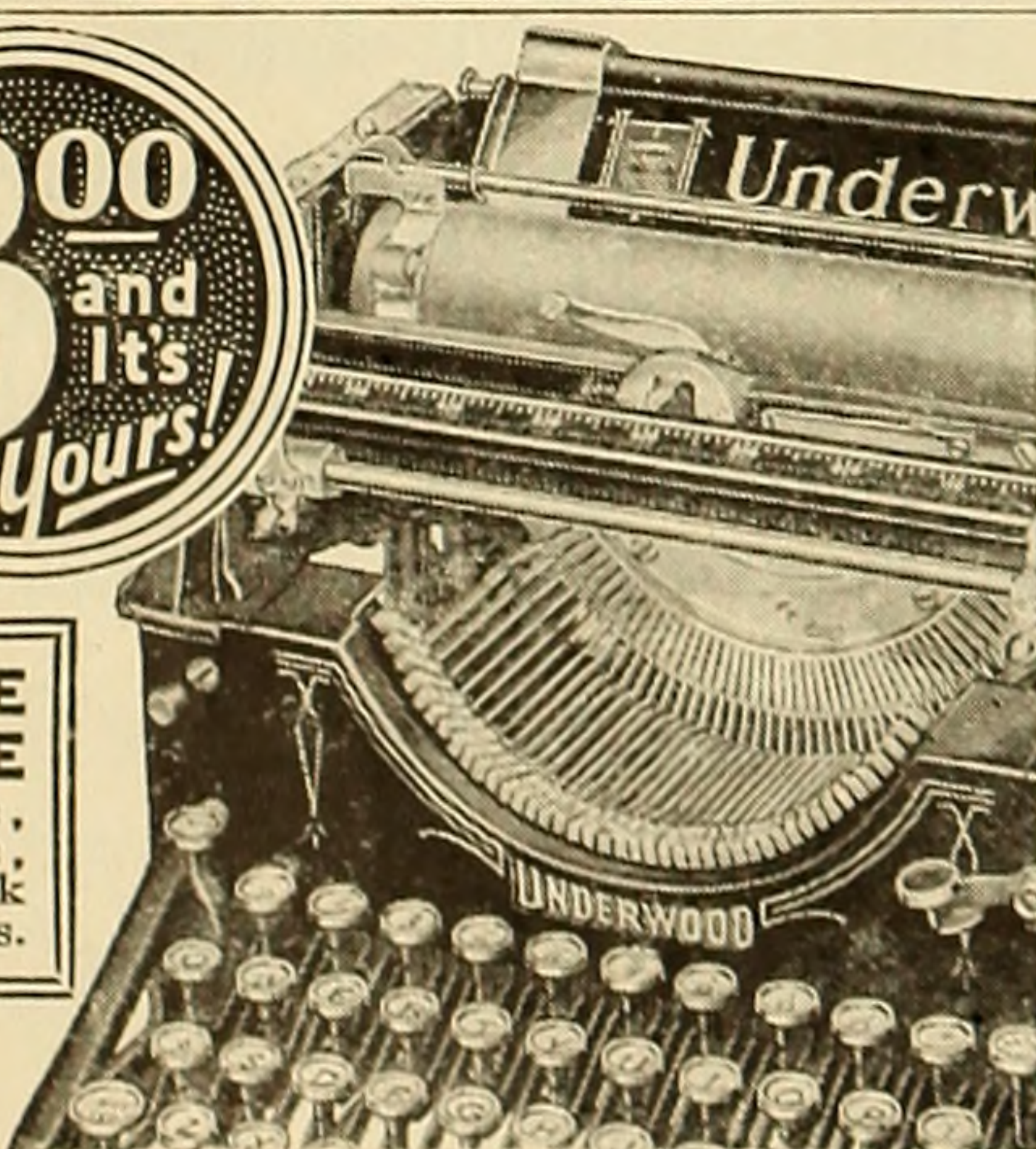
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"Then I was born in Detroit. My name is Ford!"

But really Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri. And he has a charming sister. And a mother to whom he is fondly devoted. And he was reared in that Middle Western town. And eight years ago he went on the screen. And he has never been on the stage. And he has played with practically every star of the screen. And he has nothing but admiration for their art, their beauty and themselves. Delightful man! Gracious man! Wise man!!

Harrison has frequently been chosen for Marion Davies' leading man. For Marion he has great admiration, but his greatest admiration goes to Marion's generosity—her goodness of heart. He tells of one Christmas—it is Marion's custom to have a huge basket of goodies for each of the workers on her set—

when two new electricians were put at work on Christmas morning and Marion had made no arrangements for them. Of all the quiet scurrying and bustling that went on at Marion's bidding, and when the appointed time came, how every last worker—including the two new electricians—were remembered with bounteous baskets.

Back to Harrison—with Dreiser again poking his leonine head into the conversation and even sophisticated, dapper Arlen dropping in for a brave moment. . . "Married, Mr. Ford?" The half-whimsical look in his most remarkable eyes, and: "Really, I'd prefer not stating." But I'm quite sure he is not—now. . . although he was at one time in his secluded career.

". . . by the way, have you read Anderson's 'Dark Laughter'?"

The Local Favorite

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

of invincible. In all her festive groupings Marion, true to the testament, is invariably the least of all.

Because of this constitutional sensitiveness she is prone to suspect people of high-hatting her. And she's just as liable to suspect an electrician as a duke, being, like Mabel Normand, so hopelessly socialistic as to have no sense of rank or prestige.

Her recent costume ball, of which I speak in Close-Ups and Long Shots (Adv.), was of a democracy which princes, like Wales, enjoy. She forced Napoleon to do a solo Charleston. Napoleon in this instance was Charlie Chaplin, but she'd have compelled the original to do the same back at Versailles.

SHE was aroused one Sunday morning early by the butler announcing a Mr. Roberts to see her.

She insisted she didn't know a Mr. Roberts. "Oh, yes," insisted the butler mysteriously. "But I don't."

"You had better see him," insisted the butler ominously.

So she arose, flung on whatever a lady flings on in such hurried moments, and went down the stairs to behold a tramp seated in her drawing room.

She declares she recognized Sid Grauman instantly, for all his hobo make-up. At any rate she listened to his persuasions to go forth and bury gold in the beach at Santa Monica, this by way of an advertising stunt for "The Gold Rush" which Grauman was showing.

Putting on that antique costume known as shirtwaist-and-skirt, stuffing pillows fore and aft, and topping off the ensemble with a Merry Widow, she affixed spectacles to her nose, which she rouged slightly for the occasion, drew artistic "water bags" beneath her eyes and sailed forth to bury the treasure where the crowds already were digging in response to the advertising announcements.

Sweeping aside a luncheon engagement, an appointment for driving and tea, she spent the whole day lolling in the sands with the money-grubbing hoi polloi. A newspaper reporter recognized Sid, but not *la bella* Davies.

At a swager dinner party recently, when things were lagging, the host noted a dreamy, far-away look in the eyes of the Davies.

"What have you on your mind?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," said Marion, with a pensive sigh.

"You have an idea," he insisted. "Something you want to do?"

"Well," quavered Marion reluctantly, "I was just thinking how nice it would be if we all went down to the shooting gallery at Venice."

Thus another party went over the top out of boredom with Marion in the lead.

Marion Davies has performed the hardest feat in pictures. Others have tried it, but she alone has succeeded:

She started at the top and worked up.

The reigning beauty of New York's musical shows, she was beguiled, as beauties are ever beguiled, to play a star rôle in a motion picture. It was titled "Runaway Romany."

"It was a terrible picture," sighs Marion. "I wrote it. The producer thought it would be a good publicity stunt for me to write it. So I contributed some ideas, and someone put them down. It may have been a publicity stunt, but it wasn't a picture!"

Commencing her young career as star and authoress in one breath, she had a lot to live down. Then came the series of Cosmopolitan productions through which she rose to find herself as a comedienne.

When it was the style for the critical sheep to bah at the ability of the highly exploited Marion, I let out a bellow to the effect that she was far more seductive than most of the ladies who were skating by without a challenge.

Later the music turned to her balcony, and the psalm-singing gradually rolled up to such a volume that now she's the most glorified favorite in Hollywood. So glorified, in fact, that for the sake of originality I'd like to pull a sour note. I'm nothing if not original. (The answer in the back of the book is: Nothing.)

First it was Adela Rogers St. Johns who hurried in after Marion's arrival in town to inform me that I'd simply *adore* her, such wit, such charm, such everything paragonic.

Ramon Novarro staggered in a little later, badly winged, to describe the new arrival, who, it appeared, was so real, so natural, so devoid of pose as to be quite foreign to the movie realm.

THE kid brother was the next to take a header. A good scout, he kept muttering, a wonderful scout.

Finally, James R. Quirk, another of the retinue, led me out to her set, and I've been in the traffic ever since.

If anyone should say, "God protect me from my friends," it's Marion. Her coterie, which has come to embrace about the entire industry, does so much whooping for her charms that when you come to see her on the screen you are prepared for a gigantic combine of Bernhardt, Duse and Lillian Russell. And you're probably pleasantly disappointed.

Marion is a comedienne of light and delicacy, as she has indicated in "Little Old New York," "Adam and Eva," and now in "Beverly of Graustark." And still she hasn't given a half the charm that makes her the local favorite. When she does let go I pale to think what will happen to the other comedienness.

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

rope thirty-five feet above the ground and looking at the extra girls at the same time, which unquestionably was a feat.

I AINED my pet theory, namely that an actor has no brains, and Doug promptly agreed. "I'm no actor," said he, "but Charlie is a great actor."

JOHN GILBERT to my monastery for lunch, proclaiming the ecclesiastical effects of madonnas and crucifixes after his own heart, he likewise being a home church-goer. He's the first to endorse my *casa* whole-heartedly, which is not to be surprised at, says Adela St Johns, as Jack is also a nut.

Jack has built a Mexican house on a hill-top above King Vidor's so as he can throw dead bottles and other tributes onto his director's roof-top. There is one bedroom in black and white, with a huge ebony crucifix against the white wall over the black bed, and a black *predieu* with a prayer book lying open on the top. The room holds sacred memories, being an exact duplicate of the one in "The Merry Widow" wherein Jack did——(Censored: substitute "get fresh with")—Mae Murray.

"I ALWAYS wanted to be a writer and still do," remarked Jack, tactfully, as he eyed my typewriter. Then tactlessly, "I started to be one once because I thought my nose was too big for pictures."

Noting that I bridled at this, having an appendage of pure Greek heritage, he said he didn't mean that a big nose qualified him as a writer but that it did disqualify him as an actor until his face had a chance to grow up to it.

JACK asked me what I considered as necessary qualifications for a writer.

"Well, first of all," I said, putting on my horn-rimmed glasses, "you ought to know Alice Terry."

A letter from Alice in France informs me of the unsurprising news that writers are flocking to the Riviera since her arrival. Frederick Lonsdale, dramatist of "Spring Cleaning," is there, and Michael Arlen, who is still collecting money with his old green hat. If I'm to compete in wit with such as these I'll have to hurry to France even if it requires a supreme sacrifice. I dare say that under Alice's sophisticated influence Michael's next contribution will make "The Green Hat" look like a white woolly baby bonnet.

I WONDER sometimes why more youths don't tackle writing for the movie magazines. It pays well, as my lands and loving herds do testify. You don't need to know anything about grammar, which is so troublesome in other forms of writing, and you are practically fed free.

"How do you go about writing an interview?" a correspondent asks. "Is it an art requiring special study?"

Ans.: No, all you need is pictures, which the press agent supplies, with enough words packed around them to make the page look like your money's worth. Any kind of words will do as the editor never bothers to read them, the stars can't read them, and the public only looks at the pictures.

Of course, with a page like this one you are handicapped because there are no pictures. So you have to rely on inspiration, and inspiration comes from God, as Milton would say, or from the bootlegger, as Scott Fitzgerald might say, or from your friends, as honest Herb would orate.

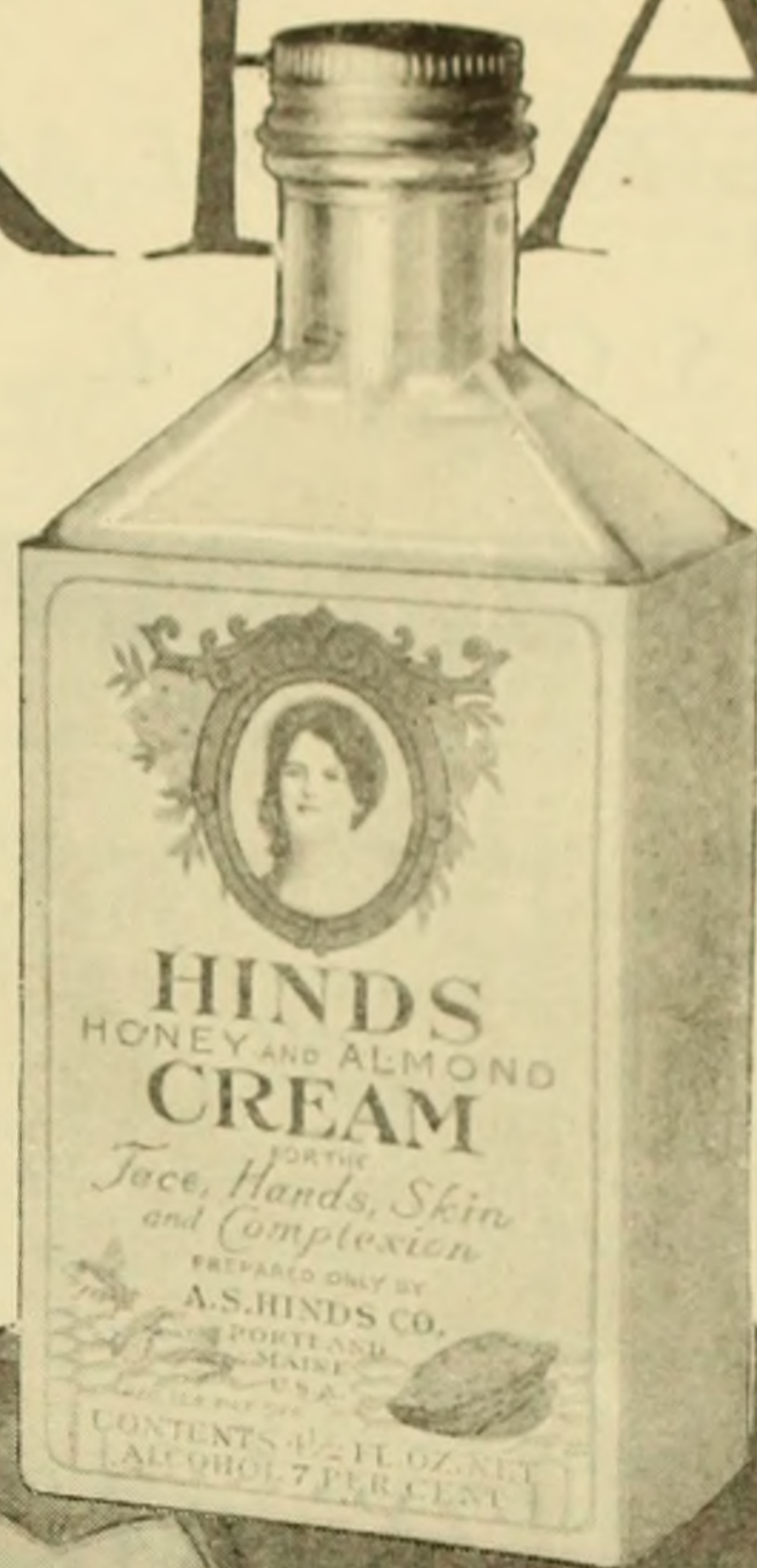
The reason I Boswell a select coterie is that it keeps me from being found out.

"Does Alice Terry really say the witty things

HINDS

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"Can't you do that later?"
he whispered fiercely

Yes, he was emphatic. But if there is one thing in the world he hates most, it is to see a woman powder her nose in public.

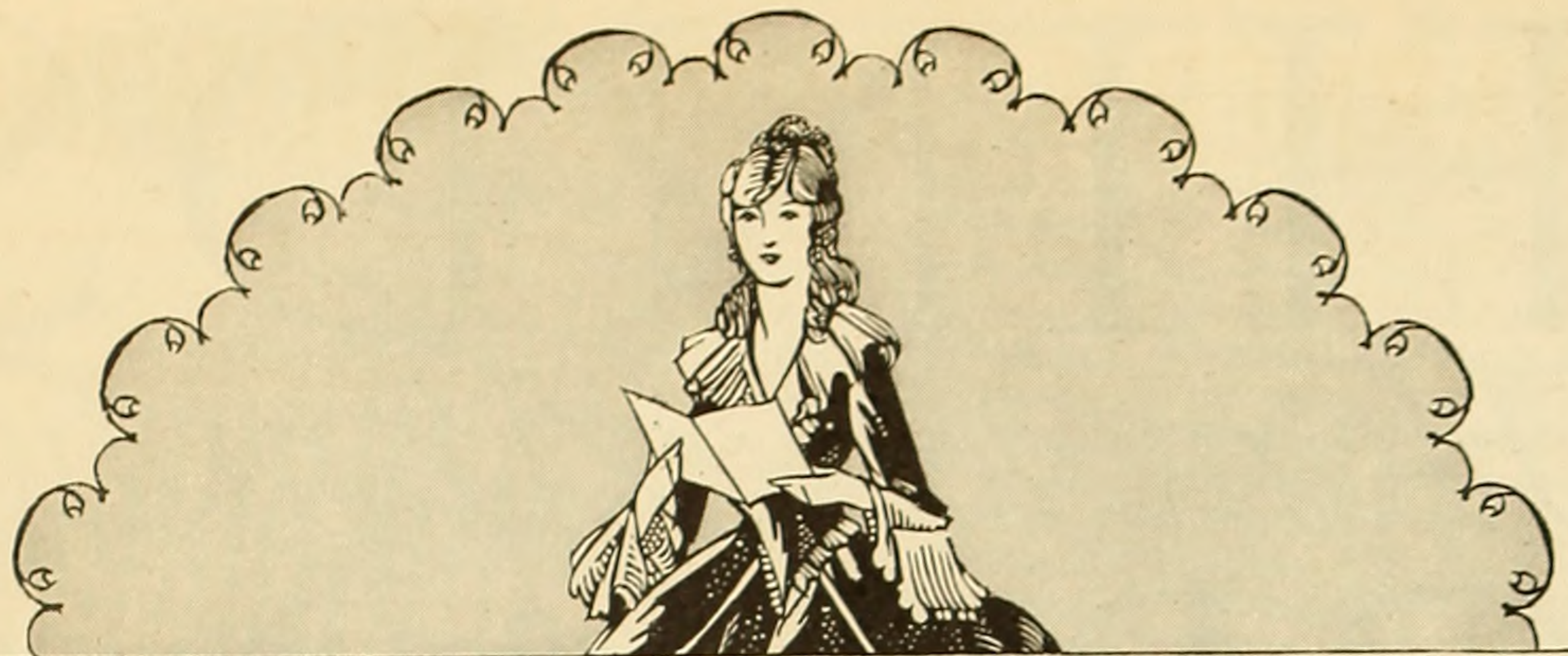
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you say she does," asks Suspicious, "or do you make them up for her to say?"

Ans.: Lady, I thank you. But I want you to keep your illusions, so will not send you an autographed picture, the idea being prevalent that beauty is brainless.

"Is Ramon Novarro really as brilliant as you make him appear to be?" asks Stupefied.

Ans.: He is more than that, madame. He is as brilliant as he makes me appear to be.

Writers complain that stars don't appreciate what is done for them. So I just want to say that I'm one star who appreciates very much what writers do for him.

So long as Rex Ingram lets Alice Terry spend three months of the year in the United States I can hold my job, and I'm willing to let her spend the other nine with him as I realize he needs three times as many to hold his.

JOSEPH SCHENCK says the greatest need of pictures is for scenario writers. I'm sure I don't know why so many fellows go around selling oil stock when they could make more just as criminally selling scenarios. The idea that writers starve in garrets is as passe as petticoats. The truth is we're all enormously rich. Frances Marion, queen of the scenarists, has the biggest and highest house in Beverly Hills from which she can toss alms down to the poor little movie stars in their hovels below.

Carey Wilson, who collaborated with Bess Meredith on the continuity of "Ben Hur," is building a house up the street that makes the Tower of London look like a fakey miniature. He has such an elaborate set of burglar alarms to protect his wife's jewels and furs that if a poor little thief ever broke in, the din of gongs, whistles, bugles and cannons would disturb the slumber of cops in New York. And Willis Goldbeck, youth of 26 with money in six banks—booty collected from scenarioizing "Scaramouche," "Peter Pan," "Mare Nostrum" and other trifles—staggered into my villa the other evening in a suicidal frame of mind. He had contracted a violent headache from checking up his fortune to ninety-nine thousand dollars cash, say nothing of real estate, and he was wondering what in the world he had to live for. I am glad to say I was able to send him home whistling, as I always have some wildcat solution for friends in this predicament.

If I can think of nothing better I borrow from them. Nearly everyone in town owes me his life.

GRETA GARBO, late of the foreign fjords, made her American debut in "The Torrent," and I was there to give the little girl a hand, as I always am when a foreigner needs a welcome. Greta exerts an evil fascination—on the screen.

True her debut was not auspiciously placed in "The Torrent," which is in reality a babbling brook that runs on forever, with make-ups and bust-ups between hero and heroine—now-she-loves-him-now-she-don't until the end and beyond. The only extraordinary thing about the picture is that it is not above the average, which is most extraordinary for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Greta is certainly a distinctive personality. I recommend her whole-heartedly to the men folk (better leave the little wife at home). She has an exceedingly sensitive face. And she's unique in this: she's the first actress with dramatic nostrils.

This is not said in a comic strip spirit. They really are expressive. So are her eyes, her lips, her hands, her . . . Oh, go see her and sing it for yourself.

WELL, I guess that's enough for my diary this month. I've got to go and fix myself up for a luncheon date with Renee Adoree. I wonder if I will affect her like Jack Gilbert did in "The Big Parade."

Be sure to get your next issue early and find out, as it is liable to be suppressed when the censors find out.

Syncopated Heart Strings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

this time, King kept the key to his former residence, though by now he was a successful director come into his own while Florence was just winning a niche for herself as an actress.

"Yes, it is a pity," Florence admitted to us once. "We did struggle through the early days together and now . . .," a shrug that conveyed oh, so much.

Florence became acquainted with herself. Ye gods, she had sex appeal and all these years had been unaware of that alluring fact. She commenced to gather friends around her. One day, King returned to the house to get what mail there was for him. He let himself in with his key. A youth accompanied him. The house was homey and comfy and cheery. King sighed.

"You love Florence," the youth, who was a friend, accused.

KING admitted there was some truth and much poetry in the accusation. Why not? Differences of opinion do not necessarily make folks enemies. He gazed out of the window at the tennis court where Florence, beautiful and gay, was playing a love set with George Fitzmaurice.

So divorce followed leisurely on the heels of separation. Was King of "The Big Parade" going to marry Eleanor Boardman? Denials. Folks shook befuddled heads. They couldn't make heads or tails of the mixup.

Florence and George Fitzmaurice, Ouida Bergere's ex-husband and also a director, announced their engagement and forthcoming marriage.

"I give you odds that never comes off," an acquaintance sprang on us.

"Spurned," we retorted, being suspicious of the ways of the impossible.

Boy Cupid doesn't know. Ouida Bergere was supposed to have yessed Basil Rathbun, the actor, months ago. The marriage was postponed and explanations also. Ouida was once mad about Fitzmaurice.

Jack Pickford, restless brother of Mary, married Marilyn Miller several years ago and the optimists offered odds it wouldn't take. "Give 'em six months and then we're being generous."

They lost, by nearly eighteen months. Then along trotted Ben Finney, reported scion of a well-to-do southern family. Ben Finney had once edged Ben Lyon out of an impassioned love. The tables turned. Ben Finney departed for China, evidently to learn if China-eggs were manufactured by cartloads or carloads. Ben Lyon breezed in.

Marilyn and Ben, the Jungle Crown Prince, swapped ideas, ideals, and I-don't-knows.

"They're engaged," ejaculated the blase, stirred to enthusiasm. (Note: when you're married and separated, it is legitimate to be engaged in the flicker world just as much as if your name appears in the social register.)

"Marilyn is going to Paris this summer to get a divorce from Jack, and Ben will meet her there and they'll be spliced," opines the street of the White Lights and tired hearts.

Boy Cupid, we turn to you. Please wire, collect.

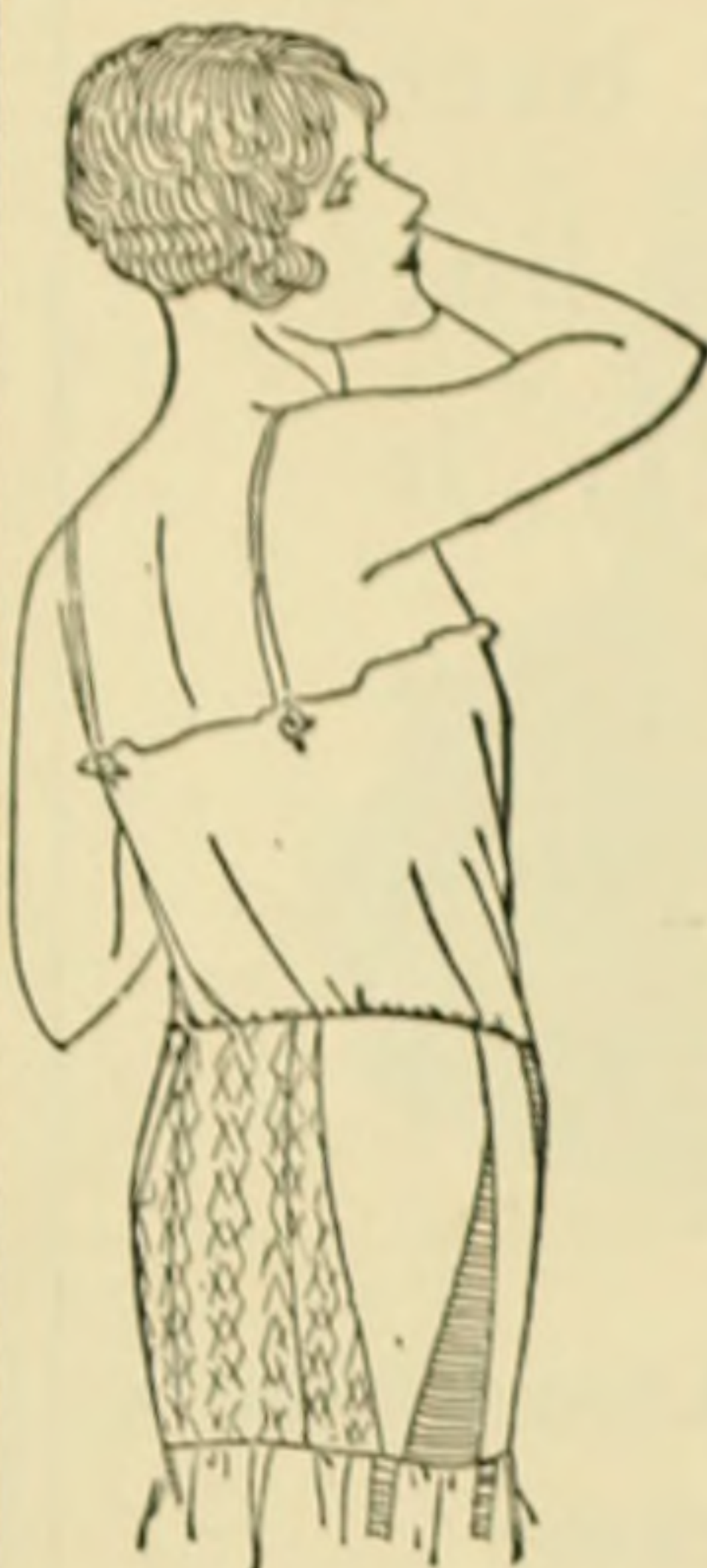
Eyes focus smartly ahead and concentrate on Lillian Gish, purveyor of emotional hysteria in celluloid. Now that Lillian has made the varsity and won her "Scarlet Letter," who will be her next heart victim?

When D. W. Griffith allowed the elder Gish to leave his fold, there were those who sighed and said: "That's over."

When Charles Duell crossed the stormy Atlantic to join his "White Sister" in Florence, the cables agitated a la Vesuvius and steamed stories across the deep. Mrs. Duell was going

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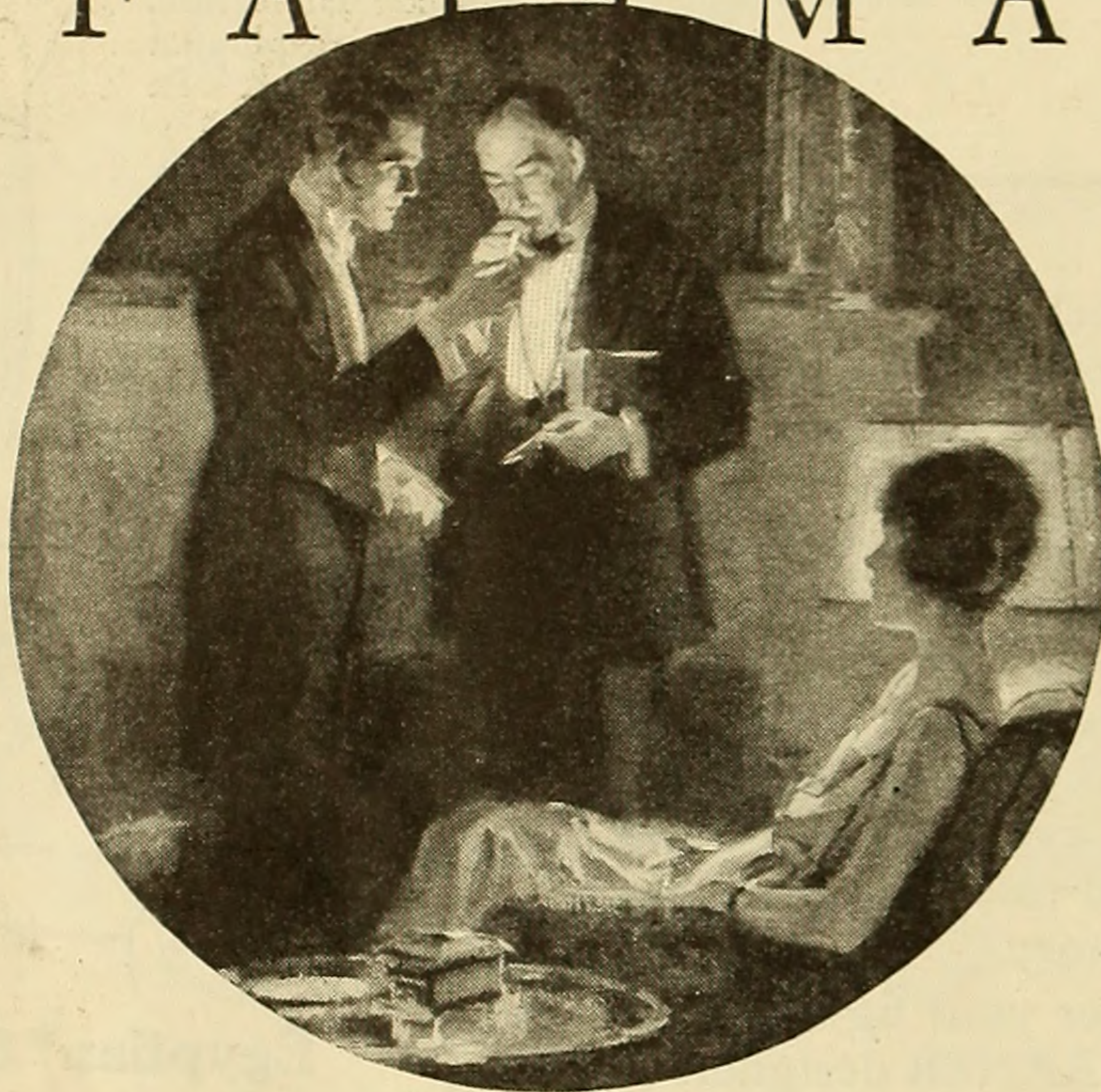
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F A T I M A



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to divorce her husband because he was engaged to a Gish.

"Romola" brought the law courts and the carrots into prominence. Lillian sued the erstwhile assaulter of her heart and won. He was broken. Joseph Hergesheimer penned a glowing article about the mouse-y Lillian for a ritzy magazine. Ah, ha-a-a-a, breathed the breathers. But it was not Mr. Hergesheimer. It was George Jean Nathan, one of the editors of this periodical.

Where Mr. Nathan went, Miss Gish went. His people were her people. Mr. Nathan resigned from the magazine with which he had been so long associated. It was said that he would write original screen stories for Miss Gish. Suddenly, they broke. Perhaps the clever Mr. Nathan was too wise to try the movies. Lillian eventually went West to make pictures. Mr. Nathan remained East. A nice guy, this Nathan boy, very nice, and he doffs his highbrow when he leaves his typewriter. Will the quiet Lillian, with her peculiar brand of vamping, break loose again? Boy Cupid, please respond.

FLICKER-LAND'S latest reel of inside shootings reveals Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert are finding much in common. Can it be? It can and it can't. Norma has never attempted a matrimonial sail. Jack is a veteran.

Jack was once married to Leatrice Joy who prided her career above wifeliness and forsook the domestic roof every time she made a picture for Cecil De Mille. Since their divorce, Leatrice goes around now and then, but shuns the cooing dove act. Jack seems determined to be fancy free.

Is Richard Barthelmess going to give his Mary a divorce? He is not. He spurns any such move. Yet Dick's name was newspaperly associated with Millicent Rogers, the Countess Salm. Whilst on the Coast, he has been seen with Barbara Bennett, tempestuous sister of that erstwhile heart-slayer, Constance, who is now Mrs. Phil Plant, a social princess with millions. Dick cannot make a move but they try to plant him in matrimony. It's part of the price of success.

Boy Cupid must certainly have a feverish time re-vamping the files devoted to the cinema colony. For in this silent drama realm, which is as silent as a nest of hungry baby blackbirds, romance stalks day and night. Personalities meet, tread on others, flare, only to chill and part and continue playing blindly and débonairly the jazz of syncopated heart strings.

Oh, dear, we do so pity poor Boy Cupid and his complicated job of keeping apace of starry heart palps.

Big Boy Blue

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"Love at sight and all that sort of Beatrice Fairfax whatnot?"

"Exactly. I didn't call her for a week after that first meeting," he grinned. "I was scared to."

"If the baby is a boy, I bet you call it Junior," referring to the offspring due to make the Blue home rosy in April.

"We are," ecstatically, and the waiter placed a cheese omelette before us. "If it's a girl, we're going to name it Barbara Ann." The waiter placed a combination salad before him.

"I'm awfully glad you're so happy, Monte. Gosh, you've worked pretty hard to get what you've corralled."

"I'll say so," wistfully watching us massacre the cheese omelette. "You don't know how happy I am to work hard. It was difficult enough getting started. And one of these days, when I wind up as an actor, I'm going to be a director."

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"Sure, I've worked for this. I've studied, too. I've got a neat little library at my Beverly Hills home and Jimmy and I do more staying home than prancing out. I like to read about stagecraft and that kind of thing. It's a science, you know."

Which is all right with us, but Monte steps into the spotlight just now and not stagecraft. When he says he has worked hard to get where he is, he isn't enveloping himself in a cloud of soft coal smoke to get away with poking tongue in cheek. He has worked.

This boy, for he will always be a boy with his enthusiasms, his wistfulness, his chivalry, really dug his way to the top.

WHEN six years old, Monte's father died in a train wreck. His mother, left penniless with four boys, had to place two of them in an orphanage, being too frail to shoulder so heavy a burden. Monte remained in the asylum until he rounded into his sixteenth birthday, whereupon he made his second entrance into the world to work his way through high school and then depart on his odyssey. He dug coal in a Pennsylvania mine, labored on an Ohio railroad, drifted to Montana to punch cattle. In Seattle, he turned "red" and soap-boxed from the best corners, until Seattle made it more interesting for him to depart than to remain.

Being dry, vocally and financially, he hit the rails into Los Angeles, arriving in the City of the Angels with a Hades complexion, a cherubic disposition, and a worldly desire to slay a porterhouse steak. That was Saturday. His complexion changed to normal, his disposition became porcupine-ish, his worldly desire to annihilate a steak more worldly as he had not a cent in his pocket and was too proud to beg. He didn't eat until the next Tuesday! That momentous day saw him apply with other men at D. W. Griffith's studio. When the applicants learned a man was merely wanted as a day laborer, they faded out of the scene and left Monte master of all he surveyed.

Monte took the \$1.50 a day job, elated at his luck. Playing second lead to a spade spelled food; also the novelty of eating regularly. It must have been the spade that revived his enthusiasm in "red" ideals. At all events, he staged a Chautauqua during the noon hours. Mr. Griffith passed by while he was in the midst of such a discourse and Monte lost his voice. A few days later, D. W. called him into his office and offered him a chance to extra in mob scenes. Monte kissed his spade adieu and attached himself to a make-up Lox.

Excelsior, he was an actor!

From mobbing he graduated into the "bit" class, then the heavy, stunt man, and heavy again. At this period, the famine struck. Monte couldn't get a job. Jobs were few and relatives many. In disgust, he wavered whether to leave the cinema or not. Douglas Fairbanks decided him to stay, for Doug gave him the heavy rôle in one of his Artcraft operas. After sundry downs and few ups, Monte landed with Famous Players at \$75 a week for five years.

Time did a Haley's comet while Monte's salary remained stationary, until—Famous loaned him to Mae Murray to hero for her in "Peacock's Alley," and neglected to renew the option on his contract. Overnight, Monte leaped into the four-figured free lance class.

Though momentarily content, Monte fluttered around in meaningless leads. D. W. Griffith met him one day on the street and invited him into his office. How different his motive, though, from those day labor days. Mr. Griffith talked the rôle of *Danton* to him for his next picture, "Orphans of the Storm."

"Here, Monte," when they were seated, "are twenty-six books about *Danton*. Go away for a week, read them, and come back and tell me what you think of this character."

Monte eloped with his Lilliputian library to the Adirondacks, where the spaces are big and silent. He buried his nose in pages of print, reporting to D. W. at the stipulated time to summarize simply:



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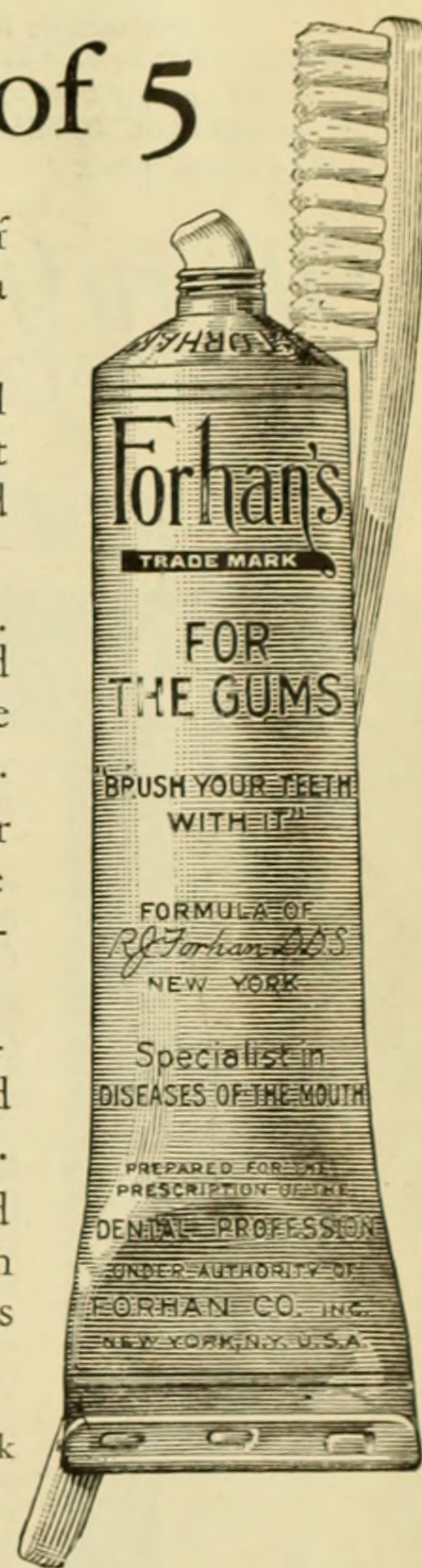
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"Mr. Griffith, *Danton* is the Abraham Lincoln of France."

He got the job. To our way of thinking, it was the first and last rôle he has ever had.

"I worked in that picture," reminisced Monte, lips puckering. "When I wasn't *Danton* before the camera, I jumped into a French soldier's uniform and mingled with the extras, helping to direct them as Mr. Griffith instructed. It was a wonderful picture made by a wonderful man. When it was over—and I never will forget this if I live to be a hundred," his eyes swam in tears and so did ours as we listened, "Mr. Griffith called everybody on the set and led them in three cheers for Monte Blue and his part in assisting in the picture.

"I couldn't say a word," he choked. "It was too marvelous. I just slipped behind a set and cried like a baby."

We both sat in silence, unconscious of the din around us, the clash of knives and forks, the rattle of dishes, the clatter of tongues, the odor of food. When Mr. Griffith salutes a compatriot, it is like being present at the sounding of taps over a soul-stirring climax. Words bow to sincere emotion.

"Any dessert?" queried the waiter, casting a gloomy eye at our packages.

"Eh—wot? Oh, do you care for anything? No? Nothing."

"Bet you'll be glad to hit back to the Coast?" we murmured, reaching for a cigarette.

"Will I! I wish the trip was over. I have the most frightful time on a train," he deplored. "I'm so long. The only way I can have a semblance of comfort is to engage a drawing-room, have the mattresses piled on the floor, and stretch out."

WE shrieked at this picture, which caused Monte to grin and recall his first interview:

"It happened in New York. I didn't know what interviews were all about, much less teas, and I was taken from the train to the Biltmore to keep such an engagement. Gee, my hands were horny from work and I felt all over the place. I thought everything was progressing all right, though, until I got nervous again and managed to clamp my finger in the handle of the cup. Couldn't get it out for love or money and I didn't want to draw my predicament to everyone's attention. Finally, I sneaked the cup under the table and broke the handle off, but I didn't get it off my finger until I left the interviewer. Whew, was it awful!"

There's Monte Blue, for you. He sails under his own colors. He never tones them up or down. It isn't necessary for, in the words of the modern Shakespeare—everybody take a bow—this Big Boy Blue of the Cinema is a real feller.

Chicken—Southern Style

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

weighing out the sweets. Then one day another attempt to get into pictures. In "Ponjola" she worked as an extra with streaked make-up and sadly darkened eyes.

It was then she met Paul, the cameraman, who deplored her make-up and taught her not to hide the smooth lusciousness of her skin. And then came the long line of "discoverers" with Olive going from comedy leads to Paul Bern's "The Dressmaker from Paris" and from Blackton's "The Happy Warrior" to Renaud Hoffman's "The Overland Limited." Tom Mix wanted a brown-eyed beauty for his leading lady in "The Yankee Senor." Olive was chosen.

"How about using the little girl who played with Tom—the Borden girl—for the feminine lead in Ford's next picture?" queried a Fox Studio official after seeing Olive's performance in the Mix picture. Then—



**No More Dull, Faded
Blonde Hair!**

Dull, streaky or darkened blonde hair can now be restored to its natural charming beauty. This is thru a marvelous new light hair shampoo, called Blondex, which brings back the original golden loveliness to darkened light hair in a natural, gradual way. Keeps already beautiful blonde hair from darkening. Makes hair soft, silky and gleamingly lustrous. Blondex is not a dye. Contains no injurious chemicals. Over half a million users. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. Fine for children's hair. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money gladly refunded. Get Blondex at all good drug and department stores.

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How to banish them
A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. PM 5

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"How about signing Olive Borden to a contract? She was darned clever in Jack Ford's picture."

Olive, being a true southern belle, flirted a bit with the proffered contract, played another picture—"My Own Pal"—with Tom Mix and the figures on the contract waxed fatter.

Then came the day when the name of Olive Borden was added to the roster of featured players and Olive was informed that she was being "groomed for stardom."

NOW a cosy home in a dignified Hollywood street with Mandy in the kitchen serving food—southern style; a softly-rolling automobile; dainty satin mules; perfumes that caress; a painting of Olive in Spanish costume; worship by the studio helpers; worship by the "grips," "props," and electricians; worship by handsome George O'Brien, but Olive—little fluttering hands flying high in denial—drowning all romantic murmurings with finality.

And mother, basking in daughter's success, echoing Olive that George is "just a dear good friend." And then, quite inadvertently, telling of the ham and eggs she "fried up" last night for George and his brother Dan when they dropped in to call.

That's the story of Olive Borden who, in the opinion of many who know, has one of the brightest futures of the debutantes who are making their bows to the film world.

But to me she'll always be "chicken—southern style" . . . and deliciously done, at that!



*When a woman says
"COME HITHER!"
without words*

One in 10,000

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

hopes of far too many youths who ache to come to Hollywood—and when they do come are usually routed by heart aches and hunger.

There were no long and dismal waits for Raymond. No planning and scrimping to make \$7.50 stretch over a week and get a new suit, too. No evasions of the eagle-eyed landlady who was suspicious of the bumpy bundles carried beneath his coat . . . bread, a bit of butter and a niggardly slice of meat to make a sandwich and save restaurant prices. No dull, sickening nostalgia as he saw youths no better looking than himself spinning by in handsome autos accompanied by a gay carload.

Film success!

No crucifying pain as daily he wondered why he was not chosen to play a part—a bit—anything! The scorching pain of self-analysis!

Raymond had none of these heartaches. Raymond had an instant success. But his biggest battle comes now. He must learn to be humble and learn the curriculum of acting. And in being humble, he must not be too meek—he must not overdo it—which is very hard for youths to do . . . for a youth of nineteen who is "very experienced"—by his own admission.

However, Raymond has pluck and a certain amount of humor. He must have, for he confessed that in his first pretty love scene with Laura La Plante he had three nasty boils on his neck! And high-standing Russian collars are most exasperating.

His first love scene with boils! And no one would ever guess it.

You see, he *can* do a thing when he wants to!

In the Dressing Room

First Actor: Oh, damn! I can't get into my shoes.

Second Actor: What! Feet swelled too?
—London Humorist.

There are so many ways of saying it. One says it with her smile. Another beckons with her eyes. A third appeals with her helplessness.

But the magnet is not entirely smile or eyes or helplessness. There is another appeal, which lacking, makes powerless all other charms.

No woman can hope to attract more than a passing glance who does not have it. For, since time began, it has been a feminine attribute. She *must* have it.

This personal quality is something which is not always understood. A woman's daintiness of person entails a great deal more than mere cleanliness.

You can be as clean as soap and water can make you—and still fall short. For soap and water cannot control one thing which every woman must watch.

It is not a pretty word—perspiration—but it is one which must be recognized. For everyone is its victim in some form.

It is distressing, of course, to see those plainly afflicted—with those ugly dark rings and streaks of stain under the arms and across that bothersome "perspiring area" in the back.

But there is something even more distressing—that odor which unfailingly creeps in whether there is moisture or not. And always the offender is the last to find it out!

Today this is a thing that careful women look to, as they do to their hair and teeth and

finger-nails. They know they must make of it a special little rite of the toilette.

No ordinary methods will do; no temporary "home-made" measures. They must have a dependable, scientific corrective. And they have found it, millions of them, in Odorono, the Underarm Toilette.

Odorono is an antiseptic liquid formulated by a physician to correct both the evils of perspiration. It is the *original* corrective for both moisture and odor. Physicians and nurses use it constantly in hospitals as the one scientific, dependable corrective. Here is what one medical authority says of it:

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn, head of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says, "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

One application of Odorono assures 3 days' freedom from all annoyance. And you don't need to bother with any other protection for your clothing!

Keep safe this great appeal of personal daintiness! Don't run the risk of offending with odor; with those ugly stains which dry cleaning cannot blot out! For complete, constant assurance that you are safe—use Odorono twice a week! 35c, 60c and \$1 at all toilet counters or sent postpaid.



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Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBICo., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

THE FAR CRY—First National

BASED on an interesting play by Arthur Richman, directed by a new director, Sylvano Balboni, and enacted by Blanche Sweet, Jack Mulhall, Myrtle Stedman and Hobart Bosworth, this might have been one of the finest pictures of the month. Instead its characters and situations are not deftly drawn. The action is sometimes stilted, but it has some very artistic high points, and shows promise that Balboni will develop into a splendid director.

WHISPERING SMITH—Producers Distributing Corp.

WELL worth seeing. This is genuinely amusing from start to finish—with plenty of sustained suspense. As a background it has a very strong story, which Director George Melford has logically developed. And it has an excellent cast—H. B. Warner, John Bowers, Lillian Rich and Lilyan Tashman. All about a railroad detective, *Whispering Smith*, who is called to settle a disturbance. O. K. for the children, too.

THE BROADWAY BOOB—Associated Exhibitors

HERE we have, ladies and gentlemen, Glenn Hunter, of "Merton of the Movies" fame, in a fairly interesting vehicle—a country boy goes to the city and makes good on the stage. When Dad's bank is in need of money, with the aid of his press agent, the son manages to put over a good stunt and everybody's happy. Glenn, as usual, gives a delightful performance, and pretty little Mildred Ryan is the lady in the case.

THE KING OF THE TURF—F. B. O.

A DASH of racing stuff, some crooks thrown in, love sequences and comedy, and presto! a picture that is pleasing and entertaining. Of course you've seen this before, but there is so much suspense and action you can't help but enjoy it. Patsy Ruth Miller and Kenneth Harlan head the cast.

TESSIE—Arrow

THE wise cracking sub-titles manage to build enough humor to save this from the impossible class. A rather exceptional cast for this type of picture, too—May McAvoy, Myrtle Stedman, Bobby Agnew, Lee Moran and Gertrude Short. May McAvoy is frightfully miscast. Picture, if you can, dainty May as a gum-chewing candy clerk. However, there are lots of laughs for grown-ups and children if you don't take it too seriously.

MY OWN PAL—Fox

MEET Mr. Tom Mix, first as a cowpuncher and later as a policeman who traps the most notorious bandits and wins the police commissioner's daughter. This is a delightful opus due to the presence of cute little Virginia Marshall, who is one of the most intelligent children on the screen today. And then there is a darling little white dog that is very clever, and he isn't even credited in the cast. The children will love this one.

THE BORDER SHERIFF—Universal

AND still the Westerns come. But what are we going to do about it? Nothing. Jack Hoxie is a deputy sheriff and incidentally connected with the secret service. He captures the crooks who were trying to ruin the girl's father, and saves the day. Nothing to brag about, but

Throat Sore?

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Parisian Flesh Food is the secret of such alluring charm. It will quickly banish your lines and wrinkles; develop your neck; restore that glorious youthful firmness. Write today for Free "Beauty Secrets." Enclose 10c for Trial Sample.

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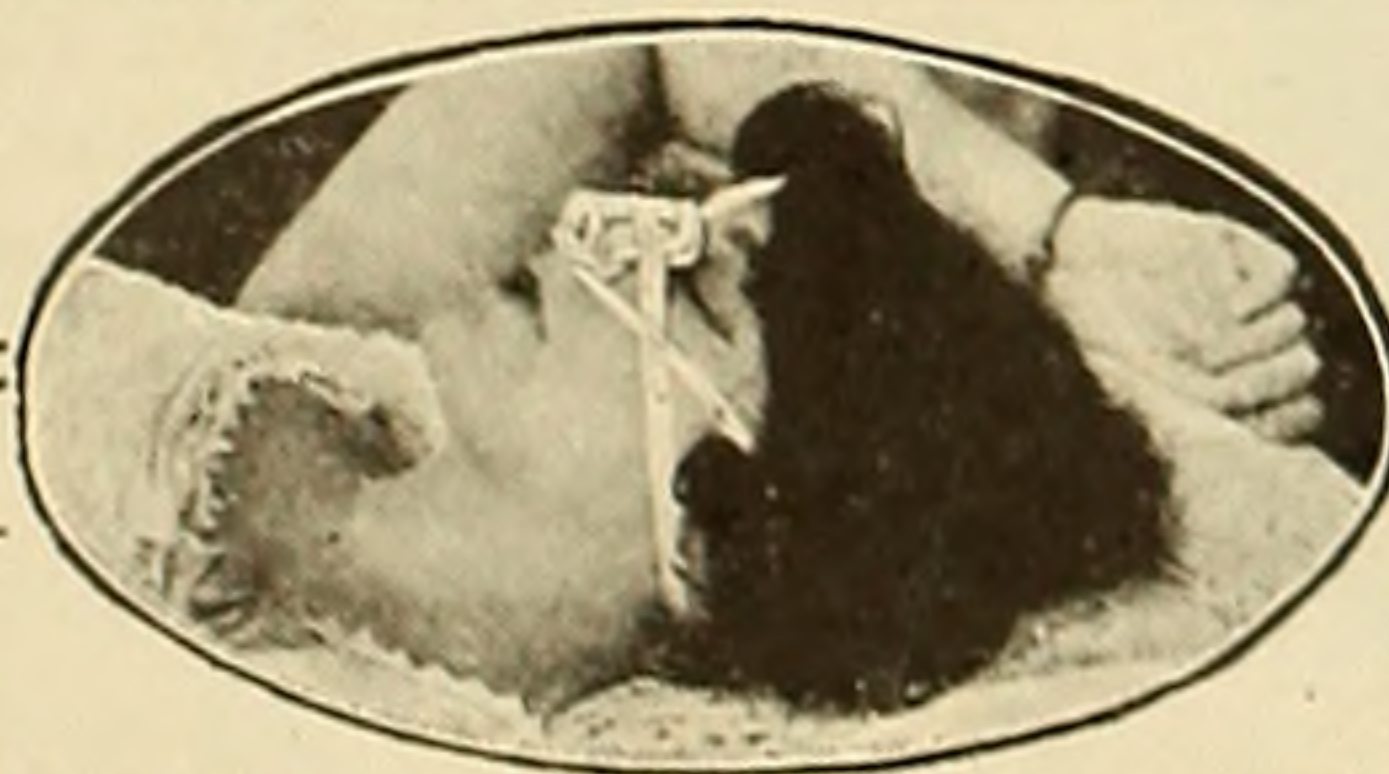
No Dieting, No Exercising, No Drugs EUROPEAN discovery makes it possible to reduce by Nature's method of expelling fat through the pores in a safe pleasant way. Simply dissolve Florazona, a fragrant powder, in your bath; stay in for 15 minutes and one-half pound to one pound of fat melts away!



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Gold Medal Winner Feb. '23

See Page 122 for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Subscription Rates. Turn to it NOW

when Jack rides everything is forgiven, and how that boy rides!

MADAME MYSTERY—Pathe

SEE it and howl! It's Theda Bara's first comedy and not once is her face garnished with custard pie. "Madame Mystery" is one long scream from start to finish with Theda furnishing the charm, and Jimmy Finlayson funnier than he or anyone else ever hoped to be. You'll whoop when they paint the face on Finlayson's bald head to correspond with his stolen passport. Hal Roach should be proud of Richard Wallace for the direction and H. M. Walker for the titles.

SHADOW OF THE LAW—Associated Exhibitors

THE time-worn story of the girl who, on being released from prison, is hounded by the villain, interpreted in real dramatic fashion by Stuart Holmes. Clara Bow is the girl and is in love with a wealthy boy, but the villain makes known the past. However, true love triumphs and we have the end—and you'll be happy when you see that flashed on the screen.

THE SET UP—Universal

A WILD and wooly Western with lots of hard riding and shootin'. Art Acord tries to protect the girl he is in love with, but many complications set in. Then this pretty young lady decides to change her name from Miss to Mrs. when the shooting's all over. And that's all. Fair.

THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL—Warner Bros.

GOOD entertainment. Sounds like a good homey story, but don't be fooled. It's all about crooks. A gang of seemingly clever crooks plan "to do" an old lady, but she outwits them and "does them" in a very thrilling manner. And then we learn that she had been a crook in the days gone by and reformed. The old lady crook is none other than Gertrude Claire, who was so delightful in "The Wedding Song." Dolores Costello, Johnny Harron, Matthew Betz and Lee Moran complete the cast.

THE ESCAPE—Universal

HERE is a picture that is filled with plenty of pep and humor that the children will be crazy about. Pete Morrison and his horse prove that they can catch the villain any time regardless of circumstances. An easy and amusing way to spend an hour.

BROKEN HEARTS—Jaffe

"BROKEN HEARTS" is a series of realistic east side scenes, strung together by a slender plot. Russian realism predominates throughout with its usual tearful ending. Lila Lee, the only familiar player in the cast, plays the rôle of a Jewish cantor's daughter with a wistful loveliness. Against her father's wishes she married a Russian refugee, but they are soon parted by news that his former wife is still alive. Think you'll like it?

Wanted—Practice

WE heard a new press agent story the other week. One of the musical critics was invited by the agent of one of the big hotels to come and hear its new orchestra. When he had sat down and ordered tea, the publicity representative came to talk to him. "It's really one of the finest orchestras in New York," said the agent.

As he spoke, several bad notes were hit—so bad that the critic winced.

"Of course they'll do better," said the agent hastily, "as soon as they've played together a bit."—*New Yorker*.

7-DAY SUPPLY FREE

MAIL THE COUPON

No more soiled towels removing cold cream

No more harsh substitutes irritating to delicate skin fabric—and no more oily skins!

This NEW way will work wonders in lightening your skin—will keep your make-up fresh for hours! The ONLY way that removes all cream and dirt from the pores.

THIS offers a test that will effect some unique results on your skin. That will make it seem shades lighter than before. That will correct oily skin and nose conditions amazingly. That will double and triple the effectiveness of your make-up.

Modern beauty science has found a new way to remove cold cream . . . a different way from any you have ever known.

It will prove that no matter how long you have used cold cream, you have never removed it, and its accumulation of dirt, entirely from your skin . . . have never removed it in gentle safety to your skin.

This new way is called Kleenex. Dainty and exquisite, you use it, then discard it. Just use the coupon. A 7-day supply will be sent you to try.

A scientific discovery

We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.

On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream.

It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents some two years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Banishes oily skins—dark skins

It stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from over-laden pores . . . cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin.

Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes, failed in absorbency. And

thus often rubbed infectious dirt accumulations back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often come. Why your skin may look so dark at times.

Multiplied skin benefits

Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected. Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.

It comes in exquisite sheets, 27 times as absorbent as the ordinary towel. 24 times that of paper and fibre substitutes. You use it, then discard it.

Kleenex comes in two sizes . . . the Professional (sheets 9 by 10 inches) and the Boudoir size (sheets 6 by 7 inches) in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes to fit your dressing table drawer.

It does what no other method yet has done . . . removes all the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations gently from the skin. And that means much to you.

Just present the coupon

Kleenex will prove the inadequacy of towels and cloths. Will make a quick and noted difference in your skin. Clip the coupon before you forget. Mail it today for 7-day supply at our expense.

You'll thank us many times for what you receive.



Kleenex comes in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer, in two sizes: Boudoir size, sheets 6x7 in., 35c Professional, sheets 9x10 in., 65c

KLEENEX

Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

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Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.

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Eleanor Boardman, Ernest Gillen, in "The Auction Block" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

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NO more need to worry how your hair looks! . . . Now—thanks to Stacomb—you need not give a thought to your hair—all day. Stacomb keeps it smooth, right. Helps prevent dandruff, too. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

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Instantly stirs the emotions and ensnares romance. Such lure is irresistible, when sparkling eyes are deepened by a fringe of heavy lashes.

YOUR eyes will take on piquant magnetism and haunting soulfulness if you darken your lashes with WINX. The merest touch with the brush attached to the stopper of the bottle and your lashes at once appear much longer, darker and heavier.

WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that dries at once, lasts for days and cannot run or smear. At drug and department stores or by mail. Black or brown, U. S. and Canada, 75c.

Winxette (cake form), complete with tiny one-row brush and mirror, black or brown; 50c.

Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Winx.

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241-E West 17th Street New York

WINX

Waterproof

The Boy Director

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

akin to "A Woman of Paris," yet more wholesome in subject matter. And Eddie Sutherland will get his chance to make his mark in this scarcely touched field. Opportunity is no stranger to him and has always been treated hospitably.

He's interesting, this Eddie youth. He shrinks from crowds and revels in the unusual. He has a chum who is deaf and dumb. Eddie learned the deaf and dumb language so he could enjoy this man's companionship.

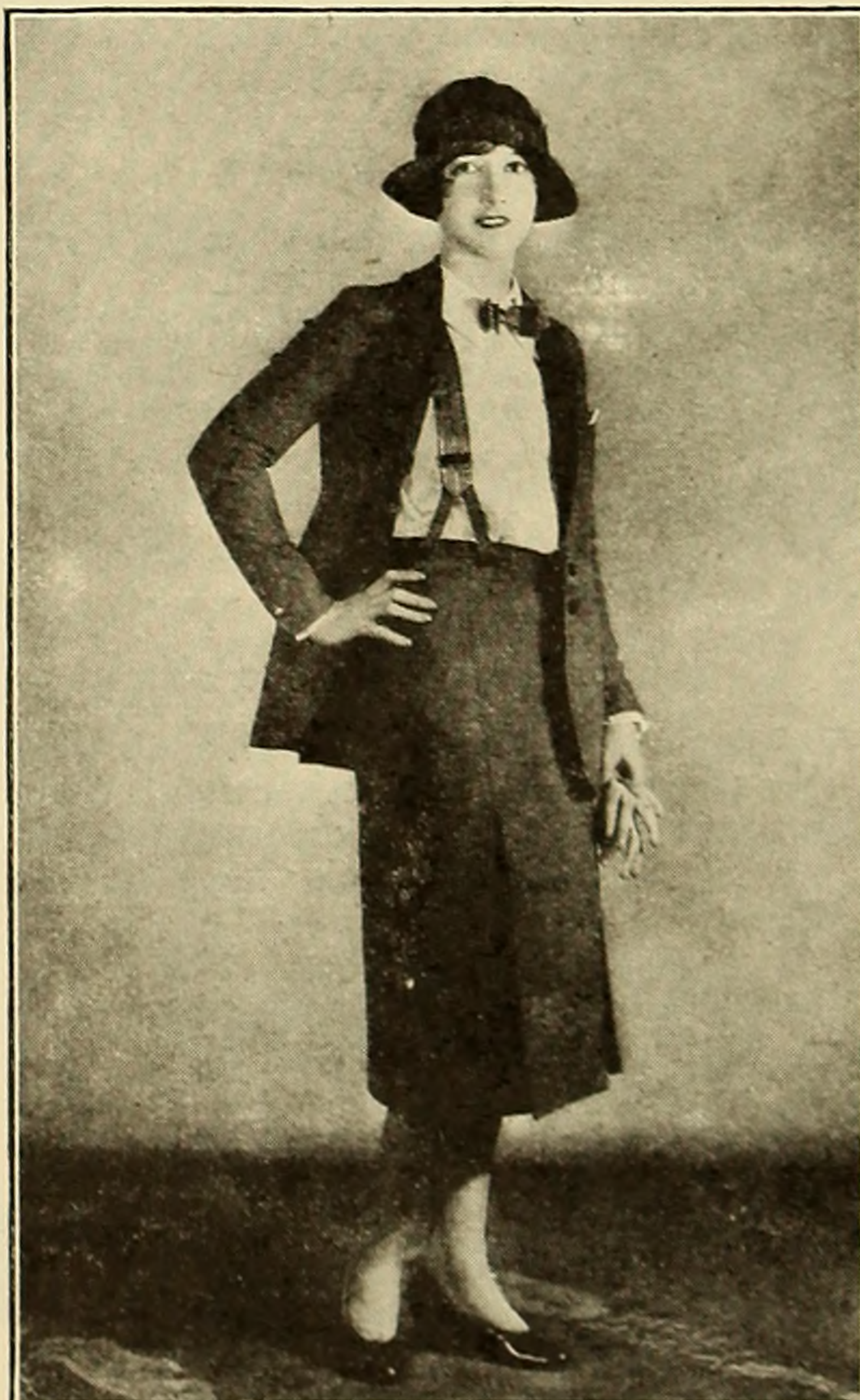
HE hunted all over New York one day to find a trapeze to send a man who had broken his leg. He didn't know this man very well. But he sent him the trapeze because with its aid he could ease the position of his cramped body. Eddie knew. He had broken his knee-cap playing football and had been in a similar ostermoor predicament.

He is very friendly with a famous authority on Japanese art. This man is half Japanese, half German. He is 6 feet 3 and suffers from the dread lung trouble. He stoops over so he looks only 5 feet 11. He has the gorgeous long, slim fingers of the artist; the sunken features of the Japanese. And he's a kleptomaniac. Eddie says he is an intriguing personality.

Life. Eddie Sutherland is fascinated by its lopsided phases. He reads biographies and autobiographies avidly. They concern real personalities.

This side of the youthful director slips behind an infectious boisterousness when he's out to enjoy himself. He's the life of every party he goes on. He has humorous slants on things. He races himself to a laugh.

Then there's the other Eddie, the director. Several years ago, he took stock of himself.



Girls will be boys, or very nearly, this spring. Modish Margaret Morris illustrates the vogue. Margaret's new suit has a coat cut like a tuxedo-jacket, and her man-nish blouse tied with a masculine bow tie. Even her suspenders—shades of Rudy—are man-copied



LUSTROUS HAIR /

Beauty is more beautiful when it is crowned with a glowing loveliness of hair that is radiantly lustrous. The hairdresser's secret of lustrous hair is a touch of henna in the shampoo. You may have just the right touch of henna, prepared exactly as he uses it, in the clear, fragrant liquid of HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO, to bring out all the richest natural lustre in every type of hair.

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Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER,
265-C Mahler Park, Providence, R.I.

He had been in pictures about twelve years. He had worked himself up to being a leading man demanding, and getting, \$500 a week. He decided he couldn't carry on as an actor. He lacked confidence in himself. He never believed he gave a fine performance. Conceit is part of an actor's bagatelle, and we say this in no derogatory sense. It merely happens to be the truth.

So Eddie spoke to Charlie Chaplin, whom he knew well, and told him he'd like to start in the production end of pictures. Charlie offered him a job at \$75 a week. Eddie took it, and for three years worked like the w.k. Trojan of mythical renown. He learned a great deal, for Chaplin, to him, is a genius.

"Though I don't know what a genius is," musingly.

"Just a crazy person who hits it right," we vouchsafed, and Eddie nodded.

HE left Charlie Chaplin after three years to strike out for himself. Tom Meighan is his uncle. He gave Eddie the job of directing him in "Comin' Through." Mr. Sutherland has never traded on his relatives. He didn't in this instance. Tom offered him the megaphone. He accepted it. The picture made money, so Jesse Lasky handed young Sutherland a contract and assigned him "Wild, Wild Susan," with Bebe Daniels, to direct. After all, Eddie had been with Charlie Chaplin and should know comedy values.

He did. He has been showing how he knows them ever since though, indeed, 'tis fearfully hard work.

A comedy, to be amusing, should have a slice of life for its backdrop; something that thumps with realism and concerns the majority of us.

Eddie's last picture was "Behind The Front" in which he took the War, with its agony and tension, as the story's foundation upon which to build merry situations. This flicker has broken house records in practically every theater it has played. It was Eddie's picture.

We enjoy chuckling at something that is foreboding when stripped of its gay apparel. Hysteria and merriment are as closely related as hate and love.

And there you have as good a picture of Edward Sutherland as we can conceive. When his friends see him, he is frivolous and gay, but deep inside rage conflicting thoughts and emotions; conflicting fears and hopes. Once upon a time, he must have been terribly wounded by one he worshipped. With most of us, wounds heal and only scars remain. Eddie Sutherland's never did.

Some day, Edward Sutherland is going to knot these rampant, warring selves of his and then he will step forth as one of the screen's big directors. If he doesn't, we miss our hunch, and a hunch has never failed us yet.

Screen Cubs

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

annoyed. We would like to discover them all, and, in fact we reserve the right to shift our mental base some twelve months hence, but in the meanwhile it is perhaps more prudent to hitch our wagon to the potential star of Rogers.

After all, if but one of these handsome, eager graduates wins out to astral fame, Dean Lasky, Director Sam Wood and the faculty of the Paramount School of Acting will count their labors eminently repaid. Whatever its limitations, the School represents a generous and serious gesture on the part of Jesse Lasky to comply with the public's demand for new faces in films and at the same time to give a fraction of the clamoring masses who "always knew they could act" a chance to prove their premise and make good in celluloid.



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IN EIGHT EXQUISITE VARIATIONS

These rouges, Parisian to the heart, are all hand-made. They blend with and enhance the tones of the skin with perfection. The superiorities of their tone and texture are evident to all who behold them. **ASHES-OF-ROSES*** Rouge, either dark, medium, or light; **Rouge MANDARINE***, frankly orange, preferred especially at evening affairs; **Rouge VELVET-OF-PEACHES***, warm and tender pink with ruddy tinges; **Rouge CORAL-ROSE***, a dashing, out-of-door rose and tan; at the height of the vogue, one finds **Rouge FEMINA*** and **Rouge CURRANT-ROSE***, charmingly modern in feeling, replete with the brilliance of sunlight. These rouges are at their best when used with Bourjois' charming **MANON LESCAUT*** Face Powder.

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Oh What Joy!
I am Free, you may be

WHAT woman is there who will not rejoice—to know she can be FREE from the humiliation of Excessive Armpit Perspiration—to know that wonderful NONSPI keeps the underarms normally dry and odorless.

Let this be our personal message to you that such glorious freedom is available. For, by using old reliable NONSPI (a pure antiseptic liquid) on an average of only two nights each week, your dresses will be saved from ruinous perspiration stains and you will be freed from the embarrassment of armpit odor.

NONSPI, is used by more than a million women, is prescribed by numerous physicians, and is sold and advocated by toilet dealers and druggists everywhere.

ALL WE ASK is that you give NONSPI just one trial. Either purchase a bottle (the price is but 50c) or send us your name and we will mail you a liberal FREE SAMPLE at once.



THE NONSPI COMPANY
2641 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.
Please send free testing sample to address listed below.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

Are You
Unhappy
Because of

Gray
Hair?



Then read this advertisement and learn how to stop it. It explains how a dainty hair cosmetic restores original color. Then accept free trial bottle which proves it.

This scientific preparation is clear and colorless—applied by combing through the hair. The gray disappears like magic—in a few days it's gone.

No interference with shampooing — there's nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color is even and perfect—no "dyed" look.

Now, Mail Coupon

You'll quickly receive Patented Trial Kit with instructions for testing on a single lock. Then call on druggist for full size bottle, or order direct from me.

—Please print your name and address—

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
926-F Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
Street..... City.....

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

TO THE LISTENER.

I agree with you. Constantly being the "listener" in a social group does get to be a bore. But I really believe that if you hadn't done so much listening, you wouldn't now be writing as interesting a letter as yours is. Listeners get a lot of time in which to think. The books that set down rules for writing are rarely of much use. I think it better for you to read the works of excellent writers with good minds and attempt to study their technique. Read H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, G. S. Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather. Read their books first for the story and the second and third time to see how they create their effects.

K. K. F.

You should weigh approximately 130 pounds. The colors that I have advised for Jean Lee, above, are your colors, too. Here is one of the best hip reducing exercises. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with other leg, weight on the left leg, swinging the right. If you would like more detailed exercises, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to mail them to you.

PAT.

The best colors for you with your titian hair, fair skin and blue eyes are black, in velvet, heavy satin or transparent goods; cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dresses, but dark green or Irish green too contrasting; taupe with a pinkish cast; purple, too vivid a contrast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blue. A light, rachel powder should be most becoming to you and if you are fair enough you might experiment with pure white powder. If you can wear it, it should be very effective. The use of a light makeup on the eyelashes is perfectly good form. You are slightly under-weight but with thinness at such a premium, I do not want to advise you to put on weight unless your thinness is due to bad health. If it is a natural condition with you I would not worry about it but call myself lucky. Write as often as you like. I'm always glad to hear from my correspondents at any time.

CECILIA.

That is an excellent idea concerning the letters I have received in reply to the article on petting, but if I were to publish all of them there wouldn't be room for anything else in PHOTOPLAY. I do not know that a good night kiss is any different from any other kiss so you will have to use the same judgment about that that you do about petting. Exercise will fill out your arms more than anything else. Raise the arms sharply upward, as high above your head as possible, stretching the fingers to their fullest lengths. Then return them to first position at shoulder height with doubled fist turned in. Repeat this movement ten to fifteen times and do it with snap and pep. Half-hearted exercise does very little good. Next, with hands, fist doubled in, at shoulder height, shoot them outward in a straight line from shoulders, fingers stretched. Repeat this ten to fifteen times. The second exercise starts with a good standing position. Bend your arms quickly and

raise until your elbows are in line with your shoulders, the palms of your hands turned downward on the chest. From this position, fling the arms outward as far as possible, then back to first position, then outward, then back, as sharply as a soldier's drill. Do this about a dozen times.

HELEN BELLE.

Dark brown hair and eyes and olive skin are best suited with ivory and cream white; no black; mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blues; dark green; gray not good; purple not good; dark, warm reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. Dark, warm reds and pale pinks are best for evening.

WORRIED CHILD.

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to advise you regarding your problem.

IRENE SEYMOUR.

Please send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I will be glad to advise you regarding the treatment for acne.

SALLY.

With light brown hair and green eyes your best colors are white relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; bright blues to be avoided; darkest purple; no reds; pale pink and soft rose; bronze. It shouldn't take you long to learn to play the uke and my advice would be to buy as good a one as possible and in the beginning take one or two initial lessons at your local music store and then to practice it by yourself. Within two or three months you should be fairly proficient.

MICKEY.

Why on earth do you want to make your hair straight? Every girl I know is spending half her income in going to beauty parlors for waves and here you are blessed with natural waves and you are worrying about them. I think dancing is a lovely thing. You're pretty young, however, and if your mother disapproves I think it would be best for you to obey her until you are old enough to be completely independent. I certainly wouldn't advise a girl as young as you to smoke. I have no feeling about its being either right or wrong but there is the matter of it being healthy or unhealthy and it certainly is unhealthy for a little girl like you. Your weight is just right. You can reduce your legs by climbing stairs, by running, by high jumping and by your dancing.

M. A.

You are about five pounds over-weight. Here is the best exercise I know for improving the line of legs, ankles, hips and thighs. First, stand straight, head up, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen flat, feet together and hands on hips. With your right leg supporting the weight of the body, swing the left leg forward and backward like the pendulum of a clock, going as far forward and as far backward as possible, holding the left leg lightly so that it can swing easily. Do this about a dozen times and repeat with other leg, weight on the left leg, swinging the right. You can wear cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dress, taupe with a pinkish cast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blue. The way you wear your hair, parted on the side, should be very becoming to your full face. I cannot advise you on the bangs without knowing more definitely how you look. They are not

very fashionable now as most smart women are wearing their hair straight off their foreheads.

BROWN EYES.

You're a nice girl to send me all those compliments. Self-consciousness is really a form of conceit. You say in your letter "When anyone talks to me, most times, I am so conscious of myself that I am wondering what they think of me and that they notice every little action or word spoken." That kind of self interest, Brown Eyes, always makes self-consciousness because the word expresses its exact meaning. When you stop being conscious of yourself and fasten your attention on the other person; when you begin to think in terms of them rather than yourself, you will find that your awkwardness and shyness will both have vanished. Turn the spot light out instead of in and you will be much happier. If you will read the answer to M. A., above, you will find a good hip reducing exercise.

PUZZLED.

You are young to go out with a sixteen year old boy, but since your mother approves of him I feel sure it is quite safe. Why don't you write him a note or when you meet him tell him your mother's changed viewpoint? I am sure that since he once asked you to go to the movies he will do so again now that he knows you have your mother's permission. Certainly, it is all right to have him over for an evening as long as you may receive him at home with your parents.

M. CHOLETT.

I understand that the preparation which you mentioned is very efficient and non-injurious.

ANNA D.

No, I do not think sixteen is too young for you to go to work since you are a high school graduate. I cannot advise you on the line of work you should take up without knowing more about you temperamentally, and about your education. You can certainly go on learning while you are working. I wouldn't try night school for the first year because you will have enough adjustments to make in the business world without taxing yourself any more. Whatever kind of a job you get, for your own sake work at it. Be honest with yourself and try to give your employer the value of every dollar he is paying you. This way advancement lies. Keep wide awake and have your eyes open for opportunity. Study whatever line you get in, and study other lines as much as you can to see if you would prefer them. I wouldn't advise you to change your position too soon for you are very young as yet to know what your real ambition is. Stick to your first job at least a couple of years and then you will know better what you are after. You should wear very simple, practical business clothes. I think flat heels and tailored suits go perfectly in a business office. Write me again any time you feel you need help.

CONSUELO.

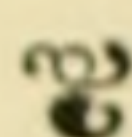
I realize that very frequently girls unconsciously attract attention on the street, particularly when they are young and pretty. This is a very dangerous form of attraction and I do advise you to curb it. The only thing for you to do is to go calmly along and mind your own business. There are girls who very definitely have a "come hither" look in their eye and men seem to spot it if they are ten blocks away. It is easy enough, however, to discourage these attentions if you maintain an attitude of quiet, girlish dignity.

MURIAL E. V.

With your dark hair and brown eyes you can wear ivory and cream white; mahogany and Negro browns; darkest blues; dark green; gray not good; purple not good; dark, warm

FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



*Four
Simple Ways*
to improve your skin
—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C.
B. Sc., (Pharm.)

I. From 16 to 30 you need from 7½ to 8 hours sleep—at least four nights out of seven. At 30 to 50, 6½ to 7 hours will do with a daily short rest after lunch or just before dinner. If you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No cream or cosmetic can compete with loss of sleep.

And you simply *must eat* each day either lettuce, celery, cabbage, carrots, spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, lemons or tomatoes. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. Sleep and these foods are a sure foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and hands—at least once a day, lukewarm water and any good soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap is fine). Then use Ingram's Milkweed Cream on hands, arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently. Don't rub it off. Use only at night before retiring—wear old gloves on hands. You will be astonished. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin with this simple, common sense treatment. Under no conditions use any other cream while you are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks' exclusive use. Write the date on the label so that you may watch results carefully. Use no other cream of any kind. Wash your face at night with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Rub cream in gently; don't rub it off. Use morning and night, using water only at night to cleanse face. Blisters, blemishes, blackheads, redness, tan, wind- and sunburn will go if you follow the diet suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

Women today will tell you this simple treatment gets results. We have thousands of letters over a period of 40 years that back up our statements. And today thousands are enjoying the beauty insurance which this simple method brings.

IV. If you have a good beauty shop operator, stay with her, but insist that she use your own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are dangerous. Not one woman in a hundred has a scientific beauty operator.

We are always glad to answer questions—to help those who have been unsuccessful in their search for skin loveliness. Particularly those who want to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances. Do your own facials, arm, neck, hand and shoulder treatments at home. We will teach you how in our little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



*WOMEN of
Thirty*

and over... read this!

Here is a NEW simple METHOD to keep lovely skin. Blemishes vanish, actually—often in two short weeks!



THOUSANDS of beautiful women have used it, for ten years or more. An "all-purpose" beauty aid that corrects—beautifies—protects.

Praised by famous stage beauties, skin authorities. For today, every truly charming woman knows this:

Lovely skin is so important. And now, women past 30 can have it—can appear 10 to 20 years younger. Blemishes can be banished. Quickly, surely, that lovely, satiny softness can be attained.

Read the common-sense column at the left—it tells you *how*. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50 cent or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice a remarkable improvement within two weeks. And remember: You need one cream . . . only!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

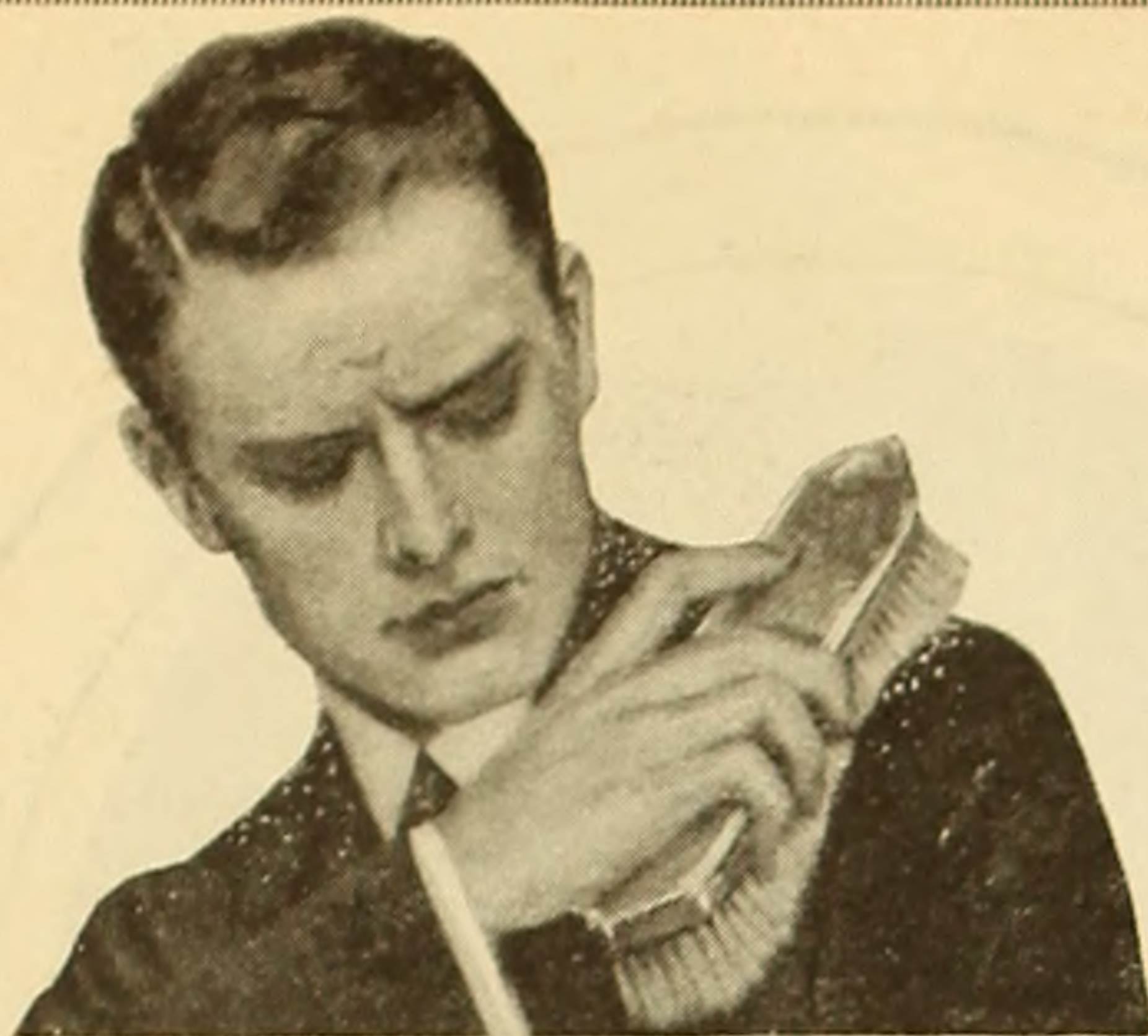
Established 1885

Windsor, Ont.,
Canada

33 Tenth St.,
Detroit, Mich.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream





A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with your finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

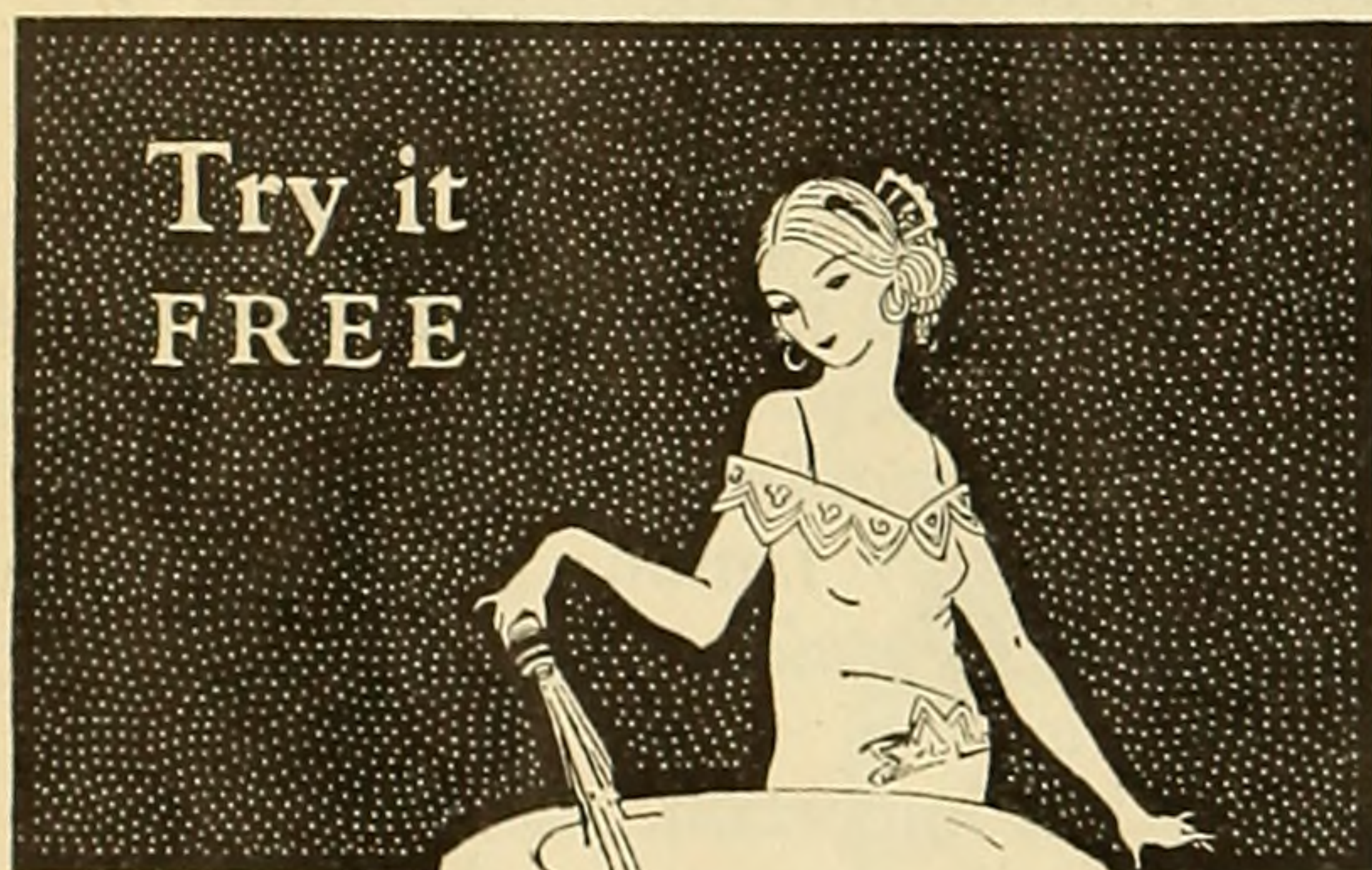
You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



You Can't Comb Out Dandruff

LIQUID ARVON



Are you passing by this modern Loveliness?

In these modern days it is becoming constantly clearer that feminine charm rests not so much on beauty of face or figure as on that captivating *daintiness* which is the characteristic of lovely womanhood.

That is why the vogue of Bathasweet has been growing so remarkably the last few years. For Bathasweet is the means *par excellence* for achieving daintiness. A sprinkle of it in your tub softens and perfumes the water, giving it an almost miraculous cleansing power that washes deep into the pores and gives the skin a glowing health and satiny smoothness, while at the same time it leaves about you an air of springtime freshness that keeps you lovely *thru the day*. And it is so delightful and so inexpensive—25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at drug and department stores.

FREE—A can sent you free if you write us
C. S. Welch Co., Dept. F E., 1907 Park Ave., N. Y.

BATHASWEET

reds; terra cotta and buff and apricot; pink in warm and pale colors. Yes, crackers are fattening. They are practically pure starch. Aesthetic dancing is good if you do it vigorously enough. It will not make you large nor will it tighten the muscles as other forms of dancing are apt to do. Scientists have never been able to prove that coffee taken in moderate quantities had any effect on the complexion. If you will drink plenty of water you will find that it has quite a bleaching property. You may eat vegetables if you will leave out potatoes and beans. Salads are excellent for you, only do not use rich dressings. You may eat meat if it's lean. Leave out candies and pastries. Eat all the fruit you wish, particularly uncooked fruit. Don't eat cereals and if you drink milk, drink it in place of eating a meal but don't drink it in addition to a meal.

G. D., IOWA.

If at five feet, 5 inches you are much taller than your girl friends then your girl friends must be fairly short because you are only one inch above the average height. You are not too tall to wear high heels. You are a little over-weight. You should lose about eight pounds. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will give you definite instructions for doing away with blackheads. You can wear white relieved with some other color; golden brown; blue; light blues to be avoided; blue gray; darkest purple; no reds; soft rose and pale pink; bronze. I do not believe massaging will help the condition of your ankles. I think it would be more advisable for you to consult a good medical doctor concerning a treatment. Witch hazel does help enlarged pores like yours. Use it, for its astringent quality, after washing your face in warm water. Follow its use by applications of cold water or ice. Here is an excellent tonic to promote the growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Yellow vaseline, two ounces; oil of lavender, 15 drops; and oil of rosemary, 15 drops. Mix thoroughly. After you wash your face at night, brush your eyebrows with the tiny brush upon which a few drops of the tonic has been placed. Particular pains must be taken if you apply this tonic to your eyelashes, as it will inflame the eyes, as any oil will, if it gets into them.

DOROTHY SMITH.

When you wash your hair too often it is sure to become oily. After every shampoo, you wash a certain amount of natural oil from the scalp and the oil glands do their best to remedy this condition by sending out an extra amount of oil to make up for what you have washed off. If you will read the answer to G. D., Iowa, above, you will find an excellent tonic for the eyelashes and eyebrows. You can wear cream and ivory whites; deep, dark browns; reddish browns and pale tans not so good; midnight and darkest navies; pale green in evening and summer dresses, taupe with pinkish cast; no reds; amber tones and pale yellows; flesh pink or palest blues. No, I do not think a girl of nineteen is too old to take dancing lessons with the idea of going on the stage, only if you are really serious in your ambition I would advise you to get to work at once.

F. V. S.

You are a lucky girl, your weight is just right for your height.

ANITA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Anita, do you know that of the beautiful girls who flock into Hollywood, thousands of them trained in their art, possessing personality and ability, not more than one in a thousand proves successful? You admit you have no assets except prettiness. Since you are sensible enough to know that, won't you be sensible enough to stay home and save yourself a lot of heartbreak? I do know the industry, but I certainly would advise no girl to attempt to break into it.



Murine Wakes Up Sleepy EYES

No need to start the day with EYES swollen from sleep. A few drops of **Murine** upon getting up in the morning will take away not only the puffy look but the sleepy feeling.

Use **Murine** each evening, too. It soothes and refreshes EYES wearied by sewing, reading or office work—relieves the irritation caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust. Millions of men and women use this long-trusted lotion to keep their EYES always clear, bright and healthy.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company
Dept. 27 Chicago

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

TYPewriter PRICES CUT

Your choice of the World's best typewriters—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—full size, late model, completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. Prices smashed down to half. Act quick.



\$2 and it's yours

Free Trial
Just send your name and address and we will mail you our complete FREE CATALOG prepaid, fully describing and showing actual photographs of each beautiful machine in full colors. Tells every detail of our direct-to-you small-payment plan. Write now for tremendous saving. No obligation whatever. Still time if you act now.

International Typewriter Exchange
186-188 W. Lake Street. Department 506 Chicago, Ill.

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL
For your own relief, so you can prove results and recommend it to your friends, I will gladly arrange to send you a box of PEDODYNE Solvent to try. No obligation. Just say—"I want to try Pedodyne."

KAY LABORATORIES
186 N. LaSalle St., Dept. S-356 Chicago, Ill.

Extra THIN Compact

The fastidious woman of today is never without her touch of powder. A requisite to every woman of charm. But it is no longer necessary to carry a thick, clumsy box which drags your pocket or bulges your purse. Get one of our dainty Thin Compacts with exquisite translucent enamel cover—if it's different.

half actual size
The POWDER BOX
19 West 44th St.
Dept. 509 New York
\$1.00
Post Paid

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

The Lowdown on Leon

New York City.

Leon Errol in his picture, "Clothes Make the Pirate," puts over a mediocre performance, struggling desperately to get laughs that fail to materialize.

All his frenzied antics in his attempts to be funny are, of course, based on his wobbly-leg stuff which he has been doing for the past 20 years in stage productions and are now antiquated in high degree. If he expects to succeed in the Film World, it behooves him to get some new material immediately. He is always a wow in the Ziegfeld environment as he is looked upon as an old friend, and they continue to laugh at his superannuated stock in trade which he doles out to these customers year after year. But, in the movies, he is playing before an audience of a vastly different character. He must show really funny antics, as he has to compete with such fun-makers as Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harold Lloyd, Harry Langdon.

If his pictures in the future are all centered around his prehistoric routine of gavorting, he is doomed to live a short life in Filmdom. He cannot stand the fast pace that will be set for him by the other supercomics who outshine him as does the sun a wax candle.

JOSEPH GOMEZ.

Sennett Rates a Brick

Bennington, Vt.

Why do exhibitors show Mack Sennett comedies? In the well known infancy of the industry, they were, the best of their kind. But since then other producers have made great strides. Sennett seems to stand still. Barring a few gags in Ben Turpin's pictures I haven't gotten a healthy laugh from a Sennett comedy in years.

Having read about how funny Harry Langdon was I saw three of his comedies. They created scarcely a ripple of laughter. We are not hard to please, either. Extraneous matters never did Mabel Normand half as much harm as the vehicles Sennett gave her. "The Extra Girl" had a plot that was threadbare. "Suzanna" was totally devoid of humorous situations and "Molly O" was extremely crude. No actress could survive such material.

The reported stampede at the funeral of Barbara La Marr strikes me as horrible. The subject of much cheap and possibly scurrilous publicity, during her brief period of fame could not the public have honored itself by permitting her dignity in death?

ELIZABETH KAPITZ.

For Plots Kept Pure

Long Beach, Calif.

Last night Charles Ray made a personal appearance at a local theater and in his speech he said "The Auction Block," was written by Rex Beach, that is he *thinks* he wrote it.

But, if Rex Beach ever sees this, I don't know what he'll do to us.

I went to the theater with the high hopes of seeing the film version of a book I had loved, only to see an entrancing comedy, utterly unlike Rex Beach's novel.

Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman, were splendidly cast, the direction was fine and the subtitles were exceptionally clever, yet in spite of the fact that I was well entertained, I left the theater disappointed. I had not seen "The Auction Block." There are very many other instances when we have been lured by the name of a well known book or play, to see something entirely different.

Is it fair to the public to thus collect money under false pretenses?

MRS. MARGARET GABBOTT.

GRAY hair—medical science has discovered—is a disease. It is called canities; and it consists in a failure of the natural functions which supply color to the hair. The fibres inside the hair become blanched. Notox replaces color in these blanched inner fibres, and so corrects canities.



She Chose to Stay Gray Until Notox Was Explained

TWO years ago she felt as strong a prejudice as anyone against coloring her hair. Now she uses Notox regularly.

The thing which converted her, which first prompted her to use Notox to banish her gray hair, was an explanation of the Notox principle.

Before this, her hair had been graying, but she had steadfastly refused to color it—because the effects of such preparations as existed then were more disfiguring than the gray hair. Women who used them look so obviously dyed. The tone of their hair was hard, flat, unreal. She preferred letting her hair stay gray to having it look like that.

Then she heard of Notox—a hair coloring based upon a new and a unique scientific principle. When she understood how it differed from the principles of those preparations she had shunned, she was converted to coloring her hair.

Hair, she learned, is a long, very tiny stem, with a rough outside covering. Underneath this is a layer of fibres. In these fibres nature puts its color.

Hair also is translucent. Light passes through it, as it does through fingernails. And so the natural color of hair, as we see it, is the combined effect of light shining on the hair and through the hair.

When hair turns gray—that is, when nature no longer supplies color to its inner layer of fibres—it is hopeless to try to duplicate the former color by coloring the outside covering of the hair. This is what the old-fashioned restorer did and this is why it failed.

In its departure from this unnatural method lies the distinctive principle of Notox.

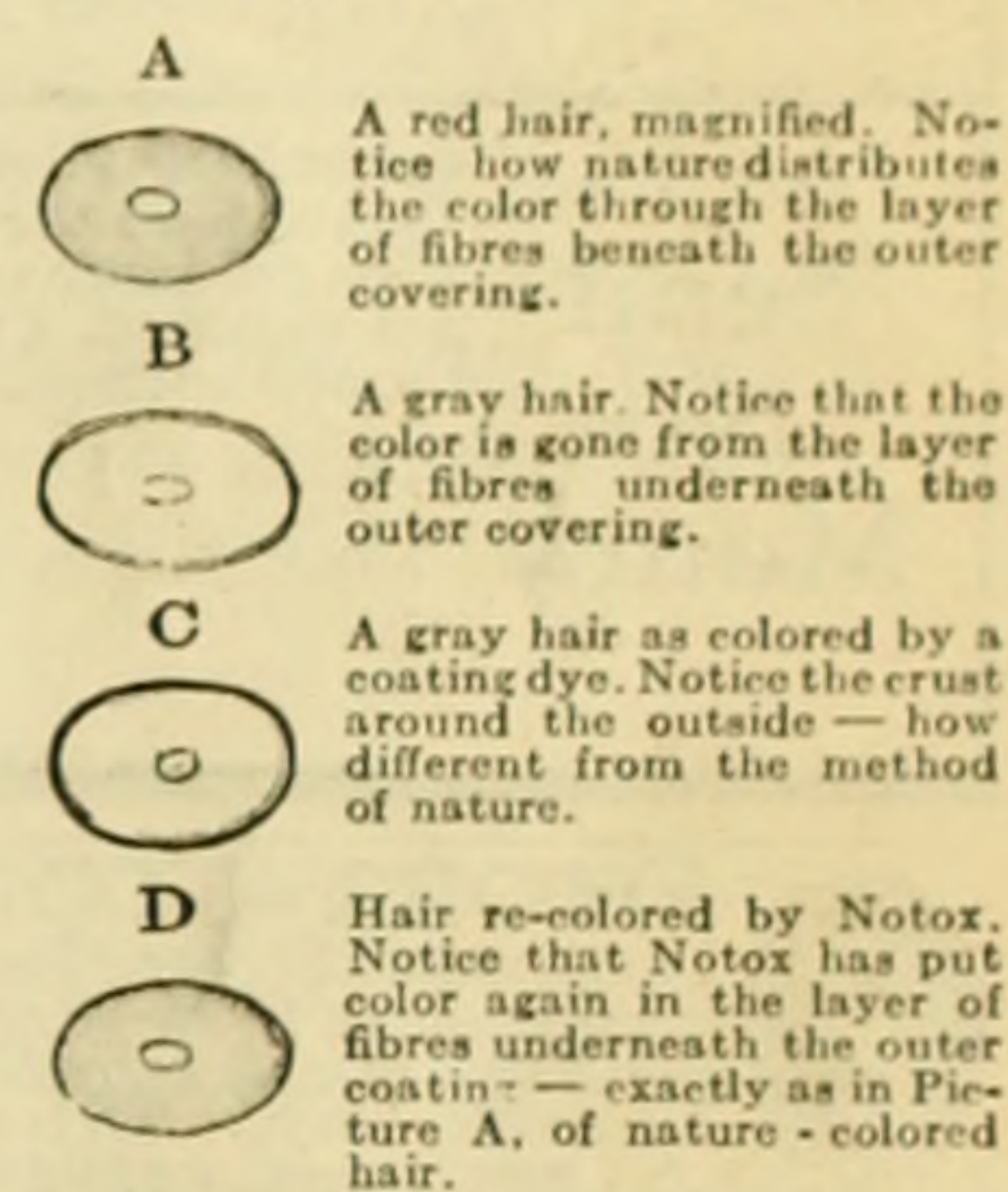
Notox follows nature's method of coloring hair—it places color in the layer of fibres underneath the outer covering of the hair—right where nature used to put its own color. By using nature's technique, Notox duplicates nature's effects.

These facts about Notox have converted not only one woman, but many hundreds of thousands of women to coloring their hair. The sheer beauty of the effects of Notox has ever since kept them devoted to its regular use.

IMPORTANT NOTICE: Notox is the coloring that banishes gray hair in the safe and natural way. Its basic ingredient is an entirely new substance. The principles of its manufacture and use do not exist in any other product. They are furthermore fully protected by patent.

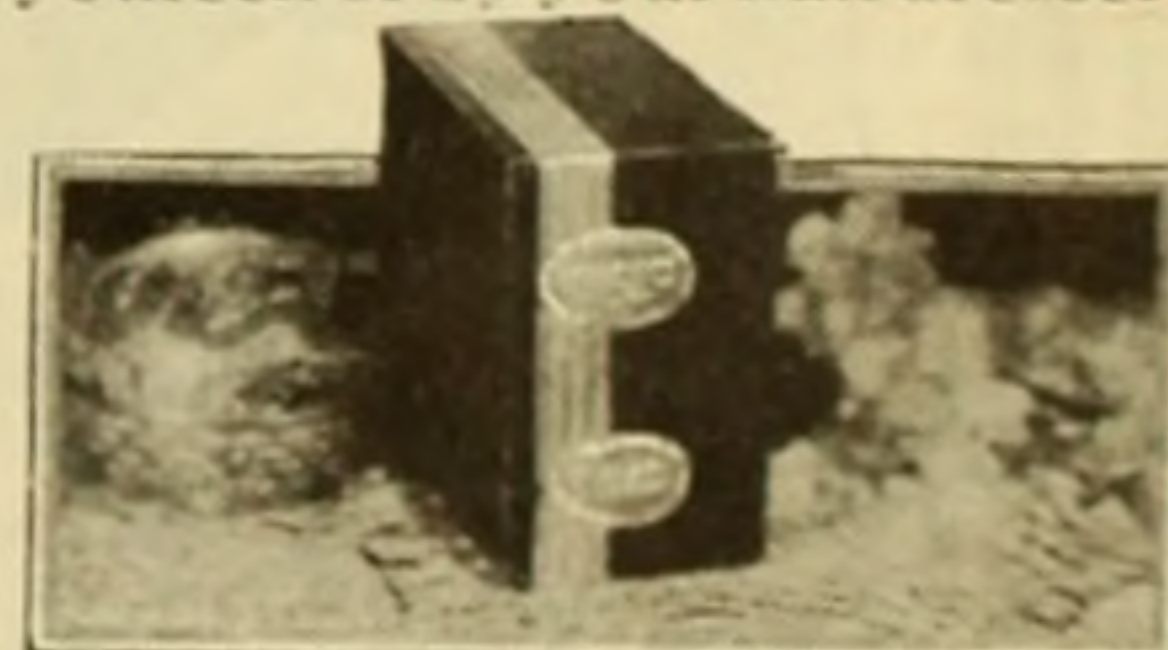
Notox is sold only in packages bearing the Notox trade-mark, as shown here. To be sure you get Notox, look for the Notox trade-mark. In beauty shops, see the seal of the Notox package broken before you permit application. This protects you. Notox is made by Inecto, Inc., New York; and by Notox, Ltd., Toronto.

Why the Notox Principle is Natural:



8 Practical Facts About Notox

1. Notox is safe for both the hair and scalp. Hundreds of thousands of safe applications prove this.
2. Notox cannot be detected.
3. Notox reproduces any natural shade of hair.
4. Notox is permanent. It combines with the hair, becoming a part of it. Friction, heat or sunlight will not change its color.
5. Notox requires only a single application. It takes from 20 to 30 minutes for color to develop. As the hair grows out, attention to the new growth is required every five or six weeks.
6. Notox permits permanent waving, marcel waving, water waving or curling.
7. Notox is unaffected by shampooing, fresh or salt-water bathing, Turkish or Russian baths, or by perspiration.
8. Notox can be applied by yourself or by your hairdresser.



Notox is sold and applied in beauty shops and sold in drug and department stores. The makers of Notox will, upon request, recommend a shop near you where you may have Notox expertly applied.

NOTOX

Colors Hair Inside, as Nature Does

INECTO, INC.
Dept. PP
33-35 W. 46th St.
New York City

INECTO
RAPID
NOTOX

Gentlemen: Attached are a few newly cut strands of my hair. Enclosed is 10 cents in stamps. Send me a trial sample of Notox of the shade exactly suited to my individual requirements.

Name

Address

City

Send for Trial Sample

If you are discontented with the appearance of your hair, send in the coupon with 10 cents in stamps and a trial sample will be sent you, in a plain wrapper, by return mail. Pin a few strands of your hair to the coupon to enable us to provide you with the shade of Notox which will harmonize with your appearance.

© 1926 by Inecto Co., Inc.

Marvelous Invention
Give Yourself a Perfect Marcel
Five Minutes' Time—No Cost

A PERFECT marcel whenever you want in the privacy of your own home. Why not be independent of the beauty shop, no more inconvenience; no more delays and waiting, no more expense.

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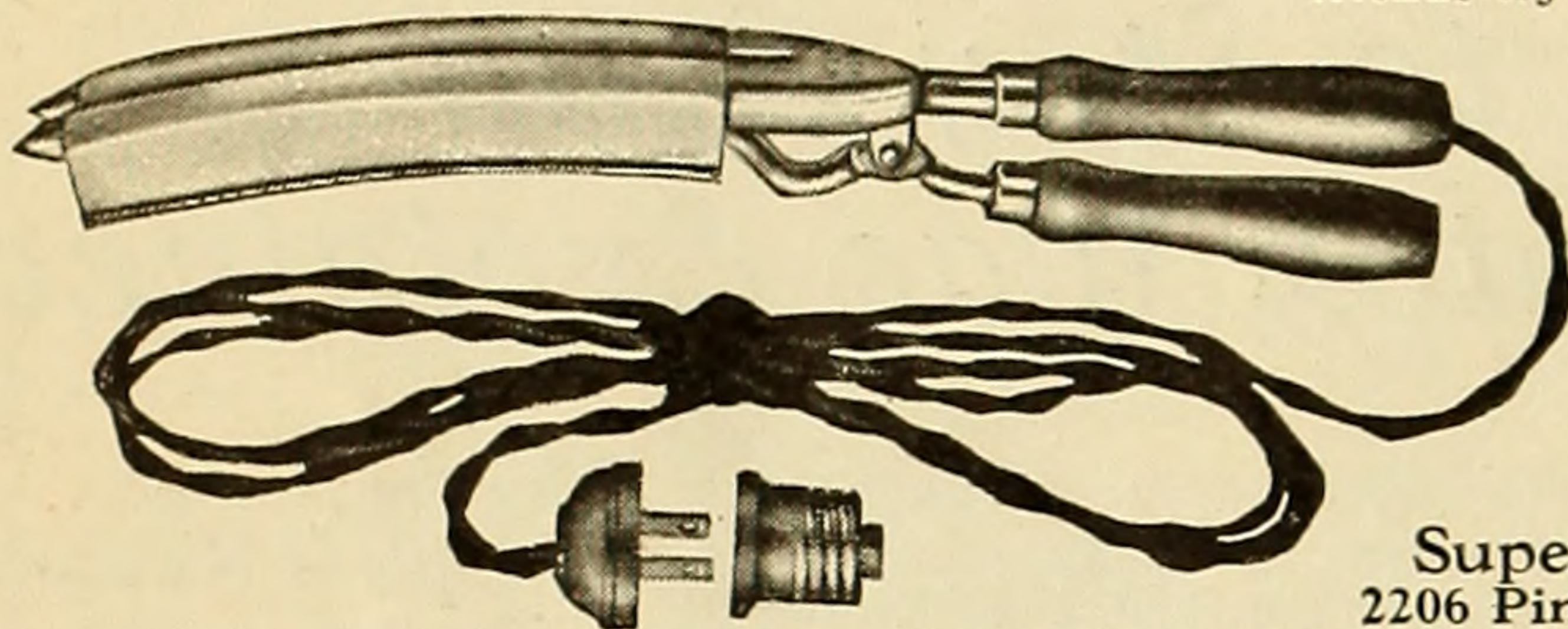
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A Vote for the Minority

New Castle, Pa.

Enclosed please find one vote for "Forbidden Paradise," which is taking up arms for the minority. That picture will never win a competition. It told a subtle, true and rather ironic story and the American public, so it appears to a foreigner, prefers corned beef and cabbage to caviar. Certainly the former is easier on their mental digestions. So I vote for "Forbidden Paradise," for its direction, authentic atmosphere—if it was transplanted to the ever-useful Balkans—and for the marvelous acting of Pola Negri. Why don't we have more of that combination—Negri and Lubitsch?

And may one, in passing, present a bouquet to Mr. Herbert Howe for his clever articles that would make one of our Pennsylvania censors chuckle?
VERA FRANK-JONES.

Flowers for Mr. Marmont

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here is a bouquet for Percy Marmont. He is one of the screen's greatest artists. His work in "The Street of Forgotten Men" cannot be excelled. I agree with Louise de Lisle that Ramon Novarro and Mary Astor should play "Romeo and Juliet." Also Ramon and Lillian Gish as "Launcelot and Elaine."

ZEITA GUFFAN.

In Praise of Warner Baxter

El Paso, Texas.

If anything has been published recently in these columns by way of criticism of Warner Baxter, I have not seen it. I believe he is growing daily in popularity, and justly so. He is one of the screen's best and most versatile players. Here's to Warner Baxter, with the hope that the producers may find better stories for him. His pretty, charming wife, Winifred Bryson, is always an asset to a picture, although often mis-cast in a semi-vampire rôle. Miss Bryson is a charming girl and I wish we could see her more often.

JANE A. PARKER.

Herb Is Two-thirds Wrong

Since Mr. Herbert Howe has given his choice of the ten most beautiful ladies on earth, now that I have had a gallery of the most beautiful for some time I am taking the liberty of giving mine also.

In three instances I agree with Mr. Howe. Alice Terry, Mary Astor and Florence Vidor have important places in my gallery. Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, May Allison, Greta Nisson, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi and May McAvoy haven't nearly so much beauty to my notion as Lois Wilson, who seems to have one of the brightest and most expressive faces in captivity, or Jacqueline Logan, our own Norma Talmadge, Madge Bellamy and that very little baby star, June Marlowe, who comprise the rest of my gallery.

I have only eight in my gallery, but Mr. Howe had ten so, after profound deliberation, I have added Bebe Daniels and after still profounder deliberation, I could not decide between Norma Shearer, Anita Stewart and Marion Davies for tenth place. So take your choice.
E. I. C.

None of Us Is Perfect

Atlanta, Ga.

Just a few words in defense of R. Valentino. No matter what the critics may say about Rudy being upstage, hard to handle, the public wants him because he is a great artist. Nobody can dispute this. If Mr. Valentino has made mistakes, give him time to correct this error. None of us is perfect. What the world wants now is the great artists and not a lot of artists. So let's help this great artist regain his former place.
ADA WILCOX.

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Thinks Kerrigan Handsomest

Sunset, North Wales.

For many years I have been a reader of your delightful magazine and a great admirer of J. Warren Kerrigan. I most certainly agree with the remarks of B. B. Kramer in a recent PHOTOPLAY. No other star, with the exception of dear Wally Reid, could have kept a place in the affections of thousands as "Jack of Hearts" has done since 1910. He is without doubt the handsomest man on the screen today. As an actor, he leaves nothing to be desired.

MURIEL A. WELLS.

Why Do They Pick on Him?

Albuquerque, N. M.

I wish to throw a bouquet to Ramon Novarro. I have seen all his pictures and never missed one of them. Now I am waiting for "Ben Hur." He is youth, joy, love, and one of the greatest artists. My next is for Valentino. He is back and back to stay. Why do they pick on him? No one can take his place!

JUANITA CHAREZ.

Another Plea for Revivals

Tulsa, Okla.

Ever since seeing "A Connecticut Yankee," I have greatly admired Harry Myers. He has since done so many small parts as well as in "Main Street," "The Beautiful and the Damned" and "Brass," that I think he deserves some good parts. He is a real comedian and I would like to see "A Connecticut Yankee" again.

Speaking of revivals, why not re-issue some of the old favorites such as "The Miracle Man," "To Have and To Hold" and "The Sheik"? The latter would revive a lot of the Valentino enthusiasm.

INTERESTED FAN.

Pictures to Make Us Hope

Boulder, Colo.

I am reluctant to admit that I am the sort of fellow who ridicules pictures during the show for the benefit of those whose misfortune it is to be sitting near me. Nor do I get any joy in performing postmortems regarding productions. But if there is one thing that spells agony in capital letters for me it is the realization that I have parted with good money to view a Ritzy society scandal that uses up one and a half hours to get to the point of starting, and gives one a bad taste all next day.

The kind of pictures I'm casting my ballot for is the kind that makes one feel that life isn't so bad after all; the kind that portrays to us the full meaning of what it is to be an American; that calls for action (not necessarily confined to indoors) and photoplays that give us a new hold upon hope. We're all just plain people when the truth is threshed out, and what we want in pictures is something to make us feel glad—a picture that prods us out of the rut of everyday things and into a secret, future ambition. I have in mind "Abraham Lincoln," "The Pride of Palomar," "The Mine with the Iron Door," "The Alaskan," "When a Man's a Man" and "Sundown," and the type of "Classmates" and "North of 36."

D. B. GOODE.

Hughes, Typical American, Not Dix

Paterson, N. J.

I wish to congratulate Mrs. St. Johns on her fine taste in selecting the ten handsomest men on the screen. I was very afraid she was going to leave out Ronald Colman. Most of the critics seem to prefer John Gilbert to Ronald, but I'm for the latter. However, I must admit that John Gilbert also is handsome. The only fault I could possibly find with the selection is that Lloyd Hughes should be substituted for Richard Dix as the typical American.

M. S.



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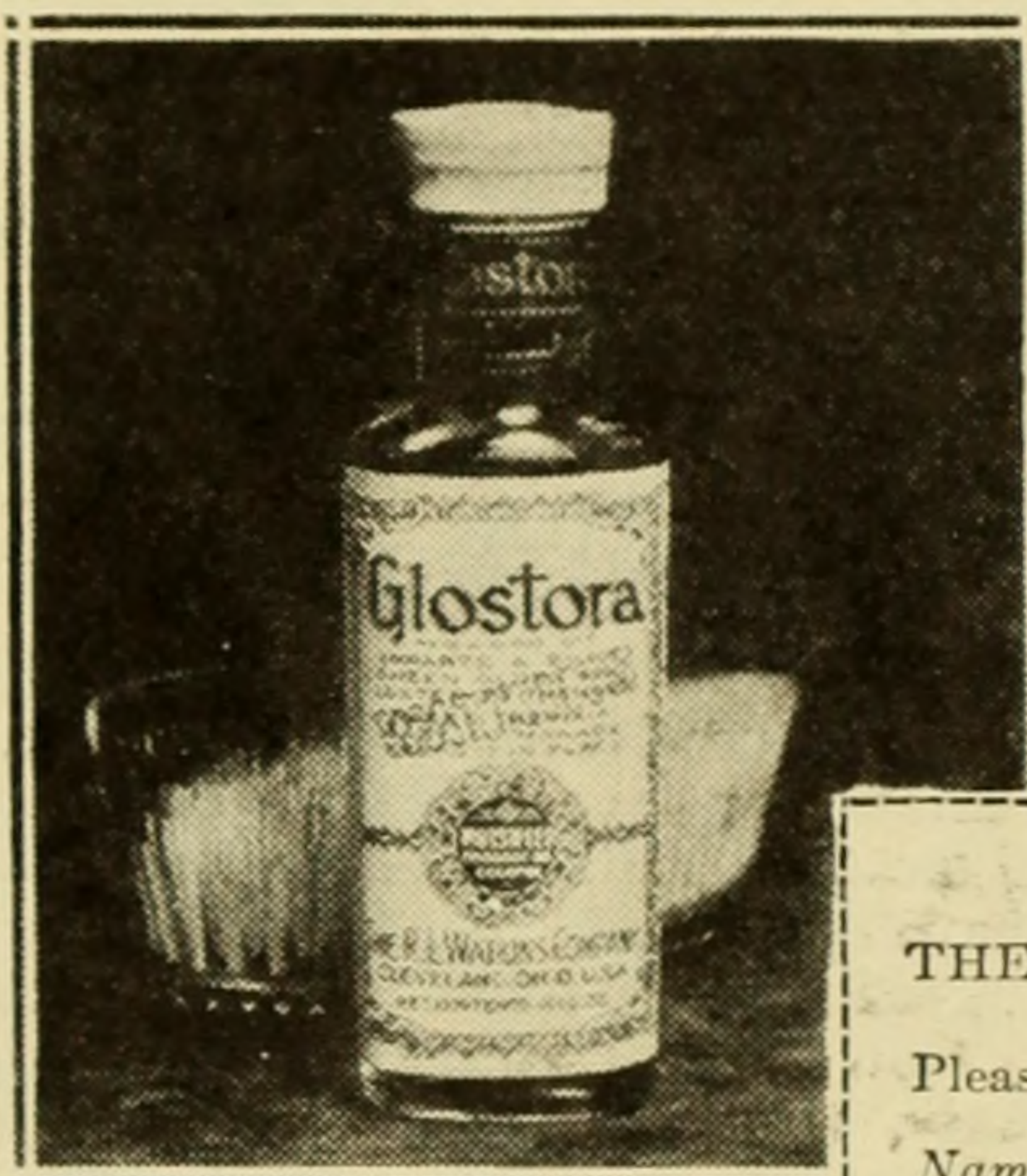
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She Likes 'Em Frowning

Hot Springs, Ark.

This is just an agreement and a disagreement with Howard Cunningham. Mr. Cunningham had a word of praise for Willard Louis. I, too, like him very much. But I disagree with Mr. Cunningham in regard to that bored look of Conway Tearle. How could he play the rôles he does play and have the happy-go-lucky expression of Mr. Louis? I love Conway Tearle's frown and he heads my list of favorite actors. I love to see Monte Blue's frown, too. If I should see either of them in a picture in which they failed to have their wonderful frown, I would be awfully disappointed.

So keep on frowning, Conway Tearle, and we will all keep on loving you.

MRS. MARIE BELLS.

Just Simply Disappointed

North Dakota.

I'm just simply disappointed. I had been reading "The Keeper of the Bees," thinking all the time what a fine story it is and what a wonderful picture it would make. When I learned it was to be filmed I was overjoyed. But now on learning the cast—well, you see I had set my heart on Glenn Hunter. Surely no one could portray *Jamie McFarlane* more naturally than he. If you will notice the illustrations accompanying the story you can easily mark the resemblance. Glenn Hunter is the hero through and through. And now look what they did. Well, I'm just simply

DISAPPOINTED.

New Fan for Carol Dempster

Lexington, Mo.

I have just returned from seeing D. W. Griffith's production, "That Royle Girl," and I want to throw the greatest possible bouquet to Carol Dempster for her beauty, youth, fine acting and charm in that picture. I never cared to see her until I saw that picture. Now I have vowed never to miss any film in which she appears. Success to Miss Dempster from one of her most ardent fans!

Praise must also go to D. W. Griffith for his masterful direction. Only Griffith could have made "That Royle Girl" the living, breathing, thrilling picture that it is. Especially the cyclone scene—I shall never forget it.

OWEN COUEY.

Hey! Herb

Dallas, Texas.

I wonder if those five hundred motion picture critics think they have settled the question of the ten most beautiful women on the screen? They have only added fuel to a smouldering fire, started some months ago by Herbert Howe. Now I enjoy this gentleman's writings immensely, though I sometimes take them with a grain of salt. When he picked his ten most beautiful women, however, his failure to include Norma Talmadge in the list really sent me up in the air. This is just a little too much for any Talmadge fan. I say she is the most beautiful of them all!

I know I haven't settled a thing. I did not intend to.

W. L. WORSHAM.

Clive Brook a "Wow"

Pittsfield, Mass.

I want to hand that estimable man, Clive Brook, a great big bouquet. In my opinion he ranks above all others, for one is always sure of an interesting performance when he is in a cast of a picture. In "Seven Sinners" with Marie Prevost he was a wow, and I laughed my sides off at him. Please let us see more of him.

Why is Holmes Herbert sliding into obscurity?

I am going to be original and not say a word of praise for either Jack Gilbert or Richard Dix. I notice they got enough flattery, but I'll own they deserve every bit of it. BROWN EYES.

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We Fooled Him

Philadelphia, Pa.

This is one letter that won't get published! No letter mentioning John Gilbert without praise ever is.

I've been thinking of a remark by some writer that three actors, Barthelmess, Colman and Ben Lyon, all had praised Gilbert. It reminded me of a story Herbert Howe told at the time "Scaramouche" was being made. Edith Allen said of a certain actor, "My, but that man is jealous of Ramon Novarro." "Why?" asked Herbert, "did he knock him?" "No," answered Edith, "He praised him!"

I would feel more confident of the sincerity of the gentlemen mentioned above if they mingled some criticism with their praise.

E. GRAY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

Face Your Age

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

tion in order to do so. She should make every difficulty in her life count for so much experience; but instead of this, she bemoans the chances that others have and neglects the ones she might utilize for herself.

If your destiny number is 1, it shows a strong creative influence and will unconsciously seek the 3 to carry out its ideas. A 2 will seek the people with the influence of 6 for business or domestic associations. A 3 welcomes the work with the 1 and a 4 is always seeking association with the high free numbers like the 8 for a complete harmony. Each number seeks its complement for fuller expression and during your birth month, you should carefully study the conditions of your life and the direction of your ambitions. If you were born in January, for instance, take advantage of every opportunity for advancement that it offers when January rolls around.

THE key for the study of your destiny number is simple enough. The means for determining the digit of the month was explained in the last issue of PHOTOPLAY, beginning with January, a 1 month, February 2 month, and so on. When you reach October and November, simply use the total digit. November, for instance, 1 and 1 make 2, so that its numerical significance is 2 and December is 3. If you were born on February 14th, 1882 you would cast the chart as follows:

February	14	1882
2	5	1

You arrive at this by finding the total digit of 14, which is 5 and of 1882, by adding together the figures and arriving at 10. As all ciphers are eliminated, we have 1. Adding together the 2 and 5 and 1, we have your destiny number which is 8. Now, then, anybody can determine his own destiny number for himself.

If you find that you have a higher destiny number that your Ideality or Aid numbers, it indicates that you must always tread the upward road, always seeking vibrations and conditions and people above you and never satisfied with an inferior position in any way. It is a number which advances you by the "trial and error" method and you must always be willing to meet severe tests of character and ability.

If your birthdigit points to a business career, don't waste time in dreaming of an artistic life. If it tells you that your lesson in life is that of a teacher and helper, cease to struggle uselessly for monetary success— money will always come to you when needed. So don't drift— face your job. And here is a table for consultation in figuring out your destiny.

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and difficult to work with and so may destroy all of your creative ability.

2—Is the influence that draws all sorts of experience to you. A 2 destiny number usually makes you a good politician and disliking trouble or quarrels of all kinds. You slip into situations as water molds itself into a square or a round pan. This is a receptive number rather than a creative one; but gets along well with the 1.

3—Is the number of pleasant personalities. Usually dislikes menial labor of all kinds, seeks happy influences and is generally accomplished and entertaining. May choose wisely from almost any vocation that does not entail physical labor, for the 3 is very intuitive and has strong mental qualities. The destructive plane makes you a destructive chatterbox, without accomplishing any results but always planning to do great things.

4—Is an influence that demands a literal translation. Engineers, farmers, architects—any one working with literal form and line and detail come from this 4 power. It is always steadfast and dependable, especially where endurance is called for. The 4 people make good technical workers but distrust anything they do not understand.

5—Is the influence that demands change, inspiration, spiritual enlightenment, curiosity and originality. Sometimes oddly generous with one hand and miserly with the other. 5 people should follow any line that utilizes the ability to promote for it demands freedom and new opportunities.

6—Is the influence for organization. The 6 people make fine workers in any occupation that keeps them in touch with masses. They like to be constantly busy and active for five or six hours in the day and then want to play the rest of the time. The destructive plane may make them meddlesome and interfering, however.

7—Is the influence for refinement, for reserve and for quiet research. It is a limited number and finds it difficult to express itself readily. People with this destiny number should take every opportunity for quiet meditation and should hear plenty of good music.

8—Is an influence that makes for business aggression—where lots of push and constant work is required. Is a good money maker, like the 6 and works well with either the 2 or the 4.

9—Is the number that indicates complete expression. The 9 people like to dramatize themselves on every occasion. Make good travellers and excellent philanthropics, apt to display great generosity and great jealousy at the same time. They dislike to work under the direction of others and usually consider themselves above the laws that govern the average person.

NOW for a name analysis or two. We will take two popular screen favorites once more.

Gloria Swanson,	
March 27, 1898.	
Ideality.....	5
Aids.....	5
Destiny.....	2
1926 law.....	3

This name gives an influence of the 5. It brings about its owner a very constructive tendency and a desire always to begin a new life in experience. It draws an atmosphere of inspiration and of spiritual attainment, which may be marred by caprice and the ultimate goal of ambition thereby thwarted. It gives a love of action and of beauty—a desire to taste deep of every experience that life has to offer and an individuality that is strongly marked. It resents bonds of any sort and constantly seeks both material and spiritual freedom and social advantages. While her generosity is marked, she will have a peculiar habit of saving some old garment or possession that is a symbol to her of some happy event in her life. Very outspoken of things she does not like but markedly devoted and loyal to those whom she loves and whose battles she will fight to the bitter end.

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Every event in her life has evidently come unexpectedly and not as she has planned it to be—as a matter of fact, few of her plans ever mature as she plans them. They break into bits and from the bits form other and different situations. Her destiny number being that of a 2, will bring her many travels, many adventures and many contacts with interesting people.

She will make friends readily with everyone and has practically no affectations. Only the simple and direct methods will ever bring her either happiness or success and she has, in the past, had the unfortunate habit of standing in her own light and bringing about the most of her own troubles.

The year 1926 holds for her the influence of the 3. This will draw about her greater ambitions than she has had for some time—ambitions for which she will work hard and take every opportunity offered to her to express her inner urge for inspiration. She will be exceedingly tolerant this year with all whom she contacts although there may be phases that will require all of her strength of the diplomatic 2 to meet.

It will be, however, the best year for self expression in her art than she has had for some time and she will no doubt complete some ambition that she has been holding for a year or more without any apparent result.

Adolphe Jean Menjou,
February 18, 1891.

- Ideality.....5
- Aids.....9
- Destiny.....3
- 1926 Law.....1

This name confers and ideality of 5 brings a sense of adventure and of distaste for monotony that evinces itself often both in his work and his recreation.

HE does not like to keep at anything long at a time and learns so readily that he refuses to accustom himself to hard digging or mental drudgery that others require to attain the degree of success that has come to him. His name power of 9 brings with it a somewhat difficult standard to maintain and requires an impersonal attitude toward life that will cause him vast difficulties if he does not obey it.

Any possession, for example, that he values too highly and with too personal an attitude, will gradually slip away from him. His contacts with life must always be with a generic, rather than a specific purpose and should be entirely impersonal.

He is endowed by nature with great abilities, which may prove either good or evil accordingly as he uses them. He has, for instance, great powers for helping others and the more he gives, the more he will himself receive.

He can always use his numerical powers to succeed in anything he undertakes; but because of this very fact, he does not always take the trouble to make the best of his really marvelous powers.

He is inclined to put off disagreeable duties always with the hope that something will happen to prevent his having to do them at all—and frequently this does happen. His destiny influence is that of the 3 and the lesson he must learn thoroughly is that of sincerity and purpose.

The powers it bestows give him the ability to make and to keep friends and to be exceedingly entertaining and popular. The year 1926 holds a tranquil influence for him and he should not attempt to undertake anything new this year. Rather, he should take the day's task as it comes and set himself to accepting every experience that the year brings forth to him as a preparation for a busy year in 1927, when he will have ample to keep him busy in every way. 1926 will bring him new friends and many pleasant experiences if he keeps on the constructive plane—if not, it will surround him with constant confusion and bickering, with a subsequent loss of friendships that he will greatly deplore.



"The psychology of charm lies in being true to Nature -- or Sex, if you will have it that way. What more repellant than an effeminate man? 'A hairy woman,' you say? Probably so! For I can conjure no ruder shock to silent admiration of seeming exquisiteness than a fleeting glimpse of under-arm, or suggestion of touseled captivity 'neath a sheer silk stocking.'" From "The Sketches of a Nomad"

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"THE BLACK PIRATE"—UNITED ARTISTS—Story by Elton Thomas. Adapted by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Albert Parker. Photography by Henry Sharp. The players: Billie Dove, Tempe Pigott, Donald Crisp, Sam De Grasse, Anders Randolph, Charles Stevens, John Wallace, Fred Becker, Charles Belcher, E. J. Ratcliffe, Douglas Fairbanks.

"THE BAT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Continuity by Julien Josephson. Adapted and directed by Roland West. Photography by Arthur Edeson. The cast: *Gideon Bell*, Andre De Beranger; *Man in Black Mask*, Charles Herzinger; *Miss Cornelius Van Gorder*, Emily Fitzroy; *Lizzie Allen*, Louise Fazenda; *Richard Fleming*, Arthur Heusman; *Dr. Wells*, Robert McKim; *Brooks*, Jack Pickford; *Miss Dale Ogden*, Jewell Carmen; *Billy*, Sojin Kamiyama; *Moletti*, Tullio Carminati; *Detective Anderson*, Birdie Gribbon; *The Unknown*, Lee Shumway.

"LA BOHEME"—METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER.—From the novel by Henri Murger. Adapted by Madame Fred De Gresac. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Mimi*, Lilhan Gish; *Rodolphe*, John Gilbert; *Musetta*, Renee Adoree; *Marcel*, Gino Corrado; *Colline*, Edward Everett Horton; *Landlord*, Paul Puyet; *Schnuward*, George Hassell; *Paul*, Roy D'Arcy; *Louise*, Valentina Zimins; *Phemile*, Catherine Vidor; *Janitor*, Karl Dane.

"THE GREATER GLORY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Edith O'Shaughnessy. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by Curt Rehfeld. The cast: *Count Maxim von Hurlig*, Conway Tearle; *Fanny*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Corinne*, May Allison; *Pauli Birbach*, Ian Keith; *Tante Ilde*, Lucy Beaumont; *Gustav Schmidt*, Jean Hersholt; *Dr. Herman von Berg*, Nigel de Brulier; *Mizzi*, Bridgetta Clark; *Prof. Leopold Everhardt*, John Sainpolis; *Kaethe*, Marcia Manon; *Otto Steiner*, Edward Earle; *Liesel*, Virginia Southern; *Anna*, Isabel Keith; *Irma von Berg*, Kathleen Chambers; *Leon Krum*, Hale Hamilton; *Marie*, Cora Macey; *Countess von Hurlig*, Carrie Daumery; *Theodore von Hurlig*, Thur Fairfax; *Scissors grinder*, Boris Karloff; *Cross bearer*, George Billings; *Helga*, Bess Flowers; *Maid*, Marcelle Corday.

"LET'S GET MARRIED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by H. A. Du Souchet. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Photography by Edward Cronjager. The cast: *Billy Dexter*, Richard Dix; *Mary Corbin*, Lois Wilson; *Jimmy*, Mat Pendleton; *Tommy*, Douglas MacPherson; *Slattery*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Billy's Father*, Joseph Kilgour; *Mary's Father*, Tom Findlay; *J. W. Smith*, Edna May Olliver.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Frank Capra. Tim Whelan, Hal Conklin, J. Frank Holliday, Gerald Duffy and Murray Roth. Directed by Harry Edwards. The cast: *Harry*, Harry Langdon; *Betty Burton*, John Crawford; *John Burton*, Edwards Davis; *Roger Caldwell*, Carlton Griffith; *Harry's Father*, Alec B. Francis; *Taxi Driver*, Brooks Benedict; *The Argentine*, Tom Murray.

"THE TORRENT"—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.—From the novel by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Don Rafael Brull*, Ricardo Cortez; *Leonara*, Greta Garbo; *Remedios*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Pedro Moreno*, Edward Connelly; *Cupido*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dona Bernarda Brull*, Martha Mattox; *Dona Pepa*, Lucy Beaumont; *Don*

Andres, Tully Marshall; *Don Matias*, Mack Swain; *Salvatti*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Isabella*, Lillian Leighton.

"THE UNTAMED LADY"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Fannie Hurst. Scenario by James Creelman. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *St. Clair Van Tassell*, Gloria Swanson; *Larry Gastlen*, Lawrence Gray; *Uncle George*, Joseph Smiley; *Shorty*, Charles Graham.

"THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS"—METRO-COLDWYN-MAYER.—Story by Benjamin Christianson. Adapted by Benjamin Christianson. Directed by Benjamin Christianson. The cast: *Mary*, Norma Shearer; *Carl*, Charles Emmett Mack; *Yonna*, Carmel Myers; *Hugo*, John Miljan; *Mrs. Peters*, Claire McDowell; *Little Elsa*, Joyce Coad; *Mary's Dog*, Buddy.

"THE COHENS AND KELLYS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the stage play by Aaron Hoffman. Adapted by Harry Pollard. Directed by Harry Pollard. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Patrick Kelly*, Charlie Murray; *Jacob Cohen*, George Sidney; *Mrs. Cohen*, Vera Gordon; *Mrs. Kelly*, Kate Price; *Tim Kelley*, Jason Robards; *Nannie Cohen*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Milton J. Katz*, Nat Carr; *Sammy Cohen*, Bobby Gordon; *Terrence Kelley*, Mickey Bennett.

"FASCINATING YOUTH"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Byron Morgan. Screen play by Paul Schofield. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Teddy Ward*, Charles Rogers; *Jeanne King*, Ivy Harris; *Ross Page*, Jack Luden; *Randy Furness*, Robert Ward; *Bobby Stearns*, Claud Buchanan; *Dotty Sinclair*, Mona Palma; *Lorraine Lane*, Thelma Todd; *Loris Lane*, Josephine Dunn; *Betty Kent*, Thelda Kenvin; *Mae Oliver*, Jeanne Morgan; *Mary Arnold*, Dorothy Nourse; *Johnnie*, Irving Hartley; *Frederick Maine*, Greg Blackton; *"Duke" Slade*, Robert Andrews; *Gregory*, Charles Brokaw; *Sally Lee*, Iris Gray; *John Ward*, Ralph Lewis; *Ward's Secretary*, Joseph Burke; *The Professor*, James Bradbury, Sr.; *The Sheriff*, Harry Sweet; *Deputy Sheriff*, William Black. The following stars and directors appear as themselves: Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Clara Bow, Lois Wilson, Percy Marmont, Chester Conklin, Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee, Lewis Milestone, Mal St. Clair.

"OH! WHAT A NURSE"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Robert E. Sherwood and Bertram Bloch. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Photography by John Mescall. Directed by Chas. (Chuck) Reisner. The cast: *Jerry Clark*, Syd Chaplin; *June Harrison*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Clive Hunt*, Gayne Whitman; *Capt. "Ladye" Kirby*, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Clark*, Edith Yorke; *"Big Tim" Harrison*, Dave Torrance; *Eric Johnson*, Ed Kennedy; *Mate*, Raymond Wells; *Editor of the "Press Gazette"*, Henry Barrowes.

"THE NEW KLONDIKE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Ring Lardner. Scenario by Thomas J. Geraghty. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Tom Kelly*, Thomas Meighan; *Evelyn Lane*, Lila Lee; *"Bing" Allen*, Paul Kelly; *Flamingo Applegate*, Hallie Manning; *Morgan West*, Robert Craig; *Owen*, George De Carleton; *Joe Cooley*, J. W. Johnston; *Bird Dog*, Brenda Lane; *Col. Dwyer*, Tefft Johnson; *The Spieler*, Danny Hayes.

"THE DANCER OF PARIS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Michael Arlen. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Con-

suelo, Dorothy Mackaill; Noel Anson, Conway Tearle; Sir Roy Martel, Robert Cain; Dr. Frank, Henry Vibart; Cortez, Paul Ellis; Mammy, Frances Miller Grant.

"SEA HORSES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Francis Brett Young. Adapted by James Shelley Hamilton. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *George Glanville*, Jack Holt; *Helen Salvia*, Florence Vidor; *Lorenzo Salvia*, William Powell; *Cochran*, George Bancroft; *Bimbo-Bomba*, Mack Swain; *Senor Cordoza*, Frank Campeau; *Harvey*, Allan Simpson; *Marx*, George Nichols; *Cina Salvia*, Mary E. Dow; *Hendry*, Dick La Reno; *Cheadle*, Frank Austin.

"THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD"—WILLIAM FOX.—Story and scenario by Edfred Bingham and Robert Lord. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Tom O'Day*, George O'Brien; *Gloria Hamilton*, Florence Gilbert; *Ann Burger*, Janet Gaynor; *John Hamilton*, Anders Randolph; *Peyton Ward*, Paul Nicholson; *Joe Purger*, Paul Panzer; *Sidney Mandel*, George Harris.

"THE GIRL FROM MONTMARTRE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Anthony Pryde. Continuity by Eve Unsell. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Emilia*, Barbara La Marr; *Jerome*, Lewis Stone; *Ewing*, Robert Ellis; *Rodney*, William Eugene; *Robert Hautrive*, E. L. Calvert; *Lawrence Fancoux*, Mario Carillo; *Carmenata*, Mathilde Comont; *Messenger*, Edward Piel; *Don Angel*, Nicholas de Ruiz; *Cab Driver*, Bobby Mack.

"MISS BREWSTER'S MILLIONS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Barr McCutcheon. Adapted by Monty Brice. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Polly Brewster*, Bebe Daniels; *Thomas Barrington Hancock, Jr.*, Warner Baxter; *Ned Brewster*, Ford Sterling; *Mr. Brent*, Andre de Beranger; *Landlady*, Miss Beresford.

"THE FAR CRY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Arthur Richman. Adapted by Katherine Kavanaugh. Directed by Balboni. The cast: *Claire Marsh*, Blanche Sweet; *Dick Clayton*, Jack Mulhall; *Louise Marsh*, Myrtle Stedman; *Julian Marsh*, Hobart Bosworth; *Max Fraasier*, Leo White; *Helen Clayton*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Eric Lancefield*, William Austin; *Count Filippo Sturani*, John Sainpolis; *Yvonne Beaudet*, Dorothy Revier; *Margaretta*, Mathilde Comont.

"WHISPERING SMITH"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORP.—From the novel by Frank H. Spearman. Adapted by Elliott J. Clawson and Will M. Ritchey. The cast: *Whispering Smith*, H. B. Warner; *Dicksie Dunning*, Lillian Rich; *McCloud*, John Bowers; *Marion Sinclair*, Lilyan Tashman; *Bill Danc-ing*, Eugene Pallette; *Murray Sinclair*, Will Walling; *Lance Dunning*, Richard Neill; *DuSang*, James Mason; *Karg*, Warren Rodgers; *Seagrue*, Nelson McDowell; *J. S. Bucks*, Robert Edeson.

"THE BROADWAY BOOB"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by Monte Kattejohn. Directed by Joseph Henabery. Photography by Marcel Le Picard. The cast: *Daniel Williams*, Glenn Hunter; *Mary Abbott*, Mildred Ryan; *Jack Briggs*, Antrim Short; *Queenie Martine*, Beryl Halley; *Mabel Golden*, Margaret Irving; *Ritzi Scheff*, Gitana Kamp; *Hiram Williams*, W. T. Hays; *Theophilus Barrett*, William Black; *Mrs. Williams*, Marion Stephenson; *The Dancers*, Bishop and Lynn.

"THE KING OF THE TURF"—F. B. O.—Story by Louis Joseph Vance. Adapted by John C. Brownell. Directed by James Hogan. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Colonel Fairfax*, George Irving; *Kate Fairfax*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *John Doe Smith*, Kenneth Harlan; *Tom Selsby*, Kathleen Kirkham; *Martha Fairfax*, Mary Carr; *Martyn Selsby*, David Torrence; *"Red" Kelly*, Dave Kirby;

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"TESSIE"—ARROW PICTURES CORP.—Story by Sewell Ford. Directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald. The cast: Tessie, May McAvoy; Rodney Wells, Bobby Agnew; Mrs. Wells, Myrtle Stedman; Mame McGuire, Gertrude Short; Barney, Lee Moran; Uncle Dan, Walter Perry; Aunt Maggie, Mary Gordon.

"MY OWN PAL"—WILLIAM FOX.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Scenario by Lillie Hayward. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: Tom O'Hara, Tom Mix; Alice Deering, Olive Borden; August Deering, Tom Santschi; The Clown, Jay Hunt; Jill, Virginia Marshall; Jud McIntyre, William Colvin; Mrs. Jud McIntyre, Hedda Nova; Mollie, Virginia Warwick; Sergeant Pat McGuire, Tom McGuire; Trixie Tremaine, Helen Lynch; Baxter Barton, Bardson Bard; Slippery Sam, Jacques Rollens.

"THE BORDER SHERIFF"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by W. C. Tuttle. Adapted by Robert Noth Bradbury. Directed by Robert Noth Bradbury. Photography by William Nobles and Harry Mason. The cast: Caltus Collins, Jack Hoxie; Joan Belden, Olive Hasbrouck; Carter Brace, S. E. Jennings; "Tater-Bug," Gilbert (Pee Wee) Holmes; "Limpy" Peel, Buck Moulton; Henry Belden, Tom Lingham; Joe Martinez, Bert DeMarc; Marsh Hewitt, Frank Rice; Frenchie Renbeaux, Floyd Criswell; Sheriff, Leonard Trainor.

"MADAME MYSTERY"—PATHE.—Directed by Richard Wallace and Stan Laurel. The cast: Madame Mysterieux, Theda Bara; Hungry Artist, Tyler Brooke; Struggling Author, Jimmie Finlayson; Man of a Thousand Eyes, Fred Malatesta; Captain Schmaltz, Oliver "Babe" Hardy.

"THE SHADOW OF THE LAW"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Henry Chapman Ford. Directed by Wallace Worsley. The cast: Mary Brophy, Clara Bow; James Reynolds, Forrest Stanley; Carl Lingard, Stuart Holmes; Charles Brophy, Ralph Lewis; "Twist" Egan, William V. Mong; Kid Martin, J. Emmett Beck; The Aunt, Adele Farrington.

"THE SET UP"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by L. V. Jefferson. Scenario by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photography by Eddie Linden. The cast: Deputy Sheriff Art Stratton, Art Accord; Thora Barton, Alta Allen; Tub Jones, Albert Schaeffer; Seth Tolliver, Thomas C. Lingham; Cliff Barton, Montague Shaw; Bert Tolliver, Jack Quinn; Sheriff Hayes, William Welsh.

"THE LITTLE IRISH GIRL"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the story by C. D. Lancaster. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Photography by Lyman Broening. The cast: Dot Walker, Dolores Costello; Johnny, John Harron; Jerry Crawford, Matthew Betz; Mr. Nelson, Lee Moran; Granny, Gertrude Claire; Capt. Dugan, Joseph Dowling; Gertie, Dot Farley; "Bank-roll Charlie," Henry Barroes.

"THE ESCAPE"—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Frank Beresford. Directed by Melbourne Morante. The cast: Johnny Bowers, Pete Morrison; Evelyn Grant, Barbara Starr; Jeremiah Grant, Frank Norcross; Howard Breen, Bruce Gordon; Silas Peete, E. S. Dewey; Flossie Lane, Jane Arden; Manuel Estrada, Tex (Shorty) Young.

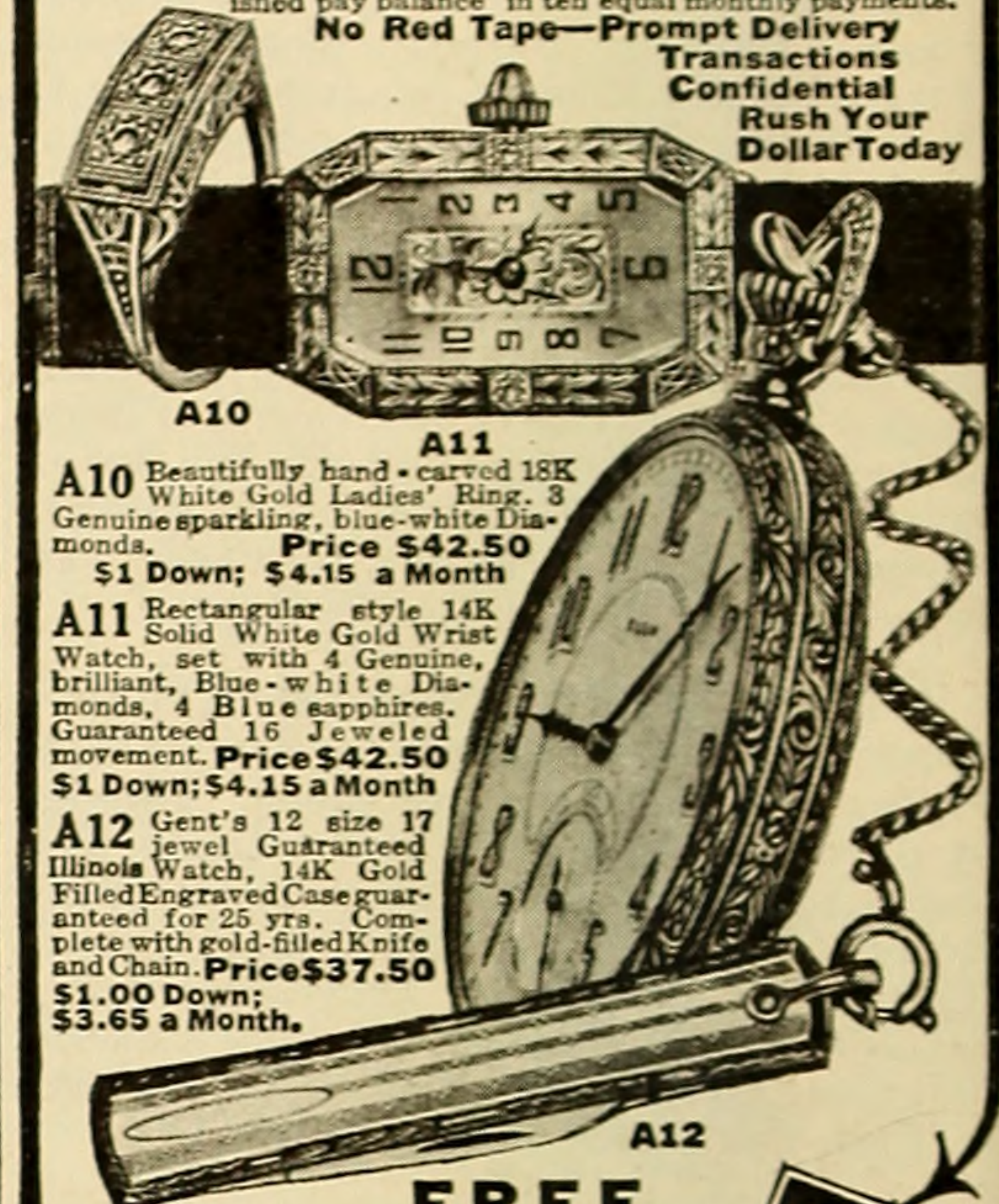
"BROKEN HEARTS"—JAFFE.—Based on the play by Z. Linib. Scenario by Frances Taylor Paterson. Directed by Maurice Schwartz. The cast: Benjamin Rezanov, Maurice Schwartz; Ruth Esterin, Lila Lee; Cantor Esterin, Wolf Goldfaden; Mama Esterin, Bina Abramowitz; Victor Kaplan, Isador Cashier; Sprintze, Anna Appel; Kruger, Charles Nathanson; Milton Kruger, Theodore Sibert; Marriage Broker, Morris Strasberg.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135]

Well, We Praised It First

Los Angeles, Calif.

Not being exactly an ardent motion picture fan, I am perhaps unqualified to express my ideas on a picture. But upon witnessing "His People" I was literally stunned by the realism of the production. Never have I enjoyed a picture quite so much as I did "His People." The cast was excellent, especially the work of George Lewis, and I wish to throw a large bouquet directly at him. The picture was far more interesting and enjoyable than I could have imagined and I was so impressed by it that I just couldn't resist sitting down and jotting off my ideas. If more pictures like "His People" were produced and less sex pictures, it would be a considerable boost for "Greater Pictures."

JOSHUA HAMMOND, JR.

Go Get a Shave, Doug

San Francisco, Calif.

Everyone has by this time heard of the tremendous success scored by "Don Q," and has either seen or heard of the unusual response of the audience when Doug appears as Zorro. Critics have spoken of it, and said in touching tones that the public never forgets a well beloved screen character. That is true. But there was another factor contributing to the success of that scene. Something that struck us fans "all of a heap." Know what it was? Doug sans mustache!

Yes, of course we were cheering our old friend Zorro, but we were also trying to express our love for the old Doug—that blythe and breezy fellow—Doug WITHOUT THE MUSTACHE.

MISS TONA SWAN.

Mary's Artistry

Butte, Mont.

I have never written a "bouquet" before, but feel impelled to write of Mary Pickford's artistry as shown in "Little Annie Rooney." Mary must have lived in the part where she is told that her "Pops" has gone to return "never no more," for her audience lived it with her. We all cried and weren't ashamed of it. When she was on her knees and then slowly, so slowly, stretched herself on the floor as realization came to her, our hearts ached with hers. Her grief wasn't that of a pampered child, but of a child-woman on whose shoulders responsibilities have rested.

Many years have passed since my father died, but in Mary's realization of her father's death, I was again a child being told that my beloved daddy had gone to return "never no more."

O, Mary the poignant wistfulness of your "Little Annie Rooney" will live in my heart forever.

A. R. C.

He Will Be

Chicago, Ill.

Will John Gilbert be a star in 1930? With the pictures which he has acted in he sure don't seem as though he would ever lose his popularity. But the public is peculiar and John might go just like a lot of the stars, after a few great pictures they begin to fail.

If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gives him pictures and stories like "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" he will always go on as the best actor on the screen. I am a picture fan and see about 7 movies a week, and the one that is superior over all the rest is "The Big Parade."

CHAS. PESCHON.

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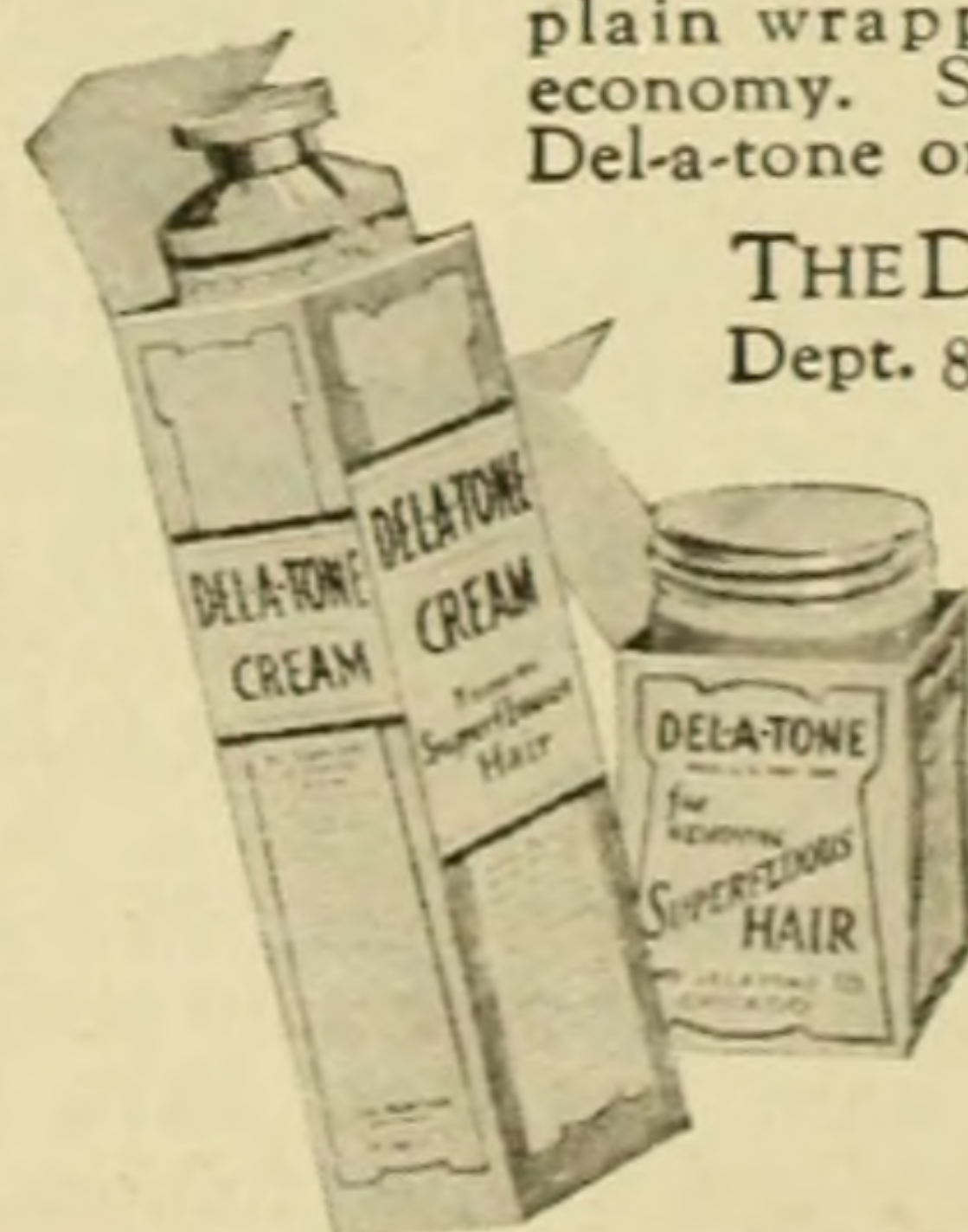
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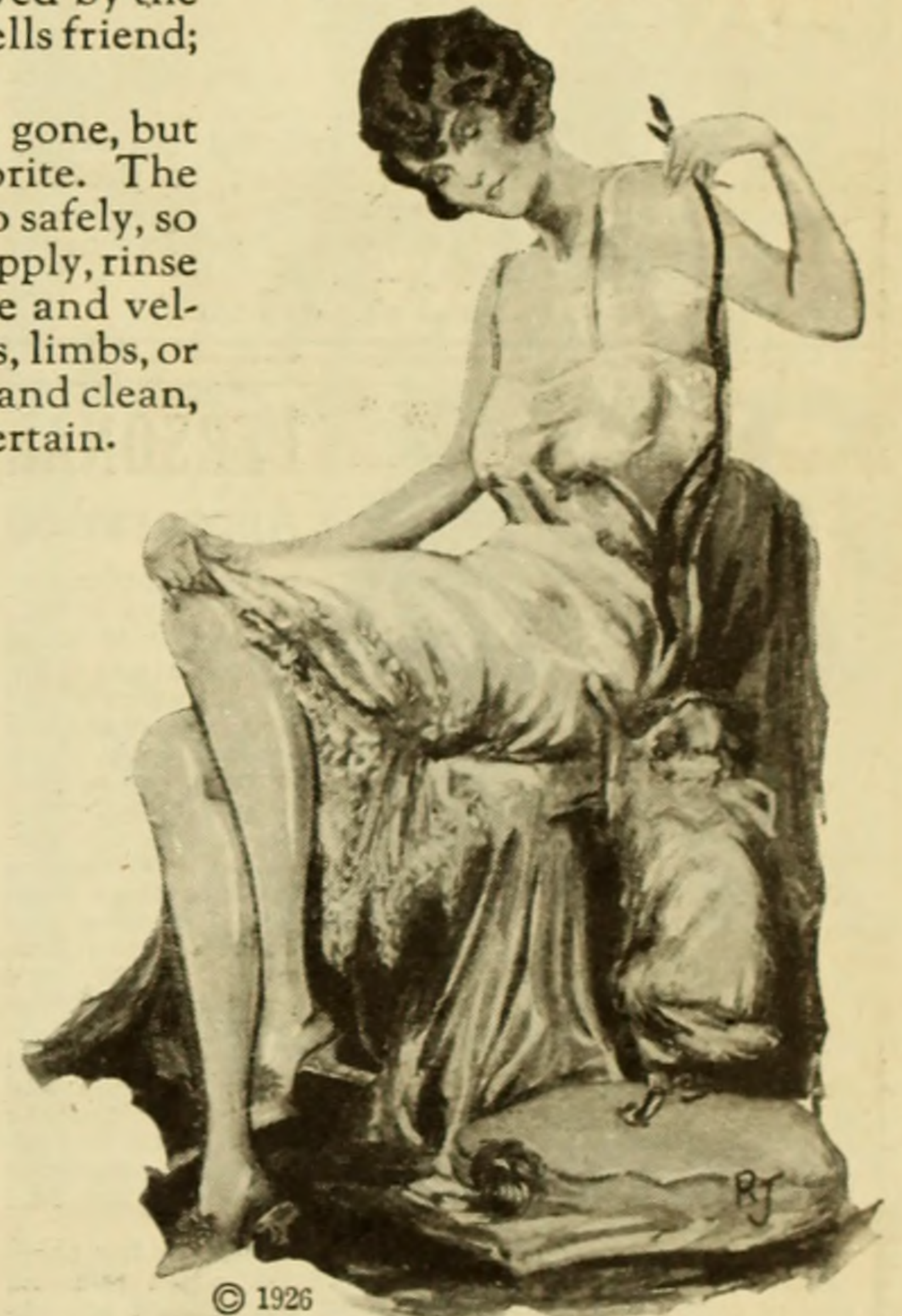
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Two years ago I received a new-type shampoo. It came from a laboratory which for 60 years has made a study of shampoos. It has made up and tested some 250 formulas. They said this was their final creation. It embodied the best they had learned. And it also included two new ingredients which gave hair a sunny glint.

I tried it. The results were amazing and delightful. It not only cleaned, but it beautified. My hair, when dried, had a lustrous sheen it never had before. I have never used a shampoo to compare.

I had bottles sent to 1,000 women to get their verdict on it. From everywhere came demands for more. Every user seemed to echo my delights.

So I had those experts make it for me—and for you. All toilet counters now supply it as Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. And it costs no more than others.

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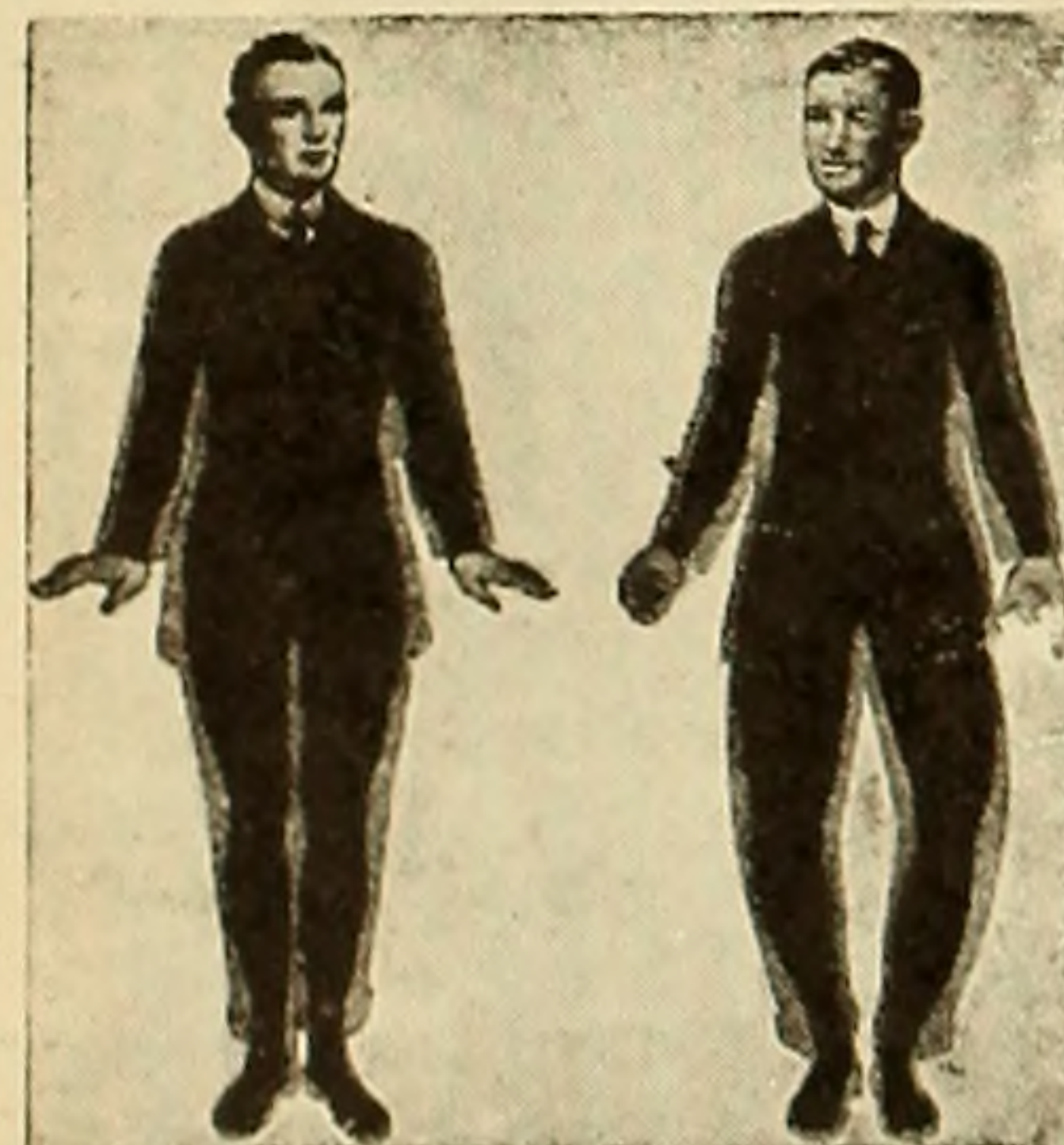
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"The Big Parade" Scores Again

New Haven, Conn.

Modern science's greatest contribution to the world's art is the motion picture, but we are only now learning how to use it artistically and few have wanted to call it an art. The cinema is a happy combination of an art and an industry, but of course the industry has grown a lot faster than the art.

Let's have less unfilmable stories and more pictorially beautiful ones, especially pictures told more by the camera and less by uninteresting subtitles.

"The Big Parade" is a real masterpiece and would still be one without subtitles. In it the characters live the story which is a simple one, but well told. Renee Adoree, especially, is right back in war torn Belgium again and every scene tells more than a Shakespeare could tell in a whole play. The one photographic plot is the distortion of the impressive scene of the endless line of motor lorries by using the telephoto lens.

A. F.

Dolores Saves "Mannequin"

Chicago, Ill.

That phrase "There's no accounting for taste," must have been especially coined for the judges of the great "Liberty" scenario contest who awarded the \$50,000 prize to Fannie Hurst, the literary exponent of drab home life (but who, it is understood, does not practice what she pens) for her story "Mannequin."

After reviewing the picture, now being shown at three of the largest playhouses in Chicago, one wonders why the haste in placing it before the public. The plot is threadbare from use: The beautiful baby, stolen in infancy, reared in poverty, and after many trials and tribulations restored to her rich parents through a series of remarkable coincidences, which are a terrific strain on the credulity of the average audience.

The exquisite beauty of Dolores Costello, however, makes it worth seeing.

MRS. C. O. STILL.

Another Boyd Boost

Manchester, Eng.

As a regular reader of your magazine since I first made its acquaintance five years ago, but who until now has "laid low and said nothing," I think I can break the silence without being accused of "hogging" space.

I am always interested in hearing opinions on the never-settled question of Wallace Reid's successor.

Here are my views on the subject:

Richard Dix, Reginald Denny, and George O'Brien, much as I admire them, appear too well able to take care of themselves, and quite lack that half-shy, wistful appeal so characteristic of Wally.

Ben Lyon is nearer to the type, but where Wally seemed a man with the heart of a child, Lyon seems, rather, a child with the heart of a man.

This also applies to Buster Collier. Jack Mulhall might have stood some chance, but he has made good in quite a different type.

Once I thought Raymond McKee might aspire to the coveted place, but he seems to have fallen short somewhere.

But one player has always interested me since I saw him as an extra, some years ago. I have been impressed with his personality and so many of Wally's characteristics does he possess that I always call him "Wally the Second," so it was with great pleasure that I read in PHOTOPLAY that he has at last gained stardom.

Here's wishing you every success, William Boyd! Wally has so far been the only perfect screen idol, but please let Boyd have his chance to be the Wallace Reid of tomorrow.

ILMA WATSON.

You Like Them, Don't You?

Seattle, Washington.

I herewith send two bouquets: One to Blanche Sweet and the other to Ben Lyon. The portrayals of their respective rôles in "The New Commandment" make them worthy of high praise.

This was the perfect picture. The scenes, especially those depicting the war, were wonderful. Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon have long been among my favorites and now I shall give them first place. These two artists of screenland are making rapid strides towards a great popularity. If they each continue to make pictures as successfully as "The New Commandment," their futures will be unlimited.

There is no actress with more finesse than Blanche Sweet. In fact, adjectives prove superficial when I try to describe her merits.

With regard to Ben Lyon there can be no doubt of his acting ability. Although a comparative new-comer, he shows remarkable promise.

I take this opportunity to thank these two artists for giving us such a splendid picture.

GEORGENE CORSER.

Careful, He's Married!

Nashville, Tenn.

I had the pleasure during the past few days of seeing Cecil B. De Mille's newest masculine lead—William Boyd.

His portrayal of the *Rev. John* in the "Road to Yesterday" was absolutely flawless, and his performance in "Steel Preferred" was the paramount feature of what, I should judge, a splendid picture.

I predict a very successful career for him and with careful selection of his future pictures, I believe he can give the picture loving public the finest impersonations of a really true blooded American the screen has offered since Wally Reid. We are anxiously awaiting his "Volga Boatman!"

May we see more of him!

DORIS B. CONNELL.

Reel Youth

Glenside, Pa.

No picture is more refreshing to a movie fan who has reached middle life than one which reflects the spirit of youth. To see in such a picture an actress like Betty Bronson, who so thoroughly emulates the youthful spirit, is indeed a treat.

Pictures like "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella" are heavy drawing cards, not only for children, but grown-ups as well. The tonic effects of such pictures on the elders cannot be estimated.

Anyone who feels he is growing old before his time should not fail to see pictures of this kind. I honestly believe if Ponce De Leon were living today, he would tell us that the "Fountain of Youth" could be found in pictures of the kind mentioned.

HARRY HILPERT.

But Women Like 'Em

Detroit, Michigan.

The most attractive actress is Jetta Goudal. She is not American by birth but she certainly has appeal.

Two popular actors who are not popular with me are John Gilbert and Ronald Colman but then I am a man and apt to be jealous of them. They both act rather spoiled to my way of thinking. Great sheiks who won't take no for an answer. In that respect they are like obnoxious salesmen.

For directors Mr. De Mille is my favorite though his undercurrents go over many people's heads. Mr. Cruze is the most sensational director. King Vidor tried to make an epic of the "Big Parade" but no director is big enough to satisfy the spirit on that subject.

E. F.

Well, Well! Look above You!

Rochester, N. Y.

No one knows the countless trips I have taken in quest of a copy of that incomparable magazine, PHOTOPLAY. Rain or shine, snow or blizzard, nothing prevents me from visiting different magazine counters, hoping that the magazine will be out several days ahead of time.

PHOTOPLAY is a great magazine. I always turn first to the "Shadow Stage" as I am so fond of the way you have the reviews arranged, according to the "Six Best." The only fault I can find is that you don't illustrate all of your reviews, even those placed in the back of your magazine.

Now, I'm going to startle you all, and I suppose if any fans read this letter, I'll be in for a bunch of brickbats, but we all have freedom of opinion. Therefore, I'd like to throw half a dozen brickbats at every member of the cast of "The Merry Widow." I'm not alone in this, either. Friends who attended this picture with me, admitted they were never so bored in their lives. Several of the papers condemned it as unfit for public showing. It impressed me as being the most vulgar picture I ever attended.

Please don't think I'm a prim person, but I can't hand "The Merry Widow" a thing (though Roy D'Arcy's teeth outteethed even the sets of ivory-worn in Elinor Glyn's "The Only Thing").

A bouquet for Carol Dempster for her performance in "Sally of the Sawdust." Another Griffith star shines in his brilliant sky.

J. HARRY SHALE, JR.

Sage Advice

Salem, Mass.

After seeing Norma Talmadge in "Graustark"—Betty Bronson in "A Kiss for Cinderella" and Sally O'Neil in "Sally, Irene and Mary" is it any wonder that any imaginative young person wants to journey to Hollywood?

They don't think of the hard work climbing the ladder to the top, they only picture themselves as the gracious heroine moving gracefully through the picture with a romantic hero.

Everyone has their own private dream and ideal and they see it fulfilled in some form or other on the screen. But unless one can see through the picture and the hard work that it means, to take part in it, to direct and produce it, and unless one has the ability and will power to stick through thick and thin, one had better sit in the comfortable theater and dream dreams.

Its safer, I know, because I have just felt like buying a ticket to Hollywood many times, but instead I have developed into a safe and sane fan.

E. L. M.

Thank You

Brooklyn, New York.

How can I express my gratitude to PHOTOPLAY and James R. Quirk for his witty and just appraisal of reformers in the March issue of that magazine? It is the truest and most clear-sighted piece of writing I have read in a very long time. In a few terse, sparkling paragraphs he has laid bare the canker that threatens the liberty and happiness of the American people today—a passion for reform on the part of self-seeking individuals too lazy or stupid to carve out careers in any other pursuit than that of meddling, which is a notoriously profitable business, thanks to the complacent attitude of the public they victimize.

We need more articles like that of Mr. Quirk and more alert publications like PHOTOPLAY to awaken Americans to their danger and save for them a little personal freedom before it is too late.

MARIAN H. HOPKINS.

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Read What This Young Artist Says

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A Swedish Bouquet

Stockholm, Sweden.

John Barrymore's acting in "Beau Brummel" was the most artistic the screen has ever seen. He is a head taller than all other American actors.

But why are his leading ladies black haired—doesn't he like blondes? But then, he has never seen the soulful and fascinating blond ladies for which Sweden is famous.

Be proud that Barrymore is an American!
MASQUE.

We Wonder, Too

Middlesex, England.

With such a great percentage of American films released in Britain, I am wondering why producers do not study English manners and people to a greater degree. An Englishman is more often than not portrayed as a chinless silly ass with a drooping mustache and, of course, a monocle.

Now, in Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, Charles Chaplin, George K. Arthur and Ernest Torrence you have seven Englishmen that give a pretty comprehensive idea of our men.

I once read that the butler of a certain English duke was in Los Angeles advising one company on things British. What has happened to him?
ELSA M. ADAMSON.

We and Gloria Get a Brickbat

Akron, Ohio.

I was amazed to find "The Coast of Folly" listed among your six best pictures of the past month. I found it an extremely dull picture, with few redeeming features and some perfectly awful acting by Gloria Swanson and the rest of the cast.

Almost in the same class is Constance Talmadge's "Her Sister from Paris." That was a tawdry, tinsel affair if ever there was one. Miss Talmadge has done much better in the past.

The most entertaining picture I have seen in months is Ramon Novarro in "The Midshipman." It has everything that goes to make perfect entertainment.
L. B.

California's Blue Book

Pascagoula, Miss.

I just read in the paper where the Southwest Blue Book, just published, excludes the names of Doug and Mary and other screen celebrities. Where would Southern California be if it were not for the motion picture industry and its people?

The paper said "it was very difficult for them to be recognized among the elite." The so-called elite had better wish that the world recognized them as wonderfully as they do the screen celebrities. I would not be afraid to bet a million that the Blue Book people would exchange places with the film people any day.

ANNIE RUTH JONES.

Knows Her Bible

Poquonock, Conn.

I did not see "The Ten Commandments" until recently, in common with many others who did not care to pay the exorbitant prices asked at the first showings. I was greatly amused at the chronological errors. According to the Biblical story, Miriam, sister of Moses, was 12 years older than her brother, which would make her about 92 when the exodus out of Egypt took place. But, lo! in the picture, while Moses was beautifully true to character, Miriam was very young and charming, apparently about 60 years his junior. Perhaps she had a series of face liftings.

The policy of constructive criticism shown by PHOTOPLAY is fine—it is the only film magazine I read.

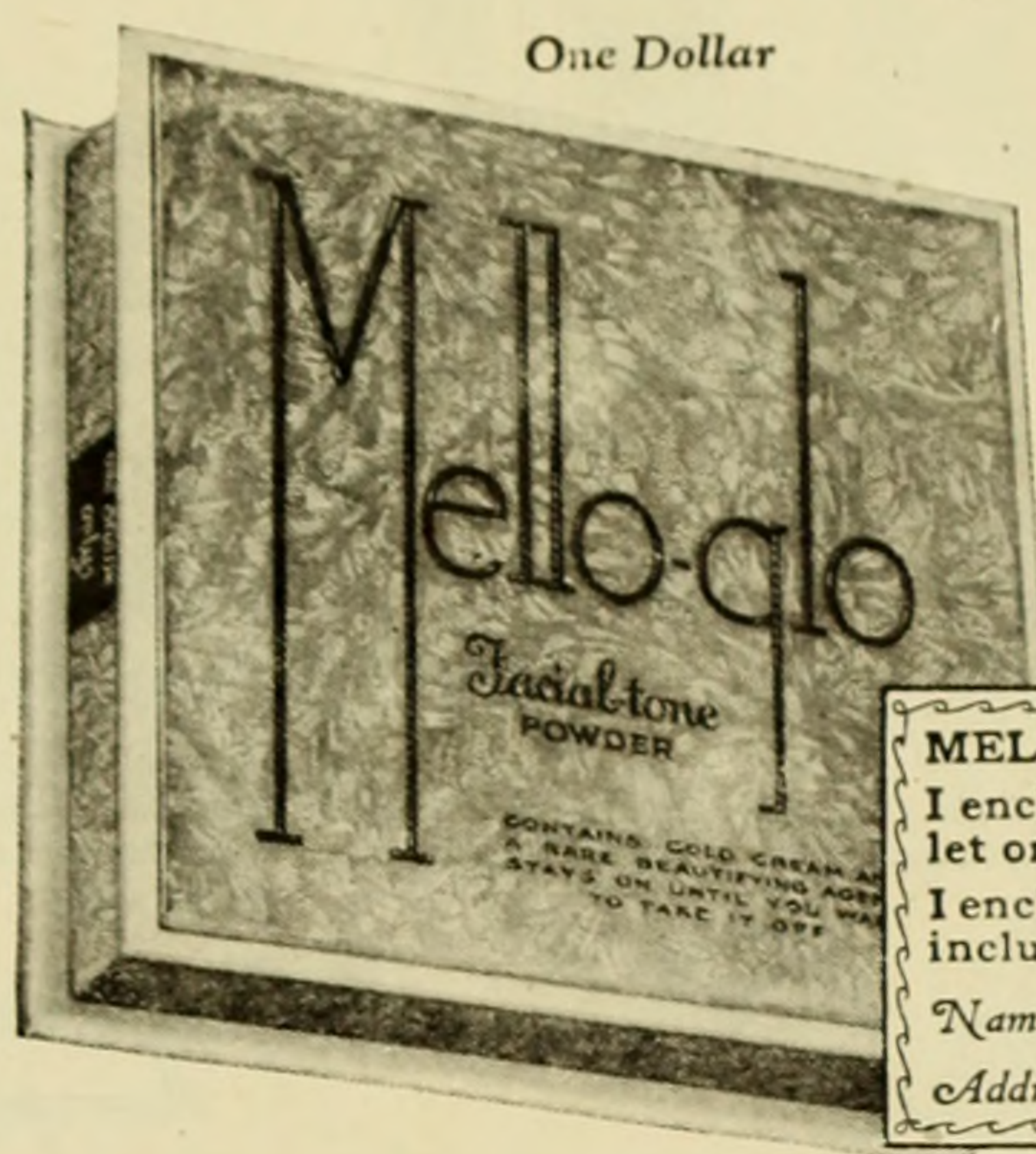
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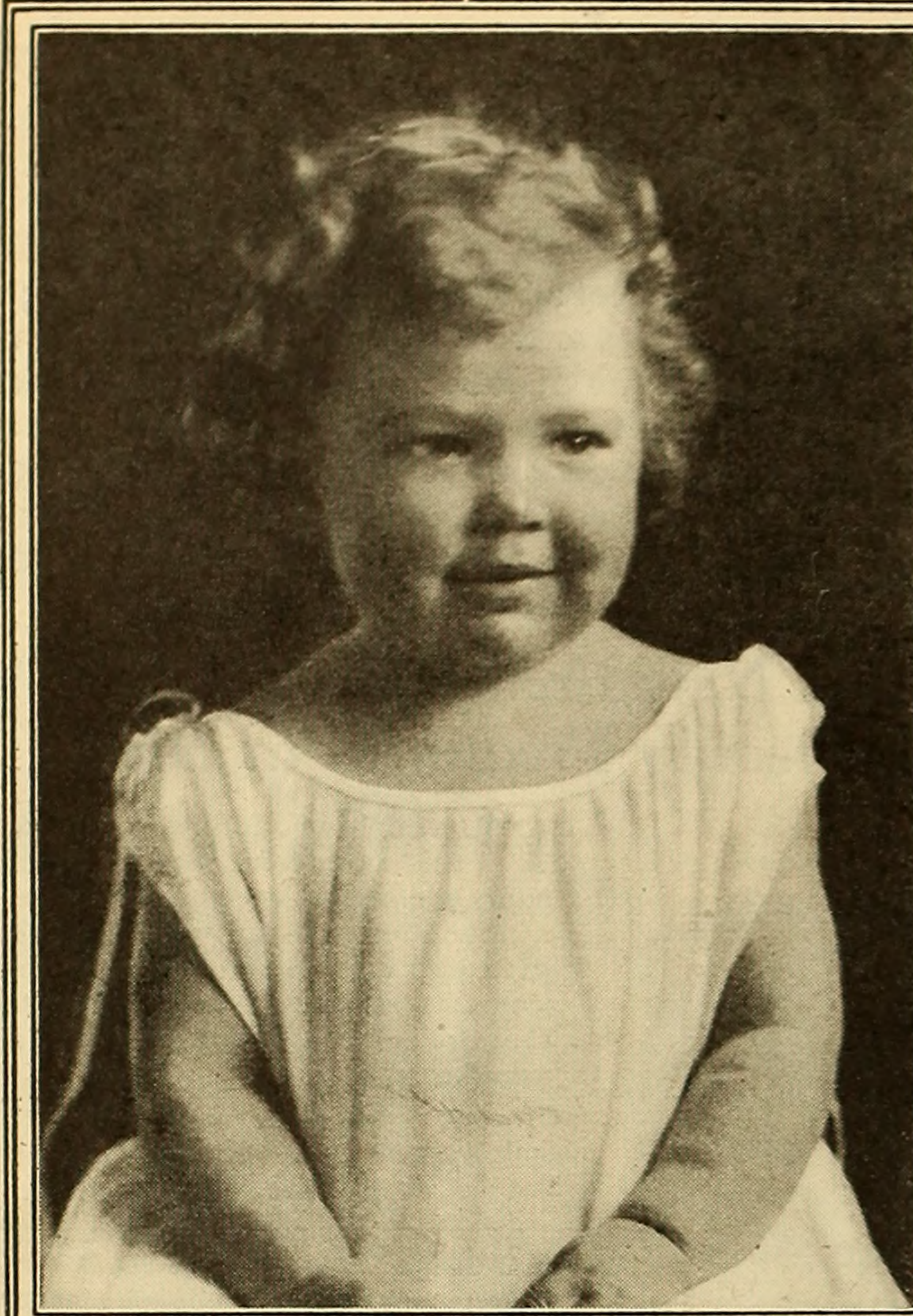
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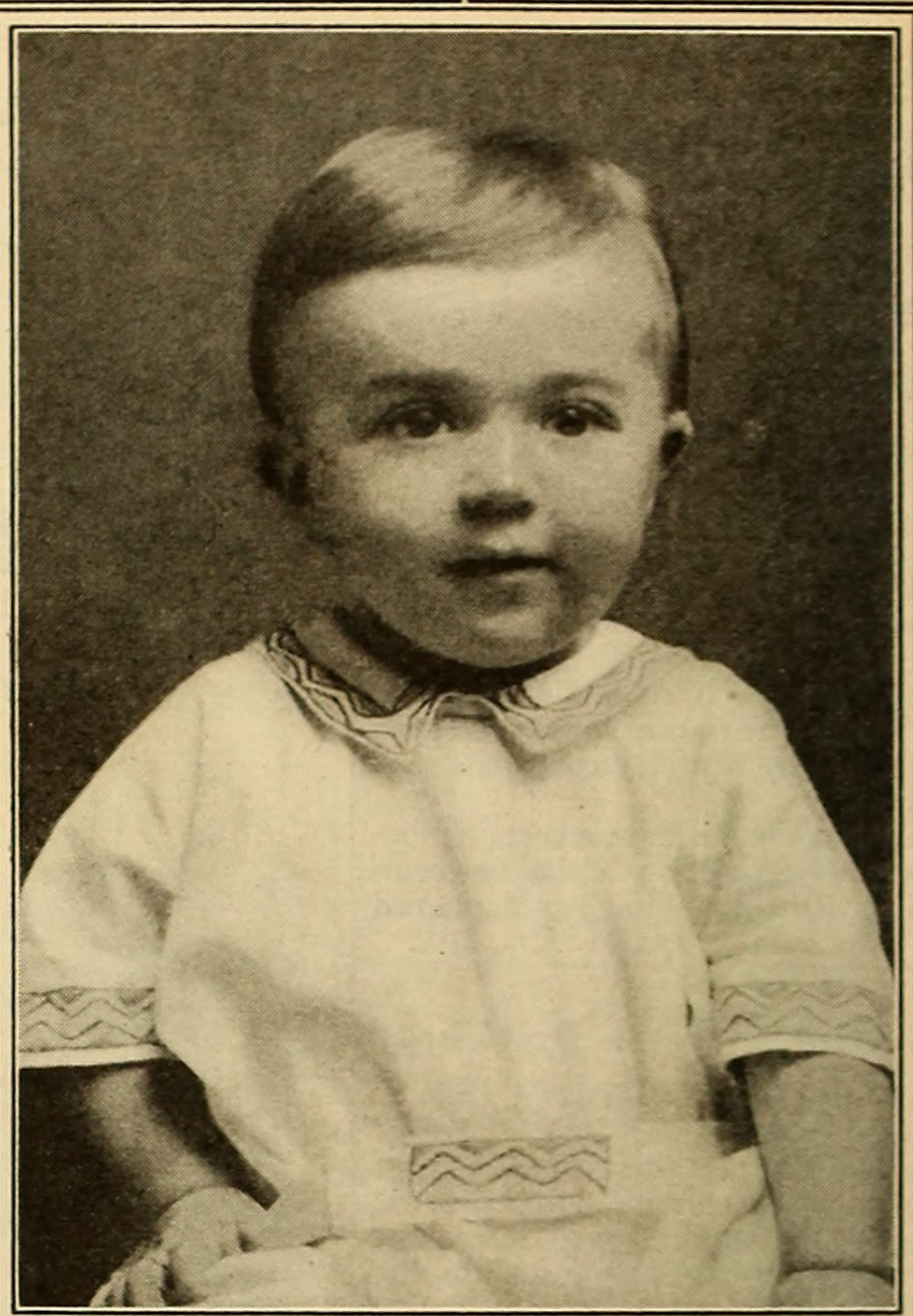
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